

drug.

from his friends, and has been stendily

pursuing the downward path for years.

The immediate cause of death was doubt

less opinm, his system having been thor

oughly impregnated with the deadly

After reading this a whole train of

emories rushed pell-mell through Hand-

ford's brain. He called to mind how he

had heard, years before and from John

Satterthwaite himself, that it was arrang-

ed for Emily to marry young Spencer, a

son of one of the Great Occidental direc-

tors. Handford had thought nothing

about it at the time, being totally unac

quainted with Mr. Satterthwaite's fam-

ily. Now it all came back to him. If he

remembered rightly there had been some

trouble on the wedding day, and the young

couple had never lived together-and now Spencer was dead! Now, too, Handford

recollected the overcost at the Chesden

Inn, and the letters, one of them addressed

to Harry Spencer. Doubtiess Spencer

had gone over there to seek an interview

with Emily, as interview which had prob

ably been dealed by her father. Had he

been a detective. Handford might have

fostered a professional desire to learn all

that could be learned of the marriage and

"But, after all," he reflected, "I had

better stick to every-day work and forget

One evening, some weeks later, Edward

Handford was wending his way to his

bachelor quarters in one of the suburbs

of the city, when he was confronted by a

man. At the first glance Handford

"Your name is Hanaford-president of

"Such is indeed my name and record."

"You are interested in a man named

"Guess not, Mr. Handford, I mean

"I repeat I am not, and never was, in-

terested in Spencer. Besides, if he is

you how you are interested, and how I

than spoken, into Handford's ear, and

"Come to me in one hour. Here is my address"—and Handford tossed a card to

Let not the reader suppose for a mo-

ment that Handford, during any fraction

of that hour, entertained the proposition

of the man he had met on his way home

He only desired time, so that he might

think over and properly comprehend how

much or how little the fellow could possi

might hurt himself or Emily Batter-

thwaite. At the end of the hour his mind

was made up. When the stranger arriv-

ed he was shown into Handford's sitting

room, where the latter occupied a chair

at a library table. Upon the table lay a

self upon his rotary chair and, with a

hand in close proximity to the pistol, eyed

his caller. Again he thought he had seen

the fellow before, and again he was

"Do not sit down, my friend," said Handford. "I have come to the conclu-sion that you are a scoundrel, attempting

blackmail or something very like it. Some

how or other you have learned a little of

my private business. How you came by

your knowledge I do not know and do

not care—only, keep out of my way in the future. As for Mr. Spencer, he may

The man turned a crestfallen look a

Handford's broad shoulders, and also at the cocked revolver, and then slunk out

of the room, muttering-"You'll hear from

But days and weeks slipped along and Handford neither saw nor heard any more

The railroad magnate applied himself

diligently to his work in the attempt to forget Emily. The first part of his pro-

gram was easy enough to put into effect

but the second part was more difficult.
All the time there arose before Handford

that one picture of a cold, beautiful girl,

who had never been kinder to him than would have seemed absolutely necessary while he was her father's guest.

Winter passed, and spring came, follow-ed by sammer. Boon it would be time for his usual vacation. He resolved to make

prise, the more intent was he on making

of his blackmailing friend.

These last words were hissed, rather

all this romancing."

Spencer, I think?"

know all about it!"

the fellow.

It was ready for him.

'No, you are mistaken."

CHAPTER XIL

One fine evening in September, towards o'clock, a man might have been seen pacing slowly up and down Boylston street, Boston. He seemed to be waiting for some one, for he looked closely and cautiously at every foot passenger, and even peered right into the faces of some of them. After one hour's walking he halted at the market and retreated to a derk corner.

