

A Gurney-Oxford is as Prompt as Young Appetites

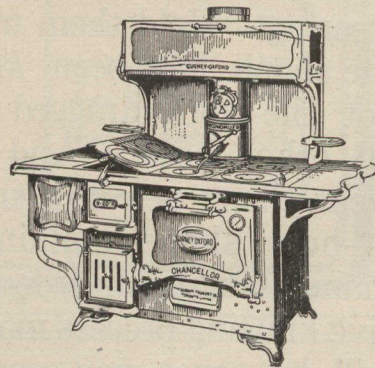
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go that way. When I let them pick up my trail again it will be a long way from the street where Count Sergius lodges."

"It's as good as underground passages!" ejaculated the Englishman. "When I was a boy I thought there was nothing like underground passages and, by Jove, they've got the most ridiculous fascination for me even yet!"

"We fellows of the bush, we've got to have them everywhere, or something like them, Captain Andrews," assented the outlaw. "But now, my Count, I think I'd better be getting away. I didn't really imagine the enemy would be quite so hot on my heels."

He rose and looked at Count Sergius significantly.

"I'm in the way, maybe!" said the Englishman smiling and rising also. "I'll step out till you two are through."

"Not a bit of it. You're needed right here, Bob," insisted the Count. Turning to the Montenegrin, he explained, "Andrews is in it, Gregory. He's the man I've had in my eye as the one we need, from the moment you opened your mouth to me about this affair. I answer for him. We can trust him with both our heads, as well as with what is far more precious."

The fiery, greenish-brown eyes of the Montenegrin met and plunged deep into the calm blue ones of the Englishman. They seemed satisfied with the result of their expedition.

"The word of Count Serge, of course, would be enough of itself for me," said Gregory. "But allow me to add, Captain, that I do not find it difficult to trust an Englishman."

Then he selected a folded scrap of paper from several that were in his pocket and spread it out on the blotter before Count Sergius, at the same time motioning the Englishman that he should inspect it, also.

"In case of its falling into wrong hands," said he, "you'll see that I have put down nothing that could indicate the part of the world it refers to. For the locality and how to get there, you must trust to your memory. From Pravnitza, the high road, such as it is, runs nearly northeast about eighteen miles till it strikes the little village of Solvich. A bridle-path leading up the hill from the back of the village takes you to old Maria Petrovich's cabin—a good five miles from the village, in the hollow behind the ridge. That square at the foot of the map is Mother Maria's cabin—better not give it any name!

"She lives there with her son, a sturdy lump without more wits than enough to watch a hog-wallow, but honest and faithful. The country about there is open and reasonably level, with woods to east and north, about half a mile distant. Here and there you'll see a big oak—maybe six or eight in all. But there's only one other tree—the pine marked in the map. Straight north from Mother Maria's cabin is a curious-looking rock, like a beast crouching. There you see it. The only trees near by are the ones I've marked. You can't by any possibility go wrong. Well, if you sight off three lines, just as I've marked them here, at the two points of intersection you'll find what you're after. But they're messy places to dig for that's where Mother Maria's hogs are penned at night and she keeps a lot of them. Have you got it all straight now in your mind?"

(To be continued.)

More Practical.—The Prodigal had returned. "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the Old Man, looking the youth over carefully. "No, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off you."—Toledo Blade.

Ready for Work.—"Now," said the warden to the forger, who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

"Well, if you'll give me a week's practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."—Tit-Bits.

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