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THE PUPPET GROOM.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.
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"A fine night, eh, old boy? I've ridden many backs but none easier than yours. This air is what gives the blood its color. Too bad, you ought not to belong to Madame. She will never think as much of you as I should."

"The city was falling away behind, and a yellow vapor rose over it. The lake tumbled into moonshine. Maurice took to dreaming again—hope and a thousand stars, love and a thousand dreams."

"God knows I love her; but what's the use? We can not all have what we want; let us make the best of what we have. Philosophy is comfort to only old age. Why should youth bother to reason why? And I—I have not had, I have not. I did not dream she existed, and now she is more to me than anything else in the world. Why? I wonder why? I look into a pair of brown eyes, and am seized with madness. I hope. For what? O, Bucephalus! let us try to wake and leave the dream behind. The gratitude of a princess and a dog . . . and for this a rose. Well, a will prove the substance of many a pipe, many a kindly pipe. You miss a good deal, Bucephalus; smoking is an evil habit only to those who have not learned to smoke."

"The animal replied with a low whinny, and Maurice, believing that the horse had given an ear to his monologue, laughed. But he flattered himself. The horse whinnied because he inhaled the faint odor of his kind. He drew down on the rein and settled into a swinging trot, which to Maurice's surprise was faster and easier than the canter. They covered a mile in this way, when Maurice's roving eye discovered moving shadows, perhaps half a mile in advance."

"Hello! we're not the only ones going along, eh, what's that? Something flashed brightly, like silver reflecting moonlight; then came a spark of flame, which died immediately, and later Maurice caught an echo which resembled the bursting of a leaf

against the lips. "Come; that looks like a pistol shot."

Again the flash of silver, broader and clearer this time. Maurice could now separate the shadow shapes. A carriage of some sort rolled from side to side, and two smaller shadows followed it. One—two—three times Maurice saw the sparks and heard the faint reports. He became excited. Something extraordinary was taking place on the lonely road. Suddenly the top of the carriage reeled with spitting flashes of red. Then the moon came out from behind the clouds, and the picture was vividly outlined. Two continuous flashes of silver. . . . Cultivators! Maurice leaped the rein and dashed forward as smoothly as a sail. The distance grew visibly less. The carriage opened fire again, and Maurice heard the sinister mellow of a bullet winging past him. "The wrong man may get hit, Bucephalus," he said, bending to the neck of the horse, "which is not unusual. You're pulling them down, old boy; keep it up. There's trouble ahead, and since the cuirassiers are for the king, we'll stand by the cuirassiers."

On they flew, nearer and nearer, until the pistol shots were no longer echoes. Two other horsemen came into view, and Maurice heard the sinister mellow of a bullet winging past him. "The wrong man may get hit, Bucephalus," he said, bending to the neck of the horse, "which is not unusual. You're pulling them down, old boy; keep it up. There's trouble ahead, and since the cuirassiers are for the king, we'll stand by the cuirassiers."

"Don't shoot!" yelled Maurice; "don't shoot!"

The face he saw was von Mitter's. His heart clogged in his throat, not at the danger which threatened him, but at the thought of what that carriage might contain.

A short time passed, during which nothing was heard but the striking of galloping hoofs and the rattle of the carriage. Maurice soon drew abreast of von Mitter. There was a gasp on the latter's cheek, and the blood from his cheeks ran down his face.

"Close for my friend," he gasped, when he recognized the new arrival. "Have you—God! my leg that time!"

For the fire of the carriage had spoken again, and true.

Maurice shut his teeth, drew his revolver, and aimed at the carriage.

"Who is he?" demanded Maurice.

"You are choking me!"

"Who, I say?"

"Scharfenstein and von Mitter looked at each other comprehensively."

"Who is this Bucephalus?"

"He is dying. Herr . . . Your knees."

Maurice withdrew his knees. "Beauvais, who is he?"

"Prince . . . Walmoden, formerly of the emperor's staff."

Johann's eyes closed again, and his head fell on one side.

"He looks as if he were done for," said Maurice, standing up. "Let us clear up the rubbish and hitch a horse to the carriage."

Von Mitter assisted the maid into the carriage and seated her.

"Go and stay with the horse," said Maurice, brusquely. "You're half-fainting."

"You are very handy, Carewe," said von Mitter gratefully, and he climbed beside the driver's seat.

She took her kerchief and wiped the lieutenant's cheek, pressing his hand in return.

Maurice and Scharfenstein worked away at the traces, and dragged the dead horse to the side of the road.

They brought the horse round von Mitter's horse, took off the furnishings, and backed him into the pole.

Meanwhile the man lying at the water's edge showed signs of returning life. He turned his head cautiously.

His enemies were a dozen yards away from him. Slowly he rolled over on his stomach, thence to his knees. They were paying no attention to him.

"Ho, there! the prisoner!" cried von Mitter, tumbling out of the carriage.

