POLICE ON GUARD FOR NEW BATTLE IN WAR OF TONGS

Killing and Wounding Last Night in Chinatown Forerunner of Gun Fights.

PANIC IN CLUB HOUSE.

Peace Pact, Made After Forty Men Had Been Slain, Is Again Broken.

Chinatown pulsated to-day with a nervousness it has not known for more than a year. The Tongs were at war again, another murder and possibly two had been added to the long list of feud crimes and the denizens of the district, as well as the police, were speculating on where a fresh outbreak would start.

Nine Chinamen, two alleged to have done the shooting, and seven witnesses, were arraigned before Magistrate McAdoo in the Centre street court today. Mock Sing and Eng Man, who were charged with the killing, were remanded to the Coroner.

MOCK DUCK GIVES BAIL AND IS REARRESTED.

The Chinamen were arraigned this morning before Chief Magistrate McAdoo, sitting in the Tombs Police Court. The two men who are accused of doing the shooting were sent to the Coroner, and the others, including Mock Duck, were held as witnesses in $1,000 bail each. Bail was immediately furnished for Mock Duck and he was rearrested on the charge of running a gambling house.

The Hip Sings maintained to-day that the murderous onslaught of the On Leongs was prompted because of the murder of a member of the Lee family, who belonged to the On Leongs, in Chicago some time ago. For this a Hip Sing man was convicted of murder in the first degree. Then, it was added, the On Leongs put much blame on the Hip Sings for the case against Charlie Ston, who was sent to the Atlanta prison for running an opium headquarters on Seventh avenue.

"They'll go on shooting now," said a man that stood at the corner of Pell and Bowery streets this morning, beating his hands on his shoulders as the icy blast came up from Chatham Square. "This is only the beginning. Within a week there will be fewer Chinks in this neighborhood."

Only an occasional Chinaman was in the streets this morning and they gave but a passing glance to the stained window at No. 21 Pell, on which the letters that tell it was once the place of business of the Sun Kim Sung Company had all but been washed out. Inside was Mock Duck's gambling place, or what was left of it after the gun fusillade and panic of the night before.

Most of the tables were overturned this morning. On the floor in two sections of the room were dark splotches where Leong You, vice-president of the Hip Sings, had fallen with his death wound and where the president, Chong Pon Sing, had been shot down. The air was still redolent with the fumes of the pungent tobacco that the gamblers had been smoking.

The police were trying to-day to get at the real cause of the new war, the first to come after the treaty of peace was signed, when Judge Warren Foster got the factions together in conclave more than a year ago. Some thought it was an aftermath of the murder of little Bow Sing, the girl who was stolen from Chinatown in San Francisco by an On Leong. Others were of the opinion that it came in revenge for some arrests that were made following the murder of Elsie Sigel.

The wise ones in Chinatown, as usual, are saying nothing. They are waiting for the next move of the gunmen.

In the mean time the celebration of the birth of a new republic in Chinatown is forgotten. The banners and flags that run the whole length of the Sun Quong Lung Company across the way in Pell street do not hold so much interest now as the rat hole on the other side which saw the first outward signs of the new war.

OLD BLOOMFIELD HOTEL BURNED TO THE GROUND

Flames Threaten Surrounding Property in Jersey Town, but Other Houses Are Saved.

Raab's Hotel, for many years a landmark at Bloomfield, N. J., was destroyed by fire to-day. Surrounding property was threatened for a time, but the firemen kept the blaze confined to the hotel building despite the bitter cold and the resultant low water pressure.

The hotel accommodated about seventy-five guests, most of whom were absent when the fire started. The spread of the flames was so rapid that those in the building were compelled to run for their lives and abandon their possessions. William Rose, the proprietor, estimates the loss at about $30,000.

SOLD "$10,000" FOR $1 000.

Green Goods Merchants Caught at Their Own Plant in Newark.

Frank Adams, who is said by the United Secret Service agents of this district to be a veteran green goods merchant, and John Smith, a young man who is believed to be his confederate, were caught by the Newark police at No. 32 Centre street, Newark, to-day. The two were selling bundles of blank paper wrapped in real paper money and ostensibly amounting to $10,000 to A. Malakoff of Bentleyville, Pa., for $1,000.

