THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

Story of the Blue Carbuncle

The adventure is now being serialised in the "Grit" magazine. The narrative is similar to other stories of this type, and the hero is a detective who solves a crime using his skills in observation and deduction.

The story begins with Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson receiving a letter from a lady who has been robbed of a valuable carbuncle. The police have been unable to find any clues to the crime, and the lady is desperate to retrieve her jewel.

The case is complex, and Holmes and Watson must use their wits to uncover the identity of the thief. They visit the lady's house and interview her servants, who provide them with some useful information.

Holmes is a brilliant detective, and his keen observation skills enable him to solve the case. The story is full of suspense and is a classic example of Holmes' deductive reasoning.

You need grit!

This number contains a Sherlock Holmes story called "The President." It is an exciting long installment of Grit's BrilliantCurrent Serial, and Choice Miscellany.

The Grit Companion is an unillustrated magazine of latest and best fiction, novels, poems, and miscellany. It is sold, except as a part of the Grit, by the Comic News Network.
Humphrey had restored a

glory?

"What, then, did Peterson do?"

"He brought several bars and came to

me on Christmas morning, knowing

that even the smallest problems are of no
interest to me. The goose we received this

morning, when there were signs that, in

order to provide a hat, it would be best

that it should be eaten without neces-

sary delay. His offer has carried us far,

therefore, to bring the ultimate sacrifice

of a goose, while I continue to return the

hat of the unknown gentleman, who lost his

Christmas dinner..."

"Did he not advertise?"

"Yes."

"And what did you have to do to

its identity?"

"He told me as much as we can deduce.

"From his last?"

"Precisely."

"But are we going. What can you gain

from this old battered box?"

"Here I give you my metho-

des. What can you gather yourself as to

the individual of the man who one saw

this article."

I took the tattered object in my

hands and turned it over rather

scuriously. It was simply a

black cardboard box of the usual

round shape, hard, and much the

worse for wear. The lining had been

removed, and was a good deal discolored.

There was no maker's name, but, as Holmes

had reckoned, the initials "H. B." were

scratched upon one side. It was pierced in the

brim for a hat-support, but the feathers were

obliterated by the crust which was

crushed, accordingly dusty, and spotted in several

places, although examination had

shown that the feathers had been

somehow lost. I opened the box and

thought to explore the discolorated patches by

snipping them with a pair of scissors.

"I really thought I'd hang it

back to my friend,

the countess. Watson, you can see

clearly enough. You fall, however, to

reason from what you see. You are too timid in
disclosing the new facts."

"Then, pray tell me what it is that you

can infer from this hat."

He picked it up and gazed at it in the

peculiar introspective fashion which was

characteristic of him. "It is perhaps less

suggestive than it might have been," he

remarked, "and yet there are a few infor-

cences which are distinct, and a few

which are at present at least a strong

balance of probability. That the man

was highly intellectual is of course obvious

from the face of it, and also that he was

fairly well-do in within the last three

years, although he has now taken upon

evil days. He had forethought, but has less now;
then fashion once being in a mode which

resembles, which, taken with the decline of his

fortunes, seems to indicate some evil

foretaste, and that there is no future

for him. This may account also for the obvious

fact that he has been unloved by his wife.

"Dear Holmes!"

"He has, however, retained some degree

of self-respect, which is a great advantage,

my remonstrance. "He is a man who

holds a sedentary life, goes easily,

and, in middle age, has grizzled

hair which he has cut within

the last few days, and which he

assists with limes-corne. These are more pat-

tial facts which are to be derived from

his hat. Also, by the way, it is extremely

improbable that he has gone back in

his hat.

"You are certainly joking, Holmes."

"Not in the least. Is it possible that

even now, when I have these results, you are

unable to see how they are at-

tained?"

"I have no doubt that I am very stupid;

but I must confess that I am unable to

follow your inferences, and entirely do not
declare that you were intellectually correct."

"For answer Holmes clasped the hat upon

his head. It came right over the forehead

and settled upon the bridge of his nose.

"It is a question of code-capacity,"

said Holmes; "a man with so large a brain must

have something in it."

"The hat is three years old. These flat

brims curved at the edge cause them, in a

hat of the very best quality. Look at

the head of velvet and the excellent

lining. If this man would be so

excessive a loss of time three years ago, and

has had no hat since, then he has annually

dropped like a stone in the dark hollow of

his brain."

Sherlock Holmes sat up with a smile.

"My dear sir, you cannot be in the

least treacherous truth, I suppose you know

what you have got."

"A diamond, sir? A precious stone. It

cuts into glass as though it were putty."

"It's more than a precious stone. It is

the precious stone."

"Not the Countess of Morcar's blue

crystal, certainly."

"Precisely so. I ought to know its size

and shape, seeing that I have read in the

papers that it is a want in every

day of the year. It is absolutely unique, and its

value can only be known by the amount of

the man who has lost it, a ward of 2,000,000

is certainly within a twentieth part of the

market price."

"Most pounds! Great Lord of Mercy!"

The commissary plumped down

into a chair, and stared from one to the

father of us."

"That is the reward, and I have reason

to know that these are sentimental pieces."

"I have been no more in the Countess

of Morcar, which would in-

duce the Countess to part with half her for-
tune if she could recover the gem."

"If I was lost, if I remember aright, at the

Hotel Cosmopolitan," I remarked.

"Certainly, Watson. Indeed, I am a long

days ago. John Horsley, a plumber, was accused

of having abstracted it from the lady's
jewel case. The Countess of Morcar was so

strong that the case has been referred to the

Assize. I have the fact, Mr. Holmes."

I murmured amid my newspaper, planning over

the dates, until a sudden idea dashed it over, and

read the following paragraphs:

"Goodman, Cosmopolitan Jewell Robbery. John

Horsley, a plumber, was brought up under the

dictate of having the Countess of Morcar, which

the Countess of Morcar, which

was brought up under the dictate of having.

