

A Double Surprise.

By Willard Hurst.

DEAR TOM—This letter is to inform you that I am alone at home. I have just been out for a walk in the park in New York. Should you be willing to favor me with your company for that period I would receive you with open arms. I know that you have nothing to do at present, so make some about coming. To tell the truth, the numerous burglaries that have been committed in the neighborhood recently and the fact that I have no dog for a companion have made me feel that I am confident that if you relieve my prayer I shall have to get out of the city in the evening. You are, of course, a very good time. Yours forever, DICK.

This is what Dick Knowlton wrote and dropped in the postoffice early one vacation morning. It is more than four weeks ago that Dick wrote this letter. He had just returned from a walk in the park in New York. He had just returned from a walk in the park in New York. He had just returned from a walk in the park in New York.

"That ought to bring him," he remarked to himself. "He was going to work next week. I can easily put it off for a week longer. I have hardly seen him since we graduated from the high school over my little Latin and Greek." It is more than four weeks ago that Dick wrote this letter. He had just returned from a walk in the park in New York. He had just returned from a walk in the park in New York.

He stopped a minute to learn that he was wanted in the hall again for the afternoon on the green and then resumed his homeward way. He hustled himself during the morning with various small things about the house and then had a short but interesting struggle with what he, out of compliment to his own culinary skill, termed his dinner, for he had calmly informed his parents when the servant girl had applied for a week's leave that he was fully able to cook his own meals.

The afternoon was filled up with basketball and other sports, and it was late in the evening when Dick reached home.

"Half after 7," he said to himself, consulting with the dining room clock.

"If Tom is not here within half an hour, he will be here at 8. I shall wish I had driven over and seen him instead of trusting to a letter. Somehow I dislike the idea of passing a night in the house alone. I have done it enough times before. What is it all about, these burglaries? I think I'd rather like a little adventure of that kind. Burglars nowadays don't consider it necessary to kill their victims.

Besides, the burglar that can get away with me in a rough and tumble scuffle has got to be a little muscle."

As he spoke he straightened himself up, pinched the biceps of his right arm and patted his breast, where lately he had worn a prize medal won for superiority in gymnasium and athletic work.

After striding up and down the room for a few minutes he suddenly recollected that he was hungry. The kitchen fire was out and he gave up the idea of a hot supper. A glass of milk and bread, butter, cheese and cake sat on the table but he decided to eat the table he usually reserved for a "burglary" visitation.

The time passed rapidly. Eight o'clock struck, but no Tom. It was now 9, and Dick gave it up. He examined all the doors and windows and then proceeded to his study, standing before the mirror. In placing his tie in the drawer his finger touched the butt of his revolver. He took it out and looked at it over. The chambers were empty, and he slipped it down into the drawer. This done, he carefully weighed the weapon in his hand and was sighting it when he happened to catch the eye of his double in the glass, and his features, which had before been solemnly thoughtful, relaxed into a smile.

"Hello!" he said, laughing aloud. "I can't get it out of my head. Burglars! Here, go back to sleep. I might hurt myself."

He commenced to extract the shells, then stopped.

"If I don't go to bed armed, I shall never go to sleep. If I do take it, I am afraid it will get the walking cake and make me dream. Which is the worse?"

He drew a coin from his pocket and, naming a "yes" for the head, tossed it into the air.

"Heads up, I congratulate myself, and came to think of it, that's what I really wanted."

He placed the pistol under his pillow, and then, addressing hastily and arranging the gas jet in a satisfactory manner, he reached for a volume of Dickens from his library in the corner and closed the door.

He was deep in "Dombey and Son" when the clock in the dining room struck 10. He passed his hands over his eyes with a yawn and, tossing his book to the floor, reached up and switched the light.

Two minutes later he was as sound asleep as the policeman on the next corner.

Eleven, 12.

As the last stroke of the last hour died away the door opened and Dick's visitors, which he had roused for a long time, were further irritated. A dead silence. Then the fitting light of a dark lantern was flashed over the scene. The sleeper stirred, but did not wake. The holder of the lantern slid one leg inside and, after pulling in the rest of his body, lowered himself to the floor.

