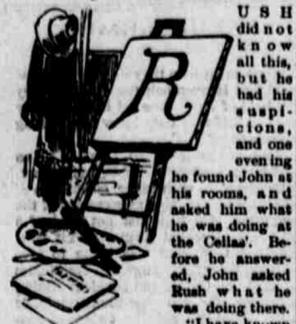


This and the ring he dispatched by his trusty valet. The letter puzzled Leoni a little, but the symbol of the ring delighted her, and, as she was an Italian, and mystery in love affairs is not altogether unknown in Italy, she quietly sewed the ring on the inside of a bit of velvet she wore around her neck. There it lay concealed, but her heart beat high with joy whenever the sharp stone scratched her delicate throat.

John dined as usual at the club that night with Mortimer and two or three other gamblers. After dinner they went to the gaming table, where John lost his remaining \$300. When he went to bed that night he cursed the expense of living in New York, and determined to make the colonel raise his salary.

CHAPTER XIII.



U S H did not know all this, but he had his suspicions, and one evening he found John at his rooms, and asked him what he was doing at the Cellar. Before he answered, John asked Rush what he was doing there. "I have known them for some time, and was arranging to take Italian lessons," answered Rush. "I, too, have known them for some time, and was arranging to take Italian lessons. There is nothing like a pretty woman to teach a fellow a language. I can learn more Italian from Leoni's eyes than from a dozen text books," John replied, lightly.

Rush tried to press the matter, but his brother answered him with chaff. "When are you to marry Amy Baylis, John?" asked Rush. "An expression of annoyance passed over John's face, but he replied, amiably enough: "Some time in the fall, I believe."

"I thought it was to have been in June," said Rush. "Something was said about June, but Amy thought we had better wait," replied John, carelessly, beginning to dress for dinner.

"Delays are dangerous, John."

"And haste is often fatal."

"After a pause Rush resumed: "I thought you told me you did not know Leoni, John?"

"Did I? Then I suppose I didn't when I told you. One makes acquaintances on short notice in the city. Nice little thing, isn't she? The mother is a dear old body. I quite like the athlete, too. It is he I go to see, you know; he is very fond of me."

There was no use in trying to talk seriously with John. He never for a moment allowed himself to be concerned, and, as Rush was going to dine at the Archers' with Helen and Archie Tillinghast, he had to leave without accomplishing his object, which was to take John to task for forgetfulness of his vow to Amy.

stories is the mah for a dinner party; but heaven defend us from the long winded diners out! Such were Mr. Archer's sentiments; and he determined to invite young Hurlstone again, and before long. Notwithstanding poor Archie's depression, the dinner was a pleasant one. From the dinner table they strolled through the conservatory, and Helen, who had Rush's arm, stopped in front of a box of forget-me-nots, over whose delicate blossoms the moon was spreading its silver light. "Let me give you one of these flowers," she said, picking a bunch and fastening it in his button hole. "You know I am going away, and we are so soon forgotten when we are gone." It was all that Rush could do to keep from seizing the hands that were so near his face and kissing them with protestations of the love that was burning so hotly in his heart. Instead of this, he clasped his hands behind him, and answered, with mock seriousness: "I need no flower to remind me of you, Miss Knowlton. Your absence will be felt in the very air we breathe. The birds will chirp, 'She is gone!' from the tree tops, and the stars will write it in the sky at night."

"Mr. Hurlstone, you are chaffing me; and I don't like to be chaffed. I thought that you would be a little sorry that I was going away," replied Helen. "A little sorry! If you only knew what your absence means to me, you would"—His voice shook perceptibly and Helen looked quickly at him. Fearing that he had gone too far, he added, "I shall never leave the foreign editor's room, but will haunt his desk night and day seeking for early news from Drury Lane."

