

CHAPTER IX.

Major Brown appeared and handed a note to Evelyn.

"etter! Dear me, the postman is treat- in full." ing us badly to-day!" exclaimed Lady Howard, with symptoms of astonishfrom the boys. Their school breaks lost last year?" up on the twenty-ninth, and I was correspondent? You look surprised," she broke off suddenly.

rell, with a little nod, contracting her | pounds," that she had not really writbrows into a distinct frown. "It is ten it herself. "And the finder has from the bank; but what it means I evidently considered it advisable to have no idea. I cannot make head or let some months pass before trying his tail of it."

Howard questioningly.

only the initial of my second name pink, payable to order like those I was signed instead of my name in full." am using now."

"Ah-J understand! It is merely your own mistake, I suppose? You tounding piece of news. Falkland lookgot how you usually sign your name." | examined the end of his cigar more

ed Evelyn in a tone which, in spite pear perfectly unimpressed. of her words, sounded slightly doubtful. "All the same, though"-with trell?" The question came somewhat sudden decision-"I am perfectly cer- abruptly from Falkland. tain that I have not written any check for five hundred pounds!"

child, why did you not tell me that yourself." at once?" Lady Howard turned anxiously towards her niece. "Let me turned to hurry off along the terrace,

the first time. "And, as one of my On the following evening Lady How- check books, upon which I had very rd and her niece, accompanied by the foolishly written my name, 'Evelyn adefatigable Falkland, were taking C. Luttrell,' was lost in the post last Miss Luttrell laughed; she was evia little stroll along the terrace, when year, they said at the bank that for the future, as a preventive of forgeries, they would never cash any checks "The last delivery, and only one that were not signed with 'Chantry'

"Then this check," suggested Falkland in the same calm deliberate tones, ment. "I have been expecting to hear is of course one of those which you ferred the greatest of favors upon

"It must be, I suppose," she returnwanting to arrange about the trains. ed, gazing down in genuine astonish- ticn. "But what about the check? May Why, Evelyn dear, whoever is your ment at the forged signature, which I have it some time this evening? In was so like, so alarmingly like, her own that she could scarcely believe. myself by the first train in the morn-"Well, yes-I am," said Miss Lutt- despite the convincing "Five hundred ing." experiment; only, now that I come to "From the bank?" repeated Lady think of it"-Miss Luttrell paused, it in my possession the writer of it and, glancing up quickly as if for in-'Yes," explained Evelyn. "They say spiration, encountered Falkland's dark that the enclosed check was presented penetrating eyes fixed steadily upon ed the precious paper into the Maat the bank this morning, but that they her-"the checks I lost were blue-I jor's charge, "that he will not haunt refused to cash it on the ground that know they were-whilst this one is you.'

It was undoubtedly rather an aswrote the check in a hurry and for- ed distinctly perturbed, whilst Brown succeed-see if we don't!" "That must be it, of course." mus- intently than ever and tried to ap-

"Are you certain of that, Miss Lut-

"Certain!" answered Evelyn decidedly. "But, if you like, I will fetch "Five hundred pounds! My dear my check book; then you can see for

She jumped up from her chair and



without having the least clue? You see, we have not the faintest suspicion as to who it is; we have no writing to show or anything of that sort." observed Evelyn, with a rather doubtful expression.

Certainly there was weight in her words.

"No-of course not," returned Brown hurriedly; perhaps nobody realized the truth of her assertion more vividly than he. "But this expert that I know of is such a wonderfully clever man that, if anything can be found out, you may be quite sure that he will succeed."

"Oh-if you think there is even the smallest hope, try him, by all means! Anyhow, it is really the only thing that can be done; and, if it fails"dently not in the least sanguine-"we can but have recourse to our locks."

