arrow Escape

INIE HOLLAND ********** never have done it." said

ightening berself a moher task "he would never if they hadn't forced him were always teasing and is and srumbling, until

ether work the kneading mass of dough- with the as usuatoral force within di because they had saved from the fruit of their her would make a gentle being the only one they when they had done that on my feet o until he mar it didn't matter about me. ng to them that I had at of him all day long and m at nights. It was noth. that I went to seloud longald afford and read books nights that I might not be And I would have gone purse and left them nd feeble as they are, for

in a voice that was indis-& for there was none to deep breathing from the insold her that its occupants dened by no such sounds, red of her silent thoughts. o get time to think in the continued, "with the the looking after them, but b different. And on nights hen it is blowing hard and onto and the snow drifts then it comes into my head, tiente no and I con't send day" sleep, for sleep to hard to

of he silence, placing the perial in a dish and covering life cloth for the night. west to the door and open host A mon laden blast

the word "dying," and she raised herself partly to ask, with a weak voice: the room, making the lamp almost to extinction. She middy ere the drift at its pain. No one can save when the Lord tall inward

ogse and warse," she mur the Lord lend his aid to any is the tills tonight. The M blind and freeze and the sure he lost. It reminds direct of six years back. bendun in Colur Valley. lasted three days, and"-pel suddenly to listen. An send in the wind had ear. like a voice, a hait. ice, assuredly a call and

stant she had opened the me and stood peering out

set wait long. A form out the darkness and of swirling snow, and a man he stoop to unloose his and strum the white clods constned feet. Then, with ting, he stepped past he

dictorff she exclaimed. said "I am forced to give I fried it on foot from t lost the road just beand all idea of direction." worst for many and many

she replied. "And you're Glen. You're not wenth and pray there is no one in

w this night, doctor?" she

a Graham of the Ridge. monis and a weak heart. the cannot get through the walked restlently to the from and back. "I fear sore need of assistance."

heart best with great force the but her face showed no placed a chair for him, filled th tes, pressed him to par cold vention, then nat down and looked steadily at the pared and sparkled up the

bad trouble," she said at en, as if a sudden thought You're Dr Graham, Might

I used to know Dr. Jack. college together." wen sent for ?"

so. But it will take some here if this state of weath-

95: "I understand he has practice near my old bome thur. It is rather strange id have done the same thing

lever seen his wife?" The | nine long mouths spent itself in a faltered on the last words. not." he to wered. "We are it of touch lately. I did not

ad married per said she was 'talented.'

her told me that she was and rich." silence fell between them. leaned back in the old arm-

soon dozed. The girl sat with her hands clasped toer lap and her gaze still on was thinking, thinking. rob of her heart seemed to words "His mother!" Had tally come then? She had life scarcely worth the livhat she deserved to die, nye, death, without a doctor's De that was why God sent

to work out this small porgreat plan of justice. er?" How she had cherthrough all the years of his she had worked and sinved fare! And he was grateful loved her as a good son good mother. If she had

between them all would he the proud thought: Why have wished to set her saind in one list and earthly chance to sether; with no earthly chance to nother? She came of a away back. No one in

the wide space of the old fautrentians | ******************** settlik belief of better forteers their when most known to the old fand for THE REST their toyality, their fearlessness, their love of right. What if the inequities of an erring son were visited upon his IS SILENCE children's children! The blood would revive, and revive again;

A green wood log in the fire fell with

a heavy third, and the near of its burn-

ing started anew; water coned from its

newed front with a kinding sound and

The word recalled blm. He started

"If you had known the other way

"What do you mean? What other

to the Ridge it might have been pos-

dropped late the flery led.

slightly, then out forward.

It might be dime on shoes.

"I will try it now," he word,

have to go, too- to gaide you."

The very deell is abroad?

weathered."

ty forward

of circumstatuce.

gerit.

"You!" he excluded. "Impossible!

