

In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM NICHOLSON

(Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Is he telling the truth?" Moriway asked Mrs. Kingdon.

"Yes, I guess he is; but where are the diamonds? We must have them—you know—to-day, George," she whispered. And then she turned and went upstairs, leaving Moriway to do the rest.

"There's only one thing to do, major," he said to the proprietor. "Search 'em all, and then—"

"Search me? It's an outrage!" cried the housekeeper.

"Search me, if ye like," growled McCarthy, resentfully. "O! wasn't there but a minute; the lady herself can tell ye that."

Katie, the chambermaid, flushed painfully, and there were indignified tears in her eyes, which, I'll tell you in confidence, made a girl named Nancy uncomfortable.

But the boy Nat, knowing that bell-boys have no rights, said nothing. But he thought, he thought, Tom Dorgan, a lot of things and a long way ahead.

The peppy old major marched us all off to his private office.

Not much, girls, it hadn't come. For suddenly the annunciator rang out.

Out of the corner of his eye, Nat looked at the bell-boy's bench. It was empty. There was to be a ball that night, and the bells were going it over all the place.

"Number Twenty-one!" shouted the clerk at the desk.

But Number Twenty-one didn't budge. His heart was beating like a hammer, and the ting-ling-ling of that bell calling him rang in his head like a song.

"Number Twenty-one!" yelled the clerk.

Oh, he's got a devil of a temper, has that clerk. Some day, Tom, when you love me very much, go up to the hotel and break his face for me.

"You'll—boy—confound you, can't you hear?" he shouted.

That time he caught the major's ear—the one that wasn't deaf. He looked from Powers' black face to the bench and then to me. And all the time the bell kept ringing like mad.

"Gitt!" he said to the boy. "And come back in a hurry."

Number Twenty-one got—but leisurely. It wouldn't do for a bell-boy to hurry, particularly when he had such good cause.

Oh, girls, those stone stairs, the servants' stairs at the St. James! They're fierce. I tell you, Mag, scrubbing the floors at the Cruelty ain't so bad. But this time I was jolly glad bell-boys weren't allowed in the elevator. For there were those diamonds in my pants pocket, and I must get rid of 'em before I got down to the office again. So I climbed those stairs, and every step I took my eye was searching for a hiding-place. I could have pitched the little bag out of a window, but Nancy Olden wasn't throwing diamonds to the birds, any more than Mag here is likely to cut off the braids of red hair we used to play horse with when we drove her about the Cruelty yard.

One flight.

No chance.

Another.

Everything bare as stone and soap could keep it.

The third flight—my knees began to tremble, and not with climbing. The call came from this floor. But I ran up a fourth just on the chance, and there in a corner was a fire hatchet strapped to the wall. Behind that hatchet Mrs. Kingdon's diamonds might lie snug till evening. I put the ends of my fingers first in the little crack to make sure the little bag wouldn't drop to the floor, and then dived into my pocket and—

And there behind me, stealthily coming up the last turn of the stairs, was Mr. George Moriway!

Don't you hate a soft-walking man, Mag? That cute fellow was cuter than the old major himself, and had followed me every inch of the way.

"There's something loose with this hatchet, sir," I said, innocently looking down at him.

"Oh, there is? What an observing little fellow you are! Never mind the hatchet; just tell me what number you were sent to answer."

"Number—?" I repeated, as though I couldn't see why he wanted to know.

"Why—431."

"Not much, my boy—331."

"Beuse me, sir, ain't you mistaken?"

"We often do, ma'am," I said, softly. "You do. Well—"

"Yes'm." I breathed again. "Well—it's indecent. Go down and send me a maid."

She was just closing the door in my face—and Moriway waiting for me to watch me down again.

"Mrs. Kingdon—"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to tell you that when I get down to the office they'll search me."

She looked at me amazed.

"And—there's something in my pocket I—wouldn't like them to find."

"What in the world—my diamonds! You did take them, you little wretch?"

She caught hold of my coat. But Lordy! I didn't want to get away a little bit. I let her pull me in, and then I backed up against the door and shut it.

"Diamonds! Oh, no, ma'am. I hope I'm not a thief. But—but it was something you dropped—this."

I fished Moriway's letter out of my pocket and handed it to her.

The poor old lady! Being a bell-boy you know just how old ladies really are. This one at evening, after her face had been massaged for an hour, and the manicure girl and the hair-dresser had gone, wasn't so bad. But to-day, with the marks of the morning's tears on her agitated face, with the blood pounding up to her temples where the hair was thin and gray—Tom Dorgan, if I'm a vain old fool like I am, just tie a stone around my neck and take me down and drop me into the nearest water, won't you?

