

## The Man on the Box

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED. "Has anybody recognized you?" asked, unlocking the door to my apart-

"No; and I shouldn't care a hang if they had."

"Oho!" Warburton flung himself into a chair and lighted a cigar. He puffed it rapidly, while I got together my shaving

and toilet sets. "Start her up," said I.

"Chuck, when my father died he left nearly a quarter of a million in five per cents; that is to say, Jack, Nancy and I were given a yearly in-come of about \$4,500. Nancy's portion and mine are still in bonds which do not mature till 1900. Jack has made several bad investments, and about half of his is gone, but his wife has plenty, so his losses do not trouble him. Now, I have been rather frugal during the past seven years. I have lived entirely upon my army pay. must have something like \$20,900 lying in the bank in New York. On Monday, between three and four o'clock Col. Annesley will become practically a beggar, a pauper."
"What?" My shaving mug slipped

from my hand and crashed to the floor, where it lay in a hundred pieces.

"Yes. He and his daughter will not have a roof of their own: all gone, every stick and stone. Don't ask any questions; only do as I ask of you." He took out his check-book and filled out two blanks. These he handed to me. "The large one I want you to place in the Union bank, to the credit of Col. Annesley.

I looked at the check. thousand dollars?" I gasped.

"The Union bank has this day discounted the colonel's note. It falls due on Monday. In order to meet it.



"YOU ARE CRAZY." he will have to sell what is left of

the Virginia estate and his fine horses.
The interest will be inconsiderable." "What-" I began, but he inter-

"I shall not answer a single ques-The check for \$3,000 for the purchase of the horses, which will be put on sale Saturday morning. They are easily worth this amount. Through whatever agency you please, buy these horses for me, but not in my name. As for the note, cash my about it then. You can not trace

'Good Lord, Bob, you are crazy! You are giving away a fortune." remonstrated.

"It is my own, and my capital re-

"Have you told her that you love her? Does she know who you are?"

I was very much excited.

"No,"—sadly, "I haven't told her that I love her. She does not know She does not know who I am. What is more, I never want her to know. I have thrown my arms roughly around her, thinking her to be Nancy, and have kissed her. Some reparation is due her. On Monday I shall pack up quietly and return to

"Annesley beggared? What in heaven's name does this mean?" I was confounded.

"Some day, Chuck, when you have entered the family properly as my sister's husband, perhaps I may confide in you. At present the secret isn't mine. Let it suffice that through pe-culiar circumstances, the father of the girl I love is ruined. I am not doing this for any theatrical play, gratitude and all that rot,"—with half a smile. "I admire and respect Col. Annesley; I love his daughter, hopelessly enough, I have never been of much use to any Other persons' troubles never worried me to any extent; I was happy-go-lucky, careless and thoughtless. True, I never passed a beggar without dropping a coin into his cup. But often this act was the result of a good dinner and a special vintage. The \$20,000 will keep the colonel's home the house his child was born in and

this crazy thing, as you call it, because it is going to make me rather happy I shall disappear Monday. They may or they may not suspect who has come to their aid. They may even trace the hing to you; but you will be honorbound to reveal nothing. When you have taken up the note, mail it to Annesley. You will find Count Karloff's name on it."

"Karloff?" I was in utter darkness.

"Yes. Annesley borrowed \$20,000 of him on a three month's note. Both men are well known at the Union bank, Karloff having a temporary large deposit there, and Annesley always having done his banking at the same place. Karloff, for reasons which I can not tell you, did not turn in the note till this morning. You will take it up his afternoon."

"Annesley, whom I believed to be a millionaire, penniless: Karloff one of his creditors? Bob, I do not think that you are treating me fairly. I can't go into this thing blind."

"If you will not do it under these conditions, I shall have to find some

ne who will."—resolutely.
I looked at the checks and then at him. . . . Twenty-three thousand dollars! It was more than I ever before held in my hand at one time. And he was giving it away as carelessly as I should have given away a dime. Then the bigness of the act, the absolute disinterestedness of it, came to me suddenly

"Bob, you are the finest lover in all the world! And if Miss Annesley ever knows who you are, she isn't a woman if she does not fall immediately in love with you." I slapped him on the shoulder. I was something of a lover myself, and I could understand.

