# The IMPOSSIBLE BOY WINA WILCOX PUTNAM

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miss him at the Players."

and began making jottings.

"Said he knew Leigh well. Hum-

Wonder.why I never heard of him be-

fore?" he muttered, writing rapidly.

Then he slipped into his overcoat, and

Meanwhile Pedro resumed his little

flirtation, quite unconscious that Iris

had been watching him all evening

with an increasing disturbance of the

heart. How romantic, how charming

a figure he appeared to her, he could

played so lightly was already in fair

way to become a serious matter in her

mind. She gave him her address and

"Madonna lady, I will be there!" he

said, as he helped her into her car-

Then he closed its door and allowed

her to be whirled away, as she sat

beating heart, "Have I found my

Pedro gazed after the smart brough-

CHAPTER VIII.

Of Revolutionary Savor.

lady who had fainted had been carried,

and which Pedro had seen drive away

from Milligan's door before he gained

gone less than three blocks, and the

directions that had been given before

of a little unknown cafe opposite Cen-

tral park, and some five miles uptown.

even exacting the promise of a larger

cab was wheeled about and headed

Inside, against the cushioned wall

cheeks pale, but her wide dark eyes

sciousness. She was a beautiful wom-

an of that rare type, a blonde Spaniard

(than while there is no fairer), and

although she was close to forty years

of age, her slender graceful figure and

erect carriage made her appear young-

seemed the very incarnation of loveli

ness, as indeed she had always ap-

peared in his eyes. He made a little

motion, as if to caress her, but instead

of responding, she shrank back from

"Madame, you must not sing in pub-

lic again! It is very charming, but too

conspicuous," he said in Spanish. "You

must not sing when we are in public."

She replied in the same language.

"You must not try to touch me again

Impatiently he dropped his hands

"Will you deign to be reasonable?"

he begged. "Let us keep to the sub-

ject. It is essential to our cause that

we appear as the best of friends-as

"In public, yes-since you insist,"

she interrupted, "but when we are

alone there is no need to maintain the

farce. You have no right whatever to

lay hands upon me. It is a breach of

"Forgive me," he answered quite

humbly, "I-forget sometimes, because

you drive me mad-especially when I

waltz with you as tonight. Carmen,

it is not without reason that I have

served you these many years; you

must-you do know that it is because

I love you! And this being constantly

together, though it has not made my

plight less hopeless, has not made it

"I did not mean to seem ungrateful,

Ricardo," she answered softly, pa-

cause us both pain. I like you well;

be observed too closely, and then-

She was silent for a moment at this;

"If you do not wish me to be noticed.

why do you make me go about with

you at times? It is seldom enough

that I go; but I would willingly stay

at home altogether, and leave the

"Listen, Carmen," said he; "I shall

again explain. We must appear nor-

mal people-it is indispensable, be-

than that you should never leave your

the least unusual thing he begins to

who appear normal and uninteresting

pass unnoticed. Believe me, I am do-

quest in your hands alone."

Without protest at the distance, or

Meanwhile, the cab into which the

his fingers and said:

inquired of Pedro.

his pet theories.

left hurriedly.

riage.

harm?

northward.

him silently.

o his sides.

when we are alone."

brother and sister."

easier to endure."

no one else but you!"

trouble!

then:

"Yes," said he.

#### SYNOPSIS

Pedro and the dancing bear, Mr. Jones, prevent a tramp from stealing a young lady's purse. Pedro's ambition to become a painter spurs him to quit Old Nita and the stedling bear dancers. Pedro, Old Nita and the bear trainers start for New York. Pedro paints a portrait for a lunchwagon man and so earns a meal for the company. Miss Iris Vanderpool quarrels with her artist lover, Sam Hill, apt they part. She discovers in her father's desk a portrait which she recognizes as that of Pedro, who rescued her from the purse smatcher. Hill, the despondent lover, meets Pedro and Mr. Jones in Washington square. Hill discovers talent in Pedro's drawings and in a mad desire to lose himself, gives his studio and all in it to Pedro in exchange for Mr. Jones. Pedro occupies Hill's studio and calls on Leigh, the sculptor, with a letter from Hill. Leigh, calling in return, in the altey bumps into two men, one of whom is Reginald Vanderpool's companion goes into the basement of Hill's studio and talks with Ricardo, or Rowe, the basement of a comprising systems. Senora Daussa and her child, supposedly dead in an uprising, lowe knows to be alive. Pedro gains entrance to an artist's meeting at Milligan's and meets Iris again. Pedro and the dancing bear, Mr. Jones,

#### CHAPTER VII-Continued.

"You're new to this crowd?" asked the man at Pedro's elbow.