"You abominable little wretch!" she sobbed. "I suppose you've told everybody in the office."

"How could I, ma'am?"

"How could you?" She looked up, the tears on her flabby, flushed cheek. "I didn't know myself. I can't read writing—"

It was this, but she wanted to believe it.

She could have taken me in her arms, she was so happy.

"There! there!" she patted my shoulder and gave me a dollar bill. "I was a bit hasty, Nat. It's only a little business matter that Mr. Moriway's attending to for me. We—we'll finish it up this afternoon. I shouldn't have—"

Oh, he's got a devil of a temper, has that clerk. Some day, Tom, when you love me very much, go up to the hotel and break his face for me.

"You'll—boy—confound you, can't you hear?" he shouted.

That time he caught the major's ear—the one that wasn't deaf. He looked from Powers' black face to the bench and then to me. And all the time the bell kept ringing like mad.

"Gitt!" he said to the boy. "And come back in a hurry."

Number Twenty-one got—but leisurely. It wouldn't do for a bell-boy to hurry, particularly when he had such good cause.

Oh, girls, those stone stairs, the servants' stairs at the St. James! They're fierce. I tell you, Mag, scrubbing the floors at the Cruelty ain't so bad. But this time I was jolly glad bell-boys weren't allowed in the elevator. For there were those diamonds in my pants pocket, and I must get rid of 'em before I got down to the office again. So I climbed those stairs, and every step I took my eye was searching for a hiding-place. I could have pitched the little bag out of a window, but Nancy Olden wasn't throwing diamonds to the birds, any more than Mag here is likely to cut off the braids of red hair we used to play horse with when we drove her about the Cruelty yard.

One flight.

No chance.

Another.

Everything bare as stone and soap could keep it.

The third flight—my knees began to tremble, and not with climbing. The call came from this floor. But I ran up a fourth just on the chance, and there in a corner was a fire hatchet strapped to the wall. Behind that hatchet Mrs. Kingdon's diamonds might lie snug till evening. I put the ends of my fingers first in the little crack to make sure the little bag wouldn't drop to the floor, and then dived into my pocket and—

And there behind me, stealthily coming up the last turn of the stairs, was Mr. George Moriway!

Don't you hate a soft-walking man, Mag? That cute fellow was cuter than the old major himself, and had followed me every inch of the way.

actually outside the door, almost in the street and off to you, when a girl called to me.

"Here, boy, carry this case," she said.

Do you know who it was? Oh, yes, you do, a dear old friend of mine from Philadelphia, a young lady whose taste—well, all right, I'll tell you: It was the girl with the red coat and the hat with the chin-chilla fur.

How did they look? Oh, fairly well on a blonde! But to my taste the last girl I'd seen in the coat and hat was handsomer.

Well, I carried her suit-case and followed her back into the hotel. I didn't want to a bit, though that coat still—wonder how she got it back!

She sailed up the hall and into the elevator, and I had to follow. We got off at the third story, and she brought me right to the door of 331. And then I knew this must be Evelyn.

"Mrs. Kingdon's out, miss. She didn't expect you till to-morrow."

"Did she tell you that? Too bad she isn't at home! She said she'd be kept busy all day to-day with a business matter, and that I'd better not get here till to-morrow. But I—"

"Wanted to get here in time for the wedding!" I suggested, softly.

"You should have seen her jump. 'Wedding! Not—'"

"Mrs. Kingdon and Mr. Moriway." She turned white.

"Has that man followed her here? Quick, tell me. Has she actually married him?"

"No—not yet. It's for five o'clock at the church on the corner."

"How do you know?" She turned on me, suddenly suspicious.

"Well—I do know. And I'm the only person in the house that does."

"I don't believe you."

She took out her key and opened the door, and I followed her in with the suit-case. But before I could get it set down on the floor she had swooped on a letter that was lying in the middle of the table, had torn it open and then with a cry had come whirling toward me.

"Where is this church? Come, help me to get to it before five and I'll—oh, you shall have anything in the world you want!"

She flew out into the hall. I after her. And first thing you know we were down in the street, around the corner, and there in front of the church was a carriage with Moriway just helping Mrs. Kingdon out.

"Mother!"

