THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON,

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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(For the benefit of new subscribers we print the following synopsis of this story prior to this issue of the Democrat.)

CHAPTER I.—In an interview at Geneva between Count Ferdinand von Stroebel, the aged and feeble premier of the Austrian empire, and John Armitage, a young man of European birth and American education, the case of the Archduke Karl and his son Frederick Augustus, missing together for several years, is discussed. Armitage assures von Stroebel that the two royalties have both died in America. Armitage is also generally believed to be dead. Karl's written attack on his wife, denying the right of Francis, heir presumptive to the throne, to be known as his son, has been stolen from Stroebel by Julius Chauvenet, acting for Francis. Von Stroebel desires Armitage to "do something for Austria," his native country. Chauvenet is interested in an American girl staying at a Geneva hotel. II—Armitage is introduced to Shirley Claiborne and Captain Dick Claiborne, children of a famous American diplomat. Much mystery surrounds Armitage's identity. III—Armitage is greatly interested in Shirley, who sees him buying a watch for the forman of his Montana ranch. Count von Stroebel is murdered in a railway car on his way from Geneva to Vienna, and Armitage tells Shirley, who is on the point of returning to America, that he expects to meet the assassin soon in Geneva. IV—Armitage spies on Chauvenet and his accomplice, Durand, and hears them plan a visit to America to procure for Francis positive proofs of the death of Karl and Frederick Augustus. Armitage is caught by the conspirators' servant. V—Armitage escapes from Zmai, the Servian servant, and recaptures the archduke's statement from Chauvenet. He loses cigaret case, marked with the initials "F. A." and the coat of arms of the Austrian imperial family. The case is found by Chauvenet and Durand, who discuss the possibility of the loser being the son of the archduke and heir to the Austrian throne if Karl is really dead. VI—On board the steamer King Edward, bound from Liverpool to New York, Armitage meets the Claibornes. He declares to Captain Claiborne his interest in Shirley, telling him that he is going to Washington because the girl lives there. He assures Dick of his financial standing, but leaves him very much in the dark as to his identy. VII—Zmai, traveling on the King Edward under an assumed name, tries to stab Armitage at night as he walks on the deck with Shirley. VIII—The announcemnnt of the death of the Austrian emperor breaks up a Washington reception attended by Shirley, Armitage and Chauvenet. Armitage by a trick recovers his cigaret case from Chauvenst. IX—Chauvanet makes love to Shirley and is snubbed. A little later the girl saves Armitage's life by crying out as she sees Zmai about to stab him. X—Oscar Breunig, ex sergeant in the United States army and in former years Armitage's instructor in shooting in the Austrian forest, enlists in Armitage's service and is sent to the lotter's estate near Lamar, Va. XI and XII—At a supper given by Dick Claibourne, Chauvenet denounces Armitage as a false nobleman and impostor. Dick demands an explanation from Armitage. This the latter is unable to give at this time, declaring that his private affairs must wait on the larger matters in which he is involved. He joins Oscar at his Virginia hunting lodge, near which is the "Port of Missing Men," a clearing once held by some Confederate soldiers who had refused to surrender. The "port" is reached by a dangerous, rickety old bridge. XIII—After an interview with Shirley on her father's estate, near his own, Armitage runs into Chauvenet at the girl's gate. XIV—Armitage accuses Chauvenet of the murder of Von Stroebel and warns him that he is playing a dangerous game in plotting to place Francis on the Austrian throne. XV—Shirley rejects Chauvenet. As the two talk on the road they are held up by a moonshiner, who mistakes Chauvenet for Armitage. The natives are suspicious of Armitage's unexplained presence at the hunting lodge.