He had not much longer to wait, for presently a muscular man, clad in a suit of gray, turned the corner, walked a few paces and then halted. The first figure emerged from his place of concealment and, advancing to the man in gray, grasp-

ed the latter by the hand, saying:
"Barney Hughes, how are you?"
"Very well, De Watta, my boy." "Very well, De Watts, top plied the man addressed as Barney. "I see your word is good as ever,"

pered De Watts as they linked arms "How long have you been in the city?" About twenty-four hours. But this is a poor place to talk, so let's move up the

But De Watts proposed a better scheme 'Let's go out to my room, where there are no policemen to order us on, and no one to listen to what we say. Besides, I have comfortable quarters, which perhaps final fate of the unfortunate young man. you won't mind sharing with me during your sojourn among our blue-blooded people of 'culchaw'?"
"You are very good," replied Barney. "I

guess I'll accept your kind invitation. I want to have an understanding with you. So let us be moving on."

Both men hastened along, and a few moments later were seated in a street car thought he knew the fellow-at least be bound for Dorchester. De Watts was one felt tolerably certain that he had looked of your well-educated and ultra-clever upon the man's face before. Still, he scoundreis with whom the atmosphere of could not be sure. The stranger, who Boston agrees remarkably well. He was had an uncanny appearance, spoke first. a brilliant talker, a fine musician, could have carried himself with grace even in a the Great Occidental-formerly general European court, and had a knack of mak- manager?" ing friends with the most distant and reserved people. He could appear as a lady's gallant now, and ten minutes later pose as a low criminal.

It was by exercising these remarkable Harry Spencer, reported dead in San powers that the fellow had secured the friendship of John Satterthwaite, and so Francisco." en enabled to spend Max Brett's money as soon as it was entrusted to his care. Barney Hughes will be remembered as dead, what more is there to say of him? the treacherous engineer of the Pacific If that is all, good evening."

"I came down to meet papa, but one of Mail, during the strike on the Great Occi"Not so fast," said the man. "How do the boat people has just handed me a note dental Railroad. Barney loved whisky, you know that Spencer is dead? Now, for to say that he will not return until to and was now willing to stoop pretty low a consideration I will bring you proof of morrow. I hope I have not had my drive a it. He had latterly led a very his death inside of a week. I don't say reckless life, and had seen the inside of whether the proof exists at this moment more than one prison since the night when or not-understand? Oh, certainly, behe had attempted to desert his engine and fore you give me any orders, I can show

had so signally failed. During one of his plundering tours, Hughes had met De Watts. Acquaintance ripened into confidence, and confidence into business association. Each then the man waited for a reply. seemed to perfectly understand the other's tactics, and they were not long in discerning that many of their aims and plots were directed against the same people. It was to make final arrangements to further their mutual ends that Hughes had

just traveled all the way from New Oreans to Boston. Eleven o'clock found the two men in Dorchester, sitting in De Watts' room. The apartment was poorly furnished and dimit lighted by one oil lamp. But an biy know, and bow far that knowledge abundance of books, periodicals and newspapers were strewn about the floor, for Watts' depravity never prevented him from posting himself upon topics of

learn," said De Watts, "that my young friend, Brett, has been over to see revolver, cocked. Handford turned him his uncle. That being the case, I may safely say that my transactions with him and with the old man, too, are at an end." Yes," said Barney, with a grin, "and If the uncle believes his smart nevvy and foiled in his attempts to place him.

sets the dogs of the law on to you-then 'He'll not do that in any case. Besides, John Satterthwaite will never believe Brett when it is merely a question of veracity as between us. All I've got to do is to lay low in the dark until the proper moment arrives. I see that Max is

pretty thick with a Miss Spencer, who is

undoubtedly the sister of your friend, be alive or he may not that I cannot say Spencer, alias Richards." "Right you are," said Barney. "And his path, for if I ever hear of any violence have my hands pretty well filled with happening to him you will be the first Handford and Richards. If we are both successful in our present plans, De Watts, future do not meddle with the affairs of we shall be well fixed for several years to other people." come. I think sunny Spain will suit me

when we pull through. Well, we may as well travel together." replied De Watts. "Did you say that you ild work Handford in case he should marry Satterthwaite's daughter?"

Yes, and take care of Spencer, too. But can you steer clear of Brett and work your pet scheme as soon as he marries Spencer's sister?

Well, now," drawled De Watta in tones of disgust. "I've handled bigger schemes than this one, and my fingers are

"All right, then, the bargain's a bar-gain. Share up, half and half, don't we?" "Agreed," replied De Watts.