John Horsley, a plumber, was brought up under

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The Countess of Morcar, which

was brought up under the dictate of having.

I have the fact, Mr. Holmes."

I have the fact, Mr. Holmes.
STORY OF THE BLUE CARBUNCLE

... gave against the prison, the magistrate refused to
arrest the woman, who pleaded with the judge, but refused to
the assignee. Her conduct was later discovered by the constable,
who was honorably acquitted of his duty. The assignee was arrested
at the conclusion, and was charged with conspiracy.

"Hunt! So much for the police court," said Holmes, thoughtfully, tossing aside
the paper. "The question for us now to solve is the identity of this man. This
stolen jewelry was sold at one end of the flag to a woman in London Court, road
at the other. You see, Watson, our little deductions have suddenly assumed a much
more important and less innocent aspect. Here is the stone, the same stone that
was taken from the goose, and the goose came from Mr. Henry
Baker. This is a diamond, a valuable diamond, a jewel of great
value, and one that has passed through many hands. It has been
bought from me by Mr. Henry Baker, and he is now at the
possibility of it being sold to another party. It is a very simple
tool, if we have an answer to our advertisements.

"And you can do nothing until then?"
"Nothing."
"In that case I shall continue my professional round. But I shall come back in
two days, and I am sure that you will be able to give me some information, Mr. Baker?"

The man was a large man, with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face. The sun shone down on his tufted head of grizzled brown. A touch of red was more
and checked, with a slight gleam of his extended hand, recalled Holmes' memory as
to his habits. His rusty black coat was buttoned up tight in front, with the collar turned up, and his hair was black and shaggy. His eyes were clear, and his voice was
gave the impression generally of a man used to
man, learning and letters who had had ill-usage
at the hands of fortune.

"We have received some things for some days," said Holmes, "because we expected to receive an advertisement in your name, giving the circumstances of the case.

Our visit was a rather shaming,

"The people have not been as patient with me as they should have been," he said. "I have
no doubt that the gang of criminals who assaulted me and carried off with my hat and the

"To eat it!" Our visitor half rose from his chair in his excitement.

"Yes, I would have been of no use to any one had we not done so. But if you imagine that I was among the

The man burst into a hearty laugh.

"They might be useful to me in which it was all of my advantage. I once said," he answered,
"but beyond that I can hardly see what use the several members of my club are.

"Certainly, sir," said Baker, who had risen

Sweebold Holmes glanced sharply across at me with a slight smile of
his shoulders.

"There is your hat, than, and there your

"By the way, would you tell me to tell you to tell me when you sent the other man. I am grateful to you for a favor, and I have seldom seen such a valuable gift go.

"Certainly, sir," said Baker, who had risen

and looked at his new gun which he had

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and I have seldom seen such a valuable gift go.
It was a bitter night, so we drew on our smokes and wrapped ourselves about our horses. Outside, the stars were shining coldly in a cloudless sky, and the breath of the passerby blew out into smoke like smoke from the chimney.

"Yes, I'm quite certain that he knows nothing whatever about the matter. And you, Committee?" asked Holmes.

"Not particularly."

"Then I suggest that we turn the matter over, and follow up this clue while it is still hot."

"Very good."

The sale was made. We don't know him. Well, here's your good health, landlord, and prosperity. Good night!"

"Now for Mr. Breckinridge."

"He continued, buttoning up his coat, as we mounted the party on the other side."

"Remember, Watson, that we have both seen a horse and a gentleman of the Alpha's club there."

"You didn't tell me that, Sir."

"Yes."

"I have the two down from a salesman in Covent Garden."

"Don't know some of them."

"Breckinridge in his name."

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"Well, here's your good health, landlord, and prosperity. Good night!"
whether he is on the verge of a windfall or of a catastrophe. Then he stepped into the cab, and in half an hour we were back in the smoking room at Baker street. Nothing had been said during you drive, but Boscombe gave me a little of our new companion, and the clapping and unclopping of his hands, spoke of the nervous tension in which the man lived.

"Here we are!" said Holmes, cheerily, and stepping from his corner seat. The fire looked very handsome in the house. You look cold, Mr. Ryder. Pray take the basket chair and let us talk over my chair before we settle this little matter of yours. Now, then! You want to know what became of the gem?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, so that gave it. It was one bird, I imagined, in whom you were interested—white, with a black band. Ryder quivered with excitement. "Oh, sir," he cried, "can you tell me where it went to?"

"It came here."

"Yes, and a most curious bird it proved. I don't wonder that you should take an interest in it. It held an egg after it was cold, a beautiful, bright little blue egg that you were interested in. I have it broken in my possession."

Our visitor staggered to his feet and clasped both the matrix-piece with his right hand. Holmes unlocked his strong box, and laid out the blue carbuncle, which shone like a star, with a cold, brutally, many-pointed radiance. Ryder stood shivering with a drawn face and sweating under his coat or to discover it.

"The game's up, Ryder," said Holmes, coolly. "Hold up, man, or you'll be in the soup. Give him an arm back into his chair, Watson. He's got blood enough to make him."

"No, I want to make it more human. When a shrimpy thing, it is to be sure!"

For a moment he staggered and nearly fallen, but the breath brought a flush of colour into his cheeks, and he sat staring with flattened eyes at his associate.

"If you have any faith in my hands, and all the proofs which I could possibly need, so there is little which you need tell me. Still, that little may as well be cleared up to make the case complete."

You had heard, Ryder, of this blue stone of the Countess of Morcar's?"

"It was Catherine Osprey who told me of it," said he, a croaking voice.

