The Captain Rose and Drew Himself Up to His Full Height.

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY G.W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

23

SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of $2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to take Howard's case. He consents. Alicia is greatly alarmed when Annie tells her Brewster has taken the case. She confesses to Annie that she called on Underwood the night of his death and that she has his letter in which he threatened suicide, but begs for time before giving out the information. Annie promises Brewster to produce the missing woman at a meeting at his home. Brewster accuses Clinton of forcing a confession from Howard.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As Annie entered the room and caught sight of Mr. Jeffries, she instinctively drew back. Just at that moment the banker was, perhaps, the one man in the world whom she was most anxious to avoid. Capt. Clinton no longer had any terror for her. Now that the missing witness had been found and the precious "suicide letter" was as good as in their possession there was nothing more to fear. It was only a question of time when Howard would be set free. But it was not in this girl's nature to be concerned only with herself. If she possessed a single womanly virture, it was supreme unselfishness. There was some one beside herself to take into consideration—a poor, vacillating, weak, miserable woman who wished to do what was right and had agreed to do so, but who, in the privacy of her own apartments, had gone down on her knees and begged Annie to protect her from the consequences of her own folly. Her husband must not know. Annie had promised that if there was any way possible the knowledge of that clandestine midnight visit to Underwood's rooms should be kept from him. Yet there stood the banker! She was afraid that if they began questioning her in his presence she might be betrayed into saying something that would instantly arouse his suspicions.

Judge Brewster went quickly forward as she came in and led her to a chair. Capt. Clinton and Mr. Jeffries eyed her in stolid silence. Looking around in a nervous kind of way, Annie said quietly to the judge:

"May I speak to you alone, judge?"

"Certainly," replied the lawyer.

He was about to draw her aside when Capt. Clinton interfered.

"One moment!" he said gruffly; "if this is all open and above board, as you say it is, judge—I'd like to ask the young lady a few questions.

"Certainly, by all means," said the judge quickly.

The captain turned and confronted Annie. Addressing her in his customary aggressive manner, he said:

"You promised Judge Brewster that you'd produce the woman who called at Underwood's apartment the night of the shooting?" Annie made no reply, but looked at the lawyer. The captain grinned as he added: "The witness wants instructions, judge."

"You can be perfectly frank, Mrs. Jeffries," said the lawyer reassuringly. "We have no desire to conceal anything from Capt. Clinton."

Annie bowed.

"Yes," she said slowly; "I promised Judge Brewster that she would come here to-night."

"Did she promise to come?" growled the captain.

"Yes."

"Well, where is she?" he demanded.

"She hasn't come yet," she replied, "but she will, I'm sure—I know she will."

"How did you come to find her?" demanded the captain suspiciously.

Annie hesitated a moment and glanced at Mr. Jeffries. Then she said hesitatingly:

"That I—I cannot say—now."

Capt. Clinton's massive bulldog jaw closed with an ominous click.

"Decline to answer, eh? What's her name?"

She remained silent.

"What's her name?" he repeated impatiently.

"I cannot tell you," she said firmly.

"Do you know it?" he bellowed.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"Know it, but can't say, eh? Hum!"

He folded his arms and glared at her. Mr. Jeffries now interfered. Addressing Annie angrily, he said:

"But you must speak! Do you realize that my son's life is at stake?"

"Yes, I do," she replied quickly. "I'm glad to see that you are beginning to realize it, too. But I can't tell you yet—"

The judge turned to the police captain.

"I may tell you, captain, that even I myself have not succeeded in learning the name of this mysterious personage." Addressing Annie, he said: "I think you had better tell us. I see no advantage in concealing it any further."

Annie shook her head.

"Not yet," she murmured; "she will tell you herself when she comes."

"Hh! I thought as much!" exclaimed the banker incredulously.

The captain rose and drew himself up to his full height, a favorite trick of his, when about to assert his authority.

"Well, when she does come!" he exclaimed. "I think you may as well understand she will be taken to headquarters and held as a witness."

"You'll arrest her!" cried the lawyer.

"That's what I said, judge. She's a material witness—the most important one the State has. I don't intend that she shall get away—"

"Arrest her! Oh, judge, don't let him do that!" exclaimed Annie in dismay.