'Yes." Then brazenly-"A friend of Miss Vanderpoole." "Ah!" said the man. "She's a good

dancer!" "Yes."

"Not like the other, though; eh, what?"

"What other?" asked Pedro, "Why, Ruth St. Johns, of course!

Didn't you see it?" "I came in late," Pedro explained. "Sorry I did not see it. Tell me who some of these people are," he added. "Who is the little man, the host?"

'Yes, that's Don Milligan," replied the man, seemingly not in the least surprised at finding a guest who was ignorant of the host's name. "He sure is a nice little fellow-a corker, Don Not a bad painter, either, though he's never done as good work since he's married. Can't, of course. They have a kid, you see, and they've got to live. His wife's a wonder. Ask any of the boys! That's Bell over there,

talking to Gester, the sculptor." "And the tall man with the so sadly drooping necktie?" inquired Pedro. "Talking to Heskall's wife? That's a bum poet named Nicholls."

And so he rattled on, saying the names so familiar to-himself, so suggestive of success, so otherwise meaningless to Pedro, who never looked twice at anything unless it were exceptionally good, and consequently heard most of these names for the

"By the way, what are you?" asked the man, abruptly breaking off his monologue.

"Painter," replied Pedro.

"Theodore Pell is my name. Not here to do this party, though. All friends of mine here. Wouldn't be such a rotter, you know. What's your name?"

"I am Pedro," said the other with such quiet assurance that the reporter made no comment, and searched his memory frantically, trying to place a well-known artist of that name. The boy spoke as if he said, "I am Sargent." Who the devil could be be? There was a slight commotion at the

lower doorway, and a splendid old man entered. "Why, there is Rives De Rush!" ex-

claimed Pell. "Didn't know he came "Ah! the great one!" cried Pedro

"I must speak to him." And without further apology h

rushed off, leaving the still greatly puzzled reporter staring after him and repeating, "Pedro, Pedro-one of the new Spaniards, I suppose." While still debating the matter, and

frowning over it, he was joined by a friend who was a writer and profes sional model. This youth was named Blaume, and came nearer to resembling the Greek gods than do the general run of young gentlemen now adays. He was rather conscious of this, and also prided himself on acquaintance with, or knowledge of most of the well-known creative peo ple of two continents. At his approach an idea occurred to Pell: He would make a test. Accordingly he sprang his mine almost immediately,

"Do you know that Pedro is here to night?" he asked, watching Blaume closely as he put the question.

Blaume had never heard the name before, but judging from the other's tone that the person referred to was one with whose accomplishments it was proper to be familiar, he simulated knowledge.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed in terestedly. "Where is he?"

"Down there talking to De Bush," replied Pell, confirmed in the idea that he had hitherto overlooked a celebrity. "That young fellow?" cried Blaume "Why, I'd no idea he was such a kid!" "Nor I," replied Pell,

Whereby Pedro became famous, At that particular moment he was extracting a promise from the great man to come and see his work, with a view to giving a regular criticism. The sheer audacity of the request was probably what obtained the desired consent. Such a thing, in such a way, had never been asked of De Bush before. But Pedro had smiled, and his carnest starlike eyes had done the rest. When Pell and Blaume approached them, the famous painter and the youthful one were chatting like the old friends which Pell instantly assumed them to be. The boy's lack of timidity, and frank delight in his new master's talk, charmed De Bush, who was too well accustomed to that loneliness which is the fate often attract attention and suspicion. Those forced upon the mighty by an over-

respectful public. The shaggy head was raised in leonine majesty to greet | ing all in my power to locate your "My young friend here has just been | English, it would be an impossible since we have cornered one. Did you pole and chain, preparatory to follow-

think that he may be past finding." Her voice was chilled by the force of control which she put upon herself as she replied:

"I have but one reason for thinking

"Which is?" he queried, peering anxlously at her through the gloom. "My letters!" she said hoarsely. "Why does he not answer them? Do | bringing them from the post office, and they not reach him? And if not, for

what reason?" "I cannot imagine," said he. "As you know, I have myself carried them to ting them." the post with every care."

