# Kitty Green's Elopement

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

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KITTY GREEN had promised John Meldon to be his wife, but Kitty was a woman, and women are willful, from the cradle to the grave. She was pretty and petted, and even the promise she had given to her lover was not always a reminder to her that her first duty was to him. John Meldon was one of the men who believe with the poet:

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are,"

And when she frowned upon him for the good advice he, as ten years her senior, felt he had the right to give her, he loved her the more and was the more zealous, feeling that when at last he had won her completely she would be more precious to him for the effort required in the winning.

But Kitty Green's temper and temperament were not of the John Meldon sort yet, and although she had promised to be his wife and said she loved him better than any other man in all the world, it must be confessed that Kitty could not persuade herself to withdraw her beauty and her winsome ways entirely from the admiration of other men, as it is provided in all cases of affairs of the heart the woman should do. No, Kitty loved admiration, and she loved to tease the excellent young man who had been the only one who had won a final and definite promise from her. They had been engaged for three months, and, while a portion of that time was Paradise to John, there were other portions of it when, if he had been asked for his opinion, it is feared that it would scarcely have been appropriate for publication. Yet with it all, the idea of not loving her never once entered his mind. He knew the story, from his infancy, of the children of Israel in the wilderness, and their final deliverance and joy in the Promised Land was his pillar of fire to lead him through the darkest night of Kitty's willfulness and coquetry.

Her latest disregard of his wishes, not to say his rights, was her permitting the attention of one Maj. Hunter, who had appeared in Winston social circles as a hero from the Philippine islands. Nobody had inquired of the war department at Washington for the major's credentials, and he was such an attractive gentleman that no one thought of doing such a thing. In fact, all Winston society simply fell at the major's feet and worshiped because he had such elegant manners and such an extensive and intimate acquaintance with Fifth avenue and Newport and the diplomatic circles of the capital that to have questioned his position or any statement he made of himself would have been high treason. John Meldon, not being a society man, was not included among the worshipers of the major, and he was in a proper frame of mind to consider him calmly and to conclude that there was a mouse in the meal bag, though just where and how he had not then the means of knowing. What Mr. Meldon knew definitely of the major was that he had proved conclusively to himself that Kitty Green would come into possession of a fortune plenty large enough for two when she was 21 years of age and that no other girl in Winston had anything like such prospects. For further particulars the major did not seem to care.

Kitty's lover maintained a discreet silence on the subject of the major until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and then he very mildly suggested one evening that she might at least divide her time between her promised husband and the ubiquitous major.

"Maj. Hunter is a gentleman," she said, with a toss of her pretty head, "and if I want to see him every day in the week I shall do so."

"You have the right to do as you please, sweetheart," said Meldon, coaxingly, "but you have no right to say who or what Maj. Hunter is until you know."

"I know Maj. Hunter is a gentleman," she continued. "Haven't I seen him nearly every day since he has been in town, and if he were not a gentleman, wouldn't I know?"

"Sweetheart, sweetheart," pleaded her lover, "you are a dear little thing that a man of the world, such as Hunter is, could fool to death, and he is fooling you now. He has even gone so far as to investigate the records to learn how much money you have."

Kitty became wildly indignant on the instant.

"Do you mean to insinuate, Mr. Meldon," she exclaimed, with a flushed face and in an angry tone, "that Maj. Hunter has no regard for me except for my money?"

"Surely, Kitty," asserted Meldon. "I say it positively as my belief."

"Then I'll ask him," she said. "And, Mr. Meldon," she went on, "for this slander you have uttered against a man who has always been polite and attentive to me, you may consider our engagement broken. You think Maj. Hunter is no gentleman, and I think you are not one. Good evening, Mr. Meldon, and good-by."

Meldon might have pleaded his cause, might have apologized, might have recanted his Hunter heresy, but Kitty had disappeared from sight, and he went out of her house cursing himself for a blundering idiot, and yet feeling that he was not altogether wrong. He had been properly armed for the conflict, only he did not know how to use his weapons. John Meldon was not a woman fighter; he was a woman lover, and that kind of a man is always weak, always awkward in the face of the foe.

