

MARKETS	
HOGS.....	6.25
CORN.....	32c
WHEAT.....	55c
OATS.....	27c
EGGS.....	15
BUTTER.....	16

Did You Say Buy a

PIANO OF CHAMBERLIN

Well, That is Just Where Your Head is Right Side Up.

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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As I approached the edge of the woods I moved with great caution. I did not know how many servants the doctor had, although John had assured me that he had only one, a copper colored Indian who was more foreign looking than his master. This servant never associated with anybody else and was either deaf and dumb or unable to speak English.

He was a sort of faithful watchdog. I judged, whom the doctor had befriended and who would in consequence give up his life for him if necessary. I had met such zealous manservants before, and my experience had always been that they are exceedingly troublesome. I therefore used extra precaution.

While yet some distance from the house I climbed up into the leafy branches of one of the large trees and, pulling the foliage to one side, scanned the house intently through a pair of strong fieldglasses. By their aid I could note everything that was going on outside the house and could almost see objects inside the windows.

The only advantage I obtained from this was a clearer idea of the most vulnerable points of the house and also the way to escape from the premises in the event of an alarm. I saw the servant go about his duties, and later I secured my first glimpse of the doctor. He was a dark bearded, thickset, well proportioned man, and one who would prove a bold and powerful antagonist. More than this I could not say until I found myself at closer quarters with him.

I remained in my treetop position until well after dark, watching everything that occurred around the house. Then I descended to the ground, ate a few pieces of cold meat and bread, drank a little wine and threw myself on the dry leaves to sleep. There was no danger of being discovered in the woods, and I needed the rest and sleep to prepare me for the night's work.

It was shortly after midnight when I opened my eyes again. Habit had made it a second nature with me to awaken at this hour, and I had no fear of oversleeping myself when I first closed my eyes. I crawled through the underbrush toward the fence which divided the doctor's land from the grove, and then waited and listened. The house was perfectly dark, and everything was calm and peaceful.

I had thought of dogs, but had failed to see any around in the afternoon through my glasses. However, to make sure of it I imitated the cry and snarl of a cat—a noise that always brings watchdogs away from their post of duty. If the dogs were inside the house, I would find that out later. But I really saw no reason why dogs should be kept on the place.

Satisfied that the coast was clear, I made my way toward the house, keeping well in the shadow of the trees. Then I made a close examination of the windows and doors. They were locked with old fashioned catches and re-enforced with nails. I selected the doctor's study as the place least likely to be occupied.

With a diamond cutter I took a piece of the glass pane out, making an opening large enough to insert the hand. I worked so carefully that the diamond point scarcely made any of the grating noise so common when one operates with cheap cutters. This one had been made specially for me, and it was perfect in every detail.

As I took the piece of glass out and deposited it on the floor of the piazza I listened intently for a few moments to see if my operations had disturbed anybody. Then I applied my ear to the hole in the pane to catch the breathing of any watchdog.

Nothing could be heard of an alarming character, and so I proceeded to unfasten the window and to open it.

Now, if I had been in the city or the house had been a modern one, I should never have thought of opening that window without searching for a burglar alarm, but out in the country, miles away from any assistance and in such an antique house, I did not see the value of a burglar alarm and consequently never once gave it consideration.

I discovered my mistake in an instant, however. I had not raised the window half an inch when there were a ringing of bells and an electric buzzing all through the house that made me turn pale. An amateur might have thought that all the ghosts and spirits

of the dead had suddenly come to life again, but I was too familiar with that sound to be deceived.

I was off the piazza in half a minute. Quick as I was, however, a flash of light in the windows of the house beat me. The alarm had lighted every electric light in the rooms, and the old mansion was in a brilliant blaze.

Even at this critical moment, when all my faculties should have been alert, I made another mistake. Instead of seeking safety in the woods as fast as my legs would carry me I waited to see further developments. Would the doctor and his servant come out and search for me? I laughed softly to myself at the idea. Certainly they could not expect assistance from another house inside of half an hour. Then what was the burglar alarm for? To frighten robbers away; that was all, I concluded.

