A UNIQUE CLOCK

By ALLAN G. LAMOND

It was past midnight when Gundoll and Tarantola, two men who, having long enough, had come to America for a new one, pried up a window such on the ground floor of a handsome stone front residence with a jummy and ontered the drawing room. There was nothing in this apartment that they could conveniently carry away except a small clock that spood on the number. But it was a gem. Indeed, if was set with a number of genrs, it would ms' e any fancier of beautiful things in love with it at once

"I want that," said Gamiell, who had some of the taste for attractive work-

"Let it alone," interposed Tamanola. "You can never turn it into money with safety. It's just the thing to identify any one who takes it. Let's go in and see if we can find any silver that can be melted down, or if we dare go up strirs we may find lewels."

"if I can't do any better," replied the Said other, "I can get the jewels out of this one I'm going to take it"

"Well, wait till we've been through the house. It may strike the hour while you're near some of the family and awaken them."

So the men went into the dining room, where they found that all the silver belonging to the family in use had been left in the shleboard. Guant oll held open the mouth of a bog while Tarautola stuffed the articles in; then leaving the plunder on the dining room table, they took off their shoes and went upstairs, separating on the landing to explore different rooms.

Both men were successful. - Turantola entered a bedroom where a roung giri was sleeping soundly and succeed ed in gathering a number of rings. bracelets and brooches from a dresser without awakening her. He was so encouraged by his haul that he concluded to go farther.

Guzzieli found some valumble bric-abrac for which he had a fancy, and, being satisfied to let well enough alone, he slipped downstairs and made for the drawing room to secure the clock he coveted. Taking it from the mantel. he stuffed it in the side, pocket of his coat and went into the dining room. where the silver had been left. He was looking about to see if some articles had not been overlooked and had just picked up a butter dish when he heard a voice, which seemed to be right under his elbow: "Drop that!"

The plate rattled on the foor, and Guzzioli's heart was beating like a tripbammer. Tarantola upstairs beard the sound of the falling metal and beat a hasty retreat. Entering the dining room, be accosted his put in a hourse whisper:

"What do you mean by your careless-

"There's some one here," gasned Guzzioti, clutching at his onl's hand in ter-"You're scared out of your wits."

said the other. "Come; 'we've finished job. Let's get out. Tarantola, leaving Guzzioli, went to

the table and took up the bag of silver and threw it over his shoulder. He was starting to pass through the drawing room when again came the voice; "Dren that!"

He managed to retain sufficient controt of himself not to let the heavy weight down on the floor with a thump. but he lowered it at once and, grasping a revolver, stood ready for defense Since the men had worked only by a hand electric firsh lamp the room was dark except for what light could get in through the drawing room windows from the street.

Both men remained perfectly still for a moment, expecting to be shot down by some one under cover of the dark. ness. Having remained so for some time, since nothing happened, Tarantola, though he knew he had not been mistaken in hearing the words, was about to take up the sack when he heard a voice say, "Have you got everything?"

Meanwhile, the head of the house bad been awakened by the fall of the silver plate and, getting out of bed. had gone to the banister and stood listening. He heard persons whispering and moving below and, darting to the telephone booth, carefully snur the door and cailed the police. Then he went back to continue his listening. arriving at his post immediately after the question asked by the voice. He heard some one sny;

"Shut up!" "It isn't me talking. There's some one beside me all the time."

Then there was a cry of "Poline!" The men dropped everything and made for the window through which they had come. They got safely out and started down the street, but ran right into the arms of the police who were coming in response to the telephone call. They were taken back to the house, and all the articles they had stolen were found on them except the silverware

When the little clock was taken out of Guzziell's pecket, a voice, which unmistakably came from it, cried a second time

"Police! Robbers! Come quick!" The secret was out for all. Inside the case, instead of the works of an ordinary clock, was a phonograph which only needed to be moved that the machinery be set going. Then at Intervals a voice which had been talked tato it by its owner would repent what he had said

