ANGEL ESQUIRE

BY EDGAR WALLACE

CHAPTER IV-(Continued)

Kathleen Kent was something more tiful. An oval face with gray, stead-fast eyes, a straight nose and the narrow upper lip of the aristocrat, her lips were, perhaps, too full and too human for your connoisseur of beauty.

She locked from face to face, and

but for her pallor she exhibited no sign

of fear,

Although she was unaware of the fact, she had been afforded an extraordinary privilege. By the merest accident, she had been ushered into the presence of the "Borough Lot." Not a
very heroic title for an organized band
of criminals, but, then, organized
criminals never take unto themselves
seneric and high falutin' titles. Our generic and high falutin' titles. Our "Silver Hatchets" and "Red Knives" are boy hooligans who shoot off toy The police referred to them vaguely as the "Borough Lot." Les-ser lights in the criminal world have been known to boast that they were been known to boast that they were not unconnected with that combination; and when some desperate piece of villainy startled the world, the police investigating the crime started from this point: Was it committed by one of the Borough Lot, or was it not?

As Kathleen was pushed into the room by her captor, a hum of subdued conversation ended abruptly, and she was the focus of nine pairs of passionless eyes that looked at her unsmillingly.

When she had heard the voices, when she took her first swift glance at the room, and had seen the type of face that met hers, she had steeled herself for an outburst of coarse herself for an outburst of coarse anusement. She feared she did not know what she feared. Strangely enough, the dead silence that greeted her gave her courage, the cold stare of the men nerved her. Only one of the men lost his composure. The tall heavy-looking man posure. The tall, heavy-looking man who sat at one end of the room w bowed, attentive head listening to little clean-shaven man with side whiskers, who looked for all the world like an old-fashioned jockey, started with a muttered oath.

"Upstairs!" he roared and said something rapidly in a foreign tongue that sent the man who held the girl's arm staggering back with a blanched face, "I—I," he stammered appealingly, "I didn't understand."

The tall man, his face flushed with race pointed to the door, and heatily

rage, pointed to the door, and hastily opening the door, her captor half drag-ged the bewildered girl to the darkness

ged the bewildered girl to the darkness of the landing.

"This way," he muttered, the she could feel his hand trembling as he stumbled up yet another flight of stairs, never once relinquishing his held of her. "Don't you scream nor nothing, or you'll get into trouble. You see what happened to me for takin' you into the wrong room. Oh, he's a devil is Connor—Smith, I mean. Smith's his name, d'ye hear?" He shok her arm roughly. Evidently the man was beside himself with terror. What dreadful think the tall man had said, Kathleen could only judge. She herself was half dead with fright. The sinister faces of these men, the mystery of this faces of these men, the mystery of this assembly in the shuttered room, her abduction, all combined to add

terror to her position.

Her conductor unlocked a door and pushed her in. This had evidently been prepared for her reception, for a table had been laid, and food and drink stood

The door was closed behind her, The door was closed behind her, and a bolt was slipped. Like the chamber below, all daylight was kept out by a curtain. Her first thoughts were of escape. She waited till the footsteps on the rickety stairs had died away, then the rickety stairs had died away, then crossed the room swiftly. The drop from the window could not be very far; she would risk it. She drew aside the curtain. Where the window should have been was a sheet of steel plate. It was screwed to the joists. Somebody had anticipated her resolve to escape by the window. In chalk, written in an illiterate hand, was the senin an illiterate hand, was the sen-

"You wont be hert if your senserble.

"You wont be hert if your senserble. We want to know some questions and then well let you go. Don't make a fuss or it will be bad for you. Keep quite and tell us these questions, and well let you go.

What had they to ask, or she to answer? She knew of nothing that she could inform them upon. Who were these men detaining her? During the next hours she asked herself these questions over and over again. She grew faint with bunger and thirst, but the viands spread upon the table she did not touch. The mystery of her capture bewildered her. Of what value was she to these men? All the time the murmur of volces in the room below was continuous. Once or twice she heard a volce raised in anger. Once a door slammed, and somebody went clattering down the stairs. There was a doorkeeper, she could hear him speak with the outgoer.

Goyle and Bat exchanged swift to glances.

"Ask him to come and talk it over tonight," said Goyle carelessly.

"Connor is a long time gone."

