GET

# The Panic at Pendergasts

rd Mrs. Pendergast. No respense came from the depths of the Morris chair in which Mr. Pendergast was out-stretched. Not that Mr. Pendergast was n-icop-ha would have scouted the very idea-but merely enjoying that delicious need-manufacture.

the t mon becomes indispensable off r the cares of the day have stolen Arabthe carve of the day have stolen Arallike away.

Mrs. Pendergast, pn attractive
young woman of the large-eyed, other
real blonds typ. cast one represenful glance at the good-looking misoreant whose name she bore, and returned to her novel. They had not
been married very long, these two,
and being of anexeculingly romantic
temperament, the increasing tendency of her beloved Joseph to fall
astoop immediately after dinner
caused her much secret unguish of
mind. It had been fully decided between them that they were to be lovers to the end of their days, and to
be lovers meant—well, it certainly did
not mean this. However, being think
as well as romantic, the injured wife
said nothing, but, as on previous ocassions, after that one accusing glance
returned to her book, and in contomplation of the wrongs of "A Lady of
Quality" forgot for the time being of
her own.

The house of the Pendergasts stoom the midst of a extensive lawn of in the midst of a extensive lawn on a recently opened suburban street, several blocks from the main thoroughfare. The thickly-failing snow muffied such sounds as might have come from the outside. Even Mathidy, the dusky goddess of the frying pan, had ceased her weird vocalism and dozed off with her feet in the oven.

But after a time Mrs. Pendergast as interrupted in the midst of that where the flatt ovent Cloring is useries the love Earl, that, whatever other stricken Earl, that, wantever course thortcomings she may posses, she is "an honest thing," by the whirring of the electric bell. Mr. Pendergest also parang into a sitting posture wish a guilt start. Who could it be on such night as this?

a night as this?

The ring was repeated, and a thud, as of some heavy, object set down upon the porch, was heard. The stocking that feet of Mathidy made their relucant way through the hall and two Afro-American volces were raised in lively controversy, ending in another thad, this time in the hall itself. A moment later the woman appeared at the library door, her chony features added with the resontment that allys accompanied any interruption of represent ease.

\*\*Put many done brung yer trunk.

man's done brung yer trunk later Pen'orgas', en 'lows he must oak with ye," said she, muttering s she turned away;

"A-trompin' snow en dirt into my ill fur me to clean up, dis time night—scanlous ols nigger!"

"Trunk?" said Mr. Pendergast, ris ng with a protracted yawn. "What grunk, Elaino? Were you expecting

"Why, no!" Mrs. Pendergast answored, absently. Then in a tone of himmay, "Oh, Joseph, if it should be

unt Culpepperi.

"L'Ord." eviclaimed Mr. Pendergast.
Aunt Culpepper. let it be said en
assent. was an impending catastrone, likely to happen at any time. It
as with a look of lively appreciationalou,
nerctors, that Mrs. Pendergast rows
and followed her husband into the was with a

Just inside the door an aged negro was standing in a bumble attitude, the melting snow dripping from his ragged conttuils and forming pools out like broken shoes. In one have

per. boss," he began, meekly. e done brung yer trunk, en it sholy a push up dis yer hill, theo de ter gib de ole man a extry quar-

i ter gib de ole man a extry quar-boan; I skuly dose." In nekther Mr. nor Mrs. P. were fing particular attention to the old as plea, being lost in contempla-to the thing he had brought into

w. objects employed by civilized we objects employed by civilized in possess greater capacity for exmeion than an old trunk. This one of particularly rich in suggestions. Its palmist days it had been a min of moan estate; now its conlon was ropulsively squalid, its modest asissued in this artistic if modest asissued in this artistic if modest asissued in the artistic of front. Yes Yet ent a positive affront. seling of reief mingled with the eing or relet mingled with the sart its appearance extled, for by ossibility could this distinctly ple-object be associated with the clean Aunt Culpopper. Mr. and Pendergast breated again.