earn something about the mysterious Armitage. The plot against Charles Louis is developing in Vienna and Hungary. XX Shirley goes at night to warn Armitage that her brother is about to watch him. They meet at the old bridge, and a little later she returns home sending Armitage's horse, which he had lent to her, back by Oscar. XXI—Oscar meets Zmai and fights with him in the Claiborne sheepfold. Armitage's man seizes a message carried by the Servian and is himself caught by Dick, who reads the message. Zmai escapes. The message is a cablegram from Chauvenet to his Vienna agent, reading simply, "Not later than Friday." Unseen by Claiborne, Armitage takes Oscar's place as a prisoner. Shirley tells Armitage the contents of the cablegram, and the young man leaves the Claiborne mansion hurriedly with Oscar. Dick goes to the hills on a mission from Von Marhof. Shirley saves Chauvenet's life by explaining that neither he nor Armitage is a government officer. XVI—Dick Claiborne learns from a Montana senator that Armitage is not an impostor and sends this information to Shirley. She sees Armitage and Zmai fight at her own garden wall. The Servian escapes after stabbing Armitage in the shoulder. The girl hides Armitage in her father's office as Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne, accompanied by the Austrian ambassador, Baron von Marhof, enter the house. XVII—The ambassador is worried by the weakness of the new Austrian emperor, Charles Louis and the danger to his nation involved in the possible succession of Francis. Shirley displays much interest in the perils surrounding Armitage. XVIII—Oscar is attacked by Zmai and captures the Servian. Armitage sends Zmai back to Chauvenet with a note warning him that his plans and those of Durand, who is now on his way to America are known to their intended victim. In reply Chauvenet threatens to kill Armitage. XIX—At the Austrian ambassador's request Dick Claiborne is detailed to

Chapter XXVI

"WHO ARE YOU, JOHN ARMITAGE?"

"THESE gentlemen doubtless wish to confer. Let them sequester themselves!" and Armitage waved his hand to the line of empty sleeping rooms. "I believe M. Durand already knows the way about. He may wish to explore my trunks again," and Armitage bowed to the two men, who, with their wrists tied behind them and a strap linking them together, looked the least bit absurd.

"Now, Claiborne, that foolish Oscar has a first aid kit of some sort that he used on me a couple of weeks ago. Dig it out of his simple cell back there, and we'll clear up this mess in my shoulder. Twice on the same side, but I believe they actually cracked a bone this time."

He lay down on a long bench, and Claiborne cut off his coat.

"I'd like to hold a little private execution for this," growled the officer. "A little lower and it would have caught you in the heart."

"Don't be spiteful! I'm as sound as wheat. We have them down, and the victory is ours. The great fun is to come when the good Baron von Marhof gets here. If I were dying I believe I could hold on for that."

"You're not going to die, thank God! Just a minute more until I pack this shoulder with cotton. I can't do anything for that smashed bone, but Bledsoe is the best surgeon in the army, and he'll fix you up in a jiffy."

"That will do now. I must have on a coat when our honored guests arrive, even if we omit one sleeve—yes, I guess we'll have to, though it does seem a bit affected. Dig out the brandy bottle from the cupboard there in the corner and then kindly brush my hair and straighten up the chairs a bit. You might even toss a stick on the fire. That potato sack you may care to keep as a souvenir."

"Be quiet now! Remember, you are my prisoner, Mr. Armitage."

"I am, I am! But I will wager ten courses at Sherry's the baron will be glad to let me off."

He laughed softly and began repeating:

"'Why, hear you, my masters, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion and thou for a true prince.'"

Claiborne forced him to lie down on the bench and threw a blanket over

"You're not going to die, thank God!"

him and in a moment saw that he slept. In an inner room the voices of the prisoners occasionally rose shrilly as they debated their situation and prospects. Claiborne chewed a cigar and watched and waited. Armitage wakened suddenly, sat up and called to Claiborne, with a laugh:

"I had a perfectly bully dream, old man. I dreamed that I saw the ensign of Austria-Hungary flying from the flagstaff of this shanty; and, by Jove, I'll take the hint! We owe it to the distinguished ambassador who now approaches to fly his colors over the front door. We ought to have a trumpeter to herald his arrival, but the white and red ensign with the golden crown—it's in the leather covered trunk in my room—the one with the most steamer labels on it. Go bring it, Claiborne, and we'll throw it to the free airs of Virginia. And be quick—they ought to be here by this time!"

