(Copyright, 1904. by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.) "Is he telling the truth?" Moriway

asked Mrs. Kingdon.
"Y—es, I guess he is; but where are the diamonds? We must have them— you know—to-day, George," she whis-pered. And then she turned and rent upstairs, leaving Moriway to do

There's only one thing to do, ma- shut it. jor," he said to the proprietor. "Search l'm not a thief. But—but it was some

the housekeeper.

"Search me, if ye lolke," growled pocket and handed it to her. McCarthy, resentfully. "Ol wasn't there but a minute; the lady herself boy you know just how old ladies real-

confidence, made a girl named Nancy to-day, with the marks of the morn-

boys have no rights, said nothing. But he thought. He thought, Tom Dor-gan, a lot of things and a long way

The peppery old major marched us all off to his private office. Not much, girls, it hadn't come. For suddenly the annunciator rang

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

"Number Twenty-one!" shouted the

But Number Twenty-one didn't budg His heart was beating like a hammer and the ting-ing-ing of that bell calling him rang in his head like a song "Number Twenty-one!" yelled the

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!-boy-confound you, can't you hear?" he shouted. That time he caught the major's

ear-the one that wasn't deaf. He oked from Powers' black face to the bench and then to me. And all the time the bell kept ringing like mad. "Git!" he said to the boy. 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

Oh, girls, those stone stairs, the servants' stairs at the St. James! They're fierce. I tell you, Mag. scrubthe 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 office again. So I climbed those stairs. and every step I took my eye was earching for a hiding-place. I could have pitched the little bag out of a like Miss Kingdon to know of it, be off the braids of red hair we used to morrow. play horse with when we drove her about the Cruelty yard.

all side in No chance. Pithana - Lang.

Everything bare as stone and soap

might lie snug till evening. I put the ends of my fingers first in the little crack to make sure the little bag uldn'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 lookg down at him.
"Ok, 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.

Not much, my boy-331." 'Scuse me, sir, ain't you mis-

He looked at me for full a minute I stared him straight in the eve. nasty eye he's got—black and blood-shot and cold and full of suspicion But it wavered a bit at the end.

"I may be," he said, slowly, "but not about the number. Just you turn around and get down to 331." "All right, sir. Thank you very much. It might have got me in trouble

The ladies are so particular about hav-

"I guess you'll get in trouble alight," he said and stood watching from where he stood he could watch me every inch of the way-till I got to 331, at the end of the hall, Mrs Kingdon's door.

And the goods still on me, Tom, mind that.

"Why did they send you?" she cried
"Why did you keep me waiting so
long? I want a chambermaid. I've
rung a dozen times. The whole place
is crazy about that old ball to-night,
and no one can get decent attention."
"Can't I do what you want, ma'am?"
I just yearned to get inside that door
"No," she snapped. "I don't want ser
boy to fasten my dress in the back—een

ment I had them tucked away in my
pants pocket. Then down the freescape and out through 231, where
to do the painter I'd been to get a toy
the boy in 441 had dropped out of the
window.

But he paid no attention to me. No
one did, though I felt those diamonde
had been to get a toy
the boy in 441 had them tucked away in my
pants pocket. Then down the freescape and out through 231, where
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the boy in 441 had dropped out of the
window.

But he paid no attention to me. No
one did, though I felt those diamonde
had place to get me to get me

"You do. Well-"
"Yes'm." I breathed again.

Well-it's Indecent. Go down and end me a maid."

She was just closing the door in my

ace—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 lown to the office they'll search me."

She looked at me amazed.
"And—and there's something in my pocket I-you wouldn't like them

"What in the world-my diamonds 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 s
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

Search me? It's an outrage!" cried thing you dropped—this."
I fished Moriway's letter out of my

ly are. This one at evening, after her the chambermaid, flushed face had been massaged for an h painfully, and there were indignant and the manicure girl and the hairing's tears on her agitated face, with But the boy Nat, knowing that bell. the blood pounding up to her temples where the hair was thin and gray-Tom Dorgan, if I'm a vain old foo like that when I'm three times as old

> into the nearest water, won't you?
> "You abominable little wretch!" sobbed. "I suppose you've told every-body in the office."

as I am, just tie a stone around my neck and take me down and drop me

"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' It was thin, but she wanted to be

She could have taken me in her arms, she was so happy.
"There! there!" she patted

shoulder and gave me a dollar bill. was a bit hasty, Nat. It's only alittle business matter that Mr. Moriway's attending to for me. finish it up this afternoon. I shouldn's



"YOU LITTLE WRETCH."

window, but Nancy Olden wash" cause—because I—never like to worry throwing diamonds to the birds, any her about business, you know. So more than Mag here is likely to cut don't mention it when she comes to-"No'm. Shall I fasten your dress?"

I simply had to stay in that room till I could get rid of those diamonds.

With a faded old blush—the nicest to-morrow, Mr. Moriway."

thing about her I'd ever seen-she turned her back.

"It's dark to-day, ma'am," I coaxed.

there in a corner was a fire hatchet lamb. While I hooked with one hand, Behind that I dropped the little bag where the car- looked up from her daughter's shoul-Mrs. Kingdon's diamonds pet was still turned up, and with the toe of my shoe spread it flat again. "You're real handy for a boy," she lit on me.

> "Thank you, ma'am," I answered, my letter." pleased myself.

