



The Man on the Box

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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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?"

sugar. Can you spare me another cup?" "Annesley?" Nancy's face brightened. "Col. Annesley? Why, I know Betty Annesley. She was my roommate at Smith one year. She was in my graduating class. I'll show you her picture later. She was the dearest girl! How she loved horses! But why are you so interested?"

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

wore only a dinner-coat and a pair of morocco slippers. "No ball for me. Just as soon as you people lie forth, off comes this bled 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."

Alpine Climbers. According to statistics of Alpine accidents, during 1905 the number of English who have lost their lives by foolhardiness on the Alps is surpassed by several other nations. The total number of accidents were 165, of which no fewer than 65 were fatal, and of these the greater number of accidents happened to Swiss and German climbers.

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"NO BALL FOR ME." arm across my shoulder. And why shouldn't he have been glad? We 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 recalled a thousand episodes and escapades, the likings we got, and the likings the others got in our stead, the pretty school-teacher whom we swore to wed when we grew up. Nobody else had a chance to get a word in edgewise. But Nancy laughed aloud at times. She had been a witness to many of these long-ago pranks.

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

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

"What! you are not going to the ball?" I asked, observing that he