ANGEL ESQUIRE

BY EDGAR WALLACE

CHAPTER IV-(Continued.)

Jimmy saw the girl was on the verge of a breakdown.

"I am going to take you home," he paid, and added whimsically, "and rannot but feel that you have under-rated your opportunities. Not often will you see gathered together so splen-Ad a collection of our profession." He

And a collection of our profession." He yaved his hand in introduction. "Bat Sands, Miss Kent, a most lowly thief, possibly worse. George Collroy, colner, and a ferocious villain. Vennis, who follows the lowest of all grades of dis-honest livelihood—blackmailer. Here," honest livelihood—blackmailer. Here, Jimmy went on, as he stepped aside from the cupboard, "is the gem of the collection. I will show you our friend who so coyly effected himself." He addressed the occupant of the cupboard.

"Come out, Goyle," he said sharply. There was no response.

Jimmy pointed to one of the rufflans In the room

"Open that door," he commanded. The man slunk forward and pulled

The man slunk forward and pulled the door open. "Come out, Goyle," he growled, then stepped back with blank astonishment stamper upon his face. "Why—why," he gasped, "there's nobody there!" With a cry, Jimmy started forward. One glance convinced him that the man spoke the truth, and then— There were keen wits in that crowd— men used to cries and quick to act.

men used to cries and quick to act. Bat Sands saw Jimmyy's attention di-verted for a moment, and Jimmy's pisverted for a moment, and Jimmy's pis-tol hand momentarily lowered. To think with Bat Sands was to act. Jim-my, turning back upon the "Lot," saw the life preserver descending, and lept on one side; then, as he recovered, somebody threw a coat at the lamp, and the room was in darkness. Jimmy reached out his hand and caught the girl by the arm. "Into that cupboard," he whispered, pushing her into the recess from which Goyle had so mysteriously vanished. Then, with

so mysteriously vanished. Then, with one hand on the edge of the door, he groped around with his pistol for his assailants. He could hear their breathassailants. He could hear their breath-ing and the creak of the floor boards as they came toward him. He crouched down by the door, judging that the "kosh" would be aimed in a line with his head. By and by he heard the swish of the descending stick, and "crash!" the preserver struck the wall show bit above him.

bove him. He was confronted with a difficulty; fire would be to invite trouble. He d no desire to attract the attention nad no desire to attract the attention of the police for many reasons. Unless the life of the girl was in danger he resolved to hold his fire, and when lke Josephs, feeling cautionsly forward with his stick, blundered into Jimmy, Ike suddenly dropped to the floor with-out a cry, because he had been hit a

figure, and behind him a black-coated man in attendance, holding on a cush-ion a golden casket. Then the dread, familiar words brought him to his feet with a shiver:

"I am the resurrection and the life, and the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The clergyman's solemn voice resounded through the building, and the detective realized that the ashes of the dead man were coming to their last abiding place. The slow procession moved toward the slient party. Slowly it paced toward the column; then, as the clergyman's feet rang on the steel stairway that wound upward, he began the psaim which of all others perhaps most fitted the passing of old Bealer Reale:

"Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness . . . Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness; and cleanse me from my sin . . . Behold, I was shapen in wickedness . . . Deliver me from bloodguilti-ness O God

. . Deliver me from bloodguilti-ness, O God . . ." Half way up the column a small gap yawned in the unbroken granite face, and into this the golden cabinet was pushed; then the workman, who had formed one of the little party that wound upward, lifted a smooth cube of polished granite. polished granite. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Al-

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Al-mighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed . . ." The mason's trowel grated on the edges of the cavity, the block of stone was thrust in until it was flush with the surface of the ped-estal. Carved on the end of the stone were four words: were four words:

> Pulvis Cinis Nihil.

