

# THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of "The Gray Clerk," "The Puppet Show"

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But his trials were not over. The worst ordeal was yet to come. At five orders were given to harness the coach-horses to the coupe and have them at the steps promptly at eight-thirty. Miss Annesley had signified her intention of making a call in the city. Warburton had not the slightest suspicion of the destination. He didn't care where it was. It would be dark and he would pass unrecognized. He gave the order no more thought. Promptly at eight-thirty he drove up to the steps. A moment later she issued forth, accompanied by a gentleman in evening dress. It was too dark for Warburton to distinguish his features.

"I am very sorry, Count, to leave you; but you understand perfectly. It is an old school friend of mine whom I haven't seen in a long time; one of the best girl friends I have ever known. I promised to dine with her to-night, but I broke that promise and agreed to spend the evening."

"Do not disturb yourself on my account," replied the man in broken English, which was rather pleasant to the ear. "Your excellent father and I can pass the evening very well."

Karloff! Warburton's chin sank into his collar and his hands trembled. This man Karloff had very penetrating eyes, even in the dark.

"But I shall miss the music which I promised myself. Ah, if you only knew how adorable you are when you play the violin! I become lost, I forget the world and its sorrows. I forget everything but that mysterious voice which you alone know how to arouse from that little box of wood. You are a great artist, and if you were before the public, the world would go mad over you—as I have."

So she played the violin, thought the unhappy man on the box of the coupe. "Count, you know that is taboo; you must not talk to me like that,"—with a nervous glance at the groom.

"The groom embarrasses you?" The count laughed. "Well, it is only a groom, an animal which does not understand these things."

"Besides, I do not play nearly so well as you would have me believe,"—steering him to safer channels. "Whatever you undertake, Mademoiselle, becomes at once an art,"—galantly. "Good-night!"—and the count saluted her hand as he helped her into the coupe.

How M'sieu Zhanes would have liked to jump down and pommel Monsieur le Comte! Several wicked thoughts surged through our Jehu's brain, but to execute any one of them in her presence was impossible.

"Good-night, Count. I shall see you at dinner on Monday."

She would, eh? And her new butler would be on duty that same evening? Without a doubt. M'sieu Zhanes vowed under his breath that if he got a good chance he would make the count look ridiculous. Not even a king can retain his dignity while a stream of hot soup is trickling down his spinal column. Warburton smiled. He was mentally acting like a school-boy disappointed in love. His own keen sense of the humorous came to his rescue.

"James, to the city, No.—Scott Circle, and hurry." The door closed.

Scott Circle? Warburton's spine wrinkled. Heaven help him, he was driving Miss Annesley to his own brother's house! What the devil was getting into fate anyhow? He swore softly all the way to the Connecticut avenue extension. He made three mistakes before he struck Sixteenth street. Reaching Scott Circle finally, he had no difficulty in recognizing the house. He drew up at the stepping-stone, alighted and opened the door.

"I shall be gone perhaps an hour and a half, James. You may drive around, but return sharply at ten-thirty." Betty ran up the steps and rang the bell. Our Jehu did not wait to see the door open, but drove away, lickety-clip. I do not know what a mille lickety-clip is generally made in, but I am rather certain that the civil law demands \$25.00 for the same. The gods were with him this time and no one called him to halt. When he had gone far away from Scott Circle as he dared go, his eye was attracted by a genial cigar sign. He hailed a boy to hold the horses and went inside. He bought a dozen cigars and lit one. He didn't even take the trouble to see if he could get the cigars for nothing, there being a penny-in-the-slot machine in one corner of the shop. I am sure that if he had noticed it, it would have enticed him, for the spirit of chance was well-grounded in him, as it is in all army men. But he hurried out, threw the boy a dime, and drove away. For an hour and 20 minutes he drove and smoked and pondered. So she played the violin! played it wonderfully as the count had declared. He was passionately fond of music. In London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, he had been an untiring, unflinching patron of the opera. Some night he resolved to listen at the window, providing the window was open. Yes, a hundred times Chuck was right. Any other girl, and this jest might have passed capably; but he wanted the respect of this particular woman, and he had carefully closed the doors to her regard. She might tolerate him, that would be all. She would look upon him as a hobbledohoy.

He approached the curb again in front of the house, and gazed wistfully at the lighted windows. Here was another great opportunity gone. How he longed to dash into the house, confess, and have done with it! "I wish Chuck was in there. I wish he would come out and kick me good and hearty." (Chuck would have been delighted to perform the trifling service; and he would not have gone about it with any timidity, either.) "Hang the horses! I'm going to take a peek in at the side window,"—and he slid cautiously from the box. He stole around the side and stopped at one of the windows. The curtain was not wholly lowered, and he could see into the drawing-room. They were there, all of them; and Miss Annesley was holding the baby, which Mrs. Jack had awakened and brought down stairs. He could see by the diffident manner in which Jack was curling the ends of his mustache that they were comparing the baby with him. "The conceited ass!" muttered the self-appointed out-cast. "It doesn't look any more like him than it does like me." Here Miss Annesley kissed the baby, and Warburton hoped that they hadn't washed its face since he performed the same act.

