

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittaburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to take the deposition of the chief witness for the prosecution. John Gilmore, a millionaire. In the lat-ter's house the lawyer is attracted by the picture of a girl, whom Gilmore ex-plains is his granddaughter. Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a triend of the forger.

CHAPTER II.

A Torn Telegram.

I lunched alone at the Gilmore house, and went back to the city at once. The sun had lifted the mists. and a fresh summer wind had cleared away the smoke pall. The boulevard was full of cars flying countryward for the Saturday half-holiday, toward golf and tennis, green fields and babbling girls. I gritted my teeth and thought of McKnight at Richmond. And then, for the first time, I associated John Gilmore's granddaughter with the "West" that McKnight had irritably flung at me.

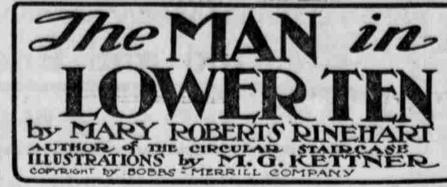
I still carried my traveling bag, for McKnight's vision at the window of the empty house had not been without erased it from my mind as one does effect. I did not transfer the notes to the inessentials and clutterings of and I was not disposed to take an my pocket, and, if I had, it would memory, had I not met them again, upper in order to allow this drunken not have altered the situation later. later that evening, in the Pennsylvania interloper to sleep comfortably in my Only the other day McKnight put this very thing up to me,

"I warned you," he reminded me. "I told you there were queer things coming, and to be on your guard. You ought to have taken your revolver."

"It would have been of exactly as much use as a bucket of snow in-Africa," I retorted. "If I had never closed my eyes, or if I had kept my finger on the trigger of a six-shooter (which is novelesque for revolver), the result would have been the same. And the next time you want a little excitement with every variety of thrill thrown in, I can put you by way of it. You begin by getting the wrong berth in a Pullman car, and end-'

'Oh, I know how it ends," he finished shortly. "Don't you suppose the whole thing's written on my spinal marrow?"

But I am wandering again. That is the difficulty with the unprofessional story-teller: He yaws back and forth and can't keep in the wind; he drops his characters overboard when he hasn't any further use for them and drowns them; he forgets the coffee pot and the frying pan and all the other small essentials, and, if he carries a love affair, he mutters a fervent "Allah be praised" when he them, drenched with adventures, lands



had been drinking; as I looked, he passed the time until nearly 11 with raised an unsteady hand and sum- cigarettes and a magazine. The car was very close. It was

moned a waiter with a wine list. warm night, and before turning in I The young woman bent across the table and spoke again quickly. She stood a short time in the vestibule. had unconsciously raised her voice. The train had been stopping at fre-Not beautiful, in her earnestness and quent intervals, and, finding the brakestress she rather interested me. I man there, I asked the trouble. It seemed that there was a hot-box had an idle inclination to advise the walter to remove the bottled tempta- on the next car, and that not only tion from the table. I wonder what were we late, but we were delaying would have happened if I had? Sup- the second section, just behind. I was beginning to feel pleasantly drowsy, rose Harrington had not been intoxicated when he entered the Pullman and the air was growing cooler as we got into the mountains. I said goodcar Ontario that night!

For they were about to make a journight to the brakeman and went back to my berth. To my surprise, lower ney, I gathered, and the young woman wished to go alone. I drank three ten was already occupied-a suit case projected from beneath, a pair of shoes cups of coffee, which accounted for my wakefulness later, and shamelessstood on the floor, and from behind ly watched the tableau before me. The the curtains came the heavy, unmiswoman's protest evidently went for takable breathing of deep sleep. I hunted out the porter and together nothing; across the table the man grunted monosyllabic replies and grew we investigated. more and more lowering and sullen. Once, during a brief unexpected planissimo in the music, her voice came to me sharply:

"If I could only see him in time!" she was saying. "Oh, it's terrible!"

In spite of my interest I would have whisky proclaimed that he would forgotten the whole incident at once, probably remain asleep until morning. station. The situation between them berth. had not visibly altered: The same dogged determination showed in the said, shaking him angrily. But he made my way to the vestibule of the his idea to some of his influential man's face, but the young woman-

daughter or wife? I wondered-had he did so, I saw his features for the drawn down her vell and I could only first time. It was the quarrelsome suspect what white misery lay beneath.

