

The Man on the Box

By HAROLD MacGRATH f "The Grey Cloak, Puppet Crown."

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CHAPTER IV.-CONTINUED

She stepped back, wondering whether to scream or run.
"Hi, Jack! I say, you old henpecked,

where are you?"
The dining-room door slid back and a tall, studious-looking gentleman, rather plain than otherwise, stood on

the threshold.
"Jane, what is all this— Why, Bob, you scalawag!"—and in a moment they were pumping hands at a great rate. The little maid leaned weakly against

the balustrade.

"Kit, Kit! I say, Kit, come and see who's here!" cried John.

An extraordinarily pretty little woman, whose pallor any woman would have understood, but no man on earth, and who was dressed in a charming pink negligee morning-

gown, hurried into the hall.
"Why, it's Bob!" She flung her arms around the prodigal and kissed him heartily, held him away at arm's length, and hugged and kissed him I'm not sure that Mr. Robert again. didn't like it.

Suddenly there was a swish of

starched skirts on the stairs, and the most beautiful woman in all the world (and I am always ready to back this statement with abundant proofs!) rushed down and literally threw herself into Mr. Robert's eager, outstretched arms. "Nancy!"

"Bob! Bob! you wicked boy! You almost break our hearts. Not a line in two months!—How could you!— You might have been dead and we not know

"Come now, Nancy; nonsense!

You'll start the color running out of this tie of mine!" But for all his jesting tone, Mr. Robert felt an embarrassing lump wriggle up and down in his throat.

"Had your breakfast?" asked the humane and practical brother. "Yep. But I shouldn't mind another

cup of coffee."

And thereupon he was hustled into And thereupon ne was nusured into the dining-room and pushed into the best chair. How the dear women fusced over him, pressed this upon him and that; fondled and caressed him, just as if the beggar was worth all this trouble and love and affection.

"Hang it, girls, it's worth being an outlaw to come to this," he cried. He reached over and patted Nancy on the cheek, and pressed the young wife's hand, and smiled pleasantly at his brother. "Jack, you lucky pup, you!"
"Two years," murmured Nancy; "and we haven't had a glimpse of you

in two long years." "Only in photograph," said the

homeless one, putting three lumps of sugar in his coffee because he was so happy he didn't know what he was "And you have turned 28," said Kit,

counting on her fingers. That makes you 24, Nan," Jack

laughed.

'And much I care!" replied Nancy, shaking her head defiantly. I've a sneaking idea that she was thinking of me when she made this declaration. For if I didn't care, why should she?

"A handsome, stunning girl like you Nan, ought to be getting married," observed the prodigal. "What's the mat-ter with all these dukes and lords and princes, anyhow?" An embarrassed smile ran around

the table, but Mr. Robert missed it by several inches.

Jack threw a ci ble. "Now," said he, "where the deuce did you come from?"

"Indirectly from Arizona, which is a synonym once removed for war." Jack looked at his plate and laughed; but Mrs. Jack wanted to know what Bob meant by that.

Bob meant by that.

"It's a word used instead of war, as applied by the late Gen. Sherman,"
Jack replied. "And I am surprised that a brother-in-law of yours should so far forget himself as to hint it

"By the way, Jack," said my hero, "By the way, Jack," said my hero, lighting the cigar and blowing the first puff toward the ceiling, his face admirably set with nonchalance, "do you know of a family named Annessey—Col. Annesley?" I knew it would take only a certain length of time for this question to arrive.

"Col. Annesley? Why, yes. He was in the war department until a year."

in the war department until a year ago. A fine strategist; knows every in and out of the coast defenses, and is something of an inventor; lots of money, too. Tall, handsome old fel-

That's the man. A war volunteer?" "No, a regular. Crippled his gunfingers in some petty Indian war, and was transferred to the department. He as a widower, if my recollection of him is correct; and had a lovely

There was great satisfaction evident in this syllable. "Do you know where the colonel is now?" "Not the faintest idea. He lived

somewhere in Virginia. But he's been on the travel for several years.'

Can you spare me another sugar.

"Annesley?" Nancy's face bright-"Col. Annesley? Betty Annesley. She was my room-mate at Smith one year. She was in my graduating class. I'll show you her picture later. She was the dear-est girl! How she loved horses! But why are you so interested?"—slyly.
"I ran across them coming home."

"Then you met Betty! Isn't she just the loveliest girl you ever saw? "I'm for her, one and indivisible. But hang my luck, I never came within a

mile of an introduction."
"What? You, and of "What? You, and on shipboard where she couldn't get away?" John threw up his hands as a sign that this

information had overcome him. Even the captain shied when I approached him," said Robert, gloom-

"I begin to see," said the brother.

"Have a match; your cigar has gone

Robert relighted his cigar and puffed ike a threshing-machine er gine.