"You are kind to me, Ricardo," she telling me that he is occupying Sam said gently, laying her hand upon his Hill's studio," said De Bush. "Hill is in sudden gratitude. going to be away for a year. We shall

In an instant he had seized her hand and covered it with burning kisses. "Will you be here all winter?" Pell Moaning, she snatched it away and drew back, shivering, into her corner.

"I-I will leave you!" she cried. "What, in particular, are you going You torment me more than I can ento paint in America?" continued the reporter. Whereat the innocent and somehow, I will manage for myself." unsuspecting Pedro launched into an "You cannot go!" he said, forcing enthusiastic explanation of some of

her to desist. "There is something In the midst of these he spied Iris else. Do you know where we are promised you she would do. She will (for the moment seated alone) and, ex. bound tonight? Ah, there is a matter cusing himself, he made his way on foot of deeper import than you but do not talk too much to her, as she toward her. As soon as his back was have guessed; and if you leave me turned, Pell pulled out his note-book friend of De Bush. Great stuff, this! ent, but I know that this much will be possible." sufficient to your patriotic soul."

startled by his intenseness. "Indeed, spoke up. I can do nothing else. As you say, I have no money, no English; how could I go? But promise me, swear once be engrossing you-what politics, what secret-that you will not cease to pays for it." not guess; nor that the game he rearch for him."

"I swear," said he eagerly. "For him, and for that other, even more dear," she added, her eyes wide asked him to lunch with her next day. and luminous.

"And the other." he repeated. As though satisfied she leaned back wearily, and closed her eyes.

At last they approached a tiny wooden building only a single story in very erect, with glowing cheeks. To height, that stood upon a corner. It ammunition, upon the table, and at Having perched himself upon a high herself she was whispering with fast- bore the words, Summer Garden, in a once all seven heads were bent over great gilt sign upon its slanting roof | them, the talk sinking to a humming. | with the tfp of a palette knife, while edge. That guests still lingered inside was evidenced by the warm light without drivers, the wretched horses,

peered within.

"You'd better come quickly, Ricardo," he said. "It's getting late, and entrance there, was halted after it had Mike won't stay open all night." The lady gave a little cry of surprise

and grasped her companion's arm. the assembled guests, changed to that | Evidently the intrusion of the cabby | the paper spoke, was unexpected by her. "Who is it?" she gasped.

"Look close; it is Sancho, can't you see?" said Rowe. "He is here on that and assure you of our fidelity." fare, the cabby obeyed the order; the matter of which I spoke. There are other friends inside, and I beg that you will enter for a moment, so they may see that you are alive and well. Senora Daussa had laid her head, her Your welfare means much to them." "Sancho in America!" the lady re-

showing that she had returned to con- peated as though dazed. "Have you said Mikey, not however, with any speany news?" she then asked eagerly.

the driver. She arose to obey

"Keep your cloak well about you,"

commanded Rowe, as he assisted her er. To the man beside her, she to alight, "I have brought you here



'la She With Us?" Asked the Latter. because it is not safe for them to come to us. There is a reward out for

Sancho, even now. They crossed the pavement and entered the little hut. Inside were sevthetically even. "Indeed, I know you eral rooms, for the place was more serve me well, and why-but let us rambling than appeared from the drop this too painful subject. I can front; and after a quick greeting of never be anything to you but a friend, the rosy-cheeked Irishman behind the and so it is better to keep away from bar, they crossed the sanded floor to speech of such things as can only a smaller apartment beyond. As soon as the door had closed behind them, that, at least, you know. Did I not. the lady, clasping her hands fearfully dance with you tonight? I danced with glanced from one to the other of the men in manifest anxiety. "Yes!" he said through his teeth.

"What word have you, Sancho?" sh But it must not occurragain. It is asked of the driver. Before replying, too conspicuous, I tell you! We shall the man glanced at Rowe, as if for instructions. Almost imperceptibly the latter shook his head without being observed by the white-faced woman.