'She will never know. I don't want her to know. That is why I am going away. I want to do a good deed, and be left in the dark to enjoy it. That After doing this, I could never look her in the eyes as Robert Warburton. I shall dine with the folks on Sunday. I shall confess all only to Nancy, who has always been the only confidante I have ever had among the

There was a pause. I could bring no words to my lips. Finally I stam-mered out: "Nancy knows. I told her everything last night. I broke my word with you, Bob, but I could not help it. She was crying again over what she thinks to be your heartlessness. I had to tell her."

"What did she say?"-rising abrupt-

"She laughed, and I do not know when I have seen her look so happy. There'll be a double wedding yet, my I was full of enthusiasm.

"I wish I could believe you, Chuck: I wish I could. I'm rather glad you told Nan. I love her, and I don't want her to worry about me." He gripped "You will do just as I ask?" "To the very letter. Will you have a little Scotch to perk you up a bit? You look rather seedy."

"No,"-smiling dryly. "If she smelt liquor on my breath I should lose my position. Goodby, then, till Sunday." I did not go to New York that night. forgot all about going. Instead, I went to Nancy, to whom I still go whenever I am in trouble or in doubt.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FINE HEROINE TOO. Friday morning.

Miss Annesley possessed more than the ordinary amount of force and power of will. Though the knowledge of it was not patent to her, she was a philosopher. She always submitted gracefully to the inevitable. She was ligious, too, feeling assured that God would provide. She did not go about the house, moaning and weeping; she simply studied all sides of the calamity, and looked around to see what could be saved. There were moments when she was even cheerful. There were no new lines in her face; her eyes were bright and eager. All persons of genuine talent look the world confidently in the face; they know exactly what they can accomplish. As Karloff had advised her, she did not trouble herself about the future. Her violin would support her and her fathmy name. As for the note, cash my check first and present the currency for stances. The knowledge of this gave the note. No one will know anything her a silent happiness, that kind which leaves upon the face a serene and beautiful calm. At this moment she stood on the ve

randa, her hand shading her eyes. She was studying the sky. The afternoon would be clear: the last ride should be memorable one. The last ride! Tears blurred her eyes and there was a smothering sensation in her throat. The last ride! After to-day Jane would have a new, strange mistress If only she might go to this possible mistress and tell her how much loved the animal, to obtain from her the promise that she would be kind to it always. How mysteriously the human heart spreads its tendrils around the object of its love! What is there in the loving of a dog or a horse that, losing one or the other, an emptiness is created? Perhans it because the heart goes out wholly without distrust to the faithful, to the undeceiving, to the dumb but loving beast, which, for all its strength, is so

She dropped her hand and spoke to James, who was waiting near by for her orders.

"James, you will have Pierre fill a saddle-hamper; two plates, two knives and forks, and so forth. We shall ride in the north country this afternoon. It will be your last ride. To-morrow the horses will be sold." How bravely she said it!

"Yes, Miss Annesley." Whom were they going to meet in the north country? "At what hour shall I bring

She entered the house and directed

father arranging the morning's mail. to ride on a bright morning, with the She drew up a chair beside him, and ran through her own letters. An invitation to lunch with Mrs. Secretaryof-State; she tossed it into the wastebasket. A dinner-dance at the Country Club, a ball at the Brazilian legation, a tea at the German embassy, a box party at some coming play, an informal dinner at the executive mansion; one by one they fluttered into the basket. A bill for winter furs, a bill from the dressmaker, one from the milliner, one from the glover, and one from the florist; these she laid aside, reckoning their sum-total, and frowning. How could she have been so extravagant? She chanced to look at her father. He was staring, rather stunidly at a slip of paper which he held in his trembling fingers.

"What is it?" she asked, vaguely troubled.