I was less disposed than ever to re-I bought my berth after waiting in linguish my claim, but the porter,

-and an overwhelming odor of

I was irritated. The car was full,

"You'll have to get out of this," I

merely grunted and turned over. As

man of the restaurant.





quiet again. Every nerve was tense. Time passed, perhaps ten minutes, possibly half an hour. Then, without the slightest warning, as the train rounded a curve, a heavy body was thrown into my berth. The incident, trivial as it seemed, was startling in its suddenness, for although my ears were painfully strained and awake, I had heard no step outside. The next instant the curtain hung limp again; still without a sound, my disturber had slipped away into the gloom and darkness. In a frenzy of wakefulness, sat up, drew on a pair of slippers and fumbled for my bath robe.

From a berth across, probably lower ten, came that particularly aggravating snore which begins lightly, delicately, faintly soprano, goes down the scale a note with every breath, and, "Are you asleep, sir?" asked the after keeping the listener tense with porter, leaning over deferentially. No expectation, ends with an explosion answer forthcoming, he opened the that tears the very air. I was more curtains and looked in. Yes, the in- and more irritable: I sat on the edge truder was asleep-very much asleep of the berth and hoped the sporer would choke to death

He had considerable vitality, however; he withstood one shock after another and survived to start again with new vigor. In desperation I found some cigarettes and one match, piled my blankets over my grip, and drawing the curtains together as though the berth were still occupied, I car.

I was not clad for dress parade. Is it because the male is so restricted to

gloom in his every-day attire that he blossoms into gaudy colors in his pajamas and dressing gowns? It would take a Turk to feel at home before an audience in my red and yellow bath robe, a Christmas remembrance from Mrs. Klopton, with slippers to match. So, naturally, when I saw a feminine figure on the platform, my first instinct was to dodge. The woman, however, was quicker than I; she gave me a startled glance, wheeled and disappeared, with a flash of two bronze-

colored braids, into the next car. Cigarette box in one hand, match the other, I leaned against the uncertain frame of the door and gazed

after her vanished figure. The mountain air flapped my bath robe around my bare ankles, my one match burned to the end and went out, and still I sive face a haunting look that was horror, nothing less. Heaven knows,

LEADING MISTAKES IN LIFE FOR \$3,000,000 CATHEDRAL

Archbishop Ireland's Life Dream Is Blowly Approaching Consummation in St. Paul.

St. Paul, Minn.-Slowly rising upon he crest of a hill on fashionable Summit avenue, St. Paul, Minn., is a \$3,000,000 cathedral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop Ireland. Stone by stone and block by block, the great gray granite structure is taking form, and when com-



pleted will be the most magnificent Catholic cathedral in all America. No house of worship will surpass it, unless it be the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, which is being erected by the Episcopalians.

The beginning of this cathedral was in the mind of Archbishop Ireland on the evening of Holy Thursday, March 81, 1904. The next day he imparted friends, and on April 9, following, the site was purchased at a cost of \$52,-000

Since then Archbishop Ireland has worked continuously for the culmination of his plans. In response to his requests for money, persons in his diocese have subscribed \$1,672,390. Of this sum \$415,209.10 has been paid in. Ground for the cathedral was broken in 1906, and the corner stone was laid June 2, 1907. The foundations are completed and material is arriving for the walls. Four years have been spent in

making the foundations for the building, and they are calculated to be of sufficient strength and durability to last 10,000 years.

The cathedral itself will be built in the form of a cross, surmounted by a dome and flanked by towers. It will be 274 feet long, 214 feet wide, and the distance from the ground to the top of stared. For I had seen on her expres- the cross which will rise over the topmost pinnacle will be 280 feet. The great dome will be 120 feet wide, the am not psychological. Emotions height of the facade 130 feet, and the have to be written large before I can height of the towers 150 feet. The read them. But a woman in trouble building will be constructed of Minnewave appeals to me, and this woman

Writer Has Recorded Ten, of Which Most of Us Assuredly Have Our Share.

Some of us may be glad to be told that there are only ten life mistakes, for there seem to be so many more, but a recent writer has catalogued them. Perhaps these are only the ten leading ones from which the smaller errors arise. Let's look over the list and see how many of them are ours: First, to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; second, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; third, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; fourth, to look for judgment and experience in youth; fifth, to endeavor to mold all dispositions allke;sixth, to look for perfection in our own actions; seventh, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; eighth, to refuse to yield in immaterial matters; ninth, to refuse to alleviate, so far as it lies in our power, all which needs alleviation; tenth, to refuse to make allowance for the infirmities of others.

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

"In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse, as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treat ment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases

"I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our famllies have been users of the Cuticurs Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicage Ill., June 29, 1909."