"None," said Sancho, "except that we are almost certain that he is still alive; our own government, in fact, has communicated with him recently." "Come!" said Rowe roughly. "You are not to talk, madame. The walls

have ears. Keep silent, I beg. We cannot remain here all night, and I have business of importance in the other room. Pardon if we leave you lieve me! What would seem stranger for a moment. You are perfectly safe." Then, beckening to Sancho, they left, closing the door with care, rooms? The minute that anyone does

"Is she with us?" asked the latter as soon as they were outside. Rowe avoid-

ed meeting his eyes as he spoke. "Certainly," said he. "Did you get the reports that the government sent lover. With your almost total lack of him last? It is close on two months "No," replied the other. "I have

I met with an accident and have been spoken. A fellow who lived below the mitted, making a raid upon the cigarlaid up with a broken leg, and I dared studio. He put a supporting hand be ettes. not write. Tonight is the first time I neath Old Nita's elbow. One by one have been out, and I only came in re- the lights were being extinguished by sponse to your urgent note. I failed to Mikey, till only a single lantern get the last ones. The daughter was burned near the exit. I tried to snatch them from her, when proprietor. "Going, Ireland; good night," rea bear-a wild thing-sprang out of sponded Hill smoothly. the bushes, and I made off without get-

The two crossed the tiny corridor and entered the main room again, going directly to where a group of men, veiled, appeared directly in their path. five in all, were seated about a corner

table. him no special greeting. Leaning over Rage, fear and hate were lurking there, dure. It is not fair. I will go, and in their midst, he spoke quickly in a and shaking herself free of Hill, she low voice, again using Spanish.

has pledged herself to our cause, as I receive you all in token of her pledge, found thee at last?" is ill, having fainted earlier in the which I refer, and upon which we are adventure. She has come to you, as abroad tonight, concerns our dear you see, at great risk to her reputacountry. More I cannot say at pres- tion. Let us spare her as much as

getting the inventory as soon as he

"Have you them here?" said Rowe. 'Let me see."

about in his breast pocket. "Here they beyond description. are. Sit down a minute and look at them. We shall all have to go directly we have seen her. Mike will be closing

With quick interest Rowe spread the documents, a martial list of rifles and scarcely audible three feet away.

Behind the bar sat Mike, adding up am, laughed slightly, frowned, snapped streaming through the opaque glass of his accounts. From his ledger he which the room was littered. Then he "What's the the crooked little windows, and by the glanced at the wide pasty face of the ate pensively, and when he had finpresence beside the curb of two cabs clock opposite, and then at the group ished, lighted a cigarette and opened at the largest table. Would they never the morning paper. From the front blanketed but cold, waiting in patient go home? Their glasses were empty. page sprang a piece of news that fairly Then suddenly, as one man, they arose To these waiting ones, Rowe's cab and following Rowe (who was friend his own name. was added, and the driver, descending to Mikey by virtue of a fifty-dollar from the box, opened the door and bill), went to the inner room. They did not enter, but stood at the door. Mikey strained his ears to hear the lady speak, but whatever greeting she uttered was said in so low a voice as not to be articulate from where he sat. Then the man who had produced

"We shall not disturb you, senora, he sald, "for you are fatigued. We merely wish to pay you our homage

Again that low murmur, and then one by one, all bowed and left save Rowe and the cab driver, who entered the little room, closing the door after them.

"Aw, some funny things happens," cial reference to humor. He stretched himself and yawned. "They'll be going in a minute," he added presently. "Glory be, they are the last."

Suddenly he stopped, remembering a couple who were seated in the semiobscurity by the stove. Earlier in the evening these two and their bear had entered the then crowded soon, and derpool, the asphalt king's daughter, though the throng had grown steadily less, and the coins fewer, they had lingered, loath to be turned out into the storm Also they had bought, so Mikey let them remain, and now the woman, an ancient soul, picturesque and haggard, had fallen asleep where she sat, overcome perhaps by her last glass of

Her companion was a man of per haps thirty-five, unshaven, shabby in a suit of clothing that had originally been of faultless cut and style.

It was Sam Hill, but Hill so stripped of smugness, so shorn of vanity, and so sensitive to the true context of his environment, that his friends would These two had some silly quarrel, perhave been hard put to recognize him. At his feet lay Mr. Jones, the bear, serious as they apparently made it. asleep, and between his teeth he clutched a short blackened pipe of clay. On the table at his hand a liquor glass of brandy stood untouched. . To himself he was saying, apropos of Heavens! Last night, what had he man? Where have I seen his rascally face before?" Then Mikey advanced. "You'll have to get out of this, you

two," he said sharply; "come on now, What a traitor he would appear! Of rouse up and be off with you!' Without otherwise moving, Hill took

up his glass and drained it. "You've a snug berth here," said he "Why not let us sleep the night by your stove? It's snowing now, and we are honest folk. You'll find nothing

missing in the morning." "That's a good one," laughed Mikey 'Let you sleep here, indeed! I guess not! Come on now, old lady, wake up and shuffle."

