



# The Man on the Box

By HAROLD MacGRATH  
Author of "The Grey Cloak," "The Puppet Crown."

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.  
"I'll wager a dollar that Nan isn't doing that screaming. The Warburton's never cry out when they are frightened. Hang it!"—suddenly; "this street doesn't look familiar. I ought to have reached Scott Circle by this time. Ah, here's a broader street,—going lickety-clip into Vermont."

A glass went jingling to the pavement.  
"Oh! Nancy will be jumping out the next thing. This will never do." He began to draw in.

Hark! His trained trooper's ear heard other hoofs beating on the iron-like surface of the pavement. Worriedly he turned his head. Five blocks away there flashed under one of the arc-lights, only to disappear in the shadow again, two mounted policemen.  
"By George! it looks as if the girls were going to have their fun too!" He laughed, but there was a nervous catch in his voice. He hadn't counted on any policeman taking part in the comedy. "Where the devil is Scott Circle, anyhow?"—fretfully. He tugged at the reins. "Best draw up at the next corner. I'll be hanged if I know where I am."

He braced himself, sawed the reins, and presently the frightened and somewhat wearied horses slowed down to a trot. This he finally brought to a walk. One more pull, and they came to a stand. It would be hard to say which breathed the heaviest, the man or the horses. Warburton leaped



"GOOD LORD!"

from the box, opened the door and waited. He recognized the necessity of finishing the play before the mounted police arrived on the scene.

There was a commotion inside the carriage, then a woman in a crimson cloak stepped (no, jumped!) out. Mr. Robert threw his arms around her and kissed her cheek.

"You . . . vile . . . wretch!" Warburton sprang back, his hands applied to his stinging face.

"You drunken wretch, how dare you!"

"Nan, it's only I—" he stammered. "Nan!" exclaimed the young woman, as her companion joined her. The light from the corner disclosed the speaker's wrathful features, disdainful lips, palpitating nostrils, eyes darting terrible glances. "Nan! Do you think, ruffian, that you are driving serving maids?"

"Good Lord!" Warburton stepped back speechless, benumbed, terror-struck still farther; stepped back speechless, benumbed, terror-struck. The woman he was gazing at was anybody in the world but his sister Nancy!

## CHAPTER VII.

### A POLICE AFFAIR.

"Officers, arrest this fellow!" commanded the young woman. Her gesture was didoesque in its wrath.

"That we will, ma'am!" cried one of the policemen, flinging himself from his horse. "So it's you, me gay buck? Thirty days for you, an' mebbe more. I didn't like yer looks from th' start. You're working some kind of a trick. What complaint, ma'am?"

"Drunkenness and abduction,"—rubbing the burning spot on her cheek.

"That'll be rather serious. Ye'll have to appear against him in th' mornin', ma'am."

"I certainly shall do so." She promptly gave her name, address and telephone number.

"Bill, you drive th' ladies home an' I'll see this bucko to th' station. Here, you!"—to Warburton, who was still dumb with astonishment at the extraordinary denouement to his innocent joke. "Git on that horse, an' lively, or, or, or I'll rap ye with th' club."

"It's all a mistake, officer—"

"Close yer face and git on that horse. Ye can tell th' judge all that to th' mornin'." I ain't got no time to listen. Bill, report just as soon as ye see th' ladies home. Now, off with ye. Th' ladies'll be wanting somethin' to quiet their nerves. Git on that horse, me frisky groom; hustle!" Warburton

mechanically climbed into the saddle. It never occurred to him to parley, to say that he couldn't ride a horse. The inventive cells of his usually fertile brain lay passive. "Now," went on the officer, mounting his own nag, "will ye go quietly? If ye don't I'll plug ye in th' leg with a chunk o' lead. I won't stan' no nonsense."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Warburton, with a desperate effort to collect his energies.

"Lock ye up; mebbe throw a pall of water on that overheated cocoanut of yours."

"But if you'll only let me explain to you! It's all a joke; I got the wrong carriage—"

"Marines, marines! D' ye think I was born yestiddy? Ye wanted th' ladies' sparklers, or I'm a doughhead." The police are the same all over the world; the original idea sticks to them, and truth in voice or presence is but a sign of deeper cunning and villainy. "Anyhow, ye can't turn around Washington like ye do in England, me cockney. Ye can't drive more'n a hundred miles an hour on these pavements."

"But, I tell you—" Warburton, realizing where his escapade was about to lead him, grew desperate. The ignominy of it! He would be the laughing-stock of the town on the morrow. The papers would teem with it. "You'll find that you are making a great mistake. If you will only take me to—"

Scott Circle—"

"Where ye have a pal with a gun, eh? Git ahead!" and the two made off toward the west.

