HIS BUSY NIGHT

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

CHRISTMAS Eve was always a busy night for Mr. Thomas Patterson. He had invariably done the biggest business of the year at that time, except for three successive Christmases spent under the conservative regime of the penitentiary.

Mr. Patterson was frankly, and on the whole successfully, a burglar. He did not take from the poor; he had never found that worth while. His victims were always those who could afford to lose—and to have. It cannot be claimed that he belonged to the chivalric type that abandons loot in order to save the baby, or, touched by feminine gentleness, returns gems by mail the next day. Nor was he the burly ruffian for whom the timid look nightly under the bed. A little black grease, and he might have passed for a plumber's assistant.

It was not ignorance of the hours kept by the rich that started him out as early as ten o'clock that evening. Tom read the society columns to good purpose; he knew that if the Kittridges were giving a Christmas Eve ball, among those present would assuredly be Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Whittimore and their daughter, Miss Evangeline Whittimore, who would probably be charming in rose chiffon and pearls. This meant that the Whittimore house would be empty of the Whittimores that evening. A careful inquiry into the ways of the Whittimore servants suggested that most of them would be off the moment the carriage had left the door. It looked such a pleasant opening that Tom decided not to take a confederate with him, but softly let himself in by a window in a shadowed angle, selected earlier in the day.

He found himself in a dining-room, dark except for the light in the hall beyond. Riches glimmered dimly on the sideboard, but Tom seldom bothered with plate. Crossing the room with the noiseless agility of a cat, he paused by the door.

The silence was absolute; not even the ticking of a clock could be heard. After three minutes his head drew back with somewhat the movement of a turtle's, his jaws came together, and he deliberately scuffed one foot along the polished floor, producing a dull, indefinite sound that might mean anything. Again the tense listening; then, with a businesslike quietness wholly free from slinking, he crossed the hall and went swiftly up the great, dim stairs.

The Whittimore Christmas presents, still lurking in drawers and desks, offered an unusually wide selection, and Tom browsed peacefully among them for half an hour. Then, adding to his pocket collection Miss Evangeline's jewel case and two hundred dollars from Mr. Whittimore's desk, he slipped down the stairs again and made the mistake of pausing in the dimly lighted drawing-room to see if he had overlooked anything important.

It was just the faintest little mouse-like click, but it meant a latch-key in the front door, not twenty feet away, and Tom had to act on the instant. The only refuge was a heavy plush curtain suggesting a concealed door, and he darted behind its folds. The door was locked on the other side.

The front door had opened now, and any change of position was impossible. Tom blessed his leanness, finding that by standing straight in the narrow space he made no perceptible bulge in the plush. With his pocket knife he deftly slit a peephole in time to see a young woman come with quick, cautious steps into the room. Obviously this was Miss Evangeline.

She was panting a little, her hands pressed nervously together, her teeth working at the lower lip. She began to pace up and down, very softly, with tense excitement in every line. Suddenly she paused, listening, her eyes directed straight at the plush hanging. Tom, nerved for a feminine shriek, poised himself in readiness to set out at the first note; but she turned and went swiftly to the front door. An instant later she came back with a young man.

"Well?" said the newcomer quickly.

She drew away from the arm he had put about her.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!"

She laid imploring hands on his arm.

"But do you think father is tyrannical? That it's silly to wait three years, when we're sure now? That we have a right to do it, if we're willing to be poor and—and all that?"

"I can't tell what I think. I want you so much that I don't trust my own judgment. It has seemed to me that he was—unfair. I could be bolder if only I didn't realize how utterly unworthy—"

"Don't!"

She ran to him, and he took her into his arms.

"Now I will run and get on another dress; you wait here," she said. "And, dear, I am going to bring my jewels. They are truly mine, and if we are too poor—"

"I hate to have you take them," he protested.

Tom also hated to have her take them. The case was at that moment in his right-hand pocket, together with several other trifles from her dressing table.

"I'll be back in five minutes," she was saying, drawing away reluctant hands.

When she had gone as far as the door, Tom took charge of the situation. He threw back the curtain, lifting a cautioning hand at her faint scream.

"If you want to keep this quiet from the servants, no row, please," he said with dignity. "I'm sorry, young feller, but I'm a detective employed by the lady's papa to stop this very thing—see? I have to do my dooty."

The young man stared helplessly, Miss Evangeline clutching at his coat.

"But—but—" he stammered.

"You see, the old gentleman got wind of it and asked me to step around," Tom explained. "He don't want any fuss.

