

The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



He found the handbox where it had been described, arranged his toilet with care and left the house. The sun shone brightly. The distance he had to travel was considerable, and he remembered with dismay that the general's sudden interruption had prevented Lady Vandeleur from giving him money for a cab. On this sultry day there was every chance that his complexion would suffer severely, and to walk through so much of London with a handbox on his arm was a humiliation almost insupportable to a youth of his character. He paused and took counsel with himself. The Vandeleurs lived in Eaton place. His destination was near Notting Hill. Plainly he might cross the park by keeping well in the open and avoiding populous alleys, and be thanked for his stars when he reflected that it was still comparatively early in the day.

Anxious to be rid of his incubus, he walked somewhat faster than his ordinary pace, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

He accosted the first policeman and courteously inquired his way. It turned out that he was already not far from his destination, and a walk of a few minutes brought him to a small house in a lane, freshly painted and kept with the most scrupulous attention. The knocker and bell pull were highly polished, flowering not heretofore garlanded with the different windows, and curtains of some rich material concealed the interior from the eyes of curious passers-by. The place had an air of repose and secrecy, and Harry was so far caught with this spirit that he knocked with more than usual discretion and was more than usually careful to remove all impurity from his boots.

A servant maid of some personal attractions immediately opened the door and seemed to regard the secretary with an unkind eye.

"This is the parcel from Lady Vandeleur," said Harry.

"I know," replied the maid, with a nod. "But the gentleman is from home. Will you leave it with me?"

"I cannot," answered Harry. "I am directed not to part with it but upon a certain condition, and I must ask you to deliver it to me."

"Well," said she, "I suppose I may let you wait. I am lonely enough, I can tell you, and you do not look as though you would stay a day. But be sure and do not ask the gentleman's name, for that I am not to tell you."

"Do you say so?" cried Harry. "Why, how strange! But indeed for some time back I walk among surprises. One question I think I may surely ask without indiscretion—is he the master of this house?"

"He is a lawyer and not eight days old at that," returned the maid. "Now a question for a question—Do you know Lady Vandeleur?"

"I am her private secretary," replied Harry, with a glow of modest pride.

"She is pretty, is she not?" pursued the servant.

"Oh, beautiful!" cried Harry. "Wonderfully lovely and not less good and kind!"

"You look kind enough yourself," she retorted, "and I wager you are worth a dozen Lady Vandeleurs."

Harry was properly scandalized.

"I," he cried, "I am only a secretary!"

"Do you mean that for me?" said the girl. "Because I am only a housemaid. If you please," she added, "at the sight of Harry's obvious confusion, she added: 'I know you mean something of the sort, and I like your looks, but I think nothing of your Lady Vandeleur. Oh, these mistresses!' she cried. 'To send out a real gentleman like you with a handbox in broad day!'"

During this talk they had remained in their original positions, she on the doorstep, he on the sidewalk, but headed for the sake of coolness and with the handbox on his arm.

But upon this last speech Harry, who was unable to support such point blank compliments to his appearance nor the encouraging look with which they were accompanied, began to change his attitude and glance from left to right in perturbation. In so doing he turned his face toward the lower end of the lane, and there, to his indescribable dismay, his eyes encountered those of General Vandeleur. The general, in a prodigious flutter of heat, hurry and indignation, had been scouring the streets in chase of his brother-in-law, but as soon as he caught a glimpse of the delinquent secretary his purpose changed, his anger faded into a mere chafe, and he turned on his heel and came tearing up the lane with truculent gestures and vociferations.

Harry made but one bolt of it into the house, driving the maid before him, and the door was slammed in his pursuer's countenance.

"Is there a bar? Will it lock?" asked Harry, while a salvo on the knocker made the house echo from wall to wall.

"Why, what a way to speak with you!" asked the maid. "Is it this old gentleman?"

"If he gets hold of me," whispered Harry, "I am as good as dead. He has been pursuing me all day, carries a sword stick and is an Indian military officer."

"These are fine manners!" cried the maid. "And what, if you please, may be his name?"

"It is general, my master," answered Harry. "He is after this handbox."

