HIS SECRET.

How a Bank Clerk Eventually Became a Director.

By JOHN JONES.

The lot of a younger son in England is usually a hard one because the boys are brought up in affluence only to be turned out with a pittance when they

come of age. Clarence Meldron was one of these younger sons, and at the age of nine teen a position on a high stool in the Bank of England was obtained for him. There has never been the chance for a young man in England to rise as in this country, and when Meldron entered the bank to begin a life of drudg-ery he felt like one on whom the doors of a jail had closed. What especially filled him with melancholy was that he loved the daughter of a baronet whom her family considered sufficiently attractive to marry the firstborn of a duke. And so she was. Lady Emily Twiss was extremely pretty, ex-tremely kind, extremely bright. In-

deed, she possessed every feature to recommend her as a wife.

Young Meldron had been in the employ of the bank two years with a few pounds a year increase in his salary when he received a note from Each Engly blidge him a sed form. Lady Emily bidding him a sad fare-well. The Marquis of Stanforth had proposed for her hand, and there was no choice for her but to accept him. On receipt of Lady Emily's note Meldron suffered that agony which only a young lover knows who sees the girl he worships pass to another man.

Before leaving the bank that after noon Meldron was notified that he was to deliver a box of papers from the strong room of the bank the same evening to the house of one of the directors At the appointed time the young clerk went to the bank, got the box and carried it as instructed. He was told to wait in the hall, which he did for an hour or more while several of the



MELDRON QUESTIONED HIM.

directors were discussing a matter of finance in one of the apartments. Then he was called into the room where they were convened.

"Go," said one of the gentlemen, "to
the bank and in the strong room you
will find a number of chests in which

are also papers. Open the box marked

are also papers. Open the box marked 1872 and bring me the package marked as indicated on this paper."

He handed Meldron a slip and a key. The young man took both, went to the bank, was admitted and entered to the strong room. Having possessed himself of what he had been sent for, he looked about him.

He looked about him.

He was in a room containing more treasure than any in the world. Great heaps of coin, bank bills and securities were deposited there. With a lantern he carried he poked about in ers and crannies. Suddenly himself sliding downward. Suddenly He struck a stone floor over which water was trickling, but he knew this only from the source of touch, for his lantern had gone out.

He bethought himself of a silver

matchbox in his pocket, kept there; fully conscious that under your admin for lighting his pipe. He struck a match and illuminated a sewer. He also lighted up the incline by which he had entered it and saw that he person knowing the secret.' lantern was at his feet, and, picking it up, he relighted it. Then he climbed back into the strong room.

filth on his clothes, for he had not lost his balance in his descent of but a few He ascended the stairs, was let by the man in charge and went straight to the house where the directors were conferring. There he was rated soundly for having been so long on his errand. He made no excuse and was permitted to depart, his superiors saying that they would not need him longer.

A vision of a great change in his af-A vision of a great change in his ar-fairs loomed up in the young man's mind. He possessed a secret that in-volved millions. If he could leave the strong room by means of the sewer strong room by means of the sewer war. treasure above ground by the most

entrance to the strong room.

No thought of using his knowledge er radiations between.

for the purpose of appropriating the star mica resembles the or

might use the secret honesty to assist him to a career. He has awake air night thinking, but found no plan except to make some excuse to go into the strong room again and see if he could find his way out through the sewer.

A few days later, just before closing. rrying a lantern with him, he entered the strong room, thence the several department of the several department of the strong room, thence the several department of the several department of

tioned him and learned that he was one of that strange class who gain a living by searching the sewers. He piloted the clerk to an opening where egress was easy. Meldron marked the spot so that he would know it again

One morning the bank's directors re

One morning the bank's directors re-ceived a scrap of dirty paper on which was written in the hand of an illiter-ate person the following: You think you is all safe hand you bank his safe, but I knows better. I bin hinside the bank the last 2 nite hand you nose nuffin about it. But I am nott a theaf so hif yer will mett mee in the great squar room, with all the monelys, at twelf 2 nite, lie explain orl to you, let only thor 2 cum down, and say nuffin to nobody.