"Fve been out in as fud as this be-

force," she said. "I had not fear then,

and I have more now, It's because I'm

A faint light, alternately visible for

moment and obscured by the clouds

of driving vancer, sent hope to the

hearts of two people struggling blind-

For two long hours they had match-

stornt, now vanopositing it, again all

But they still stambled on with even

The next thing was the hum of

roices, the soft rubbing of hands and

feet and a graduitly returning con-

setimaness of identity, of situation and

"Ah, there! She'll man be round

Just to think of R! Bhe always had

walked her two miles to school storm

or smedine, cometimes wading through

snow to the waist? Never inbised a

"Aye, I do. And I'll tell ye this: It

may not be Christianlike, and it's not

a nice thing to may in the house of the

dying, but if I were Lenn Miller I'd

The girl's returning senses caught

"No, dear. He is here to do all that

A long ellence came, broken only by

he tick of the tall clock in the corner

and the ery of the great storm without.

Then some one came through the half-

"Lenn Miller is called. She must

For a minute the girl scarcely under-

duod. Then, hesitatingly, unsteadily,

About with his mother, lying white

and still! The face, upon which Death

and so surely set ble mark, bore a

strange rescribiance to his in the dim

light. It startled her to see a move-

"I'm dying. Ito you hate me?"

of of the lites and to hear the words

would come. There was a tightening

of the number at the thront. Weak

dincet to the breaking point with phys-

icul and mental strain, she could

scarcely stand, but she caught a rod of

"I'm dying, and I've been a wicked

woman. The penalty has been paid.

The bodily suffering has been great.

but the mental anguish has been dread-

ful beyond words. I prayed God to

send you tonight, and he has been good.

She stopped for breath and strength

"I wrote blue a letter, and in that

to proceed. Her voice fast failed her.

letter I said you had gone away, far

span the story well eleverly. Then I

let you think he had married and with

my own lips told you that she was

The hand that held the iron rod

"The paper was the beginning. That

was not written of my son's marriage.

but of his- the doctor who came to-

night. It was before he came to the

Glen, and none in these parts knew the

right of it. I let them believe the

wrong so that you would hear. You

heard, and your heart was broken. 1

The girl fell upon her knees by the

bedside, and the pentup anguish of

A Hard Tussle.

Old Gentleman-Well, my little lad.

are you going fishing or are you going

Little Lad-1 dunno yet. I'm jes

a-wrastlin' with me conscience.-Phils-

No Chance.

"She wanted me to hold her hand

"I was already holding a plate

salad in one fist and a cup of coffee

set anything down."-Kansas City Jour-

"Why did you quarrel?"

at a crowded reception."

"Why didn't you?"

shook, then relaxed and quickly caught

But the paper!" she gasped.

away, to become another's wife.

Girl, I find to you and to my son!"

the bed and steaded herself.

The voice went on:

senutiful and rich"

at the cold fingers.

know !!

smothered sob.

delphia Ledger.

land the door from without

in it you. Long Y.

The girl beat mer her.

way and paused at the kitchen door.

never have done it for her."

Was he lee bate?

tow called."

there pamest.

Don't you mind how she always

but everyone by its mid force.

fixed stendilly upon the honeon.

.

dble to get there."

"Libertor"

One May Have Too Much of a Good Thing

> By FRANK CONDON operight by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"This, then," remarked Mr. Tully, looking out of the car window, with a sad glerm in his eye-"this is East "There's a way around the mosti-Waldshore?" able of the Herrston bill, just a wide

The train stopped. A porter shooed fortpath in automer, under the rock. the New Yorker through the aide and all the way. It is sheltered from north off to the station platform, and, leaving winsh but the smor drifts in deep. him surrounded by bags and parcels, the corches rolled away into the dis-"You could not go about I would

Fresh from the roar and clamor of and observed instantly that he was in and allence autroughed him. A man who drawled and accented strange parts of his conversation spoke a few words to the city stranger, and subacquently Mr. Tully found himself upon the highest seat of a curry-all, which is a Mulne wagon designed to ellusinate the rough spots from a citizen's anatomy by the simple process of knocking them off.

Leaving Mr. Tully on the wagon ed their united atreagth to that of the and he ascent of a stony bill a mile. long and eight miles high, we will return at once to New York and look into tida strange affair. Why was Mr. Tully in Maine at all?

"Doe," Mr. Tally had said to his oldest friend. " I want to know what's wrong with me. I'm run down, and my nerves hurt. I see strange things receive along the wall at night."