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Mrs. Jack disappeared with the hope of the family, and Nancy got out a bundle of photographs. M'sieu Zhanes would have given almost anything he possessed to know what these photographs represented. Crane his neck as he would, he could see nothing. All he could do was to watch. Sometimes they laughed, sometimes they became grave; sometimes they explained, and their guest grew very attentive. Once she even leaned forward eagerly. It was about this time that our Jehu chanced to look at the clock on the mantel, and immediately concluded to vacate the premises. It was half after ten. He returned to his box forthwith. It was going to use the word "alacrity," but I find that it means "cheerful readiness." After what seemed to him an interminable wait, the front door opened and a flood of light blinded him. He heard Nancy's voice. "I am sorry, Betty, that I can't dine with you on Monday. We are going to Arlington. So sorry."

"I'm not!" murmured the wretch on the box. "I'm devilish glad! Imagine passing soup to one's sister! By George, it was a narrow one! It would have been all over then."

"Well, there will plenty of times this winter," said Betty. "I shall see you all at the Country club Sunday afternoon. Good night, every one. No, no; there's no need of any of you coming to the carriage."

But brother Jack did walk to the door with her; however, he gave not the slightest attention to the groom, for which he was grateful.

"You must all come and spend the evening with me soon," said Betty, entering the carriage.

"That we shall," said brother Jack, closing the door for her. "Good night."

"Home, James," said the voice within the carriage.

I do not know whether or not he slept soundly that night on his stable cot. He never would confess. But it is my private opinion that he didn't sleep at all, but spent a good part of the night out of doors, smoking very black, strong cigars.

Celeste, however, could have told you that her mistress, as she retired, was in a most amicable frame of mind. Once she laughed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A RUNAWAY.

Four days passed. I might have used the word "aped," only that verb could not be truthfully applied. Never before in the history of time (so our Jehu thought) did four days cast their shadows more slowly across the dial of the hours. From noon till night there was a maddening nothing to do but polish bits and buckles and stirrups for the morning rides. These were worth while; for he was riding Pirate, and there was always that expectation of the unexpected. But Pirate behaved himself puzzlingly well. Fortunately for the Jehu, these rides were always into the north country. He was continually possessed with fear lest she would make him drive through the shopping district. If he met Nancy, it would be, in the parlance of the day, all off. Nancy would have recognized him in a beard like a Cossack's; and here he was with the boy's face—the face she never would forget.

He was desperately in love. I do not know what desperately in love is, my own love's course running smoothly enough; but I can testify that it was making Mr. Robert thin and appetiteless. Every morning the impulse came to him to tell her all; but every morning his courage oozed like Bob Acres', and his lips became dumb. I dare say that if she had questioned him he would have told her all; but for some reason she had ceased to inquire into his past. Possibly her young mind was occupied with pleasant things.

He became an accomplished butler, and served so well in rehearsals that Pierre could only grumble. One afternoon she superintended the comedy. She found a thousand faults with him, so many, in fact, that Pierre did not understand what it meant, and became possessed with the vague idea that she was hitting him over the groom's

shoulder. He did not like it; and later, when they were alone, Warburton was distinctly impressed with Pierre's displeasure.

"You can not please her, and you can not please me. Bah! Zat ees vat comes of teaching a groom table manners instead of stable manners. And you vil smell of horse! I do not understand Mees Annesley; no!"

And there were other humiliations, petty ones. She chid him on having the stirrup too long or too short; the curb chain was rusting; this piece of ornamental silver did not shine like that one. Jane's fetlocks were too long; Pirate's hoofs weren't thoroughly oiled. With dogged patience he tried to remedy all these faults. It was only when they had had a romping run down the road that this spirit fell away from her, and she talked pleasantly.

Twice he ran into Karloff, but that shrewd student of human nature did not consider my hero worth studying; a grave mistake on his part, as he was presently to learn. He was handsome, and the only thing he noticed about the groom was his handsome face. He considered it a crime for a servant to be endowed with personal attractions. A servant in the eyes of a Russian noble excites less interest than a breedless dog. Mr. Robert made no complaint; he was very well satisfied to have the count ignore him entirely. Once he met the count in the Turkish room, where, in the capacity of butler he served liquor and cigars. There was a certain grim humor in lighting his rivals cigar for him. This service was a test of his ability to pass through a room without knocking over taboretts and chairs. Another time they met when Betty and the two of them took a long ride. Karloff did notice how well the groom rode his mettlesome mount, being himself a soldier and a daring horseman. Warburton had some trouble. Pirate did not take to the idea of breathing Jane and Dick's dust, he wanted to lead these second-raters. Mr. James' arms ached that afternoon from the effort he had put forth to restrain Pirate and keep him in his proper place, five yards to the rear.