The directors turned the note over to the police, gave orders that the strong room should be guarded and

thought no more of the matter.

Nothing unusual happened in the bank that night, and the next day the note would have been forgotten had it not been for a remarkable circum-stance. A chest of paper and securi-ties taken from the strong room was received at the bank with another note from their mysterious correspondent omplaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer and that he had not, therefore, kept his appointment, but he had sent the chest of pa pers he had taken from the strong room. The note further said that if a few of the directors should be in the strong room at midnight he would join

Meanwhile Clarence Meldron sat, at his desk in the bank, doing his duties with his accustomed regularity. He heard the note that he had sent the directors discussed in a low tone by two custodians and knew that a guard was posted at the strong room. The only matter that occupied him outside his duties was a letter he wrote to his sweetheart imploring her not to consent to a wedding with her flancee until she could put it off no longer, adding that something might turn up for him. His sweetheart replied that she would do what he wished. But on the arrival of the chest of

papers and securities from the strong room Meldron saw evidence of com-motion. A search of the strong room was made. Meldron had drawn a heavy chest over the crack through which he had fallen, and it was not found. After the discussion the direct-ors decided to meet this man, spirit or devil, in the strong room in ac-cordance with his appointment.

So that hight secret police were called in to be ready to make any arrest that might be required, and armed guards of the bank were concealed behind treasure boxes in the strong room. Just before midnight three di-rectors who were selected to meet the man in the strong room assembled at the bank and entered what was to be the meeting room. All braced them-selves not to show fear. Nevertheless one of them was pale and the other two trembling.

When a deep toned bell without struck twelve a voice called from what point they could not tell: "Put out the lights!"

After some deliberation this was done, and after the party had stood a few moments in darkness bright rays from a dark lantern at the other end of the room dazzled them. Then they heard the cry: "Light up!

The lights were turned on, and there before them stood their clerk, Clarence Meldron. He waited for them to

speak. "Explain this!" said one of the di-

Meldron told them of his first visit

the strong room, of his sliding into be sewer, of his subsequent trip in the lewer and of his meeting there. Then

took them to the opening.

They looked at one another in blank maxement, thinking of the responsibility they had incurred in the fact that ere was an entrance from the out

de to their treasure room.
"But why have you taken this strange method of informing us of this opening?" asked a director,
"To impress upon you the fact that

your treasure was exposed. I could have made myself one of the richest men in the world by secretly and slowly taking away treasure that might not have been missed in weeks, perhaps months. If I had simply called you in here and shown you this crack you would have presented me with £10 reward, and that would have been the end of the matter. I deemed it advisable that you should be made istration you were exposing the funds of millions of people intrusted to your care to be plundered by any dishonest

Not one of the directors but under-stood that they had an honest young man to deal with, but one who was bright enough to take advantage of the possession of his secret. Were the story to be spread about London the gravest consequences would accrue to the bank and would be their ruin. De-fore Clarence Meldron left them he was notified that he would be appoint-

to an important trust.

That was the beginning of one of the largest fortunes in England. Meldron became a great financier and a director of the bank. He married the Lady Emily Twiss.

strong room by means or the sewer others could enter it in the same way. While the officials were watching their treasure above ground by the most which is a sort of sapphire, and in the same way. There is asterism also treasure above ground by the most which is a sort or sappine, and in carefully devised system there was no watch whatever at this opening where in mica. The photograph of a lamp the sewer had broken and left a free plane taken through a plate of mica chows a six rayed star, with six faintshows a six rayed star, with six faint-Outwardly What he was thinking of was how he der the microscope, however, the star

Pet Gander a Life Saver. After acting as "nurse" to the children of Abner Stilton of Montville, N.

A BAD MEMORY.

Complications That Brought About a Wedding.