He was about to lay his hand upon her shoulder when Sam gripped his forearm and gently pushed him aside. Astonished at his guest's strength, the husky Irishman stepped back, and watched while Hill gently awoke the old woman.

"Awake, Nita," said Hill. "Come, little blossom of the bramble-vine, our host is giving us godspeed."

Quickly she was awake, regaining consciousness with that speed which is a faculty of those who are old. With a grotesque gesture she straightened the handkerchief upon her head, and gathering her shawl about her with one hand, she stretched the other across the table to her glass. "Oh, my immortal soul!" she mut-

tered, "just another little drop to keep out the cold, my handsome boy.' "Nix." said the barkeeper, "out you

go. This place is going to bed." With much grumbling Old Nita started for the door, which was at the opposite end of the apartment, and beyoud that leading into the small room into which Rowe had led his friends. Still puzzling about the appearance of the former. Hill buttoned his coat about him, and gathered up the bear-

get those that were sent to him in the ing her. Who the deuce was that man the door behind her. "How many -ah-no, it could not be-yes, by times have I told you to knock before Jove, it was, though! One of his tenbeen trying to see you to tell you, but ants with whom he had scarcely

"Hurry up, now!" admonished the

Just then the door to the little inner room was opened and three figures,

one of them the woman's, hooded and "How much, Mike?" said Rowe, stepping forward. Then he caught sight

These persons all appeared to be of the old woman, and stood for an his personal belongings were kept in artisans of some sort, and by their instant as though transfixed with dress, none too prosperous. All, how- alarm. At the same moment she saw ever, knew Rowe, although they gave his face, and her own became livid. sprang for Rowe, her old hands curled "The senora is here," he said, "and like the claws of some vicious bird of "Devil!" she screamed, "have I

With an oath Rowe fended her off, his forearm striking her a stunning now, you will ruin us. The matter to evening, and is also agitated at this blow, and then, quick as a cat, he overturned the last remaining lamp, and, seizing the veiled lady, pushed to the outer door, Sancho, who also seemed to recognize the old woman, preceding There were murmurs of assent, and and opening it hastily. Old Nita, "I will stay, Ricardo," she replied, Yznaga, who was one of the men, stunned by the blow, fell to the floor, while Hill sprang at Rowe-but too "There are some estimates," he said, late. For a fleeting instant the Span-"which I brought this evening. We lard's face could be seen, sardonic, uncan secure a fat bit of graft from the earthly, in the white light from the again that no matter what affair may Maxman Arms company, as well as street, before he slammed the heavy door to, catching Hill on the jaw with the edge of it. Then he was gone with his companions, while over the dark turmoll and confusion in the bar lin-"Yes," replied the man, fumbling gered the echo of a laugh, mirthless

### CHAPTER IX.

The Lady of Mystery. Wrapped in a brilliant yellow bathobe, Pedro was finishing breakfast. stool, he broke the rind of an orange staring contemplatively at a half-finished canvas-one of the many with made him jump. The head-line bore

NOTED SPANISH PAINTER HERE Signor Pedro Has Taken S. J. Hill's Studio for the Winter. To Paint City as It Is.

This was the caption, after which followed an interview with himself, based upon what he had said to Pell, the young reporter, the night before, but considerably embellished by that gentleman's own imagination. For several moments the reader was quite overcome with amusement, He, Pedro, the impertinent, the unknown, the mere student, thus advertised, thus hauled to fame! In writing the article, Pell had assumed the same sort of knowledge on the part of his readers that he had himself assumed. Thus, upon nothing, he had built the foundations of a reputation.

The lad laughed, and spreading the paper open before him on the table, lighted another cigarette and admired his name in print.

Then an item of personal interest caught his critical eye. Samuel J. Hill, the eminent portrait-paister, whose engagement to Miss Iris Vanhad been persistently rumored, had gone South for the winter; and it would appear that the engagement, if any such existed, had been broken, for reasons unknown.

Again appeared Signor Pedro (C. E. Pedro, this time, for reason unguessable), who had taken his confrere's Iris was finding it somewhat difficult to studio for an indefinite term.

Pedro put the paper down and gave his yellow robe an extra fold about in the semi-darkness of the Milligans' him before sinking into a reverie.

