SYNGPSIS.

Given Dudley arrived in San Francisco In John Dus Irinard want dealers in respective In John Dustales, arrived in San Francisco In John Dustales, want he was to seemed in 4th integration, whom he was to seemed in 4th integration, which he city The seemed wind where accompanies producey on the Integrated in the Integrated In

CHAPTER XIV.-Continued.

Yes, I suppose so," said I dryly. "But the woman has done me service saved my life, I may say and I'm willing to forget the bad in her."

That's not for me to say, sor; but there's quare things happens, no doubt.

'This note," I continued, "Is written over her name. I don't know whether it came from her or not; but If she sent it I must see her. It may be a case of life or death for me."

"An' if it didn't come from her? asked the policeman shrewdly. "Then," said I grimly, "it's likely to be a case of death if I venture alone."

Th tell you what, Mr. Wilton," and Eurson after a pause. "If you'll wait a bit, I'll go with you—that is, if there isn't somebody clas you'd like better to have by your side to-night. You don't look to have any of your friends about."

"Just the thing," I said heartfly "There's no one I'd rather have. We'll go down as soon as we can get a bite to est.

"I'll have to wait a bit, sor, till my relief comes. He'il be along soon. As for getting a bite, you can't do better than wait till you get to Mother Bor on's. It's a rough place, but it's got a name for good cooking." was buwildered.

I guess there's not much to be got on the way of eating in the house. There was nothing left in it yester lay morning but the rats." I spoke with considerable emphasts.

That's quare, now," he said, look ng to see if there was a lest behind the words. "But 'twas all there when McPherson and I put a club to a drunk as was raising the Ould Nick in the place and smashing the bottles, not six hours ago. When we took him sway in the express wagon the ould woman was rowling out those long black curses in a way that would warm the heart of the foul flend him-1404

There was some fresh mystery about this. I held my tongue with the schoolion that I had better let it straighten itself out than risk a stumple by asking about things I ought to KHOW.

Corson's relief soon appeared. "It's a nasty night." he said, buttoning up ata overcoat closely, as Corson gave aim a brief report of the situation on thu beat.

"It's good for them as likes it dark." said Corson. 'It's just such a night as we had

when Donaldson was murdered. Doyou mlad it? Do I mind it? Am I likely to forgit

it? Well, a pleasant time to you, me boy. Come along, sor. We'd better be moving. You won't mind stepping up to the half with mo, will ye, while lone. I report?

"Certainly not." I said with a shiver, half at the grim suggestion of murder and half at the chill of the fog and the cutting wind that blew the cold vapor through to the skin.

You've no overcoat," said Corson. "We'll stop and get one. I'll have mine. from the station.

The attence of the house of myniors was no less threatening now than on the night when Henry Wilton was walking through the halls on the way to his death. But the stout-hearted policeman by my side gave me confidence, and no sign showed the pressnoe of an enemy as I secured Henry's heavy overcoat and the large revolver he had given me, and we look our way down the stairs.

A short visit to the grimy, foulamelling basement of the City Hall, a brisk walk with the cutting wind at our backs and I felt rather than saw that we were in the neighborhood of the scene of my adventures of a night that had come so near costing me my tife, and then I saw the lantern sign give forth its promise of the varied enartainment that could be had at there

Here we are!" said Corson.

We pushed spen the door and en-

fered. The place had the same uppearance as the one to which I had been taken by Dicky Suhi: "A fine night, Mother Borton," said rother.

Corson cheerfly, as he was the first to enter, and then added under his breath. - "for the divil's business." Mother Borton stares at him with | ingly

a black look and muttered a course. "Good evening," I hastened to say I took the liberty to bring a friend; he doesn't come as an officer tomucht.

The effect on the bag's features was marretons. The black scowl lightened, the tight-drawn lips relaxed, and there was a sign of pleasure in the or and harsher as she went on. bright eyes that had flushed hatred at the potteeman.