It was when the workmen had been dismissed, and the lawyer was at the door bidding adieu to the priest whose strange duty had been performed, that Angel crossed to where Jimmy sat. He caught Jimmy's grim smile, and raised his eyes to where all that was mortal of Reale had been placed. "The Latin?" asked Angel. "Surprising, isn't it?" said the other quietly. "Reale had seen things, you know. A man who travels picks up in-formation." He nodded toward the epitaph. "He got that idea at Toledo, in the cathedral there. Do you know it? A slab of brass over a deal king-maker, Portocarrero, 'Hic jacet pulvis cluis et nihil.' I translated it for him; the concelt pleased him. Sitting here, It was when the workmen had been

the conceit pleased him. Sitting here, watching his strange funeral, I won-dered if 'pulvis cinis et nihil' would come into it."

with his stick, blundered into Jimmy, Ike suddenly dropped to the floor with-out a cry, because he had been hit a fairly vicious blow in that portion of the anatom- which is dignified with the title "solar plexus" It was just after this that he heard a startled little cry from the girl be-hind/ him, and then a voice that sent his heart into his mouth. "All right! All right! All right!" There was only one man who used that tag, and Jimmy's heart rose up to bless his name in thankfulness. "This way, Miss Kent," said the voice, "mind the little step. Don't be afraid of the gentleman on the floor he's handcuffed and strapped and gag-red, and is perfectly harmless." Jimmy chuckled. The mystery of Angel's intimate knowledge of the "Lot's" plans and of Connor's move-ments, the disappearance of Goyle were all explained. He did not know for certain that the occupant of the "empty" house next door had indus-triously cut through the thin party walls that separated the two houses, and had rigged up a "back" to the cup-board that was really a door, but he guessed it.

walls that separated the two houses, and had rigged up a "back" to the cupboard that was really a door, but he guessed it.
Then a blinding ray of light shot into the room where the "Borough to" still groped for its enemy, and a gentle voice said—
"Gentlemen, you make your choice which way you go—out by the front door, where my friend, Inspector Collyer, with quite a large number of men, is waiting; or by the back door, where my friend, Inspector Collyer, with quite a large number of men, is waiting; or by the back door, where sergeant Murtle and exactly seven plain clothes men are impatiently expecting you."
Bat recognized the voice.
"Angel Esquire!" he cried in constenation.
From the darkness behind the dazzing electric lamp that threw a narrow lane of light into the apartment came an amused chuckle.
walls that separated the voice.
The sight of the burglary was to secure a sight of the burglar or burglars obtained an unfair advantage over the other legate or legatees."
The sight of the burglar into the apartment came an amused chuckle.

the time. He became suddenly a poor The girl's face grew hard. "So that was how it happened," she

said slowly. "That is how it happened," the lawyer repeated gravely "Your father's fortune was one of four great for-tunes that went into the coffers of my fortune was one of four great for-tunes that went into the coffers of my late client." The formal description of Reale seemed to lend him an air of respectability. "The other three have long since died, neither of them leaving issue. You are the sole rep-resentative of the victims. These gen-tlemen are—let us say—in opposition. This safe," he waved his hand toward the great steel room that crowned the granite column, "contains the fortune. The safe itself is the invention of my late client. Where the lock should be are six dials, on each of which are the letters of the alphabet. The dials are arranged one inside the other, and on one side is a steel pointer. A word of six letters opens the safe. By turn-ing the dials so that the letters come opposite the pointer, and from this word, the door is opened." He stopped to wipe his forehead, for in the energy of his explanation he had become hot. Then he re-sumed— "What that word is, is for you to

sumed-

"What that word is, is for you to discover. My late client, who had a passion for acrostics and puzzles and inventions of every kind, has left a doggerel verse which he most earnestly assured me contained the solu-

tion." He handed a slip first to the girl and then to the others. For a mo-ment the world swam before Kath-leen's eyes. All that hinged upon that little verse came home to her Care-fully conning each word, as if in fear of its significance escaping her, she read:

"Here's a puzzle in language old, Find my meaning and get my gold. Take one Bolt—just one, no more— Fix it on behind a Door. Place it at a river's Mouth East or west or north or south. Take some Leaves and put them whole

In some water in a Bowl. I found this puzzle in a book From which some mighty truths were

took."

She read again and yet again, the others watching her. With every read-ing she seemed to get further from the "I can make nothing of it," she cried helplessly, "nothing, nothing,

"It is, with due respect to my late client, the veriest doggerel," said the lawyer frankly, "and yet upon that the inheritance of the whole of his for-

inheritance of the whole of his for-tune depends." The detective nodded. "The detective nodded. "Well, Nevins is in the dining room with his niece. She's a souvenir get-ter. Understand? And she's taken or forks and she's taken "The paper I have given you is a facsimile reproduction of the original copy, and that may be inspected at any time at my office." The girl was scanning the rhyme in an agony of perplexity. "I shall never do it," she said in despair.

despair. Angel took the paper gently from

her hand.