He stood in the door and watched Claiborne haul up the flag, and he made a mockery of saluting it as it snapped out in the fresh morning air.

Claiborne hauled up the flag.

"The Port of Missing Men! It was designed to be extra-territorial, and there's no treason in hauling up an alien flag." And his high spirits returned, and he stalked back to the fireplace, chaffing Claiborne and warning him against ever again fighting under an unknown banner.

"Here they are," called Claiborne and flung open the door as Shirley, her father and Baron von Marhof rode up under the billowing ensign. Dick stepped out to meet them and answer their questions.

"Mr. Armitage is here. He has been hurt, and we have sent for a doctor, but"—and he looked at Shirley.

"If you will do me the honor to enter—all of you!" And Armitage came out quickly and smiled upon them.

"We had started off to look for Dick when we met your man," said Shirley, standing on the steps, rein in hand.

"What has happened, and how was Armitage injured?" demanded Judge Claiborne.

"There was a battle," replied Dick, grinning, "and Mr. Armitage got in the way of a bullet."

Her ride through the keen morning air had flooded Shirley's cheek with color. She had been awake much of the night. On returning from the ball at the inn she found Dick still absent, and when at 6 o'clock he had not returned she called her father, and they had set off together for the hills, toward which, the stableman reported, Dick had ridden. They had met Oscar just outside the Springs and had returned to the hotel for Baron von Marhof. Having performed her office as guide and satisfied herself that Dick was safe, she felt her conscience eased and could see no reason why she should not ride home and leave the men to their council. Armitage saw her turn to her horse, whose nose was exploring her mackintosh pockets, and he stepped quickly toward her.

"You see, Miss Claiborne, your brother is quite safe, but I very much hope you will not run away. There are some things to be explained which it is only fair you should hear."

"Wait, Shirley, and we will all go down together," said Judge Claiborne reluctantly.

Baron von Marhof, very handsome and distinguished, but mud splashed, had tied his horse to a post in the driveway and stood on the veranda steps, his hat in his hand, staring, a look of bewilderment on his face. Armitage, bareheaded, still in his riding leggings, his trousers splashed with mud, his left arm sleeveless and supported by a handkerchief swung from his neck, shook hands with Judge Claiborne.

"Baron von Marhof, allow me to present Mr. Armitage," said Dick, and Armitage walked to the steps and bowed. The ambassador did not offer his hand.

"Won't you please come in?" said Armitage, smiling upon them, and when they were seated he took his stand by the fireplace, hesitated a moment, as though weighing his words, and began:

"Baron von Marhof, the events that have led to this meeting have been somewhat more than unusual—they are unique. And complications have arisen which require prompt and wise action. For this reason I am glad that we shall have the benefit of Judge Claiborne's advice."

"Judge Claiborne is the counsel of our embassy," said the ambassador. His gaze was fixed intently on Armitage's face, and he leaned himself forward in his chair impatiently, grasping his crop nervously across his knees.

"You were anxious to find me, baron, and I may have seemed hard to catch, but I believe we have been working at cross purposes to serve the same interests."

The baron nodded.

"Yes; I dare say," he remarked dryly.

"And some other gentlemen of not quite your own standing have at the same time been seeking me. It will give me great pleasure to present one of them—one, I believe, will be enough. Mr. Claiborne, will you kindly allow M. Jules Chauvenet to stand in the door for a moment? I want to ask him a question."

Shirley, sitting farthest from Armitage, folded her hands upon the long table and looked toward the door into which her brother vanished. Then Jules Chauvenet stood before them all, and as his eyes met hers for a second the color rose to his face, and he broke out angrily:

"This is infamous! This is an outrage! Baron von Marhof, as an Austrian subject I appeal to you for protection from this man!"

"Monsieur, you shall have all the protection Baron von Marhof cares to give you, but first I wish to ask you a question—just one. You followed me to America with the fixed purpose of killing me. You sent a Servian assassin after me—a fellow with a reputation for doing dirty work—and he tried to stick a knife into me on the deck of the King Edward. I shall not recite my subsequent experiences with him or with you and M. Durand. You announced at Captain Claiborne's table at the Army and Navy club in Washington that I was an impostor, and all the time, monsieur, you have really believed me to be some one—some one in particular."