Kitty was impulsive and impetuous, and what she said to the major or what he said to her no one knew, but by that fate which is always putting a boy in the right place John Meldon's office boy was up a June apple tree in the Green orchard on the night, two weeks after his employer's dismissal, and he overheard Kitty and the major, on a rustic bench below, making their final arrangements for an elopement. What the boy was doing up the apple tree is not a matter of chronicle; boys have been known to go up apple trees with ripe apples on them for various reasons, and perhaps this boy was not unlike other boys. In any event, he was up the tree, and he heard what was said underneath his perch, and, though frightened almost out of his wits, he did not forget any part of it, and, what was better still, being a faithful boy, he told no one except Mr. Meldon. John Meldon had been good to the boy, and he was old enough to know that Mr. Meldon's course of true love was not running smoothly.

"An', Mr. Meldon," said the boy, in concluding his marvelous tale, "Miss Kitty didn't want to run away an' git married, but that major man said as how it was the best way, and she'd have to. She cried a bit, but she said she'd do it and show some people they couldn't lead her 'round by the nose, or somethin' like that."

Mr. Meldon winced at this, but smiled faintly, and gave the boy a five-dollar bill, with the admonition to say nothing to anyone about what he had heard. The five dollars was not needed to fix the boy's loyalty, but he put the money in his pocket because he had other uses for it.

On the appointed night, with every detail of the proposed elopement clear before him as reported by the boy, Mr. Meldon and two friends lay hidden in the border of raspberry bushes not far from Kitty's window. The sky was overcast and the night very dark, but a faint light shone from the window. An hour after midnight a figure appeared under the window, a low whistle went upward and presently Kitty's eyes peered down into the darkness. The major was there alone with a ladder, which he placed in position for her to step out upon.

"Throw down the money and the jewelry," whispered the major, "and while I take them around to the carriage you get ready and I'll come back for you."

Kitty dropped a couple of packages out into the darkness, which the major found with a dark lantern, and started off with toward the lane beyond the garden. As he passed the raspberry bushes two men suddenly seized him, and before he could make any outcry he was gagged and his hands were tied. The third man went to the foot of the ladder and a low whistle, as before, called Kitty to the window. Bonneted and wrapped, she came down the frail ladder and dropped into the arms waiting for her, was kissed encouragingly and hurried away to the carriage.

"Our driver is gone," whispered her companion—the two men who had looked out for the major had not neglected the driver—but that doesn't matter. "Hurry into the carriage and I'll drive you around to the church, where your own pastor is waiting to marry us, darling," and out of the darkness came another kiss for Kitty, who was so dazed by the excitement of it all that she scarcely knew what was happening. But as the carriage whirled away noiselessly down the soft road of the lane, she realized vaguely that it was very thoughtful of the major to have her own pastor take part in this romantic marriage of hers. On the driver's box sat three men and two of them chuckled as if in triumph. The man with the lines tight in his hands over the horses was silent as the grave.

At the church the carriage stopped. Two of the men went in by a side door, and shortly after them came the third with Kitty. There was scarcely light enough to see one's hand before one's face, but the cheery voice of Kitty's beloved pastor seemed almost like a ray of sunshine to her, and she heard only that during the brief ceremony which followed. Even that was faint and indistinct in words, but the sound of it soothed her and seemed to fall as a blessing upon this wild act of hers, which without it she did not believe she could have carried to the final accomplishment. Regret was coming to Kitty, but willful people do not wait upon regrets. She knew at last that she was Mrs. Hunter; she heard the minister's words which pronounced the twain one flesh, and then came a little prayer, and after it a hearty voice out of the dimness of the chapel.

"My very best wishes," Mrs. Meldon," it said, and Kitty, as some one turned the lights on full, saw John Meldon at her side and near him her pastor and her only brother. She could do nothing at all, nothing except to faint away, which she did promptly.

When she regained consciousness she was at her own home again with John Meldon and her mother smiling down upon her. What had happened she could not tell, but something that made her cry and put out her hands, not to her mother, but to John Meldon.

And the major? Well, after the ceremony, when they went to find him in the grass where they had left him, they found only the handkerchiefs with which he had been so hastily gagged and tied. The money and the jewelry had gone with the major.

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Since 1890 the pension disbursements have been more than a billion and a half of dollars.

