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HE west-bound stopped | with the money, and, going into the at San Rosario on "pony corral," as he called it, in at 8:20 a. m. A man which his desk was railed off, he bewith a thick black gan to look over his letters.

tip to let you know."

get back

to write.

the vault.

in the rear, and called him.

he bank yet?" he asked the boy.

and slipped it into his vest pocket.

He leaned back in his chair for a few

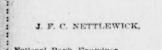
his arm left the train walked rapidly examiner had failed to notice. When and up the main street of he had begun his work at the cash 1375 the town, There were 3 other passengers who nificantly at Roy Wilson, the youthful also got off at San Rosario, but they bank messenger, and nodded his head either slouched limberly over to the railroad eating house or the Silver Dollar saloon, or joined the groups of idlers about the station.

Indecision had no part in the movements of the man with the wallet. He al. was short in stature, but strongly built, with very light, closely trimmed hair, smooth, determined face, and aggressive, gold-rimmed nose glasses. He was well dressed in the prevailing eastern style. His air denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority.

After walking a distance of three squares he came to the center of the town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the postoflice. Upon another Rubensky's clothing emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National and the Stockmen's National. Into the First National bank of San Rosario ewcomer walked never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashier's window. The bank opened for husiness at nine, and the working force was already assembled, each preparing his department for the day's business. The cashier was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Bank doesn't open 'til nine," he remarked, curtly, but without feeling. had had to make that statement often to early birds since San so often to early birds since San Rosario adopted city banking hours. "I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones. "Will

you kindly receive my card?" The cashier drew the small, spotless, parallelogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:



National Bank Examiner

"Oh-er-will you walk around inside, Mr.-er-Nettlewick, Your first visit-didn't know your business, of course. Walk right around, piease.

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank. where he was ponderously introduced to each employee in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier-a middle-aged gentleman of deliberation, discretion and method.

"I was kind of expecting Sam Tu ner round again, pretty soon," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sain's been examining us now, for about four years. 1 gas you'll find us all right, though, coning the tightness in business Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storms, sir, stand the storms."

Turner and I have been or dered by the comptroller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his decisive, formal tones. "He is cov-ering my old territory in southern Illinois and Indiana. I will take the cash first, please.

Perry Dorsey, the teller, was already arranging his cash on the counter for the examiner's inspection. He was right to a cent and

go over them together. Nobody in the tank knows those notes as I do Some of 'em are little wobbly on their legs, and some are Mavericks without extra many brands on their backs, but they'll most all pay cut at the round-

UD. The two sat down at the president's desk. desk. First, the examiner went through the notes at lightning speed. and added up their total, finding it to agree with the amount of loans carried on the book of daily balances. Next, he took up the larger loans, inquiring scrupulously into the condition of their indorsers or securities. The new examiner's mind seemed

Earlier, a little incident had occourse and turn and make unexpected curred that even the sharp eyes of the dashes hither and thither like a blood hound seeking a trail. Finally he pushed aside all the notes except a counter, Mr. Edlinger had winked sigfew, which he arranged in a neat pile before him, and began a dry, formal little speech.

slightly toward the front door. Roy "I find, sir, the condition of you understood, took his hat and walked bank to be very good, considering the eisurely out, with his collector's book poor crops and the depression in the under his arm. Once outside, he made cattle interests of your state. The a bee-line for the Stockmen's Nationclerical work seems to be done ac-That bank was also getting ready curately and punctually. Your past to open. No customers had, as yet, presented themselves. due paper is moderate in amount, and promises only a small loss. I would "Say, you people!" cried Roy, with recommend the calling in of your the familiarity of youth and long aclarge loans, and the making of only sixty or ninety-day or call loans until quaintance, "you want to get a move on you. There's a new bank exeneral business revives. And now, aminer over at the First, and he's a there is one thing more, and I will

stem-winder. He's counting nickels have finished with the bank. Here on Perry, and he's got the whole outare six notes aggregating something fit bluffed. Mr. Edlinger gave me the ike \$40,000. They are secured, ac ording to their faces by various Mr. Buckley, president of the Stockstocks, bonds, shares, etc., to the men's National-a stout, elderly man, value of \$70,000. Those securities are oking like a farmer dressed for Sunmissing from the notes to which they day-heard Roy from his private office should be attached. I suppose you have them in the safe or vault. You "Has Major Kingman come down to will permit me to examine them."

