

CHAPTER XIV.-(Continued.)

"So, so you were spying on me!" cries, in little gasps. "What brought you, he, in little gasps. "What brought you, ch? That door below was locked-has been locked for fifty years. Is there a conspiracy against me, then, that you can thus force yourself into my presence,

in spite of bolts and bars?" "The lock gave way," stammers Vera: "it must have been old, broken by age. rusty. I had nothing to do. It was by the merest chance I came here. I am sorry, sorry." Her voice dies in her thront.

"I don't believe it; there is more that you keep behind. Speak, girl; speak, I command you? Who showed you the way here?

I have told you," says Vera, tremu lously: "you must believe me. If I had known I should not have come. I-1 am sorry I have so frightened you, but-

"Who says I am frightened?" He turns npon her with a bitter seowl and a pierc-ing glance. "Why should I care about being disturbed when I was merely idling away a dull hour by looking through my own will?"

'Yours?" asks Vera, innocently enough. "Ay, whose else?" he asks, with a snarl of anger. "What do you mean, girl? Do you doubt my word? Whose else should it be-els, eh? Go, leave me," cries he, furiously; "and cursed be the day you ever saw my house!"

He waves to her to leave him, and, more unnerved than she has ever been in all her life before, she retreats behind the heavy curtain and runs with all her might down the dark corridor without, down the steep stairway, and so out into the passage into the hall.

CHAPTER XV.

Going to where Tom Peyton is diligently weeding, Griselda takes him to task

'Why didn't you tell me your sister was the sweetest woman on earth?" demands she, in quite an aggrieved tone. "Because she isn't," says Tom, striv-ing with a giant dock that has treacherously concealed itself beneath the spread ing leaves of a magnificent dahlin; "you are that."

"Nonsense!" says Griselda; and then, "Oh, Tom! what do you think she is going to do-at once? She is going to make an effort to induce Uncle Gregory to let Vera and me stay with her at The Only fancy if she succe 'riars! Wasn't it perfectly lovely of her to think "Oh, she isn't bad," says her brother.

broadly; "but may I ask how she pro-poses tackling the old gentleman?" "Through Seaton."

'If Seaton helps her-

The words die on his lips, his jubilant air forsakes him-having turned a corner of the seconded pathway they had chosen, they run right into the arms of Seaton Dysart! For a moment the two men gaze blankly into each other's eyes. 'What is the meaning of this masque

rade?" demands Dysart presently with an angry frown; "what brings you here, Peyton, in that dress, and with my cousin?"

You certainly have every right to "You certainly have every that a rueful glance ask," says Peyton, with a rueful glance at his damuatory clothing, "but surely you might guess the answer. The fact Sandes he was. Don't you know him?

narrow gold bangles that adorn Vera's wrist, and begins to push them up and down with a childish, diffident gesture. 'What's your name?' asks she, gravely, Vera.

"Veral" Both children repeat the ord with a sort of gratification. "But -tell us-you have another name, haven't

"Dysart," confesses she, softly, "Why, that's Seaton's name," cries Dolly, brightening, and looking up at the tall young man who is standing near them; "isn't it, Seaton? Why, you must be something to him. Sister-ch?"

"No," says Vera, shaking her head. "You can't be his mother?" hazards the younger child, uncertainly. Vera langes lightly. "No," she says

again

'I have it! I know it!" exclaims Dolly the wise, glancing up triumphantly; "you are-his wife?"

This innocent bombshell spreads dismay in the camp.

"Who is that pretty little girl over there?" Vera asks, with a wild longing to change this embarrassing conversation, pointing to where the girl who had first attracted her is sitting, "quite opposite, in the red-and-white gown? you see her?"

'Ohl that is Mary Butler. Don't know her? Everybody knows Mary But-ler. We love her, so does everybody plan

'Mamma says Seaton does," says litthe Flossy, mildly; 'perhaps that's why he won't marry you

"It was true, then," thinks Vera. 2 great sense of disgust rises up within $-\mathbf{A}$ her, swallowing all other thoughts. And yet he would have forsworn himself! Would have-nay, he would do so still. Oh, the shamelessness of it!

