

The City of Purple Dreams

By Edwin Baird

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"YOU LOVE HIM!"

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disables it trying to avoid running him down. In pity the occupant of the auto, a young girl, saves him from arrest and gives him a dollar, telling him to buy soap, and wash. His sense of shame is touched, and he improves his appearance. That night, in a crowd of unemployed and anarchists, he meets Esther Strom and in a spirit of bravado makes a speech. Esther induces Fitzhugh to address the radical meeting. He electrifies the crowd, and on parting the two agree to meet again. Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, demands \$10,000. Otis gives him a check. At the house he meets the girl who had given him the dollar, and learns she is Kathleen Otis. She recognizes him, Ashamed, he tears up the check and escapes, but is arrested. Esther visits Fitzhugh in jail and makes arrangements for procuring legal advice. His trial is speedily completed and he is found insane and committed to an asylum, from which he easily makes his escape. Fitzhugh takes refuge in Chicago with Esther, who has become infatuated with him, but with the thought of Kathleen in his mind he gives her no encouragement. His one idea is to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. While hiding in Esther's house he grows a beard, which effectually changes his appearance.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

And, heedless of his protestations, she told him. She was a widow. Her husband had been a Russian nihilist and was killed in Petrograd. After his death she had fled to America.

"Now, of course, you want to hear my story," she decided, when she finished. "Don't you?"

She noted the unwillingness in his voice. "Some other time," she answered.

"I'd better get you something to eat," she reminded herself presently, and rose and started toward the door. "You must be hungry." She paused with her hand on the knob. "Isn't there something else I can get you?" she asked.

"Yes; I wish you'd get me some evening newspapers." He ran his hand, first in one trousers pocket, then in the other, before remembering their emptiness. "Never mind," he told her. "I'll do without."

"I'll get them all," she promised soothingly. "It's only a few cents," she added as she went out.

When she returned, bearing a tray of food and a bundle of newspapers, Fitzhugh had made his toilet and looked a little more presentable—or, rather, a little less unkempt.

He threw aside the more conservative journals, which announced his escape in staid paragraphs, and read first those saffron-colored ones, which told the news with huge black type against pink and green backgrounds. The first one shrieked at him:

MANIAC ESCAPES! OVERPOWERS GUARD AND FLEES IN STORM!

He smiled and turned to the next one. Then he started and sat up very straight. Lavishly smeared over the damp front page, smelling of printer's ink, this is what he saw:

MADMAN MISSING! \$1,000 FOL; CAPTURE! SYMINGTON OTIS OFFERS REWARD!!

He read it again and again, enjoying the notoriety to the full. He had come into the limelight.

When Esther knocked at his room next morning about eight, Fitzhugh had been up an hour.

"Come to my room as soon as you're dressed; I've a surprise for you."

He listened until he could no longer hear her footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs, then opened the door and found, just without, a parcel. Opening it, he disclosed a complement of underwear, socks, shirt, collar and tie. There was also a cap. Again he experienced an uncomfortable feeling of gratitude and shame for accepting, perforce, so much from a woman. In a closet at the end of the hall he had unearthed an old wooden clothes-tub. He filled it at the hydrant, carried it to his room, and stripped and enjoyed a cold bath. Then, arrayed in his new haberdashery, he went to his benefactress.

"You have three guesses," she cried gayly, holding her hands behind her, her face radiant. She fumbled with what she held behind her, shifting it to one hand, reached up, playfully tweaked his unshaven cheek and rubbed her palm against his stubby grain. "Now can you guess?"

He nodded, smiling. "You've bought me a shaving outfit," he said soberly. "I'm sorry. I'm not going to shave."

I'm going to grow a beard—a Vandylke." She fell strangely silent; and when she spoke he thought her voice sounded hard, unnatural. "I see. A disguise. How stupid of me not to think of it. That means, of course"—she picked up the shaving mug and appeared to be interested in its contour—"that means you will be leaving here."

He was in a quandary. He knew not how to answer. Deep down in his heart he knew he was going to leave her, was going to shut her out of his life. He had decided that again last night when drawing up his plans. But he could not tell her so now—not while she stood there questioning him, with such accusation, such bitter reproach.

"You will, won't you?" she demanded, her face reddening.

