THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jack had gone. He had waited on at the little cottage a weary week after that evening when Jean had crept down and as gently as possible had told him of Audrey's strange aversion to seeing him.

"It is only a whim," Jean said, hurriedly; "we must humor her."

That same night it was, when they were sitting alone in the tiny dining room, that Jack suddenly poured out the whole miserable story into Jean's ears; the story of that ball; of how he had been hoaxed into driving over to see Mr. Benson, who had never sent for him; of all the horrible things he had heard about Audrey; and, lastly, of how he had come upon her in the summer house, with Beverley Rochfort at her feet kissing her hands.

"Put yourself in my place, and judge as I judged. Do not view things as they are now, or you will be harder upon me than I deserve," he said, as he leaned his weary, aching brow on his hand.

"I will not be hard upon you at all, Lord John," Jean said, very gently; "for I think I should have been misled as you were by such apparently strong circumstantial evidence. I am glad you have spoken out to me, and I only wish Audrey had done the same, for then we might have arrived at the truth."

"What is it you mean?" Jack asked, looking up at her, eagerly.

"I mean that I now am convinced that Willie is right, and that there was some plot connived against you both at that ball. I have no definite proof, only a woman's intuition to work upon, but that shall be enough. This must be sifted, Lord John, sifted to the very dregs. I love you both," she continued, tears dimming her eyes. "You have been more than good to me, and now that Audrey's mother is gone I feel I must be friend, sister and mother in one. You will see that I am right, and that you and my dear one were both the victims of some conspiracy. On the face of it the whole affair is absurd. Don't you love each other better than all the world? I shall write to Willie and tell him all my doubts."

And the result of that letter was to put Willie Fullerton on the track of Murray, whom Jean seemed convinced could throw some light on the subject.

A week had gone, and Audrey was wonderfully better; it was her first real day of convalescence, and Jean was sitting with her, reading. Downstairs Jack was trying to comfort himself, when suddenly a familiar voice accosted him, and he found himself shaking hands with Marshall. Marshall, grown older, and looking very wan in her simple black for her beloved mistress. It somehow comforted Jack to see her; she seemed to bring back a little of the sweet influence that had surrounded Constance Fraser.

She had come direct from seeing Mr. Fullerton, who had briefly told her all, and she now asked to see Audrey at once.

"Let me nurse her, my lord," she entreated; "her, my dear's own child. Will you go up and tell her I'm here, my lord? Perhaps I'd best not go straight without saying."

Jack's face flushed; he hesitated; then he rose and went out of the room. He could not bring himself to tell Marshall he was forbidden his wife's presence.

He went steadily upstairs and stood outside the door. The handle was turned, and from within came the sound of a faint, low voice. He meant to have called Jean, but the sound of that voice stopped him.

It was Audrey speaking. His heart beat violently, then turned as cold as iron in his breast. She was speaking of him, but how bitterly! Each word seemed to go through him like a knife. Jean had been pleading his cause, but he only heard Audrey's answer.

"I refuse to see him, Jean; I refuse to hear his name mentioned again. Yes, yes; I know you think me a foolish child, a fretful invalid; but I am more than this. I may not be very old in years, but I have suffered as much as any woman of fifty. Do you forget all he wrote in that awful letter? Oh, Jean! Jean! You don't know how his words have struck home! He says I have wronged him—I, who—who—who——" Her voice grew choked for a moment, but she soon mastered her emotion. "No, Jean; there can be no friendship or kindly feeling between us. As he has judged me, so let me live; my pride and my honor will support me without him. I—I trust I shall never see him again; I shall be happier when I know he is far away. He said he was going on a tour of the world. Why does he not start? Why does he add to his former cruelty by staying here?"

"Audrey, you are unjust, you are unlike yourself; you judge your husband most cruelly. If you could only know how he has suffered——"

Audrey broke in with a hard, bitter laugh.

"I see he has won your heart, Jean. Well, we will say no more, except that I am firm, and that if Lord John has any pride left he will not force himself upon me, but go at once."

But Jack heard no more; he did not know that the hard, contemptuous tone suddenly broke with a little gasping sob; he did not see the thin, small hands cover the white, lovely face; he did not know that Jean had slipped from her chair and was holding Audrey's weeping form clasped in her arms. No, he knew none of this, for he had gone straight downstairs, he had picked up his hat and ulster, and opening the door, he had walked out into the wind and rain, looking neither to the right nor the left, turning his back deliberately on all that he held dearest in life.