"David," the doc answered, "you need peace, rest and quiet of the quietest sort, and I know just where you ought to go. I've got an aunt in East Waldoboro Go up there and get back jour nerves. If you don't go You'll die."

He disembarked from the station vehicle at the risk of life and limb, found Dr. Gregory's aunt a fine; pleasant, kindly old inde and put away his traveling impediments in the largest room he had ever seen, in the middle of which was a bed, which was twice as large as a regular bed.

"I'm going to like this place," he excininged cutbushighenly. "When a an he done to give her retief from man beesle quiet he wants to come to just such a place as this. I'll bet I'll be perfectly well in no time."

flesides Dr. Gregory's nunt there were others in the house, and at first Tully concluded that somebody was Ill in an upper room because of the continued quiet about the place and the noiseless movements of its inmates.

"We are free from the noises of the village," his hostess said to Tully on the first evening, "and we are so far from the main road that you will not he row, and with assistance walked he disturbed by passing motorcurs. in-the door of the sick chamber and There are only three of us now-myself, my niece and the man who looks The room was empty save for the after things for us. I am sure you will form of the dying woman on the bed. find nothing to disturb you." the west in aloue, and a hand gently

"Thank you." Tully said. "I am positive I shall improve very quickly in these penceful surroundings." He was beginning to feel embarrassed by the attentions shown him.

That night as he lay between the et amelling sheets his ears fairly tingled. He endeavored to corral some stray, faint sound, but there was nothing except the soft rustle of the leaves outside his window. like tried to mower, but no words

in the morning he awakened, fresh and vigorous, after a sleep a dead man might have envied. During breakfast Mrs. Knight sent the hired man into the yard to shoo away a bevy of robins which had met in convention as were chattering over the minutes of the last meeting. Tully watched the

hired man in astonishment. "The robins are so noisy," Mrs. Knight said to him. "We must try to keep the place quiet for you, Mr. Tully." Tully began to wonder exactly what Doe Gregory had written his aunt about him. He began to wonder whether he had not better bury his watch under a rosebush on account of

its tremendous ticking. He observed curiously that Mrs. Knight and her niece moved about without producing the slightest noise and that the hired man evidently ran upon puenmatic tires. The huge grandfather's clock in the dining room ticktocked in a low, almost maudible, tone. The screen doors swung noise

lessly against rubber fenders. The floors were somewhere underneath the thick rugs or carpets. The entire house represented the word "quiet" worked up to the uth power. The last pocket in an abandoned coal mine was a noisy racket compared

with it. Mr. Tully, feeling refreshed and cheerful, sauntered forth. He plucked a red, red rose and placed it in his buttonhole. He sniffed the morning breeze and held out his hand to take bearings. The hand was almost steady.

He examined the blank atmosphere for his little puls, the starfish spots he had been accustomed to seeing in New York, but they had already diminished in size. He gazed at the side of a red barn in a hunt for the moving objects that a blank wall usually supplied and had great difficulty in finding them. "This is a most wonderful spot and

a most wonderful improvement," chuckled in a pleased way. "Here I've been around only twenty hours, and I can see a change for the better. Thanks, Hank Gregory,"

Tully's appetite increased at once, He consumed quantities of fresh milk, corn brend, bacon and eggs, vegetables and Maine pie, to which no ple is peer. He found himself awakening in the middle of the night to as suage the pangs of hunger with half a

pound of cold roast beef. The noiseless customs of those about him had affected his own actions, and he could now move about without mak-

ing a sound. At the end of a week Mr. Tully of New York had concluded that ordimary quiet meant one thing and East Waldoboro-Knight quiet another. He have been fined and refined.-Ju had discovered what other men have

found that there is a supertative segree of quiet that gets under a idan's skin and makes him yearn for some

The people were quiet, the horner and cows were quiet, and the chickens cackled in b minor, which is just above the first zero in sound affairs, It was on Sunday that Tully spent his first wakeful night.

He had leaped into bed with a gind BUT sigh, expecting the usual furried approach of Morpheus, but Mr. Morph was visiting in Chicago, and at 2 in the morning the New Yorker disembarked and spent the remainder of the night reading a novel under a carefulty studed oil lymp.