A Mountaineer's Mule By M. QUAD

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"One day as I was sittin' on my doahstep." began the old possum hunter,

when asked for a story, "a stranger

came along the road leadin' a mewi. It

coiled the a thely beast. I was a wonderin' why the man was leadin' the ment instead of ridin him when he showed not said: "The on my way to the Tennesse

river to jump to and perish, and I'll sell you this need powerful cheap if YOUR WOLDS BELLS. What do you want to perish for? I

Bekase I'm alone in the world and worked their natural Italian field quite too good for R. I can't stand the wick edness around me, and I would go hence and have a harp and golden witnes. This mewl is the inst thing I've got to get rid of, and if you famey time

> "I was in want of a mewl jest then." and Zeb, "and after lookin" him over a put down the money.

he's volues for \$20.

"It didn't take me long to diskiver that that mewl was ornery. All mewls are piren mean, but this one was a funnished. If I tried to put a saddle on him he'd lay down in his tracks, and if I totched him to a cart nothin on wirth could make him pail a pound He'd bite and he'd kick, and he went pround lookin' for a fuss. In a week I found be was no airthly good. I club bed him till I was fired, but I couldn't pound no sense into him. One day I got so med that I was gwine to shoot him, but the old woman mixed in and

"I was jest a thinkin', Zeb. Do you remember that contanterous blar that was around yere last fell?"

Tie'll likely come back ag'in this fall. Better leave him to the mewl if

"I give up tryin' to do anything with the meal, but he growed meaner and meaner all the time, and he wasn't happy unless he was kickin' his beels agin the cabin doubs. "It got so the old woman dusn't sten

out, and I had to carry a club to keep nim off. I'd find him six weeks and had wanted to shoot him every day. when one might that blar showed up He come down off the mountain feelin' mot cantanterous than ever, and that ornery mewl was waitin' for somethin to come along and begin a row. They got at it in no time.

"Me and the old woman got up and looked out, and the two critters was thoroughly enjoyin' themselves. They was kickin, bitin', clawin, growlin and squentin', and it was better than a circus to watch 'em-

"it was the same thing over the next night and every night for a week or tuo. A b'ar ought to lick a mewl easy buff, specially when he's a cantan kerous b'ar but in this case he'd got hold of a mewi so mean and obstinate that he wouldn't bey turned tail for all the blars in Tennessee. He was as spry as a cut, and the way he bit and kicked warmed up my heart. He got a good many scratches in them conflicts, but he wouldn't run away of give in. One night, after we had seen him roll that b'ar over a dozen times without hurtin' him, the old woman

"'Zeb, it ain't exactly a fair foot The mewi hain't get no shoes on, and his kicks don't hurt. Better gin him a

"It struck me that way, and the next lay I takes the critter up to the black smith shop at the Cove and has sharp shoes put on his feet. He seemed to know what they were for, and be way home, and when night come be stood in the yard with his head down and 'peared to be thinkin'

"The trar come down about 8 o'clock Mebbe he was madder than usual, fur he pitched right in at once. Me and the old woman both noticed that he lidn't use his beels 'tail, but fest bit and pawed, and we wondered at it liowever, after fightin' about balf an our the blar cornered birn, and be had o turn and let fly, and he killed that armini as dead as a doub nail with one kick. The sharp cutks of one of the shoes nierved the b'ur's skull, and over he went and never got up agin.

"I was mighty tickled over it and went out to praise the mew! He was standin' clus to the b'ar, and he never stood and looked at me through the darkness in a sort of accusin' way and then fetched a gasp and fell down

"'He's bin wounded in his vitals. said the old woman as she come out. with a lantern.

"But he hadn't He had some cratches and a bite or two, but nothin' a worry about. No. sah. What alled that mule was madness and contrari

out any bind shoes on and recton tin' to fight fair and hey sumthin' to brug about, and he was mad and contrary best my mixin' in When to found he'd killed the b'ar he swelled up till his heart busted, and he fell over dead, and I just believe he was glad to 20. That was nothin' mo' left on airth for him to light, and why should be ingry Jonzee? As to the b'ar, I reckon was the same with him. Leastwise be law their, with a smile on his face. lest like a man who has tried his best an four and got who need. As for the feller who sold me the mew! I never fid see idm again, and I s'pose be went o heaven accordin' to his program."