"She, her ladyship's faithful maid. Well, the temptation of sudden wealth so speedily acquired was too much for you, as it has been for better men before you, but you were not very sagacious in the means you used. It seems to me, Ryder, that there is the making of a very pretty villain in you. You know that this man Morcar was a very jealous man, as was also his sister, Countess Osprey. She was one of the most beautiful women of this time of Rome. All the money there was to be had by his name, and the Countess refused to settle it. She had married a man named Onslow, and lived in Brixton road, where still the same rule for the market. All the way there every man I met seemed to me to be a policeman or a detective; and, for all that it was a cold night, the wind was pouring down my face before I came to the Drayton road. My sister asked me what was the matter, and why I was so pale? but told her that I had been upset by the jewel robbery at the hotel. Then I went into the backyard and smoked a pipe, and wondered what it would be best to do under the circumstances.

"I had a friend once called Mandleby, who had not been for a long time in Brixton, and I was going to see him. I told him of the way in which the Countess had been robbed, and what she had been told in the way of stories, and how they could get rid of what they stole. I knew that he would be well paid for it, and he agreed. I sent him to see the Countess and find out the true facts, and you were hired.

"Get back into your chair!" said Holmes, sternly. "It is very well to come and reveal all, but you thought nothing of this poor Horace in the dock for a crime of which he knew nothing."

"I will try, Mr. Holmes. I will leave the country, sir. Then the chance against him will be down!"

"Hum! We will talk about that. And now let us have a true account of the next act. How came the stone into the goose, and how came the goose into the open market, tell us the truth, for there lies your only hope of safety!"

Ryder nodded his head over his perfect perch. There was no chance of the happened, sir," he said. "When Horner had been arrested, it seemed to me that it would be best for me to get away with the stone at once, for I did not know at what moment the police might not take it into their hands to search me and my room. There was no chance about the hotel where it would be safe. I went not, as if some examination, and I made for my sister's house. She had married a man named Orskott, and lived in Brixton road, where still the same rule for the market. All the way there every man I met seemed to me to be a policeman or a detective; and, for all that it was a cold night, the wind was pouring down my face before I came to the Drayton road. My sister asked me what was the matter, and why I was so pale? but told her that I had been upset by the jewel robbery at the hotel. Then I went into the backyard and smoked a pipe, and wondered..."
GRIT STORY COMPANION

Summary of Previous Installments.

The scene of "The President" is Washington. A group of aspiring and unscrupulous men, stirred by the success of Mr. Gwynn and his associates in Wall Street, are planning to manipulate the political situation in favor of Mr. Gwynn and his associates in Wall Street. The plot is to bribe influential politicians and use their influence to pass a law that will benefit Mr. Gwynn and his associates. The plot is discovered by the President, who orders an investigation. The President's actions are revealed in the next installment.

CHAPTER XIV.

How They Vindicated Mr. Gwynn.

A new and powerful force is making its way in the political world. This force is the Gwynn Organization, a group of men who are dedicated to the promotion of their own interests. The President is aware of this organization and is determined to stop it. He orders an investigation, and the results are revealed in the next installment.

The support of Wall street capitalists, and of the President, who promised Mr. Gwynn to get any necessary legislation through Congress. The first step in securing the support of the President was to bribe influential politicians and use their influence to pass a law that would benefit Mr. Gwynn and his associates. The plot is discovered by the President, who orders an investigation. The President's actions are revealed in the next installment.

It had been decided by Mr. Gwynn, so Richard said, that the future of the Amundson would be advanced by the nomination of Senator Hawken for the presidency. It would please Mr. Gwynn, he said, to have the president and general attorney share the presidency. If such were the case, the situation, word and argument, was precisely the same as when the visitors came in the affair of Speaker Brown. However, if the visit was in honor of Senator Hawken, it was not unimportant. The President and general attorney would not be invited to the dinner. Mr. Gwynn would come to an understanding. It then became evident that it must have been gratifying to Mr. Gwynn. Nothing could have given the President and general attorney such satisfaction as the elevation of Senator Hawken to the White House. They were a unit with Mr. Gwynn, they believed that the future was in the hands of the Amundson Organization.

[Continued from last week.]

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might be accomplished by the president and general attorney and the great railway system they controlled. It would be wise, said the lawyer, that General Attorney and the great railway system they controlled. It would be wise, said the lawyer, that

Senator Hawney and the president and general attorney departed in high good feeling. The president and general attorney departed in high good feeling. The president and general attorney departed in high good feeling.

It would do mankind no service to break in at this place with wild exaggerations of the dangers of giving Senator Hawney a private train. Senator Hawney is not a man who would be afraid of success. He is a man who would be afraid of success. He is a man who would be afraid of success.

The country was entitled to the services of some of the most prominent citizens who had contributed to the formation of the party. The country was entitled to the services of some of the most prominent citizens who had contributed to the formation of the party. The country was entitled to the services of some of the most prominent citizens who had contributed to the formation of the party.

Senator Hawney and the president and general attorney departed in high good feeling. The president and general attorney departed in high good feeling. The president and general attorney departed in high good feeling.

There was a second tempo of the same kind. When Senator Hawney was through with his speech, he received the applause of the audience, who were enthusiastic in their approbation of his views. The audience were enthusiastic in their approbation of his views. The audience were enthusiastic in their approbation of his views.

Senator Hawney was not in politics; his dinner table was not the scene of political debate. Senator Hawney was not in politics; his dinner table was not the scene of political debate. Senator Hawney was not in politics; his dinner table was not the scene of political debate.

Till, in the kitchen, including Speaker West and those high officials of the Senate, the dinner table was the scene of political debate. The dinner table was the scene of political debate. The dinner table was the scene of political debate.

"I can see no reason," returned Mr. Raybar, who had already solved the problem of Mr. Gwynn. "I can see no reason," returned Mr. Raybar, who had already solved the problem of Mr. Gwynn. "I can see no reason," returned Mr. Raybar, who had already solved the problem of Mr. Gwynn.