But I changed my mind a moment later when I heard the quick patter of steps that I knew did not belong to human beings. Two black objects came rushing down the lawn from the barn, and in the semidarkness I made out two enormous Dane hounds. The object of the burglar alarm flashed across my mind in an instant.

The electric wire that had started the bells to ringing had also released the watchdogs, and they were now upon me.

As if by instinct they rushed upon the piazza, catching the scent almost immediately. But in that instant I had turned and fled toward the woods, my only place of safety. Could I reach the woods and climb a tree before they caught up to me?

This question flashed through my mind, but I could not answer it. I already heard their feet behind me, striking the ground with heavy patters as they leaped rapidly across the intervening space.

The blood seemed to rush to my head, and for an instant I thought of death. I had never been cornered quite so completely before. I gathered up my strength for a final effort and cleared the fence with a bound, but as I leaped upward the foremost Dane made a tremendous lunge and cleared the top rail of the fence in fine style.

We both landed on the other side, but the force of the hound's leap carried him several feet over my head. Before he could turn upon me I had cocked my revolver, and as he made a savage dive toward me I exploded it full in his face. The range was so short that the explosion must have partly stunned him, for he rolled over and kicked a few times and then lay quite still.

But I had no time to prepare for the second one. As if angered by the sight



He sprang upon me with a snarl.

of his dead mate he sprang upon me with a snarl that I can remember to this day. The great red, foam flecked jaws were close to my face, and I drew back with a helpless shudder. I could have yelled in fear then if professional pride had not tied my tongue. I bowed to receive my fate, determined, however, to sell my life dearly.

But before the white teeth could close upon me I saw a flash of something over the hound's head; it seemed to my dazed mind like a fork of lightning. It made a curve downward and then disappeared, but it had left its mark behind. I felt great spurts of hot blood pouring from the Dane's throat on my hands and face, while the brute rolled over with an angry growl.

I jumped to my feet and saw facing me, with the bloody knife in his hand, Mr. Goddard. For an instant I was speechless and almost helpless, but his warning voice brought me to my senses.

"You have only a few minutes to escape. They are coming. Run!" I heard footsteps on the lawn back of us, and remembering the athletic form of the doctor and his faithful bodyguard, I obeyed the words of my master and hurried from the spot, but when I turned to look for my deliverer I found that he had disappeared too.

CHAPTER VI.

It was daybreak before I recovered from my fright, cleaned my clothes of the blood and dirt and returned to my quarters in the barn. John was not up yet, and when he finally came down to the stable I was busily engaged in grooming the horses. The experience of the night had left me a trifle pale and agitated, for in all my experience I had never been quite so near death's door. But John's was an unsuspecting nature, and I had nothing to fear from him.

"You're an early bird to get back so soon in the mornin'," he said, "an' your work half done, too, before breakfast."

"I got a lift most of the way out," I answered. "I caught a milk wagon coming this way."

"You're always lucky. Now, if that had been me I'd tramped all the way an' never met a soul unless it was somebody to hold me up."

"Hold you up!" I said disdainfully. "A man of your size and age afraid of being held up by highwaymen?"

"I never have been, but there are so many burglaries goin' on round here that it makes me feel creepylke when I'm out on the road after dark."

"I hadn't heard of many robberies," I replied; "none except that of the Stetson mansion the day before Mr. Goddard engaged me."

"Well, you haven't heard everything then. That was the fifth or sixth in four weeks, an' they have had four more houses entered since then."

This was genuine news to me, and I was interested. John continued: "They are slick ones, too, for they never leave any trace behind them. Them detectives from the city don't seem to be able to do anything. They must come from the city over night an' get back again afore mornin'."

But they can't find any of the stolen goods—not in any of the pawnshops. It's a fine mystery to be a-hangin' over the place. You can't tell which house will be robbed next. The servants are all talkin' about leavin', an' nobody feels safe. I ain't sayin' that I'm not glad that I'm livin' out here over the barn instead of in the house. They never bother the stables, an' I suppose I'm all right."

"But you'd go to Mr. Goddard's assistance if an alarm was given at night?" I said.