Before the dawn was broken Willie Fullerton had followed Jack Glendurwood up to town, but though he searched every club, chamber or well-known haunt, he nowhere found the man he sought, and when he awoke from a well-earned night's rest, it was to read a telegram from Mr. Sampson, stating he had received one from Jack, who had sailed the evening before from Southampton in the Minosta for Australia, and might be absent for years, perhaps forever. So after all, Sheila had been partially successful, for she had separated this man and wife.

It was deputed to Jean to tell Audrey that her husband was gone, but she let two days elapse before she breached the subject of his name. The fit of weeping had done good rather than harm.

"If only we had him here now, all would be as right as ninepence," the doctor had said to Jean on the morrow following Jack's hurried departure.

"But he is not here, and he will not come, so we must think of what will be best under the circumstances."

The young doctor had a look of warm admiration for Jean. What courage, determination and common sense she possessed, and withal how large a heart! Certainly Willie Fullerton was to be envied!

"I am afraid she will fret when she is told all," Jean added, thoughtfully; "still it is best all should be known. I shall keep nothing from her, either now or in the future," and so, when at last she spoke of Jack's departure, Jean very gently but thoroughly put all the facts before Audrey that Mr. Fullerton had managed to glean about the masked ball and its miserable results. She was shown Murray's confession, signed and attested by Sheila Fraser. She was given all the information there was to give, and then Jean very sensibly, and with more than ordinary tact, went softly away, and left her alone to fight the battle out by herself.

When they met again there were tear stains on the girl's white face, but she was wonderfully quiet.

"Will you send for Jack's mother, please, Jean, and ask her to come home? Now—now I am alone I should like her advice. It is only right and proper as his wife I should consult his mother."

Ten days later news came to Mountberry that Craiglands was preparing to receive her grace of Harborough, who was returning with her son, Lord Iverne, and her daughter-in-law, Lady John Glendurwood, and, as may be supposed, the village was greatly exercised in its mind over this intelligence, having had its curiosity whetted considerably by the vague and unsatisfactory rumors that had been circulated about the same said Lady John.

Dinglewood House was shut up, and it was understood vaguely that Miss Fraser was visiting, though where no one exactly knew. It was generally voted annoying that Sheila should have been absent just now. She could have thrown light on a good deal of what was perplexing, and have, moreover, given the real account of what had happened at the ball; whether it was true that Lady John had flirted and behaved so abominably, or whether Dr. and Mrs. Thorngate were correct in saying that somebody had imitated her ladyship's domino, and cleverly tricked the whole room of guests into imagining that it was Lady John who so thoroughly disgraced herself and her husband's name. Then Sheila, too, could have given the exact history as to what had occurred between Lord John and his wife, and what was the meaning of all the extraordinary rumors that had been circulated.

But Sheila was not on hand to be questioned, and, in default of encouragement, it was really wonderful how soon the excitement and curiosity began to die away and how readily everybody grew to consider Audrey as having been most injured by the trick that had been so wantonly played upon her. In fact, by the time Christmas was due, Lady John and her doings were a theme too old to be mentioned anywhere, and the affairs at Craiglands would have been passed over as almost indifferent and uninteresting, but that, just as the joybells were proclaiming the birth of a new Christchild, the icy fingers of the death angel were laid upon the heart of Duncan, Marquis of Iverne, and he was taken from his bed of suffering to a reign of peace and rest.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a week since they had carried away all that remained of the once handsome, merry young Lord Iverne and buried him with pomp and solemnity in the Harborough vault. A telegram had winged its flight across the ocean to Melbourne, from whence Mr. Sampson had received a curt announcement of John Glendurwood's safe arrival—a telegram briefly giving the sad news of one brother's death to another, but no answer had been vouchsafed, and the lawyer could not but entertain strong doubts as to whether the new Marquis of Iverne was gone still further on his travels, and so their message was unread.