# The Serpent in Eden

By GWENDOLEN OVERTON

A GREAT deal of unhappiness would be spared us in this world if the pagan in us would stop cropping up in our tendency to consider ourselves as picked out individually as marks for the shafts of the gods—if we would but adapt ourselves to a broader modern view of life. If for instance, Miss Babbington had been willing to consider Ferrier's case impersonally, in the light of the triumph of environment over heredity, both she and Ferrier would probably have been very much better off—or even had she realized that it was primarily her own fault, in any event.

She would have married him and have gone west with him when he wanted her to go. He urged as much. Fate and physicians conspired together to send him to the jumping-off place; the least she could do would be to go along, he said. But Miss Babbington was cast in the same mold as that queen who ended upon the guillotine because she would not fly from France without her necessaire. She urged the essentiality of a trousseau. Ferrier said things about clothes in general that only the fact that he was ill and not himself could have excused—things that no woman might hear unmoved. A final quarrel threatened, but it ended in a compromise.

Ferrier would go to the Pacific coast, as he had been bid, and, the trousseau being completed, Miss Babbington should take along her mother and it, and marry him there. It would be somewhat unconventional, but California itself was that, so no one would have reason to be shocked. Moreover, the prospect of separation from Ferrier for a year or so was a thing Miss Babibngton did not like to contemplate. She cared for him a good deal more than her insistence upon the trousseau would lead one not versed in the workings of the feminine mind to believe.

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She came into the garden and found Ferrier sitting there. It was a carnation garden, just sheltered and inland enough to get none of the freshening breeze from the sea. The air was warm and languid and thick with scent—the scent of carnations that spread for acres upon acres away; of the heliotrope that hung a mass of purple redolence above his head; of the honeysuckle that loaded the roof of the greenhouse near by; of an orange grove in blossom to windward somewhere. There were humming-birds hanging at the flower-cups, bluebirds and blackbirds drifting about. Ferrier watched them with heavy eyes. The love-tale he had brought with him lay neglected upon his knee. He was recollecting poetry. He murmured drowsily, half aloud, of "beds of amaranth and moly," of "warm airs lulling, blowing slowly, and half-dropped eyelids still."

And this was, in the nature of things, the time for Eve to appear. She floated into his line of vision by way of the gravel path. She wore no garments of leaves, but a sky suggestion of cloud-white and faintest blue. She was hatless, her parasol hung low over her shoulder, and her brown hair gleamed in the sun.

Ferrier watched her coming toward him between two rows of La France rose-bushes in full bloom. He was sure that she would stop there where she was and sit beside him upon the bench. Which was exactly what she did; but, lest anyone should suppose that she was not a thoroughly nice girl in every way, be it said—it was not by any means the first time she and Ferrier had met. They had spent mornings together upon the beach, and afternoons upon the verandas of the hotel, and their intimacy was just one degree short of where Ferrier thought it necessary to make her acquainted with any of his purely personal affairs.

"Shall I tell you"—said Eve, and her voice, like the voices of the poem, was thin and far away—"shall I tell you what you were thinking about? You were thinking that all the ties of the past are as frail as cobweb strands, are nothing stronger now than a thread of mist—like that up there." She raised her eyes to one faint line of cloud that lay upon the sky.

"Yes," said Ferrier, drowsily, as one who is under a spell, "but how does it happen that you know?"

For answer she turned her eyes to him. After which that happened which happened in Heaven once; there was silence for the space of half an hour, or rather less, perhaps.

A blackbird, burnished and glowing till its wings and breast flashed prism hues again, lighted among the pink branches of the oleander-tree, and preened its wings and considered them. A mocking-bird sang from far away in the heart of the orange grove. Then Ferrier spoke at last. "Why should it matter to either of us," he said, "that there has been a yesterday?"

Her hand was lying upon the bench. His own closed gently over it, and she did not draw away. He drew her closer to him, so close that it lay, at length, against his shoulder, the head with the glinting brown hair. He looked at the lips. They were warmly red, and it is with lips even as with wine, there is danger in looking upon them when they are red.

There was a cheerful human whistle, the scrunch of clumsy feet upon the gravel of the walk. The bell-boy from the hotel—glaringly out of place in his red and brass-trimmed uniform—came into sight. He was bringing a telegram and shrilling: "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You-ou-ou." He smiled appreciatively. For Ferrier was reading his tale of love, and Eve was poking a praying beetle with the ferule of her parasol, and it was not well chosen from the point of view of likelihood.

