

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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CHAPTER XVI.

Nowing beyond doubt now the double dealing of both my master and Dr. Squires, I found myself in a position of some embarrassment. I was planning to save her from either one. It may seem a little strange that one of my character should find fault with anyone having the same line of business that had occupied my attention for half a lifetime and that I should begin to criticize my master for crimes that I had many times committed. I don't very much if I should have troubled myself in this way had not Miss Stetson commanded my respect and confidence. She was pure and good to fall a victim to such villainy. There was a sacredness about her love for Mr. Goddard, even though it could never be consummated in marriage, which made her ten times more beautiful and lovely in my eyes. If such a love had been mine in early life, I should never have drifted away from an upright and honorable life.

She was not to marry him. That she had settled in her own mind, but she was consecrating her young life to him. The dread of the leper in him was an effective barrier to their union, but she loved him none the less. Her pale face and sad, lustrous eyes revealed this even to me, and I blessed her for it. Her love was of a nobler type than the ordinary, but the pity of it was that my master was not worthy of it.

My feelings did not exactly undergo a transformation. Apart from his relationship with Miss Stetson, I still liked and admired my master. He was a skilled master in his profession, a man with many virtues and genial qualities, one whose kindness in the world had done much to make others happy. He was in reality my beau ideal of a criminal, a man who pursued his unlawful work without imbruing his own nature, a master of his profession and not a slave to it.

But when it came to a question of choosing between my master and Miss Stetson I unhesitatingly sided with the latter, one whose virtue was no less a powerful factor in attracting me than her utter helplessness in the hands of two men.

Dr. Squires had enlisted my dislike from the first, and through varying degrees of feelings I had reached a climax in positive hatred for him. I would thwart him in his aim even though it compromised my master in the doing. I examined my master to see that he was all I ever imagined him to be.

I soon became a spy in the interest of Miss Stetson and in a sense a traitor to my master. This underhanded proceeding displeased me, but I was on the point of applying for a position in the Stetson mansion. But this would remove me from the base of my supplies. I could not obtain the material so essential to conduct a successful warfare against the two men. I would have to play the traitor for a time at least—a role, he said, to my credit, that I never acted before.

I strove to make myself liked and trusted by her, for I knew that the day might come when it would be very important, that she should believe in me and have confidence in my judgment. Although nominally a mere butler, I knew that my master had praised me to her and had made her look upon me as something more than a common servant.

Meanwhile an accident that nearly proved fatal to her enabled me to increase her friendliness for me. While riding one of the horses which John said needed exercise, a feature of my old life as groom that I had not totally abandoned, this adventure occurred.

It was a quiet, peaceful morning, and I was cantering down the highway thinking deeply of the strange circumstances which had so occupied my mind lately. I heard the rattle of hoofs in the distance, and as they seemed to approach rapidly and increase in volume I turned my head to see the cause. Down the old country road a horse was flying, throwing up clouds of dust and spraying the rider irregularly from left to right. I turned my horse and waited a moment to let the daring rider pass.

But as the running steed rapidly loomed up out of the showers of dust his feet were creating I saw that the rider had lost all control of the animal and was uncertainly retaining his seat in the saddle. A moment later my heart gave a little bound of fear when I realized that the rider was a woman and that woman Miss Stetson. She was unattended, and as often was in her morning rides, and along the old country road there was little chance of her attracting any one who could help her.

The horse was panting and snorting with the violence of his exertions, and by the way he swung his head and neck I knew that he was liable to cut up any dangerous trick to upset his rider. As they approached within a few rods of me I caught a glimpse of the white face of Miss Stetson. She was nearly overcome with fright and exertion, and her appealing eyes stirred up every latent power within me.

I let the raging horse pass, for any attempt to stop him at that time would result in his flinging the rider to the ground. Then, whipping up my own horse, I started in pursuit. I shouted a few words of encouragement to Miss Stetson and bent myself to the task before me.

Fortunately I was mounted on the finest animal in Mr. Goddard's stables, a powerful, nervous stallion. He seemed to enter into the spirit of the race in an instant, and with long, sweeping strides he slowly overtook the runaway.

Each by inch and then foot by foot we overhauled the nearly spent horse ahead. The noise of a pursuing animal seemed to stimulate the runaway into exertions at first, but it did not last long. I was soon within five feet of his tail; then my stallion's nose was even with it, and finally we galloped along just abreast of the crazy animal.

I spoke a few words to Miss Stetson, but she was so nervous that she did not look at me, but she swung her saddle with a grace that the reins had under her horse's

the latter did not immediately leave the place and the former promise to reform.

It might prove a risky experiment to permit such a man to marry a sweet, pure woman like Miss Stetson, but there was the possibility of a mutually happy union, while there would be nothing but misery and unhappiness for both if my master was arrested and punished for his crimes. Choosing what I considered the lesser of two evils, I decided to make the experiment.

A sense of honor still kept me from approaching my master and telling him all that I knew. I had given him my word that I would never mention meeting him in any other place than that of a gentleman, or, in other words, our accidental meeting as common burglars was to be blotted from my mind unless we were thrown together again under similar circumstances.

