THE BLUE BUCK

A BAFFLING MYSTERY AND BREATHLESS TALE OF ADVENTURE By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc. (Copyright, 1914, McBride, Nant & Co.)

EVNOPRIS.

On board a transationic liner, returning from Europe, Craig Rutherford falls in love toffs a woman, a Mrs. Talcott she seems to be troubled by nomenhing, but refuses his help, and apands most of the time with her invalid husband. Also on board is J. Baron Helderman, an emergentions sumeter, who makes a bestness proposition to Rutherford, and in a conversation says that he emspects the Talcotts of aomething. He directs attention to a due buckle worn by Mrs. Talcott. Later Helderman bribes the wireless operator to ist him take a message.

The message he takes is that a valuable pearl weeklede is being samupled into this country. An elderly man and a young woman are guilty. Again suspicion is directed against the Talbots. Later Mrs. Talbot is estended by a ruffion who attempts to sinich the bive buckle from her. Craig Rutherford rescues a plimpse of her in Helderman's suite, with her oring hid Ories as they examine the house, her included the dock. At the dock, New York, Mrs. Talcott forces her very into Urais's cale and asks him to drive her house. As they examine the house, Craig attempts to declare his love, but Mr. Talcott's voice is heard, warning him of his presence.

VII

NECKLACE OR BUCKLE-WHICH? Rutherford started guiltily, then straightened up and faced the door. He had recognized the voice of Mr. Henry Talcott, and momentarily waited for him to enter and create a scene. Craig had a well-bred objection to scenes of this character, and had never expected to be a party to one; but the interpretation which the husband of this girl would put upon the present situation was painfully clear to him.

Mr. Henry Talcott, however, did not choose to appear.

Craig glanced down at his companion. She was leaning back in her chair, actually looking relieved and easy. "You are not alone in the house, then?"

he half-asked, half-asserted. "I shall not be alone now," she an-

ewered amiling. In that extraordinary moment, Rutherford could only look at her in silent wonder. What was she trying to do, and why had she brought him into the house at all? Was all their elaborate search of the house merely a part of some new scheme she was trying to work out? And why, since Mr. Talcott evidently resented his intrusion, didn't that gentleman walk

in and demand an explanation or apology? The situation was beyond even guessing; it absolutely baffled Rutherford's powers of deduction. As if in answer to his unspoken ques-

tions, the girl continued: "Mr. Rutherford, it is only fair to yo to tell you why I came with you today why I asked you to enter this

Rutherford held his peace, wondering prase of the inexplicable situation was to develop. "Will you be good enough to give me

What buckle?" he asked in amaze-'The blue buckle." she answered: "the

one you saw me wear on board ship."

Her hand was extended confidently.

She was asking him to restore something he never laid hands upon, some thing he had not thought about all that

How can 1? You know I haven't had it!"
"I think you will find it in your pocket.
If you try," she insisted. He thrust his hands into the pockets of the light topcoat he wore. "Not there!" she said; "in your other

coat, please."

He reached skeptically into the left pocket of his coat, and an expression of

complete bewilderment crept over his face. The girl smiled at his dismay. 'Out with it!" she said, jestingly. Slowly he drew forth his hand and of-

It was a diamond necklace—a gorgeous strand of stones, worth at least fifty thousand dollars.

The girl made no effort to take it, but instead drew back with a little exclamation. He himself looked at her grave-ly, his worst fears realized—and again a wave of anger swept over him, that he should have been lugged bodily, as it were, into a wretched smuggling scheme. As she made no move to take the gems,

he laid them upon the desk.

"No, no! I don't want that! I want
the buckle, please, quick!" she begged.

"This is your property," he persisted,
ebstinately. I don't understand you-but, please,

the buckle! Look in your other pocket!"
Obedient to the whims of this astonishing person, he felt in his other pocket. The sharp corners of the blue buckle pricked his fingers. He drew it out, and with a rapturous joy which would seem-ingly have welcomed the necklace, she extended both hands for this simple May I examine it?" he asked quietly,

retaining possession of the buckle. She clasped and unclasped her fingers nervously, and watched him with manifest concern, while he leisurely scrutinised the object.

It proved to be more interesting than he had thought. It was ancient and bat-tered and scarred. Its workmanship, by hand, was that of a day when metai-smiths were less accomplished. Its chief distinction, however, and one that added to the mystery which seemed to surround this girl, lay in an inscription scratched deeply into the steel and running across the upper and lower edge of the oblong buckle. Craig traced the puzzling letters with an effort:

OXBIVIESAFIPSE

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Ah, if I only knew?" she exclaimed.