her hand. "Don't attempt it," he said kindly. "There is plenty of time. I do not think that either of your rival com-petitors have gained anything by the advantage they have secured. I also have had ia my possession a copy of the rhyme for the past week." The girl's eyes opened wide in as-tonishment. "You?" she said. Angel's explanation was arrested by a singular occurrence.

singular occurrence.

a singular occurrence. Connor sat at one end of the row of chairs moodily eying the paper. Jimmy, thoughtfully stroking his beard at the other end, suddenly rose and walked to where his brooding con-federate sat. The man shrunk back as he approached, and Jimmy, seating himself by his side, bent forward and said something in a low voice. He spoke rapidly, and Angel, watching them closely, saw a look of incred-ulous surprise come into Connor's face. Then wrath and incredulity min-gled, and Connor sprang up, striking

gled, and Connor sprang up, striking the back of the chair with his fist. "What?" he roared. "Give up a chance of a fortune? I'll see you_____" Jimmy's voice never rose, but he gripped Connor's arm and pulled him down into his chair

AND SHE NEVER TOOK ANOTHER SOUVENIR

Mr. Nevin's Niece Was a Hotel Kleptomaniao Till She Met the Third Degree in Masquerade-She's a "Puffick Angel" Now.

From the Kansas City Star. It was after 8 o'clock and the throng In the hotel lobby had begun to thin out, theater-bound, most of them, when a waiter hastily slipped a card into the proprietor's broad, fat hand, "Mr. Nevins asked me to hand this to you, sah." The proprietor regarded the waiter

The brobrietor regarded the watter with an air of disapproval. It was a way he had with his employes, and it passed for wisdom. "What Nevins? Not Charles H. Nev-ins, the lawyer?" he inquired. "Yes, sah. He's in the dining room with a lady."

with a lady."

The proprietor looked at the card, and then read the scrawl upon the

back "My niece has stolen two oyster forks and a spoon—souvenir fiend—arrest us —make it strong.—C. H. N." A look of annoyance flitted across the

hotel man's face. "It's like old Nevins," he muttered. "He's a terror." Then after a mo-ment's deliberation he turned to the waiter. "All right," he said. "Send me the house detective."

The house detective was a distinct asset to the hotel. He gave the place atmosphere. Guests rather expected an Italian room, a Dutch grill, and, per-haps an art noveau cafe with a Hindoo prince in costume at the coffee urn, but prince in costume at the coffee urn, but a house detective they must have. He satisfies that same yearning, so long a mystery to psychologists, that does the stalwart at fashionable weddings, who watches with eagle eye lest the mem-bers of the family purloin the wedding gifts. He was a big man, was the house detective—burly and broad shoul-dered, with the undershot jaw and the bowed legs of the prized dogs of Bos-ton. Even his most casual glance con-jured in the minds of guests visions of jured in the minds of guests visions of locks and bars; his very presence seemed to shriek the word "Police" as loudly as the lettered panels of the city's new patrol wagons. He was a ter-ror to the guests, and consequently he was the proprietor's most treasured

was the proprietor's most treasured possession. "John," said the proprietor, tremb-ling slightly in the awful presence, "you know Nevins, the lawyer?"

employer. At that moment the walter reap-

peared with another card. It read: "Two more spoons and a salt cellar confiscated. She must be taught a les-

connscated. She must be taught a les-son. Hurry or she will get the furni-ture.—C. H. N." "Better call out the militia," re-marked the proprietor, handing the second note over. "We've got to put a stop to this thing," he added, serious-ty "and we might as well begin new" ly, "and we might as well begin now." "She sutinly did clean that table," put in the waiter. "Yes, sah, she sut-

inly did." The proprietor looked at his watch. Eight-ten," he announced. "The dining room is about empty. You go in there and make as big a scene as Nevins will stand for.

