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LOOK OUT FOR THEM!

You Cannot Afford to Miss One of These!

HAND TO HAND.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(Copyrighted.)

The managing editor's patience was almost exhausted. "Positively, Maj. Standish, I don't see that we can find any room for anything of yours in The Camera this week. Or any week," he added with an inward curl to his lip, glancing impatiently at the heap of "revisions" waiting upon his desk. He did not take them up, however, young fellow, and Standish, though a notorious bore, was old and white-headed.

The major patted him patronizingly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow," in his most luscious, grandiloquent tone, "let me give you a hint. I've been twenty years in the very thick and best of American journalism, and you are but a neophyte. You want to make The Camera weighty? I call it dull, sir, dull. Too much respectability kills a paper. It needs a different class of articles—something at once forcible and light. Philosophy and wit, sparkling and well, do you take my meaning?"

"Something like that in your hand, eh?" laughed Stinger. "Precisely. You've hit it," complacently twitching his white whiskers. "No. Not today, major." "Suppose we try a short thing on fish culture? I've got myself up on fishes thoroughly."

"The Times did that on Friday." The major stood a moment anxious and silent. "This new asteroid, now! When I was on the London News, Griffin used to write to me. 'For anything taking in the scientific line, Dan Standish is our man.' Dan's was it, eh? Who's doing that hanging-down-in-Delaware-for-it? I'll make you a two-column job of it for \$5, and pay my own expenses. That road always dead-ends me."

Stinger took up his pen. "We sent a stenographer reporter this morning. We really have no use for you, Maj. Standish." "You never were mistaken in your life. Where you meet me, my dear boy, I take charge of your reportorial corps. I'd make those lads follow the mark."

"Mr. Stinger, it was the proprietor Murray's voice, which rapped through the room like the firing of a saw. He came to the door of the office, sandy, fat, bald, Scotchman, to whose making up nature had grudged every atom of flesh save in the nose and ears, red, somewhat shaggy nose. "Have not those proofs gone up yet? You encourage too much Standish."

"You have again, Standish!" "Ah, Mr. McMurray! A delightful morning, sir!" The major bowed to him effusively. Stinger and Withrow, the news editor, both driving their pens furiously at McMurray's expense, looked on. The steady major, with his grand bravado, his red nose, his high old forehead, his deafening lie, always came off first best in these encounters. McMurray, in his faultless black clothes, with all his wealth and his conscientious religion, seemed to feel himself thin and, and bowed before him.

"I wonder," he said, with a sneer, "that with your higher literary occupations, you can spare time to beset this office as you do."

"You may wonder, too. Now that is precisely what my publishers say to me. 'Write a book, Standish, they say. Take the public by the eye, with a knock-down blow.' Then those magazine fellows in New York and Boston are crying out every month for a new Standish. 'What has little like to see the old Camera succeed, that's the truth.'"

"No, nor anybody else," savagely. "Ah, you don't take the quarters! I'll do it to you. I'll send it to you. Good morning, Mr. McMurray, good morning. 'Keep that liar and braggart out of the office,' Mr. Stinger said McMurray in his cold, civil tones; for when other men would have raged, his sense of duty kept him in quietude. He smoothed his face before going back into office. Young John Proctor was there, the clergyman to whom McMurray's church, through his influence, had just given a call. He had just come from the depot after two years' absence in the west, and McMurray was striving to do him honor in his hard, ungenial way. Proctor had been a sort of ward of his, and it was whispered about in the office that McMurray would be glad to have him now for a son-in-law. This church was his idol, and to see his only child the wife of one of its ministers was, in his opinion, to include her in the pearly gates of salvation while yet alive.

"The office felt as if the delicate, bright-haired little beauty would be thrown away on Proctor. 'These penniless preachers know how to feather their nests! Stinger had said but a few minutes before.

Mr. McMurray could not forget Standish when he went back to his office. 'Lasy old Bohemian' he growled. 'If you want the most respectable view, Mr. Proctor, always look for them in an old man who lives by his wit.' 'Who was it?' 'Standish—the major. You know him.' 'What! There? Proctor dashed out into the office without his hat, and down the stairs, shouting, 'Hello, major!' leaving McMurray astonished behind him. He took up his pen and began to write severely. The carnal flesh was stronger in the young man than he had thought. Withrow, out of curiosity, lounged down the stairs and found John at the door looking anxiously up and down the street.

"Ah, Mr. Withrow! do you remember me, John Proctor, writing his hand in a hearty fashion which the wife of one of its ministers was, in his opinion, to include her in the pearly gates of salvation while yet alive. 'The office felt as if the delicate, bright-haired little beauty would be thrown away on Proctor. 'These penniless preachers know how to feather their nests! Stinger had said but a few minutes before. Mr. McMurray could not forget Standish when he went back to his office. 'Lasy old Bohemian' he growled. 'If you want the most respectable view, Mr. Proctor, always look for them in an old man who lives by his wit.' 'Who was it?' 'Standish—the major. You know him.' 'What! There? Proctor dashed out into the office without his hat, and down the stairs, shouting, 'Hello, major!' leaving McMurray astonished behind him. He took up his pen and began to write severely. The carnal flesh was stronger in the young man than he had thought. Withrow, out of curiosity, lounged down the stairs and found John at the door looking anxiously up and down the street.

"He is a friend of mine," coolly. "The office does not know him as well as I do, probably."

Withrow felt himself rebuffed, but only for a minute. "The old fellow has a cockle for himself. How he lives, God knows. He has nothing now but the odd jobs we give him here in the office. He's had nothing from us for two weeks."