Several days after this when I learned that he had an engagement at Dr. Squires' in the evening I made preparations to follow him again. This was not to be, for I would not give him the opportunity to escape from me in the darkness.

It was a fitful, moonlight night. The moon came up about 11 o'clock, but the clouds in the heavens partly shut it from view. It cast wavering, shimmering shadows upon the calm earth which were exceedingly aggravating. They were so deceptive in appearance that I felt my task would be doubly difficult.

My master left the house at the usual time and proceeded to walk leisurely toward the doctor's. I followed him at some distance, not making any special effort to keep him in view. I knew that he was not anticipating any shadowing, and we both made our way to the old mansion according to our own notions.

I hurried a little toward the end of the walk to make sure that he entered the house. I reached a vantage point just in time to see the door open and close behind him. Then I amused myself the best way I could for several hours.

Shortly after midnight I roused myself to action. The time was approaching when I must prove my skill. The house was all dark, and no signs came from it to indicate the presence of a living soul anywhere around it.

It was a full hour before the door opened. Then by the aid of the moon's white light I caught a glimpse of my master and the doctor. They were consulting together in the shadow of the porch. I saw the latter point across the road, but I could not understand anything he said.

A few moments later my master left him and glided rather than walked down the drive toward the highway. I waited for him, concealed in some bushes near the gate. His manner was quick, nervous, energetic—so unlike his natural habits. The professional burglar was aroused in him—a second self which had been carefully cultivated and developed.

We both moved down the highway cautiously, watching, listening and anticipating some unknown danger. I kept within ten yards of him, but always ready to increase the distance between us on the slightest sign from him that he intended to double upon his tracks. I was familiar with his tactics this time sufficiently to enable me to be prepared for the most unexpected.

As we moved down the highway I noticed a dark shadow of a criminal with more intention than I did my master that night. He led me a chase two miles down the road; then without apparent reason he struck across the fields to one of the side roads which ran parallel with the main highway. A mile down this brought him to a fork in the road formed by the meeting of an old, deserted lane. Into this he turned his silent footsteps. Five hundred yards down it a murmuring brook crossed the lane. It was too broad to jump over, but only a few feet deep.

My master removed his shoes quickly and then plunged into the cool water, but instead of crossing he waded a long distance down stream and then regained the same shore again. I understood his maneuver. It was to throw bloodhounds off the track and to confuse any detective who might try to trace him back to the doctor's house.

I smiled at the trick and waited quietly for him to replace his shoes. Then once more he started on his journey. This time he ceased to pursue a single course, but made a bee line for a large house that I knew was yards from the brook. This I knew was the scene of his night's work.

The house was a modern one and stood on a slight eminence overlooking the surrounding country. It was owned by an intimate friend of the Stetson and Goddard families—Mr. Jamison by name—and it occurred to me as being very peculiar that my master should attempt to rob it. But what could he be expected of him after he had looted the Stetson house, the very home of the one whom he loved? Could such baseness be ever overlooked? Could such a man be reformed?

For a few moments my resolutions wavered, and I thought of returning and telling all that I knew to Miss Stetson and let her decide the fate of the two men.

But a moment later I found myself pursuing my game with renewed animation. He had actually entered the house through one of the basement windows. I waited a reasonable length of time before following him. Then when everything was quiet I climbed through the window at the risk of my own life, for I realized that my form was silhouetted against the outside light, while my master might be hidden in the darkness inside.

But I gained the interior of the basement without accident. I searched around for an open door, and, finding it, I walked catlike into a larger room. I knew that my master's first point would be the dining room, and I boldly climbed the stairs leading to it from the basement. Once there I heard the slight rattle of silver and caught the quick, flashing ray of his dark lantern. Then I concealed myself behind some curtains and waited.

I decided that it would be better to let him finish his job and then confront him with his booty in his hands. There would then be no question of his intentions.

He passed from the dining room to the library and then moved silently upstairs. In spite of his soft steps and quiet motions I could occasionally catch a sound which indicated to me where he was. If anybody had been awake, his presence would have been detected.

I kept myself pretty well concealed behind some curtain or portiere, for I dreaded lest at any moment he might flash the rays of his lantern in my direction and detect me. I was thus concealed from view in a small alcove at the top of the upper hall when I opened upon a peculiar noise.

As a professional burglar myself I knew the alarming nature of that sound. It was the distinct click of a revolver. I peered through the curtain to determine what it meant. As I did so there was another click, this time lower and less distinct. This was caused by the pressing of an electric button. The next moment the whole house was brilliantly lighted.

I stepped back into the alcove with my hand to my forehead. The inmates of the house had been aroused, and my master, though as myself was caught. Through the filmy curtains I caught a glimpse of a dark shadow flash through the hall toward the front stairs. I was not to be deceived, and that he was making a bold dash for freedom.

