A Jamily Newspapen: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS----\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1911.

<u>Social</u> <u>Bucaneer</u>

By Frederic S. Isham

Copyright 1910, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Discovery. Mr. Wood and his party set out in their car prepared to arrive at a place of repining; they reached, instead, the gay terrace of a palace of rejoicing. Mr. Goldberg, one of the most anitalking here, radiated satisfaction; his still resting on Marjorie Wood. wife's countenance shone with kindred emotion; his daughter's aspect was the antithesis to that of a drooping Niobe. Miss Marjorie Wood and Sir Archibald surveyed them in some surprise; Mr. Wood was not so observant.

"We called," he remarked in his fine at Comscot, allow me to observe the neighborhood has heretofore enjoyed an unimpeachable reputation.

Poof!" Mr. Wood stared in mild amazement.

been found! "Eh? What! I mean, congratulations!" murmured Mr. Wood. "By Jove! Oh, I say!"-The single

glass fell from the Englishman's eye; his surprise, now, seemed even greater than that of the others'; his jaw sagged.

"Yes: Mr. Bolger found them." The speaker was Miss Flossie; she directed sparsely wooded park began. As in a sleep and drink with them until they her words to Sir Archibald, rather dream, Marjorie Wood again looked are safely tucked away in New York." than to the others.

He did not reply; a slight contracthan words, and proclaimed the tidyet?-Here, again, was chance interfering with his checker-board, mustering the pieces with new fantastic groupings. The pearls found!

"Don't you believe those womenfolks!" interrupted Mr. Goldberg in and buzz of talk. Miss Flossie's pur- are on him," observed Mr. Goldberg colossal high spirits. "It's only one of ring accents flowed like the demulcent facetiously. their little hallucinations!"

contingent referred to, laughed; a happy laugh. The host of Comscot mansion might Goldberg's stridency. be in as facetious a mood as he wished at that moment; they humored him gladly.

"Will you kindly unravel this tangle, Miss Burke?" said Sir Archibald slow-

light irrelevancy, somewhat forced, "how is your gallant rescuer, this morning, Miss Wood?"

"I-we did not see Mr. Bruce before leaving the house," replied the other with a touch of constraint. "It was best not to disturb him, you see."

"No doubt he passed a restless enough night," put in Sir Archibald, with a casual glance at Marjorie

Wood's profile. "Yes?" Miss Flossie's green eyes speaker; his face, however, was mask-

"As you did here," he observed, studying her in turn-"unless I am mistaken. But the story-and from the beginning, if you please. Consider our

impatience, Miss Burke." She told of the night's happenings, with reservations. Occasionally he interjected a question, in a seemingly careless tone, but his queries were pertinent, once or twice, in the least disconcerting. Her lids narrowed; she experienced a vague wonder. He set little -traps in cross-examination for her; she evaded them with feminine

adroitness. No; she had not seen the intruder's face. his feet, his hands? The key-hole, Sir laugh. Archibald buoyantly suggested, had been there; was she above the weakness of certain of her sex? That "certain," she laughingly replied, constituted for him a saving clause; but, with scoffing accent, he had only just form at the girl's side, a man's figure, shown me were grown in such fashion escaped seriously offending her. A key-hole, forsooth!

Yet even as, without actually disgestion aside, he could not but note how she forbore to answer directly. Nor fluttering gown which half-concealed Bolger's eyes protruded. Sir Archibald of his daily programme during the could be, unless inexcusably insistent, the girl's fingers and wrist. Miss Wood force an issue; deftly she eluded him. as a winged creature the too eager moment, her father and others apentomologist. And, at the same time, he felt the green surface lights of her them. Again Bamford heard her laugh gay glance prying into his eyes; she gaily, too gaily. was a very deep young woman, he mentally concluded. But what motive could be hers in holding back, for only the moment perhaps, anything, however small? In what way did the told you have had experiences for your thread of her personality interweave government in solving many intricate itself in this already complex and and puzzling matters." many-colored tissue of events? He reverted from the question of the

identity of the intruder to the surpris- anodyne. ing sequence, the climax which had first greeted them on the bright lawn she laughed. "But you are interested; today. Personally, he had felt like one who reads the act of a play backward. shrewdly. The scenes leading to the culmination were very simple; Miss Flossie nar-

After the miscreant had fled from the Page house (fancy his having found refuge in her uncle's place!) he got into the grounds next door. There Mr. Bolger caught up to him, but the fellow again fought desperately and got away. . But in the tussle, he dropped, tive afterward found them and brought ward that last named gentleman) at safely in his possession.

Sir Archibald pondered; where

seemed none. "But could not Mr. Bolger or any the others tell what the fellow looked in the newspapers, before the event!" Simpson smiled at Chatfield Bruce's which vainly sought to be amiable, Goldberg park last night to get them!" fears for us.