"I do not understand," he said, extending the paper for her inspection. Neither did she at first.

"Karloff has not done this," went on her father, "for it shows that he has had it discounted at the bank. It is canceled; it is paid. I did not have \$20,000 in the bank: I did not have even a quarter of that amount to my credit. There has been some mistake. Our real estate agent expects to realize on the home not earlier than Monday morning. In case it was not sold then he was to take up the note personally This is not his work, or I should have been notified." Then, with a burst of grief: "Betty, my poor Betty! How can you forgive me? How can I forgive myself?"

"Father, I am brave, Let us forget, It will be better so."

She kissed his hand and drew it lovingly across her cheek. 'Then she rose and moved toward the light. She studied the note carefully. There was nothing on it save Karloff's writing and her father's and the red imprint of the bank's cancellation. Out of the window and beyond she saw James leading the horses to the watering trough. Her face suddenly grew crimson with shame, and as suddenly as it came the color faded. She folded the note and absently tucked it into the bosom of her dress. Then, as if struck by some strange thought, her figure grew tense and rigid against the blue background of the sky. The glow which stole over her features this time had no shame in it, and her eyes shone like the waters of sunlit seas. It must

never be; no it must never be.
"We shall make inquiries at the bank," she said. "And do not be downcast, father, the worst is over. What mistakes you have made are forgotten. The future looks bright to me.'

"Through innocent young eyes the future is ever bright, but as we age we find most of the sunshine on either side, and we stand in the shadow between. Brave heart, I glory in your courage. God will provide for you; He will not let my shadow fall on you. Yours shall be the joy of living, mine shall be the pain. God bless you! I wonder how I shall ever meet your mother's accusing eyes"

"Father, you must not dwell upon this any longer: for my sake you must not. When everything is paid there will be a little left, enough till I and my violin find something to do.
After all, the world's applause must be a fine thing. I can even now see the criticisms in the great newspapers. 'A former young society woman, well-known in the fashionable circles of Washington, made her debut as a concert player last night. She is a stunning young person.' 'A young queen of the diplomatic circles, here and abroad, appeared in public as a violinist last night. She is a member of the most exclusive sets, and society was out to do her homage.' 'One of Washington's brilliant young horsewomen, and so forth. Away down at the bottom of the column, somewhere, they will add that I play the violin rather well for an amateur." In all her trial, this was the one bitter expression, and she was sorry for it the moment it escaped her.

Happily her father was not listening. He was wholly absorbed in the mystery

of the canceled note. She had mounted Jane and was gathering up the reins, while James strapped on the saddle-hamper. This done, he climbed into the saddle and signified by touching his cap that all was ready. So they rode forth in the sweet freshness of that November afternoon. A steady wind was blowing, the compact white clouds sailed swift ly across the brilliant heavens. leaves whispered and fluttered, hither and thither, wherever the wind listed: it was the day of days. It was the last ride, and fate owed them the compensation of a beautiful afternoon.

The last ride! Warburton's mouth drooped. Never again to ride with her How the thought tightened his heart! What a tug it was going to be to give her up! But so it must be. He could never face her gratitude. He must disappear, like the good fairies in the story-books. If he left now, and she found out what he had done, she would always think kindly of him, even tenderly. At twilight, when she took out her violin and played soft measures, perhaps a thought or two would be given to him. After what had happened-this contemptible masquerading and the crisis through which her father had just passed-it would be impossible for her to love him. would always regard him with suspicion, as a witness of her innocent

shame. He recalled the two wooden plates in the hamper. Whom was she going to meet? Ah, well, what mattered it? After to-day the abyss of eternity would yawn between them. How he loved her! How he adored the exquisite profile, the warm-tinted skin, the shining hair! . . . And he had lost her! Ah, that last ride!