Mr. Gwynn, the picture of all that was beautiful at the table, turned to Senator Hawney, who was at the head of the table. He turned to Senator Hawney, who was at the head of the table. He turned to Senator Hawney, who was at the head of the table.

There were no sounds heard, Senator Hawney, in a few words, gave the solution of the question of currency. He gave the solution of the question of currency. He gave the solution of the question of currency.

Chairman Raybar and the Privy Councillors, who were present, were present, were present, were present.

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not overstate the importance of getting permission of the Hanway report the moment it was prepared. Mr. Bayard's belief in a "hookey" deduction; it was not information he did not expect. There was no such thing as being positive until the written report was in Mr. Hanway's hands. He would then inform us immediately how much he had learned from this report. Once clear in that behalf, he would be able to understand and defend it.

"Our stars," quoth Mr. Bayard, "will be the Hanway report. Nor can we come by that report too soon. It may be six weeks before Senator Hanway produces it in open Senate. Its production will take the day before the post's activities begin. It will be deferred until the market is in its strength or weakness favor their aim. Wherefore, my young friend," concluded Mr. Bayard, chipping a slim hand on Hanway's shoulder, "to work. That report is the key. Every day we have it in our hands before it is read in the Senate means a million dollars.

Mr. Bayard focused upon Richard the main monster of setting hold of Senator Hanway's report, and Richard... to show the request. Dorothy the perched, not policy mechanics—was carried to the impulsive length of bringing up the tops of Northern Consolidated at Mr. Gwynn's dinner. Richard asked Senator Hanway the plump question of the committeeman, and that Kurt's triumph would appear.

The saloons, said Senator Hanway, who, being shown, and the pages, was getting into his Inverness at the time, "are still in progress and will be several weeks before the close of the hearings. Then there must be time for deliberation, and surely a day or more for writing the report. You may be sure, however," concluded Senator Hanway, "that the Daily Tory shall have it before the other papers. It shall be an exclusive story; I promise you that.

The next day comes the veracious Mr. Sands asking whether a verbatim copy of that report would be of service to him.

No marvel Richard Stared.

"Begone," ordered Mr. Sands, putting an extremely regular digit, "I've got it here.

"Do you mean the report of Senator Hanway's committee that is incomparable Northern Consolidated?" cried Richard.

Mr. Sands tilted his chair over a confident left eye, blew a devastating cloud, and said he did.

"It was only last night," observed Richard, still bitten of doubt, "that Senator Hanway told me the committee had not entered its hearings.

Mr. Sands of the malignant eye was not disappointed. Senator Hanway had lied. All Senators lied, according to Mr. Sands. No man could be a Senator unless he were a liar any more than a man could be a runner without first being able to walk. The committee was through with the inquiry; the report had come into the Government printing office the day before in the handwriting of the truthful Senator Hanway himself. It was now set up in types, and the forethoughtful Mr. Sands had abstracted a copy.

"As I said," exclaimed that enterprising reporter, "I've not the least reason for thinking it might be a soup, dr's cce, as I avoided it for you.

"Let me look at it," said Richard, whose paces were beginning to heat a quickstep. He was remembering the value of the report as explained by Mr. Bayard. "Let me see it, please."

Mr. Sands took from his pocket two strips of paper, Richard looked at one and then at the other; they were white as snow, guards of mark or signs of ink.

"There's nothing here," said Richard, the thing beginning to be mysterious.

For a moment Richard feared that Mr. Sands might discover the trick, but that follower of Franklin reasoned him. That follower of Franklin reassured him.

"Can't read it on this, anyway," he observed, "only we can't read it out in the light. Now if we could find a dark room with a window—"

Richard returned to Mr. Gwynn's. Before he entered he gave Mr. Sands a perfect. The latter, who knew a good cigar from smoking many top ones, threw away the devastator and lighted Richard's. He rolled it from one corner of his mouth to the other. He smoked it contemptuously, then passed the fire end beneath his nose after the manner of a connoisseur. His experiments were pronounced a 'success.'

Richard conveyed Mr. Sands to his own apartments. The former was in other words, he couldn't get a peek at the report. Mr. Sands received. He planned the trips to the pages but the dependent trips were brought with their hands to the light, Mr. Sands observed Richard how the prints, with not only mechanics—was carried to the impulsive length of bringing up the tops of Northern Consolidated at Mr. Gwynn's dinner. Richard asked Senator Hanway the plump question of the committeeman, and that Kurt's triumph would appear.

"The report is set in minims," explained Mr. Sands, "and with this light you can read it.

Richard discovered the truth of what Mr. Sands averred; hence indeed Senator Hanway's Northern Consolidated report, and as readily made out as thought printed in a book.

"This is the idea," vaunted Mr. Sands, who now that Richard was warry for explanation, set open the report in little 'tastee' of about 80 words each. That was because it must be. Fifty printers set it up, then the boss locked the galley in the strong room. No one except the boss himself had had a glimpse of it. Of course, that was one of the news enough to nail it; nothing a fellow wants to hide is bound to be big news, 'ye see. Now I'm the man who take the report, and this morning I hands tells me that Senator Hanway wants a copy, one copy, no more. The boss goes to the strong room and brings the galley to the press-room. I'm ready for him; I have the report in front of him and I paste it down. I spread that has the inky impression on it I pass to the boss. He sees me peel the top slab off, and it's a success.

"What's that for?" he asks.

"I'm firing my pipe as calm as duck's pond, and explain that the proofs in which the galley lies too is deep. It takes two thicknesses to force the sheet down on the face of the type and get a good impression. The boss is only a politician, not the poet of this explanation done to him. While he's looking up, the galley again, I get away with these. You see, with two thicknesses in the nature of the test, it makes a stencil of it. With the proofs in front of him the man shows up well as a regular proof. After I'd got organized, I took a day off, clapped a ten-hour week on me, and headed for you. As 'I said, it struck me like a big piece of business at once."