The case was worked up by the Secret Service men with Malakoff's aid. The Newark police were asked to make the arrest, so the Secret Service men would not have to disclose their identity. The Federal agents say they have been hunting Adams for six years.

"L" Fire Blocks Traffic.

Traffic on the Second avenue "L" was tied up for thirty-five minutes early today, when an empty car in the centre track near One Hundred and First street took fire. For a time the fire was fought with hand extinguishers. After receiving assurance from the railroad that the power in the third rail had been turned off the blaze was quickly extinguished by several streams. The car was almost a total loss. Thousands of workers crowded the platforms while the fire was in progress.

Mme. Homer, Ready to Sing Again Jan. 22, Talks of Motherhood and Art

Is Proud of Her Three-Weeks-Old Baby, but Glad to Return to the Metropolitan Opera House and Would Like to Make Her Reappearance as Orpheus.

BY SYLVESTER RAWLING.

"ISN'T she a dear?" said Mme. Louise Homer last evening as she gently pulled back the coverlet of a crib in which, sound asleep, lay her daughter, Hester Makepeace Homer, born on Dec. 12. "And look at those hands! Aren't they just like Sidney's?" They were such tiny little pink things that the writer hesitated for a reply. But Sidney—that's her husband—laughed and so did he. Whereupon Mme. Homer very quietly but firmly said: "If either of you dares to make a noise that wakes my baby up, out of my sitting room both of you go at once!"

Apologetically the writer said: "But, Mme. Homer, I am utterly unused to interviewing babies." To which she replied: "Well, you'll be lucky if you escape without my baby interviewing you."

Just then the famous twins, Katharine Hunn Homer and Anne Marie Homer, a lovely pair, came tiptoeing in and they were old friends. Wouldn't they rather have had a baby brother they were asked. They hesitated, but presently Katharine said: "No! Baby brothers are very scarce in Heaven just now and it takes, oh! such a lot of praying to get even a baby sister. Anne and I, night after night, prayed all night, before we got her. It's very hard."

"Run off to bed!" said Mme. Homer. "He's a crusty old bachelor who doesn't know anything about babies, and he wants to talk to me, and not to you." And with charming curtseys they retired.

LOUISE HOMER.

TO RETURN TO THE OPERA HOUSE IN TWO WEEKS.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Homer and the writer sat down before a comforting wood fire for a chat.

"I'm getting along famously," she said, "and shall be ready for work at the Opera House in two weeks. I sent word to Mr. Gatti that I would report on Jan. 21, but he has reminded me that Jan. 21 is Sunday, and I would better say Jan. 22. Perhaps I should have said Jan. 23, the ominous '23,' eh?

"I doubt whether you critics, or the public, have missed me at all, I am such an old story as the leading contralto at the Metropolitan. For a long time I have been asking for somebody to alternate with me, and my temporary retirement has permitted you to see and hear that great artist, Mme. Matzenauer. I saw her four times at the beginning of the season, and I thought her Amneris, her Ortrud and her Waltraute particularly charming and forceful. With each renewal of my contract I have asked for fewer performances, and I have never, believe me, stipulated for the exclusive right to any part.

"In what character should I like to return? Oh, Orpheus, of course, but that is a matter for Mr. Gatti to decide. I am glad you liked from the beginning my dressing of the part. It was not idly, or indifferently assumed. Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander made a careful study of innumerable ancient Grecian urns and vases and every available source of information as to the correct costume that I should assume.

"The Roman idea of the character was that essentially Orpheus was a priest; but one must remember that it was Orpheus the Musician, not the Priest, who crossed the Styx and placated the Furies in the search for his beloved Eurydice, and, really, when I am impersonating the part, I do make myself feel that I am a man.