"How often have I puzzled over it! It may mean something—a great deal to both of us. It may mean nothing at all. And if it means nothing-I-I don't think I can bear it!"

I can hear it!"

The tears stood in her eyes as she reached again for the buckle. He released it, standing for the fiftieth time at a less for words. There lay the glittering dismonds, utterly unnoticed by her, while she pressed this plain little steel buckle to her breast. He knew now that she was not acting a part—that her trouble was very real and vital—and her contine distress drew him to her far more senuine distress drew him to her far more strongly than any of her previous moods Suddenly she stood alert, looking wildly

"What was that?" she whispered.
"I heard nothing," he replied in low but reassuring tones.

"A vehicle has stopped in front of the deer. Do you think we could have been followed from the pier?" I do not think so. I saw no one," he

Out your cab-you left it outside!"
to I did! I had forgotten all about should not have been so confi-she said, including heracif in any "Listent Fomeone is at the

bell Jampled Instatently. Ruther-emissed why title girl had betrayed its concern awaitle ago, at the en-of Mt Tulcutt when she was now by traditions of the coming of Lower and and are offer to the who make the

Craig went to the window, pulled aside the hangings a triffe, and peeped out. If was curlously assisted in his spying by one of those convenient, but old-fashoned devices, a mirror set at an angle, projecting from the house, which enable he hostess to decide whether or not she

he announced. "She's young, and she looks harmless. Come and see."
She came, and their heads almost touched, as she peered out. One glance, and she gave a little cry of delight; the

next moment she was speeding across the room and down the stairs.
"Sophie! Sophie! I am so glad!
thought you were not coming!" her vok
was heard exclaiming in the lower hell. Rutherford guessed, from the humbly delighted manner of the young woman who now entered, that she was the maid

to whom Mrs. Talcott had previously al-Mademoiselle, when they fight your

"Yes, yes, Sophie, you may tell me later! It is enough that I have you again!" her mistress interrupted, evident-ly not desiring any further disclosures at

"Ah, Mademoiselle! I come on the ship to you. I follow you here. You are my heart. To escape, to get to you, I have

made myself like a mouse! Without having as yet seen the girl. ralg found her effusiveness unpleasant t aroused a spirit of suspicion and uneasiness within him. She seemed to pro-test too much. But her mistress was alendure in the ancient house.

Come, Sophie, we must get settled. It will seem a great deal more like home when I see you in cap and apron." The maid followed her mistress up to

the second floor, and as she passed Rutherford she gave a quick, sidewise glance at him. Rutherford knew that it was one of those keen, inquiring looks by which a clever observer gains much

Presently Mrs. Talcott returned to the You cannot imagine how relieved I

feel, to have my maid with me again! Her excitement and fright seemed al to have gone. She was again the self-possessed woman, and now seemed im-bued with an added dignity—that of hos-

tess. Rutherford would not have been at all surprised if she had asked him courteously to stay to lunch, or form a fourth at a game of auction! Yet, there lay the diamond necklace in

plain sight, gathering most of the light rays which seeped in through the window, and brilliantly giving the lie to appearance of the commonplace that Mrs. alcott might assume. Rutherford picked up hat and gloves, and turned to say good-by.
"Mr. Rutherford, I wish I could tell

how much I have appreciated your iness. I wish I could say-I wish I kindness. ould explain-"Mrs. Talcott, I do not wish you to ex-

"Mrs. Taicott, I do not wish you be plain-until the proper time. But please remember, I have tried to help you because it was you, and not because I approve of-well of this."

He had meant to say, "of what you have done," but looking into her sevene, triefful year he couldn't nossibly say it.

trustful eyes he couldn't possibly say it. Instead, he mutely indicated the dia-"Why, I do not understand you!" she id, eyes wide and troubled. "Have I said, eyes wide and troubled. "Have I done something to offend you?"
"I am afraid it is Uncle Sam you have

He picked up the gems and handed

"Give you the buckle, Mrs. Talcott! The spoils of war," he said with a She looked up at him, surprised and half-indignant

'I don't understand you."
'Aren't these diamonds yours?" asked pointedly.

never saw them before! How can "I never saw them before flow can you be so absurd? You produced them from your own pocket!"