Another pause and then three light taps on the pane. Another form noiselessly entered.

Then the two housebreakers performed two extraordinary actions. They laughed very heartily, but silently, and shook hands. This ceremony over, they moved toward the bed. One of the intruders grasped the sleeper roughly by the wrists, while the latter calmly flashed the lantern's glare over his face.

Dick had been dreaming of robbers and was now to find his dream realized. He prepared for a struggle, but the sight of the glimmering barrel of a revolver held in the other's hand to his nose quieted him at once.

"Hold his wrists, Beggs," growled one of the ruffians, and Dick's wrists were soon securely tied.

The speaker drew a match from his pocket and touched up the gas.

Dick then raised his head and he and two men of good build standing beside the bed. Both wore short masks, which descended to the mouth. Both also wore heavy moustaches. Each carried a revolver, and one bore a sack, presumably in which the plunder was to be deposited.

"This one, youngster," commanded one of the men. "You don't think we ought to see your partner, do you?"

At the word "partner" Dick gritted his teeth. Nevertheless he turned out of the bed as well as his dignity and his bound wrists would permit.

"Get into your clothes, youngster, as fast as you know how. Take off the brown. Beggs'll hold him up."

And while the ruffian addressed the

other desperado coolly scolded himself on the bedstead and curiously inclined the barrel of his revolver in Dick's direction.

"Wake up!" commanded Beggs when the knock was muted.

Dick silently obeyed and was soon in his clothes.

"Now, take us down to the kitchen and shake up something for us to eat. We can get to work better on full stomachs. Ah, ah! don't try any of your dodges on us. We aren't right from New York for nothing. Now, then, stir yourself!"

Dick thought it best to fall in with their commands and, watching closely for a means of escape, led the way to the kitchen. The two visitors camped in chairs and, laying their revolvers on the table, greedily snatched at the food that Dick brought from the pantry, with a great show of humor.

"Here," cried the foremost of the burglars, when Dick presently knew as Duncker, "bring us something decent to eat, an' don't try to pass off any of yer triflin' vittles on two of the highest feeders of the metropolis. Look sharp!"

"It's all you'll get!" cried Dick angrily.

"What's that, you cub?" growled Duncker, snatching at his revolver.

Dick thought he caught the sound of a smothered laugh from Beggs, but Duncker's movement occupied his attention.

"I mean it's all there is in the house. The folks are away—that is, they won't be back until late—and I have pretty well cleaned the eatables off myself."

He said it in quite an apologetic tone, for he was anxious to allay the wrath of the ferocious burglar, who seemed

to be very well satisfied with the results of his search.

"You are double the rest, then," cried Dick, retreating for the moment, "for not snatching your best chance. I have still the drop on you, for here is my revolver, which I know contains fresh cartridges. Back to your corner or I'll put a bullet through your shoulder!"

He spoke the first words Dick had pulled out of his mouth, and he had reached the top he was treated to a second surprise. Hardly was his foot on the landing than he was grasped roughly by the throat and ordered to throw up his hands. The sudden attack threw him into a mental condition that he could not describe for a brief period.

The newcomer pushed Dick to the bed and, with a command to him to lie still if he didn't wish to be interfered with, proceeded to pull open the bureau drawers.

Suddenly the man's back turned and Dick ran his hand under the pillow in search of his revolver.

"Stop there! Up with your hands!" The sharp-eyed housebreaker had seen in the mirror the reflection of Dick's motions and whirled upon him before he could complete the movement.

He was obliged to yield, and it was with the deepest chagrin that he saw his pearl-handled weapon transferred to the burglar's pocket.

He now lay quiet still and surveyed the third of the night's intruders. This last one was quite genuine, although he did not come in the fashion of his predecessors. He was short and fat, dressed in a close fitting suit of dark material and carried a revolver and a bag. He wore no mask, but a black sash was pulled down to meet his high coat collar, partially concealed his features.