CHAPTER XIII. Edward Handford returned to Chicago and resumed his usual duties. Picking up

and resumed his usual duties. Picking up a New York newspaper one day, almost the t.st object which met his eye was a paragraph that read as follows:

"Death in a "Frinco Opium Den,—Harry Spencer, formerly well known in New York society, was found dead on the 27th alt in a Chinese opium den at San Francisco. Deceaned married, some four years since, the daughter of Mr. John

which he referred gently to the fact that he knew of her busband's death, and requested permission to renew a suit for seriy pressed in total ignorance of the then existing state of affairs. He waited six weeks, and then, as no reply came, he cave up the idea of visiting old England and, for his vacation, started on a trip through the hills and valleys of New England. AND OF BANK

CHAPTER XIV.

The well-known steamer, "Chauncey Vibbard," is making its way up the majestic Hudson, and has reached that point where the stream widens into what is known as the Tappan Zee. It is the latter end of September, and, although a lovely autumn day, the breeze blows down from the Highlands and across the broad expanse of water with remarkable freshness. So much so, that a tall man, with a handsome brouzed face, who is pacing the hurricane deck, begins to think about

He dives down into the checkroom and, after procuring his cost, resumes his The boat is by this time plowing ts way out of Haverstraw Bay into the Highlands, and aloft towers the massive form of old Donderberg. Edward Handford, for he it is, is thoroughly enjoying the grandly romantic scenery and, for a time, his thoughts are all centered upon the river and the hills which enclose it.

In a casual way he drops his hands into the pockets of his coat. One of them touches a piece of paper, and, not having worn the coat for some weeks, he tries for a few seconds before looking at it to remember what it may be. At last, giving up this self-imposed conundrum, he draws the document forth and finds it to be a small scaled envelope, bearing a foreign postage stamp and addressed to himself. The envelope is a daintily cut and tinted one, and retains just a suggestion of sweet perfumery, while the superscription be trays the work of a woman's hand. Yes this is certainly unique among the many missives which for years past have constituted the bulk of Mr. Handford's mas

sive correspondence. He tries to imagine how that monthold letter came into his pocket unopened, but gives up the speculation-leaving the responsibility to such carelessness divided between himself and his secretary. Finally he opens the envelope and, inscribed upon a sheet of paper bearing the well-remembered heading, "Chesden Hall, Bucks," he reads:

"Dear Mr. Handford-Papa and I are going to spend the summer in the Catskill Mountains. We shall stay at the Overlook House, and we both hope that you will come and see us there.
"Very sincerely.
"EMILY SATTERTHWAITE."

That is all-but it can have only on meaning. Certainly it is enough for Handford, who reads and re-reads the note al most twenty times before raising his eyes. When he does look up, the boat is at Tarrytown. Handford is off in one instant, leaving his baggage to shift for itself. A ferryboat takes him to Sauger ties, where, at the landing, seated behind a pair of smart little ponies, is-Miss Sat-

One hour before Handford had been entirely devoid of hope. Within that last hour he has read the encouraging handwriting and gazed upon the face of the

only woman for whom he carea.
"Good afternoon, Mr. Handford," says the girlish widow-coolly, as though they had parted only on the previous day and under ordinary circumstances, and not a year or more before, when matters were to say the least, a little awkward.

Handford was not in a frame of mind to require a second invitation, and soon they were on their way up the mountain sides.

It is unnecessary to peer into all that took place at that pleasant mountain resort during the next few days. Suffice i to say that after a week of well-nigh perfection-when the weather was perfect Emily was perfect and Edward Handford's hampiness was perfect-a week during which the course of true love gave the direct lie to the adage which asserts that it never runs smoothly—a small and select party, which included Mr. John Satterthwaite, left the Catskills. What matters it how Handford once again told his love, or how Emily made answer? Be sure it was the answer that Handford desired else why the quiet wedding in th old city of Albany, following which the squire journeyed alone to Chesden, while a happy couple went on to Chicago?

CHAPTER XV.