Perhaps something of her secret scorn ommunicates itself to him, because even in the midst of his apparently engrosa ng conversation he lifts his head abrupt-

ly and his eyes seek hers, and read them as though he would read her soul. And then a curious light flashes into his face. He makes a movement, quick ungoverned, as though he would rise and go to her, but, even as he does so, someone steps out from the shadows behind her, and, bending over her, holds out his

hand-a young man, tall, well favored, smiling, with an air about him of sudden, warm delight. "You remember me?" he says, so distinctly that Seaton can hear him across

the room. "To think that I should have the happiness of meeting you-here-today-and after so many vain inquiries. How it brings back the past to see you. Venice, Rome, that last carnival. Vera, say you are glad to see me!"

Some people walking past them, and suddenly standing still, obliterate them from Seaton's view, but when next he ooks the stranger is sitting beside her. and Vera, with flushed cheeks and bril-liant eyes, full of an unmistakable welcome, is murmuring to him in low, soft

"Who is the man talking to my ousin?" asks Seaton, indicating Vera's companion by a slight gesture, and peaking in a tone so changed that Miss

Great hunting man. He came in for the title about eight months ago. 'That

"She imagines-or, of course, it is all HERE'S AN INTRICATE MACHINE THAT into her head that you are here to-to watch her.

"Is that how it strikes you?" says he slowly; a sudden, short, miserable laugh breaks from him. "So that is how you ook at it? Great heaven, to think how I have loved you-such as youa thing? It shames me now to think of it?" He draws his breath sharply, though she writhes. "No, you shall hear me! I have heard much from you, first and last-this shall be the last, I swear! Here, even now, in this moment find you so altogether contemptible a creature, it is my misery to know that 1 creature, it is iny intervy to know that a still love you! Day after day you have heaped insults upon me. Your every look has been an affront. I have said too much," he continues, wearily, but with little eloquent gesture she renders him wilcut.

"Oh, not too much, but perhaps -she smiles again, that enough? smile that hurts him like the sharpest stab-"surely it would be hard to expect you to find another insult to-day. Te-morrow, perhaps. And now let me say one little word. Have I no cause to doubt you?"

"None, none?" declares he, vehemently She throws out her hands with a lit le expressive movement. "I leave that the expressive movement. "I leave that to your own conscience, to your own sense of right and wrong," she says, shrugging her shroulders, finely. "But once for all," raising her voice and throwing up her head, "I warn you. Rather than marry you," making a slight gesture of horror, "I would accept the irst man that asked me!"

A faint rustle among the bushes out ide, a footstep-and Lord Shelton steps into view.

"I hold you to your word," cries he, eavly; he steps lightly within the flower rowned archway, and looks straight at Vera. He is smiling, but underneath the smile lies a longing to be taken seriously, "You give me a chance," he says; "I here, hefore witnesses, declare myself a mitor for your hand"-his expression is till wavering betwist mirth and gravity ind he holds out to her both his hands,

You are not, however, the first to ask a black, and anger fights for mastery with despair in his dark eye. Vera, pale as death, but with a little

ndignant frown, steps between the two

'What does it all mean?" she asks, contemptuously; "would you make a tra-gedy out of a farce? If so, at least be by a slight imperious gesture, and pass ing them, walks swiftly away in the direction of the house.

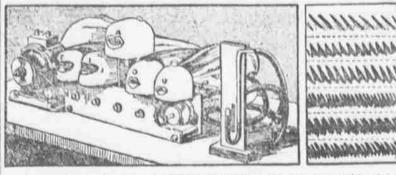
(To be continued.)

THE FILIPINO SCHOOLBOY.

United States.

It has been frequently remarked that that they could successfully combat us. In going through their school here I found a little manuscript volume in script pages, was comprised all of syntax and geography that was taught the children here. And it must be remembered that Malolos, before the insurrection, was an important city in this part of the world, and one where the children would be expected to receive the average education. Turning to one of the pages in this book that I picked up, I found the United States of Amer-Ica discoursed upon, immediately after Nigricia, and just before Mexico. Here is the entire lot of information given questions and answers:

CAN UTTER DISTINCTLY FIVE VOWELS.



remarkable triumph in mechanical invention has just been achieved by Dr. Marage of Lendon, who has succeeded in constructing a machine that can Dr. Marage of London, who has succeeded in constructing a matchine trait can otter plainly and distinctly the bre vowels—s, e. i. o. u. This remarkable result is achieved by passing currents of air through a series of receptacies, the interior shapes of which are exactly like those of the human mouth when it pronounces the vowels. The first illustration shows the machine, and the second shows the waves of vibration of various vowel sounds.

Although many attempts have been made, it is only now that success has been attained, and before long we may expect to have a machine that can really talk. Of course, the phonograph is not a talking machine, because it merely gives off a record that has already been made upon a cylinder by an actual numan voice. Dr. Marage's machine, however, creates the vowel sounds at first hand.