"At any rate, you will let my expert have a chance first? Thank you, Miss Luttrell," was the reply, accompanied by a glance so full of gratitude that, had his companion conhim, it could scarcely have been received with more apparent appreciaorder to lose no time, I shall take it

"Oh, yes-take it now, if you like! I shall be only too thankful to get rid of it. I cannot help thinking that there is something rather uncanny about it, and that as long as I have will be coming to haunt me. I only hope, though," she added, as she hand-

"No such luck, I am afraid. Forgers are only horribly commonplace beings at the best of times. But never say 'Die,' Miss Luttrell! We shall

With these prophetic words the Major raised his hat and went slowly on his way, whilst Evelyn, who was just on the point of entering Lady Howard's room, paused and looked round quickly, her attention having been arrested by a crunching of the gravel and a shadow which had suddenly fallen across her path.

It was Falkland. Evidently he must have followed almost immediately upon their footsteps; and, as Evelyn look at the check. Is that your sig- when, to her surprise, she found that turned and surveyed him, she was instantly struck by the deathly white ness of his face.

(To be continued.)

LASHED COOKING STOVE

To the Engine's Pilot and Bafiled the Custom Officials.

Orleans Times-Democrat: New 'Speaking of smuggling," said an oldtime federal deputy, "I'll tell you a curious little story. Shortly after the opening of one of the Mexican roads. never mind which, a locomotive engi-

ONLY TWO WEEKS.

faster than he was doing. He was enlove with her, and he considered himself a lucky man to have won her consent to marry him. She loved him, too, and, as is often the case with a good, pure woman, this love amounted to almost worship.

Herman had enjoyed this devotion on her part exceedingly, as what man would not in like circumstances? But lately he had sometimes thought she was too demonstrative in her affections, a little too sentimental, in fact, company, perhaps she was a little away from his profession. Before he met her this law business had been his was over, he did not exactly return to his first love, but was willing to divide be, indeed, if his fiancee did not suffer in the dividing process.

Just now he was about to take a short trip out of the state, and he was on his way to bid Margaret good-by. He had decided it would be all nonsense to have a scene over this first parting, and as for love letters, they would be entirely out of the question. "It would be Margaret's way to make a great fuss over our separation," he said to himself as he ran up the steps of the Lelands' home and rang the bell, "but I shall be taking trips often, and there is no need of being foolish. We must begin as we can hold out."

He is relieved as he enters the drawing-room that there are guests present, and he is not likely to see his sweetheart alone, and with it all is a vague sense of disappointment, too. He talks with her, with her mother and brother, and with the friends they are entertaining; he exerts himself to be agreeable and to keep the conversation on general topics, and when at the end of an hour he rises to go and carelessly announces his departure from the city on the morrow, he is convinced that he has avoided the thing he dreaded, and in a diplomatic kind of way, too. Margaret had perhaps



"That would be impossible," she quietly returned, and then she gave him her hand in parting. He avoided

Herman Powers hurried along the her eyes, the hurt look in them was street, his thoughts traveling even more than he could bear, but he took the little trembling hand in his, and gaged to Margaret Leland and had stooped to kiss her. "Good-by, dear, been for over a year. He was much in take good care of yourself. Give me one more kiss and I am gone. Remember, it's only two weeks."

Two weeks later the train is steaming into the city as fast as the big iron horse can carry it, but it cannot go too fast for the impatient Mr. Powers. The two weeks are over, the business trip is at an end and is successful, and now he wants to see Margaret, his love, his darling. He has thought of her day and night, he has bought her extravagant presents, he has done everything and that in her great enjoyment of his to please her except write to her, and he can hardly wait for his meeting selfish and took a good deal of his time with her. He gets his overcoat on, his grip in hand, he scorns the assistance of the porter, and before the train has sole object of interest, and now that fairly ceased its motion he steps down the first glamour of his engagement to the platform of the station. He sends a telegram to Margaret announcing his arrival, and then takes a cab his attention, and strange it would to his hotel, giving the cabman an extra to hurry, so anxious he is to make the necessary changes in his toilet and get to his flancee. He fairly runs up he will not fly far horizontally when the stairs to his room, and finds a note under the door. From her? No, from her brother.