"Also the blue buckle. You do not deny ownership of that, I suppose?"

"No, I put that there, myself! It was the only way I felt it would be safe, after that attack. I was afraid that the persons who seemed to know about it.

persons who seemed to know about might try to get it again. But we are at cross-purposes about the gems. Please state plainly what you mean!" She was confused, burn, angry. Ruther-

ford knew that the best way out of the tangle was in plain speech.

"Mrs. Talcott, didn't you place those diamonds in my pockst?"

"How could !? I never owned such a necklace."

Innocence never looked more confident-

ly from two flashing eyes.
"You know nothing whatever about this necklace?" he exclaimed again, amazed and at the same time overloyed amazed and at the same time overloyed at the prospect of clearing her skirts of smurgling.
"Nothing," she answered. "Please do anything you like with it—except leave

Rutherford looked at the flashing Rutherford looked at the massing stones, as though they were unreal or he were in a trance. Evidently she knew nothing of the smuggling that had agitated the ship. It was, indeed, quite easy to see that the persons most suspected had heard least—in fact, nothing the phote the gossin and accusation.

pected had nearly least-in fact including at all-about the gossip and accusation which had buzzed all about them.
Rutherford crumpled the stones together and was dropping them in his pocket, when a peremptory voice halted

"Stop!"

He whirled around. A man sprang into the room and selzed his arm in an attempt to secure the jewels.

"We'll trouble you for that," a second man asserted, also approaching Ruther-

But the latter, with the trained in-gifficts and muscles of an athlete, had not walted to parley. With one swift wrench he escaped the grasp of the first

wrench he escaped the grasp of the hist intruder and retreated until he stood with his back against the desk.

Mrs. Talcott ran swiftly toward him, but her first object was apparently to secure the bine buckle, which she pressed tightly against her breast. This movement attracted the attention of the two men, her convulsive clutch upon the two men-her convulsive clutch upon the buckle. That they saw the buckle was quite evident. Their eyes traveled quick-ity toward it and for a mement they de-serted Eutherford and made a concerted motion toward the woman and the buckle. This movement startled her ex-ceedingly and she darted swiftly out of

For the present they abandoned her. But Craig noted during the ensuing in-ierview—and in fact during the entire fracas that ensued—that not for one infracas that ensued—that not for one instant did the two interlopers lose sight of that hive buckle, clutched tightly as it was in Mrs. Talcott's hand. Now, however, they gave attention to the neck-lace still dangling from Rutherford's fingers.

"How did you get in?" he demanded. "Like anybody else would: rang the hell," said one of the men insolently, as though assured that the situation was entirely in their own hands.

"You let them in!" cried Mrs. Talcott representfully to Sephie, who now thrust a scared face in the doorway.

"Out. Mademolasile, how should I know?" the girl excialmed, wringing her hands.

Even in the stress of the present mo-ment, Craig remarked that the maid ad-dressed her colstress again as "Mademoisells." I did not hear the bell ring." he said, looking sharely at the maid.

Mrs. Takest caught the meaning of his words, and was quick to take the girl's

"Mr. Ratherford, Southin would next The river see your to hant, have allowed any one to come in, who could sharpy ma, if was had surposed."

were desperate and would stop at notking. But the expected blow did not fall.
"Stop! Don't strike! Don't you dare!"
It was Mrs. Talcott who spoke, and although she acarcely raised her voice,
the two men relaxed their hold and
sprang back. Craig turned to see the
cause of their sudden accession of respect, and found it in the mussle of the
revolver, firmly held and well aimed.
"If you take another step in this di-"If you take another step in this di-rection-I shall shoot!" she said in even

her mistress; but Craig thought that he observed a look of understanding fissh from her to the two men, as she turned

and left the room. Rutherford himself had recognized both

the nies at once. They were the secret-service men from the ship. Plainly, he was in a light corner, with the smingled booty visible in his possession. Neverthe-

"You know very well what we want," said one.
"I do not. But even if I did, the secret

"Here's the necklace, but I did not smuggle it in: I'm perfectly willing to go to your superior, and explain how the thing came into my possession—"

He stopped suddenly, realizing that this

was precisely what he could not explain, is he half-extended the gems, the first

man paid no attention to his hesitation, but reached for them eagerly. "Oh, that's all right!" he said. "Just

give up the necklace quietly now, and we can fix it up at the office later. That's the best way to keep out of trou-

le. Give it up!"
But the fellow had over-reached him-

self. Rutherford had noted the look of cupidity which came into his eyes, and also realized that it was a decidedly un-

official proceeding to allow a suspect to go, merely upon release of property. With a swift motion of his wrist he slipped the jewels into his pocket.