This machine, as will be seen by the illustration, has been constructed so as to reproduce the interior of a person's mouth while pronouncing the different vowusing the plastic substance employed by dentists.

These false mouths, as it were, are made of plaster of paris and are fitted to sirens giving the appropriate combinations of sounds. Dr. Marage then sets his machine in operation, and the vowels are produced synthetically

Dr. Marage purposes to modify the steam sirens used on shipboard so that they will imitate the vowel sounds. Thus different phonetic syllables may be obtained which may be used as an international alphabet.

Mixer, "Foul it or something."

passer-by with ordinary eyesight might

around that two-acro lot, with a vi-

clous looking fat man in hot pursuit.

CLUBMEN IN AMERICA.

came a blesed interruption.

land Post Dispatch.

IN A MORALIZING MOOD.

The Children Mave a Hard Time of It According to This.

How useful children are! When I am il-tempered I don't swear any more-I simply spank one of the children, says a writer in the Yellow Book, New don't sneer and set me down as a her," says Dysart, in a voice vibrating mean, contemptible man. You do it with many and deep emotions. His brow yourself, if you have any children, and yourself, if you have any children, and if you have not you hate them all on general principles. Come down off your pelestal, illustrious sir or madam. and analyze your actions with an Xray. There, now, didn't I tell you so That conscience of yours doesn't look

ery well in print, does it? good enough to assign me no part in it." However, let us return to our chil-She sweeps both men out of her path dren. They are just as useful when we are in a self-satisfied mood. When I feel like swelling out my manly bosom and am nearly bursting with pride I don't talk about myself as I used to. I just blow about the children and make myself disagreeable without He Learns Very Little About the laying myself open to the charge of concelt.

And what slaves children are! From the Filipinos could have no conception morning till night they are bossed of the extent and resources of the Uni- around by everybody from their mighty ted States or they never would have father down through the descending osen deceived into the hallucination scale of elder brothers and sisters, ser vants, neighbors, tradesmen, street cleaners, policemen, to their own mothers. Think of the "Don'ts" a small boy which, in less than a hundred maau- hears in one day. All the books "Don't" ever published wouldn't make up the sum of "Don'ts" my small boy hears in the waking hours of any twentyfour. How in the world he ever accomplishes anything, in spite of such an avalanche of "Don'ts" I fall to see.

Behold him now. He is playing football with his baby sister in the title role. 1 suppose 1 ought to stop and yell "Don't" at him. But there, his baby sister is madder at the interrup-"Where is this country (the United tion than he is. How essentially femi-

ENDED UNPLEASANTLY.

ted as far as a tossed one.

moving but naturally-

WON'T SELL TO AMERICANS.

Filipinos at San Fernando Opposed to Yankee Business Men.

American enterprise in the Philiplines is meeting with opposition at some places where the natives have stopped fighting, but are evidently not ready for Yankee husiness methods. One of these places is San Fernando, apital of La Union province, in the Island of Luzon.

The city has a population of about 13,000, and is 171 miles north of Manila, with which it is connected by wagon road. The province is fortile, raising much rice, corn, tobacco and sugar cume.

Gold is found in the sands of the rivers of the province, but it is coarse, San Fernando has a good harber on the western coast of Luzon.

Naturally some of the Americana in the Philippines have been attracted to this fertile part of Luzon, which is peaceful now, but their reception, in a business way, has not been a hearty one, acording to a correspondent of the Manila Freedom. He says:

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"The effect of American justice and discipline is very noticeable in this province and in adjoining districts. Everybody is at peace with his neighbors, and Americana pass through here often without arms.

"The natives are thoroughly convinced that bamboo canoes with tin cans and chunks of barbed wire are no check to American soldiers, but they are stubbornly opposing American occupation and enterprise by refusing to lease or sell vacant land in lots for Another hot one was equally fortunate. building purposes.

"I know five American citizens who "Ob, hit the ball," said the disgusted have been trying for more than a Mr. Briggs did foul it. He fouled it month, two of them for two months, with such signal success that it flew for a location upon which to erect basifrom his bat at a merry tangent, and, ness buildings. The presidente is the chief monopolist and succeeds very eatching the smilling Mixer under the jaw, almost tore his head loose from its well in discouraging Americans from locating here. fastenings. Two minutes later any

"This place has a fine harbor-the have seen a tall, thin man with a base best there is on the western coast, with ball bat in his hand wildly cavorting possibly one exception. It has the natu ral drainage, is the gateway to the gold deposits of Benguet and Lepanto provinces. San Fernando is the shipping followed closely by a boy with a big mitt and another boy with no special point for the famous Niguillian tobacce mark of distinction. Around and district.

