



CHAPTER XVIII.

Edward Handford still sat in his private office. Spencer was gone—but in his place stood a big, burly, evil-looking fellow.

He, "for I shall have you arrested for attempting to extort money by threats. You may go, and I do not care where, only do not come to my house. My wife will know all that I know as quickly as I can go home and tell her. I should have informed her without your outrageous interference, sir; therefore, your threats are absolutely worthless. Let me advise you—there was a dangerous expression in Handford's eye as he said this—"To meddle no more with my personal affairs, as I will brook nothing of the kind. Furthermore, let me suggest, if you have a spark of manhood or human sympathy remaining, that you leave that poor fellow alone. You can see that his days are already numbered. His life, it is true, has been a failure—and yet he is a man, a noble man, a better man than you, Hughes. As for me, I can take care of myself. Go!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A myriad thoughts crowded themselves, one after another, upon Handford's brain as he walked home. But they all tended in one direction—what would be the result of all that had just come to light?

The elegant private car belonged to President Handford, of the Great Occidental Railroad. He and his wife, as well as their servants, including the colored watchman, were all soundly sleeping. At a short distance from the car, behind a boulder, sat a young man—the collar of his heavy ulster turned up to protect his ears from the keen night air. Some distance along the track a man was approaching, at a brisk pace. He was a big, muscular fellow, dressed in rough clothing, and was carrying a small package which he handled very carefully. Not more than three hundred yards behind this man there followed another. Strangely enough, the second man wore rubbers over his shoes, although there had been no rain for several days, and, furthermore, whenever the first man paused, the second man halted also.

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Kentucky's wishing for free silver as a panacea for all evils will never lessen the country's thinking of that state in connection with the gold cure.—Philadelphia Times.

Young Lawyer—Thank heaven! At last I have a case—a young rascal was at least half a dozen thefts on his conscience. Wife—How kind of him to choose you for his counsel. Don't you think we ought to invite him to dinner?—Plebeian Blatterer.