John leaned toward Nancy. "Shall ! ell him, Nan?"

"I suppose he'll Nancy blushed. have to know sooner or later."
"Know what?" asked the third per-

on singular.
"Your charming sister is about to

bring you a brother-in-law."
"What?" You could have heard this

cross the street. "Yes, Bobby dear. And don't look so hurt. You don't want me to be-come an old maid, do you?"

"When did it happen?"—helplessly. How the thought of his sister's marrying horrifies a brother! I believe I can tell you why. Every brother knows that no man is good enough for a good woman. "When did it happen?" Mr. Robert repeated, with a look at his brother, which said that he should be held responsible.

Robert took in a long breath, as one Robert took in a long breath, as one does who expects to receive a blow of some sort which can not be warded off, and asked: "Who is it?" Nancy married? What was the world coming

to, anyhow? 'Charlie Henderson,"—timidly. Then Robert, who had been expect-ing nothing less than an English duke,

let loose the flaming ions of his righteous wrath. "Chuck Henderson?-that duffer?" (Oh, Mr. Robert, Mr. Robert; and af-

ter all I've done for you!)
"He's not a duffer!" remonstrated
Nagey, with a flare in her mild eyes. (How I wish I might have seen her as she defended me!) "He's the dearest fellow in the world, and I love him with all my heart!" (How do you like that, Mr. Robert? Bravo, Nancy! I may be a duffer, true enough, but I rather object to its being called out from the housetops.) And Nancy added: "I want you to understand distinctly, Robert, that in my selection

of a husband you are not to be con-

sulted." This was moving him around some. "Hold on, Nan! Drat it, don't lock like that! I meant nothing, dearie; only I'm a heap surprised. Chuck is a good fellow, I'll admit; but I've been dreaming of your marrying a prince or an ambassador and Henderson comes like a jolt. Besides, Chuck will never be anything but a first-rate politician. You'll have to get used to cheap cigars and four-ply whisky.

When is it going to happen?"
"In June. I have always loved him, Bob. And he wants you to be his best man.

Robert appeared a bit mollified at Robert appeared a bit mollined at this knowledge, "But what shall I do after that?" he wailed, "You're the only person I can order about, and now you're going the other side of the range.'

"Bob, why don't you get married yourself?" asked Mrs. Warburton. asked Mrs. Warburton With your looks you won't have to go

far nor begging for a wife."
"There's the rub, sister mine by law and the admirable foresight of my only brother. What am I good for but ordering rookies about? I've no business head. And it's my belief that an army man ought never to wed.'

"Marry, my boy, and I'll see what can be done for you in the diplomatic The ner doubtless be republican, and my influence will have some weight,"—and John smiled affectionately across the table. He loved this gay lad opposite, loved him for his own self and because he could always see the mother's eyes and lips. "You have reached the age of discretion. You are now traveled and a fairly good linguist. You've an income of \$4,500 and to this I may be able to add a berth worth \$2,000 or \$3,000. Find the girl, lad; find the girl."

"Honestly, I'll think it over, Jack." "Bob, there's a ball at the British embassy to-night. You must go with

"Impossible!" said Robert. member my leg."

"That will not matter," said Mrs.
John; "you need not dance."
"What, not dance? I should die of
intermittent fever. And if I did dance,

my leg might give out."
"You can ride a horse all right,"

said John, in the way of argument.
"I can do that easily with my knees.
But I can't dance with my knees. No,
I shall stay at home. I couldn't stand to see all those famous beauties, id with me posing as a wall-flower." But what will you do here all

"Play with the kid, smoke and read; make myself at home. You still smoke that Louisiana, Jack?"

"Yes,"-dubiously. "So. Now, don't let me interfere with swore to wed when we grew up. No-body else had a chance to get a word replied the fish dealer indignantly." "Po'1! I must have put in a quart of of the rogue in his eye.

"Bob!"-from both women. "I promise not to look at her;

"Well, I must be off," said John. 'I'm late now. I've a dozen plans for coast defenses to go over with an inventor of a new carriage-gun. Will you go with me, while I put you up at the Metropolitan, or will you take a shopping trip with the women?"
"I'll take the shopping trip. It will

be a sensation. Have you any horses?

"Six! You are a lucky pup: a handome wife, a bouncing boy, and six orses! Where's the stable?"
"In the rear. I keep only two stable

men; one to take care of the horses and one to act as groom. I'm off. I've a cracking good hunter, if you'd like a leg up. We'll all ride to Chevy Chase

Sunday. By-by, till lunch."
Mr. Robert immediately betook himself to the stables, where he soon be-came intimately acquainted with the English groom. He fussed about the harness-room, deplored the lack of a McClelland saddle, admired the English curbs, and complimented the the men on the cleanliness of the stables. The men exchanged sly smiles at first, but these smiles soon turned into grins of admiration. Here was a man who knew a horse from his oiled hoofs to his curried forelock.