Craiglands was very sad in those days. The duchess seemed to break down altogether after her son's death. Yet, despite all this, she was gentle and kind to Audrey beyond description; she could not have given the girl more love if she had been her own child. They were quiet days, and peaceful, and Audrey found many little duties to perform which helped to make the hours fly. She was very pale and delicate, but she refused to allow Jean to consider her an invalid, and was never weary of flitting about the duchess, eager to do all and anything in her power to alleviate the sorrow which was oppressing the mother's heart. The only distraction was Willie Fullerton's weekly visits, when his breezy, happy manner seemed to change the very atmosphere.

Snow had fallen heavily and it lay on the ground during the whole month of January and onward. Despite this, however, Audrey would persist in going out as much as possible.

"It does me good," she said to Jean, who was fearful of every cold wind that blew on her darling. "I must go, Jean. I—I feel sometimes as if I should go mad in the house!"

She had this restless feeling on her one afternoon toward the middle of February.

"I shall walk into Mountberry. I want to see Mrs. Thorngate—do you mind, dearest?" she asked the duchess, who sat, half dozing, half dreaming, by the fire.

"Take care of yourself, Audrey. Put on stout boots! This snow is so penetrating!"

Audrey walked briskly over the snow, a slender, graceful figure in her heavy, black garments, her lovely face lovelier than ever in its somber setting. She was warmly greeted by Dr. Thorngate, who was just leaving the vicarage as she arrived. Audrey thought he looked worn and troubled.

"My wife will be rejoiced to see you," he said, and his gaze followed the girlish form in an affection that was deepened only by admiration and respect.

Mrs. Thorngate was troubled, too, and though she welcomed Lady Iverne with all her old love, she was not herself. Audrey felt pained and full of sympathy.

"I am sure you would rather I did not stay, dear Mrs. Thorngate," she said, simply, rising and drawing on her wraps again. "You have something on your mind, and will be better alone."

Mrs. Thorngate's answer was to burst into tears.

"My heart is broken!" she sobbed. "Oh, Beverley, my boy, my boy! And I have loved you, honored you, believed in you so much!"

Audrey knelt down by her friend.

"Let me help you. Tell me all," she begged, her own eyes growing dim and misty with pity.

It was a very brief story. Beverley had written to his aunt that morning. He was in a terrible predicament. Two years back he had committed forgery out in Africa; he had cleverly escaped detection, and had come to England, thinking all danger gone. Unluckily for him, his movements and real name had been discovered; he had been tracked. If the money were not forthcoming in the next twenty-four hours he would be handed over to justice.

"Audrey, what can I do? What can I do? I cannot sit here and know that he, the boy I have loved, is condemned to a felon's cell. He has been my joy, my one delight, and Gus refuses to let me help him."

Audrey felt her heart beginning to beat with a sense of pain and apprehension. The very mention of this man's name fell like a black shadow on her heart. She trembled as she recalled all the evil his cold-blooded treachery had worked between herself and Jack; the memory of his passionate love words raised a blush of shame to her face even now, but she put her own feelings on one side to minister to Mrs. Thorngate's sorrow.

"Will you let me take this off your shoulders?" she asked. "Hush! Not a word. We are friends, are we not? Rest, and be at peace, for, by God's will, I will save him from what you fear!"

(To be continued.)

OLD STYLE CLOCKS SIMPLE.

Still Manufactured and Sold by Dealers and in Good Demand.

Conspicuous by their simplicity or their quaintness or both among the many sample clocks of more modern designs shown in the salesrooms of a clock-manufacturing concern were a few of the old styles. There were old-time, so-called Gothic clocks, once a favorite style; not a very big clock and with the top not flat but carried up to a ridge line like a sharp-pointed roof, with the gable end to the front, and having as its base, on either side, at the top of the body of the clock, a little spire, the lower section of the door of the clock, below the dial, painted with some sort of design.

There were cottage clocks, these smaller than the Gothics, and like all these old-time clocks are simple, and trim looking, with upright, square-cornered cases.

And then there were bigger clocks, larger than the cottage clocks and larger than the Gothics, clocks with their long door deeply recessed within a wide bordering molding, tall, square, cornered, prim-looking and yet engaging clocks, such as once, made of mahogany or mahogany veneer, stood on many and many a mantelpiece, clocks with big dials and long hands and with a sonorous tick.

Among these large clocks there were some with cases less severe in design and finished, with some ornamentation about them and gilded half-columns, one on either side of the case, in front, clocks such as once adorned the shelf of many an old-time parlor.