Rutherford met him half-way with a firm

set of his muscles which halted the man with a jolt. The other sprang to his side, and tried to glower Rutherford out.

You're getting in bad," he said, "re-sting an officer. Better give up the dia-

monds without any fuss!"
Rutherford wavered. After all, why should he care what became of the neck-lace? He was tired of the very sound of

the word. He would give them up now,

and make his peace with the customs of-fice later. But an objection came from another quarter. Mrs. Talcott stood by

"Mr. Rutherford, don't do it! I warn

you! If these men are not what they claim to be, you will have to reimburse the Government for the diamonds. Please

be sure before you act!"
"Right-Oh!" he said, smiling at her.
"It will be easy enough to make sure.
I will just call up the customs office and

While he spoke, he had reached for the

"I guess not!" interrupted one of the

men. "We're in charge of this case see?" And he blocked the way, while his part

ner took the instrument away from Ruth

other in surprise, and Mrs. Tale warning took on a deeper import.

The latter looked from one man to the

these men were what they pretended to be, what he had all along believed them to be, why should they object to such a

"You're just trying to gain time!" blustered one. "But it won't work! You needn't think that we are going to fool around here any longer. Give up that necklace quick, or I'll know the reason

Craig raged at the insult in the words

some foreign land, but at home, in ol New York, where he was a respected and well-known citizen, with friends and influence at his command. The folly of

standing here and letting a common ruf finn, even if he were an officer of the law, insult him, was more than he could

"Give me that phone!" he commanded

"If you are what you claim to be, a simple question won't hurt you. I de-

He shoved the intruding man aside.

He knew in the instant that these men

the instrument. The next in of the fellows were upon him.

He realized with a start that he was n

his side, facing the men undaunted,

None of that!" cried the man, lung-

he reckoned without his host

service has nothing to do with me." swered Rutherford calmly. "We'll see about that. The Govern

manded

emungled in.

of countenance.

another quarter.

simple proof?

mand the right!

he endeavored to gain time by dis-

knew that she meant it, and could prob-ably shoot straight. Nevertheless, they

ably shoot straight. Nevertheless, they shifted uneasily, loath to fail in what they had undertaken.
"Don't shoot!" exclaimed Craig. "It would make trouble, and that is what you are trying to avoid. These men were admitted into your house by your "They are here to steal!" she asserted

replied Criig, stepping between her and the men. The courageous look in her

face had made him as fearful as the two

moment's notice.
"That's right! You'll get into all sorts of trouble if you fire!" said the stocky

chairs, expanded until she fancled herselt in the drawing room of Blenheim House. Between the landladies there was little enough to choose. Mrs. Raithby Lawenough to choose. Mrs. Raithby Law-rence, notwithstanding her caustic tongue and suspicious nature, had at least made some pretense at gentility. The woman who faced her now-hard-featured, with narrow, suspicious eyes and a mass of florid bair—was unmistakably and bru-

saying you hope to get an engagement next week?" she demanded, with a sneer. "Who's likely to engage you? Why, you've lost your color and your looks and our weight since you came to stay here. They don't want such as you in the chorus. And for the rest, you're too high and mighty, that's my opinion of Take what you can get, and be thank-ful-that's my motto. Day after day you tramp about the streets with your bead in the air, and won't take this and won't take that, and meanwhile my bill gets bigger and bigger. Now where have you been to this morning, I should like to

Beatrice, who was faint and tired, shaking in every limb, tried to pass out of the room, but her questioner barred the

nervously.

"And I need my money," Mrs. Selina P. Watkins declared, without quitting her osition, "and it's no good your going up your room because the door's locked."
"What do you mean?" Beatrice faltered. "I mean that I've done with you."

ne better I shall be pleased."
"But my box-my clothes," Beatrice

the auction mart."

Something of her old spirit fired the girl

rgot that her knees were trembling with fatigue, that she was weak and aching

annet go anywhere without them."

The woman laughed harshly.
"Look here, my young lady," she said, you'll see your box again when I see he color of your money, and not before. And now out you go, please-out you go! If you're going to make any trouble, Solly vill have to show you the way down the

the passage. Beatrice turned and fled out of the greasy, noisome atmosphere, down the wooden uneven steps, out into of the fellows were upon him.