By THERESA C. HOLT.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press ciation.] "Mr. Rucker," said the pretty widow, Mrs. Taylor, "why will you be so un-complimentary as to forget me, to pass me by as if you did not know me

when we meet on the street?"
"I think it must be something in my
eyesight," said Mr. Rucker apologet-

"Eyesight' Nonsense!"
"You know perfectly well that I consider you one of my most valued friends.

"So valued that you can't remember you have ever met me before on see-ing me after a week's separation." "My memory for faces is execrable."

"You shall not treat me so slight-ingly again, I promise you. I will make you remember me."
"I beg you to do so. Then I shall

be happy at receiving your smile that I don't get when I pass you without recognizing you. But suppose you forget me when you pass, what will come of that?"

"I'll bet you what you like I won't."
"What I like?" "Yes."

"Very well. Let it be a kiss."

"A kiss?"
"Yes, a kiss against a dozen pairs of

"You mean, I presume, that if I fail to recognize you the next time we meet



"GOODNESS GRACIOUS!" EXCLAIMED THE

I am to give you a kiss. If I do recognize you, you give me a dozen pairs of gloves." "That's right."

"It wouldn't be a fair bet. I am sure to recognize you."
"I dare say you will, and I shall have a good excuse for making up with the gloves for my forgetfulness."

Several weeks passed, when one day the widow, seeing what she believed to be the figure of Mr. Rucker on the street before her, hastened her steps. "I told him I would make him rem ber me, and I will," she muttered. Coming up behind the figure, she raised her parasol and gave the gentleman a vigorous poke in the back. He turned angrily; but, seeing a pretty woman smiling at him, he smiled, too, raising his hat at the same time. Nev-

ertheless he looked puzzled.
"I told you I would make you remember me," she said laughingly.

"Ah! "And I'll take the gloves—I wear 5%, usually four buttons."

"How killing!" laughed the lady.

"How killing!" laughed the lady.
"You've forgotten the bet."
"The bet?"
"I wonder if you really have forgotten it or are trying to get out of it."
"Not I," said the gentleman gallantly, by this time gathering his wits.
"How many pairs have I lost?"
"Another larse of memory—one doz-"Another lapse of memory-one doz

en pairs, 53."
"Oh, yes; but would you mind telling me the terms of the bet? You know what an abominable memory I

The gentleman was walking with her and evidently enjoying

"Oh, no." she said, "the last time I met you I bet you one dozen pairs of gloves against"— She hesitated. "It was the other way, wasn't it?"

"Your memory gone too?"
"Not a bit! Since you've lost there can be no harm in saying what it is a kiss."

The gentleman opened his eyes and puckered up his lips. Then he smack-ed them as if he relished an imaginary

"Well, go on," he said. "The bet was that I would know you the next time I met you." "H'm!" said the gentleman.

"Of course I wouldn't have made such a bet if I hadn't been certain I'd remember you. I'd known you from your twin brother." "Would you?"

"Yes; of course." They came to a corner, and the lady "I go down this street to my home

Good day."
"I'll go with you."
He walked to her door, and it was agreed that he should call the next evening to settle the bet. As soon as

the door closed behind him he made a

note of the number.

The man who made the bet with the widow was Mr. Ned Rucker. The man whom she met on the street was his twin brother, Mr. Fred Rucker. The latter had just returned from a long residence abroad. The two were bachelors and were in rooms together. Fred Rucker, after his meeting with the widow, went home and, finding his brother there, told of his adven-

"Well, well," exclaimed Mr. Ned Rucker, "if that isn't the best thing I

"You ever struck!" HONOR FOR AN

"Yes-I. Don't you see I've won a

Well, I like that. I propose to call on the lady tomorrow evening and re-ceive payment. You've got nothing to do with this meeting. She didn't meet you and not know you."

Ned subsided. He pondered awhile and then said: "I tell you what we

can do. You can go and get your kiss (if she'll pay it). Then I'll pass her and pretend I'm you. That'll give me "It wouldn't be fair."