"Was

heavy or slight, short or tall?" "In the darkness it was not easy to discern very much," answered Miss she know that she was keeping from sprung to Miss Marjorie's rescue be-"It is generally conceded. Flossie.

like?" he asked finally.

however, he wore an evening suit." "Then he was one of the guests," mated among those sauntering and murmured Sir Archibald, with glance "Easy enough for any one to get

dress-suit," interjected Mr. Goldberg. I Plenty of places that rent them. don't attach any importance to the fact he had evening togs on. He knew he had to hide or lurk around the house, somewhere, before making his attempt; stately manner, as the car drew up if he came properly dressed and the near the front portico, "to tender our servants happened to run across him, condolences, and incidentally, our ser- they wouldn't think so much of it on vices. As one of the oldest residents account of his clothes. People sometimes," jocosely, "are apt to be a bit hands; but to him, Bolger, lay the erratic after a champagne supper."

But sir Archibald, it could be seen. "That's all right," said Mr. Goldberg, maintained his own opinion; though he than a half-victory, where the booty waving his hand lightly. "We don't remained silent, contenting himself had been so considerable; it constimind a little episode like that of last with a shrug of his big shoulders, tuted a great triumph in the detective's night!" with airy jocularity. "Pearls? There were, Mr. Goldberg cheerfully went on, other peculiar features to the Sir Archibald inserted a monocle. ing out to direct the pursuers just af-Miss Goldberg, unable to contain her- ter the fellow had fled the house and table. His heavy face seemed expres self longer, burst forth with the glor- was speeding toward the road. What sionless; he held a half-consumed ciious news. "Do not mind him!" she had become of the unknown assistant? garette in his fingers as he listened said indulgently. "The pearls have Who was he and why had he so comlishman's face had become graver as smoke. he listened. His secretary! Sir Archibald was thinking of Caglioni, of a more tortile element, savoring of the tones, "you have the pearls, so unex-

Orient, subtly introduced into the case. pectedly restored, with you?" While talking, they had been walkdown into the valley. How different it appeared, than when she had stood tion manifested itself on his brow. Of there, only the night before, with Chatcourse, there could be no mistake; the field Bruce! Now the landscape lay faces around him were more eloquent bathed in a glorious, golden light. Every house afar showed plainly in emings with irrefutable certainty. And bowering garden and orchard; beyond, may hold them yourself, Mr. Goldberg. the ocean lay in shining somnolence.

Pearls!-fleeing people!-detectives! -midnight marauders!-As from way off, the voices of the strains of a soprano in a concerted piece; they mingled with Sir Archi

bald's basso; gave way before Mr. From the girl's brow, the caressing is already sufficiently involved." breeze swept back the dark hair. She did not seek to analyze her thought, but continued to look out, down the ance. "Principal thing is, Mr. Goldhillside, marked here and there by a berg's got his pearls back!"

road like a silver ribbon, half-crump-Miss Flossie looked at him, then at led, unfolding haphazard fashion, to Marjorie Wood. "I will try to," she the village. Her eyes followed its his inspection; a faint smile came to answered. "But first, tell me," with course; she was aware now of a few his lips. He looked at the gleaming words in a more acute masculine pitch: "Here, the fellow sprang down; here, e started his flight."

Suddenly something at her feet, in glance, something bright and gleam- but her hands were closed tightly. His ing, which might have been passed unseen many times by many others, unless chancing to stand at the exact angle to receive the glimmer of the

sunshine reflected from it. Marjorie Wood stooped and picked seemed to gage more than casually the up the object, regarding it, first in surorise, then with growing amazement Her lips parted in a low, quick exclamation. She could not believe, and yet her gaze rested again on it in the palm of her hand-an object she knew,

recognized, was not mistaken about! "How ever did it come here?" Her figure suddenly stiffened. The sea threw its lights in her eyes, but they looked abruptly beyond, into unfathomable depths.

"Are you so absorbed in the view?" "Or, have you discovered some clue o the mystery?"

Voices broke in upon her: Sir Archmetallic hurt her fingers, as she held and neatly sealed. Pearls from Soo-Well, any part of him-his back, them to her side, but she managed to choo," with a laugh, "that are well cal-"Yes, and no. Who wouldn't be lost

in admiration of the view?" Sir Archibald's gaze clouded. Her

vords recalled, on a sudden, oversharply, the night before-a shadowy tall and straight, his face, eager, sedu- as I have described. As for their great distance, lous. But Miss Flossie's keen look value"—he snapped his fingers—"I seemed to have seen more than he had. claiming, she lightly waved the sug- It followed the white hand as it fell them!" and lingered to survey the folds of the

did not turn toward the two; at that

proached; she mingled quickly with At his side, Miss Flossic hummed: her full red lips were curved to a smile. "What is your theory, Sir Archibald?" she said softly. "I have been

"Who said that?" At the moment she acted more as an irritant than an

"I couldn't really tell you just who," very much interested, aren't you?"

He experienced an indefinite suspi cion he was, in the vernacular, being 'sounded" and, perhaps, asked himself why this young person had selected ing his views in the matter. Would him for her inquisitorial purpose? He the parcel do? forgot his own close interrogations of her but a short time before; tentative-

"Last night's affair was a very bungling job, was it not?" he drawled, looking into eyes that seemed to invite fuller inspection. "The person all New them with him to Mr. Goldberg, who York has been talking about—who has a novice; what is it the poet says about Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and all the other gentlemen, classic or modern, done up a parcel, or two, before, in my beaten to a finish'—couldn't have been time. But breathe it not in Gotham, I concerned it in, could be now?" in an mean, in Britain, or to British ears; I ingenuous murmur. "And yet, the would not have Sir Archibald know, the weakness in the story? There pearls should have proved for him a good Simpson!" with a tragic gesture. proper bait, as the saying is."

