Copyright by F. G. Browns & Co. CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Daniel joined in merrily and more than held his own in the three-cornered melee. Having bought a paper, he was publishing the sort of yellow journalism the masses wanted.

Very naturally his enemies attacked arst what seemed to them his most vulnerable spot. "Why did he change his name?" "Why did he need an ulias?" "What foul deed had he done and essayed to cover up?" These were the questions hurled broadcast; these the ones they fain would answer. "Investigators" were dispatched to Maryland. All went well-or ill for them, because nothing but good could be found of him-until his nineteenth year. Then they encountered a blank wall. There were five years unaccounted for. His family was unimpeachable. The Daniels of Roanoke county were of the South's first people. The Fitzrandolphs of England and Virginia had distinguished themselves on more than several occasions, Plainly, there was nothing here for their purpose. But those five years!

When they had given up all hope of ever sounding it and were searching in despair for a successful plummet, Diniel very deliberately laid bare on the first page of his newspaper everything it contained. With genial candor, and not without relish, he narrated his five years in trampdom. In justice to himself, in justice to his party, he felt he could do no less. Between the ages of nincteen and twenty-four his had been an eventful life, and the story thereof was not dull.

The bomb exploded with a deafening crash, and with a howl and a shrick his foes were upon him. Rending the disclosure as a pack of wolves, they clawed it, gnashed it, made it ugly and held it up greedily to the public gaze.

And then when the rumble and bombast had died away, when the blood and smoke had passed, Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph stood before the populace -a hero. The city which reveres the memory of a man who, starting as a clerk, later saddled with debts, hewed his way through adversity and became the "Merchant Prince" of the world, butcher's apprenticeship at two dollars a week to the pinnacle of the Union Stock Yards, of scores of others of ignoble beginnings and vast achievements-such a city was not slow to erect a pedestal for one who had once been a vagabond and was now become a multi-millionaire candidate for the highest honor the city of his adoption could pay him. Thus, for the hour, Daniel had become an idol of the people.

Daniel rushed his campaign onward with a tireless zeal that outdistanced his rivals and lost them to view. Here, as in the wheat pit, his endurance and energy were a marvel to all who knew him. He snatched only five hours from the twenty-four for sleep, and less than one hour for meals. Every minute of the remaining eighteen was a busy minute.

The campaign came to a whirlwind finish. Daniel rose at daybreak on election eve and was on the go ceaselessly for twenty hours.

be remarked:

"Altogether, Harry, it has cost me a warm million dollars. But it has been worth it-every cent. I've had a million dollars' worth of fun."

Yet an hour later, had one looked in the front room of Daniel's apartment, one would have doubted it. The room was quite dark, and before the front windows overlooking Grant park he was sitting very silent and motionless. A gray fog was rolling damply in from the lake, thickening the night with its claumy embrace.

From the avenue below came sounds of an irresponsible quartette. They were sendering "The Heart Bowed Down," and even their untutored throats, guttural with libations, could not wholly mar the tragic sweetness of Balfe's sad melody.

The melancholy strains, something softened by the distance, floated dolefully up to him. Music-even the worst-always had a singular effect upon Daniel. Good or bad, he could never listen to it without feeling within him a responsiveness transcending the composer's note. It was as though, sounding the keynote, he soared on into realms the composer essayed, yet

failed to attain. His elbows resting on the arms of the chair, his chin on his interlaced fingers, he sat for a long while gazing into the foggy gloom. And mirrored in his face was an ineffable loneliness which by its very profundity must

needs be mute. He pressed his hands to his forehead and slowly shook his head, again and again, his eyes closed.

Yas, he had falled once more. We would fall next time. He would ger-bowl. While drying them on a

nine o'clock. He had been asleep in his chair five hours.

After costing his ballot the day seemed a void. There was nothing more to do. It was all over now. Already the election was practically settled. He lunched in an obscure little restaurant and went motoring.

Returning, however, he left the car at Twenty-fourth street continued afoot toward town, his raincoat collar turned up, his soft hat down, and wandered aimlessly about, taking studious care to shun his usual haunts.

CHAPTER XV.

All afternoon of that rainy April fourth. Daniel roamed restlessly about the loop, until, shortly before dark, the returns began coming in. About the newspaper offices he mingled with the crowds, black smudges against shining streets, watching the figures flashed by precincts on screens; and when, as often occurred, he was greeted effusively by friends and acquaintances, he would answer perfunctorily and stride on to the next bulletin.

From the start it was plainly seen which way the election tended. Dinwoody was carrying the First, Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards by a big plurality. Fitzrandolph and Buffington were running neck and neck. Skimkus, the Socialist, was last. Before eight o'clock the winner was

John Dinwoody, champion of vice and crime, was elected mayor of Chi-

With a sickening dissolution, Danlel's castle came crumbling about his ears, and he lay among the ruins and the dust, bruised and stunned by the utter havoc, yet unresigned to the inevitable.

