Out of the Jaws of Death.

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CHAPTER XXV.

HOPE DEFERRED.

"We must take every precaution to prevent the possibility of failure," said Kavanagh. "It is our last chance."

"Have you thought out how it is to be done?" I asked.

Overcoming the hesitation which kept him silent for a few moments, he said: "I think I may confide in you. You are not likely to be imprudent or careless."

"Careless! How can I be? Isn't the life of Taras at stake?"

"Indeed it is. The slightest rumor of suspicion would ruin our hopes, and remember it is not more important to deceive Rudersdorf than it is to keep Taras in the dark. If he dreamed of our intention to get Gordon seized in his place, he would be the first to telegraph to the minister of police and warn him against the deception that might possibly be put upon Rudersdorf."

"Yes, he would, or never suffer Gordon to take his place. He shall learn nothing from me."

"My plan is a simple one. It is merely to lure Gordon to the Mariner's Joy and serve him as Taras was served—of course employing other men than those who made Taras prisoner. The less complicated the scheme is, the better," he pursued, seeing possibly the reluctance I felt. "If you can suggest anything simpler, I shall be only too happy to adopt it, providing, of course, that it is equally practicable."

"Wouldn't it be easier to give him a sleeping draft and carry him off in the same way as you did Taras?"

He shook his head dubitatively and said: "It might be easier, simpler and better in one respect, but we must look beyond the mere act of getting Gordon away. Now, what would the consequences be? Gordon would be missed and inquiries made. It would be found that the same accident had befallen him which overcame Taras a short time before and that he had last been seen with me. What account could I give that would satisfy his friends and Taras? Slow as Taras is to suspect, his doubts must be raised by the peculiar coincidence, and"——

"No, no, that wouldn't do," I said, interrupting him. "Your plan is better—the first; how are you going to get George Gordon to the Joy?"

"When the time comes, you must take him there on pretense that Taras has been seized and may be found in the cellar, where he was confined before. There is nothing to fear," he said, again noticing my hesitation.

"I myself shall come as seldom as possible to Lambeth in order to avoid any suspicion of collusion. If any simpler scheme presents itself, I will let you know, and of course you shall have timely and definite instructions when the moment comes for action."

"That won't be long, will it?"

"No longer than is absolutely necessary. You must have patience meanwhile. A single false step would ruin everything. Undue haste would awake Rudersdorf's suspicion, and then," he added, with a sigh, "there are my own affairs to wind up—property to be realized, belongings to dispose of, friends to be hunted up for the last time possibly." He was silent awhile, and then breaking away from reflections that seemed to shake his purpose he concluded: "I shall bolt the very day that Gordon is taken on board the Volga. It will be thought then that he and I have simply run away together for a holiday—till the truth is known."

This reference to the sacrifice he was about to make silenced me and precluded further discussion. I felt great confidence in the success of Kavanagh's scheme. It was evident that he would have succeeded before but for my intervention. Now every effort that I made would be to carry out his design. My only fear was that consideration of his own interests would change his purpose.

An unusual expression of gravity in Gordon's face when he called the next morning told me that he had already received some intimation of Taras' danger.

"Mademoiselle," said he almost as soon as Mere Lucas had closed the door on us, "do you think you could understand me if I spoke in English?"

"I dare say I can," I replied.

"You can answer in French, you know, which is a lot easier to understand than to speak. If you can't follow me, we'll give it up and try the other way. But the fact is I have something of a delicate nature to tell you, and I'm so confoundedly bad at French that it's doubtful if I could explain it just as I want to, you know, in that language."

I agreed to this proposal, and he, after pulling his beard in silent meditation for a minute, said with an uneasy laugh:

"To tell you the truth, mademoiselle, now that I toe the line, so to speak, I find it's not such an easy matter to tell you in English as I thought it would be. Well, the long and short of it is, I heard something last night which has made me feel deucedly anxious and uncomfortable, and though I should be awfully sorry to alarm you I think you ought to be made acquainted with the facts of the case. That is Barry Kavanagh's opinion also, and he's a man of the world, you know, and a deuced long headed fellow."

"If it concerns our friend Taras," I said in a low voice, "I beg you not to hesitate in telling me anything you have heard."

"It does concern him," he replied, dropping his voice also. "Perhaps you know that he is in danger of being seized by the secret police of Russia."

"I have every reason to know it. Two attempts have already been made to take him away."

"Kavanagh told me that, and also that in each case the attempt was knocked on the head, so to speak, by you. Do you think Taras ought to be warned?"