"They were well enough advertised dread secret."

speak of must have known." "And resisted the temptation to come

"Naturally!" her eyes narrowing. "Since the affair was so bunglingly handled and the pearls were so easily recovered!

Sir Archibald looked at her closer "Possibly," he said, "it is you who have a theory?" "1? Oh, dear, no!" she answered pared him, with his light cheery ways

hastily. A moment, confronting each other, he fancied a lightning in her eyes, as many "China boys" had rather got on he had seen the green stone of an idol's the nerves of some of the serving staff. suddenly flash when the sun touched Moreover, the rumor of Mr. Bruce's And again came the question he exploit had sifted through the serhad asked himself before: What did vants' quarters, and he who had

suddenly shrugged his shoulders; 'importe! "Well, I will be frank and plead guilty to entertaining a little one, myself," he remarked lightly. "A theory, mean." And bowing, he turned from

her and walked away.

pedestal of his own.

and that's been damaged.'

"In a good cause, sir!"

gone from his eyes.

of a man, Sir Archibald's valet, hold-

ing close to the side of the house,

peering, listening, now, to Simpson's

"Of course!" From where Bruce

stood, near the partly opened window,

the shadow of the eaves-dropper on

the veranda floor became visible; but

if the young man was aware of it he

houette was a person. Bruce turned

blithe, animated, "There! Do you

The man outside caught the bewil-

Bruce's seemingly gay answer:

Vork are only learned in that

positive genius; they can even hide a

"Not necessary in this case, sir,

trust," returned the responsive and

sympathetic Simpson. Bruce handed

Mr. Wood's man the parcel, but his

fingers seemed yet to linger on it as

he delivered a few last instructions.

That worthy answered positively;

he had other business, in connection

with household matters, needing at-

tending to at once in the town, and he

would be pleased to forward the pack-

age, by express, to the address given.

the veranda also heard the sound, and

glided swiftly away. Bruce now step-

ped to the window and looked out and

No one was there; he breathed

deeply. With relief? A new impend-

ing sense of danger? He smiled

ments later entered, to remove the

breakfast dishes, found him seated,

apparently unconcerned, in the heavy

dressing-gown, at a window, in his

hand, the little volume that had slip-

ped from Miss Wood's fingers the

night before in the library. The sun-

with his own thoughts, he hardly saw

the young woman with the tray. In-

then he looked at her, but as from a

Meanwhile, Simpson, having made

ready, prepared to issue forth on his

journey to the town. A brisk walk to

and from the village had been a detail

many summers he had served at Com-

scot; the trip back and forth kept him

young. Also, truth to tell, Simpson,

although a seemingly unobservant and

introspective person, while engaged in

the performance of his household du-

But as he stepped briskly out now

the house, at an angle which brought

secretary, and he looked haggard.

"Bless my soul!" said Simpson to

himself. To Caglioni, he observed: "I

beg your pardon, sir, but Sir Archi-

bald said you had decided to keep

"Did he, indeed?" snapped the sec

"That you were not very well!

added the other wonderingly. This

of his eyes; also, by the humor the

odd, foreign-looking man was in. His

eyes had an ugly gleam; his white

"Well, I decided not to keep to my

your room.

retary.

more yellow, thoroughly "done up."

around.

Simpson went; the young man

little express office in the village?

voice that next was heard:

The address, sir?"

make that out "

"It's Chinese."

turning quickly to the bundle. "But

you know how it is, when you have

The host, with Mr. Wood and Mr. Bolger, who had again appeared, were at that moment "talking it over" in a little summer house. On the table rested a bottle of Moselle and some strong Havanas. The detective spoke proudly; it was his privilege. True, the miscreant had slipped from his redit of the fellow's not having got away with the spoils. It was more own estimation of his accomplishment Sir Archibald, who had quietly case; to wit, the mysterious voice call- drawn near, paused; his rather mas phlegmatically. Bolger did most of the pletely vanished? Why also had one talking. His countenance was flushed. of the Chinese servants? The Eng- and he exhaled big, generous whiffs of

"By the way, Mr. Goldberg," Sir Archibald interrupted in soft, lazy

"Right here!" said Mr. Goldberg ing toward that point where the tapping his breast. "Hereafter, I eat

"Ah!-May I look at them?" The host at once took out a case ppened it and would have passed it with the contents, to Sir Archibald. But the latter waved it away. "No: no," he laughed. "I said 'look.' You call these gentlemen to witness," lightly, "my fingers have not come in

contact with them." "I guess I can trust an English noothers came to her; in a vague hum bleman-especially when my own eyes

"But for my own sake!" Sir Arch ald's gaze was, in the least, brighter; he puffed at his cigarette. "This case which seems bound to become celebre

"Seems very simple to me," interposed Bolger, with a touch of import-

"Indeed?" Sir Archibald bent the opened leather case held out for white rope closer and sat down. Through the hazy spirals, floating from his lips, he had once more, across the lawn, caught sight of Marjorie Wood. the grass, caught her down-bent She talked with a number of people gaze sharpened. He would have sworn she hardly saw those she spoke

> with. Why? Mr. Goldberg's ever-recurrent question jarred on a train of speculation: Well, Sir Archibald, what do you think

of them? "The pearls? Oh!" He started; flecked deftly the ash from his cigarette. "You want a frank opinion?" "Frank?" There was an accent of surprise in the host's voice.

ourse!"