"Alt, H's you, is it?" she said sharply, but with a tone o 'cindness in her greeting: "I didn't see ye. Now sit down and find a table, and I'll be with ye after a bit."

"We want a dinner, and a good one. I'm half-starved.

"Are ye, honey?" said the woman with delight. "Then it's the best dinner in town ye shall have. Here, Hm! Put these gentlemen over there at the corner table.

"It's not the arbitroracy of stoffe ye get here," said Corson, lighting his pipe after the coffee, "but it's prime

I nodded in lazy contenment, and yet? Don't you see that you climbed

way, and followed her footsteps to ateach to the floor shows

the blackness. Then I passed on the fore you're expected to you're setting threshold while the lighted a sandle; here genteeldke having agreeable and as I entered, she swiftly closed conversation along with me, instead and locked the door behind me.

voice, motioning me to a chair by the Fort Point." stand that held the candle. Then this strange creatury neuted herself in stayely in ing face for a full minute. Dipe down stairs," What have you done that I should

"I really couldn't say," I replied politely. "You have done me one or two services stready. That's the best rea-

son I know why you should do me unme relaxed at the sound of my voice. But, you see, you'd be of mighty small and the old woman nedded approv-

"Ay reason enough, I guess. Them had ye in a quiet place." as wants better can find it themselves. But why did you sheak out of the house the other night like a cop in plain clothes? Didn't I go ball you were safe? Do you want any better maybe they ain't got over the idea yit word than mine" she had begun at most softly, but the voice grew high-

"Why," I said, bewildered again. the house ensaked away from meor, at least you left me alone in it."

"How was that?" she asked grimly And I described graphically my expertence in the deserted building. As I proceeded with my tale an

amused look replaced the barsh lines. of suspicion on Mother Borton's face. "Oh, my fud!" she cried with a chackle. "Oh, my jud! how very greenyou are, my boy. Oh ho! ho ho!" And then she laughed an inward, self-con-

suming laugh that called up anything but the feeling of sympathetic mirth "I'm glad it amones you," I said with injured dignity.

"Oh, my liver! Don't you see it



"SHOW HE THE NOTE SHE SAID SHEADING"

then started up in remembrance of ; into the next house back and went across the table.

"If you will go upstairs," she said your friend can spare you."

before him?" I asked. "You'll be safer in my care than in lings. his," she said, with warning in her

You, you, I know I am safe here, but how is it with my friend if I leave him here? We came together and

we'll go together." The crone uedded with a laugh that

ended in a snark "If the gang knew he was here there glance.

would be more fun than you saw the other utght." "Don't worry about me, Mr. Wilton, said Cornon with a grin. "I've stood

her crowd off before, and I can do it again if the used comes. But I'd rather amoke a poine in neace." "You can amoke in peace, but it's not yourself you can thank for it." Is said Mother Borton sharply. "There'll

for the door. "Are you sure you're all right?"

asked Corson in a low voice. "There's men gone up those stairs that came down with a sheet over them."

there's danger to you in leaving you evil face was impassive during my rehore. No. Go ahead. I'll wait for se. I'd tered

as lief sit here as anywheres." thantened after Mother Borton, who appeared to consider for a minute or was glowering at me from the door- more.

the occasion of our being in this place | through on to the other street " And as the shadow of Mother Borton fell she relapsed into her state of silent as she said, they were "corralled." merriment

t felt foolish enough as the truth sourly. "You know the way. I guess flashed over me. I had lost my sense of direction in the strange house, and much 'he there anything that can't be told had been deceived by the resemblance of the ground plan of the two build-

"But what about the plot?" I saked. I got your note. It's very interesting What about it?