The telegram was for Ferrier. The boy delivered it, resumed his tune, and went his way. Eve was watching Ferrier's face.

"Is it bad news?" she said. She moved a little nearer again. Ferrier folded the telegram hastily and put it in his pocketbook.

"No," he told her, "the news is distinctly good." His scent-drugged sense of duty was coming to life again, and he felt that he should feel it to be so. There followed a pause. She was waiting to hear the rest, and Ferrier was wondering what would be the best thing, in the long run, that he could do; how he could come out of it all, not with flying colors—he had no hope of that—but with the smallest tatter of shred of decency.

He turned upon her that unflinching gaze attributed by the moralist to the conscience clear. "There will be a friend of mine here this afternoon," he said. He stopped.

"Yes," murmured Eve.

"I may as well tell you, I suppose," said Ferrier, "that she is the girl to whom I am engaged."

She rose slowly up from the seat and stood looking at him without a word. Her head was contemplatively upon one side, and there was a smile upon her lips, but back of her eyes there was a hint of strain. It was a long half minute before she spoke.

"I am not sure which I think is the more to be congratulated, you—or the girl," she said.

Ferrier sat where he was and watched her going down the walk between the rows of La France roses in full bloom. He was not under any spell or enchantment now, and he knew that he had behaved himself surprisingly like a cad.

But no normally constituted man with whom a charming girl is in love can continue for long in any such unpleasant frame of mind. It does not argue that Ferrier was more light than most, because, by the end of a fortnight, he had very nearly forgotten the entire affair. Eve had done her best to that end by vanishing from the hotel and from his field of vision without word or sign; and so had Miss Babbington—by other means. Who would look back upon the garden from the threshold of paradise.

The threshold of paradise, in this case, was the railroad office, and Ferrier was getting the tickets for his wedding trip. Miss Babbington was with him—it was one of the advantages to be reaped from western unconventionality that she might do such things. But she left Ferrier to the settlement of dollars and bits and walked about the office, observing the pictures that hung against the walls. There were the Yosemite and Shasta, the Grand canyon and the Yellowstone. There were views of an ostrich farm and of several coast hotels—of the hotel where she and Ferrier and her mother were, more especially. She stopped before this. In the center was the big photograph of the hotel itself, and at the four corners, set in medallion-wise, were smaller views of the attractions around the place. The carnation garden was one of these. Now if that particular photograph had been in one of the upper corners of the frame all would probably have gone well, and this story would never have been told. But it was in the right-hand corner, and directly upon a level with Miss Babbington's eye. She went quite close and examined it.

When Ferrier came up to her she was examining it still. There was a smile of satisfaction with life and things upon his face. Upon Miss Babbington's there was nothing of the kind. Unfortunately, Ferrier failed to notice either that or the curiously shaking quality of her voice as she asked him if he had bought the tickets yet. He tapped the pocket where they were. "San Francisco and the Yosemite," he said.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Babbington, "that I shall not be going with you—that you will have to take the trip alone."

"Alone—" repeated Ferrier. He started to laugh, but he saw that whatever else it might be, the matter was not a joke.

"Unless—" went on Miss Babbington, making a struggle to keep calm that turned her white—"unless you can get another girl to go with you—some one as obliging, for instance, as that girl in the picture there." She pointed with a gloved finger, which shook perceptibly, to the medallion in the lower right-hand corner of the frame. Ferrier did not understand, but he went a little nearer and bent down to look.

The photograph was very small, but it was also very clear. The carnations in the foreground might have been counted one by one, and, though it was hardly more than an inch in size, there could be no possible mistaking the figure of the man upon a bench half hidden by the heliotrope vine, of the man upon whose shoulders a girl had laid her uncovered head, of the man who was, plainly and beyond any hope of denial, kissing that girl. By no stretch of fancy could it be imagined as any but Ferrier himself.

He waited a moment longer, studying the picture closely, by way of gaining time. Then he nerved himself to the ordeal and faced about. "Mighty poor sort of joke on the part of that photographer," he began.

But the plate-glass doors of the railroad office had already swung shut behind Miss Babbington, and he was speaking into empty air.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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**Nothing to Boast Of.**

When some people are unable to do a thing they boast of it.—Chicago Daily News.

