

The Man on the Box

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED.

"M'sieu Zhames, Mees Annesley rides thees morning. You will prepairre yourself according,"-and she rattled on in her absurd native tongue (every other native tongue is absurd to us, you know!)-

"He is charming and handsome, With his uniform and saber; And his fine black eyes Look love as he rides by!"

while the chef in the kitchen glared furiously at his omelette souffle, and vowed terrible things to M'sieu Zhames if he looked at Celeste more than twice a day

"Good morning," said M'sieu Zhames hanging up his towel. His face glowed as the result of the vigorous rubbing It had received.

"Bon jour!"-admiringly.

"Don't give me any of your tong joors, Miss,"—stolidly. "There's only one language for me, and that's English.'

You Anglaises are so con-Merci! ceit! How you like me to teach you French, ch M'sieu Zhames?"

"Not for me,"-shaking his head. She was very pretty, and under ordicary circumstances not finish the thought, but I will for Under ordinary circumstances, M'sieu Zhames would have kissed her.

"No teach you French? Non? Ex-traorrdnaire!" She tripped away traorrdnaire!" She tripped away, faughing, while the chef tugged at his

Toyal and M'sieu Zhames whistled.

"Hang the witch!" the new groom
murmured. "Her mistress must be very generous, or very positive of her own charms, to keep a sprite like this enaid about her. I wonder if I'll run into Karloff?" Karloff! The name childed him, somehow. What was Karloff to ther! Had he known that she was to be in Washington for the winter? What frony, if fate should make him the groom and Karloff the bridegroom! If Karloff loved her, he could press his suit frankly and openly. And, as matters stood, what chance on earth had he, Warburton? "Chuck was right; f've made a mistake, and I am beginning to regret it the very first morn-He snapped his fingers and proceeded to the right wing, where the

At nine o'clock he led Jane and Dick out to the porte-cochere and waited. He had not long to loiter, for she came out at once, drawing on her gauntlets and taking in long breaths of the morning air. She nodded briefly, but pleasantly, and came down the steps. Her riding-habit was of the conventional black, and her small, shapely boots were of patent-leather. She wore no hat on her glorious head, which showed her good sense and her scorn for freckles and sunburn.

We shall ride north, James; the roads are better and freer. Jane has a horror of cars."

"Yes, Miss Annesley,"-deferential "You will have to teach me the lay of the land here-abouts, as I am rather green."
"I'll see to it that you are made per-

feetly acquainted with the roads. de not know Washington very well

"No, Miss. Shall I give you a-erboot up?" He blushed. He had al-most said "leg up." She assented and raised her boot, under which he placed his palm, and

sprang into the saddle. He mounted in his turn and waited. When we ride alone, James, I shall not object to your riding at my side;

but when I have guests, always remember to keep five yards to the rear."

"Yes, Miss." If he could have got rid of the idea of Karloff and the possibilities which his name suggested, all this would have appealed to him as exceedingly funny.

"Forward, then!"-and she touched Jane's flank with her crop.

The weather was perfect for riding; no sun, a keen breeze from the northwest, and a dust-settled road. Warburton confessed to me afterward that this first ride with her was one of the most splendid he had ever ridden. Both animals were perfect saddlethorses, such as are to be found only in the south. They started up the road at a brisk trot, and later broke into a canter which lasted fully a mile. How beautiful she was, when at length they slowed down into a walk! Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes dancing and full of luster, her hair was tumbled about and tendrils fluttered down her cheeks She was Diana; only he hoped that she

was not inclined to celibacy.
"Have you ever ridden with women before, James?'

"Several times with my major's daughter,"-thoughtlessly

"Your major's daughter? Who was your regimental colonel?"

James bit his lips, and under his creath disregarded William's warning "Permit me, Miss about "cussing." Annesley, to decline to answer.'

"Did you ride as an attendant?"

"Yes; I was a trooper." "You speak very good English for a

"I dare say. I should give a good deal to know what you have been. Come, James, tell me what the trouble was. I have influence; I might help

"I am past help;"-which was true thank you for your kindness."