"Did not I tell you?" cried the maid in triumph. "I told you I thought worse than nothing of your Lady Vandeleur. And if you had an eye in your head you might see what she is for yourself. An ungrateful scamp, I will be bound for that!"

The general renewed his attack upon the knocker and his passion growing with delay, began to kick and beat upon the panels of the door.

"It is lucky," observed the girl, "that I am alone in the house. Your general may hammer until he is weary, and there is none to open for him. Follow me!"

So saying, she led Harry into the kitchen, where she made him sit down and stood by his side in an affectionate attitude, with a hand upon his shoulder. The din at the door, far from abating, continued to increase in volume, and at each blow the unhappy secretary was shaken to the heart.

"What is your name?" asked the girl.

"Harry Hartley," he replied.

"Mind," she went on, "is Prudence. Do you like it?"

"Very much," said Harry. "But hear for a moment how the general beats upon the door. He will certainly break it in, and then, in heaven's name, what have I to look for but death?"

"You put yourself very much about with no occasion," answered Prudence. "Let your general knock. He will do no more than blister his hands. Do you think I would keep you here if I were not sure to save you? Oh, no! I am a good friend to those that please me. And we have a back door upon another lane. But," she added, checking him, for he had put upon his feet immediately on this welcome news, "but I will not show where it is unless you kiss me. Will you, Harry?"

"That I will," he cried, remembering his gallantry, "not for your back door, but because you are good and pretty."

And he administered two or three comical salutes, which were returned to him in kind.

Then Prudence led him to the back gate and put her hand upon the key.

"Will you come and see me?" she asked.

"I will indeed," said Harry. "Do not

to the grounds, it was crazy, ill kept and of a mean appearance. On all other sides the circuit of the garden wall appeared unbroken.

He looked in these features of the scene with apprehensive glances, but his mind was still unable to piece together or draw a rational conclusion from what he saw, and when he heard footsteps advancing on the gravel, although he turned his eyes in that direction, it was with no thought either for defense or flight.

The newcomer was a large, coarse and very sordid personage in gardening clothes and with a watering pot in his left hand. One less confused would have been affected with some alarm at the sight of this man's huge proportions and black and lowering eyes, but Harry was too gravely shaken by his fall to be so much as terrified, and if he was unable to divert his glances from the gardener he remained absolutely passive and suffered him to draw near, to take him by the shoulder and to plant him roughly on his feet without a motion of resistance.

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humor.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come tying over my wall and break my Gliaz de Dijon? What is your name?" he added, shaking him, "and what may be your business here?"

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humor.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come tying over my wall and break my Gliaz de Dijon? What is your name?" he added, shaking him, "and what may be your business here?"

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humor.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come tying over my wall and break my Gliaz de Dijon? What is your name?" he added, shaking him, "and what may be your business here?"



"STOP THIEF!"

to fall farther and farther into the wake.

Harry's hopes began once more to arise. The lane was both steep and narrow, but it was exceedingly solitary, bordered on either hand by garden walls, overhung with foliage, and as far as the fugitive could see in front of him, there was neither a creature moving nor an open door. Providence, weary of persecution, was now offering him an open field for his escape.

As, as he came abreast of a garden door under a tuft of chestnuts, it was suddenly drawn back, and he could see inside, upon a garden path, the figure of a butcher's boy with his tray upon his arm. He had hardly recognized the fact before he was some steps beyond the other side, but the fellow had had time to observe him. He was evidently much surprised to see a gentleman go by at so unusual a pace, and he came out into the lane and began to call after Harry with shouts of ironical encouragement.

His appearance gave a new idea to Charlie Pendragon, who, although he was only out of breath, once more upraised his voice, and said: "Stop thief!" he cried.

And immediately the butcher's boy had taken up the cry and joined in the pursuit.

This was a bitter moment for the hunted secretary. It is true that the terror enabled him once more to improve his pace and gain with every step, but he was well aware that he was near the end of his resources, and should be used up ere coming the other way his predicament in the narrow lane would be desperate indeed.

"I must find a place of concealment," he thought, "and that within the next few seconds, or all is over with me in this world."