> "My Dear Fellow: We are so sorry we haven't your address and cannot send for you. Margaret, of course, must know where you are, but for some reason she declines to tell us. Probably it is to spare you the pain of parting-for Margaret is dying. She took cold the day you left and the illness rapidly developed into pneumonia. The doctor gave us almost no hope from the beginning, and tonight says we must expect the worst. He thinks she will hold out a couple of days longer, and we are all hoping that some chance will bring you home before she goes. I send this to your hotel that it may reach you the instant you arrive. Come to us at once if you would see Margaret alive. Very truly JACK LELAND." yours. This letter was dated a week before.

-Boston Post.

when in the house of commons. Mr.



A POSER FOR MARKSMEN.

The Eccentric Flight of the Woodcock Makes Him Almost Impossible to Hit.

The peculiar habit of the woodcock and his corkscrew flight make him probably the most difficult of winged marks. In the daytime he remains always in thickets, copses or cane-brakes. He must have ground upon which to sleep and and in which to do his occasional daylight boring, and moist ground generally means always dense undergrowth. Indeed, some of the places most favored by the woodcock are so thickly overgrown that a rabbit finds difficulty in getting through. In such places the hunter send in his cocker spaniel, if he has one, knowing that the dog will flush the bird with his shrill, constant barking, and trusting to luck to get a shot as the woodcock clears the tops of the trees or canes. Generally, however, a man and a pointer may work their way through almost anything that grows in shape of woods and entangling vines, and it must be admitted that the difficulties of it lend to the sport a peculiar fascination that does not pertain to any other form of American shooting. It is characteristic of the woodcock that disturbed. He does not see well, even in the shadow of the oaks and cypresses, and he fears that if he lets himself out in a straight line he will run into something. At night he sees as well as an owl. His flight, consequently, when he rises before the heavy tread of the pointer's owner, or before the yelp of the spaniel, is confined to a spiral shoot straight upward and a drop to earth almost as perpendicular. If not struck he will hit the ground probably not more than fifteen yeards from where he left it. In cane or other kinds of swamp he might as well be a hundred yards away, so far as any chance of shooting him is concerned. The flight is nothing like so fast as the buzzing dart of the quail or the wide-swinging zigzag of the jacksnipe, but it is highly eccentric.

Judging Machines.

For registering the results of a foot race the human eye and voice seem sometimes painfully inadequate. Close contests of this kind will doubtless end more pleasantly when the new "judging machine," described by the Golden Penny, comes into general use. The machine, which was invented by an Australian, is designed to be placed at the finish line, and consists of a light metal frame partitioned into two or more divisions, each about four feet wide. On the top of the frame stands a small cabinet containing numbered divisions corresponding to the numbers of the tracks. The instant the first man passes through his division a shutter falls, disclosing his track number. The other numbers are immediately locked, except when the machine is set for final heats. In this case a small cylinder is attached to the machine, and a hammer strikes a mark on the revolving cylinder as the men finish. Thus the exact positions of all the competitors can be told to a nicety. The same inventor has originated an automatic judging machine for bicycle races. It consists of fine, light metal strips placel in a small trench about two inches wide. which is sunk across the track at the finish. During the last lap these strips, which are coated with enamel, are placed in position by means of a lever, and the first wheel to cross receives five marks. In crossing, however, it displaces one of the strips, and the next wheel, therefore, only receives four marks, the third three, and so on



"THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS BUSINESS," HE BEGAN.

most glaring case I ever saw! Mr. that consequently their paths both lay Falkland-Major Brown"-in her agi- in the same direction. tation her ladyship would have apis a forgery, of course!"

A forgery! The word acted like magic upon the two men. Falkland, it might have been," was Evelyn's with his head almost buried in an philosophical rejoinder. evening newspaper and his whole "Anyhow, it is annoying; and of thoughts occupied with the interesting | course some steps ought to be taken in "Beauchamp Case," instantly dropped the matter at once, or the same thing the paper and stood perfectly im- may be occurring again, only next to Evelyn, from Evelyn to her aunt, name, instead of merely the initial." whilst Brown, who had sauntered off "Yes; but, whatever we do, it is to the edge of the terrace, started per- quite hopeless expecting to succeed." lips.

fingers, and then it was Falkland who one's check book safely under lock trips a day as a fair average. As about was the first to speak.

pounds, did you say?" There was ity sensible." strange energy in his voice, a dash of feverish excitement in his manner. "The check has been cashed?"