"Now you are joking again; but I believe you will miss us. We have had some pleasant times together, Mr. Hurlstone, and although I have only known you a few short months you are like an old friend, or perhaps I should say an old young friend. You seem to like me for myself and not for my profession. With most people I feel that it is Helen Knowlton, the prima donna, rather than Helen Knowlton, the woman, whom they care for. Am I not right? If I had nothing to do with the stage I really think that you would like me better."

"That would be impossible, Miss Knowlton," replied Rush. "Still chaffing! I thought better of you. Give me your arm; let us go to the drawing room. I see they have all left the conservatory. I want you to be my guardian angel this evening and keep me out of the clutches of that man O'Hara. I cannot endure him. He looks like a Russian Nihilist and smells like an Irish stew. He wants to paint my portrait for the spring exhibition. Shall I let him?"

"Let him? I should say not. Does he think the young ladies of New York have nothing to do but to sit to him? The minute he sees a pretty face he asks its owner to let him paint her portrait. I like his conceit, indeed!"

"Thank you for the implied compliment; but you need not get so excited; I haven't the slightest idea of allowing Mr. O'Hara any such privilege."

"I am glad to have your assurance in the matter; otherwise I should have my fears, for O'Hara seems to have irresistible attractions. The fact that he was able to get three of the belles of New York society to pose to him as the three Graces shows his power."

"You are not a woman, Mr. Hurlstone, or you would understand how hard it is to resist a request put in so complimentary a form. Could you refuse if Mr. O'Hara asked you to sit to him for Apollo? I'm sure you couldn't."

"That might be a temptation," said Rush, smiling. "But if it came from O'Hara I should be able to withstand it."

"There he comes now, with Bessie on his arm. Let us get over to that far corner before they see us," said Helen. But she was too late; O'Hara and Bessie bore down upon them and there was no escape.

"Helen dear," said Bessie, "Mr. O'Hara is so anxious to paint you in your 'Helen of Troy' costume. He has asked me to intercede for him. Won't you sit to him? He would make a delightful picture."

"He could not help it with such a sinner," said O'Hara, slowly detaching his eyes at her.

"Mr. O'Hara is very kind and more than complimentary," answered Helen, "but I am too busy a woman to sit for my portrait."

"Were you not quite as busy when you allowed Fessenden the privilege?" said O'Hara, with a smile, but in an unmistakable tone.

"Yes," answered Helen, with an equally unmistakable manner; "I fancy I was; but one can always find time to give to one's friends, and Mr. Fessenden is an old and valued friend." Then, to Bessie, "Mr. Hurlstone and I were just going over to that pretty corner of your drawing room to examine that new bit of Japanese bronze." And she moved off in the opposite direction with Rush.

"I don't think O'Hara will ask you again to sit to him. The cad! I wanted to choke him," said Rush.

"Don't you believe it; he is not so easily crushed. But he will never accomplish his object."

"Charming person Miss Knowlton is," said O'Hara to Bessie; but to himself he said, "The prig! I owe her one for that snub."

"Indeed she is charming," answered Bessie; "but she is very set in her ways, and she will make up her mind to a thing without any apparent reason and stick to it."

The Japanese bronze furnished Helen and Rush with a subject of interesting conversation. She admired the patience and the devotion the Japanese display in accomplishing an end, even if that end be only the adjusting of the scales of a bronze serpent.

"I am glad that you admire patience and devotion," said Rush.

"And why, pray?"

"On general principles—they are such admirable qualities; but they are not always appreciated."

While Helen was wondering just how to parry this remark, the servant at the door announced Miss Knowlton, and in a

moment Aunt Rebecca was with them. She had come to take Helen home; so the pleasant evening was done. Rush had to go down to The Dawn office, and Archie walked as far as Canal street with him, and aired his opinion of O'Hara.

"You needn't tell me that that banded haired Buddhist has any right in decent society," said Archie.

"I don't believe in him at all," answered Rush. "and I shall take pains to inform myself on the subject. As a friend of Miss Archer's, I believe it to be my duty. I don't like to see a man whom I suspect on such terms with a young lady whom I admire and who I believe is as unsuspecting as she is pure and good."