Major Tom's light-blue eyes turned "Yes, sir, he was just driving up as I left," said Roy. unflinchingly toward the examiner. "No, sir," he said, in a low but "I want you to take him a note Put steady tone; "those securities are neither in the safe nor the vault. I it into his own hands as soon as you

have taken them. You may hold me Mr Buckley sat down and began personally responsible for their ab-Roy returned and handed to Major Nettlewick felt a slight thrill. He Kingman the envelope containing the note. The major read it, folded it,

ad not expected this. He had struck a momentous trail when the hunt was lrawing to a close. "Ah!" said the examiner. He wait- hand. d a moment, and then continued:

moments as if he were meditating deeply, and then rose and went into May I ask you to explain more defi-He came out with the nitely: bulky, old-fashioned leather note case "The securities were taken by me." stamped on the back in gilt letters, repeated the major. "It was not for 'Bills Discounted." In this were the

my own use, but to save an old friend otes due the bank with their attachin trouble. Come in here, sir, and we'll talk it over." ed securities, and the major, in his rough way dumped the lot upon his "Your statement," he began, "since

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desk and began to sort them over. . By this time Nettlewick had finish ed his count of the cash. His pencil fluttered like a swallow over the sheet of paper on which he had set his fig-He opened his black wallet which seemed to be also a kind of secret memorandum book, made a few rapid figures in it, wheeled and transfixed Dorsey with the glare of his spectacles. That look seemed to say: You're safe this time, but-

"Cash all correct," snapped the ex-niner. He made a dash for the inminer. dividual bookkeeper, and, for a few ninutes there was a fluttering of ledter leaves and a sailing of balance sheets through the air. "How often do you balance your

"Er-once a month," faltered the ndividual bookkeeper, wondering how any years they would give him.

"All right," said the examiner, turnng and charging upon the general bookkeeper, who had the statements f his foreign banks and their reconilement memoranda ready. Everything there was found to be all right, Then the stub book of the certificates of deposit. Flutter-flutter-zip-zip -check! All right. List of overdrafts, please. Thanks. H'm-m. Unigned bills of the bank, next. All

Then came the cashier's turn, and easy-going Mr. Edlinger rubbed his nose and polished his glasses nervously under the quick fire of questions concerning the circulation, undivided profits, bank real estate, and stock ownership. Presently Nettlewick was aware of

right.

rhythmic twang of the west; "we will and silver over Arizona, New Mexico and out that way is California, and statements-your misleading stateand a good part of California. We were both in the war of 'sixty-one, but in different commands. We've fought Indians and horse thieves side by side; we've starved for weeks in a cabin in the Arizona mountains, buried

twenty feet deep in snow; we've ridden herd together when the wind blew so hard the lightning couldn't strike old Anchor-Bar ranch. And during a romp, I'd like it.' hat time we've found it necessary more than once to help each other out of tight places. In those days it was expected of a man to stick to his friend, and he didn't ask any credit or it. Probably next day you'd need him to get at your back and help friend, all at once." stand off a band of Apaches, or put a ourniquet on your leg above a rattlenake bite and ride for whisky.

ifter all, it was give and take, and if you didn't stand square with your pardner, why, you might be shy one when you needed him. But Bob was a man who was willing to go further than that. He never played a limit.