On Tuesday night Tolly was on the fourth reading of the same novel and had begun to weary. The fifth night he simply sat still with his chin in his talms and fought off a strong desire to ween.

During the daytime he walked far and wide, listening with extended cars for a sound-any sound. The exercise tired him out, but sleep refused to come. He began to paw over the the city, Mr. Tully gazed about him thought of buring a hitching post through the meat shop window to see the midst of an ocean of quiet. Peace if anything in the way of audibility would result.

"I'm going daffy," he made judgment when he found himself kicking an empty salmon can along a deserted lane and gloating over the sounds it made.

Far away each night-millions of the faint whistle of the night freight train. It passed through East Waidobore at 4 in the morning, bound for Bath, Bruinwick, Portland, Boston and New York.

On sleepless nights his greatest, sqpremest joy was to lean out of the good window under the oak trees, waiting for the faroff toot. It was at 2 a'clock Thursday morning that he at motionless and considered a hasty thought. For five minutes the details of the thought rushed about in his

Then he began to remove his pajauss with great speed, and, disregarding all consequences, he turned up the oll lamp and hastily packed his dressing case. A new light shone in his yes, and he was smiling gloriously. His head felt light, as one's head does after three glasses of champagne on an empty interior. He felt fine.

"Dear Mrs. Knight," he wrote on the theet of paper, which he pluned on his pillow, "my stay with you and your niece has done me a universe of good. I am the healthlest man in the world. But I am going away from you, thanking you over and over for your kindness and your thoughtful acts. I am going away because it is so quiet here that if I stay two more hours I will ommit some desperate deed. I haven't the courage to face you and tell you this, and, besides, the night freight train is coming, and I will be in the aboose or death will end it all."

Mr. Tully let himself out of the Knight home on feet of velvet and aimed at the station. The night freight stopped there to turn a switch, and when the caboose slowed down a strange young man, carrying a suit case, climbed the steps and shook hands with the sleepy conductor.

Tully sat up the entire trip to Portand and enjoyed himself beyond human understanding. The clatter of the wheels over rall joints, the creaking. grouning of the brake beams and the scratching of the metal shoes were sweet sounds in his long famished ears. The yells out of the night from yardlike a pleasant opinte. The roar of passing trains threw him into an ecstasy of delight. He decided that he would spend the remainder of life riding in a freight caboose with a greasy brakeman.

When he struck Broad way and Twenty-third street Tully was a mass of goose flesh, and each member of the sald goose flesh was a unit of joy. He sembled under a lawn sprinkler and found his apartment and entered it serenely.

He drank a large glass of water, undressed in three minutes, surged into bed and for the first time in two weeks he went to sleep such a sleep as dying victims of insomnia picture in their feverish ravings.

He was awakened by a large, greasy, blue overalled figure sitting on the end of a steel girder outside his window.

The man was staring down at him, amazement and envy written over his grimy countenance.

In his hand he held a machine gun attached to a pneumatic hose, which he waved at the surprised Tully to emphasize his remarks.

"You're some sleeper, young feller," the riveting man said amiably. "What's the matter with you?" Tully inquired, wondering at this steel en-

throned one's proximity. "I've been rivetin' bolts late this gir der for the last hour and watchin' you slumber. I wish I could do that, mis-

ter. I envy you." "Oh, shut up and let me alone!" Tully growled.

He turned over, punched the pillow and returned to deep sleep at once. The man on the steel beam renewed his clamorous attack upon the metal support with fresh energy, shaking his head and wondering

Eagerly Communicative. "A man ought not to have any se crets from his wife." "Secrets!" exclaimed Mr. Meekton "I spend hours trying to make an impression on Henrietta by thinking up

something to tell her that she doesn't know."-Washington Star. Separated. Mrs. Wabash-So they have drifted

Mrs. Dearborn-Well, I don't know as you could call it drifting, exactly. But hereafter they've decided to paddle

Interrupted Prespects. Rapturous Swain-And when we are married we will be ideally bappy and ive on, and live on-Perturbed Father-Well, not on me-

their own cames - Yonkers Statesman.