These old-style clocks were not old clocks, but new clocks. Such as are still manufactured and sold.

"Clocks are now made of many materials as to their cases and in innumerable styles," said the salesman, "and we are adding new styles all the time, and the great majority of people buy these clocks of later designs. But we still continue to sell clocks of a few of those once familiar old styles. Some of these old-style clocks we make with modern spring improvements within their old-time cases and others of them we still make with the old-time clock weights.

"Of all these new old-style clocks comparatively few are sold in the city. They go mostly to smaller towns and to the country. But it would not do to say that they are bought by old-time people clinging to old-time ways and styles. They may find such buyers but other buyers anywhere may fancy them for their quaintness or for old-time associations."

Didn't Help Matters.

Daughter (in tears)—But, papa, what have you against Charles? I am sure he would make a good husband.

Irate Papa—He's an idiot, and is only after your money.

Daughter—Oh, no, papa; I know he would marry me without a cent.

Irate Papa—Would he? Then he is a worse idiot than I thought.—Pele Mele.

Her for the Single Bliss.

Miss Elderleigh—Now that you have a husband, I suppose you haven't a single wish ungratified.

Mrs. Wedderly (sighing)—Only one—and that is a single wish.

CHEAP STOCKS HELP

WILL TEMPT FOREIGN BUYERS TO SPECULATING.

Will Untie Fat Purses of Shrewd Ones in Europe—Profits in Sight—Bargain Hunters Abroad Already Nibbling at Prime Securities—Only a Few at Present.

A financial force that will furnish a mighty uplift of no mean measure to the monetary situation throughout the United States may be reckoned upon to make itself felt within the near future, when European investors, according to views expressed in New York city by international banking houses, are expected to come to the New York market and purchase standard securities whose prices have been forced to low levels by urgent liquidation.

Purchases of American securities on a large scale by foreign investors spell gold imports of large proportions, and the opinion was freely expressed that millions would soon be poured into New York in payment for securities purchased at the present level. Arbitrage houses already report purchases of an investment character by foreigners and as the situation clears the purchases will increase.

England and the continent bought largely of American securities last March, when the local market was suffering from a severe decline, and arbitrage brokers now say that bargain hunters abroad are again nibbling at good American securities.

"We are going to have some features of 1893 over again," said a member of an international banking house. "After the storm came the calm in that year, and while we were adjusting ourselves to a new order of affairs the European investor came into our market and bought heavily of our stocks, which did more than anything else to bring needed gold to our shores. The storm center is now behind us and purchases for foreign account will soon help swell our credit abroad and prevent cessation of gold importation. I have London advices that many English institutions are disposing of English and Argentine railroads in preparation for investment in this market. A momentary stringency brought about by an excess of prosperity can never be provocative of continued distrust of our institutions, and with a clearing situation the capital of Europe will find its way here for investment when the yield on the investment is greater than in any financial market in the world."

European houses are said to be bare of American securities which were sold here last summer, according to reports made by arbitrage houses here, and these houses may now be considered as probable purchasers of the very securities which they sold many points higher than present prices.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

Ralph Butler, fullback for California in the intercollegiate game last Saturday, lies in the hospital in a serious condition. He has two broken ribs and his kidneys are dangerously effected as the result of a kick received during the progress of the game.

The Los Angeles city council has adopted a new ordinance which will regulate prize fighting in. It proides that contests are not to exceed 10 rounds in length, prohibits the presence of a referee in the ring and forbids the use of any gloves lighter than six ounces.

R. H. Glickman, salesman for the International Postal Card company of Chicago, lost his life in the plunge at the natatorium in Boise, Idaho. It is supposed he was seized with an attack in the heart. He was to have been married Tuesday.

The Union National bank of Oakland, Cal., has failed.

It is reported that the two central labor bodies of Butte are soon to consolidate.

Thomas Wolsey, a carpenter, was killed in Seattle last Monday by an electric shock.

Mr. Marconi announces that he is giving considerable thought to the employment of Herzian waves for transmission of power as well as means of communication.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Miss Katheryne Vosbaugh, who for nearly 60 years passed as a man, died at a hospital in Trinadad, Colorado, recently. She was 83 year old.

