How He Showed That There Was Method In His Madness.

By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Ass ciation.)

One night, or, rather, one morning about fifty years ago a group of young men were standing before a sideboard in the city of Nashville, Tenn., drink-ing mint juleps. They were all in fancy costume, for they were attending a masquerade ball, and strains of music and laughter came in from the adjoining rooms. The season was the beginning of autumn, but in that southern location warm weather lingered Indeed, the "galleries" were inclosed

to gain room for the guests.
"What shall we do for hunting this season?" remarked one of the young men at the sideboard. "The country is all taken up, and every estate has a sign up forbidding shooting on the

"Last year" said another "we were permitted to shoot on the Woodbridge estate. There was no one there ex-cept caretakers and servants, but now Miss Woodbridge has returned from the east to take possession of her in-heritance, and I see that a notice against trespassing and shooting has been put up

Among these young men was one Tom Thursby, a graduate of the Uni-versity of Virginia, who had come out to Tennessee to practice law. Some called him "Mad" Thursby, but wheth er that was because he was crack brained or insisted in doing things as no one else would do them is a ques

"I think," said Thursby musingly, sipping his julep, "that I shall shoot on Miss Woodbridge's estate." "What!" exclaimed one of the group.

"Trespass on the estate of a young

"No; I shall gain her permission." "She has already refused it to oth ers; she can't consistently give it to



you. What influence do you propose to bring to bear upon her?

"Do you know her?"

"No; I have never seen her."
"Very well; I'll bet you \$50 you don't shoot this fall on Miss Woodbridge's

The rays of the rising sun were streaming in through the windows, the music ceased, and the revelers began to take their departure.

It was about 9 o'clock that Virginia

Woodbridge was out among her dew covered flowers—none had yet been nipped by frost—when she heard a voice behind her. "May I beg a boon?"

Turning, she saw a young man dressed in white satin. His coat, trim-med with gold braid, was cut in the fashion that we call "clawhammer,"

with two long extensions in rear reach ing almost to his ankles. From his vest escaped a profusion of ruffled His breeches were tight to the skin and reached only to the knee; his namented with enormous silver buckles. In the hollow of his left arm was a gun; from his shoulder were suspended a shot pouch, a powder flask and a game bag. As to head covering, there was none. The figure was bowthere was none. The figure was bow-ing low before her with his right hand on his heart.

The first idea Miss Woodbridge had of this singular apparition was that he was supernatural; the next, that she

was confronted by a lunatic.
"I have called," said the visitor, "to ask your kind permission to shoot a ew birds on your plantation."
It occurred to the lady that to refuse

the man would be tantamount to an in vitation to shoot her. No man in his senses would go hunting in such cos-tume, and, although this poor dement-ed creature looked harmless enough, it was impossible to say that a refusal

"Certainly," she hurried to say as soon as she could gain speech. "Hunt all over the plantation.'

The lungtic bowed again thanked her for her kindness and strode away As for Miss Woodbridge, as soon a his back was turned she darted into the house and locked the door behind her. Then when she was sufficiently recovered she sent for her overseer, told him how by her presence of mind

she had saved herself from being shot by a lunatic and directed him to sen to the insane asylum, a short distance south of her estate, and ask them to send at once and capture the lunatic

By this time a perpetual "bang" was heard without. A darky rushed in and began to talk with eyes wide opened.
"Missy Ginnie, dere's a ha'nt down
in de medder killin' all de bobwhite. He dressed like a ghost, all in white

with stars and things on he breast

he'll kill you."

"Oh, no. I'm not gwine to stop him As soon as I sor him I run like de debbil was after me. Ebery time he shoot, down comes a thousand quail." "Never mind the quail. I don't care how many he kills if he doesn't kill any one else before we can get rid of

At this juncture the housekeeper en At this juncture the nonseaseper cur-tered the room and asked what was the matter. When informed of the facts she smiled and said: "I saw your lunatic go by my win-dow. He's Tom Thursby, that Virginia

scapegrace."
"And sane?" asked Miss Woodbridge.

"Then why appear here in such cos

ume and ask permission to hunt?"
"I don't know. There was a masquerade ball in the city last night, and not an hour ago I saw some of masqueraders rolling along in t Carriages on their way home. Perhaps Mr. Thursby was one of them and took a fancy to do some shooting."