At that cry the old lady's knees seemed to crumble under her. Her poor old painted face looked out ghastly and ashamed from her wedding finery. But Evelyn in her red coat flew to her and took her in her arms as though she was a child. And like a child, Mrs. Kingdon sobbed and made excuses and begged to be forgiven.

I looked at Moriway. It was all the pay I wanted—particularly as I had those little diamonds.

"You're just in time, Miss Kingdon," he said, uneasily, "to make your mother happy by your presence at her wedding."

"I'm just in time, Mr. Moriway, to see that my mother's not made unhappy by your presence."

"Evelyn!" Mrs. Kingdon remonstrated.

"Come, Sarah," Moriway offered his arm.

The bride shook her head.

"To-morrow," she said, feebly. Moriway breathed a swear.

Miss Kingdon laughed.

"I've come to take care of you, you silly little mother, dear. It won't be to-morrow, Mr. Moriway."

"No—not to-morrow—next week," sighed Mrs. Kingdon.

"In fact, mother's changed her mind. Mr. Moriway. She thinks it ungenerous to accept such a sacrifice from a man who might be her son—don't you, mother?"

"Well, perhaps, George." She looked up from her daughter's shoulder—she was crying all over that precious red coat of mine—and her eyes lit on me. "Oh—you wicked boy, you told a lie!" she gasped. "You did read my letter."

I laughed; laughed 'out loud, it was such a bully thing to watch Moriway's face.

But that was an unlucky laugh of mine; it turned his wrath on me. He made a dive toward me. I ducked and ran. Oh, how I ran. But if he hadn't slipped on the curb he'd have had me. As he fell, though, he let out a yell.

"Stop thief! Stop thief! Thief! Thief! Thief!"

May you never hear it, Mag, behind you when you've somebody else's diamonds in your pocket. It sounds—it sounds the way the bay of the hounds must sound to the hare. It seems to fly along with the air; at the same time to be behind you, at your side, even in front of you.

I heard it bellowed in a dozen different voices, and every now and then I could hear Moriway as I pelted on—that brassy, cruel bellow of his that made my heart sick.

And then all at once I heard a policeman's whistle.

(To Be Continued.)

HEADACHE

"My father had been a sufferer from sick headaches for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name." E. M. Dickson, 1129 Resister St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Best For The Bowels

Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Make Sick or Cause Headache. The genuine tablet stamped G. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y.

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

Subscribe For The Sun.

100 SUITS EVERY YEAR.

King Edward's Tailors Have Orders to Make Two Suits Weekly.

King Edward's tailors have a standing order to provide him with about 100 suits a year exclusive of military uniforms and court costumes.

These suits cost between \$50 and \$100 each. The king selects cloth and patterns and is said to make his selections so rapidly that in ten minutes he will choose \$1000 worth of clothes. When the king has selected a certain cloth the tailor uses it for no other customer. His hour for a seance with the tailor is 11 a. m., and he is said to be a marvel of punctuality. He is also a pretty lightning change artist for a mere monarch. He gets out of and into his clothes with extreme despatch.

As are most stout men, he is hard-set on his trousers. Because he will not tolerate the suggestion of a wrinkle in his aether garments, he rarely wears a pair of trousers more than three or four times. In this way he gets through quite 100 pairs in the course of a year.

He is particularly extravagant with regard to overcoats. He indulges in a great variety of head-gear, and his experiments in hats and caps from time to time have resulted in popularizing no less than seven distinct varieties.—Exchange.

Conversation in Subway.

Two men coming uptown on a subway express last night were trying to make themselves understood, despite the roar of the train. The result was something like this:

"How are your folks?" said one. "I hope they're all well."

"Yes," said the other, "that last word expresses it exactly. It was very hot yesterday."

"The weather was very hot today, wasn't it?" continued the first man.

"Yes," said the second. "I understand that there is going to be a rise in the price of ice this summer. It's hard on the poor, ain't it?"

"Are you going away this year?" from the first man.

"Near? Yes; I live near the station where I get off. I find it convenient, too," the second man replied.

"We're thinking of going to Europe. Which is the best line to sail on, do you know?" from the first man.

"Snow? Yes, old man, it would be a joke, with the warm weather we're having, wouldn't it? Snow? Ha, ha! Good joke."

Then they transferred to a local and got off the train at Times Square. The first man said to the second:

"The subway is a great institution, John; it gets you up here in no time."

"You bet! I like it. Some persons say they have trouble conversing while the trains are in motion, but it doesn't affect me."—New York Times.