Archie listened to these words of his friend with varied emotions. He shared his sentiments towards O'Hara, but he thought that he detected something more than ordinary friendship in his solicitude for Bessie; and his manner was a little cool when he said good night to him in front of the Brandreth house. Rush quickened his pace and made good time to The Dawn office. The night doorman told him that Mr. Musgrave had asked for him; so Rush went direct to the city editor's room.

"Ah, here you are, Mr. Hurlstone," said the city editor, looking up from his schedule. "In one moment, please. I have a matter of importance I want to speak with you about." After he had checked off a few names on his schedule and called a few orders up to the compositors' room through the speaking tube, he invited Rush to come inside the office railing, and then he told him what he wanted. It was a very nice bit of detective work. A popular actress, Rose Effington, had died some two years before, and there was a great deal of mystery surrounding her death. She had fallen from her high position on the stage, and it was said, all through the fascinations of a man about whom very few knew anything, and about whom those who did had nothing good to say. At the time of her death he disappeared and had not been heard of since.

"Now it seems," said Musgrave, "that there is a party by the name of Johnson, a prosperous wine merchant, who entertained a tender passion for Rose, and would have married her if the other man had not cut him out. This Johnson believes that Rose was murdered, and he has spent the last two years in trying to discover her murderer. He has procured strong evidence against a man who, he suspects, was the favored lover, and he has brought his clues to me, and wants The Dawn to work them up. Now, I propose to have you do the work—you and Martin, the detective. You are the only man on 'the paper' who is not known to the police and to other reporters. We want to do this thing quietly, and we want it well done. Here is an opportunity to distinguish yourself. If you make a good story it may be the turning point in your journalistic career. I will send your salary to your lodgings every week, as this may take some time; and any money you want for the search draw upon me for, and when you have anything of importance to communicate drop me a line and mark the envelope personal. Martin will call at your lodgings to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, and you can arrange a plan of action together. Keep a sharp eye and a stiff upper lip, and good luck to you. Good night, Mr. Hurlstone. Well, what is it, Grady?" to a reporter standing outside the railing.

"Have you any more facts about the sinking of the Jaybird?"

Rush was rather pleased with the idea of a still hunt after a murderer. He remembered having seen Rose Effington in Boston when he was a student at Harvard, and that added interest to the search. If he had only known then what he knew later, his interest would have been still keener.

MADAME FANNY, COUNTESS DE PARIS. CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM; UNRIVALLED SPIRIT GUIDE; SPIRITS SEPARATED. PHOENIX PARLOR, DAILY.

Martin found the janitress, and at once secured the back parlor of this miserable tenement, which was connected by folding doors with Mrs. Fanny's front parlor. The two men had got themselves up to look like very respectable fellows—Rush like a Bowery boy and Martin like a Spiritualist. The latter's pale face and lanky build, and the peculiar expression of his eyes, helped him to carry out this disguise; and he parted his rather long hair in the middle, and wore a coat with a cape, and a big soft black hat. Rush could hardly contain himself when he talked to the mediums about the "control," fell into apparent trances and spouted the greatest lot of rubbish, all of which was listened to with delighted ears, particularly by the novices. The old hands knew it was only acting, just as their "trances" were acting.

In their back parlor Martin and Rush spent many long hours, the former beguiling the time by telling thrilling stories of his detective work. He had had some wonderful adventures, and he sometimes named names when he was telling them, names that were well known in New York, but about which few people knew that there were any suspicious circumstances.

Rush and Martin visited "Madame Fanny, Countess de Paris," one day, to get a look at her room and see how the communicating door was fastened. It was not a very secure fastening—a bit of string tied around the two handles. A sharp knife dexterously thrust through the crack would easily cut the string, and the ill hung doors would roll open of their own weight. On the day of their visit to the "countess," Martin introduced Rush as a young man who had been robbed of his watch in the Bowery. It was a valuable one, and he hoped she would be able to tell him where to find it. As an inspiration to her trance, Mrs. Fanny demanded a fee of one dollar in advance; and then, taking her seat in a shabby stuffed chair, she closed her eyes and waited for the trance.