He chose the path of least resistance. He took the shaving mug from her hands, replaced it on the table, and put his arms around her and kissed her on the lips. It was probably the most prudent answer he could have made; and when, upon her repeating her question, less insistently, he said, "Don't think about unpleasant things," she promised to try, and lighted the oil stove and busied herself with breakfast preparations; and as she went about her work she hummed to herself almost happily.

During breakfast, however, she returned to the troublesome topic.

"Daniel," she began, refilling his coffee cup. "I want you to tell me what you intend doing. I don't like you to have secrets from me."

"Really, I am surprised and saddened. I never suspected I was so transparent."

"I'll tell you what I'd like, Daniel," Her voice was low and serious. "I'd like to have you go back to Russia with me. There's work to be done in Russia—Oh, such quantities of work!—and you and I could do so much. Oh, Daniel, you don't know what it's like



"Symington Otis Offers Reward!" He Read It Again and Again, Enjoying the Notoriety to the Full.

In Russia—the poverty, the misery, the millions cowed by tyranny. They are groping in the darkness. They need light. They must be taught that all workmen are their comrades, all the rich their foes. They must be taught to strike back when they are struck—"

"See here, Esther!" Fitzhugh's clenched fist struck the table a ringing blow. His quiet demeanor had radically changed. "I've something I want to tell you. Henceforth my brain, my energy, every particle of me, will work toward but one end—Material Success. Money means Power, and Power is my goal. I've known all along I could reach it. I shall have to be cold, heartless, selfish. There's no other way. The poor!—pooh! What are the poor but beasts of burden to pack and carry for their masters, who are the rich and intelligent."

As he talked Esther crouched back in her chair, cringing from him as though each word he spoke was a whip-lash across her face.

"Naturally, you hadn't thought of me," she murmured, when he paused. "On the contrary," he said, and there was a hidden meaning in his words, which, keen as she was, escaped her, "you are the person of whom I'm thinking most just now."

A glad light sprang into her eyes. "Then you are going to take me up with you! With your money—you see, I take it for granted you will become wealthy—how much we could do for the underclasses!"

He tossed away his cigarette, took a swallow of coffee, put down his cup abruptly. "I'll do the square thing by you—remember that. Perhaps money cannot compensate you for all you have done for me—I doubt very much if it can—but if it can, Esther, I shall repay you a hundredfold."

She sprang up. Her brief gladness had fled. Her face was very white.

"Then you are going to throw me over!" she blazed at him. "I thought so!"

"Have I ever shown any wild desire for your company?" he asked lightly. He also was standing. His face was white, too. "In our short friendship has it not always been you who took the initiative?"

"But the first time we met you had no money, no place to sleep."

His brow darkened. "I thought I was going to have trouble with you. But never mind. I'll settle in full my account with you, and we'll quit even."

A furious torrent of words rushed to her tongue, but before she could loose it something occurred which, even in that tempestuous moment, dummed it off. A shadow obliterated the sunlight, and she turned in time to see what cast it. A second later a peremptory knocking rattled the street door.

"Go to your room and lock yourself in!" she ordered, and pushed him before her toward the hall door. "It's Nikolay—the big Russian you met at Smulski's. He mustn't find you here. He's ready to kill you, almost. Do hurry! Run all the way to your room and lock the door."

He tarried no longer. Yet the excitement of the moment did not banish his diplomacy, for he pressed her hand and kissed her before going. After his departure she composed herself at the breakfast table. The battering at the door swelled louder with every second.

Fitzhugh gone, Esther unbarred the door and admitted her visitor.

"Come in Nikolay," she invited.

He entered, glowering, and sat in the chair Fitzhugh had vacated.

"Why did you keep me waiting?" he asked sullenly.

"Because," she replied evenly. "I was trying to decide whether or not I wanted to see you."

"And did you decide?"

She lifted one shoulder, with eloquent indifference, and stirred her coffee. "I had to let you in. Another minute, and you would have torn the house down."

He turned his massive head this way and that, sniffing the air very audibly. "I take it you care more for your friend who rolls his own cigarettes." He opened a box of Russians and lighted one.

She did not speak, and he went on: "You've taken quite a fancy to this young spellbinder, haven't you?"