Moriway was still watching me, of such course, when I came out, but I ran downstairs, he following close, and when the major got hold of me, I pulled. my pockets inside out like a little man. and the moment I was sure his eyes were off me I was ready to get those Thief! Thief!"

diamonds back again. But not a call came all that after-noon from the west side of the house, clous things snug under the carpet calling, calling to me to come and get them and drop bell-boying for good.

At last I couldn't stand it any longer. There's only one thing to da when your chance won't come to you; that is, to go to it. At about four I could hear Moriway as I pelted on story and there-Mag, I always was the luckiest girl at the Cruelty, wasn't Well, there was suite 231 all torn plumbers and painters in there, up, plumbers and painters in there and nothing in the world to preven a boy's skinning through when no one was watching, out of the window and

up the fire-escape. Just outside of Mrs. Kingdon's window I lay still a minute. I had seen er and Moriway go out together-she all gay with finery, he carrying her bag. The lace curtains in 331 were blowing in the breeze. Cautiously I parted them and looked in. Everything was lovely. From where I lay I reached down and turned back the flap of the carpet. It was too easy My, but Mrs. Kingdon was wrathy Those darling diamonds seemed jus hen she saw me! to leap up into my hand. In a mo-"Why did they send you?" she cried ment I had them tucked away in my

We often do, ma'am," I said, softly. actually outside the door, almost in the street and off to you, when a girl "Here, boy, carry this case," she

> 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:

with the chinchilla fur.
How did they look? Oh, fairly well girl I'd seen in the coat and hat was

lowed her back into the hotel. I didn't want to a bit, though that coat stillonder 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 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 no get here till to-morrow. But I-" "Wanted to get here in time for the

edding?" 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 marat 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 suit-case. But before I could get it despite the roar of the train, set down on the floor she had swooped result was something like this: on a letter that was lying in the mid dle of the table, had torn it open and then with a cry had come whirling

"Where is this church? Come, help me to get to it before five and I'lloh, 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 church was a carriage with Moriway just helping Mrs. Kingdon out.

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 made excuses and begged to be for-

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 wed-

"I'm just in time, Mr. Moriway, to see that my mother's not made unhappy by your presence. "Evelyn!" Mrs. Kingdon remon-

strated. "Come, Sarah." Moriway offered his

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

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

"In fact, mother's changed her mind, 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 up to the corner like a gentle little mother?"

"In fact, mother's changed her mind. Mr. Moriway. She thinks it ungenerate window?"

No, she wouldn't mind. She backed up to the corner like a gentle little mother?"

der-she was crying all over that pre-clous red coat of mine-and her eyes "Oh-you wicked boy, you told a lie!" she gasped. "You did read

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

But that was an unlucky laugh of mine; it turned his wrath on me. He made a dive toward me. I ducked and Moriway was there at the time. I knew he wasn't convinced. But he couldn't watch a bellboy all day long.

As he fell, though, he let out a yell. "Stop thief! Stop thief! Thief!

May you never hear it, Mag, behind you when you've somebody else's diamonds in your pocket. It soundsit sounds the way the bay of the hounds must sound to the hare. 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 -that brassy, cruel bellow of his that made my heart sick.

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



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on a blonde! But to my taste the last \$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 i 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 hardest on his trousers. Because he will not tolerate the suggestion of a wrinkle in his nether garments, he rarely wears a pair of trousers more than three or four times. In this in the course of a year.

dulges in a great vallety of headand caps from time to time have resulted in popularizing no less than seven distinct varieties.- Exchange

Conversation in Subway. ing to make themselves understood. despite the roar of the train. The "How are your folks?" said one

"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 rise in the price of ice this summer

"Are you going away this year?" from the first man. "Near? Yes; I live near the sta-

venient, too," the second man renlied '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 institu-

ion, John; it gets you up here in no "You bet! I like it. Some perons say they have trouble convers ing while the trains are in motion

but it doesn't affect me."- New

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 o intelligent that it was almost impossible to believe he could be out

Immediately a cunning look came nto the man's eyes and he looked thout him warily. bout him warily.

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

Eighty-Pound Year-Old Baby.

Staten Island has an eighty-pound aby, and is proud of it. The baby s a girl. Effie Shotwell, now 13 nonths 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 Bloomfeld, S. I., has many visitors now among the mothers of Staten Island. Miss Effie's mother, who was one of eighteen children, weighs about 105 ounds; her father is not large, and all his people were of ordinary size. The big baby's grandmother on her nother's side weighs 180 pounds, however and she is held responsible for Miss Effie's size .- New York

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

"We charge five dollars a week or men, four and a half for ladies, and four dollars for children old nough to eat. All ages and sexes to pay more if difficult."-July Lippin-

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"And what are you here for, my man?" asked the journalist at the second man? I second man. I seco 6:10pm 3;40am 4:16pm 6:15pm 8:45am 4:20pm 7:10pm 9:15am 6:44am 8:80pm 8:87am 10:10pm 11:58pm 10:15am 12:33am 6:00am 11:20am 1:48am 7:40am 11:26am 1:48am 7:50am 12:30pm 3:03am 0:20am 6:15pm 5.20am

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South Bound         105         275           v. S.; Louis         7:45am         9:40pm           v. Chicago         2:50am         6:70pm           v. Carbondale         11:40am         7:05am           r. Paducab         2:55pm         11:00am
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South Bound         120-822         126-836           v Chicago         6,20 pm         9,50 pm           v St. Louis         9,48 pm         1,00 pm           v Calro         6,00 am         5,555 m
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