"It's morning hard, Joseph," remark. | Dum, holding out the serap of paper. ban, tolding out the scrap of paper.

Das do 'rections which de man what
glu me de rucek done gin me. I not
a p liceman lack do on Schen street
to read 'em off ter me, an' agin on
Fourteen' street, on he showed me de was tiver, boss, 'Deed an did-I recken it's all right. Mobbe some o' yer folks is comin' which yo ain't 'spectin'."

Mi Pendergast gingerly took the grimy paper from the man and held it to the light. His wife peeped cur-

grinn paper from the man and hold it to the light. His wife peoped curlously over the shoulder.

"W.y. it is your name and address, Joseph, sure enough?" she excantmed.
"I done tole ye so boss," said med.
"And. Joseph-the handwriting—" timely began Mrs. Pendorgast.
"Oh. don't be idlotte, Elaine?" said Mr. Pendergast. Then, with a suspictous glance. "Say, uncle, who gave you this address?"
"De gen'man whall gim me de check en de money, boss."
"And where was it?"
Then, seeing that the old man began to look scared, he added, less sharply; "Come now, uncle, tell a straight story, and lova see if we can find out where the mistake is,"
"Well, boss," began the old man, "I was a stamin" on Sobon' street wid ma pushcycart, "bout six o'glook, I recken, en up pomes a man—"
"Colored or white?" interrupted Mr. Pendergast.
"A kin'er ginger-colored man wid speec on, en he glu me as deet po

"A kin'er ginger-colored man wid up on tole me ter go ter B. and O. station on git a trunk en take it to de place writ on dat yer paper. En I did prezackly what he tole me; but if it is spishloued 'twas dat fur, en mos' de way up hill, I wouldn't a done it fur no quarter; en I sholy does bepe youse gwine gim me on yo'self, bosel it sholy was hard on de ole man," he added, beseechlagiv.

Added, besecolargy,
But it's n mistake, I tell you,
uncle. The trunk doesn't belong
here. There must be some other must
of my name in the city."
But do number o' do house is writ
ou de paper, boss," persisted the old

'So it is!" admitted Mr. Pendergast. Thorn was a pauso. Then Mr. Pen-ergast felt his arm selsed in a con-

There was a pause. Then Mr. Pendergast (cit his arm seized in a convulvive grasp.

"Josephi" came in an awful winsper from his wife. 'You remember that dreadful trains mystery in the Yellow Journal last winter!"

'Nonsense!' said Mr. Pendergast, the while a curious creeping sensation made twelf felt in his spinal column. 'Don't be allly Here, man!" he said, sternly, to the bewildered old darky, 'this trunk doesn't belong to anyone in the house. Take it saway from here, "But with!!! I take it to, beas?"

'Enck where you got it—on to the dump—any old place. Or keep it yourself, I don't care wist you do with the confounded thing, so you get it out of here. Here's a quarter for you, Come out with it, quick!"

At this juncture attention was drawn to Matildy, who until now had been a mute, but curious spectator of the seen. A mute, but curious spectator to the seen. With rolling eyes and ashon thesks she stood pointing at the spot where from beneath the trunk, a crimson stream was making its slow way across the floor.

There was an instant of horrified silence. Then; "I knew it! I knew it!" shrieked Mrs. Pendergast, flinging her arms about her husband. "My poor, poor Joseph!"

Matildy, with a blood-curdling groan, fled to the kitchen, where she locked ierself in and began praying violently.

As for Mr. Pendergast, after his first exclamation, which it would

ierseif lu and began praying violentily.

As for Mr. Pendergast, after his first exclamation, which it would hardly be proper to reproduce acre, he found that his hands were full in more senses than one.

