

game in their own country than when they come over to us. Gauntlett, Rowan, Le Suer and Kitson are the four best respectively. Perhaps all South African players are inclined to "chop" the ball instead of using the top-spin drive. The Canadians also show great ability and keenness for the game.

Lawn tennis in France owes much to Max Decugis. He learned most of his game at the Tennis Club de Paris, under Cowdry's teaching. Perhaps his early grounding came from England, when the late H. S. Mahoney played with him, and gave him useful hints. Max Decugis is a fearless driver and severe off the ground and at the net; he is deadly overhead.

FROITZHEIM is the top-dog of Germany. He has Kreuzer, Rahe and the Kleinscroths at his mercy in a single. Froitzheim is calm, cool, and collected; he is essentially a base-liner. His follow-through is wonderful, and he can almost hit a pin on the court. Rahe has a free and charming style,

and a happy disposition. He is good in a single and plays a first-class double with H. Kleinscroth. As a pair they make an ideal combination, and play together perfectly. Robert Kleinscroth and Kreuzer are both good single players.

The dominating personality of American lawn tennis is Maurice McLoughlin. With Larned, Beals Wright, Clothier, and Alexander on the retired list, McLoughlin is left with a clear field. He would in all probability still be American champion if these "ancient lights" were still playing.

McLoughlin's service is wonderful, and he has two or three break variations. The ball leaves his racket like a thunderbolt, and time and again beats the striker-out by its sheer brilliance of place and pace. He is never afraid to let the ball "have it," either smashing, driving, or volleying. He is vulnerable on his backhand, but guards his weakness well. He is a fighter to the last with perfect self-control.

The Man on the Train

(Concluded from page 7.)

added with a returning smile. "I feel as if I could trust you for anything—and I'm a real suspicious person, too."

They had a long talk after that—or, rather, grandma talked and the dark man listened and smiled. She told him all about William George and Delia and their baby and about Samuel and Adelaide and Cyrus and Louise and the three cats and the parrot. He seemed to enjoy her accounts of them, too.

When they reached Green Village station he gathered up grandma's parcels and helped her tenderly off the train.

"Anybody here to meet Mrs. Sheldon?" he asked of the station master.

The latter shook his head. "Don't think so. Haven't seen anybody here to meet anybody to-night."

"Dear, oh dear," said poor grandma. "This is just what I expected. They've never got Cyrus' telegram. Well, I might have known it. What shall I do?"

"How far is it to your son's?" asked the dark man.

"Only half a mile—just over the hill there. But I'll never get there alone this dark night."

"Of course not. But I'll go with you. The road is good—we'll do finely."

"But that train won't wait for you," gasped grandma, half in protest.

"It doesn't matter. The Starmont freight passes here in half an hour and I'll go on her. Come along, grandma."

"Oh, but you're good," said grandma. "Some woman is proud to have you for a son."

The man did not answer. He had not answered any of the personal remarks grandma had made to him in her conversation.

They were not long in reaching William George Sheldon's house, for the village road was good and grandma was smart on her feet. She was welcomed with eagerness and surprise.

"To think that there was no one to meet you!" exclaimed William George. "But I never dreamed of your coming by train, knowing how you were set against it. Telegram? No, I got no telegram. S'pose Cyrus forgot to send it. I'm most heartily obliged to you, sir, for looking after my mother so kindly."

"It was a pleasure," said the dark man courteously. He had taken off his hat and they saw a curious scar, shaped like a large, red butterfly, high up on his forehead under his hair. "I am delighted to have been of any assistance to her."

He would not wait for supper—the next train would be in and he must not miss it.

"There are people looking for me," he said with his curious smile. "They will be much disappointed if they do not find me."

He had gone, and the whistle of the Starmont freight had blown before grandma remembered that he had not given her his name and address.

"Dear, oh dear, how are we ever

going to send that money to him?" she exclaimed. "And he so nice and good-hearted!"

Grandma worried over this for a week in the intervals of looking after Delia. One day William George came in with a large city daily in his hands. He looked curiously at grandma and then showed her the front-page picture of a man, clean shaven, with an oddly shaped scar high up on his forehead.

"Did you ever see that man, mother?" he asked.

"Of course, I did," said grandma, excitedly. "Why, it's the man I met on the train. Who is he? What is his name? Now, we'll know where to send—"

"THAT is Mark Hartwell, who shot Amos Gray at Charlotteville three weeks ago," said William George quietly.

Grandma looked at him blankly for a moment.

"It couldn't be," she gasped at last. "That man a murderer! I'll never believe it!"

"It's true enough, mother. The whole story is here. He had shaved his beard and dyed his hair and came near getting clear out of the country. They were on his trail the day he came down in the train with you and lost it because of his getting off to bring you here. His disguise was so perfect that there was little fear of his being recognized so long as he hid that scar. But it was seen in Montreal and he was run to earth there. He has made a full confession."

"I don't care," cried grandma, valiantly. "I'll never believe he was all bad—a man who would do what he did for a poor, old woman like me—when he was flying for his life, too. No, no, there was good in him even if he did kill that man. And I'm sure he must feel terrible over it."

In this view grandma persisted. She never would say or listen to a word against Mark Hartwell, and she had only pity for him whom everyone else condemned. With her own trembling hands she wrote him a letter to accompany the money Samuel sent before Hartwell was taken to the penitentiary for life. She thanked him again for his kindness to her and assured him that she knew he was sorry for what he had done and that she would pray for him every night of her life. Mark Hartwell had been hard and defiant enough, but the prison officials told that he cried like a child over Grandma Sheldon's little letter.

"There's nobody all bad," says grandma when she relates the story. "I used to believe a murderer must be but I know better now. I think of that poor man often and often. He was so kind and gentle to me—he must have been a good boy once. I write him a letter every Christmas and I send him tracts and papers. He's my own little charity. But I've never been on the cars since and I never will be again. You never can tell what will happen to you or what sort of people you'll meet if you trust yourself on a train."

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