Once or twice the officer found himself admiring the easy seat of his prisoner; and if the horse had been anything but a trained animal, he would have worried some regarding the ultimate arrival at the third precinct.

Half a dozen times Warburton was of a mind to make a bolt for it, but he did not dare trust the horse or his knowledge of the streets. He had already two counts against him, disorderly conduct and abduction, and he had no desire to add uselessly, a third, that of resisting an officer, which seems the greatest possible crime a man can commit and escape hanging. Oh, for a mettlesome nag! There would be no police-station for him, then. Police-station! Heavens, what should he do? His brother, his sister; their dismay, their shame; not counting that he himself would be laughed at from one end of the continent to the other. What an ass he had made of himself! He wondered how much money it would take to clear himself and at the same moment recollected that he hadn't a cent in his clothes.

A sweat of terror moistened his brow. "What are ye up to, anyway?" asked the policeman. "What kind of booze have ye been samplin'?"

"I've nothing to say."

"Ye speak clear enough. So much th' worse, if ye ain't drunk. Was ye crazy 'r ridin' like that? Ye might have killed th' women an' had a bill of manslaughter brought against ye."

"I have nothing to say; it is all a mistake. I got the wrong number and the wrong carriage."

"Th' devil ye did. An' where was ye goin' to drive th' other carriage at that thunderin' rate? It won't wash. His honor'll be stone-deaf when ye tell him that. You're drunk or have been."

"Not to-night."

"Well, I'd give me night off t' know what ye were up to. Don't ye know nothin' about ordinances an' laws? An' I wouldn't mind havin' ye tell me why ye throw yer arms around th' lady an' kiss her."—shrewdly.

Warburton started in his saddle. He had forgotten all about that part of the episode. His blood warmed suddenly and his cheeks burned. He had kissed her, kissed her soundly, too, the most radiantly beautiful woman in the world. Why, come to think of it, it was easily worth a night in jail. Yes, by George, he had kissed her, kissed that blooming cheek, and but for this policeman, would have forgotten! Whatever happened to him, she wouldn't forget in a hurry. He laughed. The policeman gazed at him in pained surprise.

"Well, ye seem t' take it good and hearty."

"If you could only see the humor in it, my friend, you'd laugh, too."

"Oh, I would, hey? All I got t' say is that yer nerve gits me. An' ye stand a pretty good show of bein' rounded up for more'n 30 days, too. Well, ye've had yer joke; mebbe ye have th' price t' pay th' fiddler. Turn here."

The rest of the ride was in silence, Warburton gazing callously ahead and the officer watching him with a wary eye to observe any suggestive movement. He couldn't make out this chap. There was something wrong, some deep-dyed villainy—of this he hadn't the slightest doubt. It was them high-toned swells that was the craftiest an' most daring. Handsome is that handsome does. A quarter of an hour later they arrived at the third precinct, where our Jehu was registered for the night under the name of James Osborne. He was hustled into a small cell and left to himself.

He had kissed her! Glory of glories! He had pressed her to his very heart, besides. After all, they couldn't do anything serious to him. They could not prove the charge of abduction. He stretched himself on the cot, smiled, arranged his legs comfortably, wondered what she was thinking of at this moment, and fell asleep. It was a sign of a good constitution and a decently white conscience. And thus they found him in the morning. They touched his arm, and he awoke with a smile, the truest indication of a man's amiability. At first he was puzzled as he looked blinkingly from his jailers to his surroundings and then back at his jailers. Then it all returned to him, and he laughed. Now the law, as repre-

sented and upheld by petty officers, possesses a dignity that is instantly ruffled by the sound of laughter from a prisoner; and Mr. Robert was roughly told to shut up, and that he'd soon laugh on the other side of his mouth.

"All right officers, all right; only make allowances for a man who sees the funny side of things." Warburton stood up and shook himself, and picked up his white hat. They eyed him intelligently. In the morning light the young fellow didn't appear to be such a rascal. It was plainly evident that he had not been drunk the preceding night; for his eyes were not shot with red veins nor did his lips lack their usual healthy moisture. The officer who had taken him in charge, being a shrewd and trained observer, noted the white hands, soft and well-kept. He shook his head.

"Look here, me lad, you're no groom, not by several years. Now, what th' devil was ye up to, anyway?"

"I'm not saying a word, sir," smiled Warburton. "All I want to know is, am I to have any breakfast? I shouldn't mind some peaches and cream or grapes to start with, and a small steak and coffee."

"Ye wouldn't mind, hey?" mimicked the officer. "What d'ye think this place is, th' Metropolitan club? Ye'll have yer bacon an' coffee, an' be glad t' git it. They'll feed ye in the mess-room. Come along."

Warburton took his time over the coffee and bacon. He wanted to think out a reasonable defense without unmasking himself. He was thinking how he could get word to me, too. The "duffer" might prove a friend in need.