"It's bigger than you know, Mr. Sands," observed Richard, giving that worthy's hand somewhat. Mr. Sands didn't say anything you don't mind. I'll not use it as news. You will not mention the fact, but there's a deal on in Wall street; I can do better.
THE PRESIDENT

with it there. I cannot thank you too much for what you've done,"
Mr. Bayard was pleased and departed for the
theatre, looking very happy and expressing
complacency. He had just entered the office
when Mr. Richard did the right thing. "When
the president was absent," he said, "I could
promise Richard everything the
Government printing office which
any citizen was trying to steal.

Richard threw his desk before the window
and, reading the stenches line by line, made
a perfect copy. As his pen swept across the
paper he reflected on the duplicity of
men, without which, he knew, the
report written out in full, was for having
him think that the committee would not
consider him a laborer.

"What a marvelous ingrate he is!"
thought Richard.

Mr. Bayard had taken the 10 o'clock
limited for Sonora, that several
morning Richard caught a train a
tride after 1, warning Mr. Bayard
to meet him at the hotel. They
would have driven together. To
make sure of Mr. Bayard, Rich-
dard's message read:

"I have that report. You were
right."

Mr. Bayard passed over the
Hanway buildings, and the farther he
walked the more his satisfaction
snow on Sonora. "It is as I sur-
mised," he said, with a sigh of
contentment, "when he had finished.
They will fall upon Northern Consolidated,
be swallowed up, all
and both. This report finds
the road a third for millions
upon millions, 10 cents. The
Attorney General must collect. The
road must be taken by a receiver un-
til the buildings are recorded in the
bank, indeed. Then those priceless
grants are to be repudiated by
Northern Consolidated is to be stabbed
with a score of knives at once.
Bertha? What a true they have set for themselves!"

Richard, not knowing what re-
ply might be expected, smiled to
fifth his counterpane towards sym-
pathy. Of course, Mr. Bayard, and
reatused to his usual nef of a
cigar.

"Now," went on Mr. Bayard,
"I can give you the rougher outline
of what will occur. This
report, as I told you, may be
weak in finding its way into the
Senate. Sooner or later, every
year, an amendment is
the market are on an up grade. While the boom continues, those prices
are to be repudiated by
Northern Consolidated. The
pool will spring upon the
market, right and left, selling thousands upon thou-
ands of shares. They will try for a
stapled. They look to drop Northern
Consolidated 25 points, and woodmen fell a
tree.

"And what is to be our course?" asked
Richard.

"We shall buy every share of Northern
Consolidated as fast as it is offered, go with them to the end. They will
find themselves in their own net.

"Since our first talks," Mr. Bayard
continued, "of the one million shares which
from the main line were
Consolidated, or over six hundred thousand are held in
England, France, Belgium, Holland,
Germany, Denmark, and even a bundle or two

"It was a kind of prophecy..."

sudden step by a heavy timber platform
(see square roofed like a hut, from the ground, which cumbered
the sidewalk nearest the curb. Storr
swayed the platform to a hollowness, way
. It had, from its appearance, been there
years, it was strange he had never noticed it
before.

An old saw, one of the night guards of
the Treasury, buttoned to the chin, was
standing in a narrow basement door-
way of the great building 10 feet away.
The old man took his gun out of his
mouth, and seeing Storr survey the
observing platform, observed:

"If I had a wad of any of the billions
of gold that's been dumped on that
platform, I would smoke my pipe
round here to-night.""Gold as a term never failed to attract
the Storr ear. He opened converse with
the old man of the pipe. It was to this
heavy platform the Treasury guards brought to when they brought bullion to the
Treasury. Storr learned another thing
that gave him the sort of thrill that
sets
fever in the near vicinity of
every cent of gold. The gold reserve was
within 60 feet of him as he stood in the
street. Should they give us a wad, we shall
have to
arid
for operations, for his fires day's work and
in them. A corner is a corner, we may take our time. They
will be as helpless as so many caged animals.

When Storr on that jealous evening left
the San Rafael, his success was unmiti-
gated and shaken. It was not over;
he would return to the club by round-
about paths, the walk and cold night air
might steady him.

That roundabout route led Storr past
the Treasury building, and, as he slowly
raised the pavement bordering one side of
the massive structure, he was brought to

Scribner's, Storr, being spurred, and resolved to
. At the precision of beauty into his confidence, tying wherever
The letter gentleman, whose days, was in the best of form. Nothing could be more soothing than the outlook for that which made Senator Jowett, who was indefatigable for Senator Grubb, who was not in his house, and a few days before at St. George's Hospital, under the care of his brother-in-law, Dr. Jowett. Dr. Jowett was at that time, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Jowett, was at that time, and he was in the best of form.

Senator Grubb, who was indefatigable for Senator Jowett, who was not in his house, and a few days before at St. George's Hospital, under the care of his brother-in-law, Dr. Jowett, was at that time, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Jowett, was at that time, and he was in the best of form.
THE PRESIDENT worked out. There be not much of vulgarity; the effect was as retarding gently as though the taste pervaded it belonged to a stage-hand. The Vice-President and he stood himself upon 10 sustained centuries of patriots. When he lifted his hat, one might see that the dark hair, expressionlessly waved, was as accurately parted in the middle as though the line had been run by a pair of shears. The voice of Inspector Val, low and deep, fell on the ear as plumbly soft as the ripple of a breeze. His eyes wore a sleepy, insinuating expression, as if tired with much reading and inclined to receive the injection of further sensations. He wore a white shirt and high, and his beard was thin and long to be in sympathy.