Judge Brewster grew red in the face. Wrathfully he said:

"She is coming to my house of her own free will. She has trusted to my honor—"

"Yes—yes!" cried Annie. "She trusts to your honor, judge."

Capt. Clinton grinned.

"Honor cuts mighty little ice in this matter. There's no use talking. I shall place her under arrest."

"I will not permit such a disgraceful proceeding!" cried the lawyer.

"With all due respect, judge," retorted the policeman impudently, "you won't be consulted. You have declared yourself counsel for the man who has been indicted for murder—I didn't ask you to take me into your confidence—you invited me here, treated me to a lecture on psychology, for which I thank you very much, but I don't feel that I need any further instruction. If this woman ever does get here, the moment she leaves the house Maloney has instructions to arrest her, but I guess we needn't worry. She has probably forgotten her appointment. Some people are very careless in that respect." Moving toward the door, he added: "Well, if it's all the same to you, I'll wait downstairs. Good-night."

He went out, his hat impudently tilted back on his head, a sneer on his lips. The banker turned to the judge.

"I told you how it would be," he said scornfully. "A flash in the pan!"

The lawyer looked askance at Annie.

"You are sure she will come?" he asked.

"Yes, I am sure!" With concern she added: "But the disgrace of arrest! It will kill her! Oh, judge, don't let them arrest her!"

"Tell me who she is!" commanded the lawyer sternly.

It was the first time he had spoken to her harshly and Annie, to her dismay, thought she detected a note of doubt in his voice. Looking toward the banker, she replied:

"I can't tell you just now—she'll be here soon—"

"Tell me now—I insist," said the lawyer with growing impatience.

"Please—please don't ask me!" she pleaded.

Mr. Jeffries made an angry gesture.

"As I told you, Brewster, her whole story is a fabrication trumped up for some purpose—God knows what object she has in deceiving us! I only know that I warned you what you always may expect from people of her class."

The judge said nothing for a moment. Then quietly he whispered to the banker:

"Go into my study for a few moments, will you, Jeffries?"

The banker made a gesture, as if utterly disgusted with the whole business.

"I am going home," he said testily. "I've had a most painful evening—most painful. Let me know the result of your investigation as soon as possible. Good night. Don't disturb me to-night, Brewster. To-morrow will do."

He left the room in high dudgeon, banging the door behind him. Annie burst into a laugh.

"Don't disturb him!" she mimicked. "He's going to get all that's coming to him."

Shocked at her levity, the lawyer turned on her severely.

"Do you want me to lose all faith in you?" he asked sternly.

"No, indeed," she answered contritely.

"Then tell me," he demanded, "why do you conceal this woman's name from me?"

"Because I don't want to be the one to expose her. She shall tell you herself."

"That's all very well," he replied, "but meantime you are directing suspicion against yourself. Your father-in-law believes you are the woman; so does Capt. Clinton."

"The captain suspects everybody," she laughed. "It's his business to suspect. As long as you don't believe that I visited Underwood that night—"

The judge shook his head as if puzzled.

"Candidly, I don't know what to think." Seriously, he added: "I want to think the very best of you, Annie, but you won't let me."

She hesitated a moment and then, quickly, she said:

"I suppose I'd better tell you and have done with it—but I don't like to—"

At that moment a servant entered and handed the lawyer a card.

"The lady wants to see you at once, sir."

"To see me," asked the lawyer in surprise; "are you sure she hasn't come for Mr. Jeffries?"

"No, sir; she asked for you."

Annie sprang forward.

"Is it Mrs. Jeffries?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Let me see her, judge," she exclaimed eagerly; "I'll tell her who it is and she can tell you—she's a woman—and I'd rather. Let me speak to her, please!"

Addressing the servant, the lawyer said:

"Ask Mrs. Jeffries to come up." Turning to his client, he went on:

"I see no objection to your speaking to Mrs. Jeffries. After all, she is your husband's stepmother. But I am free to confess that I don't understand you. I am more than disappointed in your failure to keep your word. You promised definitely that you would bring the witness here to-night. On the strength of that promise I made statements to Capt. Clinton which I have not been able to substantiate. The whole story looks like an invention on your part."

She held out her hands entreatingly.

"It's not an invention! Really, judge! Just a little while longer! You've been so kind, so patient!"

There was a trace of anger in the lawyer's voice as he went on:

"I believed you implicitly. You were so positive this woman would come forward."