The detective looked pleased. "Leave it to me," he requested, cheer-

fully. fully. The big man had reached the door when a sudden thought came to his employer. "Wait!" he called. "Bring them in here, and we'll give them the third degree."

endeavor to hide his confusion. Nevins alone was unmoved. They watched her silently for awhile, each waiting for the other to relieve the situation. From the orchestra at the far end of the lobby came the lugu-brious strains of the Flower Song, and then it was that the proprietor became possessed of a sudden idlocy: He would end the scene with a touch of humor-show her somehow, that it was all a "Of course, I've just begun, Uncle Charley," gurgled the girl. "But you ought to see Clara's collection. Her uncle looked at her sourly. "I sheuld like to," he said. "My goodness, Clara's is the finest I ever saw. Just perfectly lovely. Spoons from the Waldorf, forks from Sherry's, pepper shakers from the Annex and the dearest little butter dish from the Hol-

demanded.

he said

ged.

show her somehow, that it was all a farce. So pitching his voice four octaves below middle C, and getting into step with the music, he began: "I once had a little ctrul-and had

"Oh-h!" ejaculated the girl. Her uncle sank down into his chair. "I guess we'll have to go," he said weakly. "T'll do the best I can to square

Bookshop Errors

From Book News Monthly. In a suburban bookshop the other

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Choice.

Not what we have, but what we use, Not what we see, but what we choose; These are the things that mar, or bless, The sum of human happiness.

The thing nearby, not that afar Not what we seem, but what we are; These are the things that make or break, That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true; Not what we dream, but good we do: These are the things that shine like gems, Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Tunne

DNEY

DODDS

PILLS

111112 KIDNEY DISE

RHEUMATISM GHT'S DISE DIABETES.B

375 "Guarant

Out of Sight.

From the Denver Post.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many peo-ple wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sam-ple sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Oim-sted. Le Roy. N. Y.

The Doctor's Slip. From the Circle Magazine Not long ago a major of a Philip-

pine regiment returned to San Francisco after an absence of several years. His sluggish liver needed touching up, and so he went to a fa-

"Yes." said a traveling man last

hight, " was once out of sight of land on the Aalantic ocean 21 days." There was a small sized crowd sit-ting around. Another man spoke up.

AV

In a suburban bookshop the other day a woman sought a copy of "The Servant in the House," Charles Rann Kennedy's morality play. "No, mad-am," declared the clerk, "we haven't "The Servant in the House,' but we have "The Woman's Helper,' a most ex-cellent cook book." Quite in line with this was a recent reference in print to "Lost Borders," Mary Austin's story of the far west, which the Harpers recent-ly published, as Mary Austin's "Lost Boarders." it." They rose, the girl clutching her uncle's arm, and followed the detective out of the room, through the long corridor and into the private office. The proprietor was at his desk when they entered, and he was struck at the look of indigration on the rights for State of Ohio, City of Tolede, Lucas Coun-

State of Ohio, City of Tolede, Lucas Coun-ty, ss.: Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Ca-tarch that cannot be cured by the use of Hail's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal.) Notary Public. Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimo-nials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. look of indignation on the girl's face. Her confidence had returned and her emotion was that of merely outraged dignity.

"A couple of swell crooks," announc-ed the detective, by way of introduc-tion. The proprietor adjusted his glasses and transfixed the pair with a long, cold stare.

For several minutes nothing was said, and then it was the detective who broke the silence.

"Sit down, both of you!" he shouled with a sudden ferocity. They dropped into chairs as though

the floor had given away beneath them. "Tell them who you are, Uncle Char-ley," gasped the girl. "This is out-

"My name," said Nevins, "is John T. Smithers; and you will suffer dearly for this."

for this." The big man turned to his employer. "Good, ain't he?" he scoffed. "Smith-ers! Smithers! That's good, that is." "Why, Uncle Charley—" "Hush!" hissed the uncle in her ear. "I can't tell them my real name. Think of the scandal!" "Smithers! I call that mighty good."

or the scandal?" "Smithers! I call that mighty good," repeated the detective. And then with a bound he crossed the room, stood over his prisoner, and stared him sav-agely in the face. "You've never answered to the name of Fosdick here root?" he bellowed

Not as we take, but as we give, Not as we pray, but as we live; These are the things that make for peace, Both now and after time shall cease. —The Outlook. "Phoney Fosdick, have you?" he bellowed. "Phoney Fosdick?" The wretched man shook his head.

"The wretched man shook his head. "This man Fosdick," began the detec-tive, in a 'show-up' tone of voice, "did time in Columbus, Ohio, in '88, for petit larceny; in Joliet in '92 for porch climb-ing; in Leavenworth in '96 for hog-stealing and in Jefferson City in '99 for bigamy." The girl paled. "It's false!" she cried.