Scenting a storm of questions anent his unexplained absence, Daniel forestalled it by outlining to his secretary a philanthropic plan of such magnitude that the curiosity of the two was drowned in astonishment.

"I believe you're kidding!" exclaimed Hunt. "Do you know what such a thing would cost?"

"Fully"-glancing over the letters and telegrams beside his plate.

"It would take the bulk of your for-

tune, rich as you are." "Not 'would,' Harry, 'will.' " Putting aside his mail, and devouring a thick steak as he talked, Daniel continued: "I shall establish these houses in every



Goose! What Did He Mean? He Was a Full Hour Early.

town of a hundred thousand or more In New York, Philadelphia and Chicago there will be one to every two hundred thousand inhabitants-or more if needful. They will be self-supporting, nonprofit-making. Those who can afford will have food and shelter While smoking a good-night cigar at the net cost of provision. Those with Hunt at two o'clock next morning | who cannot will have both free. Above all else, I want no publicity. In fact, I prefer having my name left out of it altogether. I wish you two would remember that, and act accordingly. Each of these settlements, by the way, will be known as an Esther Strom memorial."

Hunt interposed. "Esther Strom? Let me see why, that woman was an anarchist!"

"She was something more besides, Harry. She was a great altruist." Daniel looked down, stirring his coffee slowly and thoughtfully. "And she did me an irremediable wrong," he quietly ended.

Hunt burst out: "Then why the-" "I'm hanged if I know, Harry! I suppose it is a queer notion. We all have them, don't we?" He added in an odd voice: "Perhaps I deserved all I got. Anyway, I believe she was a martyr."

"A martyr to anarchy!"

"But still a martyr to what she con-

sidered right." "Steady, Dan," said Hunt. "You're getting morbid. Come along to the pit today. There's something stirring in summer wheat. It'll wake you up; make you your old self again."

"No use, Harry. I'm finished with speculating."

"You talk like a has-been! Why, you're just starting in life. You've got to do something. A man like you can't loaf. What's it going to be?" "Giving to others."

Hunt jerked his head impatiently. "I mean what business, what line? You've got some big thing up your sleeve.

Dan. Out with it." Daniel dabbled his fingers in a fin-

happiness in my own way. I learned how at daybreak this morning. I am going to give, give, give. And I won't stop giving until the last cent is gone.'

"Dan, I believe you've gone crazy." "And I believe," said the secretary, who read his Bible on occasion, "that Mr. Fitzrandolph shows a very keen wisdom. Furthermore-well, there is a verse in Saint Matthew, which runs; Ye are the salt of the earth. . . . Jonas, the valet, touched his sleeve.

"A special delivery letter, sir." Taking the square envelope from the servant's salver, without observing the superscription, the secretary opened it and perused the contents.

He knitted his brows,

"Puzzling," he murmured, scratching the back of his head, "It's anonymous has neither beginning nor end-" He looked suddenly at the envelope, then, with an apology, handed the message to his employer. "I didn't notice it. It's marked 'personal.' "

One glance at the sheet of note paper, and Daniel sank into his chair. With his strong fingers he pinned the note to the table, breathing rapidly through dilated nostrils. Hunt, sitting next to him, recalled afterward that it was the only time in all the years he had known him that he had ever seen the man's hand tremble.

Daniel looked up, stared blankly a moment at the two silently questioning faces. His lip quivered slightly.

"Boys, I've received startling news I've changed my mind about giving everything away. I'll go ahead with those houses. But I'll go a little saner. In a little saner manner, you understand. And, boys, I am going to do that big thing!" He sprang up.

"Jonas! Call a good livery stable. I want their best saddle horse at twelve sharp. Craig, make an appointment for tomorrow morning with Stanley Graham, the architect. 'Phone for the head barber downstairs, Jonas. Mention ten dollars to him."

Then, without any of them knowing what it was all about, the speculator, the secretary, and the valet, had their hands seized and wrung with a vim that crushed their fingers,

Hunt, burning with curiosity, permitted his eye to rest momentarily upon the opened note lying on the table. He could make nothing out of it. It began without preface and was unsigned. It consisted of two questions, written in a flowing, girlish hand:

"Do you remember our last appointment? Will you keep it today?"

As the superbly lithe, red-haired young woman mounted with cool composure on the sorrel horse, cantered serenely past the Grant monument in Lincoln park she glanced at her watch and saw it was one o'clock. A gardener spading the soft ground beside the bridle-path stopped his work, as well anyone might, to follow her with ad-'earthy" smell of spring in the air, a vernal quickening all about.

Presently-she had passed the end of the hillock just north of the monument-she turned in her saddle, and perceived far to the south a dark shape growing rapidly larger. She jerked the reins precipitately, wheeled about, started back in alarm. Her admirable tranquillity had vanished.