"She will—she will. Give me only a few minutes more!" she cried.

The lawyer looked at her as if puzzled.

"A few minutes?" he said. Again he looked at her and then shook his head resignedly. "Well, it's certainly infectious!" he exclaimed. "I believe you again."

The door opened and Alicia appeared. The lawyer advanced politely to greet her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Jeffries."

Alicia shook hands with him, at the same time looking inquiringly at Annie, who, by a quick gesture, told her that the judge knew nothing of her secret. The lawyer went on:

"Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., wishes to speak to you. I said I thought there'd be no objection; you don't mind. May she?"

"Yes," murmured Alicia.

"Your husband was here," said the judge.

"My husband!" she cried, startled. Again she glanced inquiringly at Annie and tried to force a smile.

"Yes," said the lawyer; "he'll be glad to know you're here. I'll tell him." Turning to Annie, he said: "When you're ready, please send and—"

"Very well, judge."

The lawyer went out and Alicia turned round breathlessly.

"My husband was here?" she exclaimed.

"Yes."

"You've told Mr. Brewster nothing?"

Annie shook her head.

"I couldn't!" she said. "I tried to, but I couldn't. It seems so hard, doesn't it?" Alicia laughed bitterly and Annie went on: "I was afraid you weren't coming!"

"The train was late!" exclaimed Alicia evasively, "I went up to Stamford to say good-by to my mother."

"To say good-by?" echoed her companion in surprise.

"Yes," said the other tearfully. "I have said good-by to her—I have said good-by to everybody—to everything—to myself—I must give them all up—I must give myself up."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that, surely?"

Alicia shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said; "I've reckoned it all up. It's a total loss. Nothing will be saved—husband, home, position, good name—all will go. You'll see. I shall be torn into little bits of shreds. They won't leave anything unsaid. But it's not that I care for so much. It's the injustice of it all. The injustice of the power of evil. This man Underwood never did a good action in all his life. And now even after he is dead he has the power to go on destroying—destroying—destroying!"

"That's true," said Annie; "he was no good."

The banker's wife drew from her bosom the letter Underwood wrote her before he killed himself.

"When he sent me this letter," she went on, "I tried to think myself into his condition of mind, so that I could decide whether he intended to keep his word and kill himself or not. I tried to reason out just how he felt and how he thought. Now I know. It's hopeless, dull, sodden desperation. I haven't even the ambition to defend myself from Mr. Jeffries."

Annie shrugged her shoulders.

"I wouldn't lose any sleep on his account," she said with a laugh. More seriously she added: "Surely he won't believe—"

"He may not believe anything himself," said Alicia. "It's what other people are thinking that will make him suffer. If the circumstances were only a little less disgraceful—a suicide's last letter to the woman he loved. They'll say I drove him to it. They won't think of his miserable, dishonest career. They'll only think of my share in his death—"

Annie shook her head sympathetically.

"Yes," she said; "it's tough! The worst of it is they are going to arrest you."

Alicia turned ashen pale.

"Arrest me!" she cried.

"That's what Capt. Clinton says," replied the other gravely. "He was here—he is here now—with two men, waiting for you." Apologetically she went on: "It wasn't my fault, Mrs. Jeffries—I didn't mean to. What could I do? When I told Judge Brewster, he sent for Capt. Clinton. The police are afraid you'll run away or something—"

"And my husband!" gasped Alicia; "he doesn't know, does he?"

"No, I didn't tell them. I said you'd tell them yourself, but they won't trust you when they know who you are. Let's tell the judge—he may think of a plan. Suppose you go away until—" Puzzled herself to find a way out of the dilemma, Annie paced the floor nervously. "Oh, this is awful!" she exclaimed. "What are we to do?"

She looked toward Alicia, as if expecting some suggestion from her, but her companion was too much overwhelmed to take any initiative.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Snake Story.

Carl Hagenbeck describes an adventure with caged pythons: "My son Heinrich had no sooner opened the door of the cage than the four reptiles, as though by prearranged plan, flew at him with wide open jaws. One of them very nearly succeeded in coiling itself round him, but he defended himself vigorously, and I and a keeper ran to his aid, but it was some minutes before we succeeded in freeing him.

