



CHAPTER I.

JOHN Pengergast could have sworn the door had closed with a bang as he opened his eyes. In fact so convinced was his sense of hearing that he had not been deceived that he jumped to his feet and swiftly crossed the room turned the handle of the door and pulled it. But it yielded not to his strength, and the next moment directing his attention to the key, he found it was even as he had felt it an hour before when he had looked the door against possible intruders.

CHAPTER II.

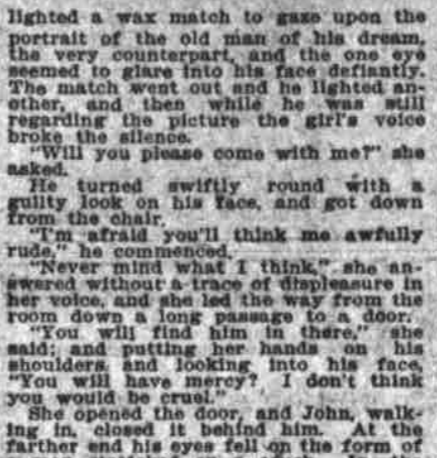
A matter of ten days had passed since Bradport, enjoying some good sport that he determined to stop another ten, and so a week beyond the period he had promised himself if importunate editors did not call him to town. Often as he sat watching his restless line and foot he had noticed in the distance a dream, and the face of the girl haunted him in the smoke rings which rose lazily from his pipe and hung in the summer air.

caught the rod and savagely wound the line into the reel until the action was stopped unexpectedly.

CHAPTER III.

Pengergast gazed on a sweeter face than he had ever seen before. The beautiful face of a young woman in the bloom of youth.

The girl started visibly. "How did you know that?" she asked. He smiled and continued: "Not exactly a Christian gentleman either, as you call me, but I am going toward the village."



Elizabeth, who in the meantime had entered the apartment.

lighted a wax match to gaze upon the portrait of the old man of his dream, the very counterpart, and the one eye seemed to glare into his face defiantly.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES--Andrew Carnegie Says Problem of Our Age Is the Administration of Wealth

By Andrew Carnegie. THE problem of our age is the proper administration of wealth, that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and the poor in harmonious relationship.

100 YEARS OF HARD COAL--Continued from the First Page of This Section

A curious thing it is to note that when the first coal was discovered in Massachusetts, the birth of this great commercial world of anthracite was in a town named Plymouth, in Pennsylvania.

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