

The Easy Chair.

Only the Englishman knows the science of sitting down. He alone has evolved the chair which recovers for its students all the comfort that has been lost in the day, all the hope that the morning may so inhospitably have barred, says the Saturday Review. Watch, say, a Frenchman in an English easy chair and you will find him no worthy apprentice of the science. He is ill at ease and out of sympathy with the chair. But the Englishman has no such quarrel with comfort. He does not, as the Frenchman, sit at attention. There needs not, in fact, be any doubt that England's position as an optimist among the nations is due largely to the appreciation of the easy chair. Had Schopenhauer lived in England and been instructed in the art of sitting down he would have written dainty testimonials of the charm of human nature. Pope had no optimism, and it is not surprising that he complained of the "rack of a too easy chair," for only an optimist can be comfortable. Whistler refused to have an easy chair in his house, and quite inevitably wrote a book on the art of making enemies. Carlyle lived among the hard angles of uncomfortable furniture and wrote irritably. A man's literary taste, it may as well be said, is not formed so much by his education or his early life, or his friends, as by his chairs. A man without an easy chair would develop an austere taste. He would read Bacon, Hume, Macaulay. A man with an uncomfortable easy chair would read Hazlitt, Carlyle, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Ibsen. A man with a chair which he had molded to all the whims of his body would read Dickens, Lamb, Shakespeare, Meredith, Flaubert, Tennyson. No one, fortunately, has a finer instinct for comfort than the Englishman, and so long as this is so there should be no danger of the decline of good books and poetry and optimism. Only the man who has an easy chair can read the right books.

Royal Parents Getting Wise.

Over-education and severe training have been the bane of youths born to become sovereigns, for the reaction has ever led them into excesses which proved their ruin. Had Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, for instance, received proper care, as a boy, he could not have gone to the devil as he did, and would not have died an ignoble death. The mistake is admitted now when too late, for the present generation of royal families, but there is a promise that common sense will be used in the bringing up of the next, for even the venerable Emperor Franz Josef is said to realize the dangers of the older methods, and what a hard time his only son had with his tutors and masters. There seems to have been no "home influence" in the routine of the education of princes. Mother is eliminated. The German emperor, with all his martinet ideas, has not forbidden a certain amount of "mother" in his six sons' bringing up, so the empress has seen more of her children after they left the nursery than was formerly the custom with rigorous court etiquette, and their health, at least, has been well looked after. The crown prince of Austria's fate was not in vain, says the Boston Herald, if it has taught royal parents the wisdom of the newer education; that while drilling and cramming the poor little bodies and brains, their moral and human qualities must be cultivated in the affectionate atmosphere of home. It is said the children of the young king and queen of Spain will be brought up according to the new ideas, and some traditions of Spanish education are to be rudely shattered for the good of a future monarch's constitution and his mental development.

The mobilization of all British warships in home waters, available for immediate service, was completed June 30 for the annual naval maneuvers, and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford found himself in supreme command of a total of not less than 361 ships, with an aggregate complement of 68,000 officers and men. The newspapers, while they proclaimed that the array of such a force in the North sea is in no manner connected with Germany, do not fall incidentally to compare this, the greatest fleet ever assembled in the history of the world, with the fleet of 62 vessels with which Germany recently carried out her North sea maneuvers.

Considering that the place of the librarian of the Pittsburg Carnegie library is worth \$9,000 a year, it was certainly indiscreet for him to make the alleged remark that Pittsburgers don't possess any great abundance of gray matter, even if it is so.

Iron cloth is made from steel and has the appearance of horsehair cloth. It is largely used by tailors as a material for stiffening the shoulders and collars of coats.

BLIND-FOLDED



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 passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends Dudley and Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but conceals it in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is attracted by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the morgue. Luella responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home. He is escorted by Luella and escorted by Mrs. Bower, Stumpling tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown, Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrell. Luella is dumfounded when she and Dudley see her father coming from the office. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Terrell is seen in the mob. A newly formed 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 for saving her life. Doddridge appears at the office with no trace of the previous night's detour. 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.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"It's much better of you to wish me to come," I said with all my heart, taking her hand. "Come on Saturday," she said at last. "I'm at your service at any time," I murmured. "Don't," she said. "That's conventional. If you are to be conventional you're not to come." And she laughed nervously. I looked into her eyes, and then on impulse stooped and kissed the hand I still held. "It was what I meant," I said. She snatched her hand away, and as she did so I saw in the dim light that hid the further end of the hall the figure of the Wolf, massive, dark, threatening, and my mind supplied it with all the fires of passion and hate with which I had twice seen the face inflamed. Luella's eyes grew large with wonder and alarm as she caught on my face the reflection of the Wolf's coming. But as she turned to look, the figure faded away without sound, and there was only Mrs. Knapp appearing in the doorway; and her alarm turned to amusement. "Oh, I was afraid you had gone," said Mrs. Knapp. Would you mind, Luella, looking after the guests a minute?" Luella bowed me a good night and was gone. "Oh, Henry," said Mrs. Knapp, "I wanted to ask you about Mr. Knapp. Is your aid absolutely essential to his success?" "I presume not, though it would probably embarrass him somewhat if I should take ship for China before morning." As I held in the bank securities worth nearly \$3,000,000, I believed that I spoke within bounds. "I suppose it would do no good to try to dissuade him from his plans?" "It would take a bolder man than I," said I, with a smile at the audacity of the idea. Mrs. Knapp smiled sadly in response. "Do you think, Henry," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think that Mr. Knapp is quite himself?" My mind leaped at the recollection of the Wolf figure in the opium den. But I choked down the thought, and replied calmly: "He certainly has a vigorous business head on his shoulders." "I wish you could tell me about his business affairs," said Mrs. Knapp wistfully. "But I know you won't." "You wouldn't think much of me if I did," I said boldly. "It would be right to tell me," she said. "But I mustn't keep you standing here. Good night." I walked down the steps and joined my waiting guards with a budget of new thought and feelings to examine. The three days that followed Doddridge Knapp fought for the control of Omega, and the Decker syndicate fought as stubbornly for the same end. I was forced to admire the fertility of resource displayed by the King of the Street. He was carrying on the fight with the smaller capital, yet by his

attack and defense he employed his resources to better result. The weakness of the syndicate lay in its burden of Confidence and Crown Diamond. Doddridge Knapp had sold out his holdings of both at a handsome profit, but so far from ceasing his sales of these stocks, as I had expected, he had only begun. He suddenly developed into a most pronounced "bear," and sold both stocks for future delivery in great blocks. He was cautious with Confidence, but his assaults on Crown Diamond were ruthless. Decker and his brokers stood gallantly to the defense of their threatened properties and bought heavily. Yet in spite of their efforts to buy everything that was offered Crown Diamond "futures" fell to 40, 30, 25, and even 20, closing at the afternoon session at 20%.

But the King of the Street was less successful in his manipulations of Omega. The speculating public as well as Decker and Company were reaching out for the stock, and it was forced up 10 and 20 points at a time, closing on Saturday afternoon at 325. "This is merry war," gasped Wallbridge, at the close of the last session. "I wouldn't have missed this for five years of my life. Doddridge Knapp is the boy for making the market hum when he takes the notion. By George, we've had a panic this week! And last Monday I thought everything was dead, too!"

"Doddridge Knapp!" I exclaimed. "Is he in this deal, too?" Wallbridge looked at me in a little confusion, and mopped his head with



"COME ON SATURDAY," SHE SAID AT LAST.

comical abandon. Then he winked a most diabolical wink, and chuckled. "Of course, a secret's a secret; but when the whole street's talking about it, you can't exactly call it a close-corporation secret," he explained apologetically. I joined Doddridge Knapp at the office and confided to him the fact that the cat was out of the bag. The King of the Street looked a little amused at the announcement. "Good Lord, Wilton! Where are your ears?" he said. "The street had the whole story on Friday. Decker was sure of it on Wednesday. But I kept under cover long enough to get a good start and that was as much as I expected." "How do we stand now?" I asked. I knew that our purchases had not been progressing very well. "There's 500 shares to get," said the King of the Street thoughtfully; "536, to be accurate." "That's not a very promising outlook," I suggested, remembering that we had secured only 400 shares in the whole day's struggle. "Well, there'll be an earthquake in the street if we don't get them, and maybe there'll be one if we do. Decker is likely to dump all his shares on the market the minute we win, and it will be the devil's own job to keep the bottom from falling out if he does." The King of the Street then gave some brief directions. "Now," he continued, "you are to be at the Exchange without fail on Mon-

day morning. I'll be there to give you your orders. Don't be one minute behind hand, or there may be Tophet to pay." And he emphasized his words with an impressive growl that showed the Wolf's fangs.

"I'll be on hand," I replied. "Well, then go," he growled; "and see that you come with a clear head on Monday. Keep your thirst until after the game is over."

A few hours later I was at the house of the Wolf, but I forgot to ask for Doddridge Knapp. Luella received me with apparent indifference that contrasted sharply with her parting, and I was piqued. Mrs. Knapp was gracious, and saluted between us before I had received a dozen words.

"Where are your spirits to-night?" she asked rationally. "Have you left them in lower Pine street?" "I have a heart for any fate," I returned lightly. "Am I too grave for the occasion?"

"You're always under orders to be cheerful," Luella broke in, "or at least to explain the reason why."

"He can't explain," retorted her mother. "Mr. Knapp won't let him." But presently we found a subject in which Luella roused her interest, and her bright mind and ready wit drove away the fancy that had first assailed me. Then some caller claimed the attention of Mrs. Knapp, and I was content to monopolize Luella's conversation for the evening. At last I was constrained to go. Mrs. Knapp was still busied in conversation with her visitor, and Luella followed me once more into the hall.

"Can't you tell me—won't you tell me?" she said in a low tone that was the complement of the silent speech of the eyes.

"I wish I could," I whispered. "I know it must be right—it is right," she said in the same tone. "But I wish that I might know. Will you not tell me?"

"I will tell you some day," I said brokenly. "Now it is another's, and I cannot. But it shall all be yours."

"Everything."

In another moment I know not what I should have done, so stirred and tempted was I by her tone and look. But in an instant her manner changed

the indefinable scent that rose from the paper I knew it for a message from the Unknown who held for me the secrets of life and death.

CHAPTER XXI.

At the bidding of the Unknown. The windows of Borton's shone cheerfully, although it was past midnight. At our cautious approach a signal was given and with the answering word a man appeared from the obscurity.

"All safe?" I inquired. "It's all right," said Barkhouse. "There's a dozen men in the barroom, and I'm not sure there ain't some of the bounds amongst them. But you're to go in the side door, and right upstairs."

"Two of you may keep at the foot of the stairs, just inside the door," I said. "You may stand watch outside, Barkhouse."

There was sound of rude song, and the clink of glass and bottle in the bar and dining room as I passed through the side hall. But the door was closed, and I saw nothing of the late revelers. In the upper hallway Mother Borton stood by an open door, silhouetted dark and threatening against the dim flickerings that came from the candle in the room behind her.

I had but opened my mouth to give her word of greeting when she raised a warning claw, and then seizing me drew me swiftly into the room and closed and locked the door.

"How air ye, dearie?" she said, surveying me with some apparent pride. "You're safe and whole, ain't ye?"

"I am safe," I said, "though I had a close shave in Chinatown."

"I heard of it," said Mother Borton sourly. "I reckon it ain't much good to sit up nights to tell you to take keer of yourself. It's a wonder you ever grew up. Your mammy must 'a' been mighty keerful about herdin' ye under cover whenever it rained."

"I was a little blame," I admitted, "but your warning was not thrown away. I thought I was well-guarded."

Mother Borton sniffed contemptuously. "I s'pose you come down here alone?"

"No." And I explained the disposition of my forces. "That's not so bad," she said. "They could git up here soon enough, I reckon, if there was a row. But I guess you didn't think I sent for ye jest to tell ye you was a fool in Chinatown."

I admitted that I should have expected to wait till morning for such a piece of information. "Well," said Mother Borton, "that ain't it. Something's up."

"And what might it be?" I inquired. "The moon?"

Mother Borton did not take this flippancy kindly. Her face grew darker and more evil as it was framed in the dancing shadows behind her.

"You can sit a knife in ye as easy as winking if I'll jest keep my mouth shut," she cried spitefully.

"Yes," said I repentantly, putting my hand upon her arm. "But you are my very good friend, and will tell me what I ought to know."

The creature's face lighted at my tone and action, and her eyes melted with a new feeling. "That I will," she said; "that I will, as if you were my own boy."

She seized my hand and held it as she spoke and looked intently on my face.

"I was a-listening to 'em," she continued in a low, earnest tone, glancing around fearfully as if she had the thought that some one else might be listening in turn. "I was a-listening, an' I heard what they says."

"Who said?" I inquired. "The ones you knows on," she returned mysteriously.

"What ones?" I persisted, though I supposed she meant to indicate some of my energetic enemies. Mother Borton paid no attention to my question, and continued:

"I knowed they was a-talking about you, an' they says they would cut your liver out if they found ye there."

"And where is there?" I asked with growing interest. "That's what I was listening to find out," said Mother Borton. "I couldn't hear much of what they says, but I hears enough to git an idea."

She bent forward and hissed rather than whispered: "They've found out where the boy is!"

"Are you certain?" I asked in sudden alarm. "Pretty sure," she said, "pretty sure. Now you won't go near the place, will ye, dearie?" she continued anxiously.

"You forget that I haven't the first idea where the boy is hidden," I returned. "Oh, Lord, yes! I reckon my mind's gone," grunted Mother Borton. "But I'm afraid of their knives for ye."

"I wish I could give warning," said I, much disturbed by the information. "The protector of the boy ought to know about this. I'm afraid I have done wrong."

Mother Borton looked at me fixedly. "Don't you worry, my dear. She'll know about it all right."

Again the feeling stole over me that this woman knew more than she told. But I knew that it was useless to question her directly. "I suspect that she knows already. I got a note to-night," said I, drawing from my pocket the envelope I had received from the Unknown. Mother Borton seized it, looked for a moment at the firm, delicate hand of the address and drew out the sheet that it inclosed. "Read it, dearie," she said, handing it back after a scrutiny. "I can't tell anything but big print."

I suspected that Mother Borton was trying to deceive me, but I repeated the words of the note: (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Captain, you will appear on the parade ground with your company at ten o'clock for inspection." "Sorry, colonel, but you'll have to postpone it till to-morrow! I promised my wife that she could use the caannon to-day for a churn!"

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any name of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

More Dignified.

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Borem—She wasn't at home when I called, so I left my card— Miss Pepprey—Yes, she was telling me she considered it so thoughtful of you. Borem—To leave my card? Miss Pepprey—No; to call when she wasn't at home.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

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Examining carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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