

DUNCAN'S ORDEAL

By Florence Lillian Henderson.

Click!

Hal Duncan woke up from his slumber on the sunny side of a pile of lumber at the sound, rubbed his eyes and stared suspiciously at a spruce appearing young fellow "shooting" him with a camera—and a smile.

"Hey! what are you up to?" challenged the roused sleeper.

"Oh, I've got a famous story on you and I wanted your picture to make it more interesting," explained Dave



The Star Had Made a Fearful Mistake

Lind. "I'm a reporter for the Star. One of your chums told me about you and piloted me here. I gave him a dollar to do it. I'll give you five to go over what he's told me and add enough to it to make a two-column 'special'—what do you say?"

Hal Duncan looked bored. It was not the first time he had been the subject of pictorial publicity. Hal was unique as a tramp and a good deal of a gentleman. Something of a mystery, too. It seemed that about two years since he had appeared

among the hoboes. They made a favorite of him, for many a story was told of his care for poor sick fellows and homeless ones, many a stirring tale of some thrilling exploits in a ramble over half the country; a fire discovered in time to save a whole business block, a knockout of foot-pads who would have killed a victim but for his interference, the rescue of two little children from a burning building.

Hal shared everything with his fellow unfortunates except his moral nature of self-respect. He never got down to rags. He was a reformer all through and had made a famous speech in behalf of the poor and oppressed that had got into the papers. But he was dead to the old world, where apparently he must have once led a life of what people call respectability.

Now for a moment he seemed about to resent the proposal of the energetic young newspaper reporter, then with his usual careless self-abandon he shrugged his shoulders resignedly and said:

"All right. I need the money and I guess I can give you good value."

Pathos, adventure, humor—through many unique shades of rare human interest Hal led the interested reporter. The latter regarded the narrator both pityingly and admiringly.

"There's your money," he said, "and you've given me some good stuff. I say, though, it seems a pity to see a man of your intelligence wasting your life like a common tramp. Why, my friend?"

"Call it the 'wanderlust,'" disgust with the so-called respectable world!" laughed Hal. "I have found warmer hearts among the wreckage of humanity than I ever knew in society."

The "why" of the reporter, who left Hal, with a cheery "Good luck," sent the latter into a sudden reverie. "Why," indeed! Before his mental vision passed a series of vivid pictures of a small fortune left to him,