The girl was holding her head high her mother before her. I am doing her steps to the study. She found her because her heart was full. No more land Oregonian.

wind rushing past her, bringing the odor of the grasses, of the flowers, of the earth to tingle her nostris; more to follow the hounds on a winter's day, with the pack baying beyond the hedges, the gay, red-coated riders sweeping down the field; no more to wander through the halls of her mother's birthplace and her own! Like a breath on a mirror, all was gone. Why? What had she done to be flung down ruthlessly? She, who had been brought up in idleness and luxury, must turn Without being her hands to a living! worldly, she knew the world. Once she apeared upon the stage, she would lose caste among her kind. True, they would tolerate her, but no longer would her voice be heard or her word have weight.

Soon she would be tossed about on he whirl-pool and swallowed up. Then would come the haggling with managers, long and tiresome journeys, gloomy hotels and indifferent fare, cu rious people who desired to see the one-time fashionable belle; her por-traits would be lithographed and hung up in shop-windows, in questionable resorts, and the privacy so loved gentlewomen gone; and perhaps there would be insults. And she was only on the threshold of the twenties, the radiant, blooming twenties!

During the long ride (for they covered something like seven miles) not a word was spoken. The girl was biding her time; the man had nothing to voice. They were going through the woods, when they came upon a clearing through which a narrow brook loitered or sallied down the incline. She reined in and raised her crop. He was puzzled. So far as he could see, he and the girl were alone. The third person, for whom he reasoned he had brought the second plate, was no-

where in sight.

A flat boulder lay at the side of the stream, and she nodded toward it. Warburton emptied the hamper and spread the cloth on the stone. Then he laid out the salad, the sandwiches, the olives, the almonds, and two silver telescope-cups. All the time not a single word from either: Warburton, busied with his task, did not lift his eyes to her.

The girl had laid her face against Jane's nose, and two lonely tears trailed slowly down her velvety cheeks. Presently he was compelled to ook at her and speak.

"Everything is ready, Miss." He spoke huskily. The sight of her tears ave him an indescribable agony.

She dropped the bridle reins, brushed her eyes, and the sunshine of a smile broke through the troubled clouds.

"Mr. Warburton," she said gently, let us not play any more. I am too sad. Let us hang up the masks, for the comedy is done."

[To Be Continued.]

Six Maxims of Success

Six maxims he (Jefferson) held to through life as the certain safeguards against degeneracy in his art and if he bequeath nothing more than these to his children he will have given them an inheritance worth more than money and the magic name that he leaves, says the New York American. These maxims read as follows:

"The surest way to score a failure s to imitate some one else." "Never act to or at your audience.

Always act for them." "Never try to gauge the intelligence of your audience by the price of the

"Always keep the promise you make

o the public. "Always do the things you can do

"No lasting success can be gained if anything of vulgarity or impurity is permitted to tarnish a performance.'

Where Life Is Long.

Senator Tillman and a colleague were discussing the question of the salubriousness of various sections of the country. "Well," said Mr. Tillman, "if the healthfulness of a region is indicated by the mere longevity of its inhabitants, then I think that Asheville, North Carolina, must have the palm. As an illustration of how long-lived the people are thereabouts we Carolinians are fond of telling

this story: "A visitor from the north asked an old gentleman where he was born and how old he was. The old chap replied: 'I was born here in Asheville and am 70 years old.' 'Oh! exclaimed the Yankee, 'as you appear to be a hale and hearty as a man of 40, I've no doubt you'll live to a ripe old age How old was your father when h died?

"'Father dead!' said the old man looking surprised, 'Father isn't dead He's upstairs putting grandfather ( -Success Magazine.

Wanted All Coming.

At the cafe where I ate my first 'Frisco meal the bill of fare advertised string beans. I ordered them The waiter brought me some beans of the string variety, but the strings had been removed. "Waiter," I said, "are these string-

beans?"

'They are," he replied. "But where are the strings?" I de-

manded, sternly.
"The strings! Good Lord, man, do

"I do" replied I; "and you can trot right back and get them. I have been told that San Francisco people would try to string me, but I don't propose that they shall string my bears. I want all that is coming to me."

The waiter was equal to the emergency. In about five minutes served the strings on the side.-Port-

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