DESERVED IT.



at the matrimonial dock at the end of the final chapter.

I put in a thoroughly unsatisfactory afternoon. Time dragged eternally. dropped into a summer vaudeville, and bought some ties at a haberdasher's. I was bored but unexpectant; I had no premonition of what was to come. Nothing unusual had ever happened to me; friends of mine had sometimes sailed the high seas of adventure or skirted the coasts of chance, but all of the shipwrecks had occurred after a woman passenger had been taken on. "Ergo," I had always said "no women!" I repeated it to myself that evening almost savagely, when I found my thoughts straying back to the picture of John Gilmore's granddaughter. I even argued as I ate my solitary dinner at a downtown restaurant.

"Haven't you troubles enough," I reflected, "without looking for more? Hasn't Bad News gone lame, with a matinee race booked for next week? Otherwise aren't you comfortable?

Isn't your house in order? Do you want to sell a pony in order to have the library dene over in mission or the drawing room in gold? Do you want somebody to count the empty cigarette boxes lying around every ticket and money in her hand. morning?"

Lay it to the long idle afternoon, to like, but I began to think that per- pers." haps I did. I was confoundedly lonely. For the first time in my life its I hardly noticed the woman. I had man opposite. I undressed leisurely, even course began to waver. The needle registered warning marks on certain amount of stateliness, but the notes, and placing my grip as before the matrimonial seismograph, lines vague enough, but lines.

My alligator bag lay at my feet, I got two lowers easily, and, turning still locked. While I waited for my coffee I leaned back and surveyed the the tickets. people incuriously. There were the usual couples intent on each other; my new state of mind made me regard them with tolerance. But at the next table, where a man and woman dined together, a different atmosphere caught by the woman's face. She had been speaking earnestly across the table, her profile turned to me.. I had noticed casually her earnest manner, her somber clothes, and the great mass of odd, bronze-colored hair on her neck. But suddenly she glanced toward me and the utter hopelessness -almost tragedy-of her expression

closed her eyes and drew a long breath, then she turned again to the man across the table.

in his chair, his chin on his chest, certainly show the heat. ugly folds of thick flesh protruding Nine-fifteen was an outrageous hour over his collar. He was probably 50, to go to bed, especially since I sleep passengers boarded the train there bald, grotesque, sullen, and yet not little or not at all on the train, so I and I heard a woman's low tones, a parts. Each part is distinct in itself without a suggestion of power. But he made my way to the smoker and southern voice, rich and full. Then and is of two hours' duration.

"Which Will You Have, Lower Ten or Eleven?"

a line of some eight or ten people. | after a little quiet investigation, of-When, step by step, I had almost fered a solution of the difficulty. reached the window, a tall woman "There's no one in lower nine," he whom I had not noticed before spoke suggested, pulling open the curtains to me from my elbow. She had a just across. "It's likely nine's his berth, and he's made a mistake, owing "Will you try to get me a lower to his condition. You'd better take

when you buy yours?" she asked. "I nine, sir." the new environment, to anything you have traveled for three nights in up-

I consented, of course; beyond that I should be just as unwakable as the a vague impression of height and a making sure of the safety of the forged crowd was pushing behind me, and some one was standing on my foot.

with the change and berths, held out "Which will you have?" I asked.

"Lower 11 or lower 10?"

"It makes no difference," she said. "Thank you very much indeed." At random I gave her lower 11, and called a porter to help her with her prevailed. My attention was first juggage. I followed them leisurely to the train shed, and ten minutes more

But sleep did not visit me. The saw us under way. train came to frequent, grating stops, I looked into my car, but it presentand I surmised the hot box again. I ed the peculiarly unattractive appearam not a nervous man, but there was ance common to sleepers. The berths something chilling in the thought of were made up; the center aisle was a the second section pounding along bepath between walls of dingy, breezehind us. Once, as I was dozing, our repelling curtains, while the two seats locomotive whistled a shrill warning at each end of the car were piled high struck me with a shock. She half with suit cases and umbrellas. The "You keep back where you belong," it screamed to my drowsy ears, and perspiring porter was trying to be in from somewhere behind came a chassix places at once; somebody has said that Pullman porters are black so

tened "All-right-I-will." Neither one was cating. He sat low, they won't show the dirt, but they 1 grew more and more wide-awake.