Sands turned his unhealthy face to the company as he spoke.

Three hours had passed since Connor had left the gang in search for Jimmy.

"Hq'll be back soon," said Goyle confidently. He looked over the assembly of men. "Any of you fellers who don't want to be in this business can go."

Then he added significantly. "We're going to settle with Jimmy."

Nobody moved; no man shuddered at the dreadful suggestion his words conveyed.

"A million an' three-quarters—it's worth hanging for!" he said callously. He walked to a tall, narrow cupboard that ran up the side of the fireplace and pulled open the door. There was

a doorkeeper, she could hear him speak with the outgoer.

Did she but know it, the question that perplexed her was an equal matter of perplexity with others in the house that evening.

The notorius men upon whom she had looked, all innocent of their claim to notoriety, were themselves puzzled.

Bat Sands, the man who looked so fill—he had the unhealthy appearance of one who had just come through a long sickness—was an inquirer. Vennis—nobody knew his Christian name—was another, and they were two men whose inquires were not to be put off.

Vennis turned his dull fish eyes upon big Connor, and spoke with deliberation.

He walked to a tall, narrow cupboard that ran up the side of the fireplace and pulled open the door. There was room for a man to stand inside. The scrutiny of the interior gave him some satisfaction.

"This is where some one stood"—he looked meaningly at Bat Sands—"when he koshed like Steen—like with the police money in his pocket and ready to saked suddenly.

"Who's in the next house?" a voice asked suddenly.

Goyle laughed. He was the virtual landiord so far as the hiring of the house was concerned. He closed the cupboard door.

"Not counting old George, it's empty," he said. "Listen!"

In the deep silence there came the

"Connor, what's this girl business?
Are we in it?
Connor knew his men too well to

temporize.

"You're in it, if it's worth anything," he said slowly.

Bat's close-cropped red head was

thrust forward.
"Is there money in it?" he demand-

Connor nodded his head.

Connor nodied his head.

"Much?"
Connor drew a deep breath. If the truth be told, that the "Lot" should share, was the last thing he had intended. But for the blundering of his agent, they would have remained in ignorance of the girl's presence in the house. But the very suspicion of dislovalty was dangerous. He knew his

ignorance of the girl's presence in the house. But the very suspicion of disloyalty was dangerous. He knew his men and they knew him. There was not a man there who would hesitate to destroy him at the merest hint of treachery. Candor was the best and safest course.

"It's pretty hard to give you any idea what I've got the girl here for, but there's a million in it," he began. He knew they believed him. He did not expect to be disbelieved. Criminals of the class these men represented flew high. They were out of the ruck of petty, boasting sneakthleves who lied to one another, knowing they lied, and knowing that their hearers knew they led.

Only the strained, intent look on their faces gave any indication of how the news had been received.

"It's old Reale's money," he continued: "he's left the lot to four of us. Massey's dead, so that makes three."

Iook something from his pocket, then, almost as the newcomers entered the room, he slipped into the cupboard and serve the door close after him.

Jimmy, entering the room in Connor's wake, felt the chill of his reception. He felt, too, some indefinable sensation of danger. There was an ominous quiet. Bat Sands was polite, even servile. Jimmy noticed that, and his every sense became alert. Bat thrust forward a chair and placed it with its back toward the cupboard. "Sit down, Jimmy," he said with forced heartlness. "We want a bit of a talk."

Jimmy sat down.

"I's old Reale's money," he continued: "There's a young lady in this house, brought here against her will. You've got to let her go."

The angry mutter of protest that he had expected did not come, rather was his dictum received in complete silece. This was bad, and he looked

There was no need to explain who was Reale, who Massey. A week ago Massey had himself sat in that room than pretty, something less than beau- and discussed with Connor the cryptic verse that played so strange a part the old man's will. He had been a way, an honorary member of the "Borough Lot."

Connor continued. He spoke slowly waiting for inspiration. A judicious lie might save the situation. But no inspiration came, and he found his reluctant tongue speaking the truth.

"The money is stored in one safe. Oh, it's no use looking like that, Tony, you might just as well try to crack the Bank of England as that crib. Yes, he converted every cent of a million and three-quarters into hard, solid cash —bank notes and gold. This he put into his damned safe, and locked. And he has left by the terms of his will a

Connor was a man who did not find speaking an easy matter. Every word came slowly and hesitatingly, as though the speaker of the story were loath to part with it.