"If you mean the boy who left just as you came—his brother."

Nikolay threw back his head, and gave a loud, mirthless laugh. "Brother! What a liar!"

She caught her breath sharply and sat very erect, a crimson spot burning vividly in either dark cheek. Her bosom rose and fell stormily.

"Be careful what you say to me," she warned him; but the anger in her low voice seemed only to fan his jealousy to a fiercer flame.

He ground his teeth as he frowned at her, and the great hairy hand lying on his knee opened and closed. "You will equivocate, won't you? As if you could hoodwink me for one instant! Don't try it, you Esther. You know well enough why I loath this—this—"

"Randolph Fitz," she supplied swiftly. So he did not know Fitzhugh's real name. That was good.

"You know well enough, I say. It's because you love him."

He jumped up, kicked his chair out of the way, and began pacing the floor savagely.

"You can't be serious, Nikolay!" She made a brave effort at gaiety. "I care for him? Surely you are jesting." She tilted back her chair, as he stopped and towered over her, and smiled up at him coquettishly.

"Why will you torture me so?" he cried, holding out his great arms to her. "Can't you see how I love you? Don't you know I've loved you for years? And this Fitz!—he spat the word out—"this vagabond of a Fitz! You've known him but a few weeks, yet you're— Surely you cannot love him! Tell me that you don't. Tell me—tell me, Esther, that you love only me!"

The woman knew how to act. She hesitated, smiled up at him demurely; then, breathing to herself the name of the man she loved, she rose, and, with her eyes closed tightly, held up her lips to the man she despised.

Some while later Nikolay took his departure.

Nikolay, the big Russian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ski Jumping in Summer.

Since the first cave men slid down a glacier, skiing has been considered a cold-weather sport. Among the snowclad hills of the cold north countries skiing has developed until it is the national sport of Norway. But now comes an expert ski jumper who established his own precedent, in good American fashion, by skiing on the hottest summer day. Of odds and ends he has built a slide, approximately 100 feet long and terminating at a gap of 25 feet, beyond which is a landing incline of heavier, broader construction and surfaced with canvas. This is kept slippery by applying soap and lard.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Had Preferred Position.

Walford came home from the neighbors and his mother inquired what he was doing. He said they had been playing war and were knocking the boys down. His mother then inquired if he wasn't afraid of being hurt. "Oh, no; I was one of the knockers," he replied.

SPARED FAIR SEX

Oldtime "Knights of the Road" Not Always Stern.

Even Notorious Freebooters Have Been Known to Succumb to Feminine Wiles—Captain Kidd Among the Number.

Highwaymen, of ancient ballads and traditions concerning famous "knights of the road" may be believed, have often been polite to ladies; but pirates, rarely. Nevertheless, the late Elizabeth Christophers Hobson, in her delightful "Recollections of a Happy Life," relates an instance of a polite pirate who not only spared one of her mistresses from molestation but made her a valuable present. To be sure, the lady in the case, who was Mrs. John Lion Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, made the first polite advances, and the pirate, who was none other than the notorious Capt. Kidd himself, merely reciprocated in kind.

The owner of the island was absent when Kidd landed upon it, and Mrs. Gardiner, terrified but keeping her wits about her, invited the formidable freebooter to dinner in the hope of placating him. He accepted, and she so wisely and wily fed or charmed him, or both, that he later sent to her two rich gifts, both of which are still preserved by her descendants: the "Kidd pitcher," now strengthened by a silver band bearing an inscription recording its history, and the "Kidd blanket," a piece of superb embroidery two yards long, in crimson, green and gold. When the pitcher was presented, it was full of rare East Indian sweetmeats; the blanket is sometimes called the "Kidd altar cloth," since it was presumably stolen from a South American or Mexican church in some piratical raid.

Among the most famous names in the reprehensible but picturesque roll of British highwaymen is that of Claude Duval, who, along with his French name, possessed a dash of French politeness, at least toward the fair and easily frightened sex. He is reputed on various occasions to have spared pretty ladies their rings or necklaces, if they begged him winningly enough, or had the art, which one notable belle of his era professed such a useful one to a woman, of "being able to weep movingly, and that without streaking of cheeks, or reddening of nose, but so only that Grate Teares of Pure Crystall Slide softly from Lids to Chinne, Like as Dew Drops upon a Rose." His most notable concession to feminine charm was not, however, a complete surrender; it was a bargain.