Goose! What did he mean? He was full hour early.

Escape was cut off. Quickly she guided her horse into the concrete arch monument-and waited. Her perturbation increased. Her gloved hand toyed nervously with her riding crop. Her heart pounded against her side. She smoothed for the fifth time her stylish riding-habit, adjusted for the tenth time the pointed hat atop her Titian hair.

What did he mean? He was an hour early--

Now she could hear the rhythmic thud of the hoof-beats. They were coming with break-neck speed. Louder and nearer, louder and nearer, louder and nearer-

A form shot past. Her heart leapt to her throat.

Then the scuffle of a horse checked in a headlong gallop, swiftly returning sounds, and the archway was darkened by a broad-shouldered, athletic man astride a heaving, foam-flecked steed.

His age sat lightly upon him. He looked much younger than he was. He had swept off his hat, and his thick black hair, matted damply against his forehead, showed never a trace of gray. He was distinguished rather than good-looking, and the skin of his newly-and wholly-shaven face was as fresh, as clear, and as glowing as her own.

Stirring within the minds of these two, who had beyond question proved their love for one another, who had known sorrow and bitterness and despair, who had traveled years to reach this moment, treading a long circle to fuse it at last, were-who shall say what thoughts and emotions?

But suppose I tell you what the gardener, spading the soft ground beside the bridle-path, overheard? . . . Well, Kate, how are you?

You came a little early. Two was the hour, you know. . . ." . . . Dan, I like you ever so much

better without the beard. . . ." (THE END.)

Took It Back. Pickpocket (visiting friend to prison)-I engaged a lawyer to speak for you this morning, 81tm, but I had to hand him my watch as a guarantee. Prisoner-And did he keep it? Pickpocket-He thinks he did,

## always fail. He could not forget. He could not forget. He could never forget. Daniel started, sat up suddenly, looked round with a jerk. It was past nine o'clock. He had been asleen in "Henceforth I am going to take my



E VEN the sneerest things of contrive to be a little burdensome in the dog days. They prove themselves possessed of an unsuspected and unwelcome warmth, especially if they are of the clinging sorts of materials, and clinginess is the very last Using one will long for in hot weather. All our concern is to keep as cool as possible and look considerably cooler than we feel-and now is the day of trisp fabrics-organdie, dimity, swiss and taffeta. The first of these accounts for many a delightful midsummer frock and figures as a trimming in frills, or accessories, on dresses of all these other materials.

An old favorite appears among the risp, cool frocks and skirts that look comfortable in sweltering weather. of white, brightened with collar and cuffs of organdy, makes many a re-It is usually meant to be practical and | ble duty.

VEN the sheerest things we wear | is less frilly than dotted swiss dresses in lighter colors. These are frivolous and go to any length they choose in the matter of organdy dissipations. Striped dimity, having a white ground and stripes in gay colors, keeps up with them in this matter of organdy

Besides these irresponsible but charming cotton frocks, there are those of chiffon taffeta, actually even cooler than sheer cottons. Collars and cuffs of organdy contribute to their daintiness also. Taffeta proves the best of all choices for making the coolest separate skirts with everything to recommend it. An example of the taffeta skirt worn with a volle blouse is pictured above. And this Dark blue swiss with scattered dots skirt may have a pretty bodice to match it, with a frilly vestee of lace, a fichu of organdy or other fanciful freshing looking dress and is a joy to alds that convert it into an afternoon behold in the country or on the streets. dress. In this way the skirt does dou-

## miring gaze. There was a delicious The Hats of Late Summer



N MIDSUMMER'S dazzling light, | brim. There is no trimming except eyes retreat into the shadow of wide-brimmed hats; those glowing and protecting shadows that millinery offers in so great a variety of color and degree of shade. Leghorns, crepe, hair-braid, taffeta, organdy and many other airy stuffs go to make up the gay or picturesque dress hats that are the climax of the year's story in millinery and along with these bright crowns for beauty's head there are always those stately hats of fine black lace or malines. These seem fewer this colorful year than in past summers, but they are among those present and perhaps a little more distinguished than ever. But the widebrimmed hat is not for every face or every occasion; it has competitors that are oftener worn and narrowerbrimmed, like those examples for midsummer wear that make up the group of hats shown above.

In this group there are four hats that present themselves as millinery of the kind that makes itself very generally useful and it includes one hatat the top of the picture-made of black malines and having a curtain edge about the brim. The brilliant material called cellophane adds a sparkle to the design, placed in parallel rows about the crown and in the upper | for dancing frocks.

a sash of satin ribbon with bow and ends across the front. Below it, at the left, there is a hat of pink crepe georgette, faced with a light, soft braid in the same color. It has a scarf of georgette that falls from the brim at the back and is edged with buttonhole stitches in yarn. This scart is embellished with yagn embroidery in pastel colors and furnishes all the decoration the model needs.