The young man's color had changed from dismayed white to angry red.

"I will not," he said clearly. "If he does that sort of thing—"

"Exactly," echoed Evangeline proudly. "We will wait till my father comes home, and have it out with him. Detective, indeed!"

They sat down on the couch and glared at Tom. It made him uneasy.

"Lookee here," he began confidentially, "you seem like a pretty nice young couple, and I ain't one to spoil sport. If you want to skin out just as you are now, inside of sixty seconds, I don't know but I might—look the other way, see?"

"We don't wish anything of the kind," said Miss Evangeline haughtily.

The young man merely stared; he was evidently preparing speeches for her father. Tom edged toward the door.

"Well, I dunno as I need to wait, then. Family rows is for the family only, I say. I done my job, and—"

"Hold up!" commanded the young man. "I wish you to stay. Here!"

Three swift steps had taken Tom to the front door. He clutched it open—and nearly landed in the arms of Miss Evangeline's mother and father. Their portly presence left no loophole.

"Thought I'd save you finding your key, sir," he said. "I done my job—but the young folks is pretty mad."

"When it comes to shadowing us with a detective, sir," the young man began imposingly; then temper overthrew diction. "I'm hanged if I'll stand for it!" he burst out.

"Detective? Are you crazy?" he exclaimed.

Tom fell back a step toward the dining-room. "Oh, if you want to go back on me, sir, I ain't nothing to say. But I stopped this here elopement and I've earned my pay. I'll call for it tomorrow."

He achieved another step. Mr. Whittimore seemed short of breath.

"Elopement? Detective? Good God, Vangy, I never hired a detective in my life. It's some infernal blunder!"

"Well, here he is," said Miss Evangeline coldly. "If you will let us get married, we'll overlook it. Otherwise—"

She drew herself up, and Tom achieved another step. The old gentleman's temper began to show signs of wear.

"Marry any one you please! But for mercy's sake don't say I—"

A scuffle and a crash interrupted. A whirling heap on the floor resolved itself into Tom Patterson on his back, with Miss Evangeline's lover kneeling on his chest, a hand at his throat.

"Sorry to make a row," apologized the young man breathlessly, "but I caught on just in time. He's a sneak thief!"

"You seem to be a—a fairly up-and-coming young fellow," stammered Mr. Whittimore.

"Look a here, Mr. Whittimore," broke in Tom peaceably, "you don't want all this in the papers."

"All what, you scoundrel?"

"Elopement in the Four Hundred—Miss Evangeline Whittimore, daughter of—see? Now you got the swag, you got the girl; what more d'you want? Outside a police court, I ain't likely to talk. You think about it."

His captors did think about it, with dismayed faces. The two women on the stairs exchanged horrified glances. Mr. Whittimore pinched his chin, scowled, sighed, then nodded heavily. Slowly and reluctantly, the last pocket emptied, the young man arose from Tom's chest.

Two minutes later Mr. Thomas Patterson, hurrying through the dark, smiled to himself as he inserted careful fingers into a remote crevasse of his structure, where the contribution from Mr. Whittimore's desk still lurked in a compact wad.

"They didn't know I had that," he reflected, "but I guess I'll keep it for hush money. Two hundred dollars is more'n that young dude earns in an evening, anyhow!"

(Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Co.)

HER MILLION WAS KEPT BUSY

Earnings in Ten Years Nearly Half the Principal

INCREASE OF BIG BEQUEST

Money Left Elkins' Heiress Remains as Nest-Egg After Producing Fortune—Young Woman Rich from An Accumulating Income.

Norristown.—When she was only 11 years old a bequest of $1,000,000 was left to Marie Louise Elkins de Guigne, his granddaughter, by William L. Elkins, of Cheltenham, who was prominent in financial circles of Philadelphia previous to his death on November 7, 1903.

The will provided that the trustees of the million should pay for her education, maintenance and support such amount of the revenue of the million as they deemed she required.

When she attained majority, 21 years of age, she was to receive the balance of the accumulated income from the million.

She became 21 years of age last August, and recently Judge William F. Solly filed an adjudication of the account, as presented by the trustees, George W. Elkins, John G. Johnson and Sidney F. Tyler.

Judge Solly finds that the accumulated income during the past 10 years, or since the trust became operative, was $496,819.63, and that the trustees expended in behalf of this young woman, who has shone in high society, $142,172.96, leaving a balance of accumulated income due her of $354,646.67.

The original million dollars is awarded back to the trustees, to be held in trust for the benefit of the former Miss Elkins, whose married name is now de Guigne, during her life, and at her death the revenue is to be enjoyed by her children.

