

CHAPTER IV.

In other words, we had departed the scene of festivities none too soon. I could readily understand why the door had been locked; it was not to keep us in the cellars; rather it was to prevent any one from leaving the ball room by that route. Evidently our absence had not been noticed, nor had any seen our precipitate flight. I sighed gratefully

and motionless on the landing. At tle shelf lined with steward's candles. by no other exit. One of these I lighted, and two others noftly down the stairs, the gitl tug- forehand?" ging fearfully at my sleeve.

It was ghostly; but so far as I was if my laughter armoved you." concerned, 1 was honestly enjoying an adventure with the handsomest, out? wittiest girl I had ever laid eyes upon. If I extricated her neatly, she would always be in my debt; and the thought | went on. of this was mighty pleasant to contemplate:

'Do you know the way out?" I confessed that, so far as I knew, we were in one of the fabled labyrinths

of mythology. "Go ahead," she said bravely.

"I ask only to die in your highness'

service,"-soberly. "But I do not want you to die; I

want you to get me out of this cellar; and quickly, too.' "I'll live or die in the attempt!"

"I see nothing funny in our predicament,"-icily.

"A few moments ago you said that onr angles of vision were not the ically. same; I begin to believe it. As for me. I think it's simply immense to find myself in the same boat with

'I wish you had been an anarchist, or a performer in a dime museum."

You might now be alone here. But, pardon me; surely you do not lack the full allotment of the adventurous spirit! It was all amusing enough to come here under false pretenses."

"But I had not reckoned on any one's losing jewels."

No more had L"

Proceed. I have the courage to trust to your guidance."

"I would that it might be al- enough. If any one had heard the ways!"-with a burst of sentiment that was not wholly feigne

"Let us go on,"-impatiently. shall not only eatch my death of celd, but I shall be horribly compro-

My dear young lady, on the word of a gentleman, I will do the best I can to get you out of this cellar. If I have jested a little, it was only in the effort to give you courage; for I haven't the slightest idea how we are going to get out of this dismal hole." We went on. We couldn't see half a dozen feet in front of us. The gloom beyond the dozen feet was Stygian and menacing. And the great grim shadows that crept behind us as we proceeded! Once the girl stumbled

and fell against me. "What's the matter?" I asked, start-

"I stepped on something that-that moved!"-plaintively.

"Possibly it was a potato; there's s bin of them over there. Where the deuce are we?" "If you swear, I shall certainly

But I can swear in the most elegant and approved fashion.

scream!" she warned.

"I am not inclined to have you demonstrate your talents.

"Aha! Here is the coal-bin. Perhaps the window may be open. If so,

we are saved. Will you hold the candle for a moment?" Have you ever witnessed footing it across the snow? If you have, picture me imitating her. Cau-

tiously I took one step, then another; and then that mountain of coal turned into a roaring treadmill. Sssssh! Rrrrr! In a moment I was buried to the knees and nearly suffocated. I became angry. I would reach that "Hush! Hush! The noise, the

noise!" whispered the girl, waving the candle frantically.

But I was determined. Again I tried. This time I slipped and fell on my hands. As I strove to get up, the cord on my gown became tangled about my feet. The girl choked; whether with coal dust or with laughter I could not say, as she still had on her cambric mask.

"Forgive me," she said. And then I knew it was not the coal dust. "I'll forgive you, but I will not

promise to forget.' "Merciful heavens! you must not try that again. Think of the

noise! "Was I making any noise?"-rub-

bing the perspiration from my forebead. (I had taken off my mask.) "Noise? The trump of Judgment Day will be feeble compared to it. Burely some one has heard you. Why not lay that board on top of the

A good idea. I made use of it at once. The window was unlatched, claimed, as we came into view of the but there was a heavy wire-screen huge heating apparatus. "And there's -nailed to the slits contride. There more coal." was no getting ort that way. The gods were evidently busy else-

where. "Nothing doing, I murmured, a bit

"iscouraged. "And even if there was, you real", could not expect me to risk my For several minutes we stood silent | neck and dignity by climbing through a window like that. Let us give length I boldly struck a match. The up the idea of windows, and seek first thing that greeted my blinded the cellar doors, those fiat give to gaze was the welcome vision of a lit- the grounds. I declare i shall leave

I stuffed into the pocket or any it. let me make an ass of myself like puchin's gown. Then we tiptoed that, W, y didn't you tell me be-

Perhaps it's the angle of vision There was an earthly smell. It was again. I can see that we shall never damp and cold. Miles and miles away agree. Seriously, I thought that if (so it seemed) the pale moonshine yer got out that way, you might find filtered through a cobwebbed window, the other axit for me. A am sorry

"Not at all, not at all. But wouldn't myself, strange as this statement may it be wise to save a little laughter neem. Here was I, setting forth upon to make merry with when we get

I stepped out of the bin and re-Heved her of the candle: and we

"You did look .nuny." she said. Please don't!" I begged.