The lovely lady with whom it was made was promised immunity for all her rich jewels, if she would but descend from the coach and forthwith lance a coranto on the heath, with the militant and graceful Claude for her partner—a condition with which she readily complied.

A "knight of the road," of less note than Duval—indeed, quite a minor, modest figure in the annals of crime—nevertheless figured magnanimously in an old, broad-sheet ballad, in which he assisted, instead of despoiling, a lady in distress. She was the story relates, the poor but beautiful widow of a pious young nobleman just killed in a duel. Although of gentle blood, she was beneath him in rank, and the match had been secret. When the coach was held up she was on her way to seek out her husband's parents and ask their forgiveness and protection for herself and her baby boy. All she had to prove her case was her wedding ring and her certificate of marriage, penned and signed in miniature and carried in a locket round her neck. When these two precious trinkets were demanded at the point of a pistol, she was in despair; but the robber, hearing her story, was moved to pity.

He gave her back her small gold ring. He put it her finger on. Says, "Yours and mine and yours again, though hardly it was won."

He gave her back her golden locket: Says, "Now think well of me." And gold and rubies to fill her pocket—"O thanks, kind sir!" says she.

If the grateful pocketing of such lustrous gold and rubies by an innocent and lovely heroine in distress seems somewhat strange, the reader must remember that broad-sheet ballads of the road are concerned only with glorification of their highwaymen heroes; consistency, conscience and the heroines themselves are alike unimportant and incidental.—Youth's Companion.

Not Dead Ones.

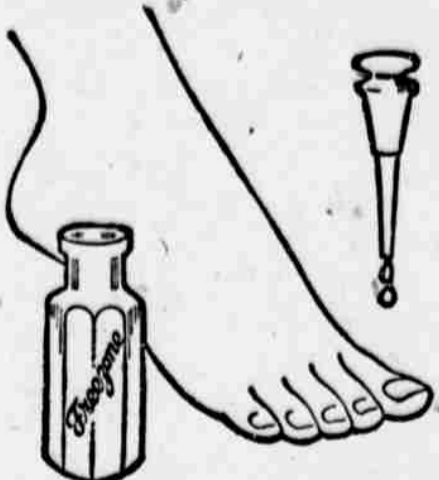
I was using my seven passenger touring car to help a friend who was running a bus line, but who was temporarily short of cars. We were making certain routes and had on our windshields cards giving our places of destination. I was suddenly called from my regular route to take a couple to the minister to be married. As we were going up the street, with the bride adorned with her white veil and the groom in his best suit, both sitting in back, I noticed that many we met were convulsed with laughter. I didn't realize the cause until I reached the parsonage and found that I had failed to remove from the windshield the sign: "This car to the cemetery."—Exchange.

British Columbia Exports.

Advances noted in practically all the principal items made up an increase of \$15,594,470, occurring in the value of the declared exports from Victoria, British Columbia, to the United States during 1919, as compared with the preceding year, the totals being \$37,291,755, and \$52,886,045 in 1918 and 1919, respectively.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

We've All Heard That.

"Have you ever heard any table rapping?" "No, but I've heard a lot of knocking when a piece-up supper was being served."

THAT FADED FROCK WILL DYE LIKE NEW

"Diamond Dyes" Freshen Up Old, Discarded Garments.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to dye any color, and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.

The Kind. "There is a nut needed about that automobile." "It can't be the one that's driving it."

For true blue, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Snowy-white clothes will be sure to result. Try it and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but they make a fine showing on your wife's new bonnet.

Suffered for Years

Miserable From Kidney Trouble Doan's Made Mr. Barnett Strong and Well.

"I suffered untold agony with my kidneys for years," says John Barnett, 30 Virginia Place, Buffalo, N. Y. "Sometimes I felt that I would burn up with fever, but every now and then would have a severe chill. Often my clothes were wringing wet with perspiration. The kidney secretions were unnatural in color and odor and burned terribly. At night my shoes were so tight on my feet that I could hardly get them off and my hands swelled so I couldn't hold a teacup. My back! Oh, how it ached! I walked with two canes and was all bent over like an aged man. When the terrible pains shot through my kidneys my knees would give way, and many times I had to be lifted to my feet by people on the street. I didn't care whether I lived or died I was so miserable. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me of all kidney trouble. Doan's made me strong and well."