Nothing happened Sunday; the day went by uneventfully. He escaped the ordeal of driving her to the Chevy Chase Club, William being up that afternoon.

Then Monday came, and with it Betty's curious determination to ride Pirate.

"You wish to ride Pirate, Miss?" exclaimed James, his horror of the idea openly manifest.

"Saddle him for me,"—peremptorily. "I desire to ride him. I find Jane isn't exciting enough."

"Pardon me, Miss Annesley," he said, "but I had rather you would not make the attempt." "You had rather I would not make the attempt?"—slowly repeating the words, making a knife of each one of them, tipped with the poison of her contempt. "I do not believe I quite understand you."

He bravely met the angry flash of her eyes. There were times when the color of these eyes did not resemble sapphires; rather disks of gunmetal, caused by a sudden dilation of the pupils.

"Yes, Miss, I had rather you would not."

"James you forget yourself. Saddle Pirate, and take Jane back to the stables. Besides, Jane has a bit of a cold." She slapped her boot with her riding-crop and indolently studied the scurrying clouds overhead; for the day was windy.

Soberly Warburton obeyed. He was hurt and angry, and he knew not what besides. Heavens, if anything should happen to her! His hopes rose a bit. Pirate had shown no temper so far that morning. He docilely permitted his master to put on the side-saddle. But as he came out into the air again, he threw forward his ears, stretched out his long black neck, took in a great breath, and whinnied a hoarse challenge to the elements. William had already saddled Dick, who looked askance at his black rival's small, compact heels.

"I am afraid of him," said Warburton, as he returned. "He will run away



"I AM NOT AFRAID OF HIM."

with you. I did not wholly subjugate him the other day. He pulls till my arms ache."

Miss Annesley shrugged and patted Pirate on the nose and offered him a lump of sugar. The thirst for freedom and a wild run down the wind lurked in Pirate's far-off gazing eyes, and he ignored the sign of conciliation which his mistress made him.

"I am not afraid of him. Besides, Dick can outrun and outjump him."

(To Be Continued.)

Prof. Rinaldo Lothrop Perkins, one of the most scholarly men of Boston, at the age of 80 lives a simple life in a small attic room surrounded by his books.

## HOUSE BURNS

AND FAMILY STAND IMPOTENTLY BY AND WATCH IT.

Title Smith Loses All His Property While He Is Away From Home Near Paducah.

"Title" Smith, who resides nine miles out on the St. Johns road, lost his house and all household effects Monday by fire. He was away from home and the only persons about the place when the fire broke out was his wife and little child. They discovered fire in the kitchen but it had gained too great headway to be extinguished.

The entire house was consumed by the flames and not a piece of furniture was saved. The wife and child had to stand by and watch it go, helpless to do anything. No insurance was held on the house or effects. The owner is a son of Mr. Charles Smith, who is on market with garden truck each morning.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Kentucky.

In the Matter of Marmaduke G. Sale Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to orders made and entered herein on May 17th and 31st respectively, 1906, I Arthur Y. Martin, trustee in bankruptcy for Marmaduke G. Sale, will, on Monday, July 9, 1906 at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the McCracken county court house door, in the city of Paducah Ky., sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, all and singular the reversionary or remainder interest of said bankrupt, Marmaduke G. Sale, in and to the following described real property situated in the city of Paducah, McCracken county, Kentucky, to-wit:

A certain lot in the city of Paducah, Ky., described as part of one-fourth block 72, block 13 in upper addition to Paducah, and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on Fifth street 70-1/2 feet from the corner of said one-fourth block on corner of Clark and Fifth streets, and running thence up Fifth street towards Adams street 47 feet; thence at right angles toward Fourth street 173 1/4 feet; thence at right angles toward Clark street 47 feet; thence toward Fifth street 173 1/4 feet to the beginning. Being the same property conveyed by Henson D. Sale to Marmaduke G. Sale on the 15th day of October, 1895, as shown by deed recorded in Deed Book No. 50, page 478 in the McCracken county clerk's office.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with good and approved surety for the purchase price, with the privilege of paying cash at any time, with interest only to the time of payment.

ARTHUR Y. MARTIN,

Trustee in Bankruptcy for Marmaduke G. Sale.

Paducah, Ky., June 7, 1906.