"Then the largest of the four fixed himself firmly with his tail on a rafter at the top of the cage and made savage bites at us. When we had thrown a sack over his head we had to secure further assistance to unloosen his tail. No sooner had we with great effort got it loose than the monster twisted itself around Heinrich's right leg and began to twine itself higher up his body.

"It was a life-and-death struggle that then ensued, but by exerting all our might we at last succeeded in tearing away the reptile and forcing it into a sack."

Recognized a Landmark.

Dick and Tommy had come downstairs too late to take part in the family devotions.

"Has paw got through yet?" asked Tommy.

"He's about half through," whispered Dick, who was listening at the door of the sitting room. "He's just got past 'may our sins be as far removed from us as the east is from the west.'"

Money-Making Thoughts.

Harker—You seem in a deep study. A penny for your thoughts, old man.

Bluffwood—O, I'm a rapid thinker and have 500 thoughts at once. Pass me over a five spot.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"The reason so many of our professional athletes aren't properly trained," says the Philosopher of Folly, "is that they have to spend so much time being photographed."

Photographic Detective

A scientific organization in France has employed an ingenious device to woman to tell the contents of untest the alleged power of a young opened boxes. The committee, appointed by the organization to make the test, took a photographic plate and exposed it in a camera as if for an ordinary picture. Then the plate was cut in two, and one-half of it, carefully protected from the light, was enclosed with other objects in a sealed box. After the young woman had described the contents of the box the committee developed the two halves of the plate. That which was in the box was "fogged," showing that it had been exposed to light, while the other half developed a perfectly clear picture.

Time's Sad Changes.

"I met a gentle but entirely unreconstructed native during a recent trip through North Carolina," said a northern tourist, according to Browning's Magazine, "and he was in constant lamentation over what he regarded the deterioration of things down there from what they were in ante-bellum days. His regretful comparisons of things then with their condition now, to the disadvantage of the latter, were striking. One evening, admiring a brilliant and beautiful setting of the sun, I exclaimed enthusiastically: 'What a magnificent sunset—splendid! gorgeous!' The unreconstructed native, gazing at it a moment, said, in melancholy tone and with a deep sigh; 'Yes; but, ah! you should have seen it before the war!'"

Impossible.

"Losing at poker again? I found these two aces in your pocket!" stormed his wife.

"Losing with two aces in my pocket! Absurd, woman!" he retorted.

ABOUT LAST OF VETERANS OF LONG WHIP

"Billy" Hodges Has Few Compatriots with Whom He Can Exchange Memories of the Overland Stage—How He Blazed the Mail Coach Trail Into the Then Unconquered West.

OAKLAND, CAL.—"Billy" Hodges, the last of a band of a hundred men who undertook to blaze the trail for the mail and express coach from the western terminus of the railways at Fort Smith into the unconquered west, is now running an elevator, writes R. Ellis Wales in the New York World. In the records of the express company will be found the report of this trip of the "100." It was their duty to cover so much ground daily, to record the distance traveled and to establish stations, stocking them and thus paving the way for the civilization which followed at their heels.

The route laid out led them in almost a direct line for El Paso, through the rough Osage country, and crossed the Arkansas river where it divides the old Pawnee nation from the land of the Osage. Skirting the territory of the Comanches they were forced to throw up fortifications hastily to withstand the fierce attacks of the barbarous hordes. They pulled out of that country safely to encounter worse—the land of little water and alkali and dusty sagebrush. Yet with the cry of the coyote ringing in their ears they sang as they went, ending with the accomplishment of their purpose.

In 1857 the completed route, well stationed and equipped, stood a monument to the work of that band. For two years they had struggled and, while their achievement was of wonderful value to east and west, few came out of the scathing well and sound. However, Billy Hodges was young and fortunate. He had made a record as a driver; he had the opportunity thrust upon him and he grasped it. He undertook to drive the mail and express route from Tucson to Pima village.

Run One of Wild Excitement.

The run was about 100 miles, but extremely hazardous. Bandits were born of the rapid development of civilization and hostile Indians were everywhere. Danger was plentifully distributed and six-shooters barked at silent arrows. On arriving at Pima village he released the reins to another driver, who drove to Fort Yuma and thence to Los Angeles. At Pima village Hodges received the coast mail and took it back to Tucson, where he was met by another driver, who carried it further east to the station near the Apache pass.