"Oh, dear no-certainly not! Luckily for Evelyn, the flaw in her signature was discovered in time, so that no harm has been done."

"How very fortunate!" was the reply, terse rather than jubilant.

"And yet I hardly understand," came dubiously from the Major, who, from the moment the expression and alarm had come into his face, had stood, with his head bent, glaring fixed- The thing is"-he looked at her anx- er's Ferry and still suffers from ly at the glowing ash of his cigar. "Of what does the flaw consist?"

Howard readify. "It is simply that | ticeable beneath his tones-"will you | my nice is always in the habit of trust that check to me? If so, I will thirtleth wedding anniversary." The must endure to be separated totally for should die. nigning her name in full-"Evelyn send it straight up to town in the morn- Chicago Matron-"And yet they revile two weeks, and I dure say it will be Chautry Luttreil -- whereas in this case ing for the advice of one of the beat Chicago. Why, I have only had eleven good for us. You will love me a great it is signed only 'Evelyn C. Luttrell." | men in the country."

****** nature? Oh, ridiculous! It is the | Major Brown had turned likewise, and

"This is a very serious business, pealed to her bitterest enemy-"come Miss Luttrell," he began as he walkand say what you think about it. It ed along by her side, going straight to the all-important object.

"Yes; it is rather serious-at least.

movable, looking from Lady Howard time it will probably be your full

you of that five hundred pounds is no abilities .- Philadelphia Record. reason he should be allowed to go acot-free."

"Still how are we to trace him?"

iously; notwithstanding the studied wound received there. calminess of his manner, there was a "Of the mercat trifle," answered Lady strange inexplicable fear almost no-

"Yes," added Evelys, speaking for "Could he find out anything, though. Ican.

neer got married to a native belle in the town at the lower end of his run and set up housekeeping. Among other things they neded was a cooking stove. He could get exactly what they wanted on the American side, but the duty on hardware of that kind was extremely high, and he racked his brains to think of some way to slip it down to his home without paying the exorbitant tariff. A cooking stove is about as easy to smuggle as a baby elephant, but at last he struck a brilliant scheme, and on his next trip he simply lashed the thing to the pilot of his engine. It looked as much out of place as a piano on top of a hearse, but the yardmen were conveniently blind, and he pulled out in triumph. When he stopped at the customs office the Mexican officials stared at the stove in amazement, but they concluded at once that it was some new Yankee device in connection with the locomotive, and asked no questions for fear of betraying their ignorance of up-to-date machinery. The consequence was that the engineer got his stove without paying a cent of duty. He always claimed that. he was not guilty of smuggling because there was no concealment, and the Mexican guards themselves passed if without a word of protest."

An Idea About Money.

Two men were recently looking at the new mint building, at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, and one of them spoke of the fact that in the vaults are stored 65,000,000 silver doliars. His companion made the statement that he would be willing to undertake the job of carrying the coin ceptibly and grew white to the very returned Evelyn, with a rueful shake home in his pockets and hands if alof her head. That poor Sir Adrian lowed to keep it. He claimed that he For a moment not a word was Beauchamp has been offering his re- could readily do it in one year. His uttered, Everybody gazed in fasci- ward for months in the hope of dis- house is about one mile distant from nated silence at the thin slip of in-nocent looking pink paper fluttering name; but it has been perfectly use ability to carry out the contract, and softly to and iro in her ladyship's less. The only wise thing is to keep they computed the matter, allowing 10 and key. After all, Mr. Falkland's 20 coins would weight a pound it was "But the money? Five hundred advice to me the other day was pret- agreed that 1,000 coins a trip would be the limit, thus giving a load of fifty "Yes-lock up your check book, by pounds. This would make 65,000 trips. all means; but even locks and keys or at the rate specified it would take are not always proof against such vit- 6,500 days. The would-be coin-carriet lains as-the writer of that check. It now has a better idea of the number is all very well, Miss Luttrell, but be- represented by the figures and his a cause he has not succeeded in robbing poorer opinion of his own guessing

John Brown's Sam.