"Twenty years ago I was sheriff of this county, and I made Bob my chief deputy. That was before the boom in cattle, when we both made our stake. I was sheriff and col-lector, and it was a big thing for me I was married, and we had a then. boy and a girl-a four and a six-yearold. There was a comfortable house next to the courthouse, furnished by the county, rent free, and I was saving some money. Bob did most of the office work. Both of us had seen rough times and plenty of rustling and danger, and I tell you it was great to hear the rain dashing against the windows of nights, and be warm and safe and comfortable, and know you could get up in the morning and be shaved and have folks call you 'mister.' And then, I had the finest wife and kids that ever struck the range, and my old friend with me enjoying the first fruits of prosperity and white shirts, and I guess I was happy. Yes, I was happy about that time.

The major sighed and glanced casu ally out of the window. The bank examiner changed his position, and leaned his chin upon his other

"One winter," continued the major, the money for the county taxes came poering in so fast that I didn't have time to take the stuff to the bank for a week. I just shoved the checks into a cigar box and the money into a sack, and locked them in the big safe that belonged in the sheriff's office. "I had been overworked that week,

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My

over there is Florida-and that's your range 'til court meets. You're in my charge, and I take the responsibility. You be here when you're wanted.

"'Thanks, Tom,' he said, kind of carelessly; 'I was sort of hoping you wouldn't lock me up. Court meets next Monday, so if you don't object, "Il just loaf around the office till then - Well, Bob and I have been through I've got one favor to ask, if it isn't too some rough spells since the first time much. If you'd let the kids come out we met in the branding camp of the in the yard once in a while and have

> "'Why not?' I answered him. They're welcome, and so are you. And come to my house, the same as ever.' You see, Mr. Nettlewick, you can't make a friend of a thief, but neither can you make a thief of a

The examiner made no answer. At that moment was heard the shrill ted the bank. They saw him travel whistle of a locomotive pulling into diagonally across the street in a So, the depot. That was the train on the little, narrow-gauge road that struck into San Rosario from the south. The major cocked his ear and listened for moment and looked at his watch. The narrow-gauge was in on time-10:35. The major continued:

"So Bob hung around the office, reading the papers and smoking. I put he read: another deputy to work in his place, and, after a while, the first excite-

ment of the case wore off. "One day when we were alone in the office Bob came over to where I was sitting. He was looking sort of grim and blue-the same look he used to get when he'd been up watching for Indians all night or herd-riding.

"'Tom,' says he, 'it's harder than standing off redskins; it's harder than lying in the lava desert forty miles from water; but I'm going to stick it out to the end. You know that's been my style. But if you'd tip me the smallest kind of a sign-if you'd just say: 'Bob, I understand,' why it would make it lots easier.'

"I was surprised. 'I don't know what you mean, Eob,' I said. 'Of course, you know that I'd do anything under the sun to help you that I could. · But you've got me guessing."

"'All right, Tom,' was all he said, and he went back to his newspaper and lit another cigar.

"It was the night before court met when I found out what he meant. I went to bed that night with that same old, light-headed, nervous feeling come back upon me. 1 dropped off to sleep about midnight. When I awoke I was standing, half dressed in one of the courthouse corridors. Bob was holding one of my arms, our family doctor the other, and Alice was shaking me and half crying. She had sent for the doctor without my knowing it, and when he came they had ound me out of bed and missing, and had begun a search.

'Sleep-walking,' said the doctor. "All of us went back to the house and the doctor told us some remarkable stories about the strange things people had done while in that condiion. I was feeling rather chilly after my trip out, and, as my wife was out of the room at the time, I pulled open the door of an old wardrobe that stood n the room and dragged out a big quilt I had seen in there. With it umbled out the bag of money for stealing which Bob was to be tried-

and convicted-in the morning. "'How the jumping rattlesnakes did that get there?' I yelled, and all hands have seen how surprised I was.