"Did you ever," said Sir Archibald deliberately, "hear of Manchu pearls?" Mr. Goldberg stared, and Bamford went "A very clever people," musingly, who have learned to insert tiny marices of brass or bone in the valves of the molusk and then plant the shells in the streams behind their gardens, grimly; but the maid who several moand wait for results. Afterward, by ibald's; Flossie's. Her hand closed an ingenious process, the matrices are hard; the sharp edges of something removed, the cavity filled with wax

> "What do you mean? Get to the point!" Mr. Goldberg threw courteous manner to the winds. "I mean," said Sir Archibald calm-

culated to deceive!"

ly, "that these pearls you have just advertently she rattled the dishes; wouldn't give you a ten pound note for Mr. Goldberg leaped to his feet; Mr.

alone sat apparently unmoved.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Currents and Counter-Currents. Chatfield Bruce folded his dressuit neatly; in fact, he seemed to enter ties, was not above, or averse to, a upon the task with great care and bit of gossip with the postmistress, crupulousness. He wound the gar- or the stationmaster; it was the prosments around with heavy sheets of pect of this, as well as his entire willlight brown paper which he tied into ingness to serve Mr. Bruce, that accelcompact parcel with good stout erated his pace when he started to go twine. He had been somewhat parti- down into the worud.

cular about the quality of the paper, that it should be strong enough; and along the path, which led to a certain the twine he had tested before using. little by-way he always took, his pro-The knots he had drawn very taut, but gress was abruptly arrested at sight even then, surveying his handiwork, there appeared a dubious look in his eyes which he seemed to endeavor to conceal from Simpson, standing respectfully near. Toward that individual he assumed a light manner, ask-Mr. Wood's man thought it certainly

would do and expressed the opinion it was an exceedingly creditable and secure bit of work in that line for a gen-

"Ah, but," said Mr. Bruce depreca orily, "I can not claim to be altogether he could well believe, by the evidence our playing many parts? And I have teeth, showing between thin, drawn "You are the trusted guardian of my room," remarked Caglioni, "Speaking

she flashed back. "The person you last whimsical asservation. He de- "how is Mr. Bruce? He is in his tected only an easy spontaneity in room?" those tones; was pleased to see the oth-"Oh, yes; and feeling rather better, er in such good humor; and with his I should say," returned Simpson,

arm paining him, too, no doubt. A cheerily. game one, the latest guest, ruminated Mr. Wood's man, who could treat you like a human being, if you please, and stood gazing before him, as if forget- She thought she had them still, was not an automaton; and yet all the while let you know your position, and his. Mentally, perhaps Simpson comvoice as he could summon, one or two they-" other questions. If Sir Archibald was to Sir Archibald, whose manner of orhome; where he had gone; when would he return? dering people about as if they were so

Simpson answered as best he might and was about to wheel, when the sec retary's look chanced on the bundle and lingered tentatively. "You're bound for the village, now

suppose?" he said. Simpson replied him and the others? Sir Archibald came there elevated to an especial affirmatively. "Something of importance, when you take it yourself?" with "Sorry to trouble you, Simpson," a nod at the parcel. went on the young man, his eyes re-"Not at all, sir," returned the man

absently. "Just a little cleaning and fixing to be done."

only one evening suit to your name "Oh?" observed Caglioni. "For Mis Wood, I presume?" Simpson, about to answer, hesitated

Bruce raised his hand. "Don't!" he perhaps Mr. Bruce might not care to said, in a slightly altered tone. And have it known that he, a type of masculine elegance and immaculate Mr. Bruce did not want, at the moneatness, was sending his dress-suit ment, to think of Marjorle Wood. Had to be repaired, or even, if necessary he not figuratively determined to close "patched up." Most young men, less his eyes to her: only to learn that the fastidious, would have cast the offendmind has its own especial retina ing garments aside and promptly ordered new clothes. For Simpson had whereon faces, or a face, may come seen that the cloth was actually burnand go, persistently, tantalizingly, playing hide-and-seek with the brain, ed through in one or two minute now calling out, as it were, "Come and places; but he was a frugal mortal, himself, and approved of that virtue find me;" then, dancing away with illusive sparkle of starlike eyes and mu- in others. The possession of it had sical mocking laughter? Or, was the lifted Bruce to a distinctive place in last but the breeze tossing the myriad the old-fashioned servant's estimation leaves of the poplar, near by, making Others of his set in over-extravagan merry with a million and one shining Manhattan town, were wasteful and cymbals? Bruce looked at them now, prodigal to a degree positively sinful. all the lightness, the daredevil luster He unqualifiedly approved of Mr. Wood's latest guest; anyhow, it was not his, Simpson's, business to pro-Without on the veranda a shadow stirred, the dark outline of the figure claim Mr. Bruce's little economies to