What plot? "Why, I don't know. The one you wrote me about." Mother Borton bent forward and

"Oh," she said at last, "the one I wrote you about I'd forgotten it." This was disheartening. Now could I depend on one whose memory was

thus capricious? 'Yes," said I givernily: "I supposed. you might know something about it." Show me the nets, she said sharp-

I hambled through my peckets until be no trouble here to-aight. Come I found it. Mother Borton clutched it, along." And the old woman started held it up to the candle, and studied it for two or three minutes.

Where did you get it "" I described the circumstances in which it had come into my pessession, and repeated the essentials of Cor-'lt's all right-that is, unless son's story. Mother Section's share, cital. When it was done also mut-

"Gimme a fool for hest." Then she

"Well?" said I inquiringly. Well, hopey, you're having a run Stother forton walnot the gassage of the eards," she said at last. "Bemurloomly and in eleme, and I to: tweet baving the message trusted to owed her example until she pushed a fool boy, and having a cop for your pen a door and was availowed up in 'Gland, an' maybe gitting this note beof being in company you mightn't like "Bit down," give said in a harsh to well-or maybe ficating out toward

"No you didn't write?" I said coolly I had an idea of the kind. That's front of me, and looked steadily and why my friend Corson is smoking his

Mother Borton gave me a pleased help you'r' she broke forth in a harsh look and nodded. I hoped I had made voice, her eyes still fixed on my face; her regret the cruel insinuation in her application of the proverb to me as the favorite of fortune.

"I see," I said. "I was to be way hild on the road here and killed."

Carried off, more likely. I don't The hard lines on the face before say as it wouldn't end in killin' ye use in tellin' tales if you was dead; but you might be got to talk if they

Good reasoning. But Henry Will ton was killed."

Yes," admitted Mother Borton; they thought he carried papers, and it's jest as well you're here instid of having a little passear with Tom Ter cill and Darby Meeker and their pals."

"Well," said I, as cheerfully as I paid under the depressing circumcances, "If they want to kill me, I don't see how I can keep them from cetting a chance sooner or later." Mother Borton looked anxious at

this, and shook her head. You must call on your men," she sald decidedly. "You must have

gnards." By the way," I said, "that reminds me. The men haven't been paid, and

they're looking to me for money." Who's looking to you for money? Dicky Nahl-and the others, I sup-

Dicky Nahl?" Why, yes. He asked me for it." And you gave it to him?" she asked

charply. No c-that is, I gave him ten dol are and told him he'd have to wall for the rest. I haven't got the money from the one that's doing the hiring yet, so I couldn't pay him."

Mother Borton gave an evil grin and absorbed another inward laugh. "I recken the money'll come all right," said Mother Borton, recovering from her mirth. "There's one more

anxious than you to have 'em paid and if you ain't found out you'll have it right away. Now for guards, take Trent-no, he's hurt. Take Brown and Porter and Barkhouse and Fitzhugh. They're wide-awake, and don't talk much. Take 'em two and two and never go without 'em, night or day. You stop here to-night, and Ph git 'em for you to-morrow.' I declined the proffered hospitality

with thanks, and as a compromise agreed to call for my bodyguard in the early morning. Rejoining Corson, 1 explained Mother Borton's theory of the plot that had brought me thither "She's like to be right," said the po-

liceman. "She knows the gang. Now if you'll take my advice, you'll let the rats have your room for this night and come along up to some foine ho

The advice appeared good, and fifteen minutes later Corson was drink ing my health at the Lick House bar. and calling on the powers of light and darkness to watch over my safety as I slept

Whether due to his prayers or not my sleep was undisturbed, even by charming but scornful daughter; and though helpful, flowers?" with the full tide of life and business flowing through the street in the morning hours I found myself once more in Mother Borton's dingy eating room, ordering a breakfast.

Mother Borton Ignored my entrance. and perched on a high stool behind the bar and cash-drawer, reminded me of the vulture guarding its prey. But at last she fluttered over to my table and took a seat opposite.