Scarcely had the thought crossed his mind that the lane took a sudden turning, and he found himself hidden from his enemies. There are circumstances in which even the least energetic of mankind learn to behave with vigor and decision and the most cautious forget their prudence and embrace foolhardy resolutions. This was one of those occasions for Harry Hartley, and those who knew him best would have been the most astonished at the lady's audacity. He stopped dead, flung the handbox over a garden wall, and leaping upward with incredible agility and seizing the copstone with his hands, he tumbled headlong after it into the garden.

He came to himself a few moments afterward seated in a border of small rosebushes. His hands and knees were wet and bleeding, for the wall had been protected against such an onslaught by a liberal provision of old bottles, and he was conscious of a general dislocation and a painful swimming in the head. Facing him across the garden, which was in admirable order and set with flowers of the most delicious perfume, he beheld the back of a house. It was of considerable extent and plainly habitable; but, in odd contrast

to the grounds, it was crazy, ill kept and of a mean appearance. On all other sides the circuit of the garden wall appeared unbroken.

He looked in these features of the scene with apprehensive glances, but his mind was still unable to piece together or draw a rational conclusion from what he saw, and when he heard footsteps advancing on the gravel, although he turned his eyes in that direction, it was with no thought either for defense or flight.

The newcomer was a large, coarse and very sordid personage in gardening clothes and with a watering pot in his left hand. One less confused would have been affected with some alarm at the sight of this man's huge proportions and black and lowering eyes, but Harry was too gravely shaken by his fall to be so much as terrified, and if he was unable to divert his glances from the gardener he remained absolutely passive and suffered him to draw near, to take him by the shoulder and to plant him roughly on his feet without a motion of resistance.

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humor.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come tying over my wall and break my Gliaz de Dijon? What is your name?" he added, shaking him, "and what may be your business here?"

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humor.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come tying over my wall and break my Gliaz de Dijon? What is your name?" he added, shaking him, "and what may be your business here?"

to the grounds, it was crazy, ill kept and of a mean appearance. On all other sides the circuit of the garden wall appeared unbroken.

He looked in these features of the scene with apprehensive glances, but his mind was still unable to piece together or draw a rational conclusion from what he saw, and when he heard footsteps advancing on the gravel, although he turned his eyes in that direction, it was with no thought either for defense or flight.

The newcomer was a large, coarse and very sordid personage in gardening clothes and with a watering pot in his left hand. One less confused would have been affected with some alarm at the sight of this man's huge proportions and black and lowering eyes, but Harry was too gravely shaken by his fall to be so much as terrified, and if he was unable to divert his glances from the gardener he remained absolutely passive and suffered him to draw near, to take him by the shoulder and to plant him roughly on his feet without a motion of resistance.

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humor.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come tying over my wall and break my Gliaz de Dijon? What is your name?" he added, shaking him, "and what may be your business here?"

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humor.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come tying over my wall and break my Gliaz de Dijon? What is your name?" he added, shaking him, "and what may be your business here?"

past with the incalculable velocity of thought, and he began to comprehend his day's adventures, to conceive them as a whole and to recognize the mad imbroglio in which his own character and fortunes had become involved. He looked round him, as if for help, but he was alone in the garden, with his scattered diamonds and his redoubtable interlocutor, and when he gave ear there was no sound but the rustle of the leaves and the hurried pulsation of his heart. It was little wonder if the young man felt deserted by his spirits and, with a broken voice, repeated his last ejaculation:

"I am lost!"

The gardener peered in all directions with an air of guilt, but there was no face at any of the windows, and he seemed to breathe again.

"Pick up a heart," he said, "you fool! The worst of it is done. Why could you not say at first there was enough for two? Two?" he repeated. "Aye, and for two hundred! But come away from here, where we may be observed, and, for the love of wisdom, straighten out your hat and brush your clothes. You could not travel two steps the figure of a man you look just now."

While Harry mechanically adopted these suggestions, the gardener, getting upon his knees, hastily drew together the scattered jewels and returned them to the handbox. The touch of these costly crystals sent a shiver of emotion through the man's staid frame; his face was transfigured, and his eyes shone with conspicuousness. Indeed it seemed as if he had longingly prolonged his occupation and dabbled with every diamond that he handled. At last, however, it was done, and, concealing the handbox in his smock, the gardener beckoned to Harry and preceded him in the direction of the house.