There were few inspectors furnished the reformatory by Inspector Val. Glanced at carelessly, one would have found him a man of more than 30; a second and a sharper survey showed him 15 years older. Also, there came now and then a look quiet at once and quickly, which was calculated to arrest the trained attention. What one thought following that second sharp sensation was in every opinion in what was thought after the glance earlier, and more upon the current.

Inspector Val baffled Richardson's conception of the man concerning whom all who read papers had heard so much. This man was, in fact, a man engaged in the world of respectable criminals, and then, victor in crime, in crime, on his path through? Something of this man, but not quite. What moved in Richardson's eye, if so, Inspector Val assumed to have in it, and hunted himself in more precisely adjustment of his boot-nose, which floral adornment had become disarranged. The larger Richardson contemplated Inspector Val the more he felt his whole face soft. The slim form and sleepy eyes began to suggest that sweet and fearless genius for praise which are the first qualities of a ferret.

"If we could be more private," suggested Inspector Val, casting a raucous glance about the big public room at Willard's where the two had met.

"We will go to my house," replied Richard.

"And if you don't mind, we'll ride."

Inspector Val stopped the reception of a request.

"There are carriages at the door.

"D'you see, sir," replied Richard, "should be across the way. I seldom require it, but I may, and so it follows me about.

Inspector Val suggested the Fourteenth street door. At Richardson's lift of hand an olive-tinted horseman, accompanied by a pair of restless bay horses, came plunging to the curb. The footsteps swung down in three motions like a soldier about some point of drill.

"House," said Richardson.

The footman in three motions regained his perch; the whip cracked and the team went plunging off for Mr. Grimes'.

Richard came to the common-sense conclusion to lay the story of his brother before Inspector Val. A detective was so much like a doctor that frankness would be worth while. One was called to cure the health, the other to cure a situation; the more one told either straighter, the faster and better he could work. Act on this thought, Richardson related all there was to tell of himself, Dorothy, Mr. Harley, and Stover, being fall as to his evocation from the Harley house and the story.

"They did not come through the mail," said Inspector Val.

"Mr. Grimes has no habit.

"It is not so."

"I call a man from across the street?"

"Certainly not," replied Richardson, somewhat astonished.

Inspector Val stepped to the window. Over the way was a man for all the world like a stonemason from out of town. He was admiring the details of the building, and seemed specially interested in Mr. Grimes' office. Inspector Val made a slight signal, and the stonemason came over and took Mr. Grimes' belt.

"Have him up," said Inspector Val to Richardson. Then the stonemason crept into the room by Mrs. Grimes, that is Mr. England.

Mr. England's eye was bright and quick.
like a bird; with that exception he was unconscious. Inspector Val, without wasting time, began to ask questions:

"Who shaved this note under the door?"

"A colored man, tallest and blackest around, the door as though trying not to be caught. I then pushed the bell and skipped. There's nothing looking queer, and Mr. Duff thought he'd follow him. He'd be back, Mr. Duff will, presently."

"That will do," said Inspector Val.

"When Mr. Duff returns, tell him to come in."

Mr. Enfield withdrew, and recommended his lightning on the opposite side of the street.

"Mr. Enfield and Mr. Duff," explained Inspector Val, "came down with me. I shall use them to shadow Storr, as that kind of work is their specialty. It is difficult work, too, and demands a man who has talents for seeing without being seen. Also, he must be sharp to think and act, and full of enterprise. To keep at the heels of a gentleman who may take a cab, of course we have to be building up by one step for the purpose of leaving by another, as there is no simple task, so I brought with me a man who would suit."

"How did your men come to be outside the door?" asked Richos, whose curiosity had never been satisfied in the effective methods he had seen angrily aroused.

"To see delay," returned Inspector Val, with a great roll in detective work.

They were within 10 feet of us when I asked them to draw us away, called a cabbie, and followed them, giving them a basket as if they hadn't.

Inspector Val asked Richos to slowly translate the note, while he made a copy in English. This Richos did; at the close, being interested in the workings of the man-hunting business, he asked Inspector Val for his theory of its truth and origin.

"Why, then," observed Inspector Val, passing over Richos's translation as he had written it down, "this would be my surmise. The note tells the truth. It was written by a Frenchwoman who probably came from Paris. She is in love with Storr, and jealous of Miss Harler, with whom she thinks Storr aims to marry. You said nothing about this before."

"Miss Harler was afraid to tell you and Miss Mark had to write and tell you what the situation is, fearing you would pitch in rough. They have some excuse."

This was the first time Richard had heard how Storr enjoyed the privilege of Dorothy's society while he was warned from her door. The thought was fine, like -

He started to his feet, grasping an oar under his breath.

"Take it easy," said Inspector Val, with a manner full of warning. "Don't spoil a game just as the game begins to run your way. After we get our hands upon those French spares you may voice what raw you have. But take it easy now; try another sign."

The prudent sagacity of Inspector Val was shown away from the force of that gentleman's arguments. "You may not arrive to have his letters.

"That's not so simple," returned Richos.

"It's like saying, 'What's the name of the man who once lived at 24 Park Street?' It tells you how he counts a particular. My argument takes somewhat this route: I keep the note tells the truth, so why should I be afraid to listen. Moreover, it is a magnificent intimation of Storr's command over Mr. Enfield."

Mr. Enfield had been written as if she was putting a man in her best light.

"That woman has marked this note 'important,' but it goes no advantage from being labeled. A woman who notes it important, as 'important' because she feels it important, and she did not feel it important, but she feels it important, and she did not feel it important, for a reason that is the authen of a woman. It would never occur to a man to mark the note 'important,' because it would never occur to him that by so doing anything would be gained. Then a man would have sent it through the Post-office. A man is more cunning than a woman. The man would have served as well, and a messenger might be recognized and followed. To send messengers is essentially a trick of the feminine. Your district messenger service will tell you that nine-tenths of its calls are from women."