"I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the production of Prof. Parker's 'Mona,' in English, in which, you know, I am to have the title part. I studied it thoroughly last autumn and shall be ready whenever Mr. Gatti decides to produce the opera. You will be deeply impressed by the work, I am sure. Don't listen to any talk about it's being too much in the oratorio style. I think it is intensely dramatic. The characters are well differentiated and the music for them is especially appropriate. The orchestration is fine. Just you wait and see! Of course the opera is serious and austere. How could it be otherwise founded on such a tragic story of the last revolt of the ancient Britons against the domination of the Romans?

"I hope what you say is true, that the public will welcome me back; for while I am proud to be a mother and a thoroughly domesticated American wife, that loves her home, I am also proud to be a singer and to be appreciated for my art. I don't see why one cannot be both mother and artist, do you?"

Just then the nurse interposed to say that Madame was talking too much, and there was nothing for Mr. Homer and the writer to do but retire to the dining room and—well, that's another story.

WILLIAM BACHAUS, PIANIST, MAKES AMERICAN DEBUT.

William Bachaus, an English pianist with a European reputation, made his American debut with the Symphony Orchestra at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon as the soloist in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. He made a profound impression for his musicianship, his taste and his sentiment. The programme, all Beethoven, included the fourth symphony and the "Leonora" overture No. 3, beautifully played by the orchestra under Walter Damrosch.

"AIDA," WITH GADSKI SUBSTITUTED FOR ARMIDE.

Because of the illness of Mme. Fremstad, "Aida," instead of "Armide," was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, with Mme. Gadski for the first time this season in the title part. She was in fine voice and gave a spirited interpretation of the part. The cast included Caruso as Radames, Margarete Matzenauer as Amneris, William Hinshaw as the King, de Segurola as Ramfis and Dinh Gilly as Amonasro. Toscanini conducted. The house was filled to capacity.

"EMPEROR" CONCERTO BY BOTH SYMPHONY SOCIETIES.

Josef Stransky's programme for the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall to-morrow afternoon will have for its feature Schubert's symphony in C major. The soloist will be Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, who will take part in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto.

Walter Damrosch's programme for the Symphony Society's concert at the Century Theatre to-morrow afternoon, like Mr. Stransky's for the Philharmonic, includes the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven's, in which Wilhelm Bachaus will play the piano part. Mr. Damrosch's programme is all Beethoven.

The Volpe Symphony Society will give its second subscription concert on Tuesday evening at Carnegie Hall. The soloist will be Ludwig Hess, the German tenor. Mr. Volpe will give a first performance in New York of a symphony in D minor, by Pietro Floridia, an Italian composer, who has lived in this country for eight years.

At the Hippodrome to-morrow night Florencio Constantino, Alice Nielsen, Rose Olitzka, Oscar Seagle and Miss Luba d'Alexandrowsky, a young Russian pianist, will be the soloists. The Russian Symphony Orchestra, with Modest Altschuler conducting, will furnish the orchestral music.

A farewell New York performance of the Imperial Russian ballet will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday afternoon, with Delibes's "Coppelia" as the feature. Volinine will be the principal man dancer instead of Mordkin.

The Boston Opera Company is to give "Pelleas et Melisande" for the first time in Boston next Wednesday evening, with Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck as Melisande and Jean Riddez, a baritone, as Pelleas.

Elena Gerhardt, soprano, with a European reputation as a lieder singer, will make her first American appearance at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon.

Gardney Lamson, the American interpreter of Wagner and German lieder, gives the second of his recitals at Carnegie Lyceum on Tuesday evening.

The Commonwealth Symphony Society will give its fifth concert in the Auditorium of the Educational Alliance tomorrow night.

ROOF GARDEN SCHOOLS

Open Air Instruction for Children with Tubercular Tendencies

In the great cities of this country provision is being made for the open-air instruction of children suspected of having consumptive tendencies. Carefully wrapped in warm outer garments the little pupils are exposed to the invigorating outdoor atmosphere during the entire school day.

Pure, fresh air and cleanliness are the first essentials of the treatment of consumption. Prompt attention to every incipient cold is the surest method of preventing the culture of the tubercular bacillus in the throat or lungs. If every parent could be made to appreciate the importance of using virgin oil of pine at the first evidence of a cold or sore throat, ninety per cent. of our cases of consumption could be prevented.