"Now where?" asked Warburton, wiping his mouth.

"T' th' court. It'll go hard with ye if ye're handed over t' th' grand jury on th' charge of abduction. Ye'd better make a clean breast of it. I'll speak a word for yer behavior."

"Aren't you a little curious?"

"It's a part of me business,"—gruffly.

"I'll have my say to the judge," said Warburton.

"That's yer own affair. Come." Once outside, Warburton lost color and a large part of his nonchalance; for an open patrol stood at the curb.

"Have I got to ride in that?"—disgustfully.

"As true as life; an' if ye make any disturbance, so much th' worse."

Warburton climbed in, his face red with shame and anger. He tied his handkerchief around his chin and tilted his hat far down over his eyes.

"Erad of meetin' some of yer swell friends, hey? Ten t' one, yer a swell an' was runnin' away with th' wrong woman. Mind, I have an eye on ye."

The patrol rumbled over the asphalt on the way down-town. Warburton buried his face in his hands. Several times they passed a cigar-store, and his mouth watered for a good cigar, the taste of a clear Havana.

He entered the police-court, not lacking in curiosity. It was his first experience with this arm of the civil law. He wasn't sure that he liked it. It wasn't an inviting place with its bare benches and its motley, tawdry throng. He was plumped into a seat between some ladies of irregular habits, and the stale odor of intoxicants, mingling with cheap perfumery, took away the edge of his curiosity.

"Hello, pretty boy; jag?" asked one of these faded beauties, in an undertone. She nudged him with her elbow.

"No sweetheart," he replied, smiling in spite of himself.

"Ah gowan! Been pinching some one's wad?"

"Nope!"

"What are you here for, then?"

"Having a good time without anybody's consent. If you will listen, you will soon hear all about it."

"Silence there, on the bench!" bawled the clerk, whacking the desk.

"Say, Marie," whispered the woman to her nearest neighbor. "Here's a boy been selling his master's harness and got pinched."

"But look at the sweet things coming in, will you! Ain't they swell, though?" whispered Marie, nodding a skinny, feather toward the door.

Warburton glanced indifferently in the direction indicated, and received a shock. Two women—and both wore very heavy black veils. The smaller of the two inclined her body, and he was sure that her scrutiny was for him. He saw her say something into the ear of the companion, and repeat it to one of the court lawyers. The lawyer approached the desk, and in his turn whispered a few words into the judge's ear. The magistrate nodded.

Warburton was conscious of a blush of shame. This was a nice position for any respectable woman to see him in!

"James Osborne!" called the clerk.

An officer beckoned to James, and he made his way to the prisoner's box. His honor looked him over coldly.

"Name?"

"James Osborne."

"Born here?"

"No."

"Say 'sir.'"

"No, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"In New York State."

"How old are you? And don't forget to say 'sir' when you reply to my questions."

"I am 28, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"How long have you been engaged as a groom?"

"Not very long, sir."

"How long?"

"Less than 24 hours, sir."

Surprise rippled over the faces of the audience on the benches.

"Humph! You are charged with disorderly conduct, reckless driving, and attempted abduction. The last charge has been withdrawn, fortunately for you, sir. Have you ever been up before?"

"Up, sir?"

"A prisoner in a police-court."

"No, sir."

"Twenty-five for reckless driving and ten for disorderly conduct; or 30 days."

"Your Honor, the horses ran away."

"Yes, urged by your whip."

"I was not disorderly, sir."

"The officer declares that you had been drinking."

"Your Honor, I got the wrong carriage. My number was 17 and I answered to 71." He wondered if she would believe this statement.

"I suppose that fully explains why you made a race-track of one of our



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main thoroughfares?"—sarcastically. "You were on the wrong carriage to begin with."

"All I can say, sir, is that it was a mistake."

"The mistake came in when you left your carriage to get a drink. You broke the law right then. Well, if a man makes mistakes, he must pay for them, here or elsewhere. This mistake will cost you \$35."

"I haven't a penny in my clothes, sir."

"Officer, lock him up, and keep him locked up till the fine is paid. I can not see my way to remit it. Not another word,"—as Warburton started to protest.

"Marie Johnson, Mabel Tyner, Belle Lislet!" cried the clerk.

The two veiled ladies left the court precipitately.

James, having been ushered into a cell, hurriedly called for pen and ink and paper. At half after ten that morning the following note reached me:

"Dear Chuck: Am in a devil of a scrape at the police court. Tried to play a joke on the girls last night by dressing up in the groom's clothes. Got the wrong outfit, and was arrested. Bring \$35 and a suit of clothes the quickest ever. And, for mercy's sake, say nothing to any one, least of all the folks. I have given the name of James Osborne. Now, hustle. Bob."

