

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task...

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

"My name is Dudley—Giles Dudley." "Where is Wilton?" "Dead."

"Dead? Did you kill him?" The half-kindly look disappeared from her eyes and the hard lines settled into an expression of malevolent repulsiveness.

"He was my best friend," I said sadly; and then I described the leading events of the tragedy I had witnessed.

"And you think he left his job to you?" she said with a sneer. "I have taken it up as well as I can. To be frank with you, Mrs. Borton, I know nothing about his job. I'm going along on blind chance, and trying to keep a whole skin."

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed half-pityingly, half-admiringly. "You put your hands to a job you know nothing about, when Henry Wilton couldn't carry it with all his wits about him."

face grew sharp and cunning in its look. "What can I do?" "Tell me, in God's name, where I stand. What is this dreadful mystery? Who is this boy? Why is he hidden and why do these people want to know where he is?"

"I burst out with these questions passionately, almost frantically. This was the first time I had had chance to demand them of another human being."

"Mother Borton gave me a leer. "I wish I could tell you, my dear, but I don't know." "You mean you dare not tell me," I said boldly. "You have done me a great service, but if I am to save myself from the dangers that surround me I must know more. Can't you see that?"

"Yes," she nodded. "You're in a hard row of stumps, young man." "And you can help me." "Well, I will," she said, suddenly softening again. "I took a shine to you when you came in, an' I says to myself, 'I'll save that young fellow,' an' I done it. And I'll do more. Mr. Wilton was a fine gentleman, an' I'd do something, if I could, to get even with those murderin' gutter-pickers that laid him out on a slab."

"She hesitated and looked around at the shadows thrown by the flickering candle. "Well?" I said impatiently. "Who is the boy, and where is he?" "Never you mind that young fel-

low. Let me tell you what I know. Then maybe we'll have time to go into things I don't know." "It was of no use to urge her. I bowed my assent to her terms. "I'll name no names," she said. "My throat can be cut as quick as yours, and maybe quicker."

"The ones that has the boy means all right. They're rich. The ones as is looking for the boy is all wrong. They'll be rich if they gets him." "How?" "Why, I don't know," said Mother Borton. "I'm tellin' you what Henry Wilton told me."

"Why did he bring me here to-night?" "I hear there's orders come to change the place—the boy's place, you know. You was to tell 'em where the new one was to be, I reckon, but Tom Terrill spoiled things. He's lightning, is Tom Terrill. But I guess he got it all out of Dicky, though where Dicky got it the Lord only knows."

"This was all that was to be had from Mother Borton. Either she knew no more, or she was sharp enough to hide a knowledge that might be dangerous, even fatal, to reveal. She was willing to serve me, and I was forced to let it pass that she knew no more."

"Well, I'd better be going then," said I at last. "It's nearly 4 o'clock, and everything seems to be quiet hereabouts. I'll find my way to my room." "You'll do no such thing," said Mother Borton. "They've not given up the chase yet. Your men have gone home, I reckon, but I'll bet the saloon that you'd have a surprise before you got to the corner."

"Not a pleasant prospect," said I grimly. "No, you must stay here. The room next to this one is just the thing for you. See?" "She drew me into the adjoining room, shading the candle as we passed through the hall, that no gleam might fall where it would attract attention."

"You'll be safe here," she said. "Now do as I say. Go to sleep and get some rest. You ain't had much, I guess, since you got to San Francisco." The room was cheerless, but in the circumstances the advice appeared good. I was probably safer here than in the street, and I needed the rest.

"Good night," said my strange protectress. "You needn't get up till you get ready. This is a beautiful room—beautiful. I call it our bridal chamber, though we don't get no brides down here. There won't be no sun to bother your eyes in the mornin', for that window don't open up outside. So there can't nobody get in unless he comes from inside the house. There, git to bed. Look out you don't set fire to nothing. And put

out the candle. Now good night, dearie." Mother Borton closed the door behind her, and left me to the shadows. There was nothing to be gained by sitting up, and the candle was past its full inch. I felt that I could not sleep, but I would lie down on the bed and rest my tired limbs, that I might refresh myself for the demands of the day. I kicked off my boots, put my revolver under my hand and lay down. Heedless of Mother Borton's warning I left the candle to burn to the socket, and watched the flickering shadows chase each other over walls and ceiling, finally dropping off to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII. In Which I Meet a Few Surprises. I awoke with the sense of threatened danger strong in my mind. For a

moment I was unable to recall where I was, or on what errand I had come. Then memory returned in a flood, and I sprang from the bed and peered about me. A dim light struggled in from the darkened window, but no cause for apprehension could be seen. I was the only creature that breathed the air of that bleak and dingy room.

I drew aside the curtain, and threw up the window. It opened merely on a light-well, and the blank walls beyond gave back the cheery reflection of a patch of sunshine that fell at an angle from above. The fresher air that crept in from the window cleared my mind, a dash of water refreshed my body and I was ready once more to face whatever might befall.