Near the door they were met by a young man evidently in holy orders, dark and strikingly handsome, with a look of mingled weakness and resolution, and very neatly attired after the manner of his caste. The gardener was plainly annoyed by this encounter, but he put as good a face upon it as he could and accosted the clergyman with an obsequious and smiling air.

"Here is a fine afternoon, Mr. Rolles," said he, "a fine afternoon, as sure as God made it, and here is a young friend of mine who had a fancy to look at my roses. I took the liberty to bring him in, for I thought none of the loggers would object."

"Speaking for myself," replied the Rev. Mr. Rolles, "I do not, nor do I fancy any of the rest of us would be more difficult to offend. Mr. Rolles, the garden is your own, Mr. Raeburn. We must none of us forget that. And because you give us liberty to walk there we should be indeed ungrateful if we so far presumed upon your politeness as to interfere with the convenience of your friends. But, on second thoughts," he added, "I believe that this gentleman and I have met before. Mr. Hartley, I think, I regret to observe that you have had a fall."

And he offered his hand.

A sort of maiden dignity and a desire to delay as long as possible the necessity for explanation urged Harry to refuse his chance of help and to deny his own identity. He chose the tender mercies of the gardener, who was at least unknown to him, rather than the curiosity and perhaps the doubts of an acquaintance.

"I fear there is some mistake," said he. "My name is Thomlinson, and I am a friend of Mr. Raeburn's."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Rolles. "The likeness is amazing."

Mr. Raeburn, who had been upon thorns throughout this colloquy, now felt it high time to bring it to a period. "I wish you a pleasant saunter, sir," said he.

And with that he dragged Harry after him into the house and then into a chamber on the upper story. His first care was to draw down the blind, for Mr. Rolles still remained where they left him in an attitude of perplexity and thought. Then he emptied the broken handbox on the table and stood before the treasure, thus fully displayed, with an expression of rapturous greed and rubbing his hands upon his thighs. For Harry the sight of the man's face under the influence of this base emotion added another pang to those he was already suffering. It seemed incredible that from his life of pure and delicate trifling he should be plunged in a breath among sordid and criminal relations. He could reproach his conscience with no sinful act, and yet he was now suffering the punishment of sin in its most acute and cruel forms—the dread of punishment, the suspicion of the good and the condemnation and contempt of the evil and brutish natures. He felt he could lay his life down with gladness to escape from the room and the society of Mr. Raeburn.

"And now," said the latter after he had separated the jewels into two nearly equal parts and drawn one of them nearer to himself—and now everything in this world has to be paid for, and some things sweetly. You must know, Mr. Hartley, if such be your name, that I am a man of a very easy temper, and good nature has been my stumbling block from first to last. I could pocket the whole of these pretty pebbles if I chose, and I should like to see you dare to say a word, but I think I must have taken a liking to you, for I declare I have not the heart to slave you so close. So, do you see, in pure kind feeling I propose that we divide, and these," indicating the two heaps, "are the proportions that seem to me just and friendly. Do you see any objection, Mr. Hartley, may I ask? I am not the man to stick upon a brooch."

"But, sir," cried Harry, "what you propose to me is impossible. The jewels are not mine, and I cannot share what is another's, no matter with whom or in what proportions."

"They are not yours, are they not?" returned Raeburn. "And you could not share them with anybody, couldn't you? Well, now, that is what I call pity, for here am I obliged to take you to the station. The police—think of that!" he continued. "Think of the disgrace for your respectable parents. Think," he went on, taking Harry by the wrist, "think of the colonies and the day of judgment."

"I cannot help it," wailed Harry. "It is not my fault. You will not come with me to Eaton place?"

"No," replied the man. "I will not; that is certain. And I mean to divide these playthings with you here."

And so saying he applied a sudden

INTERESTING FACTS

When people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable as far as speed, comfort, and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains over so as to make close connections with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served in a Car.