Bob knew in a flash. 'You darned old snoozer,' he said. with the old-time look on his face, 'I saw you put it there. I watched you open the safe and take it out, and I

followed you. I looked through the window and saw you hide it in that wardrobe. "Then you blankety-blank, flopeared, sheep-headed coyote, what did

ou say you took it, for? "'Because,' said Bob, simply, 'I

didn't know you were asleep.' "I saw him glance toward the door

of the room where Alice and Jack and Zilla were, and I knew then what it neant to be a man's friend from Bob's point of view."

have only the cracle of the deep to Major Tom paused, and again dirock rected his glance out of the window. He saw some one in the Stockmen's National bank reach and draw a yellow shade down the whole length of its plate glass, big front window, al bies end to end, so if one wanted to though the position of the sun did not seem to warrant such a defensive

ments, which you do not condescend to explain-do not appear to be quite the thing, regarded either'as busmess or humor. I do not understand such

motives or action Major Tom looked down at him se renely and not unkindly.

"Son," he said, "there are plenty of things in the chaparral, and on the prairies, and up the canyons that you don't understand. But I want to thank you for listening to a garrulous old man's prosy stories. We old Texans love to talk about our adventures and our old comrades, and the home folks have long ago learned to run when we begin with 'Once upon a time,' so we have to spin our yarns to the stranger within our gates."

The major smiled, but the examiner only bowed coldly, and abruptly quitstraight line and enter the Stockmen's National bank

Major Tom sat down at his desk. and drew from his vest pocket the note Roy had given him. He had read it once, but hurriedly, and now, with something like a twinkle in his eyes, he read again. These were the words

"Dear Tom:

that means that we'll catch him inside of a couple of hours, maybe. Now, I want you to do something for me. chase from railway and 1 We've got just \$2,200 in the bank, and the law requires that we have \$20,-000. 1 let Ross and Fisher have \$18,-000 late yesterday afternoon to buy realize \$40,000 in less than thirty prettier to that bank examiner. Now, can't show him those notes, for Jim Fisher are two of the finest white square thing. You remember Jim

Bradshaw's bank to send me \$20,000 and it will get in on the narrow-gaug. at 10:35. You can't let a bank exam iner in to count \$2,200 and close your doors. Tom, you hold that examiner

Hold him Hold him if you have to rope him and sit on his head. Watch our front window after the narrow gauge gets in, and when we've got the cash inside we'll pull the shade for a

signal. Don't turn him loose till then. I'm counting on you, Tom. "Your Old Pard.

> BOB BUCKLEY. "Prest. Stockmen's National."

The major began to tear the note nto small pieces and throw them into his waste basket. He gave a satisfied little chuckle as he did so.

"Confounded old reckless cow-puncher!" he growled, contentedly, that pays him some on account for what he tried to do for me in the she

iff's office 20 years ago."

Hungarian Immigrant's Good Answe to Gateman Who Would Have Stopped Him.

A light-blue cradle, built in Hungary, and intended originally for one child, passed through the New York office recently. In the cradle, quiet as new-born kittens, according to a writer in the Sun, were two babies. The mother held one end of the cradle and another Hungarian woman immigrant gripped the other.

The babies are twins, and were born aboard a steamship of a Bremen line. The father is a mechanic in a New England factory, and has been in America a few months. He sent his wife prepaid tickets to his new home. She suspected that she might become a mother on the trip, and so got the village carpenter to make her

dle, as she did not want the baby to

For Sprains

FLAX IS PROFITABLE

Wonderful Paying Proposition In Western Canadian Prairies.

So much is heard of the wheat, oats and barley grown in the prairie lands Canada, and so much has of western been told of the wealth to be made of the raising of cattle on the succulent and rich grasses those fertile plains, that most important product has been almost lost sight of, Flax. Recent press reports advise us that on one of the last boats to clear from Fort William (at the head of Lake Superior) for Buffalo, there were 241,000 bushels of flax valued at \$5\$3,220, and on another boat leaving the same day there were 288,000 bushels valued at \$720,000. There has been a big demand for Canadian flax this season, and the lake movement has been very heavy. Flax is always a sure crop, and gives to the farmer who is anxious for quick return after getting on his land, the chance he is looking for. There is opportunity for thousands yet, on the free homesteads of 160 acres, and many of these are available within

short distance of the lines of railway "I hear there's one of Uncle Sam's that are already built or under congrayhounds going through you, and struction, either on the main line or branches. Besides these free grant lands there is an opportunity to purchase from railway and land com-