> ed himself, in a subtle way, rather too inquiring and inquisitive. So Simpson answered quietly, ever with a certain dignity he could on oc casions assume:

one who had on many occasions show-

"I often take things down to th village for Miss Wood, sir." As he passed on, Caglioni's gland suddenly changed; Simpson had shiftgave no sign. It was not easy to dis- ed the bundle and the secretary's eyes cern from the crude, shapeless dark had caught sight of certain characoutline that the source of the sil- ters on it. Chinese? He was not quite sure; his brain seemed to move and picked up a pen, his manner again sluggishly; he felt surprised; uncertain what to do. He did think of call-

ing out after Simpson; to what end? That person's figure blended, afar with the shadowy streaks in the path; derment in Simpson's tones, and became now a part of the more unbroken, darker tones farther on. "Well, we'll also put it in good There, Caglioni could scarcely distin-American, lest the officials of the ex- guish the servant's form; only that press company at Comscot and New which he carried under his arm, the theompact little bundle, continued to be visible to the secretary's gaze. guage and Irish. But didn't you ever hear, Simpson"-was the allegresse in lighter in hue than the garments his tones the least forced?—"that the Simpson wore, yet remained plainly Chinese are among the best tailors apparent; Caglioni still saw it, though them, hie your true foreign dandi- into the back-ground. A last gleam, and it, too, finally became lost to prats of the Far East," with a vivaclous gesture. "While, when it comes sight; ceased to impress itself, like something important, on his visual to 'touching up' a suit, a bit the worse

for wear, or accident, they possess a organs. Caglioni drew himself up. "A little cleaning and fixing!" His mind felt slightly dazed. One thought predominated: the need of further enlightenment from Sir Archibald. He, the secretary had got out of touch with events. Simpson had said Sir Arch bald would return shortly; should he Caglioni, go back to the house and Simpson was quite sure he had no objection to taking it personally to the wait there, or- His thoughts p-r sistly reverted to Simpson. As he ye stood, hesitating what course to pursue the sound of a motor down the road decided him; Sir Archibald was returning. Caglioni started toward the

The secretary met his employer nea the front steps. As that gentleman got out of the car, his heavy face heard the door close. The fellow on expressed none of the surprise he must have felt at sight of the other. Had Caglioni been less concerned, just then, at seeing once more Sir Archihald, he would have noticed that Mr. Wood's usually tranquil countenance was disturbed, and that a pallor and a certain cold apathy marked his daughter's appearance. But the secretary's gaze was only for Sir Archibald; the latter lingered, instead of repairing at once to the house, and Caglioni waited, also. Mr. Wood, however, followed his daughter, who had descended quickly from the car

shine bathed him. At first occupied and entered the house. "Well?" Sir Archibald and th secretary had stepped now aside. "Why did you not get back?" His tone veiled a quiet scorn; Caglioni knew his employer; all the latter cared for was results, not excuses. Hence, he cut short his story, though strange invectives did creep into it, crisp odd phrases which smacked of the devilish atmosphere of some faraway, fan-tan place.

"So you let him get the better o The other gave a short, brutal you?" "He!-partly disabled!"laugh. Caglioni's face assumed a more sickly hue. "Wait until I'm done with him!"

Sir Archibald made a gesture "What happened next? Stick to your The continuation of Caglioni's nar

rative was commonplace enough. Recovering consciousness, he had crept back into the wooded park. Now that Bruce was gone, the secretary dared he realized he could not satisfactorily account for how he himself happened of a figure crossing the lawn toward him nearer. It was Sir Archibald's was wanting. So he had hidden and way through the Wood forest when he was laughing now. had lost himself in that dense tangle of underbrush and been obliged to

wait until the dawn before he could perfluous!" escape from the cursed maze. Sir Archibald listened. "Enough! ne said, and started to walk toward

the house. "Wait!" said Caglioni excitedly. You, too, must tell me all. And quickly! I have a reason.

The other answered impatiently There was only time now to act. "You mean-" A thrill of venome oy shone from the secretary's eyes,

Sir Archibald answered laconically "He has them here then?" said Caglioni swiftly. "You are sure?" "As sure as that he went to the of which," he went on with a smile

"Yes, I know that. And those worthess Manchu pearls Miss Goldber wore, how do you account-

"The pearls she had on just prior t our arrival at the house-very close to Caglioni's eyelids fluttered in their our coming," ironically, "were he peculiar fashion. A few moments he own; the celebrated Goldberg pearls. ful of the other; then suppressing any in blissful ignorance of anything to sign of emotion, asked, in as casual a the contrary, when you observed that

"I understand," said the secretary with shining eyes.

"I even fancied I saw how it was done," murmured Sir Archibald. "The fellow, however, is so clever, I dared mendable energy in their plans to do cursing and screaming, trying to drive not be quite positive, then; it might have been only a detail of a very elaborate scheme. When one of the supernumeraries is a Chinaman, the drama is apt to be more involved than appears on the surface."