Virgin oil of pine is prepared by the Leach Chemical Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is sold by all druggists. It can be mixed at home, according to the instructions on the wrapper, and will cure a cold more quickly than any patent medicine or so-called cough remedy. Being a simple and natural vegetable oil, it is free from all the evils that attend the use of drugs and secret formulae.

HEMMED IN BY FLAMES.

Watchman Fighting Factory Fire Escapes by Drop From Window.

Fire destroyed a three-story frame building occupied as a clothing factory at No. 417 Osborn street, Brooklyn, today. Three firms in the building employed more than three hundred persons, but as this is the Jewish Sabbath, the watchman, Charles Shuay, was the only person in the building.

Shuay found a big blaze on the top floor, and tried to extinguish the fire, which cut off his escape by the stairs. He dropped from a window, but escaped injury.

A policeman turned in an alarm. Owing to low pressure caused by the cold a second alarm was necessary. The blaze damaged factory buildings in Watkins street, in the rear.

"Just Say" HORLICK'S

It Means Original and Genuine MALTED MILK

The Food-drink for All Ages.

More healthful than Tea or Coffee. Agrees with the weakest digestion. Delicious, invigorating and nutritious. Rich milk, malted grain, powder form.

A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S.

Others are imitations.

R. H. Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are Their Low Prices

Macy's

Herald Square, Broadway, 34th to 35th St.

READ THIS CAREFULLY

Values—Unusual Values—Await You at Macy's On Monday

There is a reason for the humming business activity now going on throughout this store.

It is independent of any catchpenny device such as musical entertainments or trading stamps. We give neither the one nor the other. We give VALUES instead.

The reason we do the biggest business in New York is due to our rigidly enforced rule of selling RELIABLE merchandise only at LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

Here are a few details of the coming events:

20% Off the Present Marked Price of Fine China, Glass, Lamps, Clocks, Clock Sets, Bronzes & Marbles

Walk through the Basement and select any of our finer merchandise in these departments. Whatever you select will be reduced 20% from the marked price.

33⅓% Reduction on Black Dress Silks

All the silks, even the lowest priced, are of reliable quality. We do not handle any other kind.

About 50% Reduction on Dress Goods Remnants

Skirt, coat and dress lengths; also lengths suitable for children's garments. All of good quality and the most wanted materials.

In addition to the above the following important sales will continue:

Fur Coats, Sets and Separate Pieces at One Half Regular Prices

Real values, real Furs (not a single piece other than reliable quality), real money-saving opportunities. Every piece at half price. This sale places high-grade Furs within the reach of women of the most modest means.

Extraordinary Values in the Great White Sale

This second week opens with a full quota of low-priced Undermuslins, Corsets, Waists, Petticoats, Infants' Wear, Sheets and Pillow Cases. A Macy White Sale is invariably THE sale for women who place quality above mere "cheapness," but who do not necessarily have to pay a high price to get the right kind.

Don't fail to come to Macy's Monday, for the store will abound also in other opportunities which do not find their way into the newspapers, but which offer values just as good as those advertised above.

Stern Brothers

are preparing for Monday, January 8th, Very Exceptional Offerings of

Women's Underwear, Corsets, Imported Lingerie Waists, Silk Petticoats, Furs and Fur Garments, Household Linens, Furniture, Oriental Carpets and Rugs,

at

Unusually Attractive Prices

Stern Brothers

WILL HOLD IMPORTANT CLEARING SALES IN THEIR

Upholstery Departments

DURING THE WEEK COMMENCING JANUARY 8th.

Monday, January 8th.
LACE CURTAINS, STORES, SASH CURTAINS AND LACE BED SETS.

Wednesday, January 10th.
PORTIERES, COUCH AND TABLE COVERS, CRETONNES AND PRINTED LINENS.

Friday, January 12th.
UPHOLSTERY FABRICS, SASH AD CASEMENT MATERIALS.