"What would that do? If you told Taras that Rudersdorf was waiting out there on the bridge to shoot him, Taras, without a second thought, would go out on the bridge to face him."

Gordon nodded assent.

"I think that's what I should do myself," he said.

"But that is not what we want Taras to do."

"No, we want to keep him out of danger as much as possible; but, as Kavanagh pointed out, anything that we can do must be done without his knowledge."

"All that we can do is to be on the alert for anything that occurs. I can only watch as I have watched before."

"You will let me know if you see anything, won't you? I'll drop in pretty frequently, and should you want help at any time when I'm not in the works or at the office you will find me at my diggings at the Adelphi terrace. I shall look in every night until I feel sure that I may not be wanted."

Just then we heard Taras coming down the passage. He entered the room before Gordon could beat a retreat or even assume the natural attitude of a visitor. A worse actor never existed than this honest, simple fellow, nor one less capable of concealing anything, and his clumsy efforts to appear unconstrained and easy gave him such an air of guilty embarrassment that any one less acquainted with his amiable character than Taras would have certainly suspected him of some wrongdoing. An irrepressible smile broke over Taras' face as he shook hands with his friend and congratulated him on looking so rosy and well. It was a trying time for poor Gordon, but fear of the ordeal did not deter him from keeping his word. Every day he called in and always at an hour when Taras was working in his atelier.

Mere Lucas was delighted. She saw in these visits the realization of her hopes and gave me to understand by many encouraging winks and sly observations that she knew perfectly well Gordon came only to make love to me.

It seemed to me that Taras put the same construction on these visits and the awkward behavior of Gordon. He gave me no verbal hint of his belief. I drew my conclusions rather from his reserve on the subject. Always he spoke of Gordon with warm affection, and yet I fancied with a certain tinge of pain which I was then quite at a loss to account for.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEARING THE END.

Now that Gordon could convey his thoughts without pulling up in the middle of each sentence to find words to express them, he became much more communicative, and kindly feeling rapidly expanded into genuine friendship. He liked to talk about his sweetheart, and he found me an attentive and sympathetic listener. I wanted to know all about Judith Bell. I was eager to sound the depth of their mutual attachment and ascertain the probable outcome of this love affair. The aspect of Kavanagh's plan for kidnaping Gordon was considerably altered by its bearing upon Judith. We had agreed that Gordon himself would unlikely accept the part assigned him. But these arguments seemed to lose their force now that another was concerned. Knowing how I should feel the loss of Taras, I could not be indifferent to the anxiety and pain to be inflicted on Gordon's sweetheart, even though that anxiety might end so soon. But for all that I never wavered in the determination to play out my part. No consideration of friends or self could turn me from my purpose.

Gordon saw Kavanagh frequently, but he had little to report except that the detectives were closely watching Rudersdorf, who as yet had not left the neighborhood of Shadwell, where he had taken lodgings. Whether this was true or not I had no means of knowing, for Kavanagh still kept away, though a week had passed since our last interview. The suspense of these days was hard to bear, but incidentally I learned a fact from Gordon, which explained and excused his postponing the final act to the last moment possible.

"Do you see Miss Bell very often?" I asked Gordon one day.

"Not half so often as I should like to, I assure you," he replied, and then, rather inconsequently, as it seemed to me, he added, "you see, she's such a brick of a girl."

"Is that any reason why you should not see her if she's engaged to you?"

"Well, that's a provisional sort of affair, you know. It all depends on the success of the pottery, hang it, though of course it's bound to succeed. You see, the old colonel has stuck all his capital into the concern. It wasn't much, to be sure, but it's all he has. Well, if he gets a jolly good income out of it, Judith will be my wife. If he doesn't—well then"—after pulling his beard reflectively for a minute in silence—"well, then we shall be married all the same, only it will be a deuce of a bother."

"I don't think I quite understand."

"It's like this, mademoiselle, I don't mind telling you, because you are the last one in the world that would betray the confidence of a friend. The fact is poor old Bell's had a rough time of it, and through trusting the confounded kind friend and backing bills for another has got his finances into such a muddle that I doubt if he would have £50 a year to live upon if all his precious bonds and securities and shares were put in the market and realized. Well, you know, he doesn't know that, and heaven forbid it should ever come to his ears. It shan't if I can have a hand in cooking his accounts, you may be sure. But the deuce of it is the old boy's as proud as Lucifer, and it would just break his heart if he found out one day that he was subsisting on any one's generosity—a sort of pensioner, don't you know. And—well, that's how it is, don't you see."