The men seated themselves on an equally shabby sofa, and Rush watched the medium as she lay back with her eyes closed. She was thin and pale, with sharp features and hair that had been touched up with dye and that was still in curl papers. She wore a soiled wrapper, and the slippers on her feet had evidently seen better days. Mrs. Fanny herself looked as if she might have once been pretty. That she thought something of her appearance was seen by the attempt to take care of her hands. Her nails were not over clean, but they were long and carefully trimmed, and her fingers, though thin, were well shaped.

By the time Rush had made this mental inventory of her personal charms Fanny heaved a deep sigh and her lips moved. "See watch—pretty watch—tick—tick—tick—gold watch."

"Yes," said Rush, "gold watch and chain—watch with gold face, and fob chain."

"Such a pretty watch! Numbers in gold, too," she continued, not noticing the interruption. "Pretty chain! I see pretty things hanging on chain. Oh, naughty man he take 'oo watch. There he run fast to shop. Three balls hanging out in front. Old man with big nose. He got watch." Then, shuddering from head to foot, Mrs. Fanny opened her eyes and looked around her. "Did you get the desired information?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Rush; "a little lisping child told us that the watch was a gold watch; that I had been robbed of it and that the thief had taken it to a pawnbroker's."

"The 'control' is little Mamie; she always tells these things correctly. If you search the pawnshops you will find your watch." Rush thanked her for her information and the two men retired to their room.

"Did you ever hear such a pack of lies in your life?" said Rush, as the door closed behind them.

"Hush! you will be heard," answered the detective. "Yes, of course I have, often, from the same class of people."

"And to think that they can get any person to believe in them!"

"I am not surprised that they can dup the lower classes—the poor ignorant creatures that infest this neighborhood; but they succeed in getting a presumably respectable, intelligent lot of patrons. Didn't you notice that nice looking turnout a few doors below here yesterday? Well, I saw a handsomely dressed woman, heavily veiled, get out of that carriage and come in here to Mrs. Fanny's. She probably listened to just such drivel as you heard in there just now; only, of course, it was about a love affair, and she went home satisfied. It is a credulous world."

"Yes, credulous where it should be suspicious and suspicious where it should be credulous," answered Rush.

While Rush was doing this detective work he was almost isolated from general society. There was some excitement to be got out of it, but he and Martin were rather holding back until the arrival of the man Johnson from the west. Martin thought and expressed his suspicions to Rush, that Johnson had been in love with Rose Effington, and had been cut out by Costello, who was reported to have strange fascinations for women. Johnson had not the time or the money to spend in ferreting out the proofs of his suspicions, and was obliged to take The Dawn into his confidence. He had not seen Costello many times, and although he declared that he would know him again if he saw him, he felt surer of recognizing him by his voice, which he said was indescribable, but peculiar and never to be forgotten.

Rush longed to see Helen with an irresistible longing, to which he gave way one evening. Leaving Martin on watch, he went to his lodgings first and dressed himself, and then walked around to the

front door post of No. — they found this legend painted in white letters on a black square of tin:

MADAME FANNY, COUNTESS DE PARIS. CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM; UNRIVALLED SPIRIT GUIDE; SPIRITS SEPARATED. PHOENIX PARLOR, DAILY.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY eleven o'clock sharp the next morning Martin the detective arrived at Rush's lodgings. His appearance surprised Rush. He had expected to see a ferret eyed, ill dressed man, with short cut side whiskers and shorter hair—a veritable Sergeant Bucket; instead of which he saw a tall, slim man, with a delicate, foreign looking face, finely cut features, pale complexion, curling black hair, well kept beard and mustache, and large eyes with drooping lids—altogether a well dressed, fine looking fellow. Rush could hardly believe that he was the detective, but soon found out that he was, and they began at once to plan out a course of action. Martin had never seen the alleged murderer of Rose Effington, but had a careful description of him, knew that his name was Costello, and that he was mixed up with mediums and free-thinkers. This was clew enough for him. The man who had given him this information had been called out west on business, but wrote that he hoped to return in time to take a hand in the hunt.