"But now?" suggested Caglioni. The his daughter?"

permitted an unholy gleam for the in- start in life. On this magnificent emstant to transform them. "Mr. Wood inence will be erected a large statue and Miss Wood know that he who of the pilot whose craft has been dockpicked the strong-box got poor pick- ed on the evergreen shore. ings; they also know the real pearls were taken earlier in the evening by the rocky height has been purchased some one else."

"Ah! And have they any inkling who the some one may be?" "Not the slightest-yet. It will be my unpleasant task to enlighten them." Caglioni was observant now, as he had been the night before at the dance. "Mr Wood and Miss Wood seem to have been rather taken with the fellow," he remarked.

Sir Archibald looked up to regard a small white cloud slowly dissolving. Perhaps the blue of the heavens today reminded Sir Archibald of skies far off in Italy, where he had first met Miss Marjorie Wood.

After the little service he perform ed for Miss Wood," began the secretary, "they will naturally-"

"Of course, the matter will have to be handled delicately," returned Bamford softly. "Delicately and regretfully-also firmly, as a diplomat would treat it; not," contemptuously, "a detective! With due regard," spreading out his big fingers, "for the sensitive eelings of all parties concerned!"

Caglioni looked at his principal admiringly; he had learned to know Sir miringly; he had learned to know Sir est press agent the Mississippi river Archibald's ability in the "diplomatic" ever had. De Soto, a European, was field; the big man could be almost the first white person to explore it. caressing in his manner when driving That was in 1541. In 1871 "Mark Twain" went over De Soto's trail and the spike of his purpose through the hard plank of all opposition.

"Last night, I was in the dark, not knowing about you," Bamford went

on. "Now-" "One moment!" cried the secretary. his thoughts on a sudden, more confused, but the glimmer of an idea flashing through them. "You have left him here, alone, knowing he had fame that came in the twilight of its French bull is usually nothing more "I did not know it then," sharply.

keep an eye on him and not let him once out of his sight-to follow him, if necessary. And," smiling, "I had and costumiers in the world? To the man, bearing it away, had merged his suit-case removed. Which, I fancied, even without surveillance would be enough to keep him and the pearls is a classic. When a captain was in safely indoors, until I got back." "True!" observed Caglioni, in a

"But-desperate more acute tone. straits, you know, call for desperate shifts," he said suddenly. "And what durance. In consequence, if-" He paused abruptly and pressed his hand to his head.

The other looked at him; uttered on r two brusk interrogations. Haltingly, as if uncertain of himself, his own suspicions, the secretary replied; spoke of meeting Simpson; the bundle Mr. Wood's man carried. At the Sir Archibald stopped short. The veins began to stand out on his

brow, his big fingers to close. A footstep sounded near him, but ne did not hear it; the valet had approached. "I beg your pardon, Sir Archibald." It was James' voice interrupting." I thought you ought to cnow at once. You told me not to let Mr. Bruce out of my sight, and I didn't; but he has got Simpson to take a parcel of his old clothes that were damaged to the express office in the village and-"

"But Simpson told me they were for Miss Wood," stammered Caglioni. "I was outside his door on the veranda, sir, and heard him give Simpson the directions. And, sir, he was that particular about the twine and the paper, and all the rest, for a lot of old clothes, that, thinks I, sir, here's an exceedingly fussy and pottering young gentleman-" "You caught the address?" Bam-

ford asked shortly, smoldering anger on his face. "No. Sir Archibald-only that it was

in Chinese, as well as-" "Quick!" Sir Archibald, waving the valet sternly aside, out of ear-shot, wheeled on Caglioni. "Go to the exress office! Get the address, or better still, the parcel! If too late, folw it-around the world, if need be!" A suppressed exclamation, like an anathema, fell from his lips. "In this case, we have to get the 'goods' to get the man," he said. "You understand? There is not enough evidence

Caglioni vanished; the other again moved toward the house. "Good morning, Sir Archibald!"

without.

of the steps: Chatfield Bruce, neatly garbed in a business suit, looked down with a smile. "Beautiful day, isn't it? he said in his friendliest manner. The Englishman's countenance went

"I-you"- He had almost purple. not let his own presence be known; forgotten himself, blurted out some accusation, when something in the young man's eye held him. A spark, to be there, when his proof of the a flame, a mocking light of assurance, other's presence and all that meant certainty, that beat back full-blooded, unreasoning passion, laughed at it as skulked, and was working his cautious a senseless torrent, as Bruce himself "But, perhaps, you consider plati-

tudes on the weather essentially su-Sir Archibald looked down; as he

passed into the house, he dared not trust himself to answer. Valuable Help .- "I understand that

"She doesn't write, she prepares my

our own devising.

our wife colloborates with you?" "Yes, her work aids me immensely. "I don't believe I have ever seen my of her writings."

neals,"-Houston Post. y this time. #"Our trials are often creations of

RACING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Miscellancous Reading.