"I ain't employed for that," John replied evasively, shifting his eyes from object to object. "I've got a wife an' child to look after, an' there ain't no reason why I should get killed to save my master a few dollars."

"No? Well, I'd go as soon as I found he was in trouble."

"Well, you haven't anybody dependent upon you," he answered.

"That's true." Then I added: "You say most of the houses around here have been entered in the last month or two. Has Mr. Goddard's been robbed?"

"No, his an' Dr. Squires' are 'bout the only ones that haven't been robbed."

"That's curious," I reflected aloud. "Not at all. We expect the robbers any night here, an' that's why the servants all threaten to leave. The robbers wouldn't take the trouble to break into Dr. Squires', fur there ain't nothin' in that old place to take. He's too poor to have anything valuable aroun'."

Breakfast at this juncture interrupted John's talk, and we had no chance to renew it that morning. But about noon the subject was recalled to me rather forcibly by the appearance of Mr. Goddard. He looked troubled and dissatisfied. He came into the barn dressed in his ordinary morning smoking jacket.

"John, I've got to make some change here," he said. "My butler has become frightened over the recent robberies and won't stay, and the rest of the servants are up in arms too. They all talk of leaving. I must have some manservant in the house who isn't afraid of every little sound and ready to jump at his own shadow. Now the question is, Who shall I install there?" He looked significantly from John to me.

"I have a family to look after," John began to stammer, and as he spoke a look of annoyance swept across Mr. Goddard's face.

I did not let him finish, for I knew that he would only get himself into deeper water by displaying his cowardice. As a good, faithful coachman and kindly husband John was a success, but as a man of courage he was a total failure.

"If you have no objections, sir, I would like to offer myself as one willing to live in the house and look after things," I said modestly. "I don't think you will find me afraid of anything or anybody that may attempt to enter your house."

I could not help noticing a pleased expression on his face, although at first I expected he would resent my intrusion. I recalled the old, but sometimes erroneous, saying that "there's honor even among thieves," for in spite of what he knew about me he was willing to trust me. There was certainly a very peculiar relationship springing up between us.

"Thank you, William," he answered. "The change will be agreeable to me. You will have quite a responsible position, and I will have to trust much to your honesty and tact until this burglar scare passes away. It seems strange that the gang of thieves cannot be caught. I would give considerable myself as a reward just to break them up, for they are making the life of our neighbors miserable out here."

"Do you think that there is a gang of them?" I asked boldly.

"Certainly," he said, without hesitation. "How else could the robberies be committed with such success? Why, have you any reason to believe otherwise?"

He looked sharply at me, and my eyes wandered from his as I answered: "No, except that I believe a gang could not operate as successfully as one good skilled professional robber. Where there are too many one or more will get into trouble sooner or later, and they will squeal upon the others."

"That's very true, very true," he said reflectively. "I had never thought of that, and yet, yes, Jenkins, the detective, came to that conclusion some time ago, but I scouted the idea. Maybe there is more in the idea than I thought. I will think about it, and if such a man is really terrorizing the neighborhood I should like to see him captured. I believe I will offer a reward myself for his capture."

"It would be a good idea," I replied, "for you would probably never have to pay the reward."

"Why not?"

"Well, because a man sharp enough to evade detection all this time is not likely to be caught by somebody working to get a reward."

"That may be, but I shall offer the reward at once. I'll make it a thousand dollars for the man's capture and another thousand for his conviction."

"That ought to be sufficient to tempt any confederate to squeal and turn state's evidence."

"It might be, but I should hate to see the money go to a confederate, for it is my private opinion that a man who tells of his comrade in crime for a reward is worse than the man who is captured. He is not only a criminal himself, but a coward and traitor."

Mr. Goddard's eyes flashed sharply as he spoke, but I turned away without further remark. I knew for whose benefit the words were spoken. Did he think for an instant that I would turn traitor and claim the reward which he had offered for his own capture and conviction? And yet how easily I could do it? He had placed himself in my power, and now he seemed to challenge me upon my honor to betray him.