On a day early in 1858 Billy arrived at Pima village to discover that the relay driver was long overdue. Fearing trouble, he followed the custom of driving into the other man's territory until the shadows of Apache pass loomed before him. With him on the box was a gun messenger, and in the coach, sitting with the other passengers, were other guards. From the pass there came the yell of the Apaches and in an instant a horde of them were riding circles around the coach.

It was the duty of gun messengers to shoot, and they shot. It was the duty of Hodges to drive and he drove. Lashing out with his whip he sent his leaders down an incline and successfully brought them to a stand close under the shelter of a government fort.

Even there it was precarious. The handful of soldiers were unable to cope with the swarms of redskins hovering round. The relay coach had taken shelter there, not daring to move through so hostile a country. The Indians surrounded the pass, blocking all outlets, and for eight days the small band held out and fought.

On the eighth day Hodges, realizing that if no help came soon it would mean their death, said, "I'll go on to Tucson."

There was a protest from his associates, but before his insistence the others gave way. To go to Tucson for aid meant his passing through the zone of fire. There was scarcely any hope of getting away without being seen and the moon was bright and clear. The only chance lay in a dash.

Then there came one to him in the dead of night and the young driver heard a soft voice murmur, "Will you take me along?"

With One Passenger.

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Billy, "It is impossible. I might take the responsibility of the mails and treasure, but you—no."

"I must go," said the girl, her voice vibrating, "I cannot stand this any longer. Let me go, I beg of you."

Time was running short, and young Hodges was not proof against the girl's insistence. The result was that Mary Androes, setting west to join her future husband at Los Angeles, was taken on that memorable ride. That she is living today is due to the skilled driving and nerve of Billy Hodges.

"I got through," said Hodges, with a gleam in his eye as he told the story, "but—"

"The girl?"

Memory Not Cherished.

"Oh, she was landed in Los Angeles all right and married—unfortunately!" said the old man, to whom

this was the first romance of his life. This thing of helping girls to marry other fellows seemed to give him a bad taste in his mouth.

Hodges came to California in 1858, continuing his profession as a stage driver, and in time was given the famous Placerville road, running from Sacramento through Placerville to Virginia City, Nev. On this road he drove the mail and express coaches, and on many of the trips carried treasure amounting to $100,000. As a result he was made the victim of half a dozen of the greatest holdups in the history of the Pacific coast.

The plan of the robbers invariably was to kill the nigh horse and then prevent an escape. If they failed to do this Hodges would sweep his long lash across the backs of his beasts and be off in a cloud of dust, leaving the dumfounded robbers gazing blankly at each other. For this reason he was valuable as a driver. "When they have you," he explained, "pull up and take it easy; but if they leave you an opening, then make for it!"

One day on the Bodie road in Nevada, between Bodie and Carson, the treasure box was laden and the coach well filled with passengers. There were guards outside and in, and a daring gun messenger was perched on the box beside the driver. The strong defense gave the passengers a sense of security, and one of them, a woman, started to while away the hours by singing. Romance was in the air. The carolling of the girl awoke response in the nerves of the guards and their guns lay negligently upon their knees. Suddenly the concert was brought to an abrupt halt by the resounding report of a slug-loaded shotgun. Down went the nigh leader. The other horses plunged and the shock nearly unseated driver and mesesnger. Even the highwaymen were astonished at the instant result of the shot, and hesitated for a fraction of a minute, and in that time the messenger fired. One of the robbers prying at the lock of the treasure box dropped, while the other took to the brush.

Many Times Held Up.

On the famous Geiger grade, about four miles from Virginia City, Billy faced the rifles of six bandits, and the treasure box was dynamited, the robbers carrying away more than $8,000. Again he was stopped near Virginia City. This was in 1865, and in Six-Mile canyon below the Gould and Curry mill. The team was forced to stop, owing to a barricade of old sluice boxes which the bandits had placed across the road. The five desperadoes robbed all the passengers save one, a pretty schoolma'am.

By the beginning of 1884 he had saved up considerable money and decided to quit the highway. He had made money on the side by taking orders from ranchers, as did his associate drivers. Frequently, he said, his hat was filled with memoranda, embracing orders from a case of rum to a piece of blue ribbon.