West 23d and 22d Streets

The Two-Gun Man

The Best Cowboy Story in Ten Years

By Charles Alden Seltzer

(Copyright, 1911, by the Outing Publishing Company.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Neil engages in a game of poker with Jack Leviatt, gambler and cattle, and a couple of rustlers have won him the ranch of Arizona Max." He is hired by Stafford, manager of the Two Diamond ranch, to track down a "rustler" (cattle thief) who has been decimating the Two Diamond herds. Ferguson comes to the ranch ostensibly as a seeker for stray stock, but in reality to find Neil and Tucson, who the latter has hired from death by the wrath of Mary, a sister of Ben Radford, a ranch-house rancher. Mary has come for the purpose of a quiet trip, Tucson falls in love with her. So do Dave Leviatt, Stafford's range boss, and most of the latter's cowboys. Between Leviatt and Ferguson an intensive hatred springs up. Neil finds Stafford and Leviatt in consent to know the real reason for Ferguson's presence at the Two Diamond. Leviatt publicly insults Ferguson. The latter, with drawn pistol, forces an apology from him. After that there is bitter war between them. Ferguson is led to suspect Leviatt of having some hand in "rustling" the ranch stock, and Leviatt knows of his suspicions without doubly arousing him. Leviatt's hatred of Ferguson is further intensified by the belief that Mary Radford prefers the "Eastern" man. In a fight between Neil and Ben Radford, her brother, that Ferguson is planning to kill him, Ferguson unexpectedly goes riding with Mary. Then he is shot at! Radford is wounded by a shot from the darkness behind him. He tells Mary that Ferguson shot him. Ferguson calls on Mary, who confronts him with a rifle, accuses him of shooting her brother and orders him away. Ferguson returns in the night and incites a Stafford to show him the mysterious "rustler" within the next twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

Keeping a Promise.

THEREAFTER he would return to that life that he had led of old; the old hard life that he had known before his brief romance had given him a fleeting happiness to come.

Many times, when his hopes had been high, he had felt a chilling fear that he would never be able to reach the pinnacle of promise; that in the end fate would place before him a barrier—the barrier in the shape of his contract with Stafford, that he had resented many times.

Mary Radford would never believe his protest that he had not been hired to kill her brother. Fate, in the shape of Leviatt, had forestalled him there. Many times, when she had questioned him regarding the hero in her story, he had been on the point of taking her into his confidence as to the reason of his presence at the Two Diamond, but he had always put it off, hoping that things would be righted in the end and that he would be able to prove to her the honesty of his intentions.

But now that time was past. Whatever happened now she would believe him the creature that she despised—that all men despised; the man who strikes in the dark.

This, then, was to be the end. He could not say that he had been entirely blameless. He should have told her. But it was not the end that he was now contemplating. There could be no end until there had been an accounting between him and Leviatt. Perhaps the man who had shot Ben Radford in the back would never be known. He had his suspicions, but they availed nothing. In the light of present circumstances Miss Radford would never hold him guiltless.

Until near noon he sat on the rock on the crest of the hill, the lines of his face growing more grim, his anger slowly giving way to the satisfying calmness that comes when the mind has reached a conclusion. There would be a final scene with Leviatt, and then—

He rose from the rock, made his way deliberately down the hillside, mounted his pony, and struck the trail leading to the Two Diamond ranchhouse.

About noon Leviatt and Tucson rode in to the Two Diamond corral gate, dismounted from their ponies, and proceeded to the bunkhouse for dinner. The men of the outfit were already at the table, and after washing their faces from the tin wash basin on the bench outside the door, Leviatt and Tucson entered the bunkhouse and took their places. Greetings were given and returned through the medium of short nods—with several of the men even this was omitted.

Leviatt was not a popular range boss, and there were some of the men who had whispered their suspicions that the death of Rope Jones had not been brought about in the regular way. Many of them remembered the incident that had occurred between Rope, the range boss, Tucson and the new stray-man, and though opinions differed, there were some who held that the death of Rope might have resulted from the ill-feeling engendered by the incident.

But in the absence of proof there was nothing to be done. So those men who held suspicions wisely refrained from talking in public.