"But why in such costume?"
"No one knows what Tom Thursby
will do. He's singular. But I have
heard he is very bright. He'll probably break his neck some day riding
across country. He's a terrible man
on horseback."
"That would be a pity," said Miss
Woodbridge symnathetically—"he's so

Woodbridge sympathetically-"he's so

Whether the lady meant that it did not matter if homely men broke their necks is not of importance to this story. The order to send to the asylum was countermanded, and Mr. Thursby was permitted to bang away till mid day. when he came to the house with a bagful of quall and asked to see the mistress. She met him, vainly en-deavoring to suppress a smile. "I have only killed these birds," he

said, "for the pleasure of the hunt. I leave them for their rightful owner."
"You are Mr. Thursby, I believe, from Virginia."

"I am, and at your service." A low

"That you may not think we Tennes seeans less hospitable than the people of the Old Dominion I will ask you to remain for a dinner on the birds you have shot."

"That will certainly be an honor as "That will certainly be an honor as well as a pleasure." Another bow. Miss Woodbridge entertained Mr. Thursby till the qualls were cooked and the repast was announced. Then she took his arm, and they went into the dining room. Never a smile crossed Mr. Thursby's face. His hostess said nothing about having mistaken him for a lunatic, and he made no reference to his fartagatic desse.

reference to his fantastic dress.

The servants on the plantation either had not heard the explanation as to the guest's habiliments, or, if they had, it made little impression on them.

The opinion among them gained ground that he was a ha'nt, though many of them declared that he was a lunatic The braver of the colored children flattened their noses against the dining room window panes to observe the

specter. Aunt Eunice, who had been Virginia Woodbridge's "mammy," was very much disturbed.
"Wha' fo' yo' niggers let yo' mist'ess alone wid dat lunaticker fo'?" she asked the men. "Yo' gwine let him shoot her?"

At this white headed Uncle Peter went off and returned with his gun and said he was "gwine to kiver de ha'nt." Miss Woodbridge, while dis-secting a quall, discovered him stand-ing in the doorway leveling a shotgun at her guest.

"For heaven's sake, Uncle Peter, what are you going to do? Don't shoot!

"Don' yo' bodder, Missy Ginnie. I got de drop on him."
"Oh, that's nothing," said Thursby.

"I've seen him for some time. It hasn't spoiled my appetite." And he helped himself to another

Uncle Peter was finally persuaded to go away with his gun, and the meal proceeded. Then when it was finished Miss Woodbridge and her singular guest spent some time together in the

dest spent some time together in the rawing room, after which the guest eparted.

Miss Woodbridge was so well pleased with Mr. Thursby that she deeply regretted he was so freaky. But when the next day she received from him several dozen pairs of gloves, with a letter stating that her leniency with him had enabled him to win a bet that he would shoot with her permission on her plantation, she did not consider him so freaky after all. Indeed, she

considered him very clever.

After this Mr. Thursby continued his d pranks at horsemanship and oth-feats, devoted himself to Miss Woodbridge and practiced law. His associates were divided as to whether he were really crack brained or very clever till he won an important suit by an expedient similar to the one by which he had won permission to shoot on the Woodbridge premises. From that time forward all agreed that if he were mad there was a lot of method in his madness.

This im ession continued to grow till it was oncluded by the people of Mr. Thursby's section that they had better send him to represent them in Washington, and he was elected to congress. He took Miss Woodbridge with him.

De Halleyloovah Comet.

De Haileylooyan Comet.
O sinneh, yo's a-smilln' en a-winkin' on de paff.
But de Halleylooyah comet gwine ter flick yo' wid its wraff!
Hit's a-bollin' on de up grade lak a redhot train o' cabs
Dat's a-makin' up de los' tirve whilst hit whizzes thoo de stahs.

So be good, Misten Sinneh, Caze de fac's en figgels say Dat de Halleylooyah comet Am a-rushin' on de way.

To' say dey wan't no Adam en dey neveh was no Eve, En yo' low dat talk 'bout Noer is a thing yo' doan' believe, But dey ain't no dead-en-goneness in de sto'y dat dey'il tell When de Halleylooyah comet come en make de sinnehs yell.