He failed to discover anything of value in the bureau and, ordering Dick to get up, passed into another room. Here the burglar went with some sort of success, and knickknacks of all sorts were hastily thrown into a bag. Dick watched the proceeding with unavailing rage. The burglar had the night before him, and unless the boys succeeded in breaking out and coming to his rescue nothing could prevent the house from being stripped from top to bottom.

Dick's previous predicament was as nothing to this one. He formed a half dozen plans for springing across the room, falling violently on the burglar and holding him down with one hand while he got possession of the revolver, but the other, but somehow just as he was about to prepare for the spring the villain would look up and grin at Dick as if he understood the current of the latter's thoughts.

It was very tantalizing, but he had to stand it. He still hoped for a chance to overthrow his antagonist and was careful not to throw that chance away by any foolish attempt.

Having finished with the second floor, the housebreaker demanded to be led to the china closet. Dick complied, but all the time engaged his brains for an idea. There was a revolver on the kitchen table, but how was he to get at it? He carried the lamp in his hand and his visitor followed him at arm's length with his bag and firearm.

As they reached the kitchen and prepared to pass into the dining room Dick yawned, turned down the wick of the lamp a trifle and held it out at arm's length.

"What's that for?" asked the burglar, stopping and listening, as though he feared it might be a signal. He cocked his head on one side and cast a glance behind him. As he did so Dick slid his arm along the table beside him, and a triumphant grin told of his success.

"El! What's that for?" ejaculated the burglar, frowning angrily and coming nearer as Dick drew away.

"The lamp smoked," said Dick, thrusting the wick into his pocket and turning up the wick.

Waiting for the man to get his hands off that pistol.

"Well, if that happens again I shall knock you down! D'you hear?"

"Oh, yes, Dick heard, but he said nothing. He pointed out the clock hands of the dining room and was ordered to take a seat.

"And mind you keep it!"

Dick heard that, but he did not reply. He waited patiently for his chance, which must come soon.

The burglar threw open the door, laid his pistol down on a shelf and bent down to pry open a drawer which from the strong lock must contain something of importance. He had succeeded in destroying the lock and had grabbed the drawer with both hands when a slight noise behind him caught his ear.

Dick had drawn his revolver and, advancing quickly to within a few feet of the burglar, was now drawing a bead on his right eye.

"Keep just as you are," he admonished him, "or I'll speckle your eye!"

Still holding his revolver pointed straight at the head of the surprised burglar, he reached over and secured the pistol on the shelf. Then he went through the burglar's pockets and regained his own revolver.

When he had done so, Dick drew back and ordered his prisoner to stand up. The man hesitated, cast a glance at his iron "Jimmy" on the floor, but obeyed.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"Don't let that bother you," answered Dick. "You will be well taken care

of—very well, indeed!"

"Come," said the prisoner. "Let's walk a little. You won't be hard on me, I know. I've only been at this work about a year, and it's mighty hard to be taken just when I was ready to make a good haul. My wife and child are waiting for me."

"No doubt," replied Dick, hastily interrupting him, "you could tell a very affecting story, but I shouldn't listen to it. You've done enough tonight that you'll have to suffer for. There are also several other jobs in the town that you will be called upon to explain the why and wherefore of."

"Then," said the burglar, showing his teeth, "I'll give you the worst half hour you ever passed in your life. You'll be the pistol!" He grinned ferociously.

"The first step you take toward me will be your last," said the young guard of the premises quite coolly. "I haven't much fear of a man who lets himself be taken with an empty revolver."

Dick had glanced at Tom's pistol and discovered that the chambers contained no cartridges. This explained why Tom had twirled it so carelessly about.

"Stand back or I'll!" he commanded.

"Not, you young fool! Neither is my pistol loaded. Why didn't you break when you had a chance?"

The burglar had arisen and was now moving, not hastily, but as one who would make the most of his time with an assured thing, toward Dick.

"You are double the rest, then," cried Dick, retreating for the moment, "for not snatching your best chance. I have still the drop on you, for here is my revolver, which I know contains fresh cartridges. Back to your corner or I'll put a bullet through your shoulder!"