Dame Fortune began to smile upon Max Brett, spite of the hard usage he had received at the hands of his uncle and Mr. De Watts. No sooner had he returned from England than he was promoted in the house of Rose and Com pany a promotion which was, in fact, a long stride toward admission into the Max was now considered their most confidential and trustworthy man. He watched the fluctuations of the market and bought and sold as he deemed wises. and best. Despite the predictions o friends and foes, it really did look as it Max Brett had settled down to a steady going business life.

But his love for Annette Spencer never cooled. His business successes only serv ed to sharpen the ambition of his love and to definitely shape his course for the future. He had never uttered one word of what happened in England, nor did be propose to do so until he had found Harry Previous to his trans-Atlantic trip Max had promised to do all in his power to find Annette's brother. He had been compelled twice to stop for lack of means, but he now set to work once more He engaged the services of a celebrated detective and started him off with all the information obtainable even to the pho tograph. After weeks of traveling and hunting the detective gave up the search He had been East and West, North and South, and in every out-of-the-way cor ner, but could not unearth the alightest cine that would lead him to discover Spen cer's whereabouts. Max informed An nette of the methods he had pursued to discover her brother's hiding place, and of the result. He felt certain that fur ther steps would prove equally fruitiess and was not long in convincing her that for the time being she must wait patient

Max guessed too truly that the finan the attempt to secure it.

He would write to her and try to get daughter were well-nigh exhausted, and the least little encouragement to pay another visit to Cheeden. So he pensed a short but delicately worded letter, in conceal the fact that she looked upon

him as more than a valued friend-for in her heart she really loved Brett. But, like some other individuals of the gender feminine, she rather enjoyed testing the strength of her lover's affection by keep-ing him in suspense, and would rouchsafe no positive answer to his repeated

requests. Now, as the reader is already aware, Max Brett, while a shrewd business man and experienced man of the world, was the verlest page in knight-errantry, and a mere novice in the brotherhood of love-sick swains. He gradually grew disconsolute, and as a last resource sought the advice of his old friend and landlady, Mrs.

"Simpleton!" she cried, as she laughed at Brett's tale of woe. "You would be a nice young man to start out to win a wife if there were four or five suitors in your way all the time! Here you have the field all to yourself-you are a clever young fellow, and yet cannot bring matters to climax-for shame! Let me tell you one or two things that may prove beneficial to you. Miss Spencer undoubtedlywell, I'm not going to turn your head. She would make you just the very best wife in the world, but she is not the girl to yield very readily, and especially so you act faint-heartedly. See, all you have to do is to make her a trifle jealous, and in two weeks you will know the exact date of the wedding!"

"How will I do all this?" asked Max. somewhat astonished at his landlady's strange advice. "It would look rather shabby and mean for me to even pretend to be faithless, and Annette might not like it.

"Not like it? No, of course not! girl likes it, but it nevertheless brings when the average woman is in love, it is necessary for her to feel the pangs of jealousy before she can learn to be anxious? Now, go and think it over, and if you cannot man out for yourself the plan of campaign, you are not the man I take you

So saving Mrs. Dupont hurrled off to her room, there to enjoy a hearty laugh, while Max, left to the solitude of his own apartments, like a lone conspirator, set to work to hatch a plot. It was the commencement of his first and last attempt o make a woman jealous.

The following day Mrs. Dupont was surprised to see an express wagon stop at the door, from which the driver alighted to carry a picture up stairs. She hasten ed to meet him, when the man informed her that it was for Mr. Brett. It was a portrait in crayon of a beautiful young lady, and just as the expressman stood i against the wall, Annetts passed by. Of course, Mrs. Dupout lost no time in informing her that it was the property of Max.

"I wonder who she is?" said Annette

to herself as she ran upstairs. That night Max and his exacting lady love together went to theater. On the way the conversation turned entirely upon the muddy streets and the various build ings that lined them. The trip homeward was taken up chiefly in a prolonged discossion as to the merits of the play, and the conversation that was usually carried on before parting at night was studiously omitted. Brett complained of a pain or ache of some character and bade Annette "good-by" in a rather abrupt manner.