Bo look out, Misteh Sinneh.
Betteh change yo' min' terday
Wid de Halleylooyah comet
Des a-t'ahin' up de way.
—Chicago Post.

"Jane, at the table we wish to be served with alacrity." Will you have it "All right, mum

after the soup?"-London Answers. Wha' all gwine to do?"

"For heaven's sake, don't try to stop him." said the mistress. "If you do Kindness is the golden chain by People of Note

## Snapshots at Celebrities

Talked About



Mighty unpleas-ant things are being said about Master Cupid, and T'S all over life has lost its charm for three dukes and a prince, to say nothing of scores of others who would not know what to do with a title if they

had one, for tha much courted and beautiful prima donna, Lina Cavalieri, has made her choice of a husband. The lucky man is Bob Winthrop Chanler of New York, a member of the rich Chanler family, known to art, finance and politics and the wilds of Africa for a generation. When Bob recently proposed to the famous singer she was about to sail for Paris, but told him she would think for Paris, but told him she would think it over and cable her reply. How the days did drag along! At last it came, with the one word "Yes," and natural-ly he is the happiest man alive. On the day the decision arrived Mr. Chanler rushed out of his apartments, show ered the servants with change and commanded:

"Grin, and grin good and hard, all of you! I want to see everybody else grin today, and then I won't feel so foolish myself."

When asked if he would live abroad

after the wedding he said:
"What—me, elected by a discerning
New York constituency to be sheriff for three years, to go abroad! I'm not that kind of an American, son."

Professor E. R. Daenell, who has been selected to lecture at Columbia university as the "Kaiser Wilhelm professor," comes from the University

of Kiel, Prussia, and is considered one of the foremost historians of Germany. He is not only a teacher, but a deep thinker and one of the men who have made the study of history a new science in Germany by considering events in connection with

all the influences and factors actively shaping the course followed by me

and peoples.

The "Kaiser Wilhelm professorship" was founded about five years ago and corresponds with the "Roosevelt pro-fessorship" at Berlin university. The first American Roosevelt professor at Berlin was Professor Burgess of Columbia.

The passing of former Police Inspec tor Thomas Byrnes of New York, who has been ill so long, recalls the busy career of the man once such a terror to crooks and evil



doers. From the day in 1869 when he entered the po-lice force until he retired in 1895 Mr. Byrnes' life was a stirring romance of campaigns against murderers, thieves and other big criminals. He was a natural leader and

THOMAS BYRNES. Worked his way up with wonderful rapidity. In 1880 "the czar of Mulberry street," as he was called, completely reorgan-ized the detective bureau of New York and a few weeks later was made in Then he established his fa mous Wall street "dead line," which has been given a worldwide promi-nence in the annals of the underworld. He was then made superintendent of police and ruled as an unquestioned autocrat until his retirement. Once King Humbert of Italy offered Mr. Byrnes the title of chevalier and officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, but the offer was declined.

If your heart palpitates ride the bicycle. If your heart, like the old kitchen clock, misses a cog occasionally take a spin on your wheel. If your heart appears to have grown tired of doing business at the old stand wake it up with a century run. This sounds like a patent medicine ad. or an attempt to boom the bicycle

again, but it isn't. It's the treatment that Alvey A. Adee, assistant sec-retary of state, says has cured him of heart weakness, although it might not be wise for others similarly affected to try it before consulting their physicians.

A. A. ADEK. Mr. Adee has just gone abroad for another long tour on his wheel, which has been his custom for several years. Some time sgo, finding himself in need of outdoor ercise, he took up bicycling, and he

'I was troubled with my heart at that time quite badly, but found that cycling benefited me greatly. I followed the exercise regularly, not in a strenuous way, but in a safe and sane disappeared. I attribute this cure to riding a wheel."

Sounded Queer.
"All right behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car. "Hold on!" cried a shrill voice. "Wait

till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was strug-gling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

The Real Trouble "Woman's ignorance of cooking is the bane of married life."
"No; it's woman's ignorance of her ignorance of cooking."—Boston Tran-script SHE READ HIS SECRET.