It was a moment never to be forgottea. Schnething—indeed, several things—must be done, and promptly. What they were to be was another question. A score of suggestions radily successed sach other in his particly successed sach other in his particly successed sach other in his particle brain. Meanwaile he was trying, without much success, to reasure his panic-stricken wife, who continued to cling to him convulsively, uttering heartrending cries and disjointed exclamations.

ing heartrending cries and exclamations.
I knew something awful w "I knew something awful was going to happen the moment I laid eyes on that urendful thing!" she moaned. 'And to think of any one choosing you to fasten them evidence of this dread-tul crime upon My poor, poor Joseph But, never mind, dearl I'll stand by you to the end If all the world deserts you, I nover will!"

Mr. Thetryast was beside himself.

An Auth Culpopper, Mr. and Mr. 7 interprets was some imment. and maken mistake," seld Mr. 10 the method again. The Howevier selve Error, do be quiett to begand. It can't done this character was long to go be as long to go or ell or to be and the go be began at the distribution.

man, beed "chattered the old ram.

Boott you man a step until a fell you to, said at, rendergast, sternly. Took had observed to see that the second man to to to the second man to the second man and stop second man for many feel and placing her arms from the need and placing her on a couch in the half "while i see to this man. Here, you come with me, sirt And feeling.

And, feeling that he was at last acquiring a mastery over the stuarton, Mr. Pichergust related the shaling negron arm and led thin unresisting to the butter pantry, where no tocked him safes in.

"Here, you, Matildy, come out of there,' he then shouted through the kitcann door. "You must run quick for an officer."

"Who, me?" walled Matildy from within, "Naw, indeedy, Mr. Porter.

within. 'Naw, indeedy, Mr. Pon'er-gas'l I ain't gwine throe no hall ter within. git no orficerl'

"You can go out the back way, then you confounded idiot!" shouted Mr. Pendergast. "Go on, I tell you, "Oh, Lawd, Mistor Pen'ergas', please

don' sen' mel l'eo dat skenred I cay-n't walk a stop, 'deed en 'deed 1 cay-n't!" ploaded the woman. Mr. Pendergast was in despair, renlered all the more intense by renewed

eries from his wife, who continued to bemoan him as one already convicted of murder in the first degree.
"All right, then," said Mr. Pender gast on reflection; "come and stay with Mrs. Pendergast while I go for

an officer. "Oh, Joseph, you aren't going to leave me alone in the house with that awful thing!" promptly interposed his wife. "I shall certainly die on go mad if you do!"

ewed flysterics on the part of Pendergast. Renewed grouns on Mrs. Pendergast. Ren-

"Mathldy, if you don't come out here instantly," stouted Mr. Pendergast, if desperation. "I'll—I'll bleark open this door and lock you into the pantry with the man and the trunk, tool Do y

Chereupon the coor was reluct ppened and the hapless Matlidy blingly emerged.

finercupon the coor was reluctantly opened and the hapless Matildy tremblingly omergad.

Having by this time reached—and presed—the limits of masculine consideration for femine sensibility, Mr. Fendergast picked up the limp form of his wife, hore is into the limits of masculine consideration to femine sensibility, Mr. Fendergast picked up the limp form of his wife, hore is into the limits of his wife sociation in the reach the limits of lin

He could only conjecture that his name had been chosen from the city name had been chosen from the city directory on account of his residence being at a distance from the centre of things, thus giving the malefactors time to escape from justice. No doubt the ginger-colored man with the glasses was the chief criminal, and was by this time rulies away from the site. Of routes there would be no city. Of pourse there would be no great difficulty, Mr. Pendergast felt,

groat difficulty, Mr. Pendergast felt, in proving his own innocence, but time it was innuced and besides the prominence into which his modest name would be dragged he dreaded the consequences to Mrs. Pendergast. The situation was nothing less than terrible.

Hastoning the footsters, Mr. Pendergast finally reached the corner whore his street joined the throughfare, and blow a shrill blast on his whistic. To his intense relief there was an almost immediate response, and the unusual circumstance of not one, but two, policenen being on hand when wanted made their manifest as their burly forms isomed through the intervening veil of snow and durried toward him.