Judge Sullivan of Spokane has ruled that cigaret prohibition law passed by the last legislature is unconstitutional because where the title of an act provides for regulation merely, the legislature, by the force of constitutional limitations, is prohibited from enacting an absolute prohibition of the evil complained of.

In a dynamite explosion near Spokane last Monday one man was killed and another is about to die, a third is in jail. It is the belief of the police that the men were attempting to get nitroglycerine from dynamite, to be used in safe-blowing, and that it was during the process that the explosion occurred. It is believed that the man in the hospital is Albert S. Grant and the man in the morgue is Al Addison, and Charles Moore is the one in jail.

Mayor Busse of Chicago has signed an ordinance granting to the telephone company an extension of its franchise until 1929.

SPORTING NOTES.

L. C. Hull of Brazenose college, a Rhodes scholar from Michigan, has again been successful in field athletics. He won the 100-yard dash easily, in 10¾.

Twelve to eight and all field goals was the result of the football game Friday at Walla Walla in which Whitman eliminated the University of Washington from the championship map.

It was an even break between Multnomah and Seattle in the first interclub boxing and wrestling championship series which were inaugurated in Portland Friday night. Seattle, Portland and Spokane are entered in the tournament.

The surprise of the evening was the quick victory scored by Chester Brown of Seattle, the crack welterweight boxer, for he knocked out Jack Walsh of the Multnomah club in 1 minute and 37 seconds of the first round.

Ed Johnson, Multnomah's heavyweight boxer, scored a victory by clearly earning the decision over Sam Peck of Seattle in their three-round bout.

Idaho's varsity eleven, supposed to be easy for the Washington State college, Friday afternoon sprung a big surprise and defeated their opponents 5 to 4, before the largest crowd that ever saw a football game on the Idaho field. Idaho worked the forward pass successfully in the first half and sent Savidge over for a touchdown, goal being missed. In the second half Washington rushed the ball near enough for Hardy to kick a goal from the 30-yard line. Idaho won on its merits. Its lighter team was the more aggressive, its defense was magnificent, the generalship of the quarterback, Rodney Small, was superb, the team pulled together as one man, there was never a moment's relaxation in that desperate fighting spirit, and in the end the husky eleven from Washington State college was out-gamed and played to a standstill.

Saturday Football Scores.

Spokane high 22, Tacoma high 0.
Nebraska sailors 9, Seattle A. C. 4.
Seattle high 23, West Portland high 0.
Butte high 23, Bozeman 0.
All-Stars 8, Multnomah 0.

Other Games Saturday.

Cambridge, Mass.—After 11 years of unsuccessful efforts the Carlisle Indian team succeeded in lifting Harvard's football scalp, defeating the Crimson eleven in the most brilliant game of the season by a score of 23 to 15.

West Point, N. Y.—Playing the same strong game that enabled her to defeat Princeton two weeks ago, Cornell defeated West Point by a score of 14 to 10 in the first game ever played between these two elevens.

New Haven, Conn.—Yale was up against her hardest opponent of the season, next to West Point, when its eleven met and defeated the strong Brown team 22 to 0.

In a hard fought football game at Cheney the team of the State Normal school defeated the Blair Business college of Spokane by the score of 6 to 0.

Street Cars Collide In Seattle Suberb

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 12. — Forty women and children were injured, 26 of them quite seriously, in a streetcar accident here, when two speeding cars crashed into each other in a dense fog Both cars were smashed up and 75 per cent of the passengers injured.

The accident was due to the foolhardy attempt of the conductor and motor man of the city bound car to steal a switch on the outbound car. The track ran over a trestle above the tide flats and the fog made it impossible for the men in charge of the cars to see each other until within a few feet. The coaches narrowly escaped topling over into deep water. Several of the victims may die, among them Motorman H. T. Huffine, the man who attempted to steal the switch.

The place where the accident occurred is several miles from Seattle on a single track line, and the injured were without medical attention or competent aid until a special relief car arrived. A feature of the accident was the number injured about the head and face, due to striking against the backs of the cross seats. Among the injured is C. T. Harbough, a traveling passenger agent for the Pennsylvania railroad system. C. W. Smith, assistant librarian of the state university, is aslo a victim.