Which Led Him to Express an Opinion on Married Life. A young man from Kansas City was

talking to a young woman from the same town whom he had met by accident at a matinee in New York. The young woman was married. The young man was not. "You've heard that we're to have a

new theater back home?" the woman asked to make conversation.

"Oh, of course," the young man answered. "I get all the news. I get a

letter from Kansas City every day."

The woman began to laugh.
"So when you go back home for that racation you're going to be married?" she mused. "How did you know that?" the mar

cried. "We both said we wouldn't tell

And now she's"—
"You told me yourself a few seconds ago, everything but the date," she an swered. "You see, no matter how fond your brother may be of you or your uncles or aunts or your mother or father, none of these would send you a letter every day. There's only one person who writes a letter every day, and that's a girl who's engaged to be married. For the rest of my sentence added two and two."

"You're right," the man mused.
"Say, a married man must have to play close to the bases. It must be like living with a mind reader."-Bos-

#### A CHILD GENIUS.

Ampere Dabbled In Mathematics at the Age of Three.

Ampere, who left his name to the cience of electricity, was a child genius. At the age of three he had taught himself to count with the aid of pebbles and had found out for himself a good many of the theories of arith-metic. At this age he became very ill and was for three days denied food. At the end of the fast he was given a biscuit, but instead of eating it he broke it up into pieces to count with an operation he considered more inter

He read everything with avidity. His mind did not run in one channel, and he welcomed every volume that came in his way. When he was ten or twelve years old he went to a library to ask for the works of a certain au thor. The librarian told him in amuse ment that the books were in Latin. The boy went home chagrined, for he did not know Latin, being a sickly child and held back from books as far as possible, but after six weeks he ap-peared again and told the librarian he had learned to read the books now.

Ampere is one of the few child prod igles who seems to have been sickly He had fits from time to time, while most child wonders appear to have been physically normal in every re spect.-Exchange

Freaks of Language.

A peculiar kind of blundering known as "folk etymology" is responsible for some of the queerest freaks of language. An easy example will make this clear. Our American word "car-ryall" for a kind of vehicle is not a compound of "carry" and "all," but a slight distortion of the French "carri-ole," a diminutive car. The change was made in obedience to the universal tendency to assimilate the un-known to the known, to make words mean something by associating them with others which they resemble in sound. Often there is no etymological relation between the words associated. as when sparrowgrass is made out of asparagus. This particular corruption was once in such good colloquial use that Walker, the lexicographer, wrote, "Sparrowgrass is so general that as-paragus has an air of stiffness and

Two Smart Actors.

In a popular historic drama the actor who takes the part of Napoleon required to read aloud a document of considerable length which is brough to him by General Berthler being written at length, is seldom committed to memory. A short time age however, the property master at a English theater mislaid the docum and Napoleon, who was new to the part, received instead a blank sheet of paper. For a moment he was aghast then, eager to escape from his pre-dicament even at the expense of a fellow actor, he handed the paper to General Berthier, saying, "Read it to

The other actor was not in the least confused, "Your majesty," he said, handing it back, "I am only a poor ters. soldier of fortune, and you must ex cuse me. I do not know how to read."

His Emencination

Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial

Woes:

Beverly, Sept. 16, 1771.

Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, his house plague for seven long years, Masury Old Moil, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have hove all the old (shoes) I can find for joy, and all myneighbors rejoice with me. A good Riddance of bad Ware. Amen!

JOSIAH WOODBURY.

Spontini's Decorations.

Casparo Spontini, the composer, regarded himself in the light of a demigod, and when inspirations crowded upon him he donned a wide, togalike gown of white silk with a border of gold and a fez of white silk em-broidered in gold from which a heavy tassel hung down. With great dignity he sat down before his desk, and if a grain of dust was visible on the paper on which he penned his music he rang the bell impatiently for his servant to remove the obstacle. Spontini owned so many medals and deco-rations that they could no longer be accommodated on his breast. At a grand musical reunion at Halle an old musician remarked to a comrade, "See how many decorations Spontini has, while Mozart has not one." Sponwhile Mozart has not one." Spon-tini, who overheard it, replied quickly, "Mozart, my dear friend, does not need them."

