SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passen-gers on the ferry. They see a man with, snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley, Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to per-form, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning.

Dudley is summoned to the morgue and
there finds the dead body of his friend,
Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton thes without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the se-ret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wil-ton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Morther Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Lucila and Dudley are cut-off from the rest of the party and imprison-ed in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One s knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Perrill is seen in the mob. A newly form-ed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley saying her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luclia Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that They've discovered where the boy is. The mysterious unknown woman employ er of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. CHAPTER XIII.-Continued.

I had never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Meeker face to face, but doubted not that I should be able to pick him out. I was right. I knew him the moment I saw him. He was tall and broad of shoulder, long of arm, shifty of eye, and his square jaw was covered with a stubby red beard. His color heightened as we walked into the office and cut off the two doors of retreat.

"An unexpected pleasure," I said. giving him good day.

His hand slipped to the side pocket of his sack coat, and then back again, and he made a remark in an undertone that I fear was not intended for a pleasant greeting. "There's a little dinner of a few

friends going on upstairs," I said politely. "Won't you join us?" Meeker scowled a moment with evi-

"No, I won't," he growled. "But it is a sad case for a man to

dine alone," I said smoothly, "You will be very welcome. "No, sir." said be, looking furtively

at my men drawing near, between him and the doors.

"But I insist," I said politely. Then I added in a lower tone meant for him alone: "Resist, you hound, and I'll have you carried up by your four legs."

way with the eye of a baited animal. "I'll be damned first!" he cried. And

seizing a chair he whirled around,

tioning my followers to sally through dow after the flying enemy.

There was a fall of six feet, and as I landed on a pile of broken glass, a my head, it was a few seconds before I recovered my wits. When I looked no one was in sight. I heard the men running on the porch of the hotel, so the enemy was not to be sought that way. I set off full speed for the other corner, fifty yards away, half suspecting an ambush. But at the turn I stopped. The rain-soaked street was empty for block before me.

"Where is he?" cried Porter, the first of my men to reach my side. I shrugged my shoulders. "I haven't seen him.

"He didn't come our way-that I'll swear," panted Fitzhugh.

hiding-place close by."

here," said Wilson, pointing to a cot- and I felt assured we were safe on shake of the head.

through.

"Well, I reckon he wouldn't have seek other quarters. been very pleasant company if you'd got him," said one of the men con- however, and I decided to make the He couldn't read music any more than a can of deviled ham. solingly, when we had told our tale of best of the position. I placed the boy he could English, but he learned a tune i the search for a guest.

had failed.

nightfall. The rain fell by fits and might be used to advantage as a post dying, bids us all aspire.' Here the starts. As the time wore on I sus- of observation. The windows were pected that my men grew uneasy, guarded with shutters of no great and why I did not make some move. of the parlor : ! the inner bedroom Then I reflected that this could not be as well as possible. Those of the sounded the ponderous tones of the neck, and because he was an old man It was I who was wondering. Had the north bedroom I 1-t open. By leav- blacksmith: 'And dying brides are he must have broken it!"—Harper's plans of the Unknown come to disas ing the room da... .t would be easy; filled with fire."

ter through the difficulty of getting the telegraph on Sunday? The office

here was closed. The Unknown, being a woman, I ungallantly reflected would have neglected to take so small a circumstance into consideration, and she might even now be besieging the telegraph office in San Francisco in a

vain effort to get word to Livermore. On this thought I bestirred myself, and after much trouble and speech with the young man who combined in his person the offices of telegraph operator, station master, ticket seller. freight agent and baggage handler for the place. He objected to opening the office "out of office hours."

"There might be inducements discovered that would make it worth your while, I suppose?" I said, jingling some loose silver carelessly in my pocket.

He smiled "Well, I don't care if I do," he re-"Whatever you think is fair, olied.

It was more than I thought fair, but the agent thawed into friendship at once and expressed his readiness to street that ran by the side of the "call San Francisco" till he got an answer if it took till dark.

