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James Crowley, Gentleman

Story of the Meeting of a Real Burglar and a Novice

By E. THAVLES EMMONS

James Crowley, gentleman, walked firmly and fearlessly up the steps of the tidy little suburban cottage set somewhat back from the street two blocks from the street car line, his raincoat collar turned up about his ears and his erstwhile shining opera hat dripping with the rain which had fallen upon it. Mr. Crowley might not have walked up with such assurance at such an hour in the night, but well he knew that no angry wife was waiting for him behind the locked doors ready to take him to task because he had failed to come at 10:30 or even earlier. Not only the lady of the house, he knew, but all the other members of the family as well, were at the beach for a two month holiday; hence he was as free as a bachelor to come and go as he pleased without being questioned.

In front of the door he paused a moment to pull a bunch of keys from the pocket of his coat, and in a second more he was inside the house and calmly lighting a cigarette while removing his dripping coat and hat and placing them on the hall rack.

Without turning on the lights he next entered the reception hall and then the parlor, the latter looking somewhat gloomily in the reflected light from the arc lamp out near the corner. Impressed with the utter loneliness of it all, he sank down for a moment on a soft divan by the window and looked out into the deserted street. Then arose and walked through the library and through the big closed doors of the dining room. It was pitch darkness inside, and as his hand began to fumble along the wall, where he knew the electric switch button should be, he was suddenly aware that he was not alone in the room and that a shuffling noise in the opposite corner indicated the presence of an intruder—somebody who was endeavoring to conceal himself, probably by crawling under the table.

Then his hand came in contact with the button, and in an instant the room was flooded with light, and Crowley found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, back of which was an ugly face, somewhat livid with fear.

"Stand right where ye are, pardner," warned the owner of the gun from the

"It's because I couldn't get honest work. I tried to keep honest, but things wouldn't let me. I had to steal or starve. I tell you, me and the old woman and the kids. Was ye ever down and out, mister?"

"No," answered Crowley.

"Well, I am, and I just had to do something. A friend of mine who does a turn like this once in a while put me wise to this little place and said there was no chance of getting caught, and so I tried it. So help me God, I didn't want to steal. But there's the old woman and the kids and the rent. I just had to do something."

"And so you turned thief," said Crowley scornfully. "I presume you were sorely tempted; but my good man, I would have preferred starvation to this. Think of it! To your dying day now you will be unable to forget that you are a thief, a man to be spurned aside and scorned by everybody as unclean. A thief, I say, one who steals that which somebody else has worked hard to earn. Why, my friend, these things you see here cost me days of hard labor and nights of worry. And then to think that somebody else crawls in here and tries to take them away just because he claims he has had bad luck and has been forced into thieving. Shame on a man like that, I say."

"I say, ain't no thief. I'm an honest man."

"An honest man! Bosh! You're a thief from this hour forevermore. The minute you got out of that door with something in your possession that isn't rightfully yours you become a thief, a mean, despicable thief, unable to look the rest of the world squarely in the eye because you know deep down in your heart that you are not honest, even though everybody else may think you are."

"Ah, my good man, how much better is a clean conscience than worldly possessions! How much more I enjoy these things which are mine because I earned them by honest work than will you, who will have acquired them dishonestly! What would your wife say if she knew how you came by the money with which you will buy her and her children bread tomorrow? Do you think she would taste it or permit her children to do? No, not if she is the mother she should be, not if she is an honest woman. She will shrink from being the wife of a thief and will recoil from the very thought of her little ones eating food purchased at the price of honesty."

as though you were alone. Why, it will keep at least one hand busy keeping that gun trained on me. Who knows but what I might jump on you any second? Oh, I don't intend to." This just as the burglar raised the revolver a little more threateningly. "Only you will be forced to admit that my presence here does complicate matters, won't you?"

"I understood that you were out of town," replied the burglar, who underneath an ugly countenance had a pair of cool, calculating eyes that looked as though their owner might also have a sense of humor.