"The key is here," he said slowly. There was a rustle of eager anticipation as he dipped his hand in his waistcoat pocket. When he withdrew his fingers, they contained only a slip of paper carefully folded.

"The lock of the safe is one of Reale's inventions; it opens to no key save this." He shook the paper before them, then lapsed into silence.

"Well," broke in Bat impatiently.
"why don't you open the safe? And
what has the girl to do with it?" "She also has a key, or will have

tomorrow. And Jimmy A laugh interrupted him. "Curt Goyle had been an attentive listener till Jimmy's name was mentioned, then his harsh, mirthless laugh broke the tense silence

"Oh, Lord James is in it, is he? I'm one that's for ruling Jimmy out." He got up on his feet and stretched himself, keepig his eye fixed on Connor. "If you want to know why, I'll tell ye. Jimmy's a bit too finicking for my taste, too fond of the police for my taste. If we're in this, Jimmy's out of it," and a mutter of approval broke from the men. from the men.

Connor's mind was working quickly. Connor's mind was working quickly. He could do without Jimmy, he could not dispense with the help of the "Lot." He was just a little afraid of Jimmy. The man was a type of criminal he could not understand. If he was a rival claimant for Reale's millions, the gang would "out" Jimmy; so much the better. Massey's removal had limited the legatees to three. Jimmy out of the way would narrow the chance of his losing the money still further; and the other legatee was further; and the other legatee was in the room upstairs. Goyle's declaration had set loose the tongues of the men, and he could hear no voice that spoke for Jimmy. And then a dozen voices demanded the rest of the story and amid a dead silence Conner told. and amid a dead silence Connor told the story of the will and the puzzle verse, the solving of which meant a

fortune to every man.
"And the girl has got to stand in and take her share. She's too dangerous to be let loose. There's nigh on two mil-lions at stake and I'm taking no risks. She shall remain here till the word is found. We're not going to see her carry the money off under our very

"And Jimmy?" Goyle asked. "And Jimmy?" Goyle asked.

Conner fingered a lapel of his coat nervously. He knew what answer the gang had already framed to the question Goyle put. He knew he would be asked to acquiesce in the blackest piece of treachery that had ever disfigured his evil life; but he knew, too, that Jimmy was hated by the men who formed this strange fraternity. Jimmy worked alone; he shared neither risk nor reward. His cold cynicism was above their heads. They too feared him.

Connor cleared his throat. "Perhaps if we reasoned-" Goyle and Bat exchanged swift

glances.

worth hanging for!" he said callously. He walked to a tall, narrow cupboard that ran up the side of the fireplace and pulled open the door. There was room for a man to stand inside. The scrutiny of the interior gave him some satisfaction

cuphoard door.

"Not counting old George, it's empty," he said. "Listen!"

In the deep silence there came the faint murmur of a voice through the

faint murmur of a voice through the thin walls.

"Talkin' to himself," said Goyle with a grin; "he's daft, and he's as good as a watchman for us, for he scares away the children and women who would come prying about here. He's—"

They heard the front door shut quickly and the voices of two men in the passage below.

passage below. Goyle sprang to his feet, an evil look on his face. "That's Jimmy," he whispered hur-

riedly.

As the feet sounded on the stairs he

walked to where his coat hung and took something from his pocket, then, almost as the newcomers entered the

round for the danger. Then he missed

Where is our friend Goyle, our dear he asked with pleasant irony.
"He hasn't been here today," Bat hastened to say.

Jimmy looked at Connor standing by
the door biting his nails, and Connor

avoided his eye.
"Ah!" Jimmy's unconcern was per-

fectly simulated.

"Jimmy wants us to send the girl back." Connor was speaking hurriedly. "He thinks there'll be trouble, and his friend the 'tec thinks there will be trouble, too."