I might have saved my trouble and my coin. San Francisco replied with room in which Abrams kept watch. It

for a sentinel to get warning of an as- men or more out there now-right at sault by way of the veranda roof. I the corner." stationed Porter in the hall and Abrams in the dark bedroom, while Lockhart, Wilson, Brown and I held the parlor and made ourselves comfortable until the time should come to relieve the men on guard.

I thrust open the door to the bed room to see that the boy and his guards were safe, and this done I turned down the light, threw myself on the floor before the door that protected my charge and mused over the strange events that had crowded so swiftly upon me.

Subtle warnings of danger floated over my sense between sleeping and waking, and each time I dropped into a doze I awoke with a start to see only the dimly-lighted forms of my men before me, and to hear only the sweep and whistle of the wind outside and the dash of water against the shutters. Thrice I had been aroused thus, when, on the borderland between dreams and waking, a voice reached my ear.

"S-s-t! What was that?"

I sprang up, wide-awake, revolver in hand. It was Lockhart who spoke. We all strained our ears to listen. There was nothing to be heard but the moan of the wind and the dash of

"What was it?" I whispered. "I don't know."

"I heard nothing."

"It was a coo-hoo-like the call of an owl, but-"But you thought it was a man?" Lockhart nodded. Brown and Wil

son had not heard it. "Was it inside or outside?" "It was out here, I thought," said Lockhart doubtfully, pointing to the

I opened the door to the dark bed-



"PESIST, YOU HOUND, AND I'LL HAVE YOU CARRIED OUT!"

was I, anyhow? must possess my soul in patience in I thought I discovered his body lying spirit of the perverse the boy, who had dashed it through a window and the belief that the Unknown knew half-way across the window-sill. I shown himself so timid during the leaped through the jagged panes be what she was about and that I should waited for him to finish his observa- day, had now slipped out of his room fore I could spring forward to stop get my orders in due time-probably tions on the weather, but as he made and climbed upon a chair to see what after nightfall, when darkness would no move I was struck with the fear the excitement was about, as though

"Round in front, men!" I cried, mo- cover any necessary movement. If the mission of to-day were prothe door. "Bring him back!" And an longed into the morrow, what was where would Doddridge Knapp's plans against my side. of fortune be found? I smiled to think that I should concern myself with this bit shaken, with the rain beating on question when I knew that Doddridge just as well," I said. Knapp's men were waiting and watching for my first movement with orders with a gulp. "I thought Darby Meek- of rage and the voice of Terrill rang that probably did not stop at murder | er and his gang was at my back, sure." | through the hall: itself. Yet my trouble of mind increased with the passing time as I

to meet the difficulty that had been made for me. As darkness came on, the apprehensions of danger which had made no impression on me by daylight, began to settle strongly on my spirits. I concealed my fears and depressions from the men, and with the lighting of the lamps made my dispositions to meet any attack that might come. I had satisfied myself that the rear bedmy feet," said I. They must have a be entered from the outside without the aid of ladders. The parlor showed "He must have jumped the fence a sheer drop to the street on the west

thought I had a mind The gray day plashed slowly toward part of my position, but I thought it to a beautiful part which read: 'And, great way off his father saw him and wondering what we were there for, strength. We closed and secured those

"Did you hear anything?" I asked.

"Yes; there was a call out here a

His face was working with fear and some emphasis that there was nothing swung noiselessly to my cautious

him lightly. instant later I leaped through the win- to become of the Omega deal, and I felt the muzzle of a revolver pressing

> "If you wouldn't mind turning that gun the other way, it would suit me

passion. He locked at the blocked for me, and never had been, and who touch. For a moment I could see come forward, despite my bidding, nothing of my henchman, but the win-There was nothing to be done. I dow was open. Then, in the obscurity slaught. And by some freak of the

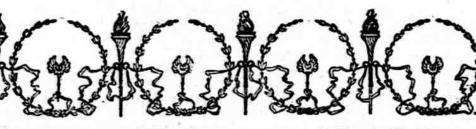
In a flash he had turned on me and reckon.

vainly endeavored to devise some plan | bit ago. And there's half a dozen men |

that he had met foul play and touched danger and death were the last things

and was leaping to cover him from "Oh, it's you, is it?" said Abrams possible bullet, when there was a roar

"Tricked again!" he cried with a dreadful oath. "It's the wrong boy!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



SOLO MADE A SENSATION.