"That's where you made your mistake, my good fellow," said Crowley, leaning carelessly against the sideboard and lighting his cigarette from a match taken from a tray there. "I am forced to stay here and toil while my family enjoy themselves without the pleasure of my society. But, say, drop that gun, won't you? It makes me nervous. Let's declare a truce and talk this matter over. There's some of this silver that was given us when we were married, and if I could only persuade you to leave that—want it for sentimental reasons, you know. But we've got a few pictures and some alleged masterpieces of sculpture that you might take along if you are determined to carry off a piece of my home. They never did come up to my classic ideals anyway. Put down your gun, I say, and let's talk sensibly."

The burglar looked Crowley straight in the eye and evidently was satisfied with what he saw there, and slowly lowered the cocked revolver, whereupon Crowley saw a sigh of relief.

"There, feel better," he said. "Do you drink?" he next asked.

"Sometimes—not now, though," answered the burglar.

"At any rate, have a cigar," he next urged. "These are unusually fine ones. Wealthy friend of mine imports them and gave me the whole box." And he proffered the box of cigars.

"Now, you just look here," the burglar said. "Perhaps you think you can play with me, but you can't. I came here to get a good wage, and I don't intend to go away without it or something just as good. I mean money. I don't want your whisky nor your cigars. I want to know what you are going to do and what you have got to say to me before I lock you in that bedroom until somebody comes to let you out tomorrow."

Crowley laid aside the cigar he was about to light and pulled back a chair and sat down, looking intently at the other man.

"I don't know just what to say to a man like you," he began slowly. "I don't know as I ever before talked to a real burglar—a man who sneaks into the houses of other people for the purpose of taking things that don't belong to him. No; my friends are all honest; they are gentlemen. So if I don't seem to go at this the right way you will have to excuse me. Won't you be seated too?"

The burglar sat down, still looking across at Crowley and with the revolver clutched in his hand.

"Put your revolver in your pocket," commanded Crowley. "I don't intend to touch you, but I probably would be a very poor match for you at any rate. I don't carry a gun myself. I don't have to."

The burglar slowly shoved the gun into his breast pocket and buttoned his coat about it. While he did so Crowley lighted his cigar.

"How long have you been a burglar?" he asked.

"I ain't no burglar," blurted the other. "I ain't never robbed nobody before tonight, so help me God!"

"Well, then, how does it happen you are here? This doesn't look like honest work."

"It's because I couldn't get honest work. I tried to keep honest, but things wouldn't let me. I had to steal or starve. I tell you, me and the old woman and the kids. Was ye ever down and out, mister?"

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burglar was visibly affected by the lecturing he was getting, and at the mention of his wife and children a groan escaped from between his set lips, and he bowed his head in his hands as if to shut out the picture which was being painted for his imagination. "God help me, boss!" he broke out. "I didn't mean to be no thief. I didn't want to do it. I didn't know what to



"WILL YOU ACCEPT A CHANCE TO STRAIGHTEN OUT?" ASKED CROWLEY.

do. I want to be honest. I want to be honest even now. What shall I do, boss? What shall I do?"

"Will you accept a chance to straighten out?" asked Crowley.

"Yes, sir."

"Then walk out of here the way you came in, but not like a sneak. Hold up your head and remember that you have been saved from yourself and that you are still an honest man; that you are no thief, although in a few minutes more you would have been one. I give you my word that I will not report this visit to the police nor make any attempt to have you arrested. I want to give you a new start in life, and here is \$10 to help you along. Take that home to your wife and babies and tell them that it is honest money, earned by honest hands and by honest work, and that they need not be afraid of it."

And Crowley pressed a banknote into the hand of the now thoroughly cowed and repentant burglar, down whose cheeks a few tears were trickling.

"God bless you, sir!" he said. "This is the first kindness I have had in many a day! If there was more gentlemen like you there would be fewer of us go crooked, I guess. I'll take the \$10 to the missus, and I may tide us over until I get a job again. God bless you! God bless you!"

Crowley went as far as the hall door and there gripped the hand of his visitor warmly.

"Never forget what I have told you tonight," he added in parting. "Keep your good name, and don't do any more dirty work. It ain't worth while. Good night!"

Behind the closed door Crowley listened to the almost noiseless footsteps of his departing guest, standing crouched, half faintly, over the doorknob until he felt assured that he had reached the street safely. Then he sighed with relief and went back to the dining room and lighted a fresh cigar, merrily and critically surveying the sideboard and cupboards which the burglar had been about to ransack of their valuables.