Jimmy beard the second the

Jimmy heard the artfully-worded indictment unmoved. Again he noticed, with some concern, that what was tantamount to a charge of treachery was

received without a word.
"It isn't what others think, it is what
I think, Connor," he said dryly. "The
girl has got to go back. I want Reale's money as much as you, but I have a fancy to play fair this journey."
"Oh, you have, have you," sneered Connor. He had seen the cupboard door behind Jimmy move ever so

Jimmy sat with his legs crossed on the chair that had been placed for him. The light overcoat he had worn over his evening dress lay across his knees. Connor knew the moment was at hand, and concentrated his efforts to keep his former comrade's attentions engaged. He had guessed the meaning of Goyle's absence from the room and the moving cupboard door. In his pres-ent position Jimmy was helpless.

Connor had been nervous to a point of incoherence on the way to the house. Now his voice rose to a strid-

"You're too clever, Jimmy," he said, "and there are too many 'musts' about you to please us. We say that the girl has got to stay, and by — we mean it!"

Jimmy's wits were at work. Jimmy's wits were at work. The danger was very close at hand, he felt that. He must change his tactics. He had depended too implicitly upon Connor's fear of him, and had reckoned without the "Borough Lot." From which of these men did danger threaten? He took their faces in in one comprehensive glance. He knew them—he had their black histories at his finger tips. Then he saw a cost hanger —he had their black histories at his finger tips. Then he saw a coat hanging on the wall at the farther end of the room. He recognized the garment instantly. It was Goyle's. Where was the owner? He temporized.

"I haven't the slightest desire to upset anybody's plans," he drawled, and set anybody's plans, he drawled, and started drawing on a white glove, as though about to depart. "I am willing to hear your views, but I would point out that I have an equal interest in the young lady, Connor."

He gazed reflectively into the palm of his gloved hand as if admiring the fit. There was something so peculiar in this apparently innocent action, that

Connor started forward with an oath.

"Quick, Goyle!" he shouted; but
Jimmy was out of his chair and was
standing with his back against the
cupboard, and in Jimmy's ungloved
hand was an ugly black weapon that
was all butt and barrel. He waved them back, and they

shrank away from him.
"Let me see you all," he commanded,

"none of your getting behind one another. I want to see what you are doing. Get away from that coat of yours, Bat, or I'll put a bullet in your stometh."

He had braced himself against the door in anticipation of the thrust of the man, but it seemed as though the prisoner inside had accepted the situation, for he made no sign.

tion, for he made no sign.

"So you are all wondering how I knew about the cupboard," he jeered. He held up the gloved hand, and in the palm something flashed back the light of the lamp.

Connor knew. The tiny mirror sewn in the palm of the sharper's glove was recognized equipment.

girl. He saw that she looked faint and she could picture nothing else. ill, and motioned one of the men to place a chair for her. What she saw amidst that forbidding group was a young man with a little Vandyke beard, who looked at her with grave, thoughtful eyes. He was a gentleman, she could see that, and her heart leapt within her as she realized that the presence of this man in the fasionably cut clothes and the most unfashionable pistol meant deliverance from this hortible place.

"Miss Kent," he said kindly. She nodded, she could not trust herself to speak. The experience of the past few hours had almost reduced her "We're to a state of collapse.

(Continued Next Week.)



A DIFFERENCE Mrs. Holdtite-My husband was very angry when I asked him for a new fur

Mrs. Nokoyne—My husband was different. When I asked him for a new coat he never said a word.

Mrs. Holdtite—Fine; and did you get the coat? Mrs. Nokoyne—No.

My Pictures.

Some one gave me a picture—
A little glimpse of the sea,
Cliff and surf and a gull a-wing—
I smell the sait and I feel the swing;
How it comes back to me!
Rhythm of wave, and gleam of sand,
And a white sail rounding the point of
land.

Some one gave me a picture—
A bit of country lane,
Tangle of flower and fern and vines
Under the shade of the purple pines;
Oh, to be there again!
There, where the ground-thrush hides her

wild red strawberries ripen best. So, pain-bound and helpless,
I lie and dream all day:
God is good and the world is wide,
Sun and sea and the dancing tide,
And a fair ship in the bay!
These are mine, and the skles of June,
Sing, my heart, to the thrush's tune!
—Meribah Abbot, in the Outlook.

Success.

Two ships sail over the harbor bar,
With the flush of the morning breeze,
And both are bound for a haven, far
O'er the shimmering summer seas.
With sails all set, fair wind and tide,
They steer for the open main;
But little they reck of the billows wide,
E'er they anchor safe again.

There is one, perchance, e'er the summer is done.