Armitage's eyes glittered, and his voice faltered with intensity as he uttered these last words. Then he thrust his hand into his coat pocket, stepped back and concluded:

"Who am I, monsieur?"

Chauvenet shifted uneasily from one foot to the other under the gaze of the five people who waited for his answer; then he screamed shrilly:

"You are the devil—an impostor, a liar, a thief!"

Baron von Marhof leaped to his feet and roared at Chauvenet in English:

"Who is this man? Whom do you believe him to be?"

"Answer, and be quick about it!" snapped Claiborne.

"I tell you"— began Chauvenet fiercely.

"Who am I?" asked Armitage again.

"I don't know who you are"—

"You do not! You certainly do not!" laughed Armitage. "But whom have you believed me to be, monsieur?"

"I thought"—

"Yes, you thought"—

"I thought— there seemed reasons to believe"—

"Yes, and you believe it. Go on!"

Chauvenet's eyes blinked for a moment as he considered the difficulties of his situation. The presence of Baron von Marhof sobered him. America might not, after all, be so safe a place from which to conduct an old world conspiracy, and this incident must, if possible, be turned to his own account. He addressed the baron in German:

"This is infamous!"

"This man is a designing plotter. He is bent upon mischief and treason. He has contrived an attempt against the noble ruler of our nation. He is a menace to the throne"—

"Who is he?" demanded Marhof impatiently, and his eyes and the eyes of all fell upon Armitage.

"I tell you we found him lurking about in Europe, waiting his chance, and we drove him away—drove him here to watch him. See these things—that sword—those orders! They belonged to the Archduke Karl. Look at them and see that it is true! I tell you, we have rendered Austria a high service. One death, one death at Vienna, and this son of a madman would be king! He is Frederick Augustus, the son of the Archduke Karl!"

The room was very still as the last words rang out. The old ambassador's gaze clung to Armitage. He stepped nearer, the perspiration breaking out upon his brow, and his lips trembled as he faltered:

"He would be king! He would be king!"

Then Armitage spoke sharply to Claiborne.

"That will do. The gentleman may retire now."

As Claiborne thrust Chauvenet out of the room Armitage turned to the little company, smiling.

"I am not Frederick Augustus, the son of the Archduke Karl," he said quietly, "nor did I ever pretend that I was except to lead those men on in their conspiracy. The cigarette case that caused so much trouble at Mr. Claiborne's supper party belongs to me. Here it is."

The old ambassador snatched it from him eagerly.

"This device, the falcon poised upon a silver helmet! You have much to explain, monsieur."

"It is the coat of arms of the house of Schomburg. The case belonged to Frederick Augustus, Karl's son, and this sword was his, and these orders and that cloak lying yonder—all were his. They were gifts from his father. And, believe me, my friends, I came by them honestly."

The baron bent over the table and spilled the orders from their silver box and scanned them eagerly. The col-

The colored ribbons, the glittering jewels, held the eyes of all.

ored ribbons, the glittering jewels, held the eyes of all. Many of them were the insignia of rare orders no longer conferred. There were the crown and pendant cross of the Invincible Knights of Zaringer; the white falcon upon a silver helmet swung from a ribbon of cloth of gold, the familiar device of the house of Schomburg, the gold Maltese cross of the Chevaliers of the Blessed Sacrament; the crossed swords above an iron crown of the Ancient Legion of Saint Michael and All Angels, and the full rigged ship pendant from triple anchors, the decoration of the rare Spanish order of the Star of the Seven Seas. Silence held the company as the ambassador's fine old hands touched one after another. It seemed to Shirley that these baubles again bound the new world, the familiar hills of home, the Virginia shores, to the wallowing caravels of Columbus.

The ambassador closed the silver box the better to examine the white falcon upon its lid. Then he swung about and confronted Armitage.

"Where is he, monsieur?" he asked, his voice sunk to a whisper, his eyes sweeping the doors and windows.