Simultaneously with his quitting the road he bought the Mount Hamilton stage line, running from San Jose to the mountain. Not long after this he was commissioned to haul the great 36-inch lens to the observatory. The wagon was especially built for the trip and the delicate glass was placed in an oaken casket, the whole thing weighing 800 pounds. Later, upon the removal of the body of James Lick from the vault in San Francisco, he hauled the coffin up to Mount Hamilton, and was present when the body was sealed in the sarcophagus beneath the immense telescope.

He tells many anecdotes of the men he has known and asociated with, both famous and notorious drivers and robbers. He tells of the time when Horace Greeley was making a tour of the Pacific coast and was scheduled to make a speech at Placerville. He went aboard the stage driven by quaint Hank Monk, and as he stepped in he shouted:

Got Greeley There on Time.

"Mr. Monk, I must deliver a lecture in Placerville tomorrow night. Can you get me there on time?"

Monk assured him that he could, and started off the team along the old "corduroy" road, paved with small saplings, half buried in clay. Miles and miles they went, with Monk whistling merrily, and Horace Greeley, the only passenger, being plumped about within the rolling coach without being able to help himself in the least. At last the dignified passenger could stand it no longer. When he had been thrown for the fortieth time against the wooden frame of the coach door he cried out: "Mr. Monk, don't you think you are going pretty fast?" Monk let go a mouthful of tobacco juice, and, giving a sharp crack with the whip to the leader, replied musically: "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley, I'll get you there on time!" Greeley got there on time, as he had demanded, and the lecture was jolted clean out of him. He arrived in Placerville seasick and brain-fagged.

Hodges was associated with the famous twin stage drivers, Curly Dan and Curly Jerry, fearless and careful men, whose innocent deception, owing to their extreme likeness, of passengers was the cause of great hilarity. It happened that Dan would start out with the stage in the early morning from Placerville, and at midnight would arrive at the changing station, where he would give his seat on the box to his brother, likewise curly-haired and featured. The passengers being asleep they were not aware of the exchange, and next morning, when they spied whom they thought was Curly Dan upon the seat, they supposed he had been driving without sleep since the morning of the day before. Jerry used to have a great time convincing the curious passengers that he was not his brother, but his brother's brother.

Drove President Grant.

When President Grant did a little staging in the west in 1879, there was great rivalry among the stage drivers as to who should handle the reins on the coach that took him from Placerville to Virginia City. Billy Hodges got the honor, which was also a "plum" because of the additional money in the job, and when they started out Grant looked at the frisky six-horse team and then at the driver, who at the time was looking as sporty and frisky as his animals. "That's a frisky team and a frisky driver, but he's got a good eye and a white nose!" exclaimed the president.

Grant marveled at the speed with which they traveled, and the way they dashed into Virginia City on that memorable day just suited the old warrior. He complimented Hodges on his work with the reins.

During the years from 1870 to 1884 Wells-Fargo lost, incidental to robberies, $927,726.55. There were during this time 313 stage holdups, 34 attempted robberies and four train robberies. More than 15 guards were killed or wounded, while more than two dozen bandits were killed, besides those sent to state prison.

Some of these facts are here published for the first time, for Billy is not much of a talker until he is poked up a bit and quizzed. He manipulates that lever and calls out the "floor," not understanding or caring little for the power that lifts and lowers this strange modern coach.

SURELY MAN OF GREAT FAITH

Never Is the Potential Possibilities of the Growth of Hair Allowed to Be Forgotten.

Some time ago the editor of a popular department in this newspaper printed a modest recipe for making hair grow. The writer did not guarantee that the recipe would do it. The writer did not even express an editorial opinion on the merits of the recipe.

But in spite of this natural and diplomatic reserve on the part of the writer that hair-growing recipe has made its way from sea to sea with remarkable speed. No editorial utterance of this newspaper has been so widely quoted by other newspapers in months. This hair growing recipe seems to have struck a popular chord.

It is strange the readiness with which people will seize on anything that promises hair. Hope springs eternal in the bald head's breast; also in the breast of everybody with thin hair. There are no exceptions. Little hair, much faith!

We are an optimistic nation. But where growing hair is in question our optimism scales its keenest heights. Personal hair is the one subject about which men cannot remain despondent. In spite of everything they feel that polished heads were not meant to be eternally thus; that somewhere beneath the surface the hair is lying, only waiting for the proper call to rise.