If she was piqued, she made no sign. "James, were you once a gentleman, in the sense of being well-born?'

"Miss Annesley, you would not be lieve me if I told you who I am and what I have been."

"Are you a deserter?"—looking him squarely in the eye. She saw the color

as it crept under his tan. "I have my honorable discharge,"-

"I shall ask you to let me see it. Have you ever committed a dishonorable act? I have a right to know."

"I have committed one dishonorable act, Miss Annesley. I shall always regret it."

She gave him a penetrating glance "Very well; keep your secret.

And there was no more questioning on that ride; there was not even casual talk, such as a mistress might make to her servant. There was only the clock, clock of hoofs and the clink of bit metal. Warburton did not know whether he was glad or sorry.

She dismounted without her groom's assistance, which somewhat disap-



T HAVE NOT ALWAYS BEEN A STA

pointed that worthy gentleman. If she was angry, to his eye there was no visible evidence of it. As he took the bridles in hand, she addressed him; though in doing so, she did not look at him, gave he attention to her gauntlets, which she pulled slowly from her aching fingers.

"This afternoon I shall put you in to distinguish his features." care of Pierre, the cook. I am giving a small dinner on Monday evening, and I shall have to call on you to serve the courses. Later I shall seek a butler, but for the present you will have to

act in that capacity."

He wasn't sure; it might have been a flash of sunlight from behind a cloud. If it was a smile, he would have given much to know what had caused it.

He tramped off to the stables. A butler! Well, so be it. He could only reasonably object when she called upon him to act in the capacity of a chambermaid. He wondered why he had no desire to laugh.

CHAPTER XII.

A TICKLISH BUSINESS.

Pierre was fierce and fat and 40, but he could cook the most wonderful roasts and ragouts that Warburton ever tasted; and he could take a hand-ful of vegetables and an insignificant bone and make a soup that would have tickled the jaded palate of a Lucullus. Warburton presented himself at the

"Ah!" said Pierre, striking a dramatic pose, a ladle in one hand and a pan in the other "So you are you now groom? Good! We make a butler out of you? Bah! Do you know zee difference between a broth and a soup? Eh ?"

The new groom gravely admitted that he did

"Hear to me!"-and Pierre struck his chest with a ladle. "I teach you how to sairve; I, Pierre Flageot, wili

teach a hostler to be a butler! Bah!' "That is what I am sent here for." "Here to me! If zay haf oysters zay are placed on zee table before zee guests enter. V'la? Then zee soup. You sairve one deesh at a time. You do not carry all zee deeshes at once. And you take zee deesh, so!"—illustrating. "Then you wait till zay push aside zee soup deesh. Then you carry zem away. V'la?"

Warburton signified that he under-

stood. "I carve zee meats," went on the amiable Pierre. "You haf nozzing to do wiz zee meats. You rest zee deesh on zee flat of zee hand, so! Always sairve to zee right uf zee guests. Vatch zat zay do not'move while you sairve. You spill zee soup and I keel you! To spill zee soup ees a crime. Now, take hold uf thees soup deesh."

Warburton took it clumsily by the rim. Pierre snatched it away with a volley of French oaths. William said his rescue, that there was to be no "cussing." but Pierre seemed to be an immune and not included in this order.

"Idiot! Imbecile! Non, non! Thees way. You would put zee thumb in zee soup. Zare! You haf catch zat. Come to zee dining-hall. I show you. I ex-

If only his old mates could see him he had no difficulty in recognizing the now. The fop of Troop A playing at butler! Certainly he would have to write Chuck about it-(which he most certainly never did). Still, the ordeal in the dining-room was a severe one. Nothing he attempted was done satisfactorily Pierre, having in mind enough, only the real significance of Celeste's frivolity and this man's good his words passed over her head. "I looks, made the task doubly hard. He thank you for your kindness." | hissed "Idiot!" and "Imbecile!" and 'Jackass!" as many times as there are knives and forks and spoons at a mands \$25.00 for the same. The course dinner. It was when they came gods were with him this time and no to the wines that Pierre became molli-He was forced to acknowledge that the new groom needed no instruc-tions as to the varying temperatures of calets and burgundies. Warburton longed to get out into the open and yell. It was very funny. He managed, however, on third rehearsal, to acquit himself with some credit. They returned to the kitchen again where they found Celeste nibbling crackers and cheese. She smiled.