Engagement Broken.
Merchant—I have had hard luck—
lost all my money. Suitor—Surely you
would not wish to lose your daughter also.-Fliegende Blatter

AIRSHIP OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

What Two Authorities Think It Will Be Like.

#### HUGE MODEL OF COMFORT

Will Resemble a Flying Fish and Be Capable, It is Claimed, of Traveling Seventy-five Miles an Hour — To Carry About 150 Passengers and Crew of Fortytwo Man.

The most recent developments in gation to a science and the plans for the transatlantic voyage above the clouds proposed for about the middle of May by the German aeronaut Dr Gans-Fabrice lately president of the Frankfort Aeronautical exposition, and Joseph Brucker of Berlin in two dirigibles are discussed by T. R. Mac Mechen and Carl Dienstbach, two authors of works on airships and dirigibles, in the May Century, and the airship of the near future is described in part as follows:

From the standard of present development the airship of 1915 may be conceived as having a hull of rigid construction, 1,000 feet long and 80 feet beam, with accommodations for 125 to 130 passengers and a crew of 42 men.

The new air liner will resemble submarine or, rather, a flying fish. All its parts will be compactly built into the hull. Its underbody, 800 long, 12 feet wide and 9 feet high, will extend between the elbows fore and aft where the hull begins to curve toward its pointed bow and stern The underbody will hold seven pas-sengers and eight operating sections, after the fashion of a compartment sleeping car. A continuous passage way will extend from end to end.

All Cooking by Electricity. Below the bridge will be a way to the main passage in the for-ward underbody of the ship, where there is a companion way which is the ship's portal. Abaft of this will be the captain's cabin. To starboard will begin the main passage and staterooms with all doors opening on the passage Next to the captain's quarters, in se quence, will be officers' and engineers staterooms, officers' wardroom and mess, the barber shop, the first motor compartment, the toilet room, passengers' staterooms, passengers' quarters, a central lounging, reading and dining saloon the width of the ship. At the stern will be the steward's quarters, where all cooking will be by electricity. Meals will be serv-ed in each saloon, the pantry service being operated by escalator passing through the "hold," which will be attached to the airship's entire under-body. Table service will be delivered through a trap in the saloon floor. Telephone and electric annunciators will connect each section with the

All bed covering will be of the lightest weights, because elektron heaters carrying the hot exhaust of the motors will keep the temperature automatical ly even while flying at frigid altitudes When flying low in the tropics the air-ship may be perfectly cooled by ven-tilation. Only hand baggage will be permitted for the quick passage.

Built to Float on the Water.

The sides of the "hold," or tunnel five feet high and eight feet wide, wil be lined with continuous tanking, containing gasoline fuel, to be forced up ward into the engine rooms as needed The outside of the "hold" will serve as the airship's rounded keel and will enable the craft to float, on water Elastic buffers for landing will be fixed under each engine section.

The eight motor compartments each be equipped with one 20 p irs power motor, transmitting emery short steel belts in flattened tubes one propeller on the same side of the hull and to auxiliary engines operating pumps that will control the gas cham-bers, withdrawing expanding gas and condensing it into the airship's tubu-lar frame. They will also drive powlar frame. They will also drive pow-erful fans for ventilating the air spaces of the hull and the living quar-

"Boats" to Be Carried.

The top of the hull, now the Zep-pella's observatory, will become a long "hurricane deck" of thin, light plank ing, with side rails. Here will be kept "service" haplements, two slender masts carrying the "wireless" antennae and the yellow "top lights." observatories for cloud triangulation and taking the altitude of stars, searchlights, kite winch and the airsearchinguis, fire which and the air-ship's "boats," two small, swift aero-plane "scouts," one fore, the other aft, with ample space for launching and alighting. The deck will be reached by small winding openwork stairs through the hull. The hull will be divided into twenty gas tight compartments for sustaining the airship in space. Along the port and starboard sides five seats of curved aeroplane surfaces will help to lift and support the airship or steer it up and down. They will be "stepped" to avoid inter-ference. Between them will be eight propellers, four on each side, at alternating levels along the hull.