A man may be a confirmed hypochondriac. Everything may go wrong with him and the world. He may have rheumatism, lumbago, and a half dozen other diseases. He may be expecting each or all of them to carry him off any minute. He may walk enveloped in gloom.

But do not be deceived. That man believes in the utmost possibilities of hair. The night is never so dark that he cannot foresee the dawn of hair. His unconscious creed is, "Hair can be grown." Rheumatism, liver trouble, heart disease may be ready to take him away. But no power exists to take away the possibility of hair from his living, breathing pate.

Take a cynical, skeptical sort of man. He may deny everything. He may take a particular pleasure in shocking other people's faith. He may deny the existence of public honor or private virtue. He may be the very incarnation of negation, the fruit and flower of skepticism, a paladin of doubt, a questioner of all things high and low.

But when it comes to hair—how great the change! He believes that if only the proper combination can be found his intellect will once more be crowned with tufted beauty. No certainty, of course. But still a possibility—even a strong probability. Wonderful things have been done in the pay of restoring absent hair. A man is foolish to doubt the evidence. It is too strong to be lightly put aside. He will not—cannot do it.

Great, great and mysterious is hair! Present, it is a protection and a joy. Absent, the very nurse of hope and faith and patience. We may not fathom the secret of its power and influence. We can only see and note and wonder. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

A MARVELOUS RECOVERY.

How a Chronic Invalid Regained Perfect Health.

Mrs. Ray Trusner, 30 West Third St., New Albany, Ind., says: "Kidney disease had rendered me a chronic invalid. I lay in bed unable to move hand or foot. My right limb was swollen to twice normal size. I looked the picture of death and my case puzzled the doctors. The kidney secretions were highly colored and scalded terribly. Marked improvement followed the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. In six weeks I was a well woman. My friends and relatives marvel at my recovery."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WISE BROKER.

Jiggs—That marriage broker was to get 10 per cent. of the girl's estate for arranging a match with a French marquis, but he did better than that—he took it all.

Wiggs—How?

Jiggs—Married the girl himself.

Their Great Value Is Most Appreciated by Those Who Have Tried Them.

"I was afflicted with Eczema in the palms of my hands and between my fingers. The treatment used gave no relief and my hands were in a dreadful condition when I was advised to try Resinol. I began with it by applying the ointment twice a day and using the Soap when bathing. This effected a cure in less than a month. I heartily recommend those excellent preparations," writes Mrs. Amy Crain, Fredonia, Ky. At all drug stores.

Couldn't See the Resemblance.

They have been joking Assistant Treasurer James A. Matthews of the Guardian bank, on his resemblance to President Taft, and Mr. Mathews has steadily refused to be annoyed thereby. So the jokers subsided and the joke died a natural death.

Until the other night, when Mr. and Mrs. Mathews dined together with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harmon and their little daughter, when the Taft resemblance was revived. Turning to young Miss Harmon, Mr. Mathews asked whether she, too, thought he looked like the president.

Dorothy studied long and earnestly. Then she answered:

"Not in the face, Uncle Jim."—Cleveland Leader.

The Old Gag.

Miss Lillian B. Rowe, at an advertisement writers' dinner in Denver, said of the harem skirt:

"It will soon be so widely worn that the old gag, perpetrated in the '40s on men, may profitably be revived for women victims.

"Some sharper, you know, will revive the gag by advertising in the Ladies' Own—

"'Send $1 and learn how to keep your harem skirt from becoming fringed at the bottom.'

"Thousands of dollars will pour in, and to each victim the sharper will reply:

"'Wear knickers.'"

The Worth of the Voice.

How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice, and in the voice from the burning brush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man.—Longfellow: Hyperion.

First Aid.

George Ade, at a luncheon in Chicago, paid a gallant compliment to a well-known actress.

The actress wore a harem skirt of the new flame color and Mr. Ade said to her:

"It is pretty. And what an odd color it is! Tell me the name of the color."

"Flamme de Vesuve—flame of Vesuvius," the actress answered.

"Be jabers," said Mr. Ade, "ye make a vurry purty crater."

WANTED TO SLEEP

Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering from indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden; and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight.

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me.

"Since I began the use of Grape-Nuts the benefits I have derived from it are very definite, I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table.

"I find that by eating a dish of this food after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me.

"I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to make the meal complete and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the famous booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.