A very simple but becoming hat at the right is made of wide satin ribbon. having double tucks across it at intervals. This shape has proved so great a favorite that it will reappear in fall hats. This model being of ribbon, in a strong blue, may be worn at any season. The last hat has a brim of raffia and soft crown of taffeta and contents itself with a sash and ends of narrow satin ribbon finished with fringe.

For Dancing Frocks. Gold and silver cloth are favored

## JONAH MERELY A MOUTHFUL

Monster Fish Recently Caught at Miami, Fla., Could Have Accommo dated Twenty Prophets.

Was Jonah swallowed by a whale? According to the bibleal story it was a fish of this nature that entertained the prophet in its interior for three days and nights, but the limited size of the whale's throat precludes the possibility of its swallowing a map.

However, there was caught at MIami, Fla., recently, a fish that could have lunched on 20 Jonahs without suffering the slightest pang of indigestion, and among the many persons who have seen the fish are clergymen who have formulated the theory that it was really a fish of this species that swallowed Jonah.

Here is the way this denizen of the deep, shapes up in the way of dimensional figures: The net weight of the fish, when caught, not including its last meal, was 30,000 pounds. Its liver alone touched the beam at 1,700 pounds, which is about the weight of a hefty bullock. From end to end it measures 45 feet, which is equal to the combined length of eight normal men. At the thickest part the circumference is 23 feet 9 inches.

One of the most impressive features of the fish is its month, which is 50 inches wide and 43 inches deep. Inside of the mouth is a tongue 40 inches, and it has a multitude of teeth much smaller than a baby's. Nobody has ever attempted to count these molars, The tail resembles the caudal appendnge of an airplane and measures 10 feet from tip to tip.

But big as the fish is, it died in infancy. Scientists who have measured its cartilaginous formations say they are far from developed and that had this monster attained full growth it would have been two and a half times as large as it is now.

According to the scientists of the Smithsonian Institution the animal is a whale-shark, and is the first specimen of its kind that has been captured. They state further that it is an inhabitant of water of 1,500 feet depth, its hide of sufficient thickness to withstand the most enormous water pressure, and its eyes, which have no lids and consequently were never closed, indicating that it dwelt as a depth where eyes are of no avail.

The Smithsonian scientists believe that it was thrown up by some subterranean volcanic disturbance, which injured its diving apparatus so that it was unable to return to its natural levels and that thus disabled it strayed beyond confines fixed for the monsters of the deep.

Capt. Charles H. Thompson of MIami, caught the fish while cruising for tarpon off Knight's key, Florida .-New York Independent.

Sunset Colors,

The gorgeous sunset colors are due to the red light which is transmitted through the cloudy sky and is the reverse of the blue of the sky. Water is apparently blue in itself when one looks through a sufficiently long layer. If, however, there were nothing to reflect the light back, the water would, of course, look black, and certain lakes do show exactly this phenomenon. If there is a small amount of reflecting particles the water tooks blue. With more suspended particles a certain amount of yellow is sent back, and the water becomes green. In the tropics the water is an intense blue, except near the shore, where it becomes an almost equally intense green.

The water of the Rhone where it flows out of the Lake of Geneva is blue, while the Rhine of Strasbourg is green, and we find that the Rhine contains 70 per cent more suspended calcium carbonate than the Rhone. Sometimes the water in a swimming tank will be green. This is due to suspended solids in the water. The same effect can occasionally be obtained in a porcelain-lined bathtub. The clear brown brooks that one finds in many places in New England owe their color to the presence of a brown material of the nature of tannin, so this would really be a pigment color and not a structural one.-Scientific American.

Measuring Our Universe.

Astronomers are inclined to believe that our universe with its 8,000,000 stars is after all but a part of space and that other universes may lie beyond. Attempts have been made to measure the size of the so-called universe, but opinions differ very widely as to its dimensions. It is difficult to measure it by using so small a unit of measure as a mile. If we take the speed of light which travels 186,000 miles in a single second, for comparison we will begin to gain some faint idea of the dimensions. Light speeding along at this rate will travel in an hour 669,660,000 miles. It is estimated that it would take light 30,000 years to travel across this space. Some astronomers even believe that it would take ten times as long or 300,000 light years. The mind can scarcely grasp the idea that beyond this universe lie even greater voids,-Boy's Life.

Maiden Lane's Fame in Peril. Malden lane, in the heart of the New York business district, may lose its identity if the diamond and jewelry and allied trades there decide to

move uptown. Great increase in rents recently caused the tradesmen to appoint a committee to consider a proposal to shift the entire trade center. This committee, it was learned, has recommended/several new sites and a canass will soon be taken on the propoition. More than 75 leading firms, acluding large manufacturers, are

aid to be considering moving.