Baltimore American. Refining Influence. Frost-Do you think the auto has ar ennobling influence? Snow-Well, speaking personally, we

It is to Be a Haven of Rest For Homeless Dogs.

COMPLICATIONS ARISE.

These Are Followed by Something Worse, and Mrs. Bowser Is Unable to Refrain From a Few Remarks of on Ironical Nature.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1314, by Associated Literary Press.] NYTHING come up for me this afternoon?" asked Mr. Bowser

as he entered the house the other evening. "Nothing," replied Mrs. Bowser. That's funny." "lid you expect a goat to be left

"No matter. It will come along soon." "I saw a man go past with a coon in

"I'm not in the coon business." "If it's a camel I'd better watch out for it."

"You'd better get the dinner on." During the meal Mr. Bowser seemed preccupied and talked very little, but so calamity occurred. They had finmiles in the distance he could hear I ished when the basement bell rang, and a minute inter a discussion was heard between the cook and a small boy who had a dog at his beels. Mr. Bowser burried downstairs and was absent for a quarter of an hour. When he returned Mrs. Bowser looked at him in a way that eniled for an explanation, and he explained:

> "It was a boy with a dog. I have shut the dog up in the shed." "But what do we want of a dog?"

she queried. "Nothing, my dear. Have you ever noticed how many homeless dogs there are on the street?"

"No. I never did." A Cold Hearted Person.

"I didn't suppose you had, knowing how selfish and cold hearted you are,



THE BOYS WERR IN LUCK.

but I have. At this very minute there are probably 1,000 friendless, homeless dogs wandering about the city."

"And is that our fault?" "In one way, no. In another way, we have a duty to perform. As human be-The yells out of the night from yard-ings—as men and women with souls are and station agents assailed him and hearts—we should take heed of the sufferings of the brute creation. What is more sad than to see a poor doe skulking about in fear and hunger? That he is an outcast and outlaw is not his fault. The world owes him a living the same as it does a man. Humanity owes him food and kind treat-

ment. "Perhaps you are going to found a dog asylum?" observed Mrs. Bowser after a while.

"You have hit it exactly," he replied as the cut came out from under the lounge and sniffed the atmosphere as if she suspected the presence of a canine. "Yes, ma'am, I have established a home for friendless dogs, and it already has an occupant. I have arranged with several boys to bring me every friendless dog they can find Each canine shall have bed and board for a couple of weeks at least, and I have no fear that the public will not take them off my hands. You are not with me in this charity, of course, but I shall carry it through just the same. There goes the bell, and that means

Mr. Bowser opened the door to find mother boy and another dog. He was paying the lad and giving him words of praise at the same time when the family cat, which had followed him downstairs, took a hand in it. With a yeowl and a howl she lit on the dog's back, and for two or three minutes Mr. Bowser, the boy, the dog and the cat were all mixed up. Then the cat retreated, and the dog was conducted to

the asylum. The Cook Makes a Fuss. "What's all the about?" demanded the cook as Mr. Bowser returned

through the kitchen. "My dear woman, I am being kind to homeless dogs," he replied. "Are there others to come?" "I hope so. Yes, I am in hope to pick

ap about fifty more." "Then I quit my job in the mornin'. have never yet worked in a dog asyum, and, please heaven, I never will! No use to talk to me, sir. I can stand a ent or two around, and I can put up with a cranky man, but I'm no lady as-

sistant in a dog asylum. "I suppose you have been conspiring with the girl," said Mr. Bowser, as he rot back upstairs. 'But she can quit and be hanged to her! I know I'm

right in this thing. I know that my course is dictated by the sentiment of mercy, and the dog asylum shall go on in spite of everything.

Mrs. Bowser was slipping upstairs without a word in reply when the belt rang again and dog No. 3 was at band. He had scarcely been "asylumed" when Nos, 4 and 5 showed up. The boys were in luck. It was cash down and words of encouragement in every case. By 10 o'clock Mr. Bowser had nine dogs in the shed, and after exbausting the scraps in the kitchen be had sent to the butcher's for meat and

ceiles felt by all shall who have nobigperformed a duty when there came a loud theil at the front door, his hastened to open it, to find a woman on the

A Cloud on the Horizon. "A nice sort of man you are, I must say! Where's my dog?"