Mr. Dollar Won Land Fraud Case

Moscow, Idaho, Nov. 12. — The seventh and last day of the Dollar-Swisher land fraud case came to an end Monday night, when the jury returned into court after having deliberated an hour and 20 minutes with a verdict of "not guilty" regarding both William Dollar of Coeur d'Alene and Arthur F. Swisher of St. Maries.

Every union cigarmaker in Tacoma is on a strike because the manufacturers would not concede to their request.

"Dry" Wave Hurts Revenues.

The prohibition wave throughout the south has cut so deeply into the government liquor license there that President Roosevelt has ordered the consolidation of the two Tennessee internal revenue districts.

How long will the world continue to sacrifice her saviors?

PRESENTS NEW IDEAS

TO ROOSEVELT ON REFORMS THAT LOOK GOOD TO HIM.

Provides for National Control of Interstate Commerce Corporation, Compulsory Publicity of Accounts—Change All State Banks and Trust Companies to National Banks.

Eugene T. Prussing, a well-known Chicago lawyer, for three years president of the Citizens' association there, called on the president recently to present his views on corporate reforms. The president read and discussed with interest the brief statement which Mr. Prussing submitted. It follows:

"Currency reform, anti-trust law amendments and railroad regulation naturally will first claim the attention of congress.

"General corporation reform in its various phases may fairly be classed second in importance. Long and varied experience in corporation matters leads me to offer these suggestions:

"The first question, that of jurisdiction of the federal government, will in each instance be the challenge of the opposition. Successful effort, therefore, must be along the line of the least resistance, that is to say, in harmony with the principles of state rights and local government, as well as the sentiments based upon these, even if extreme.

"National control of interstate commerce corporations, as distinguished from national incorporation of all or most corporations, will be readily granted by most men of both parties.

"Compulsory publicity of accounts, the subjection of books, papers and plans to inspection, etc., of government officials will easily be accomplished.

Limits Holding of Stock.

"The new step advised by the association of attorneys general, slightly modified, will be in the right direction, and will be approved by state rights men and federalists alike. The association recommends that the right to hold stock in any other corporation should be denied to all interstate commerce corporations. It seems to me that the purpose of this, namely, to compel the real owners of a corporation to do business in their own name, can be achieved by requiring the corporation owning stock in another, and the corporation in which it owns stock, to list such owners and stock holdings, respectively, in every case with the department of commerce. Thus honest holding companies will be permitted, and yet protected against possible assault of local taxation or other unjustly discriminating laws, just as national banks are now, while the public in turn will have knowledge of whom it is dealing with and can protect itself.

"The change of state banks and trust companies to national banks, which can be accomplished by a single amendment of the national banking act, will also be popular and can be along state rights."

More Power to National Banks.

The proposed change is this:

"Give national banks two additional powers and their consequences.

"1. To accept and execute trusts, by complying with the general state laws on that subject, wherever they exist, and in the District of Columbia.

"2. To accept trust, savings and time deposits and to keep separate accounts of the total of these, making proper rules for notices of withdrawals, and allow a small percentage of reserves as to these deposits, and also the making of solid bond and mortgage and other savings bank investments of the funds so received.

"Thus every national bank becomes the full competitor of trust companies, and soon the latter will be forced to become national banks.

"Go at the general corporation problem in a similar manner. Enlist the state representative men on your side. Keep the subject of incorporation and ordinary control a state concern; make the local laws harmonize, if possible, by appointing a commission to investigate the entire subject. Get the best talent; Root, Choate, Dillon and others of that type will be glad to serve for patriotic reasons, and a result will be achieved in the form of a code based on principles and experiences suited to our dual government and varied conditions—just as it was in Germany in 1870-75 in the enactment of laws by Prussia and the other states of the empire which have served the purpose and stood the test of time."

Praised by Roosevelt.

At the end of the interview the president said:

"And now, my dear sir, I want to pay you a compliment. I did not expect you to give me a single thing—instead of that you have given me several practical suggestions in concrete form—some of which are entirely new. I shall study them with pleasure. I may say you will soon see them reflected somewhere."

Plays Piano Nearly 26 Hours.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 11.—J. M. Waterbury of New York completed the feat of playing a piano in a local musical establishment for 25 hours and 45 minutes without a stop, a record, it is said, which has never been equaled. Judges of his "stunt" declared that Waterbury never left the piano or stopped playing for a moment in all that time.