Rush and the detectives visited all the mediums, astrologers and fortune tellers in New York in the course of a fortnight. They held conversations with the spirits of departed friends, had their horoscopes cast and their fortunes told. The detective palmed himself off as a medium, and exhibited so thorough an acquaintance with the slang of the profession that Rush had a suspicion he must have practiced his arts some time in his life.

One day Martin received a letter from their informant in the west telling them that he had heard of Costello being at a certain medium's on East Fourth street, and advising them to watch the place with the greatest vigilance. After this letter of information Martin and Rush walked over to East Fourth street, and



on the front door post of No. — they found this legend painted in white letters on a black square of tin:

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Academy. The opera was "Faust," again. Helen sang divinely. Rush adored every note of that beautiful music, and he was lifted out of himself by Helen's exquisite performance. Marguerite was admitted to be her best part, and she certainly gave an ideal interpretation of it. Dear girl, how he loved her! He forgot the tenor, who was acting in his most impassioned manner; he forgot everything but Helen; and when she appeared at the window in a flood of moonlight, her dark eyes intensified by her golden hair, and sang the exquisite duet, he actually weighed in his mind the probable result if he should clamber over the foot lights and fold her in his arms. "Here I sit," he thought, "a passion of love tearing me in two; and as I suppose I love as calm and as unruined as that venerable banker in his box."

His only relief was to join in the outburst of applause that broke from all parts of the house. He never liked to go behind the scenes between the acts when Helen was singing "Faust," because she was so absorbed in the part that he felt it was profanation to bring her out of it; so he wandered about the lobby, hoping that he might meet some one whom he knew and who knew her. He did meet some one very soon. West Hastings was out there, looking very blue, and talking with two or three club friends about his projected trip abroad and the good time he intended to have. Then he came across Mr. Archer, who insisted upon his going up to the box.

"Bessie has that O'Hara there, and he bores the life out of me with his insufferable affectations. I don't like the man, and yet I have no right to take so violent a prejudice against him. It would be a great relief to me, however, if you should come up, and I know Bessie would be glad to see you. We haven't seen you for a long time. What has been the matter?" Mr. Archer asked, as he conducted Rush to his box.

Rush explained that he was working up a special case for The Dawn and was unusually busy. As they neared the box, they saw O'Hara bending low over Bessie from his seat above. They could almost see the pupils of his cat like eyes dilate as he talked to her in his slow, peculiar voice. Mrs. Archer looked at him and shuddered. She could only catch a word of his conversation now and then, and that more than satisfied her. He was talking upon a subject she disliked.

"Whether one believes in spiritualism or not," O'Hara was saying, "he must admit that there are some wonderful things done in its name. I should like you to meet a little woman down town—a medium, I suppose she calls herself. She would tell you things that would set you to thinking. If you want to make an appointment to meet her, I will arrange the meeting, and get Mrs. Pryor to chaperon us. It's not an attractive place, but it is perfectly reputable or you may be sure I shouldn't suggest your going there."

All this was said in a low voice, so that Mrs. Archer did not catch enough of the conversation to know what it was about. Had she known, she would have spoken out plainly. O'Hara seemed to speak behind his tongue, and it was quite difficult to understand him unless you gave your mind to the effort. This impediment, if impediment it could be called, made him speak slowly, and this slowness gave a certain impressiveness to the simplest remark he made.

Mrs. Archer greeted Rush with the greatest cordiality. He seemed like a whiff of fresh country air after a breeze from Hunter's Point. Bessie also was pleased to see him. Though she was very much interested in what O'Hara was saying, she found the man rather oppressive, and there was something about his dilated pupils that she didn't altogether like.