"Your dog, madam?" he quoted. "Yes, my dog! He was stolen out of the yard half an hour ago, and the boy was seen to enter this house. So you've got down to encouraging boys to steal dogs, have you? I'll have him or bring

the police here." "My dear woman, don't get excited. If your dog is here he was taken by mistake, and I am sorry for it. I received him as a homeless, friendless cantne.

The dog was found among those in the shed, and the woman went away muttering and scolding. She had not been gone ten minutes and Mr. Bowser was about to lock up for the night. when the doorhell was almost jerked out by the roots. It was a man this time He pushed his way tuto the hall, and, shaking his fist under Mr. Bowser's nose, he shouted:

"You miserable old dog thief, but I am going to drive your head through the wall!"

"What-what's the-matter?" was the stammering query. "The matter is that you are en-

couraging a band of boodiums to steal people's dogs and that one of them has stolen mine and brought him here Trot him right out or I'll thump you till you enn't holler!" "My dear man"-"Trot him out I say"

The asylum was visited and the issing dog recovered, and his still indigmant owner falked tight till the gate closed belind him. Mr. Bowsen was wondering over the stekedness of his amsistants when Mrs. Bowner ap-

"Don't you think it would be a good iden to turn the rest of the dogs loose and abolish the home?" she queried "Never!" shouted Mr. Bowsey. set out to establish a home, and I'll do it or perish in the attempt."

Unlooked For Developments. At that moment the sound of an awful racket came up from the shed The seven dogs left had entered into a sattle royal, and the noise was one to arouse the whole neighborhood. Mr. Bowser dashed downstates and out into the yard, and in another second he had the door of the shed open. He was going to yell at the dogs to stop the row, but no sooner was the door thrown open than the fighting, strong gling seven made a rosts. So did Ma Bowser Instinct warned the dags that he was to blame for the row and ther quit lighting among themselves to snat at his beets. It was a nip and fuck race, with a building trying to find a place to hang on to, but Mr. Bowses not only reached the fence, but went over it into the next yard and wiped out a bed of earth. It wasn't five minutes before twenty men and boys were on hand, and one of them had will enough to let the dogs out. They went out snarling and howling and fighting. | there was none but remin with the buildog having the best of it. and amid the general uproar Mr. Bowser climbed back into his own yard and got into the house. Mrs. Bowser was quietly awaiting him.

"Well, how many bites did you get from your homeless, friendless dogs? she asked as she surveyed his tattered

trousers legs. He turned red and glared at her and swallowed the lump in his throat, but he made no reply. He was so mad and scared and upset that he couldn't even charge her with conspiracy, and after seeing that the front door was locked he followed her upstairs and simply

managed to growl out: "Woman, you and I will settle this thing in the morning.

Good Time Coming. "I see now, according to Dr. Clement Lucus of England, the human family

likely to become a one toed race, aid the pessimist. "Well, that means fewer corns," reolled the optimist.-Yonkers States-

Trouble to Follow. "How is that novel you're reading?" "I'm worried about the bereine, 1 now she's in for a lot of trouble." "Why so?" "She gets married at page 27, don't

you know."-Kansas City Journal, Just a Man. "Are you afraid of burglars?" "I used to be, but I got a good look

only a man, just like my husband."-Detroit Free Press. Either a Good Enough Reason. She-If you insist upon knowing there are two reasons why I can't

at one not long ago and I'm not afraid

any more. I found out that be was

marry you. He-And they are? She-Yourself and another man .-

His Trade. "I know a man who gives cut rates to everybody in his business." "That's odd, What is his business?

"He trims bedges "-Baltimore Amer-The Truth Teller.



Accountant-This is a full schedule of your liabilities, is it? Bankrupt (hopelessly)-Well, no-here are eight wedding invitations. - New York Globe

Patience-When an English suffra-gette backs a picture in one of the galleries, why is it always one of a beautiful woman?

Patrice-Because she dislikes to see another woman admired, 4s my guess -Yonkers Statesman.

We know him as a tiresome stiff; He bores us night and day. We'd give him a great send off if We thought he'd stay away.