Sworn to before me. A. A. WILCOX, Com. of Deeds.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Girls! Girls! Save Your Hair With Cuticura

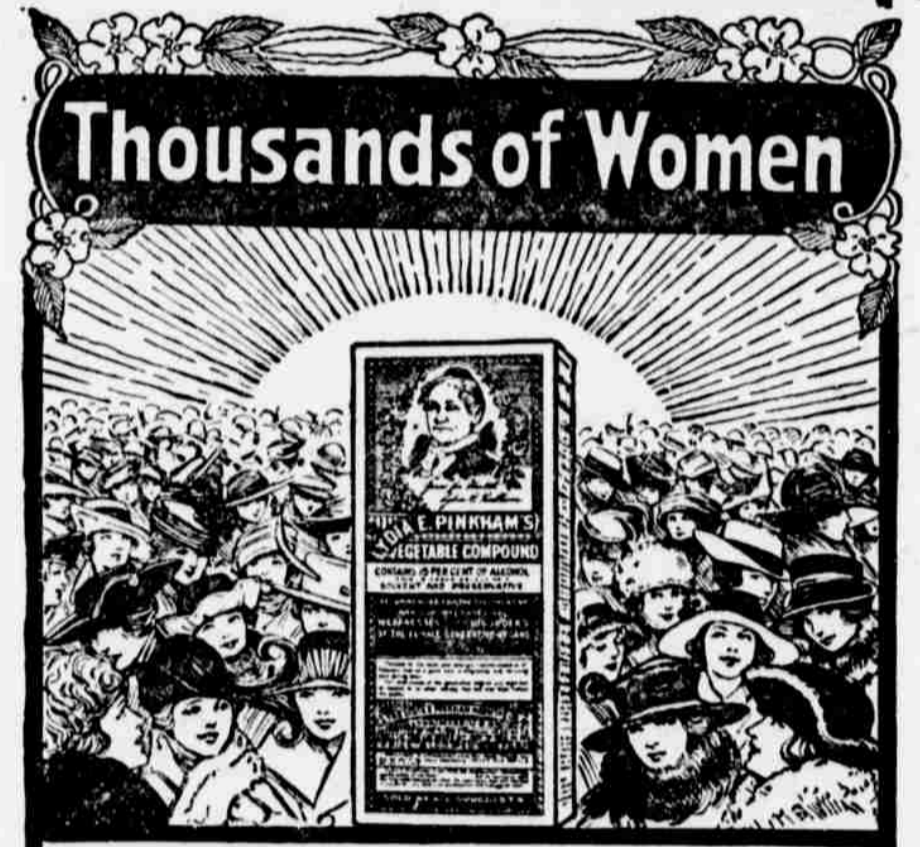
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

From a Business Standpoint.

Doctor Squills—My wife gave a Welsh rabbit party last night. Doctor Pills—Was it a success? Doctor Squills—Immense! I've had ten extra calls today.—Boston Transcript.

A girl is apt to have many pressing engagements before she marries.

Sure Relief



Owe Their Health To

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—overshadowing indeed is the success of this great medicine. Compared with it, all other medicines for women's ills seem to be experiments.

Why is it so successful? Simply because of its sterling worth. For over forty years it has had no equal. Women for two generations have depended upon it with confidence.

Thousands of Their Letters are on our files, which prove these statements to be facts, not mere boasting.

Here Are Two Sample Letters:

Mother and Daughter Helped. Middleburg, Pa.—"I am glad to state that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me much good when I was 35 years old. I was run down with female trouble and was not able to do anything, could not walk for a year and could not work. I had treatment from a physician but did not gain. I read in the papers and books about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. The first few bottles gave me relief and I kept on using it until I got better and was able to do my work. The Vegetable Compound also regulated my daughter when she was 15 years old. I can recommend Vegetable Compound as the best medicine I have ever used."—Mrs. W. YERGER, R. 3, Box 21, Middleburg, Pa.

Wise Is the Woman Who Insists Upon Having

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.