"No, I don't quite. How does that affect your marriage with Miss Bell?"

"Why, Judith knows how matters stand, though the colonel doesn't. You ladies are such a lot sharper than we at seeing right into things. She knows that if this last venture of her poor old dad's breaks down, he must learn the truth, and—well, she's got a bit of the colonel's pride in her straight back, too, bless her! and she won't marry me before she is certain that I am not to be saddled with her father. It's confounded nonsense of course—we're bound to marry because we couldn't love anybody else—but I honor her for it, you know. She is a brick."

"But still, if you love each other, it seems natural that you should want to see each other sometimes, even if you can't marry," I said, thinking of Taras.

"Oh, we do sometimes, but not every day—not even once a week. It isn't practicable, because, don't you know, Judith isn't exactly free. Knowing the critical state of their pecuniary resources, she took an engagement as nursery governess; that will show you what a capital sort of girl she is. This is quite between you and me, for the colonel, with his awfully narrow ideas about class and that sort of thing, would be horrified at the notion of his daughter earning her living."

"But how is it kept a secret from him?"

"Oh, that's easy enough! He supposes that she is staying at Sydenham on a visit with Mrs. Kavanagh, who is an old friend."

"Mrs. Kavanagh!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Mrs. Charles Kavanagh—Barry Kavanagh's sister-in-law," he explained.

"I did not know that he had any relatives living in London."

"That's not a bit surprising. Kavanagh's such an awfully rum, taciturn fellow in some matters. You never know what he feels or thinks or knows or does or anything about him. I must have known him a couple of years and with some degree of intimacy before I discovered and then by accident that his mother was living."

"Is she living now?"

"Oh, dear, yes. She resides with the family at Sydenham. It's odd, isn't it? One would think he had no one dearer to him than Taras and me. It seems so natural to talk about people you love, and I believe Barry's a most devoted son and brother. I know he spends a couple of days a week at Sydenham. I suppose it's the logical outcome of his confounded rationalism."

After hearing this I could not expect that Kavanagh would take the final step one moment before Rudersdorf's patience had been stretched to the utmost limit.

One morning, it must have been the 9th of November, Taras, looking at the paper, said: "There's to be a large display of fireworks at the Crystal palace tonight. Shall we go and see it?"

I acceded joyfully to the proposal.

"Then I'll knock off at lunchtime," said he, going to the window and looking out. "We may as well take advantage of this sunny day. We may not get many more."

To my oversensitive ear there was something terribly prophetic in that phrase, and indeed there seemed to be a touch of sadness in his voice as if some sorrowful prognostic were passing through his mind.

I looked forward to our spending the afternoon and evening together alone, but Taras, finding Gordon with me when he came down from his work, asked him to stay to lunch and go with us, doubtless thinking to add to my pleasure. Gordon accepted the invitation with vexatious alacrity. I hated him for coming between me and Taras, but my vexation wore off before we reached the palace.

I had never been there before, and the beauty of the grounds, the flowers and creeping plants in the building and the music charmed my senses and quite restored my good temper. Gordon was particularly good humored and lively, and his mirth was infectious; the solemn diners and severely correct waiters seemed quite scandalized by our gayety at dinner.

We saw the fireworks from the upper terrace. There were a great many people there. The last bouquet of rockets had fired, and the falling splashes of color were fading away when a voice beside me said:

"Ah, I have found you at last!" It was Kavanagh who spoke, though I did not recognize him immediately in the darkness that followed the bright flood of light.

"We saw you going down the steps," he explained as he shook hands with us. "Mrs. Charles insisted on my pursuing you, but I lost sight of you in the crowd. We shall find them in the transept."

We made our way slowly with the throng flowing into the building. The crowd at the entrance was so great that we separated, Kavanagh and I going in advance of Taras and Gordon. Having passed the door, we waited for them to rejoin us.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN.

"It's all right," said Kavanagh. "See—there they come. Let us go on. They cannot overtake us until we are at the top of the stairs, and I have something of the utmost importance to tell you. The preparations are all made. We only wait now for a favorable opportunity to take the last step. That opportunity may present itself at any moment after tonight. Some time tomorrow, probably in the evening—I cannot fix the hour—or the next evening, certainly not later than the night following, the thing will be done. You must hold yourself in readiness for immediate action. All depends upon your promptitude and exactness."

"What am I to do?"