"The Archduke Karl is dead; his son, Frederick Augustus, whom these conspirators have imagined me to be—he, too, is dead."

"You are quite sure—you are quite sure, Mr. Armitage?"

"I am quite sure."

"That is not enough! We have a right to ask more than your word!"

"No, it is not enough," replied Armitage quietly. "Let me make my story brief. I need not recite the peculiarities of the archduke—his dislike of conventional society, his contempt for sham and pretense. After living a hermit life at one of the smallest and most obscure of the royal estates for several years he vanished utterly. That was fifteen years ago."

"Yes; he was mad, quite mad," blurted the baron.

"That was the common impression. He took his oldest son and went into exile. Conjectures as to his whereabouts have filled the newspapers sporadically ever since. He has been reported as appearing in the south sea islands, in India, in Australia, in various parts of this country. In truth, he came directly to America and established himself as a farmer in western Canada. His son was killed in an accident; the archduke died within the year."

Judge Claiborne bent forward in his chair as Armitage paused.

"What proof have you of this story, Mr. Armitage?"

"I am prepared for such a question, gentlemen. His identity I may establish by various documents which he gave me for the purpose. For greater security I locked them in a safety box of the Bronx Loan and Trust company in New York. To guard against accidents I named you jointly with myself as entitled to the contents of that box. Here is the key."

As he placed the slim bit of steel on the table and stepped back to his old position on the hearth they saw how white he was and that his hand shook, and Dick begged him to sit down.

"Yes; will you not be seated, monsieur?" said the baron kindly.

"No; I shall have finished in a moment. The archduke gave those documents to me and with them a paper that will explain much in the life of that unhappy gentleman. It contains a disclosure that might in certain emergencies be of very great value. I beg of you believe that he was not a fool and not a madman. He sought exile for reasons—for the reason that his son Francis, who has been plotting the murder of the new emperor-king, is not his son!"

Judge Claiborne.

"What!" roared the baron.

"It is as I have said. The faithlessness of his wife and not madness drove him into exile. He intrusted that paper to me and swore me to carry it to Vienna if Francis ever got too near the throne. It is certified by half a dozen officials authorized to administer oaths in Canada, though they, of course, never knew the contents of the paper to which they swore him. He even carried it to New York and swore to it there before the consul general of Austria-Hungary in that city. There was a certain grim humor in him; he said he wished to have the affidavit bear the seal of his own country, and the consul general assumed that it was a document of mere commercial significance."

The baron looked at the key; he touched the silver box; his hand rested for a moment on the sword.

"It is a marvelous story—it is wonderful! Can it be true—can it be true?" murmured the ambassador.

"The documents will be the best evidence. We can settle the matter in twenty-four hours," said Judge Claiborne.

"You will pardon me for seeming incredulous, sir," said the baron, "but it is all so extraordinary. And these men, these prisoners"—

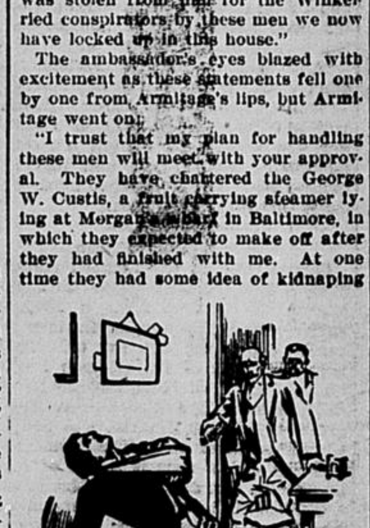
"They have pursued me under the impression that I am Frederick Augustus. Oddly enough, I, too, am Frederick Augustus," and Armitage smiled. "I was within a few months of his age, and I had a little brush with Chauvenet and Durand in Genoa in which they captured my cigarette case—it had belonged to Frederick, and the archduke gave it to me—and my troubles began. The emperor-king was old and ill. The disorders in Hungary were to cloak the assassination of his successor. Then the Archduke Francis, Karl's reputed son, was to be installed upon the throne."