He struck out vigorously with his right
and left, but the men were too close,
and quickly pinioned his arms.

"None of that, I tell you! Resisting
an officer!" shouted one, drawing an the ugly street. She turned toward the nearest elevated as though by instinct, but when she came to the bottom of the but when she came to the bottom of the stairs she stopped short with a little groan. She knew very well that she had not a nickel to pay the fare. Her pockets were empty. All day she had eaten noth-lin?" he invited.

He disappeared into an inner room. Presently he came out again and held the door open.

"Will you walk right in, Miss Frank-lin?" he invited. Rutherford saw the weapon brandished above his head and about to descend.

man, stepping quickly to Rutherford's side, in order to be still more out of range. "The necklace, sir, and we'll go!" Mrs. Talcott evidently thought that he meant to give it up, for she again tried to interpose.
"No, no! I won't let you! I know they are impostora! Something tells me!" she cried.

Her back was turned to the second

man, as she spoke, and with a bound he had sprung forward and wrested the weapon from her grasp.
"Now take the diamonds away from him, Sam!" he announced, triumphantly.

him. Sam!" he announced, triumphantly. "Twe got the gun!"

The stocky man gave one look at Mrs. Talcott, and the baffled expression upon her face showed him that he had nothing to fear from her. He lesped at Rutherford, and the two went down. Had he not been so eager, the revolver in the other's hands would have compelled an easy victory. Now, Craig fought on even terms while over them hovered a whiteeasy victory. Now, Craig fought on even terms, while over them hovered a white-faced helpless woman and a man who dared not shoot. Back and forth they twisted and writhed, the efforts of the stocky man being directed toward secur-

ing the necklace.

Mrs. Talcott tried to run to the desk.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Once again it seemed to Beatrice that history was repeating itself. The dinsy, oblong dining room, with its mosquito netting, stained tablectoth and hard cane

tally vulgar.
"What's the good of your keeping or

"Hear of anything?"

Beatrice shook her head.
"Not yet. Please let me go upstairs and le down. I am tired and I need to rest."

dging-house keeper announced. "
oom's locked up and the key's in "Your ocket, and the sooner you get out of this

"I'll keep 'em a week for you," the woman answered. "Bring me the money by then and you shall have them. If I don't hear anything of you they'll go to or a moment. She was angry, and she

"How dare you talk like that!" she ex-simed. "You shall have your money chortly, but I must have my clothes. I

ing, and her last coin had gone for the ear which had brought her back from Broadway. And here she was on the other side of New York, in the region of low-class longing houses, with the Bowery between her and Broadway. She had neither the strength nor the courage to walk. With a half-stifled sob she took off her one remaining ornament, a cheap enameled brouch, and entered a pawnbrok er's shop close to where she had been standing. "Will you give me something on this, please?" she asked, desperately.

A man who seemed to be sorting a pile ready-made coats paused in his task for a mement, took the ornament into his

hand and threw it contemptuously upon the counter. "Not worth anything." he answered. "But it must be worth something," Bea-trice protested. "I only want a very lit-

Something in her voice compelled the face. "What's the trouble?" he inquired

"I must get up to 5th avenue some-how." she declared. "I can't walk and I haven't a nickel."

He pushed the brooch back to her and threw a dime upon the counter. "Well," he said, "you don't look fit to walk, and that's a fact, but the brooch isn't worth entering up. There's a dime for you. Now git, please, I'm busy."

Beatrice clutched the coin and, almos forgetting to thank him, found her way up the iron stairs on to the platform of elevated. Soon she was seated in the train, rattling and shaking on its way through the slums into the heart of the wonderful city. There was only one thing left for her to try, a thing which she had had in her mind for days. Yet she found herself, even now she was committed to it, thinking of what lay before her with something like black horror. It was her last resource, indeed. Strong though she was, she knew by many small signs that her strength was almost at an end. The days and weeks of disappointments, the long fruitless trudges from office to office, the heart-sickness of constant re-fusals, poor food, the long fasts, had all told their tale. She was attractive enough atill. Her pallor seemed to have given her a wonderful delicacy. The curve of her lips and the soft light in her gray

her appearance had been the color flamed cheeks. very magnificent block of buildings, and, passing inside, took the lift to the seventu idly at a glass-paneled door, on which he was puzzled. Then the light broke in upon him suddenly. His heart gave a was inscribed the name of Anthony Crux-

eyes were still as potent as ever. she thought, though, what a poor

hall. A very superior young man bade her enter and inquired her business. "I wish to see Mr. Cruxhall for a mo ment, privately," she said. "I shall detain him for more than a minute. name is Franklin-Miss Beatrice Frank-

The young man's lips seemed about to e intruding man aside.
The woman had opened the door and a shape themselves into a whistle, but colored sevent, half dressed, with a something in the girl's face made him broom in her hand, came shouching down change his mind.