When Rush entered the box, O'Hara went out, and Mrs. Archer seemed to breathe more freely. The conversation was lively and general until the curtain was rung up again. Then they listened with breathless interest to the beautiful music. Rush could not help contrasting his present surroundings with those of a few hours before and a few hours hence. On every side of him were youth, beauty, refinement and wealth. The woman he adored was before his eyes, singing as no one else could sing.

"Oh, to see her, hear her singing, scarce I know which is divinest," quoted Rush. Then his thoughts wandered back to the miserable tenement in East Fourth street where he was to spend the night, with poverty, wretchedness and crime on every side, and he himself on the track of a murderer. The life of a journalist has variety in it, if nothing else. Then he looked about him, at the "glittering horseshoe," the delicate perfume of the flowers that lay upon the railings of the boxes was wafted to his nostrils, and he was intoxicated by the scene. His reverie was broken in upon by Mr. Archer, who tapped him on the shoulder.

"Just look at West Hastings," said he. "That fellow is more in love with Helen than I gave him credit for being. He has not taken his eyes off her once since she came upon the stage."

Sure enough, there he sat in his proscenium box, alone, his eyes riveted on the lovely face of Helen Knowlton and his ears drinking in every note of her voice. This was not a pleasant sight to Rush, and it sent him back to his tenement house watch in no happy frame of mind. But his work grew more interesting as time went on, and he soon became completely absorbed in picking up the threads of evidence against the murderer of the unfortunate actress.

To be continued next week.

Handsomely embossed cards with emblems of K. of P., G. A. R., R. of V., Masonic in all degrees, O. of R. C., B. of L. F. B., of L. E., B. of R. R. B., P. B. O. E., I. O. O. F., A. O. U. W., U. R. K. of P., T. P. A. at the Courier office, in new Burr block.

If you have a card plate we will furnish you 100 cards from same for only \$1.50. WHEEL PAINTING CO.

Families desiring pure ice cream or ices for Sunday dinner or any other time can be served with a superior quality at Morton & Leighty's.

Brown's refreshments at Cushman park

TRULY POLITE.

"Naughty boys," said Johnny's mother, "oft are rude to one another, but I hope that you'll remember careless manners are not right; and wherever and whatever your surroundings, will endeavor to be scrupulously, cheerfully and unselfishly polite."

"That I will," said Johnny sweetly, and he kept his word completely, and said "Please," and "Beg your pardon," in a way that's seldom heard."

And "Allow me," and "Excuse me"—oh, it really would confuse me to enumerate his phrases as they constantly occurred.

As a youth and as a man, he still adhered to the plan he had so earnestly adopted as his gentle rule of life, and was often deferential when it wasn't quite essential, as for instance to his servants and his children and his wife.

When his business up and bursted, and his creditors were worried, with civility he told them he regretted such an end; and when he was asked to give a party, he responded "Dead, I thank you" to the question of a friend.

What I write is but a sample of the daily, bright example which he set, to show how life by proper manners may be grossed.

Would that we might see another one so mindful of his brother, but alas! he isn't here, and John, alas! is long deceased.

—Mrs. George Archibald.

A Sensible Agent.

An agent who had made a study of human nature stopped at a gate on Second avenue the other day and asked of a small boy digging plants out of the grass:

"But, is your mother home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Changed hired girls within a week?"

"No, sir."

"House cleaning all done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got her new spring bonnet?"

"She has."

"Children well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Father go away good natured this morning?"

"He did."

"Then I guess I'll ring the bell and try to sell her a picture."

She took two, and asked him to call in a day or two with a \$7 family Bible.—Detroit Free Press.

The Offense Unpardonable.

"Waldonia," said her mother, "your little playmate, John Lawrence Ticklowell, has not been here for some time. Have you and he quarreled?"

"I have intimated to him, mamma," replied the little Boston 7-year-old, "that I cannot associate with him any more. I can overlook his habit of putting his napkin under his chin at dinner," continued the little girl, wiping off her spectacles thoughtfully, "for in minor matters of this kind it is customary among the intellectual to permit some latitude, but he told me a fortnight ago he was tired of beans for a steady diet."—Chicago Tribune.