"If the civil commission will look up around the lot they went, until there the titles to terra firma about here it will perform a benefit which will be "Pa," shricked little Jane Mixer over appreciated by all well-disposed perthe back fence, "supper is ready." The sons residing here. Oh, for about 75,000 merry go round ceased, the two princi-Tagalogs from the vicinity of Manila pals walked away with glances of unutto settle here and teach the dog in the terable contempt. And the great scienmanger Bocanos what civility and progtific problem remains unsettled. - Cleve-TOBM BITCH

"With that number of energetic Tagalogs planted in this province, with its natural advantages, it would become the garden spot of the archipelage."

"Pipe-Osis Chinnitis.

"Have you ever noticed," said an uptown physician the other day, "the number of young men who are nursing sore chins? Some have swellings on one side only; the majority have them on both sides. Not one in fifty of those young fellows knows what is the matter with him. Most of them imagine that their blood is out of order, and ge dosing themselves, but the disease still stays. Do you see this?" And the man of medicine puiled a small buildog pipe out of his coat pocket and placed it in his mouth. "I put the pipe to the right Most New York clubs have an early side, and note where it rests. The bowl almost invariably comes in contact with the skin just at the forward bend of the chin, and the heat of the lighted tobacco acts like a poultice and draws to a head whatever impurities may be

There Is a Very Small Class as Yet of Professional Idiers. Nothing better proves that this town is a community of busy men than the peculiarities of the clubs. In all the great capitals of Europe the clubs are frequented at all hours of the day and

far into the night. Most of the New York clubs are nearly empty during business hours, and few of them are open long after midnight. The class of professional idlers is relatively so small in New York that they make up a considerable proportion of the mem-But he does, sturdy little Titan that he bership of very few clubs. In the large clubs they are an insignificant fraction

of the membership. breakfast hour, and in nearly all of them there are members who would as to the United States, in the form of mother has saved me the trouble. And like to have the hour earlier than it is. On all business days most of the club habitues breakfast between 7:30 and 9 States) situated? In North America. nine! The same chord has been touch- o'clock. After 10 o'clock the breakfast "What are its boundaries? To the ed that makes a woman mad when you room usually has three or four occu-

struck with a dull thud in Bud's mitt.

ion with a careful be surpassed.

"In love?" exclaims Dysart, frowning still more darkly. "Quite so," amiably; "five fathoms deep. And your father being so-so-ex-

clusive," making a hard light for a civil word, "I couldn't manage to see her in any orthodox fashion, so I took service here

"Her? whom?" asks Dysart, changing color. A sudden light flashes into his eyes; to him, as to Tom Peyton, there is but one "her" in the world.

"Why, Griselda," says the latter, as if amnzed at the other's stupidity.

"And what do you suppose will be the upshot of all this?" sternly.

never yet gone into. But marriage, I that has annoyed you.

"and what of Griselda?"

"Griselda has confessed that she-likes me a little. I say, Dysart," with a sudden change of tone, "you won't tell your dad-ch?

"I am much more likely to tell your sister," snys Senton, angrily,

"You needn't. She knows. She was here just now, and is full of a desire to pends upon you to make your governor give his consent to the girls going on a visit to her, you won't disamatic have a super to a super to the super sup

"I'll do what I can," gravely; "but I shouldn't advise you to be too sanguine as to the result of my interference.

True to his word, Seaton managed, after a hard fight, to secure his father's consent that Vera and Griselda might pay a two weeks' visit to Lady Rivers-

It is quite five o'clock when they arrive and enter the spacious hall of The Friars, that now is filled with a delicate, somber light. A crimson stream from painted window, somewhere in the distance, casts a flood of glory, blood-red, at Vera's feet, and a comfortable tinkling of spoons clinking against china smites thei

At the top of the room, reclining in a rather listless fashion on some velvet cushions, are two little girls, quite lovely enough to arrest the gaze of any cusual observer. They have given in to the curiosity attendant on the entrance of the new guests, and fix their large wide eyes on Vera, who, in turn, looks back on them with a certain interest.

Lady Riversdale, by a word-an in-tensely proud, fond word-bad intimated that they were her children. The young er, taking her courage in both hands. "What thing? Of what does ahe ac-

brought him back from his big game in the East."

