

of woods they neared a village; "Ease her off, turn and stop," commanded her companion; and when she obeyed, he stepped out, and taking the leather bag, pointed towards the woods and said, "Many tanks, lady, for de ride; mebbe I'se can return de favor some day. Now hike back an' don't let me see yer pretty face 'round here," and he started towards the village.

Claribel's first thought was to obey, but darkness was coming on, the road was strange, and she was fifty miles or more from home. There were no houses nearer than the village. Why not go there and telegraph home? Surely there was no other way to do; so taking a look down the way her late passenger had taken, and, seeing nothing of him, she once more turned and rode slowly to the village.

Stopping at the first house she made arrangements to spend the night; then seeing the machine safely stored away, she enquired the way to the depot. This building consisted of one room, one end separated from the remainder by lattice work. Within this lattice, at the farther end, was the ticket window.

Claribel passing a window stopped quickly. Before the ticket window stood Bad Dick. He lifted his hat, and with the same quick gesture, pushed back his hair. "If he should see me," and with the thought she stepped back into the shadow. She heard him call for a ticket to a station farther on; then he sat down, and Claribel crouched closer in the shadows. It was possibly ten minutes, though Claribel said it seemed like hours before the train arrived. Then when she saw him aboard and the last light had vanished in the distance, a sudden thought made her eyes bright and her step buoyant as she entered the depot.

"Send these telegrams at once," she said to the astonished operator, who stood staring at her as she scribbled them off.

"I'm Claribel Marsh, of Wyndhaven; my brother, Claude Marsh, of the Wyndhaven Bank, will be here in the morning and pay you for these."

If the operator wore a staring look before, his face was certainly a study as he read those telegrams. They were:

"Police Station, Bloomfield. Bad Dick aboard evening train for Bloomfield; dark red sweater, soft felt hat, old tan shoes; catch him. Claribel Marsh, of Wyndhaven."

"Claude Marsh, Wyndhaven. Myself and auto safe in Clinton. We were stolen; come down in morning; out of money. Yours, Claribel."

The Wyndhaven Journal the next day had a half column concerning the capture of Bad Dick by Miss Claribel Marsh, a prominent society belle, etc., etc.; but

the whole story never came out until a month later, when at a formal luncheon the engagement of Miss Claribel Marsh to Mr. Roy Smithson was announced; then her brother Claude told the whole story of that afternoon's ride, ending with the heroine has had her heart's desire. She no longer yearns to be a detective, but is desirous of taking a course in home-keeping, house-keeping, and heart-keeping.

#### Irish Bulls.

An Irish journal, actuated, it is to be feared, by feelings of revenge, publishes some excellent English bulls.

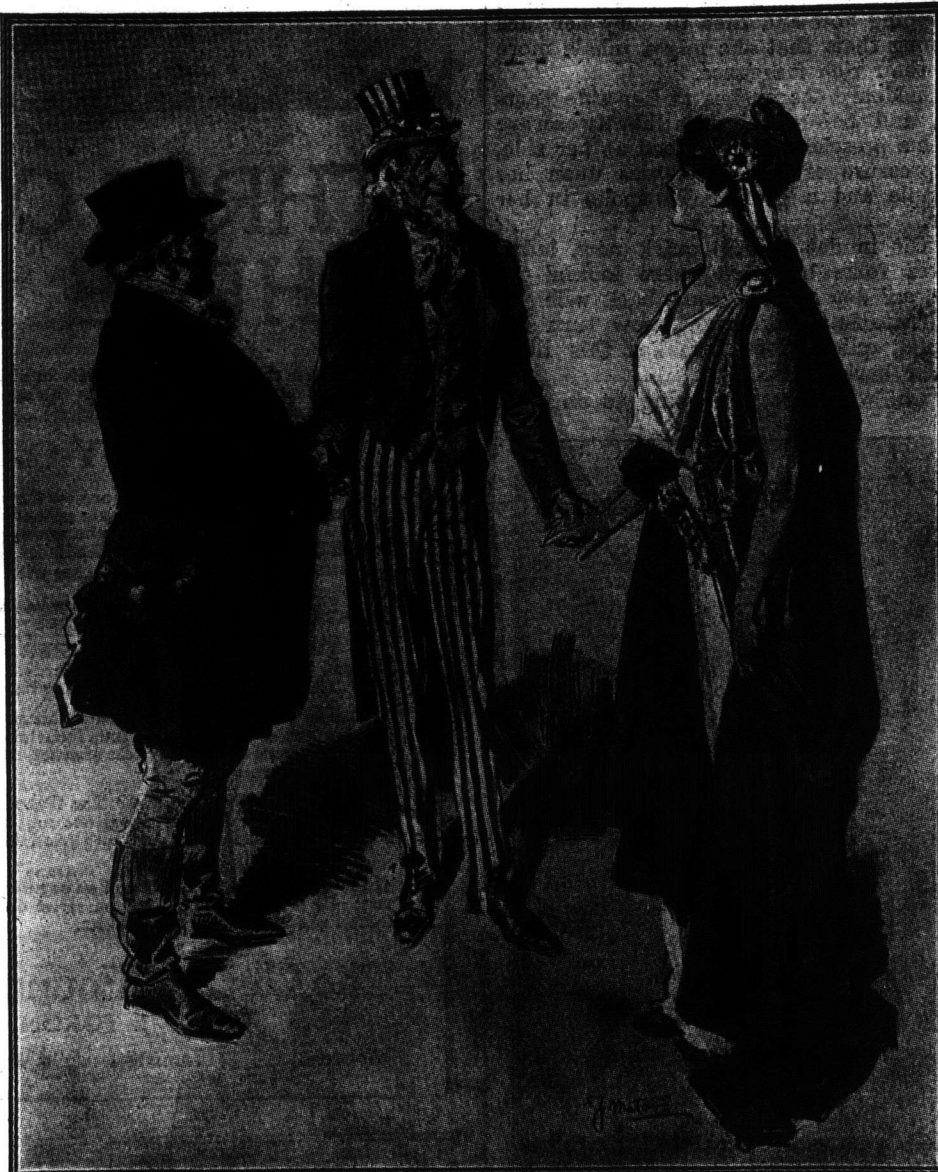
It begins with that of the Hyde Park orator who, in a tirade upon landlords

and capitalists, suddenly electrified his audience by exclaiming—"If these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

A second one quoted is almost as good—"All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand."

A third is said to be a preacher's preparation—"We pursue the shadow; the bubble bursts; it leaves the ashes in our hands."

Another good one is a brilliant exordium on the part of an English politician—"We shall never rest until we see the British Lion walking hand-in-hand with the flood-gates of democracy."



"Peacemakers."

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