[TO BE CONTINUED - NEXT WEEK]

Nov. 15: On page 9 of the Store Companion, last week, the following should have appeared instead of the paragraph beginning "Mr. Storms: Count Storr's etc.

Dame G.REV**: As a rule, my heart is not beating so fast. If I knew how, I would not want what I must say. But I have no chance of being understood."

"Oh, but why not?"

"Simply because he would mistrust on accomplishing the very step of the way in order to borrow a dollar at the end of it."

THE LOSING SIDE.

H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H
COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE

BY CHARLES P. FOSTER

To the California sun out set its net of fine gold on the Orange county court house, and the hundred million shades of green lawn. The glittering mesh of that same net clinging to magnolia and oak trees, which, lining the great square, border it with a tunicle of wexen green. In vain the row of it until the visitor arrives, the blue, the white, and the long grey hair, it were a necessity. The world was a dream. To the cigar store, under the thick walls of Arizona sandstone, strode counsel for the defense. He was, indeed, mused, and turned, and with an air of straining suddenly he gazed upon the goddess voter, and the court house, and like the eye of the eagle his eye was raised and stared into the California sun. When he had done for the moment he groaned from off his brow, counsel for the defense went in. The audience in the courtroom was quiet. The furnishings of polished oak were ponderous and new. Almost the pale page sat for down his chair, his fingers fretted as though they would twist, his sandal words of wexen green. The attorney for the prosecution, young fat, strode to and fro. And here sat a woman; and yonder sat a man. The jury were a rum and unkempt air, and the historian. The reader's long, weary struggle with the soil was writ heavy. Heavy in deep marks along the jury's brow. Counsel for the defense, tasting his name, unwrapped in thought, and chafing the gait of his knowledge, weary; he stood, stood tall before the jury box, like an eucalyptus tree that has bent a thousand times to the breath of the wind, but thousand times sprang back, throwing out its granite rugged plumes to the sun. "God," he said, "how do I make it simple, I want to clear away all base. I wouldn't if I could throw round the naked limbs of this greatest tragedy a veil of words confusing; as my friend, counsel for the prosecutor, he drew a long, cool breath, "has did." Aitter from the prosecuting counselor, who, with his hands hanging over the top of his coat, strode to and fro. A smile went flickering round. And also a head, wrapped in the power of a beast's sub- objective mentality, counsel for the defense turned toward the group of sunflowers. Long was that conversation, shaven and bare, and time and thousand dreams. The whole lower quartile of it into an expression of microscopic contempt. Yet in his maneuvered sense of the exact spot of dead human," and he said, warily: "They smile at my grammar. Gentleman, the man before this naked tragedy and some. They mean that I should say..." the gentleman of the jury, have I seen more cases, its a life somewhat long and somewhat short, and tired, careless men from punishment, iniquitous, than counsel for the prosecution is likely ever to win with his, or by his humble language, send the guiltless to the grave. And now..." he swept again the jury with his eye, and fell again into his profound subjectivity, "now, when I stand, I do some old trunk, not far from the incomparable precipice; now, when the old years have solemnized, and the scars of my soul have been torn limb from limb, and hardened into layers geologic, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't going to change my grammar now." The face of the woman was ever turned, but her eyes had not looked at her. What then are the fundamental elements of this case? A woman," he seemed to dream over the word, "dwells in a tiny cottage, occupying an island in the center of Newport bay, with a man—her husband or her pursuer. On the right of May last he did not. And died. On that same night two witnesses saw her leaning across the water in the boat, then running on toward Newport beach, this defendant. Without turning his head he flung out his arm toward the prisoner, a man of shining and treacherous face, fine features, small body, and careful dress. "Aside from medical testimony," counsel for the defense, the State has seen little evidence. First, those who heard this man die; and know and saw no other witness except you way, in reference to this to its simplest form, dismiss from your minds, because all these say, defendant admits. There remains alone, as opposed to the testimony of the defense, none whatsoever."

A film came over the eyes of counsel for the defense: upon his brow was a dampness roll. Slow and mechanical was his turning of the body toward her whereupon the film departed and the glow of his truck suddenly up, as here, he said: "This single witness is—the woman. Here was a face of tragedy and appeal. Its anguish was her beauty. She gazed on counsel for the defense as though he wore some miracle of terror and fascination. Her less than 40 years was young. He turns away, and as no opponent; he said, "to her explicit statement that this defendant slew the victim in her very presence, has only the testimony of two witnesses. First, the story of a man who, standing on a point of the shore (the point from which this defendant landed when he died), those itself in that same hour the gleaming of another boat upon the rocks. The spot from which the sound sound was bid from him; but, without the moment..."

He passed and wiped his brow; the scorn upon his face was luminous. Counsel, the testimony of individuality, unshaken by the scouring rhetoric of his opponent, the scolding, the prosecution. Defendant says that he has known the woman and the man for many years that he is in possession of the secret of their lives, and refuses to divulge it; that he had made visits to the island before the night; and that on this night he, rowing toward it, heard noise from the cemetery telling him to beware that another man, beside the woman's companionship, was in progress. Defendant acknowledged; defendant heard a shot, and fearing that he, as the only known visitor to that spot, might be entangled in a tragedy, he fled. "Behold the two contradictory souls facing each other: the woman's soul and the man's, answering to opposite; and in the house of each is that of his or her life. Be it so, gentle witness, that this is not too childishly simple to be true. Look at him, examine his face!—now, he exclaims at an unexpected tread that hounds the rashly accused, as the intelligence of that lower, the fire of that inscrutable eye, the cunning of those cultured lips, and tell me, is that the face of one who, guilty and driven to despair, could invent no likelier tale than that of his adversary? Does it ring true? If that mask is the mask of one who, in the despair of the grave, in the despair of the grave, would have dared to face you with it, is it a lie at all?"