"I guess the boss is in," he admitted, "He's just got back from a big meeting, but I am not sure about his seeing any one today. However, I'll tell him that you're here."

He disappeared into an inner room.

Presently he came out again and held

er knees began to tremble when she nd herself in the presence of the man she had come to visit. Anthony Crus-hall was not a plemant looking person. His cheeks were fat and puffy, he wore a diamond ring upon the finger of his tooa diamond ring upon the finger of the white hand and a diamond pin in his somewhat flashily arranged necktie. He was smeking a black cigar, which he omitted to remove from between his teeth as he welcomed his visitor.

"So you've come to see me at last, little was the welcome to see me at last, little was the welcome to see me at last, little was the was the way t

Beatrice went in bravely enough, but

Miss Beatrice!" he said, with a particularly impleasant smile. "Come and sit down here by the side of me. That's right,

eh? Now what can I do for you?"

Beatrice was trembling all over. The
man's eyes were hateful, his smile was

hideous.
"I have not a-cent in the world. Mr.
Cruxhall." she faltered: "I cannot get an
engagement. I have been turned out of cruxiall. She fallered, considering the considering rooms and I am hungry. My father always told me that you would be a friend if at any time it happened that I needed help. I am very sorry to have to come and bes. Yet that is what I am the come and bes. Yet that is what I am the come and bes. Yet that is what I am the come and bes. Yet that is what I am the come and bes. Yet that is what I am the come and bes. Yet that is what I am the come and the company that is not set that it was the company that the company that we have the company that the company that is not set that it is that i doing. Will you lend or give me \$10 or \$20, so that I can go on for a little longer? Or will you help me to get a place among some of your theatrical

Mr. Cruxball puffed steadily at his cigar for a moment and, leaning back in chair, thrust his hand into his trousers

"So bad as that, is it?" he remarked, So bad as that, eh?"
"It is very bad indeed," she answered, locking at him quietly, "or you know that I should not have come to you." Mr. Cruxhall smiled.

"I remember the last time we talked to "I remember the last time as the getter," he said. "we didn't get on very well. Too high and mighty in those days, weren't you. Miss Beatrice? Wouldn't have anything to say to a bad lot like Anthony Cruxhall. You're having to come to it, ch?"

She began to tremble again, but she held herself in.
"I must live," she murmured. "Give me little money and let me go away

He laughed. "Oh, I'll do better than that for you he nnawered, thrusting his hand into wiastcoat pecket and drawing out a pile of dellar bills. "Let's look at you. Gee whiz! Yes, you're shabby, aren't you? Take this," he went on, slamming some notes down before her. "Go and get yourself a new frack and a hat fit to wear and meet me at the Madison Square roof garden at 8 o'clock. We'll have some

dinner and I guess we can fix matters Then he smiled at her again, and Beatrice, whose hand was already upon the bills, suddenly felt her kness shake. A great black horror was upon her. She turned and fied out of the room, past the astonished clerk, into the lift and was downstairs on the main floor before she remembered where she was, what she The clerk, after gazing at her

"Young woman hasn't bolted with any thing, ch?" he asked.
Mr. Cruxhall smiled wickedly.

"Why, no," he replied: "I guesa she'll come back!"

Tavernake left the meeting on same afternoon with his future practically assured for life. He had been appointed surveyor to the company at a s \$10,000 a year, and the mine in which his savings were invested was likely to re-turn him his small capital a hundredfold. Very kind things had been said of him Pritchard and he had left the place to gether. When they had reached the street they paused for a moment. "I am going to make a call near here," gether.

Pritchard said. "Don't forget that we are dining together, unless you find some-thing better to do, and in the mean-time"—he took a card from his pocket and handed it to "Tavernake-"I don't know whether I am a fool or not to give you this," he added. "However, there it is. Do as you choose about it."