"This fellow ought to jump well." he said, patting the sleek neck of the hunter.

does that, sir," replied the groom. "He has never taken less than a red ribbon. Only one horse beat him groom. at the bars last winter in New York. It was Mr. Warburton's fault that he did not take first prize. He rode him in the park the day before the contest and the animal caught cold, sir."

And then it was that this hero of mine conceived his great (not to say young and salad) idea. It appealed to him as being so rich an idea that the stables rang with his laughter.

politely inquired the groom. "I'm not laughing at your statement, my good fellow; rather at an idea which just occurred to me. In fact, believe that I shall need your assistance."

"In what way, sir?" "Come with me."

The groom followed Warburton into the yard. A conversation began in low tones.

"It's as much as my place is worth sir. I couldn't do it, sir," declared the groom, shaking his head negatively.

"I'll guarantee that you will not suf fer in the least. My brother will not discharge you. He likes a joke as well as I do. You are not handed \$20 every day for a simple thing like this."
"Very well, sir. I dare say that no

harm will come of it. But I am an inch or two shorter than you."

"We'll tide that over." "I am at your orders, sir." But the groom returned to the stables, shaking his head dubiously. He was not thoroughly convinced.

During the morning ride down-town he two women were vastly puzzled over their brother's frequent and inexplicable peals of laughter.

"For mercy's sake, what do you see that is so funny!" asked Nancy. "I'm thinking, my dears; only think-

"Tell us, that we may laugh too. I'll wager that you are up to some mischief, Master Robert, Please

ell," Nancy urged. "Later, later; at present you would fail to appreciate the joke. In fact, you might make it miscarry; and that wouldn't do at all. Have a little patience. It's a good joke, and you'll be in it when the time comes."

And nothing more could they worm out of him.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

At dinner that night I met my hero face to face for the first time in eight years and for all his calling me a duffer (I learned of this only recently), he was mighty glad to see me, slapped me on the back and threw his



"NO BALL FOR ME."

arm across my shoulder. And why shouldn't he have been glad? had been boys together, played hooky many a school-time afternoon, gone over the same fishing grounds, plunged into the same swimming-holes, and smoked our first cigar in the rear of my father's barn; and it is the recollection of such things that cements all the more strongly friendship in man and man. We re- afternoon the summer resident went called a thousand episodes and es- out and hailed him. capades, the lickings we got, and the lickings the others got in our stead, the pretty school-teacher whom we was too old."

wore only a dinner-coat and a pair of

morocco slippers.
"No ball for me. Just as soon as you people hie forth, off comes this b'iled shirt, and I shall probably meander around the house in my new silk pajamas. I shall read a little from Homer—Jack, let me have the key to that locked case; I've an idea that there must be some robust old, merry old tales hidden there-and smoke a few pipes.'

"But you are not going to leave Mrs. Warburton and your sister to come home without escort?" I expostulated.

"Where the deuce are you two men going?" Robert asked, surprised. Somehow, I seemed to catch a joyful rather than a sorrowful note in his tones.

"An important conference at midnight, and heaven only knows how long it may last," said Jack. "I wish you would go along, Bob."

"He can't go now, anyhow," said the pretty little wife. "He has got to stay now, whether he will or no. William will see to it that we women get home all right,"—and she busied herself with the salad dishes.

"Go to the ball, you beauties, dance and revel to your heart's content; your brother Robert will manage to pass away the evening. Don't forget the key to that private case, Jack,"—as the women left the table to put the finishing touches to their toilets.
"Here you are," said Jack. "Bu

mind, you must put those books back just as you found them, and lock the They are rare editions.' "With the accent on the rare, no

doubt." "I am a student, pure and simple,"

am a student, pure and simple," said Jack, lowering his eyes.
"I wouldn't swear to those adjectives," returned the scalawag. "If I remember, you had the reputation of being a high-jinks man in your class at Princeton.

[To Be Continued.]

THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

Exemplified in the Episode Related of a Man and a Monkey.

Miss Agnes Mahony, a missionary to Liberia, was visiting Philadelphia with two African slave girls that she had bought for \$15 apiece. Miss Mahony's pictures of Liberia were sombre. She relieved the gloom of her narrative with an anecdote of an African coast pilot.

"This pilot," said Miss Mahony. " once bringing a ship northward. The captain, toward sunset, bade him go below and help himself to a glass of cold tea.

"After taking the tea, the pilot proceeded to munch a biscuit.

"Now, the captain owned a large monkey, and this creature sat drowsing in a dark corner of the gloomy cabin. The pilot said:

"'A gusty day, sir,' and the monkey shrugged its shoulders. "The pilot with affable gruffness went on:

"'The south light is away on the port bow now, sir.'