Not the Words.

is visiting a friend and classmate who mous artist, happened o discover him tage just beyond the hotel's back yard. that side. But the front windows of lives in Roxbury, says the Boston Her- at Dover, brought him to London and "I'll see about it." And he vaulted the the parlor, and the front bedroom ald, and while the two were sitting employed him as a model. That was pickets and looked about the place. which joined it, opened on the verandal around a fire and spinning yarns the the beginning of a really artistic pick up pins all the time." He was back in a minute with a roof in common with a dozen other minister who is visiting and who career, and to-day Artonio Corsi has rooms. Inside, the hallway, perhaps comes from the west told this: "When the distinction of being the finest "Well, it's no great matter," I said. eight feet wide and 25 feet long, of- I went west first I was in a small model in the world, as well as the "We can get along without another fered the only approach to our rooms town called L-e, and in the choir most famous. All classes of painters guest for the afternoon. Now get from the stairs. The situation was of my church the village blacksmith have been thankful to employ him. under cover, boys, or you'll be soaked not good for defense, and at the did the noble work of barytone. He He posed for Sargent and Abbey for had a voice that could shake moun- the well known paintings in the Bos tains, and whatever it lacked in any ton public library, and he has not dis-It was too late for such a move, other feature it made up in volume. dained to appear as Mephistopheles on in the south bedroom, which could be very readily. One Sunday we were "I suspect he would be less disa- reached only through the parlor. to be favored with a new anthem begreeable in here than out with his With him I placed Wainwright and cause it was a special ocasion, and that he had the parable of the prodigang." I returned dryly, and turned Fitzhugh, the two strongest men of the barytone had one portion all to gal son by heart. All went well in the subject. I did not care to discuss party. The north bedroom, opening himself. Unfortunately he had missed my plan to get a hostage now that it, on the haliway, the veranda roof and many of the practices. The anthem the parlor, looked to be the weakest went along excellently until it came in this way: "But when he was yet a

rest of the singers stopped short, in

that quick, sudden way that choirs

have, and in the ensuing stillness

A Famous Model.

A good many years ago-27, to be "He was out of sight before I got room, that faced the south, could not Barytone Had Caught the Music, But exact—the most famous model in the world, Antonio Corsi, wandered from town to town as a strolling minstrel in A certain young Unitarian minister | England. Felix Moscheles, the fa-

A New Version. After hard study Hilary felt sure the recitation until he came to the prodigal's return, which he described had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and broke it." But, my son." explained the mother, "he fell on his son's neck and kissed him." "Oh! I thought he ran and fell on his own Magazine.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; I was a-listening to 'em when you give me such a start."

"What were they saying?" "I couldn't hear a word." "Give warning at the first move to get into the house. Blaze away with your gun if anybody tries to climb on

to the porch.' Porter had heard nothing, but was wide awake, watching by the light of the lamp that hung at the head of the stairway. And after a caution to vigi-

lance I returned to my chair. For half an hour I listened closely. The men were open-eyed but silent. The storm kept up its mournful murmur, but no sound that I could attribute to man came to my straining

Suddenly there was a cry from the

"Who's there?" It was Porter's

An instant later there was a crash of glass, an explosion seemed to shake the house, and there was a rush of many feet.

I leaped to the door and flung it open. Lockhart, Wilson and Brown crowding close behind me. A body of men filled the hallway, and Porter was struggling in the hands of three ruffians. His revolver, whose shot we had heard, had been knocked from his hand and lay on the floor.

The sudden appearance of four more weapons in the open doorway startled the enemy into pausing for a moment I sprang forward and gave the nearest of Porter's assailants a blow that sent him staggering into the midst of his band, and with a wrench Porter tore himself loose from the other two and was with us again.

"What does this mean?" I cried an grily to the invaders. "What are you

here for?" There were perhaps a dozen of them altogether and in the midst of the band I saw the evil face and snakeeyes of Tom Terrill. At the sight of his repulsive features I could scarce refrain from sending a bullet in his di-

Darby Meeker growled an answer. "You know what we're here for." "You have broken into a respectable house like a band of robbers." I

cried. "What do you want?" "You know what we want, Mr. Wilton," was the surly answer. "Give us the boy and we won't touch you."