"I am about to tell you. Listen attentively, for I may not have the chance of repeating instructions. When I come to Lambeth, Taras may be with you. Now you see this ring on my finger"—as he spoke he passed his hand lightly over his mustache—"if you see it on my left hand you will know that nothing can be done yet awhile, but if it is on the little finger of the right hand—the right hand, mind—you will leave the room, the workshop, wherever you are—without excuse will be best—put on your things and leave the house as quickly as you can. You may depend upon my fixing Taras' attention for a clear space of five or ten minutes. In front of Lambeth church you will find my carriage. The driver will be the long, thin man you have seen before. He knows what to do. Directly you are seated he will drive you to Gordon's chambers. You will find him in his rooms, for I shall have seen him in the afternoon and warned him that a development of Rudersdorf's plot is to be expected. Say to him: 'Taras went out before dinner and has not returned. Kavanagh says they have carried him off to Shadwell. He has gone on in a hansom. He sent me to fetch you. His carriage is outside. The driver knows where to take us. Come, for heaven's sake!' Now repeat what I have said."

Word for word I repeated what he had told me to say. He nodded approval and said:

"You need not study the part you have to act. Your own agitation will preclude any doubt of your sincerity."

I was about to question him as to the course to be taken after reaching Shadwell, but reflecting the top of the stairs he cut me short.

"Here they are," he said. "Now when Gordon asks you what you have learned from me say that I saw Rudersdorf following you when you left the building and that he may be recognized by his wearing a coat with a deep sable collar and cuffs. Warn him not to alarm Taras, and you yourself be careful as you value your life."

Taras and Gordon overtook us as we stood before a statue which Kavanagh had stopped to criticise with the drawling manner of a man who is at a loss to find a subject for conversation. With ready address he made some observation on sculpture which provoked discussion with Taras, and enabled me to escape observation by falling in the rear with Gordon as we walked on down the half lit alley toward the transept. Following Taras and Kavanagh, we left the alley to cross the brightly illuminated transept. At that minute a couple of children darted out from their ambuscade behind a gromof statuary and caught Gordon's disengaged arm. Even that startled us, and before we had recovered from the surprise a young lady came forward, who I knew must be Judith Bell before Gordon introduced us.

A more unfortunate moment for this introduction could not be imagined. Gordon, at no time remarkable for self possession, and I, naturally gauche and awkward from want of cultivation, were now, under the paralyzing influence of fright and nervous excitement, absolutely incapable of assuming an attitude of rational composure. We must have looked like culprits discovered in a misdeed. After stammering the usual form of introduction in an unintelligible jargon of bad French and English, Gordon said:

"I'm making an awful mess of this; but to confess the truth, Judith, you have taken me by surprise."

"I'm making an awful mess of this."

"That scarcely needs confession," replied Judith. "You did not think to ask Mr. Kavanagh if I were here?"

"Oh, I remember, he said you were here," stammered the honest fellow, "but my thoughts have been so absorbed by something else. Hang it! I don't mean that."

"It would be quite excusable if you did," she retorted, with a slight inclination of her head as she turned to address me.

There was something painfully ludicrous in the embarrassment of this big, awkward man—something which tinged the expression of Judith's pretty face with sadness as well as mirth. He submitted to be dragged away by the children to the group where Taras was chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kavanagh.

"I have been a long while anxious to make your acquaintance," said Judith in her good French as we slowly walked toward the party. "I have heard so much about you from Mr. Gordon—so much that if I were not quite sure of his constancy I might feel jealous."

I could not find a word to say in reply to this advance—not one. I was not yet an adept in hypocrisy, and my tongue obstinately refused to make any profession of friendship for this girl, whose happiness might be turned to misery by my act.

Judith spoke to me again. I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kavanagh, but what was said, how I behaved, is lost to me now like the incidents of a long past dream. I only remember looking at Judith Bell, fascinated by her prettiness and picturing the change in that bright face which would come if Gordon fell.

I must have appeared incomprehensibly odd and ill mannered or exceedingly stupid to her and the Kavanaghs, for after a vain attempt to engage me in conversation they abandoned me to Gordon, who, gauging my feelings by his own, stuck to me loyally. The strangeness of my behavior did not escape the notice of Taras. More than once on our way home I found him regarding me with curious interest from his corner in the compartment, and in saying "good night" there was a coldness in his voice and manner that chilled my heart.

He must have thought Gordon guilty of inconstancy to Judith Bell and suspected me of being a party to his treachery.