"Well, of all things!" he ejaculated, smiling at the fancy. "To think of being mistaken for the boss of this ranch and by one of my own kind too; too green at it, though, to recognize the signs. And that sermon just finished him. He'll go to Sunday school next Sunday, I'll bet, and he's already home saying his prayers beside his wife and kids. Well, I guess there is some class to Jim Crowley as a preacher when he wants to be or he's a gentleman Jim for nothing. Poor cuss! I'm glad I gave him that tanner. I guess he needed it, all right, and it's worth that to get him out of here and leave this swag to me."

In the midst of this amusing train of reflection he paused, as if to recollect himself.

"Well, well," he muttered. "Advice was good enough, but I'm too old at it to give it up. This will never do, either. I must go to work."

And sitting his action in his words he began transferring the silver in one of the drawers of the sideboard to the pockets of a set of flannel cases which he carried closely rolled up in the capacious lining of his coat.

Languid Larry's Luck.
Gentleman—What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one? Tramp (sarcastically)—Get a new rig, mister, an' some supper an' a night's lodgin' an' breakfast an' dinner tomorrow, Gentleman—My good fellow, take the quarter and support yourself for the rest of your life.—Boston Transcript.

Expensive Outlook.
"My wife is named Hattie, and, by Jiminy, she wants a new hat every month."
"Gosh! Prospects look bad for me."
"How so?"
"I'm engaged to a girl named Ruby."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Half Mourning.
"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."
"Well, I'm in half mourning; that's why."
—Fleming's Blatter.

Kin and Kings.
Kings in the earliest days were merely the "fathers of families," and the word is derived from the same source as "kin."

TWICE GIVEN

Story of a Repeated Christmas Present

By F. A. MITCHEL

HER STORY.

I well remember those days when Philip and I were young—Philip was twenty-one and I eighteen—and lived on adjoining places in or rather near the beautiful village of Glendale. That was before people had become commercialized, before those who were intellectual were divided into groups, as they are now, the scientists forming one group, the musicians another, the literary people another. Then refined persons took some interest in all these branches.

True, individuals had their favorites. Philip and I were devoted to poetry. Philip had a naturally refined taste for poetry and did much to form my taste. He loved the pure and simple poets, like Wordsworth and Burns. Tennyson was in his prime at that time. At Christmas time Phil had given me a blue and gold bound edition of his works with a steel engraved frontispiece portrait of the author as a young man, and he was very handsome. His "Locksley Hall" was then a favorite, and every one with any poetic taste at all was reading it.

Philip and I used to read together, and since I owned a copy of Tennyson, there were in it some gems on which Philip and I agreed the book was at the time a part of our intellectual lives. My little blue and gold edition—blue cover and gilt edges—was very pretty, but I fancy now it was the association that gave it its beauty for me. And it is that very association that makes certain bits of literature especially dear to us.

There was one poem that Philip and I considered the gem of the whole book, and I have since seen it mentioned by literateurs as one of the most effective poems ever written. This is the first stanza:

Tears, idle tears,
I know not what they mean,
From the depth
Of some divine despair
Rise in the heart,
And gather to the eyes
In looking on the
Happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days
That are no more.

One morning I was in the conservatory gathering some flowers to decorate the living room mantle. Philip came in without ringing, as was his custom. Up to that moment it had not occurred to me that this period of happy youth would ever end. Indeed, I had not realized how delightful it was. Phil brought me news that he had passed forever. He had been offered a position in a western city and was to take his departure immediately. He had a carriage waiting for him, and he seemed that I could feel the blood leaving his cheeks. Tears, so beautifully described in the poem I have quoted, "rose in my heart and gathered in my eyes." But lest Philip should see them I turned away from him.

There were but a few minutes for the parting. We had not been lovers—at least I do not believe we had known of it. Phil put out his hand to a plant beside him, plucked a rose that had just passed from bud to bloom and handed it to me. He said no word, but I knew that he meant it to be expressive of his regard for me. My hand was pressed by his, and he was gone, back to the house whence he had come, and reappearing with the rose in his hand, entered a carriage standing at the gate and rode away.

I can see him now, though half a century has elapsed, waving his hand to me as he passed out of sight.