Soon we came to a bin of cabbages. I peered in philosophically. "I might find a latter head in there than mine." I suggested. "Now you are trying to be sarcas-

tic," said the girl. We went on.

"Wait a moment!" she cried. "Here's a bin of nice apples."

Apples! Well, my word, she was a cool one! I picked up one, polished it on my sleeve, and gave it to her.

"I'm hungry," she said, apologet-

"And plucky, too," I supplemented. admiringly. "Most women would be in a weeping state by this time. all over.'

You had better take off your mask. her exquisite face would act like a tonic upon my nerves.

can at least keep my face clean." She bite of the apple-so nonchalantly them training. that I was forced to smile.

"Here's a box." said I: "lets sit down while we eat. We are safe





"Proceed. I Have the Courage Trust to Your Guidance."

racket in the coal bin, the cellar would have been full of police by this

And there we sat, calmly munching the apples, for all the world as if the iron hand of the law wasn't within a thousand miles of us. It was all very amusing.

"Are—are you the man they are hunting for?" she asked abruptly. "I never stole anything more terri-

ble than green apples-and ripe ones' -with a nod toward the apple bin. "Pardon me! I feel very guilty in asking you such a question.

haven't told me your name.' "Haven't 1? My name is Richard Comstalk. My friends call me Dicky."

"Dicky," she murmured. "It's a nice name. "Won't you have another apple?" asked impulsively.

"My appetite is appeased, thank

'An idea came to me. 'Hamilton said there were three tens of hearts. That meant that only one was out of thing as training for citizenship order. Where did you get your card?"

"That I shall tell you-later." "But are you really an impostor?" "I should not be in this cellar else." "You are very mystifying."

"For the present I prefer to remain

We tossed aside the apple cores, rose, and went on. It was the longest and wholesome principles is to be horn." Stop after stop was made, and celler I ever saw. There seemed absolutely no end to it. The wine cellar was walled apart from the main cellar, and had the semblance of a huge cistern with a door opening lute it. For sale at the Falls City Music train is taking a regular high school we passed it, the vague perfume Company.

gratefully. "It seems strange that nosody should be in the cellar on a night like this. Hark! They are playing assain as stairs in the ball room,' And wondering a whole for where

that third ten of hearts has gone." But, listen. How are we to get back to the trolley? We certainly can not walk the Ustance in these

Oh, that carryall will come to our rescue. We are weary and are leaving early, don't you know. That part is simple; the complicated thing is to sP. ke the dust of this cellar."

"What a big "furnace!" she ex-

A man stepped out from behind th furnace and confronted us. A red ing all his pleasures. For weeks at a bandana covered the lower part of his his eyes. But I recognized him instantly. It was the fellow with the villainous pipe! Something glittered ominously at the end of his outstretched arm.

If you make any noise, sir, I'll have to plug you, si.," he said in polite but muffled tones.

The candle slipped from my fingers, "It was very kind of you to and the three of us stood in darkness!

of the grape drifted out to us. 'Let's have a bottle," I began.

'Mr. Comstalk!"

'By absent-treatment!" I bastened to add. You will make a capital comrade-

if we ever get out of this cellar." "Trust me for that!" I replied gaily Be careful; there's a pile of empty bottles, yearning to be filled with tomato catsup. Give me your hand." But the moment the little digits closed over mine, a thrill seized me, and I quickly bent my head and kissed the hand. It was wrong, but I could not help it. She never spoke nor withdrew her hand; and my fear that

she might really be offended vanished. We are nearly out of it," I said exultantly. "I see the cellar stairs on ahead. If only those doors are open!"

Heaven is merciful to the foot at we are a pair," she replied.