A MEXICAN LOVE AFFAIR

By SHEILA ESTHER DUNN

Don Martin Furtado, a Mexican gen leman of forty and a bachelor, drew a goodly sum of money from the bank and gave it to Dona Isabel Mendoza, his fiancee, for the purpose of buying the necessary furniture and the troussent. This may be surprising to those of other countries where the bride is expected to furnish her own bridal outfit and quite often provides the home, though in Europe this may be done with the dowry which is always supposed to go with the wife. In Mexled the groom furnishes both furniture and transports.

Don Martin's figuece was just half his age and was for a time undecided between him and a young man a couple of years her senior, Jose Herrera.

was a North Caroleeus mewl and he lint as Jose was equally poor there seemed to be no possibility of their and been written by a man or a we employer that I thought there was do, for I am to dread test you should marrying. One day Jose proposed a man. plan by which they might mise the therewithal for their union. He sug October and remained till November. rested that Isabel energe berself to Ion Martin long enough to secure the the meantine. I remained as long as case trousseau and the furniture then just sefore the wedding tell bits she had discovered that she did not love him It was probable that I'm Martin said not permit her to return the rifts, for he was a gentleman and known to be a very liberal man.

Just how Dona Isabel received this proposition within her heart does not appear, but certain it is that she agreed to it. Don Martin had proposed to her several times, and on the next similar occasion he was surprised to be acepted. He told her that she had made bin very happy, but that he did not wish to buy a wife-he desired one who would love him. If therefore at suy time before their marriage she felt that she preferred unother man or that she did not love him he would re-

and she told him that she had accept ed Don Martin and what her elderly lover had said to ber. Jose asked what she had replied to his expression of willingness to resign her in case she discovered that she did not love him:

She said she had answered he need not fear for her marrying him without love: that, she promised, she would not er do Jose laughed at this, declaring that she was a trump and was working the old fellow beautifully. He was about to give her a kiss, but she held him off, saying that so long as she was engaged to Don Martin she would be true to him. It would be time enough for kisses when she had broken with him and engaged herself to Jose.

Having reseived the means for the trousseau and the furniture, Dona Isabel proceeded to the dressmaker and milliner for the former and asked Don-Martin to go with her to select the latter. But he told her to buy what she liked and if the purchase money over ron the sum he had sent her he would

Isabel was several months buying a wedding outfit; then Don Martin one day asked her if she would name the day. But she was not to herry, and he reminded her of her promise not to marry him without love. At this Isobel appeared very thoughtful and said nothing. Don Martin at this assumed that her conscience was pricking her and said:

"Consider vourself reteased from your engagement. Moreover, the gifts I have made I shall expect you to keep, for on no account would I receive them if you returned them."

"Not if I were to marry another?" "If you marry another consider it a weslding gift from me."

When Isabel fold this to Jose be was delighted and asked her if she could not stick the old fellow for something more. She promised to see about it. Jose asked her to set the day when she would marry him, and she fixed it for that day three months hence.

A month before Jose was to marry isabel one of his friends told him that he had heard that Isabel was to be married on the day fixed for his and her wedding.

"Oh, that isn't announced yet," replied Jose. "You must not say any thing about it." "How do you know?"

"I should think I would know since am to be the groom."

"You?" "Yes, I"

"I did not here that " sold his friend I heard that she was to marry Don Mactin Furtado."

"That's another affair that my lancee had some time ago. She was engaged to Don Martin for awhile But keep this matter to yourself."

As his wedding day drew near Jose scraped together all the money be sold and borrowed an amount to be mid by a mortgage on his furniture to be made the day after the wedding One day the postman left an envelope for him, and, opening it, he found an invitation to the wedding of Dona lankel Mendoza to Don Martin Furado. For a moment he thought it part of the ruse. But the invitation was duty engraved, and it occurred to Jose that he had been victimized. He ushed to Dona Isabel's house and reathlessly asked her what it meant.