"Yes; there has been a conspiracy, I"—

"And there have been conspirators! Two of them are safely behind that door, and, somewhat through my efforts, their chief, Winkelried, should now be under arrest in Vienna. I had reasons, besides my pledge to Archduke Karl, for taking an active part in these affairs. A year ago I gave Karl's repudiation of his second son to Count Ferdinand von Stroebel, the prime minister. The statement was stolen from him for the Winkelried conspirators by these men we now have locked up in this house."

The ambassador's eyes blazed with excitement as these statements fell one by one from Armitage's lips, but Armitage went on:

"I trust that my plan for handling these men will meet with your approval. They have chartered the George W. Custis, a fruit carrying steamer lying at Morgan's wharf in Baltimore, in which they expected to make off after they had finished with me. At one time they had some idea of kidnaping



He sank to the floor with a moan.

me, and it isn't my fault they failed at that game. But I leave it to you gentlemen, to deal with them. I will suggest, however, that the presence just now in the West Indies of the cruiser Sophia Margaret, flying the flag of Austria-Hungary, may be suggestive."

He smiled at the quick glance that passed between the ambassador and Judge Claiborne.

Then Baron von Marhof blurted out the question that was uppermost in the minds of all.

"Who are you, John Armitage?"

And Armitage answered, quite simply and in the quiet tone that he had used throughout:

"I am Frederick Augustus von Stroebel, the son of your sister and of the Count Ferdinand von Stroebel. The archduke's son and I were school fellows and playmates. You remember as well as I my father's place near the royal lands. The archduke talked much of democracy and the new world and used to joke about the divine right of kings. Let me make my story short. I found out their plan of flight and slipped away with them. It was believed that I had been carried away by gypsies."

"Yes, that is true; it is all true! And you never saw your father—you never went to him?"

"I was only thirteen when I ran away with Karl. When I appeared before my father in Paris last year he would have sent me away in anger if it had not been that I knew matters of importance to Austria—Austria, always Austria!"

"Yes; that was quite like him," said the ambassador. "He served his country with a passionate devotion. He hated America. He distrusted the whole democratic idea. It was that which pointed his anger against you—that you should have chosen to live here."

"Then when I saw him at Geneva—that last interview—he told me that Karl's statement had been stolen and he had his spies abroad looking for the thieves. He was very bitter against me. It was only a few hours before he was killed as a part of the Winkelried conspiracy. He had given his life for Austria. He told me never to see him again, never to claim my own name, until I had done something for Austria. And I went to Vienna and knelt in the crowd at the funeral, and no one knew me, and it hurt me, oh, it hurt me, to know that he had grieved for me; that he had wanted a son to carry on his work, while I had grown away from the whole idea of such labor as his. And now"—

He faltered, his hoarse voice broke with stress of feeling, and his pallor deepened.

"It was not my fault. It was really not my fault. I did the best I could, and, by God, I've got them in the room there where they can't do any harm! And, Dick Claiborne, you are the finest fellow in the world and the squarest and bravest, and I want to take your hand before I go to sleep, for I'm sick—yes, I'm sick—and sleepy, and you'd better haul down that flag over the door. It's treason, I tell you! And if you see Shirley, tell her I'm John Armitage; tell her I'm John Armitage, John Arm"—

The room and its figures rushed before his eyes, and as he tried to stand erect his knees crumpled under him, and before they could reach him he sank to the floor, with a moan. As they crowded about he stirred slightly, sighed deeply and lay perfectly still.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Stone of Infamy.

In many Italian cities there formerly existed what was called "pietra d'infamie," or a stone of infamy for the punishment of bankrupts. In Venice one stands near the Church of St. Mark, and in Verona and Florence they are near the old markets. On a day in carnival week the old time custom was to have all traders who had become bankrupt in the preceding twelve months led to the stone, and one by one each stood on its center to hear the reading of a report of his business failure and to endure the reproaches heaped on him by his creditors. At the end of a certain time each bankrupt was partly undressed, and three officers took hold of his shoulders and three others of his knees and, raising him as high as they could, bumped him on the stone deliberately twelve times, "in honor of the twelve apostles," the creditors crowing like cocks while the bumping proceeded.