I looked at my watch. It was 8 o'clock, and I had slept four hours in this place. Truly I had been imprudent after my adventure below, but I had been right in trusting Mother Borton. Then I began to realize that I was outrageously hungry, and I remembered that I should be at the office by 9 to receive the commands of Doudridge Knapp, should he choose to send them.

I threw back the bolt, but when I tried to swing the door open it resisted my efforts. The key had been missing when I closed it, but a sliding bolt had fastened it securely. Now I saw that the door was locked. Here was a strange predicament. I had heard nothing of the noise of the key before I lost myself in slumber. Mother Borton must have turned it as an additional precaution as I slept. But how was I to get out? I hesitated to make a noise that could attract attention. It might bring some one less kindly disposed than my hostess of the night. But there was no other way. I was trapped, and must take the risk of summoning assistance.

I rapped on the panel and listened. No sound rewarded me. I rapped again more vigorously, but only silence followed. The house might have been the grave for all the signs of life it gave back. There was something ominous about it. To be locked, thus, in a dark room of this house in which I had already been attacked, was enough to shake my spirit and resolution for the moment. What lay without the door, my apprehension asked me. Was it part of the plot to get the secret it was supposed I held? Had Mother Borton been murdered and the house seized? Or had Mother Borton played me false and was I now a prisoner to my own party for my enforced imposture, as one who knew too much to be left at large and too little to be of use? On a second and calmer thought it was evidently folly to bring my jailers about my ears, if jailers there were. I abandoned my half-formed plan of breaking down the door, and turned to the window and the light-well. Another window faced on the same space not five feet away. If it were but opened I might swing myself over and through it; but it was closed, and a curtain hid the unknown possibilities and dangers of the interior. A dozen feet above was the roof, with no projection or foothold by which it might be reached. Below, the light-well ended in a tinued floor, about four feet from the window sill.

I swung myself down, and with two steps was trying the other window. It was unlocked. I raised the sash cautiously, but its creaking protest seemed to my excited ears to be loud enough to wake any but the dead. I stopped and listened after each squeak of the frame. There was no sign of movement. Then I pushed aside the curtain cautiously, and looked within. The room appeared absolutely bare. Gaining confidence at the sight, I threw the curtain farther back, and with a bound climbed in, revolver in hand. The room was, as I had thought, bare and deserted. There was a musty smell about it, as though it had not been opened for a long time, and dust and desolation lay heavy upon it. There was, however, nothing here to linger for, and I hastened to try the door. It was locked. I stooped to examine the fastening. It was of the cheapest kind, attached to door and casement by small screws. With a good wrench it gave way, and I found myself in a dark side-hall between two rooms. Three steps brought me to the main hall, and I recognized it for the same through which I had felt my way in the darkness of the night. I took my steps cautiously down the stairs, following the way that led to the side entrance. The saloon and restaurant room I was anxious to evade, for there would doubtless be a barkeeper and several loiterers about. It could not be avoided, however. As I neared the bottom of the stairs I saw that a door led from the hallway to the saloon, and that it was open. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE WOMAN'S ENDURANCE. Southern Woman Suffers Torture Without Complaint. Racked and torn with terrific pains, nightly annoyed by kidney irregularities, Mrs. A. S. Payne, of 801 Third Ave. So., Columbus, Miss., suffered for years. She says: "The pains in my back, sides and loins were so terrible that I often smothered a scream. Every move meant agony. My rest was broken by a troublesome weakness and the secretions seemed to burn like acid. I was in an awful condition and doctors did not seem to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me from the first and soon made me a strong and healthy woman."

New Chart Corrects Errors. The great practical utility of the magnetic survey made in the Pacific ocean by the yacht Galilee since 1905 is shown by a new magnetic chart, from which it appears that the charts previously used by navigators in the Pacific ocean were erroneous along some much-traversed routes to the extent of from three to five degrees, and the errors at times were systematic. Errors of this magnitude are of importance in practical navigation where the indications of the compass should be as accurate as possible.