"If he had slain the victim; if he had fled; if on the shore he had saw the victim's face as the sun set, he knew from whom knew the murder. If the victim's hatred against the defendant was to be subdued in him— I say, gentleman of the jury, no such timidity tale as this would have come to the mind behind you cold and burning countenance. His plea in such a scene, would inevitably have been—self-defense.

The speaker paused; he grew weary, weary, he was a trial; and as he rose, he passed his long and ugly hand.

"Be," he said; "the very simplicity of his story is its truth. The very unlikelihood of his defense is its likelihood. It is when the man was dead, she said, that the words were to us. She said, "I am not his wife, she said, not his wife." The words were to us; the words were to us. She said, "I am not his wife, she said, not his wife." The words were to us; the words were to us. She said, "I am not his wife, she said, not his wife."

Counsel for the defense sighed heavily; he let his lowering eye fall on the pruines one by one; and forgot. At length he finished. "That ever I could," he said.

The prosecuting attorney, who, in his rapid walking and to fro, had now and then halted and fixed one glance to a flurrie look of rebellion, and seemed almost to come from his very shoes with水墨, more continual his panama, and chuck and tapped his hands under the directed talk of his coat.

The woman had burned further and further over the polished oak; and, counsel for the defense, her body sustained against it, her elbow upon it, her blue eyes staring up in the stormy sky, and, though she staved at both a hurst and a locomotion, her suffering eyes were bent on New York College and the Atlantic Ocean.

He had for a moment bowed and gazed upon the floor, now he lifted his head as..."
though there were a great weight upon it, he said, "this woman," "Her eyes drew up tight along her cheek and were snatched. He paused long.

"What seems to the man," the gentleman asked, "that she felt? Why? Perchance for the nobility of a woman's reasons, to shield another?

He grew intense and terrible, he went the way with his burning eye of sorrow, and cried:

"Let me recall, then, her testimony, her passion, the halloved power of her woman's heart. She does not deny that the murdered man was her husband. She swears that this defendant knew her secret, and was forever bating her and her companions in their hiding, demanding and receiving from the murderers a man's tribute for his silence. She swears that on the fatal night the man's instructions had gone so far beyond endurance that her patience rebelled, and when defendant once again demanded tribute for his silence, there ensued a bitter struggle ending in a struggle, in the midst of which the presence drew his weapon from his pocket and fired.

"Gentlemen, is there not in this very tale an admission which explains her reason for inventing it? Secret! Ah!" he shook his thin hand in air, his face was deathly pale, and his eye was again the daring one that had looked into the Californian sun. "What does it mean? What secrets is this that lurks behind the painted canvas of her fabrication, hiding within itself the germs of murder! Stelter! No answer. That secret, looked in the bosom of this woman, ended by the tip and cunning eyes of his defendant, you will never know, but she! He went on.

Before the jurors, he offered the tribute for his little in her. Who, who, gentleman of the jury, could ever speak such tribute unless the papers tuned a man to hide and it they feared, and dared to such degree, saying they would not thus hearken for safety, was there not then pressing them, or ready to pursue, was there any being who expired that fear, some being, someone, someone's voice was heard there, who stood between the stabbing of the midnight, who stood between the stabbing of the midnight.

Flung upward like the cymbals of drum, the woman's words, his tall form straightened, his man had chopped the tablet's edge, the stone was stunned.

And if guarding" continued counsel for defense, again with great solemnity, perhaps finding at last. In spite of personal need, in spite of statute, in spite of shame, repeated and women's anguish—perhaps moveless at last! Who knows what man of man emerges at length, from the shadows behind him, that furred her sill, loosed her roll with all its cool, trampled and consumed them which it not. Who knows what hollyee stands upon the hill, the hill behind her hill, the hill before her hill, and the secret of life disclosed. See: yonder is the island, small blackness there, and the sand that welts upon the sands. Don't grieve, for him, the hard face of hell. He wept his boot and autos lighter; the night became. The man can lift the night and envelops him in crying veils of gentleness; yet here upon this island, here in those

The woman, sitting rigid in her chair, had lost all consciousness.

The man had no idea of the time. He lengthened, he turned to look about, as though dazed, and then he sat down, for he did so the terror departed from her eyes, he neared, he lay down, he held upon the polished oak, and broke into sob.

"The jury, sighted, as with a strain relieved, and sank into a strange, hypnotic torpor, the hooded blasts of eloquence from the prosecution, who (having saved his objections till now) pointed out the details of the case to the jury, to us is an incomprehensible mystery. It was in the words of counsel for prosecution; the title of embittered failure was on his head, it was his, his, his. He stood with his back upon her, seeing at the wall, while they reviled her. They could not, they could not. She was all right now, she said.
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For Men and Women

Swamp-Root is the Most Perfect Herbs and Natural Aid to the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder Ever Discovered.

Swamp-Root Saved My Life.

I received promptly the sample bottle of your great kidney remedy, Swamp-Root.

I had a very pain in my back, over the kidneys, and had to urinate from four to seven times a night often with aching and burning. Brick dust would stick in the urine.

I took the sample in two doses, and thought I would soon be cured. But the very next day, the urine was worse than ever. I had to urinate once that night, and the second night I did not get until morning.

I have used those bottles of Swamp-Root, and today am as well as ever.

I am a farmer, and now working every day, and within 100 pounds, the same that I weighed before I received Swamp-Root.

T. N. AFRERE, Sec. F. K. A. F. C. 1663.
March 11th, 1866.

There comes a time to both men and women when sickness and poor health bring anxiety and trouble hard to bear.

There is no greater disease in the world than this disease of the kidneys.

Kindness, patience, and genuine sympathy are the best medicines for the sick.

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SPECIAL NOTICE — If you are sick or feel badly write at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book telling all about it, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonials received from men and women cured. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in Grit Story Companion.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and can produce the regular 60-count $1 size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.