

Written By **E**

CHAPTER XXIV. Cont.

"Go on," said Maurice of "Go on," said Maurice of never tired of hearing this. "Well, what to sleep in that that's what's the matter with you. You can't hook up a more nor a baby. You or, rather, ought to buy my philosophy, to help your power for restoring it to his family?"

"What will I guarantee Maurice interrogatively.

"Now, really," said Mr. M. "I am not speaking precatively, but in business, you know the use of your guarantee this previous old calamity?"

"You, impatiently.

"Pity you ain't got a 'quor for business."

"Just you sum up what you lodge in the hands of a at the back and corners of the street. Drury lane, before finger. I feel pretty ripe on my feet, and I've got of the tackett needful; but I yet, and shan't be any more tonight. If you make my while, well go."

"What will I guarantee Maurice, I think within reason I can pro-

"I tell you, I've got to out of the tackett needful; but I can't yet, and I shall be here at midnight tonight. If you make my white, we'll go."

"I will make it if I will," asked Maurice. "I think within reason for the trip." "I think I can never have the two paced round and silence."

"Listen, now," said Blad. "Remember, I shall run in trying to take you out of me. All the work to be done by me, because holding the cards. If you must, you're good for what we must go by night. You won't touch," he said, turning his companion's stare.

"Try me," replied Maurice and his blue eyes met the Blades undauntedly.

"I'll do," replied the not often make a mistake fellow. "You need to think. Now, he can turn two hundred and know."

And you shall sign a prom-
ise to pay two hundred dollars
a month if you get clean off
60%."

Maurice laughed.

"What are you grinning
at, Blades? teasing?" "Is it too
cheap? What do I charge?"

"No, I'm laughing at you
naïf, because," "You sound like
a big business. Why do you
convict's promissory note
worth?"

"Well, I mean some of
these shall sign it" replied the
some of these chapels, "but
mistake."

"I can't of course prom-
ise that, but I have a number
my friends," said Maurice.
want is two hundred dollars
more within a month, if I
my escape."

Blades nodded.

"That's well. You say y
ready yet. Continue your p
and how you can get out
when everything is ripe. I
where can I see if the me
found."

"Look here," replied a

you asked me to make a little blarney about the I've put it up pretty stiff, but I'll play it easy, I'll not cramp your hampering, you with me hands."

And the two clasped him by Mr. Blades' last aspect little aristocrat. "I've met that astute gentleman in Paris, and I mean to give Maurice," He justly sur amateur help would be at as much as he would decide but of amateur assistance had the most supreme confidence in the man. You had for reflection, the soon disembarrass him from the hands he would be his own escape. And with an assured bound, he was in the air. He don, Mr. Blades felt that would be bitter indeed. "I was not at all surprised," he clear away from Portland he argued, no one of his had the tried to be one of these predecessors of his, and a different fate for the brated Bill Blades making

tempt. As for that second
dread, well, he never knew
any of that, but that was it
to put it in the bond.

Harry dreamed that he
was to receive from the d
by what skilled hands he
condemned he would not
made it a sine qua non the
store his fortunes.

Now.—Since this story wa
have been informed that a
actually succeed in making
from London, and in the m
of mind, and returned his
cared some of the things
Governor, about a year after
information that he had no futu

CHAPTER XXV

The Maid of the M

The plot thickens; we
the denouement of the dra
has actually required, and pe
from the army. The
thinker from his colonel beg
to let it seal his fate. He
briefly but courteously, th
was thoroughly made up
he regretted leaving the

"I am glad you are all well," wrote his chief in reply. "Well, Ellerton, how sorry we be to hear you are having money difficulty. I'd say it would be best if you were to ride, but at all events, before I feel that I can suppose I shall best further your good and our peace, pay Horse Guards at once, and. . . . And now, what will come de good and de bad, and before you are gazetted out that way, and de hurt if you don't make that."

"Dear old Dainty a pang to letter," said the soldier who penned it. "Dainty had always been a voracious eater, and he ate up less boy. But his answer was nevertheless, and he begged me to let his horses up boot."

"Dear old men feed a pang abo their old regiment," said adieu to those with "have been living in the footing of a brother in the camaraderie that I verily cannot part of my life."

to think that you will ne

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