But, then, he had saved my life once, and he undoubtedly knew human nature well enough to satisfy himself that there was no danger of my betraying him. He had in reality made a coup d'etat in rescuing me from the fangs of the savage Dane the night before. He could easily have stood aside and let the hound finish me, placing me beyond all possibility of ever afterward annoying him, but his interference, coupled with my sudden change of position which brought me daily in closer contact with him, convinced me that he wanted to use me for some purpose. Either he had some object to attain through me or he wished to make me his confederate in order to dispose of the goods he must have collected, for I had no doubt that the series of robberies in the neighborhood had been committed by him.

What his purpose was I felt curious to know, and I looked forward to future developments with considerable interest.

CHAPTER VII.

I FOUND my new position much more to my taste than the one I had been serving in. I had complete command of all the silver and valuables of the house, and it was a satisfaction to look at all this wealth even though I had no right in any of it. The curious circumstance that I should ever be placed as a guard over so much treasure amused me and induced speculations in my mind about the uncertainties and inconsistencies of life. A man of my profession must of necessity be something of a philosopher. How else could he accept the continual risk of capture and conviction and silence all qualms of fear and

TIDAL WAVE KILLS 1,000 STATEHOOD END IN SIGHT

Fearful Hurricane Sweeps Over South Sea Islands.

STORM LASTS SEVERAL DAYS.

Several of the islets are totally depopulated by warring elements. Full extent of disaster not known. Survivors face famine.

San Francisco, Feb. 9.—News of a fearful loss of life in a destructive storm that swept over the South Sea islands last month reached here on the steamer Mariposa, direct from Tahiti. The loss of life is estimated at 1,000 souls. On Jan. 13 last, a huge tidal wave, accompanied by a terrific hurricane, attacked the Society islands and the Puamotu group with fearful force, causing deaths and devastation never before equaled in a land of dreaded storms. The storm reigned several days, reaching its maximum strength between Jan. 14 and Jan. 17. It is feared that later advices will add to the long list of dead. On Hikoa island, where 1,000 inhabitants were engaged in pearl diving, nearly one-half were drowned. On an adjacent island, 100 more were washed out to sea. Makokau and Hao are depopulated. Conservative estimates at Tahiti place the number of islands visited by the tidal wave and hurricane at eighty. All of them are under the control of the French government at Tahiti.

The surviving inhabitants are left destitute of food, shelter and clothing, all having been swept away by the storm.

The French government, upon receipt of the news of the disaster, took prompt measures to relieve the distressed district and dispatched two warships, the Duranee and Zelee, with fresh water and provisions. The Italian man-of-war Calabria accompanied the two French vessels on their errand of mercy. As the supply of fresh water and provisions was totally exhausted by the storm, it is feared that many lives will be lost before the relief ships arrive. As far as is known eight white people were among the drowned. Included in these were Alexander Brander, N. P. Plunkett, T. D. Donnelly and the local agent of C. Copenrath, a merchant of Papeete. Added to this number was an unknown woman, who committed suicide from fright.

As the islands were barely twenty feet above sea level and not surrounded by coral reefs, it was necessary for all the inhabitants to take to the cocoanut trees when the tidal wave began to cover the land. These trees grow to an immense height, many reaching an altitude of 100 feet. All of the lower trees were covered by the raging seas, which swept with pitiless force about and over them. The natives in the taller trees were safe until the cocoanut trees gave way and then they too were swept onward, far out into the sea. Survivors brought by the steamer Excelsior to Papeete gained the tops of the cocoanut trees. The schooner Elmo, though badly damaged by the storm, also brought off as many persons as could swim to her sides, she, like the Excelsior, being unable to run close to the shores because of the fierce violence of the ocean swells, which continued to run abnormally high for a week after the tidal disturbances.

Bishop Cranston's Wife Dead.