"What does it matter?" I exclaimed as I threw myself on my bed. "If Taras is saved, that is everything. I would sacrifice myself and the whole world for him."

I expected to see Gordon that morning, but he did not come. While we were at lunch a clerk came around from the pottery to ask if he was with us, showing that he had not put in an appearance there. Taras made no comment, but I saw him glance at me as the inquiry was being made. I kept my eyes down that I might not betray what was in my mind. There was significance in Gordon's absence which was obvious enough to me. Kavanagh had warned him to hold himself in readiness, and he was staying at his chambers for the call which I was now certain would soon be made.

Nothing occurred during the forenoon, but we had scarcely finished dinner when Kavanagh's light knock at the door caused my heart to leap. The next minute he entered the room. His hands were gloved.

I sat in choking suspense as, in compliance with Taras' invitation, he seated himself and slowly unbuttoned his gloves, talking airily about some topic of the day as he leaned back in his chair, one leg crossed upon his knee and his elbows resting on the arms of the chair, so as to place his hands well in my view. He slowly drew off the left glove. The ring was not on the finger of that hand—not where he was to have worn it if nothing could be done. But I waited for a more decisive proof, the signal which was to bid me act.

Slowly he drew the glove from his right hand. The ring was on that finger, and as he nicely folded the gloves on his knee, passing the hand with the glittering ring over them, he cast a swift glance at me to make sure that the signal was understood.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WE START FOR THE MARINER'S JOY.

I left the room as Taras was opening a folded document which Kavanagh had legged him to read. Swiftly I ran to my room and put on the things I had laid out ready to my hand. At the head of the stairs I paused to assure myself that the way was clear. The muffled sound of Mere Lucas' voice humming in the kitchen and of Taras reading aloud showed that the doors were closed. I ran down noiselessly, opened the street door and perceived Kavanagh's carriage drawn up by the pavement before the church. The driver stood on the curb, and I recognized the man at once.

"You know where to go?" I asked as I stepped in.

"Adelphi terrace, miss, first of all," he replied.

In less than a quarter of an hour we reached the terrace. I stepped out, and pushing open the swing door of Grandison chambers entered the hall.

Gordon, who had heard the wheels of the brougham, was on the landing above.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously, running down to meet me.

I had repeated Kavanagh's instructions too frequently to forget them, and I had not overlooked the necessity of translating the phrases into French to avert suspicion.

"Taras went out before dinner and has not returned. Kavanagh says they have carried him off to Shadwell. He has gone on in a hansom. He sent me to fetch you. His carriage is outside. The driver knows where to take us."——

"My dear girl," he interrupted, "there is no necessity for you to go. Better stay out of this. There's sure to be a scrimmage."

"The greater reason for going. I will go alone rather than be left behind."

"That'll never do. All right, mademoiselle. Pluck's everything. Wait a moment."

Saying this, he ran up stairs, taking the steps two at a time, rushed to his rooms, and a minute after came out with his hat on, an ulster over his arm and a stout stick in his hand. He banged the door after him, rejoined me, and slipping his arm through mine to support me led me down to the man. The officious porter again stepped forward as if he had something to say, but Gordon brushed past him impatiently and took me to the carriage.

"All right!" he called, wedging himself in as soon as I was seated, and before the door was closed the carriage started off.

As Kavanagh had foreseen, there was no necessity for any pretense on my part. I shook from head to foot with excitement.

"It's all right, mademoiselle," said Gordon cheerfully, slipping my arm through his and nudging it to his side. "We shall pull through. You see Kavanagh has his wits about him. I'd back him against all the police Russia can send over here. He didn't give you any other information?"

"None. Those words were all he spoke."

"Enough too. He warned me last night. That fellow Rudersdorf was hanging about Lambeth all yesterday. But is seems Taras never left the house."

Thrusting his head out of the window, he called to the driver:

"You know where you are to go?"

"All right, sir. We are to find the governor at Sandy's walk, and if he's not there we're to cross the river to the Mariner's Joy."

"Do you know all these places?"

"Ought to, sir. Born in Rotherhithe and served four years in the Thames police patrolling the Pool."

As we penetrated the low lying district beyond Southwark park the fog grew thicker, the darkness more intense.

"It's to be hoped we shall meet them on this side of the river," Gordon observed, "for we shall find it difficult to cross in such darkness as this."

I made no reply, knowing that if we were to cross Kavanagh had provided the means.