The proprietor scrutinized the culprit carefully. "I believe he's the fellow that stole the ring out of 427," he said. "He is," corroborated the detective. "Also he copped the curtains out of 513, and likewise the electric light bulbs "And who is the woman?" asked the

"And who is the woman?" asked the proprietor. "Till just read you her history," re-plied the big man, producing a certain pink tinted, weekly sporting paper which he had snatched from the un-willing hands of the barber shop porter but a moment before. "She's known from coast to coast as 'Innocent Irene,' and her specialty is hotel silver. Here's her picture," and the detective held up a blank page before the eyes of the man at the desk. "The resemblance is striking. Yes it

"The resemblance is striking. Yes it is she," agreed the proprietor. "It is a falsehood!" protested the girl.

"It is a faisehood?" protested the girl. "It is absolutely untrue!" The detective picked the hand bag from off her lap, and opening it, drew forth three spoons, two forks and a salt cellar. At the same time a salad plate ting around. Another man spoke up. "On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for 29 days," he said. A little bald headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I started across the Kaw river at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the otherside." "Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than 300 feet wide at Topeka." "I didn't say it was," said the little bald headed man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice." fell from underneath her accomplice's coat and smashed to fragments upon the marble floor. The evidence was damning, indeed,

and the girl collapsed and buried her face in her hands. "I did take them," she confessed, "but

-but only for souvenirs." Her distress was genuine; it was more than they had bargained for. The proprietor grinned sheepishly, while the detective tugged at his mustache in an endeavor to hide his confusion. Nevins

sternation. From the darkness behind the daz-zling electric lamp that threw a nar-row lane of light into the apartment came an amused chuckle "What is it," asked Angel's persua-sive voice, "a cop?" "It's a fair cop," said Bat truthfully.

CHAPTER V. " THE CRYPTOGRAM.

Mr. Spedding looked at his watch. He stood upon the marble-tiled floor of the Great Deposit. High above his head, suspended from the beautiful dome, blazed a hundred lights from an ornate electrolier. He placed before the great pedestal that towered up from the center of the building, and the floor was criss-crossed with the shadows of the steel framework that encased it. But for the dozen chairs that were placed in a semicircle before the great

placed in a semicircle before the great greater base, the big hall was bare and unfurnished. ^{Mr} Spedding walked up and down, and his footsteps rang hollow; when he r oke the misty space of the building raught up his voice and sent down echoes.

Groning echoes. "There is only the lady to come," he said, looking at his watch again. He spoke to the two men who sat at either extreme of the crescent of chairs. The one was Jimmy, a brood-ing, thoughtful figure; the other was Connor, ill at ease and subdued. Be-hind the chairs at some distance stood hind the chairs, at some distance, stood two men who looked like artisans, as indeed they were; at their feet lay a bag of tools, and on a small board a heap that looked like sand. At the heap that looked like sand. At the door a stol!1-looking commissionaire waited, his breast glittering with medals.

Footsteps sounded in the vestibule the rustle of a woman's dress, and Kathleen Kent entered, closely followed by Angel Esquire. At him the lawyer loo'red questioningly as he walked for-

The girl listened as the lawyer began to read. Confused by the legal term-inology, the endless repetitions, and the chaotic verbiage of the instrument, she yet realized as the reading went on that this last will and testament of on that this last will and testament of old Reale was something extraordin-ary. There was mention of houses and estates, freeholds and honds . . . " . . and all the residue of any

She wondered if this was Jimmy, and remembered in a vague way that she had heard that the ninth baronet of

had heard that the ninth baronet of that name was a person of questionable character, Then again it seemed as if the legatee was to be "Patrick George Connor." There was a doggerel verse in the will that the lawyer gabbled through, and something about the great safe, then the lawyer came to an end. In the conventional dec-laration of the witnesses lay a sting that sent a dull red flush to Connor's cheek and again provoked Connor's cheek and again provoked Jimmy's grim smile.