Father Saves Daughter.

Bethlehem.—While playing around the yard of her aunt, Mrs. James Miriam Landis, daughter of Morris Landis, owner of the Palace Cafe, fell down a 45-foot sink hole. The father of the girl saw his daughter disappear, and while his wife ran for a rope he climbed down the stony side of the opening in the ground. He reached the bottom just in time to grasp the sinking child, and held on until a rope was lowered.

No Guilt in Fatal Error.

Reading.—Joseph K. Light was tried in Criminal Court on the charge of manslaughter and acquitted. He was the telegraph operator and night station agent in charge of the Reading railway junction at Sinking Spring, where, on the evening of July 30, he is alleged to have become confused in dispatching and caused a wreck in which William Noble, conductor, was killed.

Fire and Poison in Prank.

York.—For a Hallowe'en revel, which it is alleged masked a spite against his neighbor, Cedan Ehrhart, a well-known farmer of Mt. Zion, York county, was arrested. Fred C. Frey, owning an adjoining farm, alleges that Ehrhart set fire and burned about 400 standing shocks of fodder and spread paris green over the remainder, to kill Frey's live stock.

Horse Killed; Driver Helpless.

Chester.—His horses becoming blinded by the glare of an approaching trolley car near Folsom, William Corufey, of this city, driver for William E. Headley, a local expressman, was struck, thrown out of the wagon and rendered unconscious. One of the horses was killed outright and the other severely injured.

Bank Follows Coal Failure.

Marianna.—The Farmers' and Miners' Bank here was closed and Bank Examiner James W. McBurney took charge. It is a State institution with a capital of $50,000, deposits of about $100,000 and resrve of $5,000. It is identified with the defunct Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company.

Indicted as Bribe-Takers.

Reading.—True bills were found by the Grand Jury in the bribery and conspiracy cases against City Clerk Ramsey and former Councilmen Cummings, Lewis and Flemming, accused of accepting bribes in connection with awards of contracts for fire apparatus.

Contract Job for 18 Months.

Bethlehem.—Catasauqua mechanics will work 18 months on a New York contract awarded the Davies & Thomas Company for $400,000 to make tunnel castings.

Adds $300,000 to Payroll.

Reading.—The committee of the Order of Railway Conductors and Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen met with the Reading Railway officials here. The object of the conference was to discuss the new schedule of wages as agreed upon by the Board of Arbitrators.

It is probable, it was stated after the meeting, that the men will receive the amounts due them through the increase some time in January. On the Reading system it will amount to $300,000.

HOPE TO RAISE LARGE SUM

Millions of Red Cross Christmas Seals to Be Sold for Anti-Tuberculosis Work.

Few people have any idea of the magitude of the Red Cross Christmas seal campaign. This year over 100,000,000 seals have been printed and distributed. If placed end-to-end these seals would extend nearly 2,400 miles, or practically from New York to Salt Lake City. They have been sent to over 25,000 different agents and will be sold and handled by an army of not less than 100,000 volunteers, including men, women and children. Millions of advertising circulars have been scattered throughout the country, and so thoroughly has the advertising campaign been organized that it is doubtful if many people in the more populous states of the country will not have heard of the Red Cross seal and its mission in the prevention of tuberculosis. It is hoped that at least 50,000,000 seals may be sold this year. The principle upon which the sale of seals is based is that every cent except what little is needed to cover the actual cost of printing and handling shall be spent for tuberculosis work in the community where the seals are sold.

BAD TETTER ON HANDS

R. F. D. No. 1, Critz, Va.—"I had tetter on my hands so badly that I could hardly do anything. It would begin to come in clear white blisters, then they would burst and peel off all over and crack and bleed. My hands were so sore and itched so badly I could not rest day or night. I could not put them in water nor do my regular work.

"I tried medicine and several different kinds of cream on them but they got worse instead of better. Nothing did me any good until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. And now my hands are perfectly well and all right." (Signed) Miss Ellen Tudor, Nov. 19, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

The Way of It.

"That jockey beat the record."

"Did he do it with a whip?"—Baltimore American.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Social Engagement Line.

A sweet young thing called to have a telephone installed in her residence.

"Independent or party line?" asked the manager.

"We have a great many social obligations," simpered the sweet young thing, "so I think you can make it a party line, even if it does cost a little more."—Judge.

One of the Seven.

"Will you tell me why your servant has three alarm clocks on the table by his bed? Is he as sleepy as all that?"