Training The Youth In Citizen

ship. Judge Willis Brown of Indian spolis, who organized the American Anti-Cigarette League, has a novel and unique plan for educating the American youth in the duties of citizenship. He propo-"Perhaps I am waiting till it is ses to establish what he calls a "Boys City," in the nature of a In fact I felt positive that the sight of Chautauqua. One of its purpos es is to bring boys from twelve "I am doing very well with it on. I to eighteen years together in a raised the curtain and took a liberal Wholesome atmosphere and give

Woven into the work is a nati onal association of invenile court judges, who are now without any rganization for the exchange of deas, and there will be established at Winona Lake, Ind., a summer school, where Sunday school teachers, Y. M. C. A., workers WEATHER AFFECTS RATES and all who are interested in how life and boy problems may mee and discuss phases of the work in which they are engaged, and at the same time may study juvenile life as they find it in the Boy's start with, writes Samuel Spencer, in

The Boys' City is not to be made up of street Arabs, but of past a total failure of the ice crop boys from the Sunday schools of on the Hudson river and the lakes and all denominations. Geographically it is to be a model city, with its hundreds of tents arranged in utilized for the supply of ice for New streets. It will have its park system, its athletic fields, and the lake Champlain and Lake George, several will provide facilities for boating, hundred miles away, seemed most bathing and fishing. The city available, and rall transportation had to be arranged. Here was a new sitwill have its sanitary system, it uation, and a new and exceptional will have its forces of boys, who, traffic, for which no rates had ever by alternating in this service will before been needed or established. keep the city clean. but it will necessary low rates were made, the ice be a city without police officers, was transported, and the deficiency police or juvenile courts. Every boy will be a citizen on his honor, another aspect to the ice problem. The city will be divided into wards particularly cold season left a large and each ward will elect a representative to the city council. The This depressed the ice so as to affect municipality will have a boy may- injuriously the business of those lakes or, to be chosen by the youthful in Pennsylvania which

aims at the education, along correct lines, of the future real citi- their rates for ice transportation in fluence upon the youth must be beneficial. We have no such in this country. The only example youth gets is from politicians to be the reverse, Hence any welcomed.

"Red Pepper!" It's a hot one!

LOYALTY WON FORTUNE.

Railroad Man Lcaves Generous Bequest to His Long-Time Assistant.

Eighteen years of unswerving devotion has brought its rich reward to John Smyth, of 87 Crawford road, N. E., once a New York "cabby," now the heir of a railroad man of wealth. For that length of time he served the late George Burdette Spriggs, formerly general freight agent of the Niekel Plate system, in the capacity of valet and confidential secre-For five years prior to his death Mr. Spriggs was an invalid suffering from an incurable malady. During that time Smyth hovered over his beside, foregotime the faithful valet was seldom able tage and his hat was yulled down over to take off his clothes and was forced to ting the arms which seized and

> he did not forget the self-sacrificing devotion of the man who soothed the last hours of his lonely life. The former "cabby" from New York is now heir to real estate and moneys representing a bequest of more than \$50,000. It was on a dull November morning, 18 years ago, that George Burdette Spriggs met John Smyth, cabman, in the lot by the Hoffman house, New York. "Cab, sir?" inquired Smyth of the

Mr. Spriggs died a few weeks ago; but

magnate. Spriggs turned and looked at the

his afflicted employer.

'cabby.' "Is this the man you recommended?" he asked, turning to the hotel clerk at

the desk. The clerk nodded. "Son, would you like to go to Cleveland with me? I have just discharged my valet, and Callahan here tells me you are honest and trustworthy. Will you come?"

It did not take long to strike the bargain. The promise of travel and the in- mente-had a spread of about 20 ducements held out were too strong to feet and gave the beatman a hard be resisted by the neophyte who wished to plunge into the baptism of life-real life-by "seeing the country." And the arrangement was never regretted, either by the busy man of railroad affairs, who giant of the deep sea, living among had neither wife nor child to brighten his life, or by the former cabby, who left little behind, and who is yet in the full tide of young manhood, with the means at his disposal to pursue a crowning de-

"He never treated me as a servant, but rather as a companion," said Smyth. "Mr. Spriggs was one of those men whom the possession of wealth does not spoil. He was liked by every person with whom he came in contact, by his servants as well as by his business asso-

"The property he left me was entirely unexpected. Before he died he told me I should be taken care of in his will. But what was left to me was so much beyond my deserts or expectations that I was overwhelmed. I tried to do my duty while I was in his employ, but really I did nothing more than what I was very liberally paid for."