It is believed that within five years such an air liner will be capable of traveling seventy-five miles an hour ordinarily and often 120 miles in the

A glass nutter can easily be made with an ordinary mapping pen and a small piece of carborundum or car-bide of silicon. Cut off a part of the nib to form a small tube. Fit a crystal or part of one of carborundum into the tube, take it out again and dip one end in cement and replace it. Next wind a piece of fine wire tightly around the tube and part of the handle and fix it in a notch cut in the latter. Put it aside for a day to allow the ce ent to harden ment to harden. A glass cutter made thus will do its work as well as the expensive diamond and a great deal better than the ordinary wheel cutter.

# THE SKELETON

rified Its Keepers.

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

Beverly Westlake drifted into Lake ville an obscure, poverty stricken man and by dint of hard work and shrewd business investments prospered until he was by common consent counted the leading citizen and merchant of

a Pullman car. Jack was walking on Grand street when Beverly Westlake swung around the corner and walked toward him.

fident swing of the successful and well satisfied man, Beverly Westlake walk-ed along, scarcely noticing the silent beggar on the street—not until the man's voice startled him violently

from his mental repose.

"Hello, Peachy!" was the irreverent salute of Jack. "Why, you're some elegant! How'd ye get the lift?"

The leading merchant, philanthro-pist, financier and exponent of the higher success wheeled abruptly, stared at the questioner, turned red, then white, gripped his hands and moved forward as if to pass without a word, thought better of it, stopped and frowned and finally mopped his forehead with nervous agitation. Jack Lecon was all smiles and his manner Jack Lecon was all smiles and his manner as affable as a man who had called a bluff and knew he was stalking big

game. Quite a bit of time since we met, Peachy," he continued, extending a hand, which Beverly ignored. "Some difference in us now, and there? You got the swell cut all right and the figger to carry it out, but I-why, I ain't good for much. I'm jest sick and

down in luck." The words trailed off into a whine Then, with a sudden change of base. Jack added, with a little triumph in

"But I got my discharge all right. and you didn't.' and you didn't."

There was a remarkable and pitiful transformation in Mr. Westlake. The skin wrinkled, and the complexion turned a sickly red, dotted with yel-

lowish and purplish spots "I say, Jack—Mr. Lecon," he stam mered when he could control his voice what do you want-money?"

"I ain't no bloated aristocrat that I " leered Jack, with an ingratiating grin.

Mr. Westlake fumbled in his coat

pockets and produced a roll of bills that caused poor Jack to gasp. "Take this," said the merchant, exus wad of the freshl minted green, "and—and don't bother me again, Jack—Mr. Lecon, I mean that is, if-if- Don't you want a ticket to the Pacific coast, where the cli-

mate is very agreeable at this seaso of the year? I'll furnish you with one But Jack Lecon was no quitter whe on the easy trail of a victim. He was to the use of strong tonics. At such moments he tried to make love to Alice. Westlake's brave and devoted wife, and openly flouted factor. The uneasy head which wor the crown of riches was bowed unde the burden thus placed so suddenly upon his shoulders. But for Alice h

would have guit and confessed all. "I'll go away, my dear," he groane in agony of spirit, "or I'll kill myselfno, kill him! He's the devil incarnate. But Alice soothed and cautioned hir against rashness. Imagine the mortification of having a low down brute in stalling himself in your home, insult ing your wife and making free with rour money and servants and always holding the threat of an awful expo sure over your head-a veritable sword of Damocles, but ten times keener of edge and suspended not by a thread but by a tiny spider's web

"No; we cannot go away." Alice said in a soft voice. "We must stay and bear our burden for the present. You have lived down your early disgrace and proved yourself a repentant man. "But the law doesn't recognize that," bitterly complained the broken down capitalist. "If I escaped from prison before my time expired I'm still criminal in the eyes of the law. Oh, if I had been patient a little longer!" Alice comforted him with words of caressing affection, but the iron had

entered his soul, and he continued to cry out:
"To think this drunken brute should have his freedom without fear of cap-

ture or exposure! 1 "No, dear, you won't do any such

thing-for my sake.' thing—for my sake."

Jack's excesses became so disgusting in time that even sweet Alice's patience and endurance were sorely tried. Her faith in her sense of duty was showing signs of wavering when suddenly without warning Jack's skel-

suddenly without warning Jack's skel-eton kicked open the closet and fell sprawling on the floor.