"Your men are bere," she said short ly. And then, as I expressed my thauks, she warmed up and gave me a description by which I should know each and led me to the room where

lly the way," I said, halting out side the door. "they'll want some money, I suppose. Do you know how

They're paid," she said, and pushed open the door before I could express surprise or ask further questions. 1 surmised that she had paid them herself to save me from annoyance or possible danger, and my gratitude to this strange creature rose still higher. CTO BE CONTINUEDO

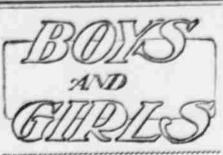
A Hurdy-Gurdy Romance.

The day was sunny and warm. The searched my tuce with her keen shade of an oak tree overhanging a board fence offered grateful shelter to the old woman who wheeled a hurdy gurdy slowly down the street. Leaving the organ at the curbstone, the woman seated herself on the ground close to the fence, untied a red bandunna, from which she produced a function not over dainty or appetizing in appearance, spread out a newspaper, and set forth the meal, evidently expecting some one else.

The old hurdy-gurdy man soon joined her, bringing with him the pail of beer for which he had stopped on the avenue. He was brown and wrinkled and grimy like herself; but before beginning the meal he best down and kissed the old woman, as if observing a sacrament.

And it's assumed suddenly purer and sweeter to the passerby .- N. Y. Press.

First Punctuation Marks. Punctuation marks were first used THE TABLE



BESSIE AND THE FLOWERS.

A Little Convention in the Garden That Did Good.

Bessie went into the garden to play. It was the big flower garden, and many, many of the blossoms were just coming into beautiful bloom. Bessle loved to look at the blossoms, but she did not consider their rights, so she began pulling them off and throwing them on the ground. After she had destroyed a great number of the most beautiful blossoms that had been smiling so sweetly at her she heard a voice saying just at her elbow: "Now, little girl, since you have killed so many of my beautiful and innocent comrades, how do you feel? Are you glad to look at those dying blossoms lying about on the ground? Were they not much more pleasing to your eye when they were living and nodding in the breeze and smiling toward blue heaven? And how sweet was their fragrance, too, for it floated about in the air making it delicious to the human nostrils. Ah, little girl, do you know how wicked it is to wantonly destroy these dear flowers?"

"But how can they be dead when they never breathe?" asked ignorant Bessie. "Flowers don't live-they can't walk."

"Yes, we do live, little girl," explained the voice which came from a and dew. We come from tiny seeds lukewarm. and grow into flowering plants to make the world more beautiful. Did not your mamma want us here? If and blossoms to help make this gar- oxygen left in the bottle.

den a pleace of beauty and purity. See



Placing the Half-Wilted Flowers in a Dainty Bowl of Cold Water.

how those little blossoms on the ground are withering under the sun's 2. The apparatus is simpler and the rays? Ah, within another half hour they will be entirely dead. But had you not pulled them from their parent stem they would have lived many, many days, to add beauty and love to this world. And before their natural death other sister and brother blossems would have been on the same generated continuously and regularly stem with them to take their place when their term of life was expired. appeared. -Scientific American. Now, little girl, do you realize the indreams of Doddridge Knapp and his jury you have done to the helpless,

Bessie stood quite still for a minute. then she replied: 'Yes, I've been a neighty girl this morning; but I shall never, never kill another flower just for the fun of pulling it off the stem. Of course, if mamma says to gather some flowers for the dinner table or to carry to a sick friend that will be different. Then, with your permission. good Mr. Tiger Lily, I'll gather a few of the full-blown blossoms, for they wouldn't live much longer, anyway."

"Flowers love to be gathered to adorn the dining table and to make the room of a sick person cheerful," said the voice. "They are then put into nice fresh water and do not die for ever so long a time, and their being in water prevents them from suffering Indeed, they enjoy themselves very much when doing good. It's only when being ruthlessly destroyed—as you destroyed so many of them this morning -that they suffer."