The dearest thing in the world next to Phil was now the rose he had given me. I kept it for a short time in water, then put it into my Tennyson, pinning the stem to a flyleaf on which the name appeared as the owner of the book. On that page was the poem that Phil and I had agreed was our first favorite, beginning "Tears, idle tears."

All this may seem very lackadaisical to those who are engaged in the hum-drum of life, but I can assure you, though I am an old woman, with snow white hair, it is the tenderest memory of my long life. I sometimes wonder if my present generation, now that the prevailing sentiment of that period, or at least the almost universal love for a beautiful poem, has died away, feel as deeply as we did then. The human heart is the same, but has not the commercial spirit of the age blunted human sensitivities?

Though Philip and I were far from each other, never saw each other, he was in my heart and as much to me as present. It never occurred to me that I could love any one else, and I never did. Others came and went. Some honored me with the supreme compliment a man may pay a woman, but found no response in me. Indeed, I wondered what had led them to suppose I would respond.

Father's death made a great change for us. His income, depending upon what he did instead of what he had. When we left our home to others who could afford to enjoy it I was ill and unable to take away with me such articles as I especially wished to keep. That which I prized most—my Tennyson—mother and the others knew least about, and for what I prized it I told no one. After my recovery I looked for it among the few books that had been brought away, but did not find it. I never had an opportunity to recover it.

HER STORY.
After parting with Marion I confess that I was so filled with the new life

before me that the break between her and me was somewhat overshadowed. I wrote her friendly letters, but since I had not spoken of love to her and saw no prospect of our again living near to each other I did not think it advisable to write it now. Remembering the rose I had given her, I wished I had received some parting gift from her. But I had nothing she had ever given me except a smoking cap she had embroidered for me. This I hung on a hook on the wall in my room.

Often I sat in my easy chair after a day's work with my eyes fixed on the cap and fancied her bending over it, her fair hands playing her needle in its decoration.

I am aware that many a man has become sentimental over a gift a girl has given him, and in this degenerate age such feelings furnish material for the writers of the comic papers. Nevertheless to me those thoughts of my dear Marion—though a period followed when the picture grew dim from absence—are still sacred. Her girlish chatter, her white hair and her fair skin is now shrouded, but this does not one whit detract from the sacredness of this memory of her when she was a girl.

That period of which I have spoken, when her picture grew dim from absence, began—if it really had a beginning—a few years after I parted with her and lasted for a decade. During this time I heard that her father had died and the family had been obliged to give up the residence in which I had passed my happy hours with her and move into a smaller one, which I never lived in another city. After this I lost track of her entirely, and my feeling for her may be said to have lain dormant.

One winter—it was thirteen years after I had parted with Marion—I found myself in a city far from my old home. It was Christmas time, and the anniversary revived memories of the past. I determined to visit the spot where I had passed my childhood.

A few hours' travel brought me there. The house which I had lived in as well as Marion's home had passed into other hands. Mine was vacant; here was occupied. Going to the litter, a lady came to the door, of whom I asked to be allowed to look over the lower rooms, explaining that I had once been intimate with a family that then lived there. She kindly admitted me.

The furniture was the same as of yore. I stepped up to the library and looked over the books. Presently my eye caught a blue and gold copy of Tennyson. A vague idea came to me of something very sweet connected with it. Taking it from the shelf, I opened it at the frontispiece and saw the familiar picture of a young poet.

There on the flyleaf I saw the words, "To Marion, from Philip, Dec. 25, 18—." Beneath this was the number of a page. Turning to the page indicated, I saw the first three words of a poem—"Tears, idle tears."

That poem always seemed to me to have in it what it alone can express, so I will not try to express it. The realization of what Marion had for me, the fact that for thirteen years I had lived without it, that it had been passing into oblivion, came to me suddenly with great force.

But the poem was not all. On the flyleaf, on which the reference was written, were four pinholes and a discoloration in the shape of the stem of a flower and above the stem the marks of where the flower had been. It was plain to me that Marion had pinned a flower—the rose I had given her at parting—to the flyleaf.

"Madam," I said to the lady who had admitted me, "could you be induced to part with this book?"

"Certainly," she replied, "you are welcome to it. We bought everything in the house from the former owner, including the books, for which we paid a song."