George Burdette Spriggs was 71 years old when he died. He had railroad and other interests in Canada and on the continent as well as those in this counry. By his will be left \$500 to each of tim." three other employes and some of his real estate to a niece in Gloucestershire, REYNOLDS AND HIS RIVAL. England. The rest of his estate he bequeathed to John Smyth, once cabman, then faithful valet

Conditions of Temperature May Force Railroads to Radical Reductions.

Weather conditions are frequently of striking influence upon rates. T "Railway Rates and Industrial Progress," in Century, the seasonable topic of ice, there was in a winter not long streams in New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. It was suddenly re alized that distant sources must be York and the populous adjoining re gion for the coming summer. Lake The emergency was quickly met. The

supplied. A year or so ago the weather gave surplus stock of ice in the icebouses in the vicinity of New York city regularly shipped ice to New York. To repair as far as possible this unexpected in The idea is a good one. It jury to a regular, established business the railroads leading from Pennsylvania made a substantial reduction in zens of the country, and its in. order that their patrons during the emergency might reach other more distant markets.

Reed's Ride "Round the Horn." Tom Reed, accompanied by William Bryant, a well-known politician in Waltham, took a Watertown branch and this example is by no means (Fitchburg railroad) train one evenalways good; indeed, it is more apt ing a few years ago for the watch city, where he was booked to speak at a Republican rally. It was Reed's step that will inculcate proper first experience going "around the finally the brakeman sang out: 'Bleachery! Bleachery! The next station is Chemistry!"

"Say, Bill," drawled Reed, "this course." - Boston Herald.

OCTOPUS UNCANNY THING

Cuttlefish Have Been Found with a Thinking an Exhaustive Process and Reach of Thirty-Eight Feet -Kill Victims.

Of all the big game of the deep sea that have been taken by man ed recently by Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald. the cuttlefishes are the most diabolical in shape and general appearance. I have handled and measured one that was 38 feet in energy which is within the body. The length, a weird, spiderlike creature with two antennaclike arms 30 feet in length, says a writer in Metropolitan Magazine. Specimens of these animals have been caught 70 feet in length, the captors fighting them with an ax, cutsnatch his sleep in a chair by the bed of | held the hoat.

Off the coasts of California and Alaska there is a big deep sea ally of this animal-a big spiderlike octopus-that haunts the deep banks, preying upon the fishes most esteemed by fishermen. It is found off the Farraiones on rock bottom and at times the fishermen haul in their lines thinking that they have fouled a stone or rock, so heavy is the weight, but when the surface is reached long, livid rms shoot above the water, seize the boat and the menure forced to light with knives and hatchets the weird, uncanny game that has a radial spread of 30 feet, its eight sucker-lined arms being 15 feet in length and possessed of extraordinary power. A specimen taken off the island of San Cle battle to sever in fiving a nes

Nothing more diabolical can be conceived than this spiderlik the rocks 600 to 1,000 feet below the surface. An individual of moderate size which I kept alive displayed the greatest pugnacity. would literally hurl itself at my arm, winding its long tentacles do. Indeed, Dr. A. S. Packard, professor of zoology at Brown uni-

versity, says: "An Indian woman at Victoria, Vancouver island, in 1877, was bathing on the shore. Smaller specimens on coral reefs sometimes seize collectors or natives, frighten to death the hapless vic-

Contrast Between the Two Artists-Difference Between Art and Nature

artists is almost the difference between art and nature, says St. Nicholas, Reynolds was learned in almost everything for himself; but at the dictates of what he felt. Gainsborough painted on the spur | -Country Gentleman. of the impression which the subject aroused. Reynolds' art was based on safe general principles: Gainsborough's was the fresh and of salt, sugar and butter. When this spontaneous expression of his temperament-depending, that is to say, on feelings rather than on calculation. His temperament or habit of mind, was dreamy and poetic, gentle and retiring, including a small range of experience. Reynolds, on the other hand, was a man of the world and of business half an hour. Bake one hour in a capacity; intimate with Samuel moderate oven. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and other celebrities of the day; a man of knowledge and clever conversational power, whose pictures by their variety prove his versatility. Consequently when the Royal academy was established, in 1768, he was elected president by acclamation and was knighted by George III., an honor that has ever since been bestowed on the holder of this office.

These two men were at the head of the group of portrait painters who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century and in the early years of the succeeding one, added luster to the new growth of art in England.

Bunyan in 105 Languages.