CHAPTER XVL

In the last four days Peyton has myseriously disappeared, no one knows whither, except perhaps Griselda, his ais-ter and two others. "North" he was go ing, he said to inquiring friends. To-day, however, he has turned up again, admirably dressed as ever, and as radiant as a good conscience should make any man.

"I'm so glad Tom has got back in time," says Griselda. "I quite feared Uncle Gregory would be too many for Vera, what makes you look like him. "That, my dear fellow, is what I have that, darling? Now tell me what it is

"I must be mad to be annoyed," says "Pshaw!" says Dysart, impatiently; Vera, with angry self-contempt.

"Seaton again?" "It is always Seaton," with an increase of her irritation, "when it isn't his fath-er. Was there no other path into which are could have flung me, except this? Yes, it is Seaton.

"But why think so much about him? He cannot interfere with you now, he his

father never so persistent in his idea of marrying you to him, because all the

"I pity her, then, with all my soul! What a family to eater! She is too good to be sacrificed so cruelly. I believe he a employed by his father to watch to report all that I say or- Ah!" she breaks off abruptly, and points almost triumphnntly to the pathway outside, where indeed Seaton stands.

That it is one of the most public walks at The Friars, that Seaton might have, any, indeed has, come this way without intention of any kind she does not allow

herself to believe. "I told you," she says, wehemently, "it spy upon my every action he is Oh, fool that I was, to dream of here!

being free for even these few days!" She has come a step or two forward; a carlet tide of indignant humiliation has

dyed her cheeks. She still points toward Senton with one trembling hand, while he, advancing slowly, looks with some anxiety from her to Griselda, who is sorely troubled, as if to demand an explana

"I think you must be mistaken, dar ling," she says, nervously, laying her hand upon her sister's arm, "I feel sure Seaton would not undertake the part you have assigned him. Seaton, speak to her tell her it is impossible that you should

alips her little alim fingers under the cuse me?" his brow growing dark.

That north, British America; to the east, the interrupt her husband while he is beat-Atlantic ocean and the Bahama chan- ing her. But stay! I must not begin nei; to the south, the Strait of Florida to moralize about women. That is a it would be hard to find a score of men

and the Gulf of Mexico, and to the task that would take a lifetime. west, Mexico and the Grande (Pacific) ocean.

"What is the form of government? It is a federal republic.

"Of what is this republic composed? Of forty different States.

"What are its rivers and mountains? The most notable rivers are the Mislaipi (literal spelling), the Niagara, the Missori (again the literal spelling), the ger. Colorado and the St. Lawrence, and the principal mountains are the Cumber- hemently, "that it is all nonsense to say land and Rockles.

"What is the capital? Washington," but the most important city is New York.

"Protestantism prevails, but there are Catholic archbishops."

And this is the sum total of what the average Filipino boy has been taught about our rather considerable balland somewhat prosperous country .--Maniha Letter in Leslie's Weekly.

Milk and Eggs a Bad Diet.

"People over 30 would do well to give up milk and eggs in any form as show you just where you are off your a diet," said a well-known physician. base. These are the structure-forming food of animals which mature in a short time, and when taken in quantities by human beings whose structures have already formed they tend only to the hardening and aging of the tissues. I have seen people who were beginning to find stair climbing difficult, and who were losing their elasticity, much benefited by eliminating these articles from their diet. That there has been a great increase in the duration of life below atmosphere. the age of 30 statistics prove, but beyond that period there has been no improvement. In my opinion, the person over 30 would have as good a chance to preserve life as the child just beginning its struggle with existence if he would only suit his diet to his years."

A Harem Car.

Central Asian railroad managers try to meet the desires of their public. A harem car with latticed windows has diamond. been constructed for the Emir of Bokhara.

The population of the world increases 10 per cent. every ten years.

pants. A few men of leisure breakfast later, but between 10 o'clock and 12:30 in any one of the great clubs unless some special occasion had brought them together.