"It isn't fair for you to claim a kiss either. She didn't make the bet with you. She made it with me." "Do you object to my having what

fun out of it I like?".
"No." "Then I'll see it out."

The next evening Mr. Fred Rucker, armed with a dozen pairs of kld gloves, called on the widow. She came down pleased at having won the gloves. "How nice of you," she said. "I won-der you remembered to bring them or your appointment this evening."

"I'm very forgetful," he said mourn-

"Still, this meeting today was no test. How would you like to bet a kiss against another dozen pairs of gloves that you won't know me next time

"Oh. I don't wish to win any more gloves from you."
"But I wish to win the kiss."

"You can never do that." However, he pleaded so hard that she made the bet. He entered a mem-orandum of it in his book, and they

both signed it. It read: We bet that Mrs. Taylor doesn't know me, Mr. Rucker, when we meet again on the street—a kiss against a dozen pairs of

During the call Mr. Rucker appeared as interested in her as before he had appeared indifferent. When he had gone she was quite astonished to note that instead of the hour being 10 o'clock, as she had supposed, the hands of the clock stood at 11:30. Indeed, she experienced quite a pleasurable sensation for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Taylor was somewhat excited over the bet she had made and felt the necessity for watching very closely for Mr. Rucker on the street, fearing that if she passed him unnoticed he would claim payment of the bet. This kept her thinking of him most of the time. During his visit he had appeared very different from what he had ever appeared before—more vivaclous brighter: Indeed, she had found him clever and entertaining. She was not averse to marrying and wondered why she had not thought of him be-

fore as a possible husband.

When Mrs. Taylor met Mr. Rucker again she was paralyzed with astonishment. He was doubled. The double's two right arms went up to his two hats, and there was a smile on his two

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the

One of the Mr. Ruckers said: "You have a bet with one of us that you would know him when you met him on the street. One of us is a stranger to you. Therefore you can't know him, because a lady can't know a man to whom she has never been introduced. Please tell us which you have bowed

Mrs. Taylor was flustered. She tried to make out the one she had known. but falled

"That's not fair," she said.
"Why not?" asked one of the twins.
Mrs. Taylor was not in a condition of mind to point out just why it wasn't fair. Had she been cool she might have thought of a way out of the dilemma. She made choice between the two and named the wrong man. Both men

burst into a laugh.
"I've won," said Mr. Fred Rucker. Mrs. Taylor colored to the roots of

"So long," said Ned Rucker, and he passed on. "Of course, as a gentleman," said the

lady to the remaining Rucker, "you'll not ask me to pay the bet."
"Not now." he replied, "I'll pay it myself. I'll call this evening with a

on Mrs. Taylor not only with a dozen pairs of gloves, but with a plentiful

"What did you mean by

leave and all that?"
"The ticket may be exchanged for a full discharge this very evening if you prefer it."

Explain. "Mine is a case of love at first sight.

Will you marry me?"
"What has that to do with it?" asked the widow in a low tone and with averted head.

"This: There is no harm in a kiss between an engaged couple."

Before Mr. Rucker left the bet was paid and the matter settled.

> A Spring Exhaust. South winds blowing.
> Sap a-flowing.
> Sap a-flowing.
> Zephyrs puffing.
> Helfers snuffing.
> Neighbors clashing.
> Dust a-flying.
> Children crying.
> Marbles playing,
> Hens all laying.
> Crecus boblin',
> Hear that robin!
> Seems so sunny— Seems so sunny—
> Ain't it funny?
>
> Bay, I wonder—
> Spring, by thunder!
> —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Slim Chance For Her. A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came

upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment "Why, no," said the old lady; "I hadn't heerd o' that. Won't there be more than one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was replied. We're All Alike. 'Well, then," she mused, "I don't

"The Chinese worship ancestors."
"How queer! By the way, have you beard the latest? Marjorie is engaged reckon I can get to go, for we've only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—New York Sun. to a real live duke."-Louisville Couriev-Journal.