"Ha!" The vowel was given a prolonged roll. "So, Mademoiselle, you haf to come and look on eh?"

"Is there any objection, Monsieur?" retorted Celeste in her native tongue, making handsome eyes at Warburton, who was greatly amused.

"Ha! if he was hideous, would you be putting on those ribbons I gave you to wear on Sundays?" snarled Pierre.

"I shall throw them away, Monsieur Flageot, if you dare to talk to me like that. He is handsome and you are jealous, and I am glad. You behaved horribly to that coarse Nanan last Sunday. Because she scrubs the steps of the French embassy you consider her above me, me!"

"You are crazy!" roared Pierre. 'You introduced me to her so that you might make eyes at that abominable valet of the secretary!"

Celeste flounced (whatever means of locomotion that is) abruptly from the kitchen. Pierre turned savagely to his protege.

Go! And eef you look at her, idiot, I haf revenge myself. Oh, I am calm! Bah! Go to zee stables, cattle!" And he rattled his pans at a great rate.

Warburton was glad enough to escape. "I have brought discord into the

land, it would seem." But his trials were not over. The worst ordeal was yet to come. At five, orders were given to harness the coachhorses to the coupe and have them at the steps promptly at eight-thirty. Miss Annesley had signified her intention of making a call in the city. burton had not the slightest suspicion

of the destination. He didn't care where it was. It would be dark and he would pass unrecognized. He gave the order no more thought. Promptly at eight-thirty he drove up to the steps. A moment later she issued forth, accompanied by a gentleman in evening It was too dark for Warburton

"I am very sorry, Count, to leave you; but you understand perfectly is an old school friend of mine whom I haven't seen in a long time; one of the best girl friends I have ever I promised to dine with her to-night, but I broke that promise and agreed to spend the evening.

'Do not disturb yourself on my ac count." replied the man in broken English, which was rather pleasant to the ear. "Your excellent father and I can pass the evening very well."

Karloff! Warburton's chin sank in-

to his collar and his hands trembled. This man Karloff had very penetrating eyes, even in the dark

But I shall miss the music which I promised myself. Ah, if you only knew how adorable you are when you play the violin! I become lost, I forget the world and its sordidness. I forget everything but that mysterious voice which you alone know how to arouse from that little box of wood. You are a great artist, and if you were before the public, the world would go mad over you—as I have." So she played the violin, thought the

unhappy man on the box of the coupe. "Count, you know that is taboo; you must not talk to me like that,"-

with a nervous glance at the groom "The groom embarrasses you?" count laughed. "Well, it is only groom, an animal which does not understand these things."

Besides. I do not play nearly so well as you would have me believe,"steering him to safer channels.

"Whatever you undertake, Mademoiselle, becomes at once an art,"—gallantly. "Good-night!"—and the count saluted her hand as he helped her into the coupe.

How M'sieu Zhames would have liked to jump down and pommel Monsieur le Comte! Several wicked thoughts surged through our jehu's brain, but to execute any one of them in her presence was impossible.

"Good-night, Count. I shall see you at dinner on Monday."

She would, eh? And her new butler would be on duty that same evening? Without a doubt. M'sieu Zhames vowed under his breath that if he got a good chance he would make the count look ridiculous. Not even a king can retain his dignity while a stream of hot soup is trickling down his spinal column. Warburton smiled. He was mentally acting like a schoolboy disappointed in love. His own keen sense of the humorous came to

"James, to the city, No. — Scott Circle, and hurry." The door closed. Scott Circle? Warburton's spine wrinkled. Heaven help him, he was driving Miss Annesley to his own brother's house! What the devil was Sgetting into fate anyhow? He swore softly all the way to the Connecticut The new groom was compelled to put avenue extension. He made three misforth all his energies to keep his face takes before he struck Sixteenth "Well, straight. If he laughed, he was lost, street. Reaching Scott Circle finally, get than.

house. He drew up at the steppingstone, alighted and opened the door.