At almost the same moment I heard a door open and a loud voice exclaimed: "Stop or I'll shoot!" I imagined that my master did not obey, for the next moment two pistol shots rang through the house, followed by the loud shuffling of feet and the banging of doors.

badgers, old and young, had been served, pussy having probably lain for them at their hole until they were all in.—Franklin Welles Calkins in Outlook.

Sacred Nuts of Japan.
Although well known to travelers and collectors of curiosities, the horn nut, or "sacred nut," of Japan was almost wholly unknown to fruit and nut dealers in this country prior to 1888, when a New York commission merchant received the first large consignment of them. "Sacred nuts" are because used in certain forms of Japanese worship, where they are placed on the altar and ignited. Being very rich in oil, they burn with a hot, bluish flame and give off a peculiar odor, the former being supposed to rise as an acceptable incense to the gods. They grow under water and have a leaf like an American lily, the form of the nut itself being an almost exact counterpart of an Asian buffalo's head, drooping horns and all. The ornaments they are hard and tasteless, but when cooked the flavor resembles that of boiled chestnuts. They are said to retain their edible qualities for upward of twenty years.

Lombard Architecture.
The Lombard style of architecture, to which our Norman is allied, placed the support conspicuously in the wall. Of great thickness, with large blank spaces unperforated and prominent, the arches tell their work and their capacity to do it. The ornamentation is subservient to the line. Shallow recesses and paneling bring the surface of the wall into prominence. Where they are placed for window or door they increase the line of strength. The arched points to the depth. The circular arch indicates the solidity of the wall above. The circular windows were adapted to emphasize the notion of power.

In the Egyptian it was unadorned, in the Greek it receded from view. In the Byzantine it played no part. In the Moorish it is chopped up and scattered, but in the Lombard, with its buttresses or pilasters, it asserted itself as the main element of support.—London Tablet.

Natural Anxiety.
Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little to the mother and less to the child than that the sufferer is often beyond human aid before the doctor arrives. Such cases yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure. It liquefies the mucus, allays inflammation, removes danger. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately cures coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble. F. S. McMahon, Hampton, Va.: "A bad cold rendered me voiceless just before an oratorical contest. I intended to withdraw but took One Minute Cough Cure. It restored my voice in time to win the medal."—Smith Bros.

Dozen Times A Night.
Mr. Owen Dunn, of Benton Ferry, Va., writes: "I have had kidney and bladder trouble for years, and it became so bad that I was obliged to get up at least a dozen times a night. I never received any permanent benefit until I tried Foley's Kidney Cure. After using two bottles, I am cured." Sold by Denton & Ward.

Spent More Than \$1000.
W. W. Baker of Plainville, Neb., writes: "My wife suffered from lung trouble for fifteen years. She tried a number of doctors and spent over \$1000 without relief. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and, thanks to this great remedy, it has saved her life. She writes: 'I feel like a new woman.' Sold by Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend.—Ran's Horn.
Never Ask Advice.
When you have a cough or cold don't ask what is good for it and get some medicine with it or no medicine, and perhaps dangerous. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar, the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures coughs and colds quickly. Sold by Denton & Ward.

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youths of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel, in that state.
Danger in Fall Colds.
Fall colds are liable to hang on all winter leaving the seeds of pneumonia, bronchitis or consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar quickly and safely prevents serious results. It is old and reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure, contains no opiates and will not constipate. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A recent report shows that 2,500 Christians were murdered in 1901 by the Turks. In only 61 cases were the murderers punished, and then with not more than four years' imprisonment.
"Watch the Kidneys."
"When they are affected, life is in danger," says Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician. Foley's Honey and Tar makes sound kidneys. Sold by Denton & Ward.

In France it is illegal to catch frogs at night.
Bronchitis for Twenty Years.
Mrs. Minerva Smith, of Danville, Ill., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years. I tried every remedy I used, but nothing helped. I used Foley's Honey and Tar which is a sure cure." Contains no opiates. Sold by Denton & Ward.

The records left by the Phoenicians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.
Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and prevents pneumonia. Take no substitute. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A melon patch in a cornfield will sometimes neutralize the work of the local Sunday school.
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Billions of men and liver disorders at this season may be prevented by cleansing the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These famous little pills do not gripe. They give the bowels gently, but copiously, and by reason of the tonic properties, give tone and strength to the glands. Smith Bros.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.
Forty Years' Torture.
To be relieved from a torturing disease after 40 years' torture might well cause the gratitude of anyone. That is what DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve did for C. Hasey, Geneva, O. He says: "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of piles after I had suffered 40 years' cure cuts, burns, wounds, and chases. Beware of counterfeits." Smith Bros.

The largest done in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum is 130 feet.

The Worst Form.
Multitudes are singing the praises of the new discovery which is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by digesting what they eat, by cleansing and sweetening the stomach and by transforming their food into the kind of pure rich blood that makes you feel good all over. Mrs. Cranfill, of Troy, I. T., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia which grew into the worst form. Finally I was induced to use Kodol and after using four bottles I am entirely cured. I feel hearty and recommend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a dose after meals. It digests what you eat.—Smith Bros.

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