"Well, never again will a dear little blessom suffer at my hands," declared Bessle. "And if I could gut these poor favorite study! Will she succeed." beads back on their neeks again I'd do so." And so saying she picked up the ront on letters. She is bound to withering blessoms from the ground exceland held them tenderly in her hands. "I know what I can do, though," she added. "I can put them in a bowl of fresh water and set them in a coel, shady place in my room, where they may feel happy in adding their feagrance—what isn't already destroyed -to the delicious morning air "

And then Bessie can to her room. pineing the half-wilted dowers in a dainty bowt of cold water. And almost and look refreshed and happy. "Oh, you dear things," exclaimed Besate, "I shall love you always and always after this morning's chat with old Tiger Lify."-Washington Star.

Seeing the Sights.

Little Boy | to his mother, while both are on a visit to London, pointing to Big Ben - Muyver, do you see that hig circk over there?

Mother (beaming on her little son) -You, darling?

Little Boy-So do I, muyver.

A LESSON IN SCIENCE.

Simple Apparatus for Generating Hydrogen Explained by Prof. Michaud.

Broken pieces of siuminum table or kitchen ware can be used for several interesting chemical experiments. The following is a simple one: Buy from a druggist a foot or two of rubber tubing, a stopper with a small glass tube running through it and a few ounces of caustic potash or sods. Select a bottle to match the stopper and in it place the broken pieces of aluminum. Pour over them some lukewarm water and add a few spoonfuls of caustic soda. (This chemical is not so dangerous to handle as sulphuric acid, yet contact with the skin should be carefully avoided). An effervescence will at once take place



A Simple Apparatus for Generating Hydrogen.

tall tiger lily. "We all live and grow, and will last for several hours in spite We eat from the soil and drink of rain of the fact that the liquid is no longer

Hydrogen gas will be generated, escaping through the rubber tube, and the gas may be used for any of the she had not loved us she would not experiments described in books on have had the gardener plant us and chemistry. It should not be ignited tend us so industriously. And here directly at the end of the tube unless within a few minutes you have defully a quarter of an hour has elapsed stroyed the lives of flowers that have after the beginning of the effervesbeen growing all through the spring. cence. Disregard of this caution might putting forth their fresh, soft leaves cause an explosion on account of the

A given weight of aluminum displaces almost four times as much hydrogen as is evolved by the same weight of zinc, and some day, therefore, aluminum will be used instead of zinc for the industrial preparation of hydrogen. The method is at present more expensive than the ordinary zinc-and-acid process, yet it should be given the preference in several cases on account of the following two

points of superiority: 1. The gas is free from hydrogen arsenide, hydrogen sulphide and acid vapors. Its greatest purity becomes especially apparent when it is used to inflate soap bubbles. With the classical apparatus the experiment cannot be made unless the gas is purified after leaving the bottle, because the acld vapors it carries along break the bubbles long before they reach any

considerable size. operation easier than in the case of the zinc-and-acid process. There is no need of a Wolff bottle with a contrivance for the gradual addition of small amounts of one of the reagents All the needed alkall is placed in the bottle at the outset, and the gas is until the last bit of aluminum has dis-

A PUZZLER



How old is this lady? What is her Answers She is over 40. She is tu-

His Vahicle.

Smith (to Jones, who has not visited his club for some times-Well and chap, where have you been al. this time?

Jones O' I've been doing a bit of traveling lately and finished up by seeing a piece of Africa and, I say I crossed the Niagara Falls in a there. I was just going to toll you what I insmediately they began to open up crossed the Magara Falls in Can any of you believe guess?

Smith Never in a boar? Jones No. Try again. Binruoy-An airship?

Jones No. Semething more ascial than that! Give it up! Smith Yes, I suppose so. Jones (triumphantly) -in a dream?

Better Than Writing Poetry. Literary work is all right, but the surest way to make your name a household word in to advertise exten-

i sively .- Somerville Journal.