That reaches the port afar,
She hears the sound of the welcoming
gun
As she crosses the harbor bar,
The haven she reaches. Success, 'tis said,
Is the end of a perilous trip;
Perchance e'en the bravest and best are
dead,
Who sailed in the fortunate ship.

Who salled in the fortunate snip.

The other, bereft of shroud and sail,
At the mercy of wind and tide.
Is swept by the might of the pitiless gale
'Neath the billows dark and wide.
But 'tis only the one in the harbor there
'That receiveth the meed of praise;
The other sailed when the morn was fair,
And was lost in the stormy ways.

And so to men who have won renown
In the weary battle of life.
There cometh at last the victor's crown,
Not to him who fell in the strife.
For the world recks not of those who fail,
Nor cares what their trials are;
Only praises the ship that with swelling
sail. sall,
Comes in o'er the harbor bar.
—Marshall S. Cornwall.

DR. DENE'S DIVINITY.

By Edith Dunaway.

(Copyright, 1905, by W. R. Hearst.) Dr. Dene was a young man who by nuch over study and superflous cramming had managed to scrape through his many exams, gain his degree, and yet be one of the simplest men that

ever ate bread and butter. He had a good practice in a fashion-able London suburb, and although too shy a man—apart from his profession-al character—ever to make many friends, especially among the fair sex, still he was universally admired for skill and integrity, and laughed at as well, because of his extreme gullibility. Instead of growing better in this re-

spect as he grew older, the doctor suddenly became rapidly worse.

More dreamy, more absent minded,

more eccentric every day.

Truth to tell, Theodore Dene had faln in love. To a serious, single-minded, shy man,

such as he, this was a fearful calam-His divinity, too, was the veriest

His divinity, too, was the veriest shrimp of a thing. Wasp-waisted, high-heeled, always fashionably dressed. The very sort of a girl that a medical man, who hadn't quite forgotten all his anatomy, would tell you was a disgrace to civilization.

She passed his house frequently, generally once a day; and looking up at his surgery window one morning—her big eyes had caught him peeping behind the blind—had made a conquest of him then and there.

of him then and there.

Kitty Coram—for that was the di-

vinity's name—was very quick to per-ceive—as indeed, what ordinary wom-an is not?—the impression she made on the reticent, studious man. From a friend of hers—Gerald Thorncroft—she managed to glean a great deal at odd times about the doctor; of his goodness, his simpleness, his clever-This Thorncroft had, indeed, stud-

This Thorncroft had, indeed, studied for some time at the same college with Theodore Dene.

A man of the world, a dashing fellow was Gerald; handsome, passing rich, well connected, and a thoroughpaced scoundrel withal.

He paid assiduous court to Kitty, and at first she smilled on him of

and at first she smiled on him, al-though, wondrous to relate, she kept herself as straight and pure as if she had a chaperon ever at her elbow. Self-reliant, witty, ambitious, Kitty did not let her morals run askew.

Connor knew. The tiny mirror sewn in the palm of the sharper's glove was recognized equipment.

"Now, gentlemen," said Jimmy with a mocking laugh, "I must insist on having my way. Connor, you will please bring to me the lady you abducted this afternoon."

"Connor hesitated; then he intercepted a glance from Bat Sands, and sullenly withdrew from the room."

Let her morals run askew.

When she heard so much about the doctor, thought of the security of his position, the happy home he could offer for Gerald Thorncroft, with his swagger and dash and style.

"He swears he loves me. Yet he's ever asked me to marry. If he did, he's drowning in debt, and would make a brute of a husband. Oh! if I could

Jimmy did not speak till Connor had only marry Dr. Dene."

The thought grew in her mind until

surgery window, which closely over-looked the road. Just as nervous and shy was he as any silly schoolgir when she sees her lover in church.

Kitty, who was a first-rate actress. let her umbrella slip out of her hand, staggered a step of two, clutched wild-ly at the lamp post, and finally fell very gracefully on the unimpressive

Dr. Dene was at her side in a mo-ment. Lifting her little figure very tenderly in his arms he bore her to his

'She has fainted! Poor child!" he said compassionately to his housekeep-er, who had been a witness to the scene. Mrs. Grant tossed her head and deluged the pretty face with cold water.
This quickly brought Kitty to, and

she went on with her acting.
She was better, much better. So ashamed and sorry to have given so much trouble. Thank them both very much. She was quite ready to go now. She had not far to walk, only to Caraman street.