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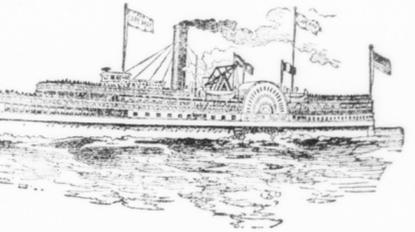
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A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER OUTING

The Steamer "Cape May" Carries Thousands to the Ocean—Cool Cape May Attracts Those Who Want to Enjoy a Delightful 200-Mile Sail Down the Delaware River and Bay—Points of Interest Along the Route.

"On to Cool Cape May!" That's the hot-weather cry of thousands who every summer take a day



off and aboard the magnificent and commodious excursion Steamer "Cape May" journey down the historic Delaware River and Bay to the Grand Atlantic, where they depart themselves for several hours in the billows that roll upon the finest beach in the world, or they divide the time inspecting various places of interest before the Steamer starts homeward.

This trip to Cape May has become famous. The Steamer "Cape May" is the only steamer out of Philadelphia that makes daily trips to the ocean, returning early each evening. The "Cape May" is a luxuriously appointed boat. The owners have provided for every comfort and convenience of the passengers. There are steamer chairs and comfortable couches on the main deck, and a number of staterooms for those who want to enjoy comfortable sleeping during periods of the trip. The officers and attendants are thoroughly experienced and seek to give the passengers all attention to assure a pleasant trip, free from any annoyance whatever.

No disorder is permitted on the steamer. Ladies unattended and children are especially looked after, so that they may feel assured of a delightful outing.

How the little ones enjoy their trips to Cape May! They never forget it. The rosy cheeks form one vast playground. Then there are games and innocent amusements especially provided for them. There is an excellent orchestra aboard, and at times during the day and evening the young people gather on the main deck and enjoy a lively waltz or two-step, while their elders look on and recall the days when they were young and enjoyed the merry dance. On Sundays sacred concerts are given by the orchestra.

A FLOATING HOTEL.

The Steamer "Cape May" is really a modern hotel afloat. The appointments already referred to are equal to those of the first-class hotels. The "Cape May" like best hotels ashore, provides sumptuously for the inner man. The palatial dining room below decks is provided with a number of small tables presided over by competent waiters. The Steward and waiters in charge know their business, as all attend who have partaken of an appetizing breakfast served at the steamer starts on the trip, or a full course dinner during periods of the trip. The supper, especially the fish supper, on the return trip are famous. Then, too, there are lunch counters at convenient places on the boat; also, oyster bars and ice cream parlors. Only the best of edibles and delicacies are served at very moderate cost.

To feed the "Cape May's" passengers requires supplies of meats, fruits, vegetables, fish and oysters in immense quantities. Often there are 2500 people aboard—and the stirring breezes and invigorating salt air certainly are appetite producers. The supplies for the dining room and lunch counters are taken aboard each morning and the perishable fruits and provisions are stored in mammoth refrigerators in order that they may be served in the very best condition.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania farms and dairies furnish the very best fresh eggs, fish and oysters in immense quantities. Often there are 2500 people aboard—and the stirring breezes and invigorating salt air certainly are appetite producers. The supplies for the dining room and lunch counters are taken aboard each morning and the perishable fruits and provisions are stored in mammoth refrigerators in order that they may be served in the very best condition.

DOWN THE RIVER AND BAY.

The "Cape May" covers 200 miles every day. The course is down the Delaware River and Bay along which are many points of interest, not to mention especially the interesting display of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, at anchor or under way up and down the river.

Points of interest especially worthy of note are League Island Navy Yard, where there are always several of Uncle Sam's war vessels in sight; Fort Mifflin, Chester, Wilmington, New Castle, long famed for its whipping post; Fort Mifflin, Chester, Wilmington, New Castle, long famed for its whipping post; Fort Mifflin, Chester, Wilmington, New Castle, long famed for its whipping post.

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