A Starting Possibility.

A bright little lad sitting by his father's side in a pew of the Green Ridge Presbyterian church, Sunday morning, was given a coin to put upon the collection plate. No sooner had he deposited the coin than in a loud whisper and excited manner he asked:

"Papa, have you saved any circus money?"

A smile broad enough to go over a large section of pews was compelled by the circumstances.—Scranton Truth.

Natural Unconscious.

The stranger in New York city was talking earnestly and excitedly to the hotel clerk.

"I am a remarkably heavy sleeper," he said, "and often lie in bed hours and hours after everybody else is up. Promise me," he entreated, as his face grew pale with fear, "that if I should happen to sleep till noon to-morrow you will not let any of your city physicians undertake to perform an autopsy on me!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Stupid Drummer.

Member of Firm—How do you, like the looks of the new drummer I have engaged!

Partner—To tell the truth, he looks awful stupid.

"That's his strong point. He has such a stupid look that the customers will give him orders out of pure sympathy."—Texas Siftings.

Depends on Circumstances.

"How much land do you own around your house?"

"Well, when I bought it I paid for 5,000 feet, but whenever I try to run a lawn mower all over it I conclude I must have got about five acres."—Boston Herald.

Wanted a Mender.

Griggs—Since I left the parental roof I have accumulated about 300 pairs of socks, which with a little mending would be as good as new. Who do you think I could get to mend them?

Briggs—A wife would be cheapest.—Texas Siftings.

Lines Form on Sight.

An old lady in Vermont who had been maintained for years by charitable acquaintances, but was about to be taken to the poorhouse, fell heir last week to \$30,000. Old ladies received on subscription at this office.—Oil City Bizzaz!

Culture's Beige.

Mrs. Highfather—Has the Browning cult reached your town yet, Mr. Bascom?

Mr. Bascom—No, he hasn't yet; but we've got a young huss by the name of Petlocka that'll beat him to stucks, I'll bet.—Burlington Free Press.

Misapprehended.

"Cut it short!" said an annoyed patron to a talkative barber. "All right!" and the scissors swept by the board the port side of a pot mustache.—Evening Wisconsin.

Would Like to Try.

Babbins (during a conversational lapse)—Do you ever snore, Miss Mabley?

Miss Mabley (yawning absent mindedly)—No, but I'd like to.—Chicago Herald.

A Mild Request.

Collins to McCann, the foreman—Say, John! wud you jist as lief as Murphy, behind me, 's'wiring his slide sideways?—Judge.

CHAPTER XIII.

U S H did not know all this, but he had his suspicions, and one evening he found John at his rooms, and asked him what he was doing at the Cellar. Before he answered, John asked Rush what he was doing there. "I have known them for some time, and was arranging to take Italian lessons," answered Rush. "I, too, have known them for some time, and was arranging to take Italian lessons. There is nothing like a pretty woman to teach a fellow a language. I can learn more Italian from Leoni's eyes than from a dozen text books," John replied, lightly.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY eleven o'clock sharp the next morning Martin the detective arrived at Rush's lodgings. His appearance surprised Rush. He had expected to see a ferret eyed, ill dressed man, with short cut side whiskers and shorter hair—a veritable Sergeant Bucket; instead of which he saw a tall, slim man, with a delicate, foreign looking face, finely cut features, pale complexion, curling black hair, well kept beard and mustache, and large eyes with drooping lids—altogether a well dressed, fine looking fellow. Rush could hardly believe that he was the detective, but soon found out that he was, and they began at once to plan out a course of action. Martin had never seen the alleged murderer of Rose Effington, but had a careful description of him, knew that his name was Costello, and that he was mixed up with mediums and free-thinkers. This was clew enough for him. The man who had given him this information had been called out west on business, but wrote that he hoped to return in time to take a hand in the hunt.

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