"I shall be gone perhaps an hour and a half, James. You may drive around, but return sharply at ten-thirty." Betty ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Our jehu did not wait to see the door open, but drove away, lickety-clip. I do not know what a mile lickety-clip is generally made in, but I am rather certain that the civil law deone called him to halt. When he had gone far away from Scott Circle as he dared go, his eye was attracted by a genial cigar sign. He hailed a boy to hold the horses and went inside. He bought a dozen eigars and lit one. He didn't even take the trouble to see if he could get the cigars for nothing, there being a penny-in-the-slot machine in one corner of the shop. I am sure that if he had noticed it, it would have enticed him, for the spirit of chance was well-grounded in him, as it is in all army men. But he hurried out, threw the boy a dime, and drove away. For an hour and 20 minutes he drove and smoked and pondered. So she played the violin! played it wonderfully as the count had declared. He was passionately fond of music. In London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, he had been an untiring, unfailing patron of the opera. Some night he resolved to listen at the window, providing the window was open. a hundred times Chuck was right. Any other girl, and this jest might have passed capitally: but he wanted the respect of this particular woman, and he had carelessly closed the doors to her regard. She might tolerate him, that would be all. She would look upon him as a hobbledehoy.

He approached the curb again in front of the house, and gazed wistfully at the lighted windows. Here was another great opportunity gone. How he longed to dash into the house, con-fess, and have done with it!

[To Be Continued.]

Set the Hare Free.

The late Lady Florence Dixie not only wrote and spoke against cruelty to animals, but practiced what she preached. Some years ago she was in the inclosure at New Market together with another lady, conversing with the king, then, of course, Prince of Wales, when suddenly an excited shout arose from the crowd. Some men had started a hare, and immediately a gang of roughs rushed away in chase of the terrified animal. Sticks and stones were flung at the poor creature, until eventually it was captured by a great navvy. The interest of the fashionable crowd quickly died out, but not the anger of Lady Florence. Leaving the prince's side, she went over to the man who was leading her horse about, and jumping on the animal's back rode over to the mob. Forcing her horse up to the navvy she suddenly made a snatch, rescued the trembling beast, and then galloped away to a distant plantation, where she dismounted and set the hare free.

With or Without.

A fastidious man undertook to transmit instructions through the waiter to the cook. He wanted an oyster stew. These were his instructions:

"Now, waiter, kindly tell the cook I don't want the oysters and the milk merely mixed and heated. I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the liquor. The liquor should not be put in until the seasoning is added. Be very particular to get good, rich milk, and nothing but the best gilt edge butter. As for the oysters, I want Cape Cod salts. No ordinary stock oysters for me. Do you understand?

"I think so, sir," replied the waiter, but do you want the oysters with or without?

"With or without what?" asked the "Pearls, sir."

Do Not Limit Your Ability. Poverty and failure are self-invited.

The disaster people dread often comes

to them. Worry and anxiety enfeeble their force of mind and so blunt their creative and productive faculties that they are unable to exercise them properly. Fear of failure, or lack of faith in one's ability, is one of the most potent causes of failure. Many people of splendid powers have attained only mediocre success, and some are total failures, because they set bounds to their achievement, beyond which they did not allow themselves to think that

they could pass. They put limitations to their ability; they cast stumbling blocks in their way, by aiming only at mediocrity or predicting failure for themselves, talking their wares down instead of up, disparaging their business, and belittling their powers.— Success Magazine.

Question of Speed.

The automobile crank was talking about his huge racing car.

"One day in August," he said, "I took a run out into the country, and somehow got lost. On toward dusk I found myself at the meeting point of four cross roads and unable to tell which road would lead me back home.

"So I pulled up and waited, and soon a boy driving a cow appeared. "My lad,' I said, 'I want to get to

"The little fellow stared at my 110horse-power car, and then he said

"'Well, just follow this cow an' ye'll

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