In order to obtain this first-class service the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Direct connections at Chicago and MI., waukegan for all Eastern points. For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write to

Geo. C. Pond, or Jas. A. Clark, Gen. Pass. Agt., General Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. 246 State

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 72c; bluestem, 77c; valley, 74.

Flour—best grade, \$3.35@3.65 per barrel; Graham, \$1.95@2.55.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.17@1.20; gray \$1.15 per cental.

Barley—Feed, \$2.17 per ton; \$21 brewing rolled, \$22 per ton.

Milwaukee—Bran, \$23; middlings, \$27; shorts, \$25; chop, \$18.

Hay—Timothy, \$20@21; clover, \$17.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20c@22c daily, nominal; store, 17c@18 per pound.

Eggs—Fresh, 16c@17 1/2c.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 16c@17c; Young American, 17c@18c per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 12c@13c per lb; hens 13c@14c, roosters 10c@11c; broilers 13c@14c, fryers, 14c@15c, ducks 13c@14c, geese 8c, turkeys, live 7c, dressed 18c@19c per lb.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, \$6.50@7; light, \$4.75@5; dressed, 80c@85c per pound.

Potatoes—Small, 7c@8c; large, 7c@7 1/2c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, \$4.50@5.50; Hops—19c@20c per pound.

Wool—Valley 10c@11c; Eastern Oregon, at 14; mohair, 35c@38c per pound.

Potatoes—50c@5.50 per sack.

Oilens—45c per cental; 3

\$200

Padishah

The Best Low Priced Watch Made

Non-Magnetic

Nickel Silver Case

Fully Guaranteed

For sale by

ALL JEWELERS

Illustrated Booklet on request, showing

COLORED FANCY DIALS

The New England Watch Co.

Factories: Watertown, Conn.

Offices: New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

and severe forson to the lad's wrist. Harry could not suppress a scream, and the perspiration burst forth upon his face. Pertraps pain and terror quickened his intelligence, but certainly at that moment the whole business flashed across him in another light, and he saw that there was nothing for it but to accede to the ruffian's proposal and trust to find the house and force him to disgorge under more favorable circumstances and when he himself was clear from all suspicion.

"I agree," he said.

"There is a lamb," sneered the gardener. "I thought you would recognize your interests at last. This handbox," he continued, "I shall burn with any rubbish—it is a thing that curious folk might recognize—and as for you, scrape up your eyes and put them in your pocket."

Harry proceeded to obey. Raeburn watching him and every now and again, his greed kindled by some bright scintillation, abstracting another jewel from the secretary's share and adding it to his own.

When this was finished, both proceeded to the front door, which Raeburn cautiously opened to observe the street. This was apparently clear of passengers, for he suddenly seized Harry by the nape of the neck and, holding his face downward so that he could see nothing but the roadway and the doorsteps of the houses, pushed him violently before him down one street and up another for the space of perhaps a minute and a half. Harry had counted three corners before the bully relaxed his grasp and, crying, "Now, be off with you!" sent the lad flying headforemost with a well directed and athletic kick.

When Harry gathered himself up, half stunned and bleeding freely at the nose, Mr. Raeburn had entirely disappeared. For the first time anger and pain so completely overcame the lad's spirits that he burst into a fit of tears and remained sobbing in the middle of the road.

After he had thus somewhat assuaged his emotion he began to look about him and read the names of the streets at whose intersection he had been deserted by the gardener. He was still in an unfrequented portion of west London, among villas and large gardens, but he could see evidently from the lad's misfortune, and almost immediately after a servant came running from the house and offered him a glass of water. At the same time a dirty rogue who had been stonching somewhere in the neighborhood drew near him from the other side.



HARRY GAVE HIMSELF UP FOR LOST.

self up for lost. He was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by

the collar, and he was already some way through Kensington gardens when he saw a solitary spot among trees he found himself confronted by the general.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry politely, falling on one knee, for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the general.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The general strove the handbox with his cane.

"With that handbox?" "You lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," cried Harry, "I am not so much as to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the general. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of treason?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats, and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized, "but indeed this is a private affair."

The general caught him roughly by