One book alone, the "Pilgrim's Progress," holds the record for English literature, having been reproduced in 105 different tongues

TO EXTEND YOUR LIFE.

the Need the Brain Worker Has of Repair.

According to the theories propoundof the University of Leipsic, in his lecture before the students of Columbia university, the length of human life depends upon the store of psychic prolongation of life at pleasure, according to his theory, should be merely a question of revitalizing the body occasionally with this mysterious force, which travels through the nervous system, and which experiment has shown to be closely akin to electricity. Dr. Ostwald said in part:

"Thinking is the most exhaustly kind of work, because it consumes more of this force than any physical process. It has often been found upon stopping the process of thought that this energy is transformed into heat in the body, and at the same time there is less need of reenforcement of the supply of energy. When I am engaged in severe mental labor, as I have been since coming to America, I eat twice as much as I do when I am not so engaged. This only shows that the brain is constantly using up a supply of the energy, and to keep up brain work we must keep supplying the energy from the outside.

"Most of this energy comes in through the food which we eat, but every sense impression, such as seeing, hearing or feeling, conveys a certain amount of force into the body. When the body once receives the energy, it acts just like any other machine in its transferrences. The question of long life then is simply a question of keeping up the supply. As long as the vital organs are able to assimilate properly, thus providing the body with the force that is used up in mental and physical processes. a person should remain young. - Boston Budget and Beacon.

BLANKETS AND WOOLENS.

How to Cleanse Blankets the Right Way and How to Put Away Woolens.

Washing Blankets.-When my lit-The moment I approached it the neighbor washes blankets, it is a pleasure just to sit by and watch the pretty, soft, fluffy things blowing on the line. The process is so about it in a manner suggestive simple that I have learned to do it of what a large individual might myself. Choose a warm, sunny, but windy day. This is important, if the best results are wished. While dry, look over them carefully, and put a safety pin in the center of the spoiled spots. For one pair of blankets, prepare a suds with half a cake seized and drowned by an octopus, of any good white soap, with one probably of this species, while tablespoonful each of borax and ammonia. The suds must be as hot as you can bear the hand in. Let the blankets stand in this for an hour. and if the water is too cold, add and, fastening to them with their more hot water. Then look up the relentless suckered arms, tire and places where the plns are, remove these and rub between the hands until the spots disappear. Do not rub the board, and do not seap on the blanket direct; have ready a second tub of suds, and paddle them around in this, squeezing and pressing tween the hands; rinse in not less than three waters of the same temperature, running them through the wringer each time. Fasten with at The contrast between these two least a dozen pins to the line, and

shake frequently while drying. Storing Woolens.-This is the seaon for putting away woolen clothes and furs. No moth balls or other what other painters had done, and vile-smelling substance will be needed had reduced his own art to a sys. if the garments are hung on the line tem. Gainsborough found out in the sun, whipped with a light switch, and in the case of clothes all the soil spots carefully cleaned. Then never lost the simple, natural way the up in clean pillow cases or, better of looking at things and people; still, fold over the hems and run and painted not according to rule, along on the machine. A chain-stitch machine is best for this purpose, as it is easily ripped; but if a lock-stitch Reynolds planned out his effects, is used, have the bottom thread loose.

Whole Wheat Bread.

Scald one cupful of milk, add one cupful of water, one teaspoonful each is lukewarm, add one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one-half of a cupful of lukewarm water, and enough whole wheat flour to make a thin batter. Have this done by six o'clock and set in a warm place until ten o'clock. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, kneading well. Let it rise until morning. Then stir down and pour into well-greased pans and let it rise

To Renew a Mirror.

Keep for this purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth, and silk handkerchief. all entirely free from dirt, as the least grit will scratch the fine surface of the glass. First sponge it with a little spirits of wine, or gin and water, to clean off all spots; then dust over it powdered blue tied in muslin, rub it lightly and quickly off with the cloth, and finish by rubbing with the silk handkerchief. Be careful not to rub the edges of the frame.

Moth in Carpets.

If the moths have got into a carpet it must be taken up, thoroughly shaken, and pressed with a flatiron as hot as it will bear without scorching. Then liberally sprinkle the floor where it is to lie with spirits of turpentine, pouring it into any cracks there may be between the boards.

For Washing Brushes.

Dissolve rock ammonia in the proportion of one ounce to two quarts of water. Dip the bristles lightly in this and move backward and forward Rinse thoroughly in cold water, shake and dry in the sun.