"There was no answer. "But the pilot was persistent. He

'We'll be over the bar, sir, in an hour. "Failing to get a reply even to this pleasant information, the pilot went

beside the captain on the bridge, said: "'What a quiet chap your father is.' "

up on deck again, and, taking his place

GOOD THING AT BAD TIME. Wise and True Saying that Was Uttered with Displeasing Effect.

Mme. Bouguereau, the widow of the noted French painter, was Miss Eliza-

beth Gardner, of Exeter, N. H., "Mme. Bouguereau," said an artist, has a fund of New England aneclotes, which she repeats with a droll

"I heard her in her studio one day, describing an aged woman of Exeter. This woman was always saying wise, true things at the wrong time. grandson got married, and a little while after the wedding she made the

excellent remark: 'I am glad Herbert had the sense to marry a settled old maid. gals is hightty-tighty, the widders is overrulin' and domineerin'. But old maids is generally thankful and willin' to please.

"And the aged dame crocheted away comfortably, with the consciousness of having said a good thing; but the look on the face of Herbert's new wife, as she fixed the old lady with her glittering eye, was suggestive of anything but meekness."

Only Himself to Blame.

A literary man who spent last summer at Riverdale, N. Y., was annoyed by a suburban fish peddler with a raucous voice and a tin horn, who passed the house frequently. Finally one Saturday morning he remarked: "That fellow has been by here every day this week. Such persistency in crime ought to be rewarded. I am go-ing to buy a fish of him," which accordingly he did. Prepared for dinner the fish was found to be unfit for food. When the peddler appeared in the

out and hailed him.
"See here," he cried with some warmth, "that fish wasn't eatable. It

omewhere in Virginia. But he's been in a home in so long that it will take in edgewise. But Nancy laughed aloud at times. She had been a witness to wear off. Besides, that nurse of many of these long-ago pranks.

Part I must have put in a quart of of the rosue in his eye.

Solution of the rosue in his eye. ball?" I asked, observing that he me."-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Alpine Climbers.

According to statistics of Alpine cidents, during 1905 the number English who have lost their lives be foo!hardiness on the Alps is surpasse by several other nations. The t number of accidents were 165, tota which no fewer than 65 were fatal, and of these the greater number of acci dents happened to Swiss and German

Distinguished Precedent.

Police Magistrate-This is not the first time you have been before me, but you have given a different name from the one you gave me the other

Vagrant-Dat's all right, y'r honor W'en de wind changes its direction it changes its name, don't it?—Shicago Tribune.

Still Offenders.

The original "chauffeurs" were dis guised robbers who, toward the end of the eighteenth century, operated in the French rural districts. They got the title from a practice they had of roasting the soles of their victims' feet at a fire to force the revelation of hidden treasure.

Great Events.

"These are most eventful times, said one citizen.

"I should say so," answered the ther. "One day Washington wins a game from Philadelphia and the next there is an earthquake."-Washing

Tender Title.

The Marquis of Granam, who was persuaded recently by h.s fiancee, Lady Mary Hamilton, Britain's greatest helress, to run for parliament, failing of election, though the lady cam-paigned vigorously for him, is now known as "Mary's Little Lamb.

National Lawmakers.

The name of the lawmaking power in the United States is the congress, in France the assembly, in Germany the reichstag, in Holland the states general, in Spain the cortes, in Greece the boule, and in Denmark the landstthing.

Maryland Skeletons.

Gigantic skeletons of prehistoric In dians nearly eight feet tall have been discovered along the banks of the Choptank river, Maryland, by the employes of the Maryland Academy

Mexico Oil Lands.

It is announced that the Mexican states of Tabasco and Chiapas contain more than 5,000,000 acres of oil lands. But Standard Oil saw them first and owns more than 2,000,000 acres already.-New Orleans Times-Democrat Maybe Plays the Organ.

The Indiana preacher who fears that there will not be enough men in heaven to sing bass in the choir prob-

ably thinks he has a fine tenor voice himself. Nothing to Fuss Over. All is quiet in Santo Domingo again Since the last president skipped out with all that there was in the treas-ury, there is really nothing on the

island to make a fuss over.

Better Fit, Perhaps. Girl-My uncle eats with his knife Boy-My uncle's rich enough to eat with a fire shovel if he wants to .- De

True Love.

troit Free Press.

When a boy is willing to trade his pocketknife for a red apple to give to his teacher—that is love.—Chicago Daily News.

Small Chunk.

It is stated that if all the gold in the world were melted into ingots it might be contained in a room 23 feet square and 16 feet high.

The shah of Persia has decided to found at Teheran a school of fine arts and an industrial school. King Defies Augury.

King Alfonso defies augury. will be married on a Friday.

Shah Waking Up.

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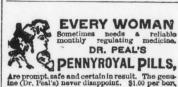
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