The doctor told a white lie for once in his life, and stuck to it like a

man.
"I am passing Caraman street on a professional visit," he said. "May I offer to take you in my carriage?"
She refused very prettily and with sweet hesitation.
Half surprised at his own temerity, the doctor pressed the matter and

the doctor pressed the matter and overruled her objections. Mrs. Grant tossed her head again as the little, dainty thing went lightly down the steps on Dr Dene's arm and

then into Dr. Dene's carriage.
On the way Kitty was talkative.
Told the doctor all about herself. There was no mention of a theater in her narrative, though, nor of anything else connected with her real life. Just a cleverly told, high flown little fiction of fallen fortunes—a helpless orphan—no one to befriend her, and so on. The doctor was charmed with her woes, and he would have asked her to marry him on the spot, if he only had dared. She made good use of the twenty minutes' drive, you may be sure, and when they reached Caraman street she gave his hand ever so slight a pressure,

and said modestly:

"I will ask you to set me down at the corner. My landlady is very strict, and might be harsh to me if she saw me get out of your carriage. Unfortunately for me, I am in her debt, and the world is so consortous."

the world is so censorious."
"How delicate! How thoughtful!"
mused Theodore afterward. But she no more lived in Caraman street, reader, than you or I do. But before nightfall she had secured two top rooms in one of the highly respectable houses there; had cut her connection with the theater under the plea that she was going to America to join some rich relatives. Had even borrowed ten pounds from Gerald Thorncroft to aid her on her voyage out.
"You can pay me how and when you like, Kitty—in coin or kisses, dear."
"It won't be in kisses," said she, very

scornfully; and scarcely let him touch her hand when she said "good by." Then Kitty was taken ill in her grand new lodgings, and Theodore Done at-

tended her.

tended her.
You can guess the consequence. The very first day she went out of doors the doctor drove her to church and they were very quietly married.
Now you know by this time that Kitty was ambitious. Well, suppose we skip over ten years and find her, socially speaking, at the top of the tree. Her husband is a full-blown physician now—with a host of letters after his name and a title in front of it. Kitty had looked upon life in London in the early part of their marriage as decidedly dangerous and had induced decidedly dangerous and had induced her husband to take a practice in Scot-land, where, through Mrs. Dene's clever scheming, he had come under royal notice and quickly risen in royal favor. After ten years she considered herself sufficiently safe to come back to London. Lady Theodore Dene, the beautiful wife of the well known physician, was not likely to be connected in any way with vanished Kity Coram. It is wrong to tell a lady's age, and Lady Dene carried hers in her pocket. She looked about twenty-five, though really

she was thirty.
You can guess what a blow it is to her when, coming out of a jeweler's in Bond street, where she had been choosing a new setting for her diamonds, a gentleman raises his hat, stopping her in her way to her car-riage, and addressing her in well re-

membered tones.

"How do you do, Lady Dene? You're in danger of forgetting old friends, I fear. Take a run with me over to the continent tomorrow. Be at Victoria in the afternoon. Don't stop to consider.

"Give me time. Let me think."
"No! That's just what I don't want
to do. If you're not there, I'll come
to your grand house in the evening.

and he'll turn you over to me himself when hes heard my tale. Aye, and be glad to get rid of you."

Poor Kitty. What a sleepless night she passed. Kissing her wedding ring with passionate pain, scalding it with her tears, looking with loving, sorrow-ful eyes at her husband, smiling in his sleep. Praying, planning, plotting, all to no purpose. Any way, she saw how certain her downfall was—how she must lose everything, even her husband's love, Her weak little word would never hold out against Gerald's plausible lies.

plausible lies.

A lie that is all a lie can be met and fought outright.

But a lie that is half a truth is a harder matter to fight.

Through the dark night she lay and pondered. Palesn? Not Too carries.

pondered. Poison? No! Too easily Drowning — hanging — she went through a list of deaths, but all were too palpable. When morning dawned she was

white and ill.

Dene stayed with her all the day, rested her aching head on his breast.

She clung to him tremblingly in her despate.