The Mysterious Stories

By EVERETT I MARKLE

I am a man of artistic taste, but having taken up business, I have felt the necessity of fluding something to occupy and divert my mind during my leisure hours. I began writing stories After amusing myself at this work for awhile I constructed a story that I thought pretty good and tried it on a magazine. To my surprise, it was accepted. I sent out more and was rewarded with more acceptances.

When I came to be troubled with in somnia my story writing furnished me with occupation during hours of wakefulness. I have written many a story or part of a story between 1 and 4 in the morning. I boarded with a lady, Mrs. Stoughton, and her daughter. Kate. I may admit in passing that when a man boards with a lady who has a daughter, especially if that daughter is attractive, be is likely to put a matrimonial rope around his neck. At any rate, an affair was brewing between Kate Stoughton and myself. She used to twit me for attting up in the middle of the night scribbling, for I didn't admit that I was troubled with insomnia. But Kate was always joking me, and anything she said was acceptable.

One evening I went up to my room carrying a magazine with me to read during my evening awake. Turning over the leaves, I came to a story by some one who had the same name as myself. I read the story, and it seemed to me as if I might have dreamed t myself. But our mental faculties the very subtle, and it occurred to me hit my seeming connection with it udebt have come from an infinitesimally small period of suspended animation, at the awakehing from which t fancied I had seen the story before.

But this did not explain my name being used as the author of the stories. I was puzzled over this, especially because I was not familiar with any magazine writer of my name-Truce. It is not an uncommon one, and doubtless there were other scribblers bearing it, but I knew none such, especially with my initials.

I didn't think much of this at the time, for my business, which had been couning so smoothly, began to give me a lot of trouble, and I was for on the verge of closing it out. I was making by my fingers, so to speak, hen I saw another story with my name to it, and, strange to say, the was the same faint dreamy knowledge of it that had pertained to the former one. The fellow's stories evi-dently pleased magazine readers, for they begon to appear quite often. I rend every one I came across, and my astonishment grew with each, for something I had heard or read or treamed.

Then it occurred to me to go to ome of the magazine offices and out who the writer was. I went first to an editor I knew best

"Hello!" he said. "You're just the man I want to see. I sent a check to you the other day for one of your stories, and the letter incloding it came back anopened. Have you taken to scribbling for no pay?"

"I haven't sent you a story for months." "No." This was one of the

fellow's I had read. The editor looked at me, po Then I told him what had hap He had supposed the stories with my name attached to them came from me, and he had no explanation of the mys-tery to offer. He handed me a fat check, but I declined it and went to the other scribbler's stories had ap-peared. They had all supposed that I was the author of the manuscripts sent in, and all had credited me with the amount due-in all more than a

thousand dollars. Now, I had got through my be troubles, all but a thousand dolla coming due in a few days. All I had to do was to accept checks in payment for my stories and I would be "out of the woods." But I had not written the stories and had no right to take pay for them. Besides, if I did so and the real author turned up I would be

liable to prosecution for sw I was in a condition of mind whe a man needs to confide in some one. That evening I saw Kate Stoughton and told her the whole story, inc the fact that the use of a thou dollars would save my busine

"Then go to morrow," she said, "and draw the money from the magazines. One morning mother found a manuscript in a drawer of your desk; then mother and another at intervals. One night she saw you writing and spoke to you. You didn't answer. You were writing in your sleep or some similar condition. I read the stories, and it occurred to me that it would be a good joke to send them out to magazines. I did so, and they were all accepted. In some instances letters came for you from the magazines. Some I opened and found checks inclosed. I rescaled the envelopes and returned them. Such is my confession. I am sorry now that I didn't give them to you."

I was so delighted at having the money to pull me through in my busi-ness affairs that I threw my arms around her neck and thereby put the halter of matrimony that I spoke of

But how I wrote the stories is still a mystery to me, and no one has ever yet been able to give one any empla-

Why She Didn't Apply.

Marks—So you saw the woman was
dropped the purse, but lost her in the
crowd. Did you advertise for her?

Parks—Yes; I put this in. "If the

very homely woman of forty, we a dress of last year's style and a mountecoming bat, who lost her pure containing \$3.50, on Boylston stree Saturday will apply to—, her propert will be returned." I've had no answer

Marks-Gracious! Do you oman would own up to the