

RAILWAY TIME CARD—Continued.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Burlington Route, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Burlington Route, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Chicago & North Western, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Illinois Central, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Dominion Line, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Burning Negro Confesses, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Express Runs into Freight, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes Express Runs into Freight, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley.

Thoroughbreds.

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "The Outcast," "Nooswa," and Other Stories.

(Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) CHAPTER XXXI.

As Farrell had suggested, Crane sought him at his office the next day at 10 o'clock. Farrell and his clerk were busy planning an enterprising campaign, commercial, against the men who had faith in right horses, for the coming week at Sheephead Bay.

"Ah!" the bookmaker exclaimed when Crane entered, "you want that badge number, Hagen, get the betting sheet for the second last day at Gravesend, and look up the bet of \$1,000 we roped in over Mr. Crane's horse. I want the badge number; we want to locate the man that parted—I wish there had been more like him."

"Do you mean Billy Cass?" queried the clerk. "Who the devil's Billy Cass?" "Why, the stiff that played the Dutchman for a thou."

"You knew him?" This query from Farrell. "Sure thing. He's a regular. Used to bet in Mullen's book last year when I penciled for him."

The clerk had brought a betting sheet by this time, and ran his finger down a long row of figures. "That's the bet. A thousand calls three on the Dutchman. His badge number was 11,785. Yes, that's the bet; I remember Billy Cass took it. You see, he continued, explanatory of his vivid memory, "he's generally a picker—plays a long shot—"

"I saw the man, I saw him yesterday, taking a favorite that day with a cool 'thou' it gave me stoppage of the heart. D-d if I didn't get cold feet. Bet yer life it wasn't Billy's money—not a plunk of it; he had worked an angel, an' was playin' the man."

"Are you sure, Mr. Hagen—did you know the man?" "Know him? All the way; tall, slim, blue eyes, light mustache, hand like a woman."

"That's the man," affirmed Farrell; "that's the man who had bet on Crane. Crane stared. For once in his life the confusion of an unexpected event momentarily unsettled him."

"I thought you identified which man in the bank did you mean?" "Alan Porter, mental ticked off Crane—" "a tall, dark, heavy-shouldered kid, that judged by his mug, would have made a fair record as a fighter."

"Was not that the man you identified as having made the bet interrupted Crane, taking a step forward in his intense eagerness. "Not on your life; it was the slippery-looking cove with fishy eyes."

"Cass," muttered Crane to himself, "but that's impossible—Cass never left the bank that day; there's some devilish queer mistake here."

The uncurtained window, he sprang from his couch with the call of an uncompleted something in his ears. But calmness had come to him. It seemed as though in his sleep the question of right or wrong had been settled. He tried to remember how he had come to the conclusion that was alone in his rested mind. It must have been before he slept, though his memory failed him, for, as he slumbered, Allis Porter had come, with the big gray coat full of tears, and asked him once again to spare Mortimer humiliation for her sake. And he had answered, "He is innocent." God! he remembered it, even now it seemed to thrill through his frame; she had bent over him and kissed him on the forehead. Yes, that was what had wakened him.

What foolish things dreams were! In his dream he had won just a kiss, and had paid the price of his love, and now waking, and in the calm of a conflict passed, he had won over the demon that had tempted him with the perfume of lilies. He had striven to the point when further strife became a crime; he had lost. But he would prove himself a good loser.

CHAPTER XXXII. That day he took once more a journey to Brookfield, went to the hotel, secured an

isolated sitting room upstairs, and with this as a hall of justice, followed out with his usual carefulness a plan he had conceived. First he wrote a brief note to Allis Porter asking her to come in and see him at once. One line he wrote made certain the girl's coming: "I have important news to communicate concerning Mr. Mortimer."

Then he sent the note off with a man in the buggy. Next he dispatched a messenger for David Cass. He pulled out his watch and looked at it. It was 3 o'clock. "I think 5 will do," he muttered; "it should be all over by that time."

Another note addressed to Mortimer, asking him to call at the hotel at 5 o'clock, went forth. David Cass came, treading on the heels of a much-whiskered hostler who had summoned him.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked of Crane. "It may have been the stairs—for he had come up hurriedly—that put a waver in his voice, or it may have been the premonition of trouble."

"Take a seat, Mr. Cass," Crane answered, arranging a chair so that a strong light from the window fell athwart the visitor's face.