"Is he alone? There was a little girl, or woman, rather?" Proctor hesitated. The story of the major's wife, Madeline, and something which he could not drag out before this fellow.

"Nec something! She lives in some country town now, I believe, and colors photographs. A great artist, the major says. She's a darn girl, I fancy. Women without brains have to scratch hard for a living nowadays."

Mr. Proctor did not care to enter into the woman question. He stood whistling under his breath, with some queer ideas in his head, which were supported by the fact that he had just had a letter from her, and that she was coming to see him in a few days. He had been thinking of her ever since he had seen her last, and he was sure that she was a very nice girl. He had been thinking of her ever since he had seen her last, and he was sure that she was a very nice girl.

Now the major was in a restaurant a few doors down the street. "Try an advertisement in The Camera, Sam," he said to the bookkeeper. "I swear it will pay you like the dickens. It will be a good idea to get some advertisements in the paper. The Camera paid him a small percentage on this sort of business, and the young man would pay him his dinner."

"No, I've had to stop drinking. You can't get a glass of champagne fit for a gentleman in this accursed town. But I'll do the advertisement!" (The Camera paid him a small percentage on this sort of business, and the young man would pay him his dinner.)

"No," he said, leaning on the glass counter for a moment. "It was two days since he had tasted food. The steam of savory dishes before was so much like a hot iron on his stomach in a powerful frame like his is a deadly drag upon a man's pluck. He looked at Sam. The fellow would give him his dinner if he asked it, he knew."

He gathered himself up with an effort. "I'd need, but I can't," he said, stiffly. He nodded affably to Sam, and slipped to the parrot as he went out. His high old forehead, his deafening lie, always came off first best in these encounters. McMurray, in his faultless black clothes, with all his wealth and his conscientious religion, seemed to feel himself thin and, and bowed before him.

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Withrow clapped his hand to one pocket, then to the other. "By the way! Where the deuce—Oh, here it is. Come this way, major," drawing him into the doorway, and opening a New York paper. "Here in the Personal 'Richard Standish.' You see! No relation of yours, eh?"

The major had the paper up before his face. He took out his cracked spectacles and adjusted them on his nose; took them down and wiped them leisurely; read the card once, a second time. "I don't know the man."

"From Virginia, you see," said Withrow, putting the paper in his pocket again. "and came here about the same time you say you did. But your name's Dan. Certainly, it looks like a trick of the police to get hold of a criminal to me."

"So it does to me."

"Oh, Mr. Proctor's busy," with a significant wink. "He has no need of old fellows like us now."

The major stood a moment watching John's eager gestures, and the bright, shining face bent over him. "No, he has no more need of me," he said quietly, and turned away with a bow as he passed the carriage, though neither of them saw him.

Mr. McMurray, with the young clergyman again in his office, safely trapped, could not improve on his account of the man. "You are young and impulsive, fond of your friends. The dignity of your position would not improve you, in association with whom you knew as a boy, unless, indeed, you approach them officially, administering the Word as their pastor. I could hardly live on you, for example."

"I am very uncertain about accepting this church," he said. "There is a place in the west that suits my ways better. But I could not marry on their salary. I'm the nervous physician, I could hardly live on it."

Mr. McMurray paused, and answered with deliberation. "In the matter of marriage, must you consult that point of salary at all, Mr. Proctor? All young men who select a wife will do so. It is a matter of course. A woman ought to feel herself honored in being called the wife of a minister, and should rejoice if she can bear her part in his temporal burdens."

"I am a natural feeling, and a manly one," said McMurray, not ill pleased. "I have never felt that my 'clothes,' as the vulgar phrase is, are any matter of consequence to other men. When I measure myself with a prince or a ruler in the dock by his courage and his faithfulness to his friend, I touch a brotherhood between us stronger than any church bond. We get our medals from the state, and we get our honors from other men. When I measure myself with a prince or a ruler in the dock by his courage and his faithfulness to his friend, I touch a brotherhood between us stronger than any church bond. We get our medals from the state, and we get our honors from other men."

"There is a New York detective here to interview me in an important whisper. 'I could learn no more from him than that Standish is living under an assumed name. He is the worst, Mr. Proctor, the very worst.'"

"Bah!" muttered John to himself. "Where is this fellow? I'll go to him at once," putting on his cap. McMurray rose and put out his hand. "I beg that you will not espouse this detestable old man's cause so vehemently. His name is a public byword of infamy among newspaper men. A vaporing boaster and liar."

"Newspaper men know but one side of the fellow," retorted John. "I could tell you many of his unselfishness and his noble charity, that would put the lives of many of our great men to shame. He was a kind to me when I was a boy. I'll not turn my back on him now."

McMurray's carriage began to turn. "This I regret to say, Mr. Proctor, that you must make your choice between the church and your friend. I am a clergyman, and I cannot be an associate of so doubtful a character as is hardly suited to our society. I am a clergyman, and I cannot be an associate of so doubtful a character as is hardly suited to our society. I am a clergyman, and I cannot be an associate of so doubtful a character as is hardly suited to our society."

with enjoyment of his embarrassment, but under the grin he looked haggard and anxious.

"So the boy has a mind to take the part of his old friend! He'd stick by the fellow because it's going down! That's the stupidity for you."

"I do not talk in metaphor about him. I only thought likely from my knowledge of you, you might presume on your acquaintance with the lad and his generous nature, and draw him into trouble, and I warn you that the result will be to his."

"I will rather like to be known as your friend, I understand."

McMurray hesitated. After all, why not give Standish a hint of the detective on his track? If he would escape, all difficulty would be over. "Inquiries of a significant kind have been made for you this week, Maj. Standish," he said.

"So I have been told."

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