Before the meal was finished the blacksmith poked his head in through the open doorway, calling:

"Ol' Man wants to see Leviatt up in the office!"

The blacksmith's head was withdrawn before Leviatt, who had heard the voice but had not seen the speaker, could raise his voice in reply. He did not hasten, however, and remained at the table with Tucson for five minutes after the other men had left. Then with a final word to Tucson he rose and strode carelessly to the door of Stafford's office. The latter had been waiting with some impatience, and at the appearance of the range boss he shoved his chair back from his desk and arose.

"Just come in?" he questioned.

"Just come in," repeated Leviatt, drawling. "Plum starved. Had to eat before I came down here."

He entered and dropped lazily into a chair near the desk, stretching his legs comfortably. He had observed in Stafford's manner certain signs of a subdued excitement, and while he affected not to notice this, there was a glint of feline humor in his eyes.

"Somebody said you wanted me," he said. "Anything doin'?"

Stafford had held in as long as he could. Now he exploded.

"What do you suppose I sent for you for?" he demanded, as, walking to and fro in the room, he paused and glared down at the range boss. "Where you been? We're twenty calves an' a dozen cows short on the tally!"

Leviatt looked up, his eyes suddenly flashing. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "They're hittin' them pretty heavy lately. When was they missed?"

Stafford sputtered impotently. "Night before last," he flared. "An' not a sign of where they went!"

Leviatt grinned coldly. "Them rustlers is getin' to be pretty slick, ain't they?" he drawled.

Stafford's face swelled with a rage that threatened to bring on apoplexy. He brought a tense fist heavily down upon his desk top.

"Slick!" he sneered. "I don't reckon they're any slick. It's that I've got a no good outfit. There ain't a man in the bunch could see a rustler if he'd hobbled a cow and was runnin' her calf off before their eyes!" He hesitated to gain breath before continuing. "What have I got an outfit for? What have I got a range boss for? What have I got"—

Leviatt grinned wickedly and Stafford hesitated, his hand upraised.

"Your stray-man doin' anything these days?" questioned Leviatt significantly. "Because if he is," resumed Leviatt before the manager could reply, "he ought to manage to be around where them thieves are workin'."

Stafford stiffened. He had developed a liking for the stray man, and he caught a note of venom in Leviatt's voice.

"I reckon the stray-man knows what he's doin'," he replied. He returned to his chair beside the desk and sat in it, facing Leviatt and speaking with heavy sarcasm. "The stray-man's the only one of the whole bunch that's doin' anything," he said.

"Sure," sneered Leviatt; "he's gettin' paid for sparkin' Mary Radford."

"Mebbe he is," returned Stafford. "I don't know as I'd blame him any for that. But he's been doin' somethin' else now an' then, too."

"Findin' the man that's been rustlin' your stock, for instance," mocked Leviatt.

Stafford leaned back in his chair, frowning.

"Look here, Leviatt," he said steadily. "I might have spoke a little strong to you about them missin' cattle. But I reckon you're partly to blame. If you'd been minded to help Ferguson a little, instead of actin' like a fool because you've thought he's took a shine to Mary Radford, we might have been further along with them rustlers. As it is, Ferguson's been playin' a lone hand. But he claims to have been doin' somethin'."

"He ain't been in the habit of blowin' his own horn, an I reckon we can rely on what he says. I'm wantin' you to keep the boys together this afternoon, for we might need them to help Ferguson out. He's promised to ride in today an' show me the man who's been rustlin' my cattle."

Leviatt's lips slowly straightened. He sat more erect, and when he spoke the mockery had entirely gone from his voice and from his manner.

"He's goin' to do what?" he questioned coldly.

"Show me the man who's been rustlin' my cattle," repeated Stafford.

For a brief space neither man spoke—nor moved. Stafford's face wore the smile of a man who has just communicated some unexpected and astonishing news and was watching its effect with suppressed enjoyment. He knew that Leviatt felt bitter toward the stray-man and that the news that the latter might succeed in doing the thing that he had set out to do would not be received with any degree of pleasure by the range boss.