Wigs and Trousers.

The wig went out and gave place to the natural hair, powered and pigtailed, as a result of the movement back to nature which accompanied and preceded the French revolution. But why did the wig come in? Some say that Louis XIII. started the fashion when he began to grow bald, the court imitating him out of a desire to please the monarch. Be that as it may, the wig "caught on" as few articles of costume have ever done, and those who have begun to despair of the masculine leg ever being emancipated from the trouser may find comfort in the fact that wigs prevailed for considerably more than a century in England, whereas trousers scarcely existed a hundred years ago, to say nothing of being the universal wear.—London News.

Mother Earth.

When Junius Brutus and the sons of Tarquin asked the famous Delphic oracle who was to succeed Superbus on the throne of Rome they received for an answer, "He who shall first kiss his mother." As the two princes were hastening home to fulfill what they thought was meant Brutus fell to the earth and cried out, "Thus do I kiss thee, O Earth, the mother of us all!" This is perhaps the earliest recorded instance of the use of the term "Mother Earth."—Exchange.

Diplomacy.

"I'm surprised at you."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, your wife tells me you've invited the grocer and butcher to your party tonight!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Think of what you owe society."

"Yes, but think what I owe my grocer and butcher!"—Judge.

Cheap.

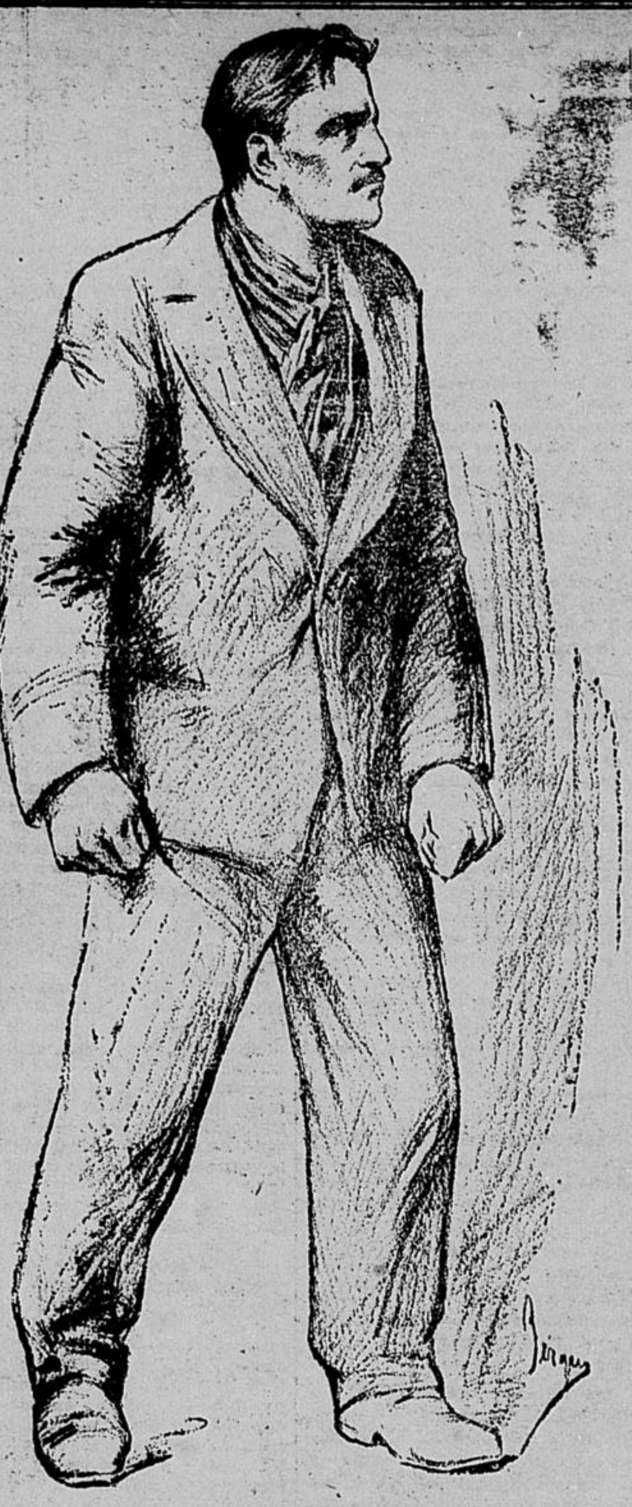
Pat—This is a great counthry, Mary Ann. Mary Ann—And how's that? Pat—Shure, and the paper says yez can buy a five dollar money ordher at the postoffice for only 3 cints. O'im off afther one now, wid the 3 cints yez give me for the soap.—Pathfinder.