Ah! this explained much-Hill's sudden anxiety to leave town, his unhappiness, his reckless generosity to the first needy stranger whom he met. haps. It could not have really been so Why, never were two people more ideally suited to each other, or he, Pedro, was no judge! And in the meanwhile what had he, himself, done! "Now who the deuce is that said to her? What would she think? The beloved of his friend-the friend who had done everything for himwho had benefited him beyond any course, his love-making was the merest joke-nothing but a pretty game, played in an idle moment; and when he started it he had not known it was she who lay at the root and source of his adventure! His love-making! He almost laughed aloud at the thought of it. Why, it was only in fun. And undoubtedly the Madonna Lady had understood it so. It was impossible that she was serious! It was quite useless for her to be so, at any rate. Pedro was no lover for her.

At the thought he laughed merrily. But Hill could not know that. Suppose the painter were to hear of his, Pedro's, attentions to Miss Vanderpool!

Well, now that the little society frem had revealed the true state of attairs, there would be no more flirting, that surely another matter. He liked her so much! Next to Leigh, she appealed to him more than any of his new acquaintances. He really must get to know her better. Then there was that exquisite line of her throat; he simply must paint it-a real Madonna, with blue draperies about her head-a leaf out of the book of the old masters, yet quick with life. Just as he reached this amiable con-

clusion the studio door was flung open to admit the vivacious figure of a young woman, all gold and pink and with the coming of summer, and more white, from her fluffy head to the hem of her frimed apron of lawn.

This young person was Miss Cassie Goodell, from the floor below-the young lady of the violets. "Morn's, Pedro," she greeted him.

"I've come to do your rooms." "Impertinent!" he gasped, closing of tears.

entering, ch?"

"As often as I come up!" she ad-

"Some day you may be sorry!" he warned her. "Suppose I were not clothed?"

"Lord bless you, Pedro dear," she replied amusedly, "I shouldn't die of the shock, having posed in a pleasant smile myself for over five years." "Well, you knock next time!" he

said excitedly. "I care, if you don't." She finished with the dishes and set herself to making the bed, after, as usual, vainly searching for toilet articles to put away. As ever, she marveled anew at the nicety with which contrast to his shabby housekeeping. She soon finished what there was to do and returned to the studio, just pausing to prink a bit before the mirror. As she entered, Pedro beckoned

"Hold out your arm a minute, Cassie," he bade her, speaking without coming out of his absorption. "No!



-the Shoulder a Little Higher-That's It."

so; the shoulder a little higher. That's Then he worked violently for a few

moments. "Rest," he said, then: "That's all I'm not going to work this morning.

I've got an engagement for the noon meal. She turned to go, gathering up her gaily checked dish-cloths. At the door she paused.

"Is she a good-looker, the lady you're going to lunch with?" she asked mischievously. He wheeled toward her in surprise. "Ah! I did not say I was going to

lunch with a lady!" he exclaimed. "So she is pretty," said Cassie, with a pseudo-melancholy sigh, "Ah, me!" Then she was gone, closing the door

softly behind her. "Hum!" said Pedro, staring at the floor. "I invited that! I must be be-

coming as awkward as a-" Here be stopped abruptly; hand upon his lips, warning himself to silence; took away the hand; found it streaked with brown paint, and straightway fell to washing his besmirched countenance with soap pow der of a peculiarly cleansing sort. . . . . . . .

An hour later he was sitting down

at "the noon meal" with Iris. "For," she said, "father is never punctual; if we waited for him we might wait until night."

In the cold light of day, and in the more formal setting of her own house. continue the romantic impetuous atmosphere which had come so naturally balcony. He fascinated her beyond any of her acquaintances. Indeed, she had begun to consider him even more tenderly. Then there was that miniature in her father's desk! Where had it come from? Was it of Pedro? So many mysteries were enough even to overcome that edict of etiquette which bade one conquer curlosity. She really must know about him, even at cost of seeming curious.

"Were you born in Spain?" asked. "No," said he. "Have you seen De

"Not yet," she replied; "I suppose you know all the galleries well. Or

haven't you been here before?" "This is my first visit to New York," he replied, and then, as she was about to speak again, he held up his hand, frankly stopping her and looking

straight into her eyes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fear of the Automobile. Child training, especially when it runs counter to the impulse of free dom, is a difficult work. But one of the first things the child learns is fear of death. One mother makes a careful practice of reading to her two small children every newspaper ac count of the death of a child under an automobile. She leaves out any horrible details of the accident which might injure the child's sensibilities, but she impresses the event on the was assured. But a friendship was child's mind by giving the name of the unfortunate victim, its age and as nearly as possible the location of the accident.