The streets were absolutely empty, so that the driver was able to rattle along at a good speed in spite of the darkness, which in the back streets through which we passed was unrelieved by any light save the dull gleam of an occasional street lamp.

There was a resinous smell of pine wood. On one side of the road the light fell upon stacks of timber; on the other a ship's spars, projecting over the tarred palings, was thrown into relief by the glimmering lamp beyond. We were running down by the Baltic dock. The driver shortened his pace to turn a corner, then pulled up under a lamp that stuck out from a high brick wall.

The driver whistled as he sprang down from the box. Grasping his stick, Gordon opened the door and stepped out. I crouched back in my corner of the carriage, setting my teeth, holding my breath in expectation of the coming catastrophe. The driver had given the signal. It only remained for the accomplices to spring out of the darkness and overpower Gordon.

But no one appeared. The driver whistled again, looking around him in perplexity.

"I don't understand it," he said after waiting a moment for some sound to break the silence. "The governor told me I should find him here, or some one else."

"You are sure this is the place?" Gordon asked.

"Certain. There's the old boat," nodding at an upturned boat hard by on the fore shore, "and there's the beershop," nodding to a glimmer of light across the waste space opposite the wall. "He must be down by the water. Wait here half a minute, sir."

With these words he ran off along the foreshore, and in a minute was lost to sight in the fog.

"Kavanagh must have crossed the river," said Gordon, "and the person he promised to station here to meet us has evidently yielded to the temptation of that beershop. That's much more probable than that he should go down to the water. You won't mind being left alone for a minute or two?"

"No, no. I am not afraid."

"I'll try the beershop. If Kavanagh's man is not there, I may find some one who will take me across."

He hurried across the open space, and I saw his figure against the light as he entered the house by a swing door.

There was a moment of intense silence, and then I heard a long, distinct whistle in the direction taken by the driver.

My eyes were fixed upon the beershop. The thickness of the night and the distance prevented my making it out clearly, but it seemed to me that there were two doors to it—one on each side of the front, with its two spears of gas—and this was presently proved to be the case by a man slipping out on the other side to that entered by Gordon. Another and another followed, all with swift stealth. Outside they stood together for a moment, looking gigantic in the fog. Then, as the driver whistled again from the shore, they started off at a run toward the waterside. Probably knowing that I must be in the carriage, they kept as far from it as possible. Nevertheless I saw the three phantom figures dle past and disappear into the darker distance.

A few minutes elapsed, and Gordon came quickly from the beershop, followed by a man who carried a lantern.

"I've found a man to take us over. He knows the Mariner's Joy," said Gordon as he joined me.

"Know the Joy, ah!" chimed in the old waterman with a grin. "I'll get ye across somehow, though I'll have to kinder feel my way, I reckon, in this here fog."

Just then the driver came running up with a man.

"Governor's gone over to the Mariner's Joy, sir," said he. "Left this party to row you across."

"I can do without him," said Gordon. "I've found another man to do that job."

(To be Continued.)

PUT TO FLIGHT

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Novel Block Signal System.

Engineering Magazine.

The Weehawken tunnel of the West Shore railway in New Jersey, which is 4,200 feet in length, has novel block signal system. The arrangement consists of a line of incandescent electric lamps about 300 feet apart and placed on a level with the eye of the engine driver. When the lamps are all alight, it is an indication of safety. Each train passing through extinguishes the lamps for a distance of 1,100 feet in its rear, a result which is automatically effected by an electrically connected track circuit, whereby the lamps are kept under the continuous control of the train. The operators in the signal towers at each end of the tunnel can also extinguish the lights in any section of the tunnel if occasion requires. This system appears to embody a number of exceedingly valuable features, and if successful in practice cannot but increase the traffic capacity of a long tunnel largely beyond that which is possible by the methods of signaling heretofore in use.

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These Books have been carefully selected, and are all by well known authors. They are elegantly bound in cloth, with gilt back and titles. The regular retail price is three times the figure we ask.