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

It Established Mr. Josselyn as a Playwright.

By ELBERT J. BENTLEY.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.] "There's no use in further pleading, Mr. Josselyn. You are altogether too

humdrum for me." Mr. Josselyn was a struggling playwright who had never succeeded in ater.

getting a play accepted. "Isn't it enough," he replied lugubriously, "that I am trying all the while to conjure up puppets to do romantic and absurd things without them my.

Alternwhile the shouts continued.

spending every day in the same uneventful way.

might turn robber without submitting

to the imprisonment. He was ingen-

ious and had faith in his own inge-

The first night came, and with it

When one struggles for months, perhaps years, with a play and it is to be tested before an audience he is excus-

Their seats were in one of the pro-

scenium boxes. Of course the house was crowded—theaters are always

crowded on first nights-and there

vere many of Josselyn's friends among

Miss Sweetland sat, where two men

"I'm being robbed; he's got my watch!" cried a voice.

These words had scarcely been spo

ken when one of the two men ran from

The excited audience sat expectant for a few minutes, when another voice

seen marching a man out of the the-

Meanwhile the curtain had been

"They've got him!" Two policemen in uniform

were tussling with each other.
"I'm being robbed: be's

The play was light comedy.

able for being agitated.

be a success."

"Then I will turn robber."
"Do so, and I will marry you."
The expressions of the two faces at this moment were a study. The girl's

honors that can be paid her. The new statue for Bismarck was designed by Leonard Crunelle, and the clay model, which is in Chicago, is of heroic size, nine feet tall, and depicts an Indian woman muffled in a blanket, with a papoose upon her back, and her right arm extended as if pointing out the way. Mr. Crunelle visited the Indian reservation at Elbow Woods, N. D., two years ago to study and sketch Indian figures and costumes and has had the advice of Spotted Weasel and James Holding Eagle, who have visited Chicago to inspect and criticise the statue. The bronze will be next June or July and will be shipped to its destination. The legis-lature of North Dakota has appropri-ated money for a granite pedestal, which will be placed about half a mile from the Missouri river that the fig ure will face that stream. It is expect ed that the statue will be in place ready for unveiling in October.

The money to pay for the statue was raised by the Federation of Women's HE WAS MARCHED TO THE POOTLIGHTS. eye sparkled with mischlef; the man's

Clubs in North Dakota and by the school children of that state. The reasons why the women and children should erect a statue to Sakajawea are countenance, which had been a picture given in laconic terms in a little circu of melancholy, showed that he had caught on to a possibility. She would marry him if he would rob some one. lar published by the women's federa But robbing some one would necessi-tate a residence for awhile behind bars.

INDIAN HEROINE

Monument In Memory of Saka-

iawea Will Be Erected.

LEWIS AND CLARK'S GUIDE.

Design by Leonard Crunelle Is of He-

roic Size-Bronze Statue Will Rest or

a Granite Pedestal and Face Missouri

River-Funds Raised by Clubwomer

The women of North Dakota are

about to erect a monument in front

of the capitol building at Bismarck in

honor of Sakajawea (bird woman), the

Shoshone guide of Lewis and Clark

across the Rocky mountains in 1804.

There is already a beautiful statue of

this heroine in the park at Portland

Ore., made by a Chicago woman artist

with funds raised through the efforts

of Mrs. Eva Emery Dye and others at the time of the Portland exposition,

but Sakajawea is entitled to all the

and School Children.

First.—Sakajawca was the first North Dakotan whose name was enrolled on the pages of history. Second.—It is proper that we mark his-toric spots in our young and rising com-monwealth.