"It means," she said, "that I leved ou, who proposed to get by a trick from a noble man the means to marry Your contemptible conduct turn ed me from you, and Don Martin's nagnanimous action won me to him Goodby. You are welcome to my wedding. After that I wish never to see

Evil to Him Who Evil Thinks

By RYLAND BELL

country home of my friend Butler, head of the firm of Peter Butler & Co., publishers. I met people who were in a business way connected with literature. There were several proprietors of large book manufacturing concerns, a number of literary critics and half a dozen authors. These persons composed about a third of the invited guests and on account of their connection with literature were objects of interest to the rest of us.

The Butlers had recently published a novel called "The Code Reversed," which was having a phenomenal suc cess. It had been issued under a nomde plume, and opinion was divided as to whether the author was man or

One spley review of it said it was the most immoral novel that had been issued in many years. Most of the notices took pretty much the same view of the book, but there were a few that made no mention whatever of anything naughty in it. One critic said that some persons might give it an immoral interpretation, adding, "Evil to him who evil thinks."

Naturally we spent a good deal of time discussing the merits, demerits and interpretation to be put upon this story. Some of us endeavored to induce Butler to tell us about the author. But he resolutely declined. He

The party came together early in though there were many changes to Butler kept the house open, hirring met a young tady who affected no differently from any other woman. She was but nineteen and more of a file than a resolud. I kept my tomose always under control when with her less I might shock here not that she was prudish, for there was nothing of prudishuess in her. Her parity was self evident.

She did not belong to the author esses several of whom were attend us. I attempted to talk to her about literature, but found that her reading was very meager. Indeed, in a party where there was a sprinkling of intellectual people I did not now that she had any place. I hinted as such to Butler, who said, "Oh, she's a nice lit tle girl; rather unsophisticated, but you know we're not all geniuses here."

Toward the close of our star Butler unnounced one morning that in a few days the author of "The Code thevery ed" would be with us. Several whichird announced their intention of leaving immediately declared that they would remain. Some one asked Butler if he or she was coming incog. Butler replied that the person would be incor-But he promised before the parts broke up to remove the much that we might all see him or her in propria

During the next few days several at once pounced upon to the author. One was a young man who were his hair pompadour and booked otherwise like a genius. Another was a middle aged mosculine tooking woman with a coarse voice and unreffined manners.

Perhaps I would have taken more especially engaged with the sonng lady I have mentioned whose name was Mary Brown. One exening while chatting with her alone, drawing marer and nearer to speaking me heart, I finally let my arm fall upon her waist and, turning my face to hers, kissed

ed to the that the net was a profanation. I was not repulsed but there was so much modesty displayed on the part of the young lady that I blamed myself for tiking what I had not the right to take. I hastened to expute the damage by an offer of my heart and

tenve, Butler announced that if we would all gather in the drawing room he would present the author of "The Code Reversed " I cutered with the others, and when all had assembled our bost approached us and tiking Mary Brown by the band, led her apart from the others and said

"My friends. I have the honor to present the author of The Code Reversed. I will also explain that her book is an example of how differently. different persons may look apon the same thing. You all have lad an opportunity to know Miss Brown and are, I am suize, ignited as to her parity." "Hut you said she was to arrive.

emarked a gnest. "Pardon me; I said that she would he with us i did not say that she was angrested the return of the circlet or

take care that she down't arribbleat least not for amblication

Fortunitely she was not smolled to her remarkable success. Had she been elated over it she would have been dooned to an equal disappointment Her story was without literary merit. A meaning had been placed upon it by persons whose minds naturally perceive the sensual. To the author no such meaning was intended industthe was incapable of nunceiving of such meaning. Butter understood both. the public and the author and not be ing averse to making money out of a first seller, had bound the story anony mously, giving it a name that would suggest what he wished it to suggest

A CUTE DEVICE By SADIE OLCOTT

At Monte Carlo there is a whop where they rept such articles as men or wo men need to assist them to cut a swath. These things are usually proels. For a consideration the propose tor will toan a diamond brooch, a pearl necklare, and when a counters come along who has parted with her diaden to the pawnbroker she may rent one for the occasion. There are too many persons visiting Monte Carlo who are either sharpers or gentlemen and ladies in Enancial distress to warrant trusting them with valuable articles for which they have not deposited security; therefore the borrower is usually shadowed by a detective. The shadower of men is usually a man, a shop on Oxford street when you while the shadower of women is a