Both mother and school teacher may impress on the child mind the dangers of the streets and cite daily examples of the result of child carelessness. It is one of the best means by which the youngsters may be convinced of the need for exercising caution.

The killing of children under the wheels of automobiles has started are likely to follow. Keep the child informed of the manner of each acci-

Daily Thought.

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is a good umbrella in this vale

## KEYSTONE STATE IN SHORT ORDER

Latest News Happenings Gather. ed From Here and There.

TOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

Thieves Steal Chickens But Drop Gold Watch-Man Killed In Hydraulic Press Boy On Visit, Scald. ed To Death.

John Miller sacrificed his life to save many workmen from being crus ed to death when the roof of the Corbin Colliery, Shamokin, fe2 h Miller was leading a gang of miner into a breast of the mine when is heard the roof cracking. Realizing a might fall any minute, he ran to every part of the mine where men were working, and warned them of their danger. Not until every man has reached a place of safety did he astempt to follow. Then it was to late, for he was killed by a large lump of coal which fell from the root of the mine.

en thieves, reached his hens in a harry the other night to find the thieves had made another haul, but in their has to escape one had dropped a valuale gold watch. Swaim advertised the "Watch will be returned to owner # he calls and fully answers questions A couple of chestnuts hanging a the limb of a chestnut tree will probably cost nine-year-old John Gruns, a

Henry Swaim, of Tamaqua, who has

been harassed for some time by chick

Seltzer City, his life. Dared by is comrades he climbed out to the sai of the limb, but fell to the ground after getting the nuts. He was a badly injured that at the Potterlle Hospial it is said he cannot recover Charles E. Shultz was sentenced York to from one to ten years in fi Eastern Penitentiary, and Earl Way

ner was committed to the Hunting

don Reformatory by Judge Wanne

after having been convicted of bin ing buildings owned by Edward Suder, of Hanover. While on a visit to his grandparent Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adamser a Wrightsville, a three-year-old by Henry Adamyer was scalded to deal The child was at play and was sind by scalding water tossed from 1 to

dow by the grandmother. An appeal from the decision of Judge Laird H. Barber, of Carlos County, in which he declared the detion whereby South Bethlehem beam a city of the third class, illeral w filed in Supreme Court by Harry L Cyphers, city attorney.

The bursting of bolts under a bur air pressure caused the death of its rison Reedy, fifty-seven years d while operating a hydraulic pres the Reading Abattolr Packing plant.

Elysburg, a Northumberland Cont borough of 600 population, is em iencing an industrial boom. A fills silk mill will be built there and Board of Trade has lines out far als industries. Charles Hirshberger, command

Leiper Post, Grand Army of the public, was one of the speaker the first of a series of camp free! at the headquarters of Wilde Pil Falling from a freight train at 35 umberland, George Siglia, of Si

kin, for a minute, was turned in human top, and spun around st head. He was nearly scalped United Brethren Church, of castle, has resigned his pastoral will become secretary of the li

Brethren Orphanage at Quing-Acting on orders from Districts torney Marion D. Patterson, the leged proprietors of five "blind is in Roaring Springs, Martinsbuff Bush's exhibition at Knoedler's gallery | Henrietta, all dry towns, were arre-

The business men of Bethlehess

resenting the Chamber of Course

and the Industrial Commission the South American trade beared cordial greeting on their visit " Lawrence Ganey, twenty-sit old, was killed on the Pennsi

Railroad while attempting to com tracks at Marietta. John Miznick, of Coaldale, and teen years, fell from a chestsut fracturing his skull and dying 12

The Crozer Theological Semissi Chester reopened. Prof. Alrah 5. bart, a member of the family livered an address to the stude

High School was reorganized it election of Harry Deakyne at 1

Peter Super, a miner at the Re Company's Bear Valley College killed by a fall of coal.

In a terrific storm at lightning struck the washer to the Luke Fidler Colliers by the Mineral Railroad and Company and burned it. See in the agricultural region were by lightning.

By a vote of 1088 for against, the voters of Easted the \$300,000 bond issue for 1 age system and sewage dispos which was submitted by Col was the smallest vote cast it since it has been a city-