Reasons For Erecting the Statue.

monwealth.
Third.—Sakajawea was the only woman
to accompany the Lewis and Clark expedition.
Fourth.—She was their guide and inter-

Fourth—She was their guide and interpreter.
Fifth—She protected them when threatened by hostile Indians.
Sixth.—She procured for them food and horses when they were destitute of both. Seventh.—She saved their journals and valuable papers at the risk of her own life.
Eighth.—She was the only one of the party who roceived no pecuniary compensation for her services.
Ninth.—While enduring hardships and suffering she administered to the necessities of others.
Tenth.—She welcomed with intelligent appreciation the civilization of the white race and was the first Indian west of the Missouri river known to embrace Christianity.
Flavanth—She was the first pioneer

tanity.

Eleventh.—She was the first pioneer mother to closs the Rocky mountains and carry her baby into the Oregon country.

Claimed by North Dakota. The women of North Dakota have good historical ground for claiming Sakajawea as a fellow citizen, be-cause, although she was a Shoshone by birth and that tribe lived farther west in the mountains of Wyoming, she was captured by the Gros Ventre "What do you mean by 'not now."
"I'll give you a sort of ticket of leave based on your good behavior."
That evening Mr. Fred Rucker called on Mrs. Taylor not only with a down supply of flowers.

"How good of you," she said, "to win a bet and not only pay it, but bring these lovely flowers."

She sniffed the perfume with her beautiful nose, then continued:

"What is a pientiful the return of Lewis and Clark to whose east she went to her own tribe, whose headquarters were near the present City of Lander, Wyo., and there lived until her death in 1884 at the supposed age of 125 years. She is until her death in 1884 at the supposed age of 125 years. She is buried in the Episcopal cemetery near the the Episcopal cemetery near the agency. Several of her descendents are now living on the Shoshone reservation, one her son, known as "Old Brazil," has been quite prominent in

Largest Crane In the Orient. Further evidences of the progressive ness of the Japs is found in the fact that they recently have purchased in Great Britain and installed in the Mitsu Bishi dockyard and engine works in Nagasaki the largest crane in the orient and one of the largest in the world. It is a 150 ton hammered head machine and has a height of 177 feet It is operated by five separate motors with an aggregate of 250 horsepower. To distribute the current nearly one and a half miles of electric cable is used. The one man who operates the crane is perched 150 feet in the air. By simply fouching a lever the little brown fellow can work the jib arm, which is 1561/2 feet long, and lift, slew or rack a lifty ton weight at 142 feet

Her Mild Complaint.

Patient Parent-Georgie, what do
you think I found in my bed last
night? Georgie-What was it, mamma? Patient Parent-A railroad train and a fire engine.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Church—Are your children being brought up to help themselves?
Mrs. Gothem.—Oh, yes; I never lock the cooky jar!—Yonkers Statesman.

rung down. The stage manager appeared from behind a wing and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, one of the most daring robberies in the annals of crime has been committed right here

the box.

cried:

in this very theater. Thinking that before the villain is taken to the sta-tion you would like to have a look at him, I have requested the police to bring him for a moment on to the

There was a clapping of hands, the curtain was rung up, and in a few minutes two policemen advanced from the right center with a man hand-cuffed between them. The robber wore a mask and was in evening dress,

He was marched to the footlights.
"Take off his mask!" ordered
stage manager. A policeman removed the mask.

For one moment there was silence:

then a deafening shout filled the the

"It's Josselyn!" cried a voice.
"Who's Josselyn?" asked a woman,
"Why, the man who wrote the play.

self? At any rate, I'm honest, and that's more than can be said of Jameson, whom you will doubtless marry if son, whom you will doubtless marry if versed in stagecraft, not dreaming but you don't marry me."

"I would prefer that you should have more snap and less honesty."

"You would like me to rob some one, "You would like me to rob some one, that her lover had really robbed a man for her sake, was in agony. Not only would he be sent to the penitentiary, but this disgrace at being march." suppose."