I, a woman belonging at that time to the detective staff of Ludwig Switzhoff, loaner, was called one day into the proprietor's office and directed to watch a lady who had borrowed an expensive diamond circlet to be worn on the head. She represented herself as the Baroness von Mehnenstein, a German title that had fallen into poserty. The baroness so Herr Switzhoff told me was trying to restore the position of the family by a marriage with a rich man. She was strikingly handsome and looked every inch a noble Lastly, she had her eye on an English cotton spinner, who was immensely wealthy, and expected to land him.

to be he might borrow the baroness'

circlet, on which to raise money to tide

Mr. Hugh Partridge, as the man wrote his name on the books of the hotel, was to be seen every evening at the gambling tables and was often ac companied by the baroness. One even ing I noticed that Mr. Partridge was losing. I had often seen him win, but never before had I seen him lose. The next evening he was at the table again and again lost. It occurred to me that he had struck a run of bad luck, and if he should turn out not to be the wealthy man be represented himself

ome risk in leaving the circlet with the baroness.

He relieved me from the duty of shadowing her and put me on another

My duties still led me to the gam bling salon, and there I continued to nor Mr Partridge. One evening I saw him history it did not seem to me that he was losing heavily, but by the expression on his face one would with pose that he had lost a fortune. Finally he staked his just franc and it was absorbed by the bank. He arose from the table, and the baroness, who had meanwhile entered, strove to wothe him, for he seemed to have broken down completely. I neliced the manuger looking at him anxiously. They four smirting in such cases in Monte Carlo, and it hurts their business. A person I was shadowing left the

cambling hall at the same time as Mr. Partridge. I followed her to her hotel and furning retraced my steps. Suddenly in the gardens surrounding the gambling half I heard a shot. It was so near use that I went in the direction from which the mound seemed to come and had not gone fifty yards tatione I saw a man lying with his face in the full give of one of the inmps. It was Mr. Partridge. Before I reached him I heard footsteps and harriedly turned aside behind some bushes. One of the men employed at the gambling half dashed past me, and I saw him steep over the suicide's body and stuff a roll of bills luto his pocket. I knew very well what this was for sersons arrived, and each comer was it was to remove the impression that the man had killed himself on account of gambling houses.

I stood perfectly still, waiting for the man to go away. No sooner had their footstops died in the distance. than the subside got up, look the bills from his pocket, glanced over them in interest in this matter had I not been the lamplight and then, with a grunt of satisfaction, walked away. He had played a very next game.

I know that he would leave Monte Carto at once and considered my empieces in danger of losing her circlet, for the baroness was undoubtedly either the dupe or the confederate of a men swindler Desining it my dury to warm him as soon as possible, I went to his house. He directed the new in his employ to search for the imposess and demand the return of his. property in her possession. They start ed at once in differenct directions, one going to her hotel others to places where she was fikely to be found

But the baroness had left on a late train that had departed about twenty minutes after the suickle of the cotton spinner. The telegraph was used, but either who had traveled in disguise or left the train or used some other expedient to outwit those who might get on her truck. At any rate, my emplacer heard nothing more of her or false correlate

I left his service soon after that and count to Parts. One evening I was in one of the elegant hotels on Rue Rivoll when whom should I see languishing in a splendid costone but the baron can the admired of many admirers 1 nelod who she was and was informed that she was the wife of a Roman prince. Surely she never assumed to be any one of low degree. I communicated with her through another and she might be exposed. The rivelet was given up and I wast it to Mr. Spitzbuff. The lady thought it printent to

A KODAK'S **CLICK**

By DOROTHEA HALE

on the touck of the Serpentine take, hipde park, London. He carried a travejer's kodsk in his hand, with which he took views. Now he would aim it at a rowbout gliding past, now at one of the elaborate bridges and now at some the of the pleasant landscape views with which the park abounds.