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Marvel. By "The Duchess."
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The Matchmaker. By Beatrice Reynolds.
Michael Strogoff. By Jules Verne.
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Nellie's Memories. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens.
Old House at Sandwich. By Joseph Hatton.
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One Life, One Love. By Miss M. E. Braddon.
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The Pathfinder. By J. Fenimore Cooper.
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Plutarch's Lives.
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A Prince of Darkness. By Florence Warden.
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The Reproach of Annesley. By Maxwell Gray.
Rienzi. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe.
Romola. By George Eliot.
Rory O'More. By Samuel Lover.
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The Scottish Chiefs. By Miss Jane Porter.
The Sealed Packet. By T. Adolphus Trollope.
Second Thoughts. By Rhoda Broughton.
Self Sacrifice. By Mrs. Oliphant.
The Sketchbook. By Washington Irving.
Silence of Dean Maitland. By Maxwell Gray.
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St. Katherine's by the Tower. By W. Besant.
Swiss Family Robinson.
This Wicked World. By Mrs. N. L. Cameron.
The Three Guardsmen. By Alexander Dumas.
Tom Brown at Oxford. By Thomas Hughes.
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. By Jules Verne.
Twenty Years After. By Alexander Dumas.
Two Years Before the Mast. By R. H. Dana, Jr.
Uncle Max. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
Undercurrents. By "The Duchess."
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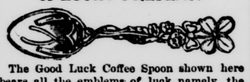
Vanity Fair. By W. M. Thackeray.
The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.
The Vicomte de Bragelonne. By Alexander Dumas.
Vivian the Beauty. By Mrs. Annie Edwards.
Wee Wife. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
Will Two. By Edna Lyall.
The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle.
Willy Reilly. By William Carlton.
The Witch's Head. By H. Rider Haggard.
The Woman In White. By Wilkie Collins.
A Woman's Face. By Florence Warden.
A Woman's Heart. By Mrs. Alexander.
A Woman's War. By Charlotte M. Braeme.
Won by Waiting. By Edna Lyall.
The Wooing O't. By Mrs. Alexander.

A LUCKY PRESENT.



The Good Luck Coffee Spoon shown here bears all the emblems of luck, namely, the four-leaf clover, horse shoe, wish bone, bow knot and forget-me-nots. This spoon is made of Solid Coin Silver. One of these spoons makes a beautiful souvenir present.

We will give one of these spoons free to any one sending us 4 new paid-up yearly subscriptions, or for 2 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $1.25 in cash; or it will be sold to a subscriber for $2.25 in cash. 10c. postage must be added in each case.

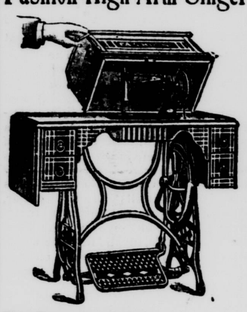
COLUMBUS SOUVENIR SPOON

Columbus Souvenir Tea Spoons are now all the rage; everybody should have one. We show a beautifully engraved spoon, bearing an excellent bust of Columbus and engraving of the vessel of Columbus landing on our shores.

This spoon is triple silver plated, oxidized, and the bowl is gold lined; it will be given free for one new paid-up yearly subscription; or it will be sold for 60c. Sent postage prepaid in each case.

—THE—

Fashion High Arm Singer



Five Years Guarantee.
Delivered Railroad Freight Paid.
Full Set of Finest Steel Attachments, in Plush Lined Case.

Our Finest Premium is without doubt the Fashion High Arm Singer Sewing Machine. The "Singer" has stood the test of 40 years and made a princely fortune for its inventor. The "Fashion" Singer, however, is an improvement on the original machine, as it has all modern improvements up to date which are known or found in a first-class family sewing machine.

The automatic bobbin winder winds all sizes of thread on the bobbin as easily as a spool of thread is wound, without care or attention on the part of the operator, except to keep the treadle moving. Owing to the machine having what is termed a tight and loose wheel, the bobbin can be wound without running the working parts of the machine. This is quite an advantage, as it does not necessitate removing the goods from underneath the presser foot, or even unthreading the machine.

The needle is short and straight, thus insuring great strength; it is also self-setting, requiring no care on the part of the operator.

The pressure on the sewing foot is adjustable, and when the foot is raised to remove the work from the machine, it brings into play the automatic tension release. This takes the tension from the thread, and the goods can be removed from the machine without bending the needle or breaking the thread. Every operator on old style machines will appreciate this.

The wood work is of either antique oak or walnut, at choice of purchaser.

Each machine is furnished with the following accessories and attachments:

Oil can filled with oil, 12 needles, 6 bobbins, wrench, guide and guide screw, large and small screw driver, instruction book, foot hemmer, feller, ruffler, tucker, binder, and a set of 4 hemmers of assorted widths. We also furnish a written guarantee warranting the machine for five years, breakage of needles and shuttles excepted. This shows the great confidence we have in the machine, which we justly claim to be the best value for the money ever offered.