Mr. Pendergast lost no time in mar-rating what and taken place as the three hastened toward his residence. "I saw the nigger with his musi-eart, meself," and one of the officers, "and remit the address off for him, sure

rough, Just us he told you You

"Locked in the butter's partry," said Mr Pendergant. Entering the ball, the two officers samed the trunk with professional

ccenem. ''Blood, on, stooping over the gory pool a noment.

He straightened his ponderous fig.

ure and eyed, first his colleague, ther Mr. Pondergust, 1990 Pendergast, pla expressionies tonance quite unmoved

"Conduction unto unnove!."
"Conduction the keary for us size," sold the other officer, holding the trunk by one tandle. He was a keen-eyed man with a face whose normal look was one of tunner. Even now he seemed incapable of viewing the situation incapable of viowing the situation with proper acrioences. His twink-ling eyes darted from one fast to the other and thence to every object within sight, almost morrily, before undin sight, almost morrily, before unding the stolled gaze of his colleague. Meantline, Mrs. Pendergast, whose curiculty get the better of her nerves, came out of the library, followed closely by Mattldy.

"list' it awfully she remarked, tearfully.

fully.
The officers of the law looked at her.
Number One, with Number One with a non-committal stare, Number Two with a reassuring

grin.
Then they looked at each other again. "We'll have to take him in clarge, I recken, eh?" said Number

again. "We'll have to take him in charge, I reckon, eh?" said Number One.

"I rockon we will!" said the other.

With a shrick Mrs. Pendergast again flung for arms about her husband's neck. "I knew tit! knew tit!" she shobbed. "My poor Joseph!"

"Oil, no, wa'am." Officer Number Two hastily put in. "it's the old follow as brought the trunk that we want. Don't worry yourself, ma'ami Your husband is all right."

"I wish you wouldn't act so—so silly, "I wish you wouldn't act so—so silly. "I wish you wouldn't act so—so silly. Elaine," said Mr. Pendergast, in a nervous aside. "Do try to calm down a little. I'm in no danger. Come, sit down there while I gut the old man. Mrs. Pendergast, controlling her amotion in a measure, rank upon the couch. Mr. Pendergast, accompanied by the big officer, proceeded to uncot the pantry door, and the abject figure of the wretched old dagkey wabbled painfully into the hall.

"That's him," said Officer Number Two, curtly,
"Tee innercent, gen'men!" guavared."

"Tao innercent, gen'men!" quaverer the old man. "I'se ez innercent ed Ba-laam's nes! I was a-stannin'da or Sebez' street wid ma puel-cyari wenn up comes a ginger-colored man wild apecs-"

"Never wind, old man," broke in Number Two, with a grin. "You need Number Two, with a grin. "You need-n't be scared. Nebody won't do noth-ing to you. You'll only be held as wit-ness. It's the glager-colored man wo'll'be wanting. I reckon."
"Tisank ye, boss!" faltered the old durky.

darky.

darky.

The keen-eyed man stooped again over the gory pool and seemed to study it closely. Mrs. Pendergast, who had joined the group, closed her eyes with a sickening shudder, as the officer, after a moment, cloped his finger into the pool, brought it to the nose, and those—incompelvable morror—to his tought

"Say, Prouty," he exclaimed, straigh, tenin take take 6 look at what's inside the trunk, hey?"

He spoke excitedty, his face crimson his body shaking as with some sup

pressed emotion,
"Wall, I don't know—" began the big
officer, doubtfully.

"Oh, that'il be all right, Prouty."

inastly interposed the other, giving him a nudge. "I'll take the responsibility. "Say, you," addressing the colored woman, "git a hatchet or alm bility, lored

the lady had better retire." suggested the large officer, solemnly.
"No." sold Mrs. Pendergast, firmly.
"I prefer to remain with my husband."
But. Elaino, dear—" protested Mr.