The lawyer read:

"Signed by the above James Ryan Reale as his last will and testament (the word 'thief' after 'James Cavendish Fairfax Stannard, Baronet of the United Kingdom,' and the word 'thief' after 'Patrick George Connor,' in the 20th and 23d lines from the top here-of, having been deleted), in the pres-

The lawyer folded the will perversely and put it in his pocket. Then he took four slips of paper from an envelope

by Angel Lesquire. At him the lawyer look four slips of paper from an en-word to greet the girl.
"Mr. Angel has kindly offered me his help," she said timidity—then, recognizing Connor, her face flushed—"and if necessary, his protection."
"Mr Shedding bowed.
"T hope you will not find this part of the ceremony trying." he said in a low toolee, and led the girl to a chair. Then he made a signal to the commission-aire.
"What is going to happen?" Kathleen whispered to her companion, and Angel shock his head.
"Are was looking up at the great safe wherein he knew was stored the weath of the freakish ingenuity that planned and foresaw this strange scene. The creak of footsteps in the doorway made him turn his head. He saw a white-robed

down into his chair. "I won't! I won't! D'ye think I'm going to throw away____" Jimmy released the man's arm and rose with a shrug of his shoulders. He walked to where Kathleen was standing

He walked to where kathleen was standing. "Miss Kent," he said, and hesitated. "It is difficult for me to say what I have to say; but I want to tell you that so far as I am concerned the for-tune is yours. I shall make no claim to it, and I will afford you every as-intone that lies in wy power to dissistance that lies in my power to dis-cover the word that is hidden in the verse

The girl made no reply Her lips were set tight, and the hard look that Angel had noticed when the lawyer had referred to her father came back

Jimmy waited a moment for her to speak, but she made no sign, and with a slight bow he walked toward the

"Stop!"

"Stop!" It was Kathleen that spoke, and Jimmy turned and waited. "As I understand this will," she said slowly, "you are one of the men to whom my father owed his ruin." His eyes met hers unfalteringly. "Yes," he said simply.

(Continued Next Week.)

Skylarking. From Collier's To chat from over the clouds is the latest device in aeroplaning. It will be done, if it is done, by virtue of a cross between wireless and the aero plane. The signal corps of the United States army has built a set of wireless instruments weighing less than 75 pounds. It is their fond hope that this can be riveted on aeroplanes and dirigible balloons, and that talk will then ensue from the sky cruiser and the wireless land stations. When in-stalled in balloons, mica is wrapped around the sparking to prevent the ignition of the gas. It is feared that the engine of the aeroplane will drown the sputter of the wireless, but it seems feasible with the dirigible bal-

loon. It is claimed by the Cologne "Ga-zette" that Germany owns all the suc-cessful systems of airships. The re-cent Cologne maneuvers showed a combination of balloon and aeroplane which will 'apparently make a good war cruiser. The great height reached by the airships in the Cologne tests showed the possibility of climbing out of accurate gunfire. of accurate gunfire.

The Tunnel Through the Andes. The recent completion of the 10,000-foot tunnel which cuts its way through the Andes and connects the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by railroad pro-wides an unbroken line between Buenos Ayres on one edge of the continent and Valparaiso at the other. The March number of Popular Mechanics contains a fine illustration showing a mouth of the tunnel and the suroundings.

Women are not afraid of burglars or the reason that it relieves from blame for going through their husbands' pockets.

land house, with the monogram on it, she have lived—she would have been "Did you ever go in for bath towels?" inquired Nevins.

you know, and no end of dining car stuff." "Did you ever go in for bath towels?" "Cut out that Silver King talk-or she'll tumble, and besides you haven't got the make-up-you're bald-headed. And, anyway" he added enigmatically, "Why, no. How odd!—I never thought of it." "Most collectors do." "I don't believe I'd care for bath towels," she said, thoughtfully. "They would be so hard to show."

And, anyway" he added enigmatically, "she's cryin' enough now." The girl was sobbing softly and Nev-ins, with a sardonic smile, rose to his feet. "Mr. Proprietor," he said, pulling out the tremolo stop that had served him so well in many a hard-fought jury case, "we did take the spoons, but only, only, my dear sir, for souvenirs. Put me in prison if you must, but spare this innocent girl, for I alone am guilty. Sitting alone tonight by the Nevins' lip curied cynically. "I made quite a haul the other night," he said, "at the Odell's bridge party— two fruit knives and a salad fork." "Not at the Odell's! she exclaimed, hereifed horrified. "Sure," he snapped. "Why not? I am guilty. Sitting alone tonight by the fireside back at the old homestead is get mine wherever I can." "I don't know whether or not that

an aged mother patiently waiting for the return of her only daughter-The detective waved and shook

would be exactly right," she commented slowly—"at a friend's house." "What's the difference?" her uncle head frantically, so the lawyer inhaled

his statement with: "Of course, I was speaking figura-tively, in an effort, my dear sir, to conceal this young woman's identity. If facts you must have, I will tell you that the old homestead is a modern dat: that the fireside is a gas grate: demanded. "Well—" She stopped and pon-dered. The difference was not quite clear and she was plainly annoyed. "Now, Uncle Charley, you are forever getting me into an argument. I refuse to be trapped. Instead, you kindly slip that salad plate under your coat. If I had my muff here I wouldn't bother wan."