The hostler had left the sitting room door open. Crane closed it carefully, and sitting back with his back to the window, said to the bank clerk: "Mr. Cass, I am going to tell you very candidly with you; I am going to tell you that I have discovered that you stole the \$10,000 Mortimer has been accused of taking."

Cass' face blanched a bluish white; his jaw dropped loosely like the jaw of a man who suddenly had been struck a savage blow. His weak, watery, blue eyes opened wide in terror, he gasped for breath, he essayed to speak, to even give a cry of pain, but the muscles of his tongue were paralyzed. His right hand had been resting on the arm of the chair in which he sat, and as Crane ceased speaking, his arm fell helplessly by his side, where it dangled like the cloth arm of a dummy.

Crane saw all this with fierce satisfaction. He had planned this sudden accusation with subtle forethought. It even gave him relief to feel his suffering shifted to another; he was no longer the assailed of evil forces, he was the assailant. Already the sustaining force of right was on his side; what a dreadful thing it was to squirm and shrink in the toils of crime. A thought that he might have been like this had allowed Mortimer to stand accused flashed through his mind. He waited for his victim to speak.

At last Cass found strength to say, "Mr. Crane, this is a terrible accusation; there is some dreadful mistake—I did not—" Crane interrupted him. The man's defense could be so abjectly to your credit, your cowardly, weak string of lies, that our pity, as he might have ceased to beat a bound, Crane continued, speaking rapidly, holding the guilty man tight in the grasp of his fierce denunciation:

Do you mean it, that you won't prosecute me? Did you say that?" "Not if you confess."

"Thank God—thank you, sir. I'm glad, I'm glad; I've been in hell for days. I haven't slept. Mortimer's eyes have stared at me all through the night, for I liked him—everybody liked him; he was good to me. Oh, God! I should have gone out of my mind with more of it. I didn't steal the money; no, no! I didn't mean to steal it; the devil put it into my hands. Before God, I never stole a dollar in my life. But it wasn't that—it wasn't the money—it was to think that an innocent man was to suffer—to have his life wrecked because of my sin. I took it! Then when his loss was discovered and Mortimer was accused, I tried to confess—I couldn't. I was a coward, a traitor, a Judas, Oh, God!"

The overwrought man threw himself face down on the table in front of his grim accuser, D'e a child's broken doll, and wept with great sobs that shook his frame as the wind lashes the waters into turmoil. The exultation of righteous victory swept through Crane's soul. He might have been like that. He had been saved from this by his love for a good woman. He could not despise the poor, broken creature who confessed so abjectly his crime, because all but in deed he also had sinned. The deepest cry of despair from Cass was because of the sin he had committed against his friend, against Mortimer.

Crane waited until Cass' misery had exhausted itself a little, and when he spoke his voice was soft in pity. "I understand. Sit in your chair there and be a man. Half an hour ago I thought you a thief. I don't now. You had your time of weakness. Perhaps all men have that. You fell by the wayside. I don't think you'll do it again."

"No, no, no! I wouldn't go through the hell I've lived in again for all the money you why I brought you here. Do you still believe in Mortimer's innocence—do you love Mortimer?" "Yes."

"If I were to tell you that he is innocent, that I have discovered the guilty one."

"Oh, my God!" It was a cry of sudden joy incapable of exact expression, irrelevant in its naming of the Deity, but full of its exultation of soul. Then with quick transformation the girl collapsed, as Cass had done, and huddled in her chair, stricken by the sudden conviction that the crime had been brought home to her brother. Her lover was guiltless, but to joy over it was a sin, inhuman, for—was not Alan the thief if Mortimer were innocent?

Crane understood. He had forgotten. He stepped quickly to the girl's side, put his hand tenderly on her head; her big gray eyes stared up at him full of a shrinking horror.

"Poor little woman," he said, "your big, tender heart will be the death of you yet. But I've got good news for you this time. Neither Mortimer nor Alan took the money—it was Cass."

"They are both innocent?" "Yes, both."

"Oh, my God, I thank you!" She pulled herself up from the chair, holding to Crane's arm, and looking in his face, said: "You did this? You found the guilty man for me?"

Crane nodded his head, and it came to the girl as she looked that the eyes she had thought narrow in evil grew big and round, and full of honesty, and soft with gentleness for her.