How to obtain this Machine.—We will send this machine **FREE, freight paid** to nearest railroad depot, to any one sending us 40 yearly paid subscriptions, or for 20 paid subscriptions and $10.00 in cash; sold to subscribers only for $24.50 cash, railroad freight paid. Sewing machine agents sell this machine for $55.00 and $65.00.

The following testimonials were furnished us by the manufacturers:

LAFAYETTE SPRINGS, Quincy, Ks., under date of June 24, 1892, writes: "I have one of your High Arm Sewing Machines. We have had it about 3 years, and it has proven to be just as good as represented. It is said to be one of the best machines in our neighborhood by all who have seen it."

MISS SALLIE MCCLELLAN, Vanceburg, Ky., under date of June 22, 1892, writes: "I received the machine and am delighted with it. It does lovely work. There is not another machine in our town for which I would willingly exchange mine. It is a perfect gem in itself. I think I will be able to send you some orders by fall. Everyone likes this one so much."

HENRY JORDAN, Millersburg, Ky., under date of June 26, 1892, writes: "Your Premium Machine is the best one I ever saw. I would not give it for any of my neighbors', some of whom have paid $60 for their sewing machine. I will tell all of my neighbors about your machines."

National Souvenir Spoons.

EACH SPOON GOLD LINED.

These Spoons are full size and beautiful specimens of the engraver's art, and are made of nickel silver and heavily plated with pure sterling silver. They come half dozen in a set, all differently engraved. The bowl of each spoon has a lining of 22 karat gold, which gives them a beautiful appearance; each set is complete in a satin lined case. Nothing could be more appropriate as a gift than a set of National Souvenir Spoons.

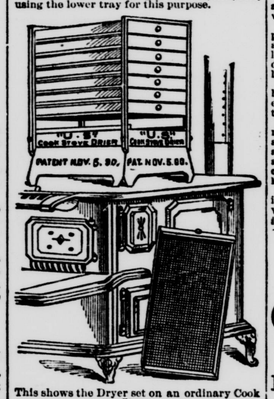
We will Give this Full Set FREE to any one sending us 3 new paid-up yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $1 in cash added; or it will be sold to a subscriber for $2.50 cash; delivered prepaid in every instance.

EVAPORATE . . .
. . . YOUR FRUIT . . .
. . . AT HOME
WITH THE
U.S. COOK STOVE DRYER.

We think this is one of our most attractive offers to our subscribers, anyway to those who have a few fruit trees or an orchard.

To the housewife of the household in town or country it is a little gold mine. Thousands of careful, prudent household managers, who have no time or necessity to engage in evaporating fruit for market as a business, but who have frequent use for just such an article as this for making smaller quantities of dried fruit, berries and vegetables for their own use or for sale, will find it the most satisfactory and profitable investment they could make. A lady can easily lift it on and off the stove, as it weighs about twenty-five pounds. It has interchangeable galvanized wire cloth trays, which will not rust or discolor the fruit, etc., and will last for years. It is made of iron, except trays and cover.

Can be used for broiling beefsteak, fish, etc., using the lower tray for this purpose.



This shows the Dryer set on an ordinary Cook Stove.

The "U.S." COOK STOVE FRUIT DRYER OR EVAPORATOR.

THOROUGHLY TESTED AND APPROVED.

LATEST - CHEAPEST - BEST

WEIGHT, 25 POUNDS.

Handsome metal base. Can be used on any kind of stove. Dimensions—base, 22x16 inches; height, 26 inches; eight galvanized wire cloth trays, containing 12 square feet of tray surface.

No extra fire. Always ready for use, and will last a lifetime. Easily and quickly set on and off the stove as needed, empty or filled with fruit.

As a great Economizer and Money Maker for Rural People it is without a Rival.

Has it ever occurred to you that, with a little labor, wasting apples, berries and vegetables can be quickly evaporated and are then worth pound for pound for flour, sugar, coffee, butter, rice, oatmeal, etc.?

HOW TO OBTAIN ONE FREE.

To any one sending us 10 new paid-up yearly subscribers will be sent FREE, securely packed and crated, one of these U. S. Cook Stove Dryers, with outfit complete; or it will be sent you for 5 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $2.50 in cash added; or it will be sold to subscribers for $5.00 in cash.

In all cases the Dryer will be sent by freight, securely packed and crated; freight to be paid by the receiver, but as the Dryer only weighs 25 pounds the freight charges will be trifling.

Read what people say who have a Cook Stove Fruit