There were to dine with an earl that night; she would insist upon going. "The excitement will do me good," she said. It was past six o'clock; they had a long drive before them. He waited, watch in hand, at the head of his mag-

nificent staircase, to conduct her down to the carriage. Her dressing room door opened and out she came. Dressed like a bride almost; in pur-st ivory silk with draperies of rich d lace. Diamonds in her hair—round old lace. Diamonds in her hair—round her fair throat—clasping her beauitful arms and gleaming from her breast. Her face was star-like in its loveliness,

ner face was star-like in its loveliness, only so strangely pale.

"You should never wear anything but white, sweetheart," he whispered, offering his arm.

She turned and kissed him gratefully.

"Go back, dear, and ask Jane for my wedding ring; I left it on my dressing table," she said.
As he passed away from her side, she threw herself forward with wild energy, down those many, many pol-

ished oaken stairs. Down! down! down! till she lay in a shapeless mass on the marble pavement below.

"She was plucky to the last," said Thorndyke to himself as he read the many accounts of the beautiful Laby. many accounts of the beautiful Lady Dene's fatal accident, and heard of the letters of condolence that were showered on the bereaved husband from the

ered on the below.

highest quarters.

"No accident that, I know. Anyway"

No accident that, I know. Woudn't the world stare, though, if I showed it the flaw in Dr. Dene's divinity?"



The Ghost's Little Joke. Spiritualist-Are you in Heaven orthe other place, my dear friend? Spirit-Well, mother-in-law is with



Her Idea. Mrs. Smith—Did your husband swear off on New Year's day?
Mrs. Jones—Swear! You ought to Mrs. Jones—Swear! You ought to have heard him when his collar button rolled under the bed.



Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c. Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the

Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Southward with fleet of ice Sailed the corsair Death; Wild and fast blew the blas And the east wind was his

His lordly ships of ice Glistened in the sun; On each side, like pennons wide, Flashing crystal streamlets run

His sails of white sea-mist Dripped with silver rain; Buft where he passed there were cast Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed; Three days or more seaward he bore, Then, alas: the land wind failed. Alas! the land wind failed, And ice-cold grew the night; And never more, on sea or shore, Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand.
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night, Without a signal's sound, Out of the sea, mysteriously, The fleet of Death rose all around The moon and the evening star Were hanging in the shrouds; Every mast, as it passed, Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize, At midnight black and cold! As of a rock was the shock; Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark, They drift in close embrace, With mist and rain, to the Spanish main; Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward, They drift through dark and day; And like a dream, in the Gulf stream Sinking vanish all away.

-Longfellow.

She Didn't Care. From the Washington Star. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at a luncheon in New York, said with good humored mockery of the suffragetes:

"If they keep on their outlook really will ecome as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's.
"Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a decollete gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de laPaix—Mr. Dash regarding the pretty little lady indulgently, said, with a sigh:

"You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost o heap of money."

"She flung her arms about his neck.
"You dear old boy,' she cried, 'what de
I care for money when it's a question of
pleasing you?"

Choosing a Wife.
As much of beauty as preserves affection of modest diffidence as claims protection; A docile mind subservient to correction; A temper led by reason and reflection, And every passion kept in due subjection; Just faults enough to keep her from perfection; Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

A peculiarity about dreams is that we believe only in those which come true. Common sense is so called because

it is so uncommon. A LITTLE THING

Changes the Home Feeling. Coffee blots out the sunshine from many a home by making the mother. or some other member of the household, dyspeptic, nervous and irritable. There are thousands of cases where the proof is absolutely undeniable. Here is one.

A Wis. mother writes: "I was taught to drink coffee at an early age, and also at an early age became a victim to headaches, and as I rew to womanhood these headaches became a part of me, as I was scarcely ever free from them.

"About five years ago a friend urged me to try Postum. I made the trial and the result was so satisfactory that we have used it ever since.

"My husband and little daughter were subject to bilious attacks, but they have both been entirely free from them since we began using Postum instead of coffee. I no longer have headaches and my health is perfect."

If some of these nervous, tired, irritable women would only leave off coffee absolutely and try Postum they would find a wonderful change in their life. It would then be filled with sunshine and happiness rather than weariness and discontent. And think what an effect it would have on the family, for the mood of the mother is largely responsible for the temper of the chil-

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A

new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.