"How can I thank you—what can I do or say to repay you?" She knew what it must have cost the man to clear his rival's name.

"It was your doing, Miss Allis; it is I who must thank you. You made a man of me, brought more good into my life than

with toward Mortimer. The latter remained standing. Allis sprang forward and caught him by the arm. Crane turned away, suddenly discovering that from the window the main street of Brookfield was a most absorbing study.

"I'm so happy," began Allis. Mortimer shivered in apprehension. Why had Crane turned his face away—what was coming? How could she be happy? How could anyone in the world be happy? She stole a quick look at Crane to be exact. Crane's back, for his head and shoulders were through the window.

The girl—she had to raise on her tiptoes—kissed the sad man on the cheek. "I'm ashamed to say that he stared. Were they men who he had not standing with one foot in the penitentiary?"

She drew him toward the chair, calling to Crane: "Will you please tell Mr. Mortimer the good news? I am too happy, I can't."

Crane anger surged in Mortimer's heart. It was true, then—his disgrace had been too much for Allis. The other had won; but it was too cruel to kiss him. Crane faced about, and coming forward, held out his hand to the man of distrust.

"None of your forgiveness!" "None of your forgiveness!" Mortimer sprang to his feet, shoving back his chair violently with his legs, and stood erect, drawn to his full superb height, his right hand clenched fiercely at his side. Shake hands? No, a thousand times no! He muttered to himself.

Crane saw the action and his own hand dropped. "Perhaps I ask too much," he said, quietly. "I wronged you—"

Mortimer set his teeth and waited. There were great beads of perspiration on his forehead and his broad chest set his breath whistling through contracted nostrils. A pretty disinterested passion was playing upon him. This was why they had sent for him. The girl he would have staked his life on had been brought to believe in his guilt and had been won over to his rival. Ah—a new thought; his scheme almost disintegrated. Crane's conversation, prompted it—perhaps it was to save him from punishment that Allis had consented to become Crane's wife.

"But I believed you guilty—" Mortimer started. "Now I know that you are innocent, I ask—" "Mortimer staggered back a step, and caught at the chair to steady himself. He repeated mechanically the other's words. "You know I'm innocent!"

"Then Alan—oh, the poor lad! It's a mistake you are wrong. The boy didn't take the money—I took it. This is why they had sent for him. The girl he would have staked his life on had been brought to believe in his guilt and had been won over to his rival. Ah—a new thought; his scheme almost disintegrated. Crane's conversation, prompted it—perhaps it was to save him from punishment that Allis had consented to become Crane's wife.

"But I believed you guilty—" Mortimer started. "Now I know that you are innocent, I ask—" "Mortimer staggered back a step, and caught at the chair to steady himself. He repeated mechanically the other's words. "You know I'm innocent!"

"Then Alan—oh, the poor lad! It's a mistake you are wrong. The boy didn't take the money—I took it. This is why they had sent for him. The girl he would have staked his life on had been brought to believe in his guilt and had been won over to his rival. Ah—a new thought; his scheme almost disintegrated. Crane's conversation, prompted it—perhaps it was to save him from punishment that Allis had consented to become Crane's wife.

"But I believed you guilty—" Mortimer started. "Now I know that you are innocent, I ask—" "Mortimer staggered back a step, and caught at the chair to steady himself. He repeated mechanically the other's words. "You know I'm innocent!"

"Then Alan—oh, the poor lad! It's a mistake you are wrong. The boy didn't take the money—I took it. This is why they had sent for him. The girl he would have staked his life on had been brought to believe in his guilt and had been won over to his rival. Ah—a new thought; his scheme almost disintegrated. Crane's conversation, prompted it—perhaps it was to save him from punishment that Allis had consented to become Crane's wife.

"Never." "You would have waited?" "Forever."

"And now—and now, we must still wait—"

"Not forever." "You wish it that way? You will be my wife when I am able to make you happy?" "I am happy now, and I will be your wife when it seems best to you."

"I am almost afraid. You seem so good, so perfect. What am I—what have I done that I should be deemed worthy of such love, such faith?"

"You have saved my life, you sought to save my brother's honor, you gave me, just a little girl, knowing nothing of aught but horses, your love. And what do I give you in return?"

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

"Never." "You would have waited?" "Forever."