The key was held by a quiet, thick-set man of dark complexion, who called one evening to interview Mr. Westlake in the quiet of his study. Alice was there and hung over her husband as if to protect him. husband as if to protect him.

"Mr. Westiake," announced the quiet stranger, "you have in your employ a man of the name of Jack Lecon, I be-

Beverly winced a little at the word "employ," and he was inclined to laugh at the frony of the thrust. Yes, he was in his employ, but a rather ex-pensive employee. He nodded, with a smile, to indicate his comprehension

"Well, sir," continued the stranger, this man is a convict—escaped from the federal prison some months ago." Beverly Westlake saw all kinds of pink and white spots, and he glanced up to see if the electric lights had changed their colors. Incidentary not felt the strangulating constriction of his wife's arms around his neck. He realized that he was pale and that his changed their colors. Incidentally he

heart had almost ceased to beat.
"There is nothing to fear, Mr. Weste lake. The house is surrounded, and we will capture him without any out-cry. He is a desperate character-killed his guard when he escaped—and we have made special plans to capture him without danger to you or your household. I merely called on you to prepare your wife for any struggle that may follow. You understand?"
Yes, Beverly understood, and Alice too.

"Alice," he said slowly, "you had better retire to your room. I will go with—with this man to find Jack." Intuitively she caught his meaning. She hesitated but a moment and then

kissed him as if to withdraw.
"I don't think we shall need your services," the officer said, with a confident air. "Our plans are all carefully laid, and by this time Jack Lecon should be a prisoner. I came herepartly to engage your attention while my men secured him. I think now." consulting his watch, "the struggle must be over. We will go and see."

They passed through the great hall n solemn procession and then turned to mount the broad stairs to Jack's room. He lived in comfort and luxury room. He lived in comfort and luxury away from the servants as a man set apart for special favors.

But they did not ascend the stairs,
A swift figure glided down the polished marble and intercepted them—a fig-

then would have passed on with in-sistent purpose. The officer, startled by the movement, turned hurriedly and asked: "What is it, Sheldon? Anything

ure that halted but an instant and

vrong? The gliding figure came to a reluc-The gluing ingure came to a rene-tant halt and replied respectfully: "Yes, sir: he escaped and jumped out of the window. But Jansen and Holden must have him. They were below."

There was a hurried exit from the house, and Alice forgot her dignity and scant footgear. The moon was at its zenith outside, and the crisp win-try air made the blood tingle. The frozen ground was as hard as rock, and little frost bulbs gathered on ev-

ery tree and shrub.

A voice from out of the muffled stence of the night smote their ears as

they turned a corner of the house.

"We have him, sir," it said calmly,
"He jumped and fell on his head—hurt a little, I guess."

They gathered around a dark heap on the silver frosted ground where the twisted limbs of a man were sprawled like the four corners of a star. There was a queer limpness to the neck when the head was raised, and Alice covered her eyes and shuddered. If she divined the meaning of it she did not confess it even to her-self. It was Jansen who pronounced the verdict.

"Neck broken, I guess," he said coolly. "Yes, sir, and dead as a doornail."
The leader of the men knelt over the prostrate form of Jack Lecon, and after a close examination he said, with finality in his voice:

"Yes, he's dead." Turning toward the Westlakes, he said in way of explanation and apology: "I'm sorry we couldn't take him away without creating a scene. But I suppose now it must com papers. The coroner must be sum-moned."

Alice drew a deep breath, and Beverly wiped the frost gathered on his mustache with a hand that trembled. His lips only mechanically muttered the commonplace words:
"You have only done your duty, of-

ficer-only your duty-and I thank They turned slowly and walked up the steps of the spacious plazza and entered their palatial home. family skeleton was back in the closet and carefully nailed up and sealed. Would it ever break out again?

### SOMETHING A Reliable

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IN THE CLOSET. A Rattling of Its Bones That Ter-

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that enterprising metropolis.

Jack Lecon entered Lakeville under

Jack's first impulse was to vanish but on second thought he remained passive and motionless, staring in sur prise and wonder at the approaching His eyes were bulging and his mouth stood agape. With the con-