John Brown's son, Jason, is living a The Major shrugged his shoulders, hermit's life on the highest peak of send for you." "Well, your first and only chance of the Santa Cruz mountains in Califordiscovery would lie with an expert nia. He was with his father at Harp-

Away Ahead.

FINDS A NOTE UNDER THE DOOR.

his trip, but she said nothing. It was | speech in favor of the union of Walonly when he left the room that she lachia and Moldavia. Mr. Disraeli, followed him and put her arm up round his neck.

"I don't like to have you leave me, darling," she whispered coaxingly. "Is it necessary ?"

The reply came rather shortly.

"Why, of course. Do you suppose I would go if it wasn't? Come, Margaret, don't he silly."

She withdrew her arm immediately. but her face dropped with disappointment and her lips trembled. Her lover moved uneasily, but she recovered herself at once,

"You will write me every day? It will be such a comfort to me when you are not here to know just where you are and what you are doing."

"O, no, my dear. I should not have time to do that. I shall be rushing from one place to another, and it would not pay to display so much sentiment for just two weeks."

"For just two weeks," she repeated, mechanically, and with an effort. "At all events give me an address where mail would reach you. Something might happen; I might want you. Something tells me I shall want to

He laughed rather foreibly.

"You dear little soul, you would agnin."

speaking in opposition, pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people. and the only thing left would be the remorse, "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day." In reply, Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation, "the rhetorician of the day," was intended for himself. Mr. Discaeli interrupted with the remark: "I beg your parden; I really did not mean that." Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment. Mr. Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation. His opponent had placed him in the mortifying position of applying

a remark to himself which had no such personal reference. Therefore, Gladstone's wrath and Disraell's smile. The liberal leader proceeded with his speech and condemaed the "seaquipedalian words and inflated language" of the leader of the conservatives .- Chicago Chronicle,

Uncertainty of the Horse.

Horse Owner-Suppose the motor of your automobile gives out when you sel'!" write me twice a day and it would in- | are half-way between two towns. What terofere with my husiness affairs and then? Horseless Carriage Ownertake my mind off my duties. No mail Well, I wouldn't he any worse off than for me this trip! Why, I am not even if I were half-way between two towns years ago who had boarded every day The Boston Matron-"This is my leaving my address at my hatel. We with a horse and buggy and the horse of her married life, and who never got

weddings." - Philadelphia North Amer. deal more when we are together when one has once persuaded one's "Poor Susan was worked to death "self to put a foot out of bed .-- Goetha. Atchison Globe.

Small Coin in Great Demand.

There has been no relaxation of the demand for fractional silver, and the situation, according to treasury officials, is likely to get worse rather than better. All the uncurrent and defaced coins have now been coined up, and the treasury is at the end of its resources. When Secretary Gage took hold in March, 1897, he had \$16,000,-000 in subsidiary coin. That sum has steadily declined, until now there is less than \$3,000,000 in the possession of the treasury, and this is scattered over the country. The demand for small coins continues from all sections, and there has been found no authority of law to purchase bullion to supply the demand. The secretary last year suggested to congress that he be given authority to use the seigniorage for subsidiary coinage, but the only response was to direct the coinage of all this seigniorage into silver dollars. There will be a scarcity of small change until congress acts.

Her Real Charm.

A Scotch farmer, says London Answers, who was a bachelor and a little past his prime, finding his comforts in life rather meager on account of his indigent circumstances, decided that the best thing he could do was to marry a certain mlddle-aged neighbor of his who did not lack for money. He went, wooed and won, and his estate soon took on an air of greater prosperity. One of the first purchases he made with his wife's money was a horse. When he brought it home he called his wife out to see it. After admiring the unimal she said: "Well, Sandy, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna has been here," "Jenny," replied Sandy, "if it hadna been for yer siller, ye wasna hae been here yer.

An Overworked Woman.

A woman died in Atchison a few out of bed before 3 o'clock in the morning. Still, her falks look reproachfully One's morning indolence is soon gong at the bereaved husband and say that