Denver, Feb. 9.—News was received by Earl Cranston of the death at St. Louis, yesterday, of Mrs. Laura M. Cranston, the wife of Bishop Earl Cranston of the Methodist church. Mrs. Cranston accompanied the bishop to Mexico several weeks ago to attend a church conference. Bishop Cranston, his wife and daughter were in Peking during the Boxer trouble, and United States Minister Conger was a guest at the Cranston residence when the outbreak began. Mrs. Cranston's death is directly attributed to nervous shock, occasioned by her being a witness to scenes following the outbreak. The body will be taken to Cincinnati for burial.

Earthquake at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Feb. 9.—Two distinct earthquake shocks were felt in St. Louis and vicinity between 6:20 and 6:25 o'clock last night. The first shock was of almost twenty seconds' duration, and while it was not so distinctly felt immediately in St. Louis, in the western suburbs and towns and in Alton, Belleville, Edwardsville and other nearby towns in Illinois it was sufficiently forceful to rattle dishes and swing doors. The second shock followed within two minutes and was slight and of short duration.

Senate May Settle the Question This Week.

SUBSTITUTE BILL IS PROPOSED.

Opponents of Omnibus Measure Wish to Consolidate Territories into Two States—Quay Prepared to Push Amendments.

Washington, Feb. 9.—All indications point to the conclusion of the debate on the statehood bill during the present week, but no one can tell at this time just when the change will come or how it will come. If the plans of the Republican leaders who oppose the statehood bill are put into effect the committee on territories will bring in a substitute bill early in the week providing for consolidation and the admission of two states. This will probably not be done, however, unless assurance can be secured that the full Republican vote can be obtained for the consolidation. If this plan does not take shape Senator Quay is likely to press his statehood amendment on the agricultural appropriation bill and a test of strength would ensue. The vote on this amendment will be very close, if taken, and while the omnibus advocates feel that they have a majority they realize that it will not be so large as it would be on a direct vote on the statehood bill alone and by itself. There is some talk of admitting only Oklahoma, but if this should be undertaken it will be only as a last resort and will be postponed until toward the last of the session. An effort also will be made during the week to secure consideration of the Cuban reciprocity treaty.

JEWS SEEK TO SPREAD FAITH.

Plan to Establish Synagogues in Every City of United States.

Cincinnati, Feb. 9.—The executive board of American Hebrew congregations met here yesterday at the Hebrew Union college. Samuel Woolmer of Peoria was elected president, to succeed Julius Freiberg. A movement was started to establish Jewish churches in every community in the United States. In the larger towns synagogues will be built and rabbis stationed. Sunday schools will be established in communities where there is a lack of wealth necessary to support a church, circuit rabbis will be provided who at stated intervals will visit the community and conduct religious services. It was announced that the Isaac Wise memorial fund had reached \$150,000.

Campaign Against Crime.

Louisville, Feb. 9.—A campaign against crime in Louisville and Kentucky was begun by the ministers of the state yesterday. In nearly every church in this city special services were held and the ministers and prominent laymen made addresses urging reform in the administration of the criminal laws. Specials from various points in Kentucky state that similar services were held in the churches throughout the commonwealth. The services were the outcome of a petition prepared by the Louisville Ministerial association several days ago, requesting that the ministers of the state set aside today for the purpose of preaching against crime, which the petition declared was prevalent throughout Kentucky.

Clemenceau Denies Reports.

Paris, Feb. 9.—The Temps publishes an interview with M. Clemenceau regarding the statement that he is acquainted with the contents of the alleged document to be used in the revival of the Dreyfus affair which is said now to be in possession of the ministry of war, under the special care of Colonel Faure. M. Clemenceau says he does not remember ever having met Colonel Faure and that he has never seen the document referred to. All the published facts involving him, says M. Clemenceau, are incorrect.

Car Crashes Into Sleighing Party.

Winona, Minn., Feb. 9.—While a sleighing party of young people was crossing a street car track here last night, a car running at top speed crashed into their sleigh. The party consisted of two men and eight women, and all were injured, two of them, Mary Cummings and Mary Black, so seriously that they may die.

Southern Indiana Is Shaken.

Evansville, Ind., Feb. 9.—Earthquake shocks were reported throughout southern Indiana, as well as here, about 6:30 last night. At Baptistown some of the colored population fell to their knees in prayer during their fright.