He walked away a little abruptly. Tavernake glanced at the address upon the

card: 1134 East 3d street. For a moment

ard. ard."
"I found out that it was you less for always," he continued, "and the why I am asking you to marry man Beatrice, only this time I sak ye. cause I love you, and because to place or be anything at all to ma" "Leonard?" she murmured.
"You are not sorry that I have this?" he begged.

teap. He turned back into the

leap. He turned pack into the sak for some directions and stopped short. Down the stops like one who flies from some his came a sim black figure, with and set, horrified stare. Taverell out his hands and she came to he c

"Leonard!" she cried. "Leonard!" There's no doubt about ma."

swered, quickly. "Am I mich a to

She stood quite still and sto-hard. By and by the giddiness. "Leonard," she murmured, "I Then she began to smile. "It is too absurd," she fallers you've got to do it all over agos. "What do rou mean?" he stiss.

"What do you mean?" he said "Get me something to est a she begged. "I am starving se-where it's cool. Leonard, how full I never even knew that

He called a carriage and took

to a roof garden. There, as it with they got a seat near the parapsinake talked clumsily about himself the time. There was a lump throat. He felt all the while that

was very near. By degrees, the she ate and drank, the color as to her cheeks, the fear of

down seemed to pass away, the

even cheerful.
"We are really the most amanaged

ple, Leonard," she declared. "Ye bled into my life once before

was on the point of being turned

my rooms. You've come into it

Don't spend too much money used dinner, for I warn you that I

from you."

"That's good news," he read "but I'm not sure that I'm going as

He leaned across the table. The

ner had taken long in preparing as dusk was falling now. Over the the stars, the band was playing music, the hubbub of the streets it

below. Almost they were in a litt

by themselves. "Dear Beatrice," he said, "three?

I asked you to marry me and you not, and I asked you because I we selfish brute, and because I knew it

was good for me and that it west me from things of which I was a

And now I am asking you the same

And now I am assains you transport again, but I have a bigger reason trice. I have been alone most of the two years, I have lived the sort of the property of

which brings a man face to face the truth, helps him to know his

and others, and I have found out

"Yes?" she faltered, "Tell me, la

and you find me once more

He laughed.

anything."

stood quite still and sen

She opened her eyes again. "I slways prayed that I might be you say it," she answered, "but it oh, it seems so one-sided Hers at etarving and penniless, and years suppose are well on the way town! success you worshiped."
"I am well on the way," he said, so

estly. "toward something greater i trice. I am well on the way toward derstanding what success really is things count and what don't I be even found out," he whispered, thing which counts for more than thing else in the world, and new th have found it out, I shall never b go again."

across the table at him with swine eyes. The waiter, who had been proaching, turned discreetly away band started to play a fresh tune. I down in the streets came the care of the cars. A curious, cosmer

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It Strengthens the Public's Hand

Here, briefly, is the bill just introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature which by repealing the Full Crew Law gives the public greater power in its place:

The Public Service Commission . . . shall have power . . . to require any railroad corporation . . . to employ a sufficient and adequate number of men upon any of its trains." The railroads urge the repeal of the Full Crew Law because it is right that this inequitable law compelling the railroads to waste

That the citizens of Pennsylvania, who directly or indirectly suffer from this tremendous waste, are back of the railroads in their fight is abundantly evident. Public sentiment, expressed in actions of boards of trade throughout the State, in countless peti-

the Full Crew Law, has spoken and spoken emphatically. But the railroads are not asking for the repeal of this law because they seek more power for themselves. The very act repealing the Full Crew Law places in the hands of the Public Service Commission, authorized guardian of the public, the trainmen and the

By putting this control where it belongs, efficiency of operation is assured and the money now wasted in uncarned wages can be spent for your better and safer service.

If this bill is passed you citizens of Pennsylvania will be relieved of the injurious effects of an unjust law and at the same time retain to an even greater degree your power of control over your servants, the railroads of your State.

DANIEL WILLARD, President, Beltimore and Ohio Railroad President, Pennsylvania Railroad.

SAMUEL REA.

two million dollars a year in uncarned wages should be off the tions and in hundreds of thousands of letters urging the repeal of

railroads alike, the power properly to man trains.

Tell your Representatives at Harrisburg to work and vote for this amendment. It strengthens the Public's hand.

THEODORE VOORHEES,

R. L. O'DONNEL, Chairman,
Essentive Committee, Associated Railroads of Fennsylvania and New Jersey, 221 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia