Gypsies and artists, society folk, reckless Bohemians, bold conspirators and a performing bear unite to keep this story pacing down the road to Arcady. From the care-free life of wandering gypsies along the highway you are carried to the strangest, gayest spot in Gotham's fascinating Bo-~~~~~

eintroduced, who never really meet, aid Pedro, "that it seems a pity those he could meet have to wait for an

Mr. Jones stopped licking his front nose twitching attentively. For though suddenly remembering what ial process. It might be mentioned our bear, fat, young and intelligent, grass, luxuriating in its warmth, age turned to flame by long abtion of the summer sun. To the th lying in the stubby grass life ed just now to hold all too many of self-pity, because he could not

sough it was only mid-afternoon ad already stolen away from Beau-Rico and the others, in order geht out the battle of an impordecision in privacy. But now he was alone with his problem his hear he found himself afraid the former, and to put off the evil net be talked to the animal. The reached out a slim, brown hand took up one of the newly laved

That's how they do it, ch? Now, He was an artist. an artist! ill it silly that some one has to say o make an inquiry after the th! What do you think, Mr.

st his nose into the boy's palm. th! I knew you would agree," ex-

e ear an affectionate tweak and

p and curling it was. And such a ful pale face. She looked at me, he had just crossed. must know, but I did not dare to

yet which called him ceaselessly he to continue free (a mere f of bears) but free? Or should last become a painter, chained field his bear, for all they would

te his mental vision arose the smoke from the altars of com-Shops, lights, color, equipages of the rich; narrow where the poor jostled and barat push-carts in the murky flare visions of broad roof-tops, dag acre on acre, mile on milestable ocean of roofs stretching ers could see, covering more passion than the heart could be colored with joy than the

ow could be let go the infitariety of every day? Ah! he at; it was impossible! Rethe long, white road that led place each hour? Renounce the spent beneath the open the award summer nights a meadow flowers; the winhts, when he and the bear harn, or if they were rich, the privilege of a tavern with the spoils of the eve ormance! Oh, blessed days Ting among simple advening all through the noon, long hours and dreaming! sas a group of children, laughtice at Mr. Jones' dancing. ious crowd in a sordid vilrous tricks, was solemnly And there were the ould dance the "coquette" n Paris), to the accompani-Fearious applause; and the of Old Nita, one of the little which he belonged. Ah!

re the gay nights! hat few months his a flew back to journeyings far white roads of Lorraine, a

The Impossible Boy

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

(Copyright by Bobbe-Merrill Co.)

wife, Guneviere, and the great, grizzly | was a tramp. He wanted my little | low, ch? What's to eat?" he inquired. Rico, his bear and his Anna, and all moments he looked at Pedro they, bears and all, went late one cared so much about the money, you as unwavering stare, and then, night to the Bal Bodin in Montmartre. though state of the lava-had been about, resumed the lava-with her shapeless old mouth a-smiling!

Tramp steamers! The smell of them came sharply across the actumn | do not understand English?" wind. Weeks of motion and of stench, and then at last the dying of the engine-throb, the crowding and the jostling, and the great rush out upon the shore of some new land. On such a voyage it was that Carlos and Hermania had joined them, bringing a cin- every mement.

what roads they had traveled together under sun and moon!

their essence, in a single breath, as and clasped it upon his heart with it were, bereft of detail save for some both hands. How she stared! Waitpicture-of a small incident or two, ing for him to speak again, she gave trivial, but never to be forgot. The her chin a tilt which accentuated that heart of that past life he held for a heavenly line. Involuntarily he pic moment in his own. No! no! he could tured drapery behind it, his artist's sent when he must think in good not give it up. And yet, this other soul longing to depict it. Like a Macall, which had been with him, it donna, would seem, since birth, was now grown too strong for resistance. Before his eyes he must see the thought How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said of his heart depicted by the labor of demaiy. "I am delighted to meet his brain and hand. He must paint!

"I will go!" said Pedro shudderingly. arm before two others are permit- Then, as if shedding the past, he

> shall return to camp and tell them what we are going to do."

> Not until he was within a hundred yards of the road did Pedro realize now evinced itself to be a country

wound along at the base of the hill Apparently he had been dreaming

ik because she would not have an away the afternoon upon the farming ed, and that would have been a section of the place. The sloping dy. Why should she speak to a ground which lay between him and the young man to whom she had hedge was smooth and soft, and tempter been introduced? Of course, ed by it, Mr. Jones lay down and could not! I wish she had, rolled a little way. Then he got up and trotted on some distance in adcould look at her. That was vance of his master. The road was heart," said he, and then, with a gesething! There was a line, amigo very near now, and there came a ture half beseeching, half apologetic, from her chin to the base of sound of pattering footsteps from it and wholly graceful, he swept his hat and the swish of light garments, upon his head, and, calling the bear, folled over again, burying his Through the somber evergreens Pedro is his folded arms. One long could see a gleam of white, moving except him, and then a second, swiftly. Then came the noise of heave and unexpected, and the manner of of that beautiful line | ier tramping - a man's step this timebreast to chin had reawakened a man in haste at that. Then a wombecominant problem—the problem an screamed, her frightened cry ring- he remained in sight she stood gazing

The bear, moved to curiosity by the sound, plunged through the hedge and his heart had been gathering staff like a cudgel, set off down the the gate in the hedge and went slowly ath these many months past and slope at a run, reaching the hedge along the little winding path.

company of six, for already there was ened him away; he came so suddenly that all?" -the bear did, that is. In another in-Nita-that wicked Old Nita, who stant that dreadful man would have danced the "coquette" herself when had my bag. Not that I would have ing off by yourself, we have only takknow," she added a trifle apologeti-How funny she had looked, dancing, cally, "but I have registered letters from the post office, and if they had . . but, perhaps, you been lost

"Oh, yes!" said Pedro, taking his, yes from her slender throat and flashing a brilliant smlle at her. "Oh, yes, indeed, I understand you!"

."Then please let me thank you." said she, her interest in him growing "But there is nothing for which I

may receive thanks!" he protested. Actually, she seemed to consider the bear's introduction sufficient. Fumblingly he removed his wide, soft hat

"it should be blue!" he said aloud in a queer, choked voice. "What did you say?" asked the girl

with a puzzled expression. At realization of his speech his confusion became complete, and suddenly his one idea was to escape her watch-

ful eyes. "I-that is to say, er-it was Mr. Jones entirely," he stammered, "1-1 did nothing, nada! It was all the

"But he is your bear, evidently," she replied, "and I insist that he share the thanks with you."

"Thank you!" said Pedro eagerly. You do not know the exquisite de light-er-sh-oh!" Gasping, he sought to extricate himself from the ment he had half-blurted out. "Forgive me, gracious lady, er-er-

must go now!" he finished lamely. "Well, I give you my most grateful thanks, whether you take them or not," said she with a smile.

But he was now too embarrassed to rally and did what one often does upon attaining a desired situation: became suddenly panicky and ran away from it.

"I shall hold your words in my set off down the road.

The wording of his speech was odd his departure so precipitant that it looked like a retreat. For as long as after him, her interest in him cemented by his flight. With a sigh she was scarcely conscious of uttering, so faint disappeared, and Pedro, grasping his it was, she reluctantly turned in at

CHAPTER II.

brows were knit furiously. He had to pass some villas with a cemi-suburban look about them, and then an elm-shaded street, where commerce and conservatism rubbed shoulders. Next, by switching off from this neighborhood, he passed between rows of frame houses, which diminshed in their appearance of imporance and prosperity the farther he went, until finally the street, if such it could properly be called at this point, was fringed only by shacks that

angle against the slanting little gar dens at their backs. When these humble habitations came paper, rubbish and discarded cans. In the lee of the dilapidated building a fire was burning upon the ground, and about it a group of people had gathered. Over the blaze a kettle had been hung, into which an old woman was throwing greens from her apron. Near her, his back against the barn, lay a giant of a man, with a patch over one eye. This was Beau-Jean, the mighty Provencal, who at this moment was engaged in carving an elaborate design upon the base of a bear-stave; while beside him lay the great animal whom he ruled, asleep with its nose women-Gunny, Beau-Jean's wife, and to the inhabitants of a great upon his hind legs, his tongue lolling sturdy Hermania, wife of Carlos (who out and his clumsy paws waving from, lay asleep near by)-were mending their shoes. At a little distance, Anna, the pretty and irresponsible was weaving a garland of bright. golden maple leaves, Rico watching

> his familiars Mr. Jones trotted up. eagerly sniffing as he came. Old Nita aroused herself at his approach. "Pedro, you have let him loose

"some day he will betray you and "Cross Old Nita!" replied Pedro. pell of the tableau was broken. stepping into the lighted circle and "Oh, how fortunate that you were smiling at her. "He is too fond of

Koko had joined them. That made a silk purse . . . but the bear fright stooping over the kettle. "Greens! Is eagerly.

"There is rve bread-a single loaf." responded Nita. "Thanks to your goen in a few pesetas all day!"

"You know very well, Aged One," responded Pedro, "that you take in in it for my father. I have just come as much alone as with me, or very nearly. And as for going off! . Well, I have something to tell you, but all must hear. Let us gather together

> So far the conversation had been in Spanish, the native tongue of these two. Now, as the conversation became general, they fell into a patois English, the language of the road, sometimes slipping into French, sometimes back into Spanish, their talk being as polyglot as their origin.

"Now, do you want to hear, eh?" Pedro asked, addressing the company. "If so, I shall tell my plan."

Beau-Jean replied first, in his deep,

"Let the little one tell his notion The plans of Pedro have brought



"Hast Thou Sinned, Even as 1?"

many a laugh, and so many a coin from the crowd on the market street." mending," said Hermania. "If Pedro | flabby face. His hands were tucked can tell a plan to get others I will beneath an apron whose immaculate

"The lad has wit; did he not conceive the praying trick for Koko?" mumbled Old Nita. "Come, child, become petrified while waiting for cuswhat has thy brain devised now to tomers who never came, help us?" "Oh, don't, don't!" cried Pedro.

night of all nights? I cannot endure Call me evil names, and abuse me, rather! Please! It is almost too hard for me to do, and yet I must! Amigos! It is for myself only that I am planning-my notion will not help you, alast

He buried his face in his hands, and for a moment there was an astonished silence. Such an outburst of emotion on the part of their joyous Pedro was a thing undreamed of by any of them Into the silence the voice of Old Nita broke tremblingly,

"Hast thou sinned even as I, that thou weepest so? What is it, Pedro of my heart?"

"No, no!" be cried, raising his head "I have not sinned, but I have seen a line-an exquisite curve from an oval chin to the base of a white

"Ah! In love!" exclaimed Rico and Anna simultaneously.

"No; again no!" cried Pedro, "I do not love it, but I've got to paint it!" There was another interval of puzzled silence, broken this time by Beau-

"Ob, little Pedre," said he, "what do you mean by 'paint it'?"

"Just that," said Pedro, striving to conquer his emotion. "I am going to be an artist, a painter. Don't you understand?"

The little group stirred relievedly. This was nothing so terrible, after all. Then for a few moments all spoke at once, voicing their relief. Hermania's query made itself evident above the clamor of the rest.

"But why does this distress you so? Always, always you have made pic- an' plate glass! A fellow like me tures. Pictures of us all, of every- ain't got no show." where, of everybody; always, always scribbling little pictures upon bits of paper! Where is the trouble?"

"The trouble comes because I shall have to leave you all," said Pedro sadly. "I must go to the city, where I can have the right things to work with, and colors-colors-colors! must learn about them. It will be hard, but I can do it." "Go away! Leave them!" Such a

langer as they raised! "I have tried not to do this," he said as soon as they let him speak,

"Yes," said Mr. Lovejoy, "all the

"And how will you live?" from Cartice you." "I do not know." "Who will teach you?" queried Her "Sure, but what?"

"I do not know." "And those colors, where will you

determined to go?" Beau-Jean de-

"How will you do so?" asked Pedro

"I do not know that, either," re-

sponded Beau-Jean. Next morning the eight set out together for the city. Whatever strange

undertaking Pedro was considering. they would all go along and assist if possible. And so, without any idea save that of action, they set forth, determined though indefinite. The coppers of yesterday were all

expended for breakfast, and the first like." step toward the beginning of a day being accomplished, they betook themselves to the railroad track and walked beside it. But noon came and passed, and still no granite towers loomed before their expectant eyes. Finally, to rest themselves, they turned from the wearying, shining vista of rails, and beside the mile post that bore the discouraging legend:

N. Y. 25 M .- Harrison 1 M.

By this time all were tired and hungry. Worse yet, the bears were hungry-a condition to be reckoned with before the need of the masters. "Let us go," suggested Pedro, "into

the town which this dusty road leads to, and dance the bears, pass the hat, and eat, ch?"

The suggestion needed no secondng. With groans and complaints they got to their feet again, and set off for the village.

But fate was not smiling upon them ust then. The town was nimest deserted at this hour. Besides which, near the end of the performance, Toto. who was supposed to "sing," raised his voice from his usual growling monotone to a hungry growl. ' That sent the watchers running off in all directions. Ruefully Old Nita counted the earn-

"Only seven pennies in all," she complained. "Better to have rested peside the railroad."

"It is not enough to feed one bear, ven," remarked Beau-Jean, "and I am as hungry as two."

Meanwhile Pedro was talking to himself. "You got them into this; otherwise they would have traveled the regular way. Now you get them out." Then Pedro noticed a dingy lunch wagon by the broken curb, some fifty feet away. At the entrance "My shoes will not stand another to it stood a fat man with a dismal, whiteness shone out conspicuously among the gray surroundings. The man was motionless, as though he had

"Ah!" said Pedro aloud, "I have an idea! Stay where you are, all of you,

Then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he strolled nonchalantly away In the direction of the lunch wagon. It was a dingy affair, as has been said, and upon its tawdry sides the lettering had grown dim. Still, it was

easy enough to make out the inscrip--The Elite-

Pies, Coffee, Milk, Frankfurters Over the doorway was an invitation to "walk in," and underneath this the owner's name-"Isane Lovejoy, Prop." -had been printed small. Pedro sidled up to the individual who, it would seem, bore this name and title

"Business thriving bout here?" asked Pedro conversationally, by way of an opening.

The man gave him a glance, but without moving to do so.

"Nope!" he replied. "What! In a place where travelers must pass so often?" Pedro exclaimed.

lifting his eyebrows. "Yep!" said the man, still motion-

"What is the trouble? Are there

no travelers?" "Travelers, all right," said the fat nan, "but no customers! No one stops

"What's the trouble, do you think? Pedro inquired.

"The lunch-wagon trust!" exclaimed the man. "I'm an independent, I am; but everywhere I go where there might be good business doin'-say a corner near a factory, or any such real wide-awake place-one of them trust wagons is there before me, ali shined up aw covered with gold paint

"Why don't you spruce up a little, then, eh?" asked Pedro.

"Why don't you buy somethin' so's I'll get the money for to buy the gold paint with?" retorted the other. "Because I have no money," Pedro

"Same reason here, in answer to your first," cried the fat man triumphantly. "Supposing, now," said Pedro, "that

could put you on the right track to competing with those trusts, eh?" "What d'yer mean?" demanded the

"Those wagons of the trust-they

same; and very slick and fancy." "Aha! Then what you want is something entirely different from them; something to make people no-

"That," replied Pedro, "is just what

I can tell you. I have a proposition to

The man scowled at him for a moment, as though wondering at the imprudence of this whipper-enapper's offering to deal with him. Then Pedro looked at him, and smiled one of those vivid, startling smiles that were pecullar to him, and usually took people unawares, making them smile back at the parlor.

him before they really knew what they were doing. Nor did it fall this time. The flaceld face of the lunch-wagon man expanded into a broad grin.

"That's it!" exclaimed Pedro. "That's what?" asked the man, growng serious again.

"Oh, don't spoil it!" cried the lad, that smile is just what you need o attract customers!"

This time the man laughed. "Well," said he, "what is your prop-

osition, young one?" "I have some friends with me," be gan Pedro; "all those over there and the bears. We are all hungry, see? Now I will paint you a picture on the

side of your wagon, and also I will paint for you a new sign; and if, when I have finished, you agree that the sign and the picture will bring you customers in the future, you will feed us all, not forgetting the bears, ch?"

The fat man considered a long time before replying, and Pedro watched him anxiously. "Well," he said at last, "the old dog-

wagon couldn't look no worse'n it do now; an' my stock what I have laid in will get spoiled if it don't get eat. You can have a try, young one, if you

"Hurrah!" said Pedro, and hurried over to tell Nita and the others. A musty hardware store that also

sold grain and lumber, furnished a few crude materials. The fat man paid for them, and Pedro carried them over to the cart and set to work.

"Please, one thing," he begged of eated themselves upon the dead grass its proprietor, "don't you look till all

"All right," agreed the man, "I'll sit here, just inside the door, and read outer the paper till you're done."

Pedro answered nothing, but gave a glance at a little mirror that hung just opposite to where the unconscious Mr. Lovejoy sat, whipped off the old green coat and began working frantically.

The proprietor settled himself on the little stool near the door, and, faithful to his promise, unfolded a pink evening paper. Cautiously, and speaking not at all, Old Nita drew near, leading Mr. Jones. They sat down in the dust beside the step and watched Pedro in silence. Then came Beau-Jean and Koko, followed by Gunny, who settled themselves beside the old woman. Before half an hour was gone all the town, for the first that place. time in the funch wagon's history, had clustered before its door. As for Pedro; he had forgotten that there was a world which might come to gape and criticize. He was working.

But if the painter was unconscious of the crowd, the proprietor was not. Twice he wanted to move, but dared not; and as the crowd increased, so did his impatience.

For half an hour longer or more Pedro worked, glancing now and then at the little mirror just inside the door, In which Mr. Lovejoy's unconscious face was reflected. There began to be an occasional tittering from the their native countries at York and crowd, and then, later, spontaneous bursts of laughter.

"When kin I come out?" cried Mr. Lovejoy at intervals, and-

"Wait," commanded Pedro. Feverishly he added the finishing touches to his production, and then at length stood back and invited his patron to Waynesboro about October 1. descend. As the fat man came down the steps there was a little burst of understand until he stood before his transformed place of business.

All the old lettering, already faint, had been obliterated, and in the center of the largest space was a portraithead of himself-a large, laughing portrait, just like him, yet irresistibly merry. It was a face at which one instently smiled in sympathy; indeed it wore the very "smile to attract customers," as Pedro had said. Over this extraordinary production Pedro had painted in neat, black letters:

I. Loveloy Eating Is Joyful Come in and Eat-I Love to See You' Do It Then underneath:

Lovejoy's Luscious Lunches

After a moment of spellbound stlence, the fat man drew a long breath. "You win!" he said to Pedro, a mile like that in the picture over spreading his large countenance.

In a second the square was in an proar, the crowd expressing its delight noisily. Mr. Lovejoy fed them



"You Win!" He Said to Pedro

all generously. Then, just as the weary Pedro was accepting a cup of coffee and a gigantic plateful of doughnuts from the hand of his patron, the whir of an automobile caused him to look around. All unperceived, it had been standing near for some time, and now bestirred itself at the appreach of the train it had come to meet. As it moved away, a girl in the rear seat stood up for a last backward look at the little crowd, and then, against the clear, blue of the sky, Pedro beheld a fleeting vision of redgold hair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A man at the altar is worth two lu

THE NEWS TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS

Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

LIVE NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Kill 151, 221 Flies In Campaign-1,500 Minera Go On Strike----Horse Racer Killed In Wreck, Daughter Dying.

Building permits in Harrisburg in August aggregated \$101,000.

Harrisburg has cut down its first improvement loan of \$1,090,000 to \$555,-

Sunbury Fire Company, No. 1, will visit Harrisburg and York, September 17 and 18.

Swatara Township opened two

schools in churches, due to overcrowd-Steelton and Middletown report large increases in number of pupils at-

tending the schools. Joseph H. Bone was appointed al-

ferman of the Fifth Ward of Lancaster Alton Moyer died of tetanus caused by stepping on a rusty nail at a farm

twenty years old. The fly-swatting contest conducted by the Bangor troop of Boy Scouts, came to an end with a total of 151,221 flies killed.

about two miles from Mifflin. He was

Petitions by five hundred freeholders of West Shamokin, Fairview and Edgewood, were presented to Shamokin Councils, praying for admission to

Large transfer sheds of the Pennsyl-

vania Rallroad burned with their contents at Corry. A freight house and a dozen cars were badly damaged. The loss is placed at \$25,000. Mrs. Susan Cadden, fifty-four years old, of Lansford, is in a critical condi-

falling down stairs while walking in Two Germans and one Russian renounced their claim of allegiance to

were given citizenship in the United

tion with a fractured skull suffered by

Rev. W. H. Orr, for two and a half years pastor of the Waynesboro Presbyterian Church, has accepted a call to Hollidaysburg and will leave

George Miller and George Bachman are dead and Elmer Leith, all of Hel lertown, may die from typhoid fever. The trio recently were helping a farmer in Pleasant Valley barvest, and all drank freely from an old well.

Alfred Klinger and boy friends, of Locust Gap, were mixing carbide and water when a lighted match fell in a can containing the carbide. Klinger, who was holding the can, received the full force of the explosion in his face. He was severely burned.

The 1,500 employes of the Price-Pancoast mine of the Scranton Coal Company are on strike. They declare they will not return to work unless the six fire bosses at the plant returned to the union. The six joined about a year ago, but withdrew several weeks

Dr. A. Lee Buddinger, Guy J. Hartfine and Harmon Welshons, the former a dentist, and the others teachers in the Mt. Carmel High School, were injured by their automobile wrecking near Trevorton. The front ankle broke and the occupants were hurled to the

The Board of Public Grounds and Buildings arranged for the restoration of Rothermel's painting of the Battle of Gettysburg and other war paintings in the "War Gallery" of the State Museum. The paintings have not been well displayed because of the flag cases which formerly occupied the

B. N. Earle Wynn and T. Harold Jackson, of West Chester, are home from an extended trip to Europe. While in England they were arrested on charge of being German spies, but proved their identity by means of letters and other papers in their possession. Their cameras were taken from them by their captors.

Euallen J. Schwoyer, of Allentown,

the veteran liveryman and driver of

race horses in the fair circuits, was

instantly killed and his daughter, Elizabeth, fatally injured when their team was struck by an engine on the Jersey Central Railroad at Newport. Two men on the wagon escaped by jumping. Miss Schwoyer was carried 400 yards on the smokestack of the The large barn on the Ard Yetter

destroyed by fire. The summer's crops and farming implements were burned, the loss amounting to several thousand dollars. The thirteenth annual reunion of the Malin Family Association, comprising

estate near Lewistown, was entirely

the families of the descendants of Randal and Elizabeth Malin, who came from Cheshire, England, about 1683, was held at Lonage Park, Septem-

CHAPTER I.

of Introductions.

You see, Mr. Jones, so many people oduction, ch?"

ws, and raised his head, the tip of assing that Mr. Jones was a small Pedro rolled over in the dried yelin the poignant odor of autumn billifes, and he was filled with a namon bear.

he bear gave a little grunt and

uh, because I liked her . . .

of his future, and of his life work. as he was, he could no longer off a decision regarding it. The ag to get at the occupation nearnow atraining at the leavines of all tearing him from one dearly way of life to another, scarcely

work by ties as strong as those th of what he would fain inter-. . . The spires of teeming multitudes of men sent, broad boulevards adorned

Fig. 7et which brought one to Close to the Gateway, Her Purse of down together in the hay of the boy's face as he rushed past, es at night. Here he and her to Pedro.

es had worsted a rival r honors on a market day; shere the bear had stolen wooden shoe from the tulipand where they met the

"Oh! the bear! Help, help!

Where had not these eight been-

This host of memories Pedro felt in

squared his shoulders. "Come!" said he to the animal. "We

med Pedro. He gave the creathat he had been trespassing on what spread his slender length upon estate of some pretensions; and at this point the fact was made manifest liked that girl," he continued by the sight of a cedar and fir hedge. "you should have seen her, Mr. | Near by was a closed gate, flanked by | awkwardness of the impulsive compliss; she had red hair. Not horrid pillars of old brick and soapstone, givbut red-gold like-like joy! All ing access to a narrow footpath which

ing out sharply.



only a moment later than the bear. The fragrant branches whipped across

Clasped Frantically to Her Bosom,

emerging breathless upon the highway. A dramatic scene awaited him. Down the road a thoroughly frightened tramp was speeding from the terrifying and wholly unexpected apparition of the bear, a cloud of dust enveloping his horrified retreat. Close to the gateway, her purse clasped frantically to her bosom, stood a girl, be wildered and alarmed-a girl whom et officed into merriment the last sunbeams bathed in glory, setfulness by his antics. At gleaming on her hair that was "red-Mr. Jones, sedate and gold, like Joy." And to complete the tucked under its paws. Two younger picture, there stood Mr. Jones, erect

That she was almost as much frightened by the bear as by the as the thrown clinking into tramp, whose attempted robbery the adoringly, the while he pretended to animal's sudden appearance had frustrated, was clear. At sight of Pedro | their animal. At sight and smell of she screamed again.

It was an introduction.

take him away!" she cried, "Abas!" said Pedro sharply, address little village near Naples, ing his pet. But Mr. Jones did not again, oh, careless one!" she cried obey immediately, and for a moment the three stood as if transfixed. Then be off! or, worse yet, stolen." the bear dropped to all fours, and the spell of the tableau was broken.

ean Jean, and he, with his near!" she began breathlessly. "It me to run away—aren't you, old fel- "it is our plain duty to help you."

A Belief In Signs. But Pedro walked rapidly, so that the bear had difficulty in imitating the pace. The youth had now definitely made up his mind to take the new course of action, for this second vision of the beautiful lady had confirmed his resolution, and he felt he must get back to the others quickly, in order to tell them before he had time to change his mind. As he walked he

kept muttering "blue, blue!" and his leaned inquisitively over the gutters, or braced themselves at a fearsome

to an end there stood an old barn amid a stony field, scattered over with be busy nursing the wounded paw of

"but I can't help it. The art-it oosses me now!" "But where shall you go?" asked "To New York; it is nearest," replied Pedro.

mania.

get them?" asked Anna, "I do not know." "And knowing nothing, you are yet

"Yes," answered Pedro, stubbornly "Then," said Beau-Jean, with a sigh,