At Cresson I got up on my elbow and blinked out at the station lights. Some

I did, with a firm resolution that if

Being a man of systematic habits,

I arranged my clothes carefully, put-

ing my shoes out for the porter to

polish, and stowing my collar and

scarf in the little hammock swung for

At last, with my pillows so arranged

that I could see out comfortably, and

turned back-I have always a distrust

of those much-used affairs-I prepared

to wait gradually for sleep.

between myself and the window.

the purpose.

was more than that. She was in deadly fear.

with an unkempt thatch of hair, walking up to her and assuring her that he would protect her would probably put her into hysterics. I had done that once before, when burglars had tried to break into the house, and had startled the parlor maid into bed for a week. So I tried to assure myself that I had imagined the lady's distress -or caused it, perhaps-and to dismiss her from my mind. Perhaps she was merely anxious about the unpleasant gentleman of the restaurant. thought smugly that I could have told her all about him: That he was sleeping the sleep of the just and the intoxicated in a berth that ought, by all that was fair and right, to have been mine, and that if I were tied to a man who snored like that I should have him anaesthetized and soft pal-

ate put where it would never again flap like a loose sail in the wind We passed Harrisburg as I stood

there. It was starlight, and the great crests of the Alleghanies had given way to low hills. At intervals we passed smudges of gray white, no doubt in daytime comfortable farms, which McKnight says is a good way nine's rightful owner turned up later of putting it, the farms being a lot more comfortable than the people on them.

> I was growing drowsy; the woman with the bronze hair and the horrified face was fading in retrospect. It was colder, too, and I turned with a shiver to go in.

As I did so, a bit of paper fluttered into the air and settled on my sleeve, like a butterfly on a gorgeous red and yellow blossom. I picked it up curiously and glanced at it. It was part of a telegram that had been torn into with the unhygienic-looking blanket bits.

There were only parts of four words on the scrap, but it left me puzzled and thoughtful. It read: "-ower ten, car seve-" "Lower ten, car seven,' was my berth-the one I had bought and found pre-empted. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Farmer Boy Presidents.

Prof. W. J. Spillman declares that the farms have furnished this country with 92 per cent. of its presidents, 91 per cent. of its governors, 83 per cent. of its cabinet officers, 70 per cent. of its senators, 64 per cent. of its congressmen and 55 per cent. of its railroad presidents.

The Chinese Day.

sota white granite and will be Roman in architecture. It is planned to have it finished in three or four years, but

If I had not been afraid of being the architect says that 50 years from ridiculous, I would have followed her. now men will still be engaged in "put-But I fancied that the apparition of a ting on the finishing touches." When man in a red and yellow bath robe, completed it will seat 3,400 persons. There will be 12 chapels on the main floor. Close estimates of its cost and furnishing bring the figures to approximately \$3,000,000. Archbishop Ireland, through his own influence, expects to obtain this sum before he ceases.

ORIGINATOR OF "SUNNY JIM"

New York Society Girl Who Drew the Funny Page Character, a Beauty.

New York .- Among the leaders of New York's Four Hundred who are famed as beauties may be mentioned Miss Dorothy Ficken. Vivacious and cultured, her personality charms all



the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwards Ficken, prominent New York ers. Now that Vice-President Sherman is famed the length and breadth of the country as "Sunny Jim," Miss Ficken is brought into especial prominence for the simple reason that she is responsible for the original "Sunny Jim," probably the most noted dispeller of the blues who ever appeared on paper. This young society woman is recognized as a clever artist and her work has often been exhibited.

"Cheating croquet" is the fashion-The Chinese divide the day in 12 able game nowadays, only you must not let it be observed by the other players.

Rastus-Playin' poker hands 18.5 night I accidentally threw five aces. Sambo-What did de odders do? Rastus-Threw me outer de win-

More Serious.

dow.

"Mathilde Browne was very rude to an overdressed old woman she met on the street the other day."

"I know the story. The old woman turned out to be Mathilde's very rich aunt, and now she's going to give all her money to a hospital for decrepit dogs."

"Nothing of the sort. In fact, it's worse. The old woman was the Brownes' new cook-and now they haven't any."

The Home of the Cod.

There is just one other great cod bank in the world besides those of Newfoundland. It lies off Cape Agulhas, which is the southern tip of Africa, and south of the Cape of Good Hope. The Agulhas plateau is said to be almost a duplicate in size and richness of the north cod banks. But this is too far off, so there is little promise of its appeasing the hungry appetite of the world for cod.

Initials.

"What are Mr. Wise's initials?" "Can't say. He has been taking so many college degrees that nobody can keep track of them.