Within the last ten or twelve years Baseball Argument Between Two Neighbors Ends in a Quarrel. Mr. Mixer and Mr. Briggs were visiluncheon has become an important

meal at many up-town clubs. It used bly agitated. They had been friends to be that only a few men of lelsure and neighbors for years, but now the took luncheon at their clubs. With the up-town movement of business, howroots of brotherly affection were in danever, hundreds of men have adopted the habit of taking luncheon at some one of "I'll tell you," said Mr. Mixer wethe clubs between 20th street and 50th street, A good many clubs, indeed, owe

that a swiftly pitched ball can be batconsiderable part of their member-"Much you know about it," said ship to the fact that they are con-Briggs hotly. "The resiliency in the veniently situated for business men a deputation of members called at the

fast ball when opposed by a swiftly "Rot!" cried Mr. Mixer. "Anybody that they can literally save money by of the home, so one asked: with half sense can see that a slow joining a club that furnishes luncheon at a moderate price. Tips given at 300 luncheons equal two-thirds the annual dues of the ordinary club, and food and 'Say," said Mr. Mixer, "let's get the cigars are a little cheaper at a good

Hammond boys to go with us to the club than at a good restaurant. vacant lot back of my house and I'll The club luncheon hour 's an unusual habits of the town assert themselves York Commercial Advertiser,

even here .- New York Sun,

Tyburn.

Tyburn was the place of execution from the ground of some three feet. Along came the ball-a slow and aggravating twister. Mr. Mixer smilingly awaited it. Then he hauled back and well, Ireton, and Bradshaw were exswathed a great gash in the innocent posed at Tyburn, Jan. 30, 1661. The

"One strike," yelled Bud Hammond, November, 1783. who held the sphere in his big mitt.

Mudie's Library.

Mr. Mixer expectorated on his palm has 3,000,000 books constantly in cir-

> Locomotive Fi ures. In fifteen years a locomotive will run

Scattle Assay Office.

\$55,000,000 since its establishment. Blood in the Human Body.

was not ready for it. It flew by him and body is 1-18 of the body weight,

style dhudeen was abandoned for the straight stem variety, the trouble ceased. I think that I am the original discoverer of the malady and have called it 'pipe-osla chimitia." "- Philadelphia Record.

in the vicinity, I have treated some

twenty cases, and as soon as the short

Poverty and Pride.

The Woman's Aid Society of this city has many cases of improvidence on record, and one of the best of them is the story of the woman whose husband was in jall and whose family had been supplied with food and clothing by the society. To the woman herself they gave \$10, thinking she would know the wants of her destitute family better than an outsider. A week after the gift who prefer luncheon at their club to squalid home to see the results. They luncheon at a restaurant. Men estimate found no betterment in the condition

"Well, Mrs. Nolan, how are you getting along?"

"Fine," Mrs. Nolan said.

"Did the clothes fit?" And did you find a place for the money?

"Sure. The clothes fitted fine, and, d'ye know, they looked so nice that I ly pleasant one, very different from the had all the children's pictures tuk with same hour at a down-town restaurant. the money you gave me, and I'm going' But most men do not linger long even to have me own taken this week, to Ten minutes later Mr. Mixer with a at the club luncheon. The business send to the old folks in Ireland."- New

Didn't Dare to Risk It.

Inhabitants of a Minnesota town remember Eben Jones, the crabbed mill n London for felons, and was used for ionaire lumberman who hired all the this purpose from the reign of Henry mill hands himself. One day a Swade IV.-1309-1413 The bodies of Crom- applied to the irritable old man, and so cured a place on the saws.

As he was leaving he said, "Mester last execution at Tyburn took place in Yones, in dees yob you geef me doaller an hallef a day. Besides dat. do you oat me or do I eat myselef?"

"Oh, eat yourself!" replied the old man. "I have dyspesia."

His Privilege.

An author wrole to his publisher: "Can I hope for any royalties from my book this year?"

The publisher replied:

"Yes; you can hope. There's solbing Constitution.

A shiftless man is always boasting of what he would do if he had money.

Mudie's circulating library in London mintion, and employs 178 people.

240,000 miles and earn \$300,000.

The Seattle assay office has handled in the world to hinder you."-Atlanta

The amount of blood in the human

"My turn now," said Mr. Briggs with an air of poorly concealed triumph "Your record with the slow ball is just

twelve linear inches. Gimme a hot one."

The hot one came, but Mr. Briggs

most reached terra firma was nabbed by the clever Bud just a foot inside the

and there was blood in his eye. Again he swathed the quivering atmosphere. Again the giggling Bud called a strike.

But the third time he hit the ball. It went directly upward, and when it al-

bat in his hand was facing Ted Hammond in the vacant lot. "Gimme a slow one about here," said Mr. Mixer, as he indicated a height

"Agreed," said Mr. Briggs.

"Rubbish!" snorted Mr. Briggs

They glared at each other.