The display of western Canada's grains in the straw as well as threshed grains and grasses recently up that Gibson bunch of cattle. They'll made at St. Louis was an excellent demonstration of what the country can days on the transaction, but that won't make my cash on hand look any of the resources of that vast prairie country, which during the past year has again proven its ability to prothey're just plain notes of hand with duce excellent yields of wheat, oats out any security in sight, but you and bariey-and flax. Not only this, know very well that Pink Ross and but the splendid herds of cattle are a source of large revenue. There is men God ever made, and they'll do the a fund of information to be had by reading the Canadian government lit-Fisher-he was the one who shot that erature, copies of which may be had faro dealer in El Paso. I wired Sam free by applying to your nearest Canadian government agent.

A Christmas Criticism

Orville Wright, discussing flying in New York, said to a reporter:

"The French claim to make the best machines, but our foreign order books tell a different story. "Our foreign order books give the

game away like the little Dayton boy at the Christmas treat. He got from the tree at this treat a pair of trous-

ers, and, waving them around his head, he electrified the entire Sunday school by shouting in a loud and joyous voice:

'Oh, ma, these pants must be new Pa never had a suit like that.'

Nothing amuses the average man more than to have some woman be lieve she is bossing him.

 iff's office
 20 years ago."

 HIS
 RIGHT
 OF

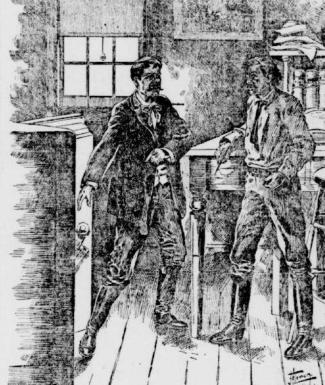
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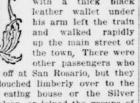
Avoid pushing to the front by going back on your friends.



Cures all humors, catarrh and rheumatism, relieves that tired feeling, restores the appetite, cures paleness, nervousness, builds up the whole system. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called Sarsatabs.







had nothing to fear, but he was nervous and flustered. So was every man in the bank. There was something so key and swift, so impersonal and uncompromising about this man that his very presence seemed an accusation. He looked to be a man who would never make nor overlook an error

Mr. Nettlewick first seized the currency, and with a rapid, almost jug gling motion counted it by packages Then he spun the sponge cup toward him and verified the count by bills His thin, white fingers flew like some expert musician's upon the keys of a plano. He dumped the gold upon the counter with a crash, and the whiled and sang as they skimmed across the marble slab from the tips of his nimble digits. The air was full of fractional currency when he came to the halves and quarters. He counted the last nickle and dime. He had the scales brought, and he weighed every sack of silver in the vault. He questioned Dorsey concerning each o cash memoranda-certain checks. charge slips, etc., carried over from the previous day's work-with unim peachable courtesy, yet with somethis g so mysteriously momentous in his frigid manner that the teller was reduced to pink cheeks and a stammering tongue.

This newly imported examiner was to different from Sam Turner. It had been Sam's way to enter the bank with a shout, pass the cigars and tell the latest stories he had picked up on his rounds. His customary greeting to Dorsey had been, "Hello, Perry!

Haven't skipped out with the boodle yet, I see" Turner's way of counting tional at almost record-breaking speed cash had been different, too. He would finger the packages of bills in a thing. The running order of the bank tred kind of way, and then go into was smooth and clean, and that had the vault and kick over a few sack of facilitated his work. There was but allver, and the thing was done. Halves one other bank in the town. quarters and dimes? Not for ceived from the government a fee of Turner "No chicken feed for \$25 for each bank that he examined. me." h would say when they were set He should be able to go over those before him. "I'm not in the agricul-tural department." But, then, Turner If so, he could examine the other bank was a Texan, an old friend of the immediately afterward, and catch the can do him a little favor you feel like bank's president, and had known Dor- 11:45, the only other train that day sey since he was a baby.

While the examiner was counting erwise, he would have to spend the the cash, Maj. Thomas B. Kingman-inght and Sunday in this uninterest-ingwn to every one as "Major Tom" ing western town. That is why Mr. the president of the Frist National. Nettlewick was rushing matters. drove up to the side door with his

a big man towering above him at his bow-a man of sixty years of age, zled beard, a mass of gray hair, and onfronted the formidable glasses of the examiner without a flicker.

"Er-Major Kingman, our president -er-Mr. Nettlewick," said the cash-

Two men of very different types shook hands. One was a finished product of the world of straight lines, conventional methods and formal afairs. The other was something freer, wider and nearer to nature. Tom Kingman had not been cut to any pattern. He had been mule-driver, cowboy, ranger, soldier, sheriff, prospector and cattleman. Now, when he was bank president his old comrades from the prairies, of the saddle, tent and trail found no change in him. had made his fortune when Texas cat- arrest of Major Kingman; perhaps he both him and me. tle were at the high tide of value, and had organized the First National bank of San Rosario. In spite of his lies. It was not the first crime the burglars, for the safe had been opened largeness of heart and sometimes unwise generosity toward his old friends. the bank had prospered, for Maj. Tom Kingman knew men as well as he loosed had almost caused a ripple in

knew cattle. Of late years the cattle business had gone to pieces, and men kneel and plead and cry like flash, and she cries out: the major's bank was one of the few whose losses had not been great. "And now,' said the examiner, brisk

ly, pulling out his watch, "the last thing is the loans. We will take them up now, if you please."

felt that he owed it to him at least the He had gone through the First Nahis elbow on the arm of his chair, -but thoroughly, as he did every and his square chin resting upon the fingers of his right hand, the bank exof the president of the First National bank of San Rosario. "When a man's your friend," began Major Tom, somewhat didactically,

"for forty years, and tried by water, fire, earth and cyclones, when you doing it."

the overlooking of a single error. One

it with the dignity and coolness of

("Embezzle for him \$70,000 worth of securities." thought the examiner.) "We were cowboys together, Bob ing western town. That is why Mr. and 1," continued the major, speaking slowly and deliberately, and musing-

The saw the examiner busy united the southern drawl with the line of the post than the critical present, being the pointing: "There's my house, and up there's Maine, upon Major Kingman, "that your \$162,000,000.

"I OPENED THE SAFE AND THE MONEY WAS GONE."

ugged and hale, with a rough, griz- you have failed to medify it, amounts, and was about sick, anyway. a pair of penetrating blue eyes that thing. You are aware, also, of what at night didn't seem to rest me. The my duty must compel me to do. I doctor had some scientific name for shall have to go before the United it, and I was taking medicine. And so, States commissioner and make—" added to the rest, I went to bed at "I know, I know," said Major Tom. night with that money on my mind.

with a wave of his hand. "You don't Not that there was much need of besuppose I'd run a bank without being ing worried, for the safe was a good posted on national banking laws and one, and nebody but Bob and I knew the revised statutes! Do your duty, the combination. On Friday night I'm not asking any favors. But, I there was about \$6,500 in cash in the spoke of my friend. I did want you bag. On Saturday morning I went to hear me tell you about Boh." to the office as usual. The safe was Nettlewick settled himself in his locked and Bob was writing at his chair. There would be no leaving desk. I opened the safe and the San Rosario for him that day. He money was gone. I called Bob, and would have to telegraph to the comproused everybody in the courthouse troller of the currency; he would have to announce the robbery. It struck to swear out a warrant before the me that Bob took it pretty quiet, con-United States commissioner for the sidering how much it reflected upon

would be ordered to close the bank | "Two days went by, and we never on account of the loss of the securi- got a ciew. It couldn't have been examiner had unearthed. Once or by the combination in the proper way twice the terrible upheaval of human People must have begun to talk, for my wife-and the boy and girl, and his official calm. He had seen bank Alice stamps her foot, and her eyes

women for a chance-an hour's time- wretches-Tom, Tom!' I catch her in a faint, and bring her 'round little by cashier had shot himself at his desk little, and she layt her head down before him. None of them had taken and cries and cries for the first time since she took Tom Kingman's name

this stern old westerner. Nettlewick and fortunes. And Jack and Zillayoungsters-they were always to listen if he wished to talk. With wild as tiger cubs to rush at Bob and climb all over him whenever they were allowed to come to the courthouse-they stood and kicked their aminer waited to hear the confession little shoes, and herded together like their first trip down into the shadows

> and he got up and went out without a word. The grand jury was in session then, and the next morning Bob he stole the money. He said he lost

it in a poker game. In fifteen minutes they had found a true bill and sent me to arrest the man with whom I'd been closer than a thousand brothers for many a year.

novement against its rays. Nettlewick sat up straight in his chair. He had listened patiently, but without consuming interest, to the major's story. It had impressed him as irrelevant to the situation, and it could certainly have no effect upon the consequences. Those western people, he thought, had an exaggerated sentimentality. They were not bustness-like. They needed to be protected from their friends. Evidently the major had concluded. And what he said amounted to nothing.

"May I ask," said the examiner, "ii that on these trains." you have anything further to say that bears directly upon the question of those abstracted securities?"

"Abstracted securities, "sir!" Major Tom turned suddenly in his chair, his blue eves flashing upon the examiner. What do you mean, sir?'

He drew from his coat pocket a batch of folded papers held together by a rubber band, and tossed them emotions that his investigations had one afternoon in comes Allce-that's into Nettlewick's hands, and rose to his feet.

"You'll find those securities there 'The lying sir, every stock, bond and share of 'em. I took them from the notes while you were counting the cash. Examine and compare them for yourself."

The major led the way back into the banking-room. The examiner, astounded, perplexed, nettled, at sea, followed. He felt that he had been made the victim of something that was not exactly a hoax, but that left him in the shoes of one who had been played upon, used, and then discardscared partridges. They were having ed, without even an inkling of the game. Perhaps, also, his official po of life. Bob was working at his desk, sition had been irreverently juggled with. But there was nothing he could take hold of. An official report of the matter would be an absurdity. went before them and confessed that And, somehow, he felt that he would never know anything more about the matter than he did then.

Frigidly, mechanically, Nettlewick examined the securities, found them cage." to tally with the notes, gathered his black wallet to depart.

The second day out the twins came, and that cradle seemed a little too small for two. However, the young mother made it do by putting the baput the big toe of the other in his mouth, he could do so and not know whether or not he had the toe attached to his own person.

At Ellis Island the people in an thority were a bit doubtful about the right of the mother and twins to enter. The Austrian immigrant home in 86th street decided to become sponsor for them and they were taken up there to be baptized. As the mother and the woman at the other end of the cradle started to enter the Third avenue elevated at the Battery a gateman halted them, saving:

"You can't carry big bundles like

An agent of the Austrian immigrant home pulled down a coverlet from the face of one of the twins.

"This is not bundles," he remarked "this is people."

And the twins and their attendants ere permitted to pass on.

No Happiness to Be in Love To be in love is not to be happy. At least that is what Mrs. Elizabeth York-Miller, novelist, says: "It is better," says she, "to be in love than not to be in love, but one certainly is happy only occasionally. One is inclined to be restless and doubtful. We always are rather annoyed to be thrown into the society of people in love. We vaguely recognize the irritation, the self-centered petulance of their moods. There is the cloud that always threatens to burst and the most rapturous of lovers are mindful of the expected downpour. It makes them suspicious and miserable. If the man is late for an appointment, if the girl does not post the promised letter in timenothing is too small to precipitate the storm. Lovers live in a whirl of misunderstanding and recrimination and happiness is the last thing they seem to get. For every moment of bliss granted to lovers, a hundred tears re shed. Sweethearts, tormented by jealousy, behave as though they would

prefer to shut each other up in An Expensive Aqueduct. New York's new aqueduct will com

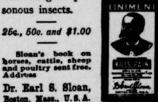


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