Presently he sat down on one of the hen bes that line the lake. A lady was sitting at the other end, but he did not notice her till she moved near to him road said it a few tene: "I am in need of 120"

He turned and saw a woman, fairly well dressed and quite respectable in appearance. He was or had been a man of the world and took in the situation at once, but he did not realize its full importance. The woman would not be likely to ask for a long from a stranger unless she had some means of enforcing her demand. This occurred to him, but the simplicity and the strength of her scheme had not developed in his mind.

"I am sorry not to be able to accommodate you, medam, but I haven't the amount with me "You have a well filled pocketbook.

This I know. I saw you take it out in made a purchase. I followed you here. And I know that you are an American both by your accent and the hotel to which you ordered goods sent, which is frequented by your countrymen. And you are a married man, because you bought goods for women and for children. The case between us is perfectly plain. I give a strick and cry wildly for a policeman. I am found to be hot with indignation and burst into tears, The policeman asks what's the matter. I tell him that I was sitting here. You came and sat down beside me and insuited me. He takes you to a police station. If you are not able to find bail at once you are locked up for the night. In any event you will be examjust before a magistrate in the morning. No one will know whether my charge is true or false, but there are plenty who will believe it true. I shall statement, and you will undoubtedly be discharged. Nevertheless your arrest will be cabled to America as an item of news."

The American sat listening to this presentation of the case, not replying for a few minutes. He was making up his mind what to do. Presently he

"What you say is every word of it

would not even say whether the book him over. I therefore reported to my true. I beg you to be excelul what you we Americana are cornered we pay up like men. I will give you every penny in my pecketbook rather than be planed in the position you describe. But one thing I fear. I have noticed the policeman there is watching us. Should he see me give you my pocketbook he might suspect the real reason for its transfer. This would cause your arrest, and I would be obliged to appear against you. I would be sinirched. My pecketbook must go to you without attracting the bebby's attention propose this plan I will open the pock etbook and show you that there is creo in it. Then I will get up, go to

> man may not take notice." The woman's eyes theshed uneasily, She was looking for a trick. "No," she said presently, "not that, Just as you have proposed it. Your purse found on me would convict me. Dropa roll of bills, then come back to this bench. I will go and get them and walk away."

the margin of the water, drop the

go and pick it up deftly that the police-

"Any way you like that houses your safety, which is more mine than course Taking five ten pound notes from his packetbook, he held their account from any one except the woman than rising, siredled belouvely to the margin of the lake and, while standing there apparently backing out on to the water, dropped them tightly rolled. After waiting a few minutes he went slowly back to the bench and sat down. Not hastening, the woman arose and dawded idly to the spot where he had dropped the money, put her fact on it. dropped her handkerchief and picked up the money and the handkershief at the same time.

She was startled by a click. Casting a quick glonce at the American, she saw him sitting with his kadak on his lap. The koslak pointed toward her "Police" he cried

Robby, who at that moment was tooking eisewhere, furned and at the

American's back came toward him. "That woman has the blackmail that she has levied on me. Arrest her and I will accompany you to the police

station." The woman flaxbest a vindictive glance at the American. In a moment It came upon her that she had been

The next morning the case was tried The American was put on the stand and told the story as it has been told here. During the night be had developed the plate he had taken, showing the woman picking up his bills, and handed the photograph to the magistrate. The case was clear. The woman was identified as one who had played the same game before and was sent to prison.

The American salled for his native

Facing Death For Love

B. ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

seem which produces tropical fruit in abundance, and obliga stop there to take it away and leave its every stead in money or to such goods as the no. tives require. But the planders will not connect to any mingling with the whites and are especially jestions of their women. Death is the penalty to soy woman who receives a white man for a lover or a husband.