"But, slaino, dear-" protested Mr. Pendergast, will stay," said the wife, "Joseph, I will stay," said the wife, berofeally, putting her trembling hand through his arm, "At such a time as this my place is at your side!"; "Oh, Lord!" reflected Mr. Pender-gast. Then, aloud, "Get the hatchet, Mriday."

gast. Then, aloud, "Get the hatchet Mattldy." The woman obeyed; Officer Number

Martidy."
Tao women obeyed; Officer Number Two sejased the weapon, the ramstactic lock yielded: without much cifort, and the lid of the trunk was raised, revealing a gheathy sight—a confused mass of feminine apparel socked and steeped in the same natural crimson fluid stats stained the floor. There was a simulaneous outery, Mrs. Pendergast, after one shouldering glance, burled the free on her impended shoulder again. The rest of the group starred in horritide amanament at the man who had opened the trunk. Had he gone mad? With a laugh that, under the circumstances, bad a truly awful sound, he was revikessly overhauling the content of the trunk.
"Of all the fakes," he reared, pulling about the enanugulad garnaents, "If this paint's shout the folliest I ever come acrosel Look, Proutyl Look, Mr. Still laughing, he held ont his resk-

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lands filled with some this

frimed substance. "Don's you eas?" he shouted between bursts of laughter. "It's—oh, Lord, it's too good! It's—it's—damoon procerves!" And it was damoon proserves — the bottom of the trunk was full of it, mingled with fragments of broken large.

It was some time before order was

"But there's one thing to be cleared up yot," said Mr. Pendergast, finally. 'How on earth did he get my address?"
"That's so," said the big officer, look-

"Say, Prouty, let me see that paper agin," said Officer Number Two, "Bu "Say, Prouty, let me see that paper agin," said Officer Number Two, "By George!" he cried, after examining it a moment, "If here ain't another address on the other sided Jeen-Jenny, Ja-Jackson, Tipat's it, Jenny Jackson, twenty-live hundred and nine Elevath strest. There you are! Wo're been lookin' at the wrong side of the paper all the time, see?"

"Wall, Lawd!" said the old darky, who sines the denoment had mirror.

who since the denouement had miracu lously revived, "I member now de man wish gim ma da check did say s nuff!"

"Well, by Joyel" cried Mr. Pender gast. "I begin to understand the gast, "I begin to understand the whole thing now! The slinger-colored man is my barber! We were needing a laun-dress, and I asked him to send me one, and gave him my name and address. He wrote the address for the pushcart man on the back of the rame scrap of paper. There's the whole thing in a nutshell!".

"It certainly is one on you, sirl" re marked Officer Number

There was a general laugh in which Mr. Pendergast rather sheepishly join

ed. The old man, happier for a coning dram and a criep bit of legal ten der, to which his pocket had long beer a stranger, was sent off with the un-fortunate trunk, and the officers were invited into the dining room to par take of Mr. Pendergrat's hospitality after which they departed in high good humor, leaving the Pendergust household to settle down to its necus omed tranquility.

"Joseph, dear!"
Mr. Pendergast, snatched from the a-coming wave of slumber, muttered sleephy "What?"

may something, and you told me to be so idiotic—"

to be so idlotic—"
"Well wint of it?"
"I—I was going to may that—that
I thought that handwriting looled
like yours all the time!"—Julia Schayer
in the Independent.

THE WAY TO WIN STRENGTH.

The Gomans won their empire by attacking their enemies one by one. Boskies this, they did not attack a new enemy until they had conquered the old menny. They went farther still, and, like the English in conquering India, used their late enmics as wearons against their new enemies; and this is what we should do in learning and practicing games and athletics. It is of little use to try to conquer the whole empire at once. First conquer a part and make it your own. Then proceed to a second part and conquer "dust; and, if you can, let the parts which you have aiready conquered help you to conquer fresh

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