(To be continued.) HOMES IN THE STREETS.

Cozy Homes and Club Houses in railed Street Cars.

There is a curious community in this city, the members of which are very well sheltered and manage to retain most of the comforts of home in the handkerchief draping the sides of the streets. These citizens live in homes arm a bit at the top. Such fullness or which cannot boast of any foundation, and are liable at any time to be moved about from one neighborhood to another. These homes, which are, for the most part, exceedingly cozy, are retired street and railroad cars, that are allowed to stand on little-used sidetracks or which have been drawn from the tracks altogether and stand upon some of the least traversed of New York's thoroughfares. There are more than a dozen of these scattered about the city.

Most of these establishments have lost their identity. The architects who have remodeled them have taken liberties with the old orthodox arrangements of windows and doors. The first step in remodeling such a structure is to board up most of the windows and convert what remains into a few somewhat wider apertures. One aspiring architect in the vicinity of 11th avenue and 30th stret has gone so far as to add a bay window.

It is quite a common practice to derall a defunct street car at the terminus of a street car line to be used as a sort of club house for car drivers and conductors. There is a club house of this sort in successful operation at the extreme end of the cable road on Amsterdam avenue, fitted up in a more or less luxurious style. It stands about 190th street, surrounded by lonely woods and some fine farming land.

A superannuated freight car on 11th avenue above 28th street has done service for some time as a sort of receiving station and railroad office for that section of the city. The blank sides of the car have been riddled on all sides with doors and windows, and a skylight has been added to the roof. A variety of office furniture has been moved in, so that the interior of the old car very closely resembles a modern Broadway business office.-New York

Another Great Electrical Power. Mariposa County, California, is to have the third largest electrical power developing and distributing plant in the United States. The largest is at Ningara, the next is at Folsom, in Califor nia, and the third is to be constructed at the Horseshoe Bend, on the Merced River. The location is near the center of a mining district, having at least 100 mines that are sufficiently prospect ed to use cheap power. At the driest senson of the year the power company calculated upon 1,800 horse-power, and during eight months in the year they expect water enough to generate 3,500 horse-power. The price the company proposes to charge its customers is \$5 per horse-power a month.

A girl who is truthful about everything else will lie about the number of

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Giances at Fancies Feminias Frivolous, Mayhap, and Tet Offered in the Mope that the Reading Prove Restful to Wearied Womankind.

Goodp from Gay Gotham. REPARATIONS are being made for a return to fashionableness of the tight dress sleeve. Just at present the bishop sleeve is in great favor on fancy and shirt waists, and summer dresses generally show no signs of lessening fullness, but remember that sum-mer would not be chosen as the time

for such a change, and prepare for a quick shift in the autumn. The designers are busily making ready for It, and some of their models are certainly inviting. Those shown in the accompanying illustrations will be incorporated in gowns for late summer and fall, and it then remains for women to indorse or refuse them. Recallthem to time. Don't you know yet that, Ing how long large sleeves of one sort or another have been stylish, it is safe to guess that tight ones will soon come in one shape or another.

Naturally the first attempts in this direction do not constitute a startling change, but are more in the nature of



A SOP TO THE ADMIRERS OF PUFFS

a compromise, still some of them are pronounced departures. Sleeves are seen that fit tightly from wrist to shoulder. Over the shoulder, rather as part of the neck finish than as an addition to the sleeve, a little frill may hang, or there may be a slight draping-as if a lace edged handkerchief were folded cornerwise, the point under the arm, the ends tied on the top of the shoulder and the edge of the drapery as there is is positively away up at the top of the arm, and frequent ly at the sides of the top, so that the line of the arm from wrist up over the shoulder is unbroken. Evening gowns are made with the arm exposed and undraped from the wrist to the tiny line of shoulder strap on top, while an arrangement of puffs set on the bodice under the arm spreads to either side of the arm at the top. Another daring change is shown in the first picture. Here is a dress of biscult-colored silk, its sleeve fitting tightly from wrist to shoulder seam and armhole. A frill is then set in the armhole, which falls over the top of the arm. The frill has a little heading of pleated mauve satin that stands up smartly on the top of the shoulder. In many cases this frill is slit, and that makes more apparent the tight fit of the sleeve beneath, Such a sleeve seems to add much to a woman's height, and she who has nice arms is sure to hall the return of a close fit for them as a good thing.