One day an American ship named the Mary Boyle stopped at the Island with a cargo of miscellaneous goods which he unloaded and took on in its place such fruits as the place produced. The rew of the Mary Boyle were permit ted to remain ashore during the day. but at evening they were required to to abourd the ship. The captain of the Mary Boyle had

warned his saffors to have nothing to do with the women on the island, telling them that they would not only endanger their lives, but bring certain death on any woman to whom they made love. The warning was not neceasary with regard to the women, as a whole, who were many of them hide ous. Even the girls were not gifted

with what a white man would consider beauty. There was, however, one exception. While the share force was unloading on the beach several girls came down to bathe. They went into the water and sported like dolphins. One of them who swam about, her tong black halr tralling behind her. was as graceful as a swan. The son glistened on some brass bracelets she wore on her arm and sparkled on a stone that was fixed just above her forbend to a ribbon bound around her bend In contrast with this dasky maiden

was one of the sallors whose eye she mught. Jack Coglan by name, with light hair and blue eyes. He followed her with his gaze so fixedly wherever she swam that the mate in charge of the party noticed his attraction, and to nip it in the bud gruffly ordered him to attend to his work. When the girls were tired of swim

ming they went ashore, passing near the sailors at work, and the dark beauty, glancing at Jack, saw him gazing at her rapturously. Love is like gunpowder that only a spark is required to explode. The girl saw not only what to her was exquisite manty beauty in the fair young sailor, but the love light in his eyes. She passed on with her companions, but the damage had been done. One exchange of glances brought about that which was ready to brave death.

A week later, when the Mary Boyle was about ready to get up her anchor and sail away, the captain, in order only he able to prove it by my own aboard, ordered the boatswain to call to make sure that all the crew were the roll. When he came to the name of Cogian there was no reply. The captain's brow lowered. He shrank from leaving any of his men behind and feared that Jack had in some way become involved, so that it would be impossible to extricate him. Night was coming on when no white man was permitted to be on the island. If

Inch was found there he was killed. Yet the captain does at into the current of the blade sending a crem ashers to being abourd. The only course to pure to wait till morning

Dawn was breaking when the reported that a cause with y man and a native waters to 2 leaving the shore. The captaly on deck, and solving a glass to If to bear on the couple is the The wind was tigh and they above, giving vice to a line of box but the acceptain of the cin dexforms padding the some how evalently faling the led managed to ride the found me get beyond their into unlesses At the motion the ceptals to pocketbook and walk away. You care place a monder of sative no the wood above the bears age harding spears and afones at the or the boat.

Mary Boyto that Love was payed of file recition prants. The coming finely more braving time ally death that they might passe

The even solute, weeks the week for every posterious to teach the tags eath their proquest make w such to on falst where was no onese know a weigh to haid half and of there, send gerting about the paraolit. Six publics were to us fortgat than their especially via of the fatter was handed by that also were both strong and a Indeed, if we on her rither to over, which was the specimed as of that the raw depended All the moral tores a lore of ow of the Mary Begin about in five the rupts into order for

wax a question whether the six the lateradare would need the If the bilimiers, the fate of the was maded, for they would be The pursuing boat was surgi ng couple. The girls fase cleans to hard a spear at he of sia poured sind from the Nor struck the trace he was it not unite That sended radial Rang sided the structle. The fame

tent and paint is the recu

fugitives and them and too bet

An to the fulure life of the magine there is no recent Sirk Was Serry

about about the state and

ter stilp salled away

I famely that Mrs. Black and to Mrs. Joseph Int page Why die son think as?" From the way she spite? Was your culture out of per

That's old " 1961 the moder that are on Per Fo 210 for Mars. Jones P. Northing an exade as that M said what a pity peer Meth frest who hand to strain the nice was only equal to sewing or

On to His Job.

meet the requirements of a



routh. A Man's Privilege 1 while I were a man Sa you would have just a

all over the house and store

with the Streety paper, 18 "Nothing to it." Thon why?" No. 4 could have burnet town when people that I have tain are at the house."

The Usual Way. "Mount and Jack scraped et before their marriage" The theat mo?" Yen." "And what is the end?"

"There isn't any end?" "len't any end?" "No. They keep it up to

The may gray haired could in fresh and dippont has a made of him Money is the root of all el

quite satisfactorily explains thost of us are just plain dis-The reason why some people fools is because they find it so

Being an optimist would be If there were a salary attache

There is this disagreeable ! n thermometer-we are st comfortable when it ruled self upon our notice. Being a prize beauty is not to an interest in the plenship

try. But who cares? A crop of freekles and a d

are often expensive, but the fushionables must have be