Perfectly Normal.

A journalist visited an insane asylum to get material for an article and was shown over the establishment by one of the inmates, who was so intelligent that it was almost impossible to believe he could be out of his head.

"And what are you here for, my man?" asked the journalist at length.

Immediately a cunning look came into the man's eyes and he looked about him warily.

"I'll tell you if you keep it dark," he said, lowering his voice. "I have a mania for swearing. I write 'cuss-words' all around. It's great sport. Why, they have to hire a man just to follow me round and rub 'em out. But," coming a little closer, "I'll tell you a crot. I have four 'damns' written all over your back."—July Lippincott's Magazine.

Eighty-Pound Year-Old Baby.

Staten Island has an eighty-pound baby, and is proud of it. The baby is a girl, Effie Shotwell, now 13 months old. She weighed 14 pounds when born, and 50 pounds three months later. She hasn't been sick since her birth, and she is normal in every other respect except her size.

The home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Shotwell, in Bloomfield, S. I., has many visitors now among the mothers of Staten Island.

Miss Effie's mother, who was one of fifteen children, weighs about 105 pounds; her father is not large, and all his people were of ordinary size.

The big baby's grandmother on her mother's side weighs 180 pounds, however, and she is held responsible for Miss Effie's size.—New York Times.

A Little Vague.

A Boston lady seeking summer board on a farm saw an advertisement giving a description of about such a place as she wanted, and sent a letter of inquiry. She received the following information as to terms:

"We charge five dollars a week for men, four and a half for ladies, and four dollars for children old enough to eat. All ages and sexes to pay more if difficult."—July Lippincott's.

TO LET

Several superior offices on second and third floors of our building, provided with heat, water, light, electric elevator and modern sanitary arrangements.

Prices lowest in city for similar offices—double offices especially adapted for dentists.

American-German National Bank

227 Broadway



COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES

Traveling via D & C Steamers means the enjoyment of all the advantages which marine architecture can provide—speed, safety and comfort are prime considerations.

Through Tickets sold to all points and baggage checked to destination.

D & C TIME TABLE

MACKINAC DIVISION

Le Toledo Mondays & Saturdays 9:30 A. M.

Tuesdays & Thursdays 4:00 P. M.

Le Detroit Mondays & Saturdays 5:00 P. M.

Wednesdays & Fridays 9:30 A. M.

Four Trips per week commencing June 15th

Direct connections at Mackinac Island with all steamers for Painesville, Milwaukee, Chicago and Cleveland.

Boys, A. A. Lynch, managers are made with D. R. & A. H. R. and R. O. Lines for "Roe," Marquette, Duluth, Minneapolis and points west.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND DIVISION

Leave Detroit daily 10:30 P. M.

Arrive Cleveland daily 5:30 A. M.

Leave Cleveland daily 10:15 P. M.

Arrive Detroit daily 5:30 A. M.

Day trips between Detroit and Cleveland during July and August.

C & T LINE

Leaves Detroit for Cleveland, Painesville and Toledo.

Send a two-cent stamp for illustrated Pamphlet. Address:

A. A. SCHAEFER, Gen. Supt. and P. E. M. Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAV. CO.

You Can't Trifle With Sickness and Disease.

Prevent it by using disinfectants, germicides and deodorants. We carry a full line of such household necessities. Chloride Lime, sprinkle pot box, 15c; Salphur, Phenol, Plaster's Chlorides, Tar Camphor, Fly Paper. Files carry germs of disease.

We have in stock everything in the drug line to prevent sickness, disease. Bring your prescriptions here.

ASK THE DOCTOR

M'PHERSON'S DRUG STORE

ABRAM L. WEIL & CO

GAMPBELL BLOCK

Telephones: Office, 369; Residence, 7st

INSURANCE

A MODERN HOME FOR SALE.

Six rooms, bath, furnace, hardwood floors, up-to-date in every particular. Apply on premises at 416 North Fifth street.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Corrected May 30, 1904.

South Bound

St. Charles 8:00am 101 108 121

St. Louisville 8:20am 8:40pm 7:21am

St. Owensboro 8:30pm 9:00am 7:30am

St. Horse Branch 8:30pm 8:50am 1:00am

St. Central City 8:30pm 8:50am 1:00am

St. Northtown 8:30pm 8:50am 1:00am

St. Evansville 8:30pm 8:50am 1:00am

St. Horse Branch 8:30pm 8:50am 1:00am