# A Matter of Conscience

By WILLIAM BLOSS

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MOST of you probably remember what a stir was made when that $37,000 package of currency shipped by the Cook County national bank of Chicago to its principal correspondent in Kansas, the Kaw Valley Farmers' bank, disappeared between night and day, between heaven and earth, in the twinkling of an eye, as vanishes a specter, and left no sign behind.

"Very interesting case, very," said the superintendent of the Bolerton private detective agency, rubbing his hands with discreet enthusiasm, as he gleaned from the lips of the manager of the express company from whose custody the valuable package had been lost the brief story of the disappearance. "Quite unusual, indeed. We'll have the rascal, and the money, too, inside of three days, take my word for it."

"Do you really think so?" eagerly queried the manager, catching sharply at this plank of hope, for he had felt quite depressed over things.

"Sure," answered the Bolerton expert, "sure." And he went away whistling cheerily.

But at the end of twice three days he came back and gloomily asked for more data. He had to have something to work on, he said.

This rather pleased the manager, in his secret heart. Indeed, I think he felt better over this confession of impotence than he would if the Bolerton person had walked in with the thief in one hand and the money in the other. You see, the Bolerton person had rather nettled the manager with his airy ways and his offensive overconfidence. The manager chuckled, therefore, when he was appealed to for more facts. The Bolerton person had quite lost his jaunty manner and seemed wholly willing to sit as a disciple at the feet of wisdom.

"I told you in the first place, Winslow, you'd find this a pretty tough nut to crack. I've been in my business 30 years, and this beats me, clear. But no, you were so cocksure. Going to get the man and the goods—I think you called the money 'the goods'—in three days! Now it's a week, and you come back to me for a fresh start. I thought you advertised that you ran a detective agency and that you never slept."

Winslow was duly humble and failed to resent these sarcasms.

"I only asked for some more facts," he said, mildly.

"There aren't any more facts. You've got 'em all. Here—the bank hands in its package; its messenger gets a receipt for it; the package is receipted into a sealed safe; the messenger on our Kansas City car receipts for the safe; he delivers it to Kansas City. Kansas City opens it and says the $37,000 package isn't there. There isn't any dummy, there isn't anything, not even disorder. That's all we know. As for suspicions, we haven't any. All of our employes who had access to that package are old and tried. Besides that, one man couldn't have got away with it alone—there would have had to be two. You've had the whole force under fire for a week and you found out—what? Why, that every mother's son of the men you have shadowed are temperate, married, home-loving, good, honest, decent citizens, with a stake in the community and a good name to take care of."

The superintendent made a gesture with his hands outspreading, meaning that he admitted all that.

"I wouldn't care so much about the loss in money," the manager went on; "this company isn't going to lose any dividends because $37,000 fell through a mysterious hole in its pocket and hid itself—but as long as the case isn't cleared up we are naturally in an unhappy state of mind. It isn't pleasant, standing on the edge of a quicksand, you know. None of us know when such a thing will happen again. And next time the package might be really worth something. I don't suppose you have any ideas—"

The superintendent smiled grimly and the line of his lips grew very straight.

"—But probably you'd better keep on the case. Maybe some day you'll have one."

Then the manager wheeled back to his desk, and Winslow walked slowly out, with two deep vertical wrinkles in the middle of his brow.

Brand McCullough had the night run on Wednesdays and Saturdays from Chicago to Kansas City as messenger for the Ocean & Lakes Express company. Tuesday nights and Thursday nights he doubled back. When he got to Kansas City on Sunday mornings he did not have to report for duty until train time Tuesday evening, and this delightful three-days' breathing oasis in a hard-worked and responsible occupation he spent almost wholly in the company of the young and charming Mrs. Brand McCullough, who now had been a matron nearly half a year, but had not yet ceased to be a sweetheart. They had been married when Brand received his promotion, in February, and were living in a bird cage hung from the summit of the ragged cliff over the broad Savannah, through which the gentle Kaw flows to its turbulent nuptuals with its muddy mate. And these two young married lovers were so purely happy that they still liked to take moonlight rides together in the bewildering flight of rocket-like trolley cars bound for Independence, ten miles away, or the green vineyards beyond ancient Westport, a place of fame before Kansas City had even a being. They liked to hold hands in moonlitten parks on quiet Sunday nights, and once Brand had been seduced to kiss her in the shadows whereunder he had paddled a toy boat they sat in, whereat Mollie had blushed bewitchingly and cried out softly that he must stop.