Mark Twain's Description of the Con-Mark Twain's Description of the Conthe boats were wheel-to-wheel, and test Between the Amaranth and the then they closed up with a heavy joint then they closed up with a heavy joint the control of the boats. Boreas. The twenty-first of April will be

months since the passing of America's famous humorist his legion of friends in his native state have shown comconspicuous honor to his memory. When these are carried out no departed hero along the 4,200-mile stretch of ening; black volumes of smoke rolled the Mississippi river will have received up and canopied the scene, delivergrander and more lasting tribute. "Lover's Leap" is a noble promontory at Hannibal worthy of the tragedy other made no reply. "Mr. Wood and of his name. It towers nearly 300 feet above the mighty stream which gave Bamford's usually apathetic eyes to the ambitious printer boy his real

> A large tract of land leading up to park. It is a spot almost in the hear of the operations of "Tom Sawyer, "Huck Finn" and "Joe Harper." Th view up and down the river is beautiful. Below is the long, narrow island, on which was located the headquarters of the "desperate sea rovers.

Upstream the river is broad and deep, dotted here and there with emerald islands. From the pinnacle of "Lover's Leap" the "gang" watched the boats come set down a few of the genuine, ortho-'round the bend, and envied the men runnning them until it became the life and death ambition for every boy to "go (n the river."

As the young pilot "Mark Twain" studied the river as the earnest student imbibed the teachings of his books. Piloting was the one craft of which he was intensely proud. He thought it was his real vocation, although he admits that time and again he was on the point of surrendering when con-fronted with the interminable mass of detail Horace Bixby, his tutor, placed before him. He didn't believe any man could get up a fraternal acquaintance with every reef, sandbar and snag be-tween St. Louis and New Orleans, and that is what Bixby told him he had to

O. During these brain-racking years of apprenticeship as pilot, "Mark his apprenticeship as pilot, "Mark Twain was acquiring the information which afterward made him the greatwrote "Life on the Mississippi" in two The first part described craft of piloting as he saw it when a young man, at a date when the greater percentage of the valley's traffic was handled on the river. The second part was a picture of the river twenty-one years after, when steamboating had about thrown up the fight with the railroads. This book gave the river a wider fame than it

glory, like a beautiful song to the than a betise. Still, French bulls exmemory of the dead. Then the levee was alive with instructions to steamboats fro beyond North Market. A year later the decline began, a decline that has continued steadily until the river hardly figures as an element in the country's development. Mark Twain has given a description of a steamboat race in the old days, which erable to seeing a rival come up behind and pass him. The mortifica-tion of a defeat in the presence of a large passenger list was beyond enexplosions

were frequent from overtaxed boilers. Following is an extract from Mark Twain's story of the race between the and the Boreas, as seen from the pilot house of the latter

Davis pulled a couple of ropesthere was a jangling of small bells far below, the boat's speed slackened, and the pent steam began to whistle

and the gauge cocks to scream: "By the mark twain! 'Quar-ter-her-er-less twain!"

"Eight feet!"

Seven-ana-half!" Another jingling of little bells and ne wheels ceased turning altogether. The whistling of the steam was something frightful now—it almost drown ed all other noises. "Stand by to meet her!"

George had the wheel hard down and was standing on a spoke. "All ready!" The boat hesitated--seemed to hold ner breath, as did the captain and piand then she began to fall away to starboard and every eye lighted:
"Now then! Meet her! Meet her!

Snatch her! The wheel flew to port so fast that the spoke blended into a spider web—the swing of the boat subsided—she steadled herself-"Seven feet!"

'Sev-six and a half!' "Six feet!" Six f-She hit the bottom. George shouted through the tube:

Whale "Spread her wide open. at her! The escape Pow-wow-chow! pipes belched snowy pillows of steam aloft, the boat groaned and surged and trembled—and slid over into—

M-a-r-k twain! "Quarter-her-"Tap! tap! tap!" (to signify, "Lay in the leads.") And away she went, flying up the with the whole silver Mississippi stretching sea of the abroad on every hand.

No Amaranth in sight!
"Ha-ha, boys, we took a couple of tricks that time," said the captain. And just at that moment a red glare ppeared in the head of the chute and the Amaranth came springing after them!

"Jim, what is the meaning of that?"

"Jim, what is the meaning of that?"

"I'll tell you what's the meaning of the flavor of the famous definition of of it. That hall we had at Napoleon was Wash Hastings wanting to come to Cairo, and we didn't stop. He's in that pilot house now showing those.

"The whole was of the foreign bulls in the company of the foreign bulls in light voice greeted him from the head in that pilot house now, showing those mud turtles how to hunt for easy

slouch that was running that middle and perhaps the English may have the Hastings—well what he followed the first wasn't any originals. The Dutch, the Germans and perhaps the English may have the Hastings—well what he followed the first wasn't any originals. Hastings—well what he don't know about the river ain't worth knowing —a regular goldleaf, kid-glove, diamond-breastpin pilot Wash Hastings We won't take any tricks off old man!