I hustled.

### [To Be Continued.]

**Why Women Are Pretty.**  
According to an English specialist who has made a careful study of the subject the reason why women are better looking than men is because they are more indolent and are not called upon to use their brains as much as men are. Hard intellectual work and assiduous attention to business, he says, are harmful so far as physical beauty is concerned. As proof that his theory is correct he points to the Zeros, whose home is in British India. Among them women hold the place which in other countries is occupied by men. The Zero woman manages the affairs of state, goes into business on her own account, and does not wait for a proposal of marriage, but proposes herself; whereas the Zero man has nothing to do but cook the meals and look after his children. The natural result, says the scientist, is that the men of his singular tribe are very pretty and the woman are unusually plain.

**The Roar Was Inaudible.**  
Travelers from the United States, after a visit to England and the Continent, are usually willing to acknowledge that there is a shrill quality in the voices of American women. The New York Tribune tells of a party of tourists who were on their way to visit a famous waterfall, when the power of American vocal organs was well illustrated.

"We are nearly there now," the guide said at last, and with revived spirits the tourists pressed on.

"How much farther, guide?" asked, a little later, a young man whose boots were wet.

"Only a short distance, sir," was the answer. "As soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar."

**He Carved the Roast.**  
The wife of an army officer gave a dinner at Manila while her husband was soldiering in the Philippines. Her guests were most distinguished army officers, so she set the table herself, laying the covers for six, and then proceeded to the kitchen to give last instructions to her new Jap cook.

"Do you think that you could carve this nicely?" she asked, indicating the roast, which was about done.

"Oh, yes," said the Jap.

"Very well then. I guess you'd better do it before it is brought on the table."

"And what what do you think," she related afterward, "when the meat course arrived there was my beautiful roast cut up in six big chunks—one for each of us."—Kansas City Journal.

**Love's Young Dream.**  
They sat on the old porch and watched the red moon climbing above the trees.

"Love," whispered the sentimental girl, "makes the world go round."

"Yes, darling," whispered the ardent suitor, "but, best of all, it makes the arm go round."

And even the frogs croaked their approval from the chilly swamps.—Chicago Daily News.

**Spanking Might Do Good.**  
The old-fashioned woman said little and spanked much; the woman of the present time says much and spanks little. When we remember the spankings we got when we were little we think to-day's woman is the better, but when we see how noisy to-day's children are we wish we could have more of the old-fashioned woman around.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

**His Turn Now.**  
Archie Feather-top—Miss Dora, has your father ever said anything about me?

Dora Hope—He hasn't mentioned your name, but I heard him asking mamma the other day who that young fellow was that had been hanging around here lately, and—whether she thought he had any object in coming.—Chicago Tribune.

**Envoy Recluse.**  
Viscount de Alte, the Portuguese envoy at Washington, leads the life of a recluse, and although credited to this country four years, he is known by but few residents of the capital. He rarely invites his colleagues in the corps to his home, and still more rarely accepts their invitations.

**Indian Linguist.**  
Johnny Milne, a Kickapoo linguist and philosopher, whose real name is Mah - Me - Qua-Che-Ma-Che-Mah-Net, and who can speak ten languages, has been in Washington in the interest of the Mexican branch of his tribe. He is said to be the most accomplished Indian linguist.

**As It Impressed Him.**  
"What is reform?" asked the impressive speaker.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I don't know exactly what it is. But it's something we've all got to holler for, whether we want it or not."—Washington Post.

**Rare English Coins.**  
A collection of about 300 English crowns from the time of Edward VI. to Victoria, was sold in London recently. A James I. crown brought £19 10s, and two Charles I. crowns, dated 1625 and 1622, £25 10s and £22, respectively.

**Encourages Temperance.**  
The Bavarian government does not dare to forbid its railway employes to drink beer; but systematic efforts to discourage beer drinking are made by providing coffee, milk, lemonade and mineral waters at cost price.

**Titled Archer.**  
Sir Ralph Payne-Galwey, a baronet of Yorkshire, England, is believed to be the best archer in Europe. He has frequently shot an arrow a quarter of a mile and struck the center of the target.

**Pope Pius Smokes.**  
Pope Pius is said to be the first pontiff of the Roman Catholic church to indulge in cigars, his predecessors, notably Pius IX. and Leo XIII., having contented themselves with snuff.

**Historic Bridge Going.**  
Barskimming bridge, over the Ayr, near Mossiel, which is associated with Burns' "Man Was Made to Mourn," is expected to collapse at any time.

**Shorthand Inventor.**  
Ben Pitman, whose system of shorthand is used more than any other in the United States, is still living in eastern Cincinnati. He is 83 years old.

**Naturally.**  
Some people act the fool intentionally while others who have no histrionic ability whatever attain similar results.

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