## Low Rates to the Home Coming.

On account of the home coming for Kentuckians, Louisville, Ky., the Southern railway will sell tickets from all of its stations to Louisville at rate of one first-class fare plus 25 cents for the round trip on June 10, 11, 12 and 13, with return limit of June 23, 1906. An extension of this limit may be obtained to leave Louisville not later than thirty days from date of sale, by depositing ticket with the joint agent and making payment of fifty cent fee.

An elaborate program has been arranged and the occasion will prove an exceedingly interesting one to all Kentuckians. A number of special trains have been arranged for from St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Texas and other points in the west, southwest and southeast and a large number of ex-Kentuckians will return to their native state to visit old friends and relatives. Home coming will be held at a number of points throughout the state. In order to enable those who desire to attend these celebrations, tickets will be sold from Louisville to points in Kentucky on June 16, 17 and 18, to original purchasers of round trip tickets to Louisville account of the home coming, at rate of one first-class fare plus twenty-five cents round trip, minimum fifty cents, with return limit of July 23, 1906.

For schedules and additional information call on any agent of the Southern Railway or

C. H. HUNGERFORD, D. P. A.,

234 Fourth Ave, Louisville.

## Acute Rheumatism.

Deep tearing or wrenching pains, occasioned by getting wet through; worse when at rest, or on first moving the limbs and in cold or damp weather, is cured quickly by Ballard's Snow Liniment. Oscar Oleson, Gibson City, Ill., writes, Feb. 16, 1902 "A year ago I was troubled with a pain in my back. It soon got so bad I could not bend over. One bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment cured me." Sold by Alvey & List.

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## RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

### ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Corrected May 30, 1906

South Bound

101 102 103

Lv. Cincinnati 8:00am 6:00pm 7:31am

Lv. Louisville 12:41pm 9:40pm 7:31am

Lv. Owensboro 6:30pm 7:00am

Lv. Horse Branch 2:58pm 12:08am 11:05am

Lv. Central City 3:30pm 1:00am 12:30pm

Lv. Nortonville 4:00pm 1:00am 1:20pm

Lv. Evansville 12:50pm 4:00am 8:30am

Lv. Nashville 7:00pm 7:00am 9:00am

Lv. Knoxville 9:40pm 11:20am 7:00am

Lv. Princeton 4:55pm 2:27am 5:30pm

Ar. Paducah 6:10pm 3:40am 4:30pm

Ar. Paducah 6:15pm 3:45am 4:35pm

Ar. Fulton 7:30pm 4:30am 6:00pm

Ar. Gibb, Tenn. 8:00pm 5:00am 6:30pm

Ar. Rives 8:15pm 6:01am 6:45am

Ar. Jackson 7:15am 7:15am

Ar. Knoxville 11:00pm 8:30am 7:00am

Ar. N. Orleans 10:35am 8:15pm

North Bound

102 103 104

Lv. N. Orleans 7:10pm 6:15am 1:22

Lv. Memphis 6:45am 8:50pm

Lv. Jackson 8:07am 10:11pm

Ar. Rives 11:50pm 11:50pm

Ar. Fulton 10:15am 12:35am 6:00am

Ar. Paducah 11:20am 1:43am 7:40am

Ar. Paducah 11:25am 1:48am 7:45am

Ar. Princeton 12:30pm 3:00am 9:20am

Ar. Hopkinsville 6:15pm 5:00am

Ar. Nashville 9:25pm 8:10am

Ar. Evansville 3:45pm 9:40am

Ar. Nortonville 1:20pm 3:51am 10:35am

Ar. Central City 2:05pm 4:30am 11:30am

Ar. Horse Branch 3:05pm 5:18am 12:55pm

Ar. Owensboro 4:35pm 6:00am 1:45pm

Ar. Louisville 5:30pm 7:50am 4:55pm

Ar. Cincinnati 8:15pm 12:00 pm

ST. LOUIS DIVISION

North Bound

305 374

Lv. Paducah 12:40pm 4:30pm

Ar. Carrollton 4:55pm 8:40pm

Ar. Chicago 6:00am 6:30am

Ar. St. L. 8:05pm 7:20am

South Bound

306 375

Lv. St. Louis 7:45am 9:40am

Lv. Chicago 2:00pm 6:30pm

Lv. Carrollton 11:40am 7:00am

Ar. Paducah 3:35pm 11:00am

CAIRO-NASHVILLE LINE.

North Bound

101-101 185-835

Lv. Nashville 8:10am 6:40 am

Lv. Hopkinsville 11:30am 7:45 am

Ar. Princeton 2:30 pm

Ar. Paducah 4:15 pm 9:25 am

Ar. Paducah 6:15pm 9:30 am

Ar. Cairo 7:45 pm 12:10 am

Ar. St. Louis 7:40 am 4:30 pm

Ar. Chicago 6:30 am 9:30 pm

South Bound

18