"Can you give me the address of the former owner of this?"

"On the day before Christmas I wrote on my cap 'To Marion, from Philip,' adding the later date. Then I put the book of poems in a box, laid the card on it and sent it to Marion. The same evening I directed my steps to her new home. I found it an unpretentious one. I was glad of it. I had become prosperous, and if Marion was still for me I wished that I could give her much more than my unworthy self. Being admitted by a maid, I gave her my card.

When Marion came down the smile that lit up her face—a smile that was unaltered by a blush, for she knew that I had seen the words she had written as my parting gift—more than made up to me the change in her from youth to incipient middle age. I shall not profane this narrative by detailing what passed between us on that happy evening. Such scenes have been given by novelists in the shape of formal proposals fitted only for the theater. What Marion and I felt could not be given in words. Indeed, it was all feeling. Words were unnecessary.

I will only add that we spent together the happiest Christmas of our lives.

Niagara Falls.
So far as our present knowledge goes, the earliest printed reference to Niagara falls is in the record of a voyage by the celebrated Jacques Cartier in 1535. Its position was first mentioned by Champlain in a map attached to his voyages, published in 1613. The earliest description of the falls is that of Father Hennepin, who visited them in 1675. His account was published with a sketch giving a full view of the cataract. The name "Niagara" means "thunder of waters" and was given it by the Indians. Opinions differ as to the age of the falls, some placing it at 500,000 years, others as low as 20,000 years.—New York American.

Great Age of Halley's Comet.
While Halley's comet has been identified as a member of our system for over 2,000 years, certain characteristics of its orbit lead us to believe that it has been with us at least ten or a hundred times as long as that. According to all accounts, it was a magnificent object at the time of the Norman conquest in 1066. Its head was equal to the full moon in size, and its tail increased to a wonderful length.—Century.

Who Kissed Him?

A Story of the Breaking Out of the Great European War.

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Edward Brewerton was considered the handsomest man in his class at college. His was not that class of beauty that is purely physical; he was an intellectual fellow—a man of character, and this was stamped upon his features. Moreover, though there were girls who were stupid enough to tell him that he was an Apollo, instead of making him conscious of his beauty, it disgusted him.

On leaving college Ned concluded to see something of the world before settling down to work. He sailed with the American multitude in June for Genoa, from there proceeding to the Italian lakes and thence on into Switzerland through the St. Gothard tunnel. In the train leaving Lugano Ned was in the same compartment with Jim, who had a dozen American girls traveling under the care of a middle-aged lady. The girls were evidently having the time of their lives. Their duennas was giving them instructions by the way, pointing out this and that object of interest, a peak, a cascade, the track of an avalanche, anything that they should notice.

Ned had met no Americans in his journey thus far—at least had made no acquaintance among them—and was at once seized with a desire to know these young ladies. One does not realize how precious one's fellow countrymen are till he meets them in a foreign land. Not only were these ladies fellow countrywomen of Ned, but they were all pretty, some of them very pretty, and there was one of them that had a pair of the most kissable lips he had ever seen.

The young man, though desirous of forming the acquaintance of this party, and especially the one with the kissable lips, sat with them for some time without meeting any excuse for doing so. One of them dropped a guidebook, but before Ned could pick it up the girl recovered it herself. Though he waited for an opportunity, none came. At last an idea came to him.

It occurred to Brewerton to put this party off their guard by pretending to be a foreigner and ignorant of the English language. He spoke German indifferently and French tolerably. When the guard took up the tickets Ned asked him some questions in German. This was sufficient to indicate his nationality. Later when the duenna asked him in English how many minutes were required for the train to pass through the tunnel he replied in German that he did not understand her.

This loosened the tongues of the girls.

"Lill," said one to another, "you've lost your bet that he is Italian."

"And you've lost yours that he is English."

"I knew he was German. He is my ideal of the principal character in Wagner's opera of 'Lohengrin,'" said another.

These remarks were made in a low tone, with continuous glances at Ned, who was apparently intent on the splendid scenery through which the train was moving. He did not hear all that was said, but he heard enough to tell him that he was an object of interest to his fellow-travelers. Indeed, he received more attention than the peaks and the waterfalls along the route.