"All that and then some. You see, he sets one clock for five o'clock, another for six o'clock, and the third for seven o'clock. At eight o'clock I get up and drag him out of bed myself."—New York Evening Post.

Cows and Grass.

Two Washington youngsters were visiting their father's country place in Virginia, when one of them observed:

"Marie, I don't see how cows can eat grass. Do you?"

Marie gave the question appropriate consideration, and then replied:

"I suppose it's like this: When the cows are young the mother cow keeps saying to her children: 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

SEEMED LIKE 'RUBBING IT IN'

Algernon Really Had a Right to Resent This Last Action of Unfeeling Editor.

Algernon was a "free-lance" journalist, and at the moment could have done with considerably less freedom—and more money. In fact, he was beginning to realize that a regular salary had its advantages.

So was Algernon's wife.

A somewhat gloomy silence was broken by the letter carrier's knock, and, restraining any undignified haste, Algernon went to the box. It contained a foolscap envelope, which is not the kind that editors drop checks into.

"Shades of the poets!" quoth Algernon. "This is really more than I can bear!"

"What is it, dear?" piped his wife.

"What is it? Why, I sent this editor two stories and the heartless fellow has returned three!"

Thought "Katy" Was a New Dance.

"Two traveling men on an M. K. & T. train," says the Parsons Sun, "were talking of their trips and a young fellow sitting across the aisle caught snatches of their conversation. His curiosity got the better of him and he bent forward and addressed the man in the seat ahead of him: 'Say, hear those ginks talking over there? I've done the "Texas Tommy," "The Tango," "The Hesitation Waltz," and some others, but when it comes to "doing the Katy," I pass. What kind of a wiggle is it, anyway?'"—Kansas City Star.

Red Seals and Christmas Gifts.

A big-hearted purchaser of Red Cross seals in a southern city recently complained because the seals did not come in sheets larger than 100. He had prepared a Christmas package for his daughter and had conceived the idea that he would wrap it entirely in Christmas seals. As the present was bulky, the sheets of 100 were not sufficient. He solved his problem, however, by pasting several sheets of seals on a large piece of wrapping paper, in which he inclosed his daughter's gift.

ELIXIR BABEK A GOOD TONIC
And Drives Malaria out of the System.

"Your 'Babek' acts like magic; I have given it to numerous people in my parish who were suffering with chills, malaria and fever. I recommend it to those who are sufferers and in need of a good tonic."—Rev. S. Szymanowski, St. Stephen's Church, Perth Amboy, N. J. **Elixir Babek** 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcels Post prepaid from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Funny as a Crutch.

"Played a good joke on my fiancee."

"How was that, old top?"

"Had my chum meet her in the dark hall and he got the kiss intended for me. Good joke, eh, what?"

Didn't Matter.

"You are wanted at the telephone."

"But I am so hoarse I can't talk."

"You won't need to talk; it's your wife."

Appearances are almost as deceptive as trying to keep them up.

Don't let your lofty ideals be restricted to high living.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

FOR SALE—68 A. IN MONTMORENCY CO., Mich., 56 a. cult., 8 r. house, barn, outbldgs. $1,000. Mrs. J.C. Martin, R. 2, Clearspring, Md.

Nearly all men are too lazy even to think for themselves. Thinking is hard work.

They stop the tickle—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs by stopping the cause—5c at Drug Stores.

A man with a beard may use it as a barometer. Beards are harder and curlier as wet weather approaches.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

There is plenty of room at the top without pushing anybody off.

Stop That Cough

with the old reliable, most agreeable and effective remedy

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Soothes and heals sore throat, hoarseness, dryness and all irritation.

Sold by druggists.

Try Pike's Toothache Drops

How to get the most money out of your furs

Your Corry Fur List is ready. Have you sent for it yet? If not, don't turn this page till you sit down and write for it. To turn this page is to forget, maybe to lose all this advantage and profit.

For this price-list will convince you and prove to you that Corry can and will pay you more money for fur than any other house anywhere. In this price-list shippers from every State and Canada testify to the truth of this. One of them may be your next neighbor.

Better Returns and Sooner

For 15 years Corry has been preaching this doctrine. And every year our business has grown. Our methods must be right; we must treat shippers fair, else they wouldn't return in increasing numbers every season. This is our 15th Anniversary. We want to make it a red letter year. We have put out prices this season that lose sight of all profits for us. We want to make this a big year to get acquainted with lots of new shippers. So send for our price-list today. We'll pay you well for your trouble. We'll keep you posted all season free of charge. No matter how well you're doing now you can do better with us. Write us.