'I wish I'd a stopped for him, that's The Amaranth was within 300 yards of the Boreas and still gaining. T'old man" spoke through the tube: The

she carrying now?' 'A hundred and sixty-five, sir." "How's your wood?"
"Pine all out, cypress half goneating up cottonwood like pie "Break into that rosin on the main deck—lie it in, the boat can pay for

uivering and screaming more madly han ever. But the Amaranth's head was almost abreast the Boreas's

"How's your steam now, Harry?" "Break up the casks of bacon in the forrard hold! Pile it in! Levy on that turpentine in the fan tail rench every stick of wood with it." The boat was a moving earthquake lies in our power, all that which

"A hundred and ninety-six and still -swelling; water below the middle gauge-cocks; carrying every pound she can stand; nigger roosting on the AT We love the past because it has no safety-valve

stick of wood into the furnace he goes out the chimney with it!" The Amaranth drew steadily up till her jackstaff breasted the Bore wheelhouse; climbed along inch inch till her chimneys breasted it crept along, further and further, til

and locked together tight and fast in he middle of the big river, under flooding moonlight. A roar and the first anniversary of the death of hurrah went up from the crowded "Mark Twain." In the short twelve decks of both steamboats, all hands rushed to the guards to look and shout and gesticulate. careened the vessels over toward each ther; officers flew hither and thither the people amidships. Both captain were leaning over their railings shak ing their fists, swearing and threat ing a rain of sparks upon the vessels captains dodged unburt, and the pack ed masses of passengers surged back and fell apart, while the shrieks of

TRUE IRISH BULLS.

women and children soared above the intolerable din.—St. Louis Globe-

Democrat.

They Have a Flavor All Their Own. "The Effect of Climate.

Sir Richard Steele explained why his ountrymen made bulls: "'Tis the effect of the climate, sir. If an Englishman were born in Ireland he would make as many," said he. It is not every one who knows a bull when he sees her. It may be no bull, but merely a blunder-a betise, as the French have it. To make sure that we have the true criterion let us first

dox Irish kind: He built the wall wider than it was high, so that when it fell down it should be higher than it was wide. Two weary and footsore Irishmer ome to a milestone, ten miles to Dublin. "Arrah," said one, "'tis but five miles apiece."

Disputing of the date of St. Patrick's oirthday, "He couldn't have had two inelss he was twins." An Irish sailor reported that in Philadelphia they copper bottomed the tops of the houses with sheet lead.

saw an empty barrel of flour in two to make the dog a pigpen. His estate is divided by impenetrable furze ditches made of quarried stones set on edge.

Give me the loan of a hatchet to

An Irishman, describing a glorious fight, said, "There was only one whole nose in the house, and that was the taypot's."

we have the true flavor of the Irish There are genuine bulls in French, but they are rare. The genius of the language does not lend itself to anything less than neat precision. A

In these and in hundreds like them

Leon, Bishop and Count of Lisieux wrote to the Duchess of Brissac as fol-

lows: "Madam, knowing how fond you are of red partridges. I send you herewith half a dozen. Three of them are gray, and one is a woodcock. You will find this letter in the bottom of the

basket." A Frenchman used a large stone jar for a pillow, explaining that it was no

not spoken. The Duke de St. Simon relates that a lady, lying ill, was much disturbed by the ringing of the church bells. To deaden the noise her lover nad the street in front of her house laid with straw. A spoken bull in French is apt to be something different from the Irish variety, something more like a betise, as has been said. And it is difficult to

retain the flavor in translation.

his army. This loses a little when one translates, "It is always the same soldiers who get themselves killed."
"En fait d'inutilites il ne faut que le necessaire" is more highly colored in French than in its translation Only so many useless things are required as are strictly necessary.

Italian letter:

sont toujours les memes soldats qui se font tuer," says Marshall Bugeaud of

"We have had a most famous earth-quake. If by the mercy of God it had lasted for another half hour we should all have gone to paradise, from which may God deliver us. Whether you receive this letter or not, please advise me in either case."

Here is a Portuguese bull. In offer-

ing a reward for the recovery of the corpse of a drowned man his relatives remarked that the deceased might be dentified, if found, by a slight impediment in his speech. After much research it has been so far impossible to discover a genuine Spanish bull, but here is a Dutch

"The pig had no marks on his ears except a short tail." And here is a German bull. "Der Zahn der Zeit, der alle Thranen trocknet, wird auch uber diese Sache Gras wachsen lassen" ("the tooth of ime, that wipes away all tears, will permit grass to grow over this mat-

er also") Blunders in English speech are not uncommon. The orthodox bull of Ireland has scarcely crossed the channel. A fellow of the Royal society speaks of "the earthquake that had had the onor to be noticed by the Royal so-

ciety. "The West Indies will now have a future which they have never had in the past" sounds promising until one sees that its bullish quality is a mere blunder by which the word

Even the best of the foreign bulls in Latin tongues evoke the suspicion that they are mere translations from Irish genuine article at times. No distinc-tively American bulls have emerged from the long research that is oundation of these few paragraphs.-New York Sun.

Fourteen Mistakes of Life.

We reproduce from an exchange the ollowing which is credited to an English paper. They are called four-teen mistakes of life.

1. To set up our own standard of the control of English paper. right and wrong, and judge people

ecordingly. 2. To measure the enjoyment of others by our own,
3. To expect uniformity of opinion n this world. 4. To look for judgment and ex-

perience in youth. To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike. 6. To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others 7. To worry ourselves and of with what can not be remedied. To refuse to yield in immaterial matters.
9. To refuse to alleviate, so far as

To refuse to make an allow-10. ance for the infirmities of others. To consider everything impossible that we can not perform

12. To believe only what our own inite minds can grasp.—Greenwood

"Bully! Every time a nigger heaves

NO. 35.