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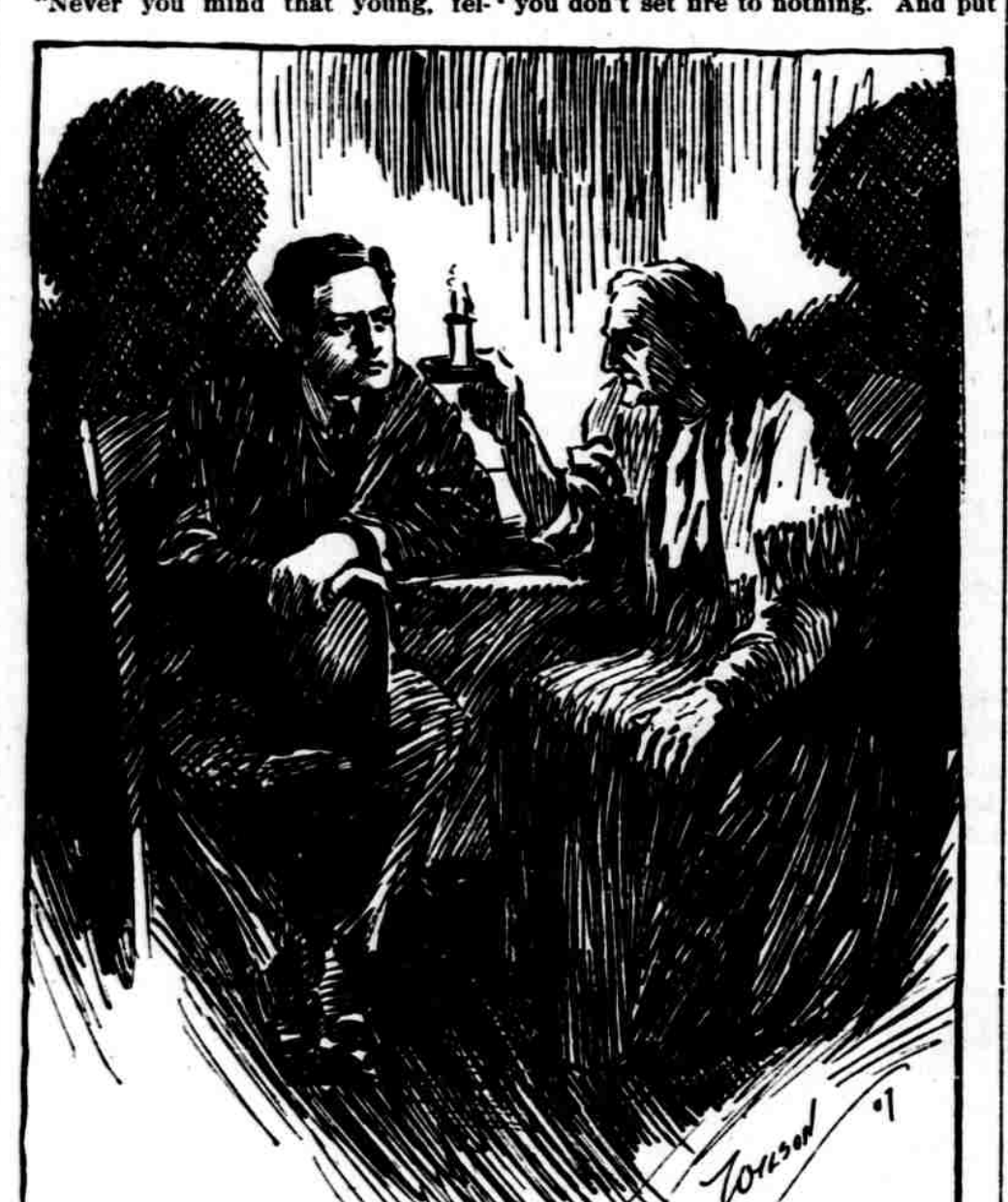
Placed. Knicker—Was he among those who also spoke? Bocker—No; he was among those who said in part—New York Sun. Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. The woman who hesitates usually has an impediment in her speech.

MIGHT YET BE PERSUADED. Sweet Girl Brought to Ask Time for Reconsideration. "Since you can be no more than a sister to me," said the heartbroken young man, "will you not give me one kiss of farewell?" She assented, albeit coldly. And Mannering drew the girl to his heart, he pressed his lips to hers with a passionate fervor born of his despair. Afterward her head sank gently upon his shoulder. "Mr. Mannering," she breathed, "this is all so—all so new to me—so strangely different from my expectations—perhaps, if you would give me time—time to reconsider—" But, dear reader, let us draw a veil over the sacred scene.—Exchange.

Milder Definition. At Emerson's dinner table one day there was mention of a woman well known as a lion hunter; and, in speaking of her, Mrs. Emerson used the word "snob." Mr. Emerson objected, the word was too harsh; he didn't like that ugly class of words, beginning with "sn." His wife inquired how he would characterize the lady. "I should say,"—very slowly—"she is a person having great sympathy with success."

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WOMAN'S BACKACHE. The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention. In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says: "I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain 'a my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life." Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman." FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Do You Want a Farm? Where the climate is superb, the water abundant and pure, the lands very cheap, and where grain and forage, stock and poultry, commercial fruit and truck yield. The Largest Money Return For Acres Here, get it in Western Arkansas along the line of the Kansas City Southern Railway Company. Write for information to S. C. WARNER, G. P. & T. A., Kansas City, Mo. WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained PENSIONS by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 25, 1908.



MOVED THE CANDLE BACK AND FORTH BEFORE MY FACE

SURNAMES NOT USED BY KINGS

Only Christian Names Signed by Members of Royal Houses. The origin of most royal houses was similar throughout Europe, and kings and their families, speaking broadly, never had or used surnames. They signed their Christian names alone. So universally was this the case that it became rigid etiquette that a person of royal birth should not use a surname, though there have been numbers of cases of dynasties, like our own Stuarts, like the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden or like the Bonaparte family, who unquestionably and indubitably had inherited surnames. But it has always been a puzzle why the cadet members of our own royal house do not subscribe themselves as peers by their peerage designations, as do other peers. However, the fact is they do not, but it has not been discovered what are the rules which govern their signatures. The sovereign signs by the Christian name and usually adds "R."

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