More Than One.

"I remember your wife as such a dainty and pretty thing, Humly, and yet they tell me she has turned out a fine cook."

"Turned out a fine cook? She has turned out half a dozen of them within the last three months."

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.—Lowell.



Satan Sanderson

By Hallie Erminie Rives

Illustrated by Will Jones

"As a man soweth so shall he reap". That is the great truth that is pictured in this great story, in scenes that are intense with action and thrilling with dramatic surprises. It grips, holds, fascinates. Two men, one strong, the other weak, and one noble woman are the leading characters and they are drawn with a sure hand. The love element is there also, sweet and uplifting.

Satan Sanderson

By Hallie Erminie Rives

Illustrated by Will Jones

Here is a story about which the critics are generally agreed. "Powerful," "thrilling," "intense," "dramatic," are some of the terms used to describe it. It is filled with startling climaxes and the character painting is done with artistic skill.

It will be published in this paper and every reader who begins it will wait eagerly for each succeeding installment.

The Story of a Thousand Thrills

Beer Money and Churches.

In the eighteenth century there were no temperance societies or bands of hope, nor Rechabites and blue ribbon army. To be as "drunk as a lord" was the height of human felicity. It was the age of "three bottle men," of convivial toasts, of drinking songs. Even the church indirectly encouraged intemperance. There were certain districts where at Whitsuntide the churchwardens were accustomed to levy contributions of malt from the parishioners. This was brewed into strong ale and sold in the church. The Whitsuntide topers had, however, a pious method in their madness.

The money spent on the beer was expended by the churchwardens in church maintenance, and the muddled roisterers no doubt believed themselves to be pillars of the church even when, under the influence of the alcohol, they rolled upon its pavement. They thought themselves supporters of the church when they wanted "supporting" themselves and deemed themselves most saintly when they were most soddened. Until as recently as 1827 (when the license was withdrawn) a church and public house were covered by one roof at Deepdale, midway between Derby and Nottingham. A door that could be opened at will served to separate the consecrated interior of the church from the common taproom of the tavern!—Chambers' Journal.

Good Bait.

"I got Cleveland's autograph," said the friend, "by addressing to him a little ode on his splendid work in the White House anent the Russo-Japanese war—or was it something else? At any rate, I shall never forget my delight when, by return mail, Mr. Cleveland wrote:

"'Dear Sir—I have read your verses with interest. They appear to me very deficient in sense and substance.'

"I sent a sonnet of sympathy to Bernard Shaw on the failure of his play, 'His House In Order,' or some such title. Mr. Shaw replied on a post card as follows:

"'Thank you very much for your sonnet, which seems at least sincere.'

"I once ventured to address a rondeau to Ellen Terry. In it I praised her beauty passionately. Miss Terry sent me a long and interesting note of acknowledgment, in the course of which she said:

"'I noticed many faults and weaknesses in your rondeau, which, however, made me laugh heartily.'"—Exchange.

Seedless Fruits.

Science so far has failed to furnish any explanation of the mystery of seedless fruits. They are not the outcome of the work of man. Man perpetuates them. He does no more. The seedless orange was found in a state of seedlessness.—Vegetarian.

Comforting.

Condemned Man (to his lawyer)—It's a long sentence, sir, to be sent to prison for life. Lawyer (inclined to a more hopeful view)—Yes. It does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while.

Of Good Material.

Briggs—How do you like these cigars? Griggs—First rate. What are they made of?—Life.

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