The kissable young lady in the party was, judging from a mischievous smile that hovered about her pretty lips, the arch mischief-maker of the lot. They called her Jack, all except the duenna, who addressed her as Jaquelin. To her not even the most magnificent peak lifting its head far above the clouds was a matter of serious consideration. It was of red stone, and she spoke of it as the "red headed one." She made several comical remarks about Ned which he heard plainly and caused her companions to laugh.

There is a station near the southern entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel, where all trains stop before plunging into the mountain, and many of the passengers alight to stretch their legs. Ned got out and walked back and forth beside the train. When he passed the compartment occupied by the girls two of them were at the window. They looked at him, their eyes dancing with mischief.

"I should not be surprised," he said to himself, "if, before this journey is over, those lips will play some game on me."

When the train was about to start he re-entered the compartment, and the few hundred yards separating the station and the mountain were soon passed. Just before leaving daylight he glanced up at the roof of the car and observed that the light had been covered by a woman's traveling hat, but had no time to determine how the feat had been accomplished. When the train entered the tunnel there was not a ray of light in the compartment.

It requires just a quarter of an hour to pass through the St. Gothard tunnel. Not a word was spoken during the passage. Some five or six minutes had elapsed when suddenly Ned felt a pair of lips pressed against his. That they were feminine was evident from the fact that, besides himself, there were only women in the compartment. Ned made a grab, but his hand slipped over a fabric of woman's apparel.

One of the girls had kissed him. Whoever she was she must have made a careful observation as to his exact position, for she could not see him. She first struck his cheek, but instantly passed to his lips. The whole contact occupied only one or two seconds.

Nine or ten minutes of darkness remained, during which the perpetrator of this bit of mischief might compose herself. Doubtless all the girls were conspirators and would bear themselves in such manner as to protect the guilty

one. Probably the kissing had been done on a bet. Ned's opinion was that Jack had been the perpetrator, but he could not be sure.

The matter must have been well arranged during the stop before the train entered the tunnel, for when it emerged there was not the slightest indication on the face of any of the girls that anything unusual had occurred. Ned scanned the features of each with out observing any betrayal. As for Jack, she began at once as soon as there was light to read a guidebook. The only person in the party who did not seem to have a secret was the duenna, and Ned made up his mind that the mischief had been hatched without her knowledge.

The ride to Lucerne was not long. Though Ned kept his ears open for information, not a word was spoken that would give him even an inkling as to which one of the girls had kissed him. He watched to see if the party were going to a hotel, intending to go to the same hotel, but they went to a pension, and he lost track of them.

One day while Ned was in Munich a clap of thunder came from a clear sky in a declaration of war by Austria against Servia. It was followed by another from Russia, another from Germany, from France, England and the rest.

Ned, who was intending to return to America by way of England, had covered the balance on his letter of credit, consisting of some \$500. It was evident to him that he had better get out of Europe as quickly as possible. But by what route? To make his way through France seemed next to impossible. Italy was a neutral country, and the distance compared with any other route was short. He would go to Italy.

But the only mode of conveyance was legs. This did not trouble him. Indeed, he had been making pedestrian tours among the Alps. Putting what clothes he could carry in a pack on his back, he set forth to walk something like a hundred and fifty miles. Unfortunately he must pass through a portion of Austria. As soon as he struck the border he found everything in confusion. He was obliged to show his passport continually, and as for getting a conveyance for any part of his journey, that was out of the question.

One morning while he was trudging along within ten or twelve miles of the Italian border he saw an Austrian officer with several soldiers stop an automobile and say something to a woman in it, and they got out to some of the officers put off his men in it for a moment, and the machine sped away, leaving the women in the road.

Ned inferred that the machine had been taken by the Austrian government and hastened to offer his sympathies. He found a despairing group. And to his astonishment they were the duenna and the girls with whom he had passed through the St. Gothard tunnel. Forgetting that he was supposed to be a German, he said in good American English:

"Ladies, can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" exclaimed all the girls in a breath.

"For heaven's sake," said the duenna, "what are we going to do?"

"It is ten miles to the Italian border," replied Ned. "If you are able to walk if I think we can get a conveyance of some kind there."

"But we haven't a dollar with which to hire a conveyance."