For her who cannot all at once give up her beloved puffs, there is a sleeve that fits closely from wrist to shoulder and then is reinforced by a puff perched very high up on the arm and frequently divided on the very top of the



A HALF-WAY COMPROMISE.

arm, so that the tight fit shows. Such a sleeve is very dressy, and when the puff is made of light and gauzy stuff that appears nowhere else about the dress, one realizes that its removal will not interfere with the barmony of the gown and will leave it with an entirely undraped sleeve. In the example sketched for the second picture, the sleeve puff was organdle, and ing change progress rapidly. the tight sleeve and bodice were of

linon, over which came embroidered

In the next picture is presented as ingenious compromise, a sleeve that at the first seems to be only the droopingpuff-top and close-fit-below sleeve that has been so generally worn, but it is really a sleeve that fits closely all the way up, and the puff, its outlines carefully following those of the long popu-



lar sleeve, is set on at the back of the arm where it gives the usual outline to the whole bodice, but at the same time does not interfere with the lines of the arm itself. When the puff is made of a material contrasting with the rest of the sleeve the arm, as it shows close fitted, becomes the more conspicuous, but as a rule this transition sleeve endeavors to make itself inconspicuous by the use of one material. But one fabric was employed in this gown, tan cloth, which was simply trimmed with ecru embroidery. Even greater concession to the tendency to cling to a fashion once adopted is accomplished when the tight-fitting part, though it follows the outlines of the arm, still wrinkles and does not look too plain. The objection to this "dreadful plainness" is chiefly made by possessors of arms that are just a little too thin.

The elbow puff is too dressy and too becoming to the woman whose fore arm and elbow are pretty to be dispensed with at once, but it is significant that its new designs, too, point the way to tight sleeves. As shown in the fifth of these sketches, the puff is pushed up high and the sleeve is brought to the elbow by a close fitting band or cuff finished with a fall of lace that hangs behind the elbow. In a little while the cuff will be all there is of the elbow sleeve, and will have extended over the shoulder, while the lace at the elbow will constitute the only elaboration of the sleeve, except the pretty curves of the arm itself. This upper puff is not only subject to being rolled up on the arm so far that it is bardly a puff at all, but it is slit lengthwise and then pushed toward the back of the arm, exposing at the front a tight fitting effect, while at the



PERSONAL THAT ARE PRESENT BY SUPPER-

back the sleeve has still the look of the tight lower sleeve finished with the puff top. This treatment is displayed in the final picture, where blue, green and red striped silk gives the sleeves, and green silk the remainder. In the preceding gown the fabric was white silk striped with pale blue, the plastron being richly appliqued white satin.

Objectors to a return of tight sieeves declare that padding of the arms will be resorted to by women whose arms are not big enough to stand the test. They'd better take to exercising. Rub the arm round and round, clasping the arm with thumb and finger and then twisting this ring about the arm from wrist to shoulder, making the ring so close that the twisting is not easy. Remember that to rub up and downthat is, from the wrist to the shoulder, is to reduce the flesh on the arm, while the round and round motion increases the size and adds to the muscles. Nothing but patient kneading and rubbing with oil will help bony or sharp elbows, and no padding can be successfully applied to them. Remember, too, that a sleeve too tight stops the circulation, makes the hands red and tends to attentuate the arm. A sleeve may be made very tight at the wrist and very long, and without bagging it may be rather loose above the elbow. This will give an effect of taper to the arm. It seems a pity that the fashion of slipping down the fullness or the elaboration from the shoulder to wherever it is most becoming to the arm seems not to be longer countenanced. As for the woman with pretty arms, and she is usually a girl that is pretty generally, when you suggest tight sleeves to her she responds with a smile of welcome that will make the com-