my plea. I am asking you, begging you to give us one more chance—one more. Can't you let us go—this time?" "Yes, in heaven's name do," pleaded For an instant Nevins' eyes wandered about the room, and then with a deft movement he slid the plate under his coat. As he did so a heavy, square-jawed man stepped forward and touch-ed him on the shoulder. the girl, looking up with tear-stained face

"I will," he said at last, "upon one condition

he said. The girl flushed, but her uncle re-mained imperturbed. "I think you are mistaken," he said coldly. "We have no business at the office." "And that is?" they asked in a breath

'And that is that you never, never

take any more souvenirs." "We never will," promised the girl, thankfully. As they left the room Nevins tarried Now look here," growled the big man, "don't come none of that on me. You come on along or you'll be drag-

"I believe she's cured," he whis-

"Who are you?" demanded Nevins, with a show of anger. For an answer the big man drew back his coat and exposed a star. pered. "She certainly is," said the proprie-

UNPOPULAR QUEEN OF ITALY. usually means this and nothing more. As far as is known, she gives less to charity, in proportion to her means, than any queen. If the world at large appreciated to what extent she has carried her idees of simplicity 'n dress, the glamour that surrounds her would fade. It is impossible to worship a dowd—especially if she be a queen, with all the splendor and taste of the world at her hand. "I have seen her driving in the Cam-

loits, but reluctant to submit to the taily grind.

"Rightly or wrongly, Queen Elena has the reputation among her own peo-pl for being the stinglest queen in Europe. Apparently this is true. She patronizes almost nothing at all regu-larly, and if once in a while she lends touching up, and so he went to a fa-mous physician for advice, and paid his advance charge. "Major," said the doctor, "you are in a serious condition, but I think we can pull you through. You must purchase a tub 4 feet wide and 2 deep. Then you must fill it with tepid water." "Not bolling doctor?"

"Not boiling, doctor?" "No, merely tepid. Then you must stand in it and with a sponge moisten your body. Having done this you must apply some saponaceous matter." "Won't plain, yellow soap do?" asked

"Won't plain, yellow soap do?" asked the patient. "Yes," said the doctor. "Having thor-oughly scoured yourself, you must dry off with a rough towel." "Why, doctor! this is awfully like a bath," exclaimed the veteran. "Well, it is open to that objection," replied the famous physician, "but I feel, sir that you need it."

Pettit's Eye Salve 100 Years Old, relieves tired eyes, quickly cures eye aches, inflamed, sore, watery or ulcer-ated eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

So Kind.

From Punch.

Coalman (who has been summoned from the street to a flat on the tenth story-no lift)-How many hundred-weight did you say, Mum? Lady (sweetly)-Oh! I don't want any coal! I was only telling my little girl that if she kept on being naughty you'd take her away in your big black bag; but she's behaving better now, thank you very much.-Puck. thank you very much .- Puck.

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The listener may know twice as much about the subject as the one who commits the voluble offense.

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pagna, or even through the streets of Rome, when I would never have be-lieved her the occupant of her exalted position had I not known her. One need not be extravagant in clothes to be tasteful, but Queen Elena is not even tasteful. Here she is in unfor-

name to appear on a public bill, it states do not usually quarrel.

"Queen Elena of Italy," says Kellogg

"You are both wanted at the office,"

pproval by her own court. Queen liena, in an American phrase, 'plays to

tunate contrast to the queen-mother who, still living in Rome, is always ex-quisitely gowned, and no matter how simply always with unerring taste."

About the only argument against the term "sisterhood of states" is that the

Durland in Woman's Home Companion, "is one of the most unpopular queens in Europe. Her court, which, to meet the tastes of her people, should be bright, popular, brilliant, is ree"y the dullest, the most stupid in the west-

ern world. I have lived in many coun-tries, and I am more or less familiar with all the courts of Europe, but never have I heard a queen so univer-sally spoken of with disrespect and dis-approval by her own court. Queen Plana in an American phrase 'plays to

the galleries,' then retires. She gar-ners the wheat and ignores the chaff. She is quick to figure in dramatic ex-