CORRY HIDE & FUR CO., Box 2777, Corry, Pa.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's $2.00 $2.50 $3.00 $3.50 $4 & $4.50
Women's $2 $2.50 $3 $3.50 & $4
Misses, Boys, Children $1.50 $1.75 $2 $2.50 $3

Began business in 1876; now the largest maker of $3, $3.50 and $4 shoes in the world.

Over 150 styles, kinds and shapes, in all leathers, sizes and widths.

W. L. Douglas shoes are famous everywhere. Why not give them a trial? The value you will receive for your money will astonish you.

If you would visit our factory, the largest in the world under one roof, and see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would understand why they are warranted to look better, fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price.

Your dealer should supply you with them. Don't take a substitute. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name stamped on bottom. Shoes sent everywhere, direct from factory, by Parcel Post, postage free. Now is the time to begin to save money on your footwear. Write today for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

The Typewriter for the Rural Business Man

Ball Bearing Long Wearing

Whether you are a small town merchant or a farmer, you need a typewriter.

If you are writing your letters and bills by hand, you are not getting full efficiency.

It doesn't require an expert operator to run the L. C. Smith & Bros. typewriter. It is simple, compact, complete, durable.

Send in the attached coupon and we will give especial attention to your typewriter needs.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N.Y.
Please send me your free book about typewriters.
Name .....
P. O. .....
State .....

This Indestructible Vacuum Clothes Washer Should Be in Every Home

THE OLD WAY

Hours of backbreaking. Chapped hands a certainty. Clothes worn out on the rubbing-board. Odor throughout house.

Saves Labor; Saves the Clothes; No Boiling; *No Destructive Wash Board*

Washes everything, from the most delicate fabrics to the heaviest blankets. Hot water, soap and compressed air does the work. A child can wash a tub of clothes in four minutes. Sent prepaid by parcel post on receipt of $2.50. Money back if not as represented. Beware of imitations!! Agents wanted. No contracts required.

THE NEW WAY

Four minutes to every tubful of clothes without injuring a thread. No chapped hands. No bending over and no odor.

THE FELDMAN PUBLICITY CO., Inc. Suite 703, Fitzgerald Building NEW YORK CITY

"IS YOUR BABY CONSTIPATED?"

Baby's bowels must be regulated properly and by a medicine that is safe.

Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup

Has proved itself—mothers know it and babies like it. Used in 100,000 American homes. Prevents Cholera Infantum. Best for bowel complaints. Cures Colic in ten minutes. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.

Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" "RUN DOWN" or "GOT THE BLUES" SUFFER from KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, PILES, write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN. IT TELLS ALL about these DISEASES and the REMARKABLE CURES EFFECTED by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. THERAPION. If you can decide FOR YOURSELF if it's the remedy for YOUR OWN ailment. Don't send a cent. Absolutely FREE. No follow up circulars. DR. LECLERC MED. CO., HAVERSTOCK RD., HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG.

DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick relief, soon removes swelling & short breath, often gives entire relief in 15 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent Free. Dr. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Greens Sons, Box O, Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS Our puzzles are rapid sellers. Even Boys and Girls make big money. Sample 15 cents. Circular free. F. T. LANNAN, 1733 S. HIGH STREET, SOUTH COLUMBUS, OHIO

WANTED Agents; new proposition just out; does away with extra tire on automobiles. Write quick for details. Golden Rule Mail Order House, Wisconsin Veterans' Home, Wis.

GRAMINO new, live school and parlor game; delights all. Send 10c for instructions. J. W. Ross, Elliott School, Wheeling, W. Va.

WHY TOLERATE UGLY WRINKLES? Our new inexpensive treatment banishes them quickly. Easy to use. Particulars free. Eclipta Toilet Goods Co., Litchfield, Conn.

EARN AN EASY DOLLAR BOX 157 DENVER, COLORADO

FOR SALE—250 A. IN SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.; 180 a. cult., 10 r. dwelling, 4 tenant hses., barns, etc. Henry Gardiner, R. 2, Franklin, Va.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, calendar, blotters, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

PISO'S REMEDY 25 CTS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS 25 CTS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

EVERYONE IS SINGING "Secrets" and "When a Lad Loves You." Send two dimes for them at once. Imperial Music Co., Roanoke, Va.

EARN $50 FOR CHRISTMAS We will tell you how. Send 2c stamp for particulars. Jamaica Sales Co., Box 136, Jamaica, N.Y.