"It would be infinitely preferable to pending every day in the same unpending every day in the same unpending way."

and on to the stage in the presence of an audience among whom were nearly all the friends he possessed was horriventally way." ble and would kill any sensitive man. Josselyn gave one look at the girl; but seeing that she was suffering inex-pressible torture, his face broke into

> Many of the audience were deceived, so realistically had the scheme been carried out, and for a moment believed that the man before them had committed the robbery in which he had been caught. But Josselyn's smile made it apparent that the crime was a part of the performance. There was a fresh outburst of shouting, this time accom-

panied by a thunder of appliance.
"By Jove," exclaimed one of the audience, "that's the best stage gag I ever saw! It's enough to make a success of a dead failure."
"Your fortune's made," the stage

manager whispered to Josselyn.

"This means a 300 night run," muttered the manager, with a chuckle.

"Speech!" cried the audience with

one voice. The policemen released the arms of the prisoner, and, with the bracelets still on his wrists, he stepped forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you sympathy"-

"You don't need it: you've made a hit!" interrupted a voice.
"This is a hard world," continued the playwright. "For what we desire we must make great sacrifices. I have made a guy of myself tonight for an object near to my heart—an object"—

"A hundred thousand in royalties!" interrupted another voice. "Shut up!" cried one who wished to hear the speech.

Meanwhile Josselyn stood looking at the girl for whose sake he had made a guy of himself with a look of humorous triumph in his eye. She drew a long breath of relief, and gradually an unwilling though radiant smile forced itself over her features. When silence was restored he concluded his speech "Very well," he said. "I will rob by stating that the object of his life had been to write a successful play, and this heart's desire had been ac-complished. Then, thanking them for their appreciation, he bowed, retired, "I mean it. You have forced me to take this course, and if I become a felon it will be your fault, Adieu. I will not ask you again until I have the curtain was rung down, and when it was raised again it was upon the

committed a robbery."
"Bravo." she exclaimed, clapping her hands, while he walked away with a theatrical stride.

"Dear me," said Irene to herself, "I hope he isn't going to make a gander of himself. Who would have thought I was so necessary to him? Some first scene of the third act. knows that a play depends upon its start. The first night is immensely important. By his robbery the author had put his audience in good humor knows that a play depends upon its start. The first night is immensely important. By his robbery the author hadn't better stop him."

But as she went on thinking over the a play. The consequence was that. But as she went on thinking over the natter a desire to discover what he would do got the better of her fears, and she concluded to let the matter.

would do got the better of her Jears, and she concluded to let the matter take its course. Besides, there was something fascinating in his risking a term in prison—indeed, his life—to gain her.

Which he corrected the next day, the addinger pronounced it perfect.

Joselyn returned to his box. He found Miss Sweetland sitting behind a curtain and took a sent beside her. Notwithstanding the fact that all eyes the control of the proposition of the pr A month passed, and she heard nothing from Mr. Josselyn. Then one day he wrote her that he had at last succeeded in securing the acceptance of a play, and he would be happy to have her go with him to the first night performance.

Miss Sweetland was very much pleased at the invitation, but she had

Miss Sweetland was very much pleased at the invitation, but she had been fretting at having been thus let alone and was now disappointed that her lover had no tender word for her, the dreaded critics all gave favorable notices, and from that time for months the box office was crowded. While Mr. Josselyn and Miss Sweet-She feared he had accepted his dis-

came Mr. Josselyn with a carriage to land were riding to her home she said take Miss Sweetland to see his play. to him: Naturally he was very ill at ease. "I am "I am very sorry that I should have

put you to so much trouble. I'm not worth it."
"Indeed you are, sweetheart. But, ble for being agitated.
"You're all of a tremor," said the
irl. "Don't worry. I'm sure it will
be a success."
"Instead of parting and the gave me a brilliant idea that will insure the success of my play, establish me as a playwright and make my forinstead of putting me to trouble you

tune. "Which I suppose I shall share isn't every girl that is so well paid for her folly."

audience were captured at the very opening. The second act, which is liable to be dull, was very effective. Just before its close Josselyn asked A Reliable Miss Sweetland to excuse him and left the box. A few minutes later there was a cry of "Help, help!" TIN SHOP Every eye in the theater was turned to the box opposite the one in which

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