"And now—and now, we must still wait—"

"Not forever." "You wish it that way? You will be my wife when I am able to make you happy?" "I am happy now, and I will be your wife when it seems best to you."

"I am almost afraid. You seem so good, so perfect. What am I—what have I done that I should be deemed worthy of such love, such faith?"

"You have saved my life, you sought to save my brother's honor, you gave me, just a little girl, knowing nothing of aught but horses, your love. And what do I give you in return?"

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.

And presently, more easily creeping into their discourse, Allis discovered that she was not at home, and that the setting sun was blinking reproachfully fair into her eyes through the open window as he hung for a minute, red-flushed on the purple-tinged sky line.

"Ah, they were surely in love. This self-abasement was the manifest evidence. Gradually the outer life, past, present and future, thrust itself assiduously through the armor of their love sweetly, and, like mortals, they talked of Mortimer's deliverance.



"THE DEVIL VOICES SAID, 'THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. TAKE IT, NO ONE WILL KNOW.'"

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE.

Four quarts of milk daily or thereabouts for twenty years has been the sole diet of Thomas F. Laubach of Halesboro, Pa. Two decades ago, when Laubach, being then 14 years old, was in very bad health and his physicians gave up his case. Then he decided to doctor himself and has done so ever since, absolutely confining his diet to milk. Now he is one of the healthiest and soundest men in town.

As an instance of the observance of the Sabbath in Scotland an English paper tells of a postman having a route between Stirling and Blair Drummond. He was observed to ride a bicycle over his six miles on week days and to walk the same distance on Sunday. An investigation followed and the postman's explanation proved to be correct.

There is at least one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is away out on the Arizona desert and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers. It is the only place where water can be had for forty-five miles to the eastward and for at least thirty miles in any other direction. The "house" consists of a tall cottonwood pole, to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for miles across the plain in every direction.

"The top of the morning and the shank of the evening," exclaims the New York Sun, "to Mrs. Augusta Amussen of The Bronx, who scores 100 at bowling on a daily basis. She didn't begin to bowl until she was 72, and we hope she will keep it up until she is 172. A cheery and engaging figure she is, rattling down the pins at 84 and making the beginners stare and gasp. 'I don't notice it,' she says, 'so far as living goes. Wait until she comes to middle age. Saturday Joseph Labouty of Ogdenburg, 102, walked a mile and back to register, and a younger friend, Francis Herrio, 95, went with him. These are the group of people and the folks in the 80s are still in the infant class."

The remnant of a remarkable and hitherto lost tribe of Eskimos has recently been discovered on Southampton Island, at the extreme north end of Hudson bay. It is said to be quite recently these people have had an opportunity to see a white man. Their huts are built of the great jaws of whales, covered with skins. In the middle is an elevation, on which is a stone lamp used for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow and drying clothes. The lamp is made of a dish of whale oil, in which is a wick of dry moss. Indeed, the whale is the chief means by which these people live, the bones being utilized for making plates, cups and sledges, but they also use sledges of walrus tusks, with deer antlers for cross-pieces. The tribe is almost extinct, as only some sixteen are left. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves and are very daring hunters.

Thomas Kane of Chicago and Mrs. Joseph Sylvester had a happy reunion at the latter's home in Waukegan, Wis., last week. They had been separated forty years, during which each had concluded the other was dead. While the Kane family lived in Kenosha the father died, leaving three children, two girls and a boy, for the mother to care for. The youngest was Margaret, aged 3, now Mrs. Sylvester. She was adopted by William Waddell, a farmer at Wadsworth, Wis. Mary was adopted by another family. Thomas remained with his mother. When Mary was 18 she looked her brother in Chicago and then they went together to Margaret. They were unsuccessful, as Margaret had married. In the absence of knowledge of the sister's existence they came to believe her dead. Recently they accidentally secured a clew to her whereabouts and the reunion followed.

Impossible to Return Money to Child. Dren Who Contributed for a New Battleship.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 30. —It has been found that no list was kept by the principals of the names of those children who contributed to the fund for the battleship American Boy, and attempts to return the money to the donors have proved futile.

W. Frank Goodie, the Cincinnati boy who was at the head of the battleship movement, now has on hand \$1,500 which was contributed by school children for that purpose. He proposes to turn the money over to the McKinley Memorial fountain committee.

For a chair—certainly," said Crane, and he pushed the one he had been trying