They hoped, anon, to own their own bird cage, and went frequently abroad to look for one they should buy and gild, when Brand had saved half of three years' salary. Already the little savings account in the Armour bank rose in fair proportions, looking back with pride down the aisle of its seven entries. The fact is that Brand was as sturdy, upright, conscientious and honorable a young husband and employe as you might find in any three states—and that Mollie was as true a woman as she was dear a wife, as pure in mind and morals as she was fair in all the sweet coming of maternity.

Now, when cruel temptation falls upon such a pair and besets them sore, and through no fault of theirs, the devil is in it, don't you think?

On the Saturday night during which the $37,000 package of the Law Valley Farmers' bank took wings out of some unknown window, McCullough had the Kansas City run. As for actual physical duties, they were few enough, after the fast train had gotten out of Chicago. Now and then, at big towns, he had a package to receive or deliver. The through safe he could not open had he wished. His duty was to guard it. To guard it was really what the company paid him his wages for. A loaded Winchester and a double barreled shotgun, sawed off to half its original length and charged with about a pint of buckshot, were part of the tools of his trade. His motto was: No train robbers need apply.

Sunday morning at three o'clock. Flying express rushing westward, half way across the big state of Missouri. Brand McCullough dozing in his armchair, lightly, his night's work practically done. He is day-dreaming of Mollie and the new bird cage, of the time when he may be a proud father, of the later time when he may be the superintendent of his division, and go home every night in the week.

A queer creaking sound behind him in the car rouses him sharply, and as he starts upon his feet what seems a heavy hand falls weightily on his shoulder, staggering him by its onset. A hundred swift sensations invade his brain—hidden robbers, death grapples, surrender, fight, duty, Mollie—they troop across his fancy, but even as his thought flashed, he threw up his arms to sieze his assailant, and whirled about to meet what might come, red, panting, but desperately determined.

Then, whether to laugh or swear, McCullough was undetermined. His hands had fastened upon the cowering, and now chattering, body of the elfish-faced monkey consigned to the Troost park zoo in Kansas City, which had left its crockery crate cage through some secret door of its own and now sought society. For an instant Brand stood at gaze, shocked that he was truly alive and wholly safe, and then he laughed wildly. The reaction from his strenuous fancies was too strong to be controlled.

He dragged the crated cage into the middle of his car, still holding his little prisoner with one arm. Its door swung open, but not upon its leather hinges. These had been gnawed through and the door dangled from the padlock securing it upon the other side. He pushed the unwilling captive again within. As he looked about him for a bit of wrapping twine, the beast dipped sharply into the hay-strewn corner where he had made his bed and chattering wildly in Volapuk held aloft a prize, which made Brand start. It was red-sealed with many dabs of wax and tied securely with many wrappings of twine. In its left hand upper corner glittered the magic figures:

..$37,000..

It was a fortune. McCullough knew that even before he reached hastily into the crate and snatched his prize from the tenant, which bit him sharply as he drew out his hand. And then—

Yes, and then. What would you have done? McCullough took the package home, still sealed. He didn't have to open it to know its contents. He'd seen money like it before. In two days the newspapers told him all about it—all, that is, that anyone knew. As for himself, he wasn't even suspected. Winslow asked him a few trifling questions, and let it go at that. The safe had a time lock. Brand receipted for the safe, not its contents.

It was a month and a day after the queer disappearance of the big money package. Messenger Brand McCullough appeared at the Chicago office of the express company and sought a private interview with the manager. It was accorded, with curiosity. Such a request was unusual. The visitor began by laying upon the manager's desk the $37,000 package—unopened, untampered with. The manager started. McCullough was red and pale by turns. When he told his story, it was hoarsely. He ended it by crying—just a bit, as a man may, you know.

The manager patted his back kindly.

"So you say it was Mollie, eh?" said the great man. "Mollie and the baby? And conscience? Eh? Well, well! And conscience won the fight? And love? Well, well, well.

"You go back to your run, McCullough. No. Take a week off with Mollie and pick out that bird cage. I'll see that the company does the rest. There, there. Let it go at that. Report back September 1."

But Winslow never could get the monkey to tell how he got the prize. The monk knew, but he wouldn't tell.