"And if not?" There was silence for a few mo

"What are you waiting for?" growled a voice from beyond the turn of

At the sound I thrilled to the inmost fiber. Was it not the growl of the Wolf? Could I be mistaken in those tones? I listened eagerly for another word that might put it beyond doubt. "Well, are you going to give him up?" asked the hoarse voice of Meek-

"There has got to be some better reason for it than your demand." "Well, we've got reasons enough

here. Stand ready, boys." "Look out!" I said to my men, with

a glance behind. At I turned I saw without noting it that Wainwright and Fitzhugh had come out of the boy's room to take a hand in the impending trouble. Lockhart and Wilson slipped in front of

"Get back and look after the boy," whispered the former. "We can hold

'em here." "Move ahead there!" shouted fierce voice that again thrilled the ear and heart with the growl of the Wolf What are you afraid of?"

"Stand fast, boys," I said to my men. "Wainwright, keep close to the bedroom." Then I shouted defiance to the enemy. "The first man that

moves forward gets killed! There are eight revolvers here." Then I saw that Wainwright had

eager to take his share of the onin the world with which he had to

I caught a glimpse of his form out of the tail of my eye as he mounted the chair in his night dress. I turned with an exclamation to Wainwright



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your money back. Guaranteed pure, wholesome, and the most perfect in action. Complies with all Pure Food Laws. No "Trust" prices.

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ether Too Deliberate for Life in Arizona.

Arizona Judge (to defendant in an assault-and-battery case)-You say the complainant called you a liar and horse thief at least a dozen times before you knocked him down, eh?

Defendant-Yes. sir. Judge-He said you were a coward

and quitter? Defendant-He did.

Judge-All right. I'll let you off on the assault charge; but-don't be in a hurry, mister-I reckon I'll have to fine you jest about \$50 for not knocking him down sooner! The sheriff azine. will take you in tow and see that you cough up the dust before you pass out.-Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



Two to one; bar one. Nobody Else Loved Her. In her new autumn gown she regarded her complexion complacently

in the long glass. "I must confess," she said, "that I am in love with myself." "Then you should be happy," said her chum, tartly, "for you haven't a

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Pa Twaddles-How's that? Ma Twaddles-He's spending his last days on the island.—Cleveland

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HIS JOD. "Yes, he doesn't do anything but "Well, well, that's a queer supersti-

"Not at all. It's an occupation. He's

employed in a bowling alley."

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the manufacturers. \$.50 and \$1.00 a bottle.

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"By Tuminous!" he cussed, "but that last arrival is a tough proposition. The more I try to roast him the more he smiles.'

He called the chief stoker. "Well, what luck?" asked Satan. The stoker shook his head.

"He's still smiling," he answered. "Where's he from?" cried old Nick, out of patience. "New York. He used to be a baseball umpire in-"

"Sulphurous serpents! Why didn't

you say so before? Take him down:

we can't fease him."-Bohemian Mag-

Where Great Writer Lived. Craigenputtock, where Carlyle's "Sarter Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Miss Mary Carlyle of Craigenputtock, a grand-niece of Thomas Carlyle, and the bridegroom James Carlyle, a farmer of Pingle. Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew. Pingle is about four miles from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Entuphl of "Sarto Resartus."

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Reason. He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave .-Henry Drummond.

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on the springs in your heart.

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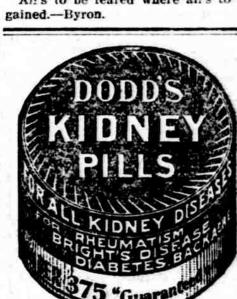
It is a proof of nobility of mird to Satan had just ordered more coal despise insults.-Latin proverb.

> Use Allen's Foot-Eas Self-realization comes through service for social redemption.

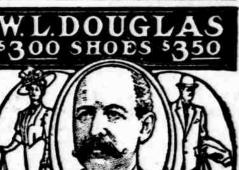
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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