But watching closely, Stafford was forced to admit that Leviatt did not feel so strongly, or was cleverly repressing his emotions. There was no sign on the range boss's face that he had been hurt by the news. His face had grown slightly paler and there was a hard glitter in his narrowed eyes. But his voice was steady.

"Well, now," he said, "that ought to tickle you a heap."

"I won't be none disappointed," returned Stafford.

Leviatt looked sharply at him and crossed his arms over his chest.

"When was you talkin' to him?" he questioned.

"Yesterday."

Leviatt's lips moved slightly. "An' when did you say them cattle was rustled?" he asked.

"Night before last," returned Stafford.

Leviatt was silent for a brief time. Then he unfolded his arms and stood erect, his eyes boring into Stafford's.

"When you expectin' Ferguson?" he questioned.

"He didn't say just when he was comin' in," returned Stafford. "But I reckon we might expect him any time."

Leviatt strode to the door. Looking back over his shoulder he smiled coldly.

"I'm much obliged to you for tellin' me," he said. "We'll be ready for him."

A little over an hour after his departure from the hill, Ferguson rode up to the Two Diamond corral gate and dismounted. Grouped around the door of the bunkhouse were several of the Two Diamond men; in a strip of shade from the blacksmith shop were others. Jocular words were hurled at him by some of the men as he drew the saddle from Mustard, for the stray-man's quietness and invariable thoughtfulness had won him a place in the affections of many of the men, and their jocular greetings were evidence of this.

He nodded shortly to them, but did not answer. And instead of hurling his saddle to its accustomed peg in the tackroom, he threw it over the corral fence as he left it. Then, without another look toward the men he turned and strode toward the manager's office.

The latter was seated at his desk and looked up at the stray-man's entrance. He opened his lips to speak, but closed them again, surprised at the stray-man's appearance.

(To Be Continued.)

DENTISTRY. DENTISTRY.

DENTISTRY THAT LASTS

ANCHOR DENTURE PLATE -NO- ROOF

Regardless of what extravagant price you may pay elsewhere for artificial denture, you'll get nothing to equal these Roofless Teeth in durability, beauty and satisfaction. They are simply unsurpassed and embody the last touch of expert creative dental skill. The roof of the mouth is uncovered—taste is unimpaired and the teeth always remain firmly in place, as intended by

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Come here in the morning, have your old teeth extracted FREE, and return home at night with a NEW set that fits perfectly. Missing teeth replaced without plates—decayed teeth restored—loose teeth made firm. All work guaranteed 10 years. Extractions and dental surgery made PAINLESS by

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Gold Fillings..... $1.00 up Silver Fillings..... 50c. up

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54 W. 23d St., New York. (Opp. Elks' House.) 414-416 Fulton St., Brooklyn. (2d floor west Abraham & Straus.)

HOURS, 8 to 6; SUNDAYS, 9 to 2.

German, French and Swedish spoken. Ladies in attendance.

SAVINGS BANKS.

Dry Dock Savings Institution

341 & 343 BOWERY, Cor. 3d St., New York

The Trustees have declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31, 1911, on all deposits entitled thereto under the By-Laws, at the rate of THREE AND ONE-HALF Per Cent. per annum on all sums not exceeding THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, payable on and after January 15, 1912.

Deposits made on or before January 10 will be entitled to interest from January 1, 1912.

ANDREW MILLS, President.
WM. F. PATTERSON, Treasurer.
CHARLES MIERLING, Secretary.

Union Dime Savings Bank

40th Street and 6th Avenue

Interest at 3½ per cent. per annum. Credited January 1. Payable January 15, or later. Money deposited on or before January 10 draws interest from January 1, 1912.

CHARLES E. SPRAGUE, President.
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WILLIAM G. ROSS, Secretary.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION

115 CHAMBERS ST., N. Y.

The Trustees have declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31st, 1911, at the rate of THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum on all sums from $5 to $3,000 entitled thereto under the By-Laws, payable on and after Monday, January 15th, 1912.

Deposits made on or before January 10th will draw interest from January 1st, 1912.

H. E. TENER, President.
GEORGE B. DUNNING, Secretary.

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