He tried to stand up, but a numbness seized his legs, and he sank to a sitting posture.

Maurice and Scharfenstein turned too late. Johann had mounted on Scharfenstein's horse, and was flying away down the road.

Maurice took two bullets after him. The second one caused Johann to straighten stiffly, then to sink; but he hung on to the horse.

"I've hit him and he'll find him along the road somewhere."

They lifted von Mitter into the carriage, wheeled it about, and Scharfenstein mounted the box. Maurice sprang into his saddle, and they clattered off toward the city.

[To be Continued.]

Jefferson Memorial Service.

New York, April 30. — Services in memory of Joseph Jefferson, under the auspices of the Players' Club of which he was the only president besides Edwin Booth was held today in the Church of the Transfiguration, to which Mr. Jefferson's friends and society gave the name of "The Little Church Around the Corner." The church was crowded to the doors and many prominent members of the theatrical profession who were in the city were present.

Work on the McKinley national monument to be erected at Canton, Ohio, will be begun June 1.

volter cocked it and applied the spurs. With a bound he leaped over Mitter, who was cursing deeply and trying to reload. Maurice did not propose to waste powder on the driver, but was determined to bring down one of the carriage horses, which were marvelous brutes for speed. Scharfenstein kept popping away at the driver, but without result. Finally Maurice secured the desired range. He raised the revolver, rested the barrel between the left thumb and forefinger and pressed the trigger. The nearest carriage horse lurched to his knees, a bullet in his brain, dragging his mate with him. The race had come to an end.

At once the two horsemen in front separated; one continued toward the great forest, while the other took to the hills. Scharfenstein started in pursuit of the latter. As for the carriage, it came to an abrupt stand.

Like a flying leap toward the driver, but stumbled and fell, and before he could regain his feet Maurice was off his horse and on his knees. He caught the fellow as he fell, and pressed him to the earth, kneeling on his chest.

"Hold him!" cried von Mitter, coming up with a limp, "hold him till I kill him in his head, damn him!"

"No, no!" said Maurice, "you can't get information out of a dead man."

"It's all up with me," groaned the lieutenant. "I'll ask for my discharge. I could hit nothing, my hand trembled. I was afraid of shooting into the carriage."

Maurice turned his attention to the man beneath him. "Now, I see it, or off he cried, 'a clean breast, tell me one thing, and you go. O!' suddenly peering down. 'By the Lord, so it is you—you!' savagely bumping his head against the ground. 'Spy!'

"You are killing me!"

"Small matter. What is this fellow?" asked Maurice.

"Johann Kopf, a spy, a police rat, and God knows what else," answered von Mitter, limping toward the carriage. "Curse the fellow! Fainted! He thought as much."

He lifted the inanimate bundle which lay huddled in the seat, and carried it to the side of the road, where he tenderly laid it. He rubbed the girl's wrists, and the blood which fell from his face and left dark stains on her dress. "Thank God," he said, "that her royal highness was suffering from a headache. She would have died from fright."

Maurice felt the straining cords in the prisoner's neck grow limp. Theascal had fainted. Maurice asked, "Not her highestness?"

"Not her highestness?" Maurice asked, the weight of dread lifting from his heart.

"No. Her royal highness sent Camille, her maid of honor, veiled and dressed like herself, to play an innocent part in the plot for their escape."

"I'll cut it off," was the reply. "The ball is somewhere in the calf. And he waded into the water until he reached above his knees. Then he stood for the maid, who, on opening her eyes, screamed. 'It is all over, Camille!'

"Your face is bleeding!" she cried, and sank back with her head against his broad breast.

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SATURDAY IN THE BIG LEAGUES

The National.

At Pittsburgh—Hofman, discarded by Pittsburgh, did his best to defeat the Pirates on Saturday, but a neat double play by the Chicago Cubs defeated his ambition.

At St. Louis—The Cincinnati Reds defeated the Cardinals Saturday 2 to 1. It was a pitchers' duel. Overall from Redland having a shade the better of the argument over McFarland, whose bases on balls was directly responsible for the two runs gathered in by Cincinnati in the fourth inning.

Both teams gave almost perfect support to the pitchers.

At Philadelphia—The Phillies defeated Boston by a score of 6 to 4, dividing the honors.

At Philadelphia—R. H. E. Boston . . . 00010000-4 9 4 Philadelphia . . . 30000000-6 13 2 Batteries—Weimer and Knapp; Phillips and Doherty. Umpire, Phillips.

At Chicago—Chicago . . . 00010000-1 2 8 3 Pittsburgh . . . 10020000-3 4 0 Batteries—Chicago, Klem and Emslie; Pittsburgh, Klem and Emslie.

At St. Louis—Cincinnati . . . 00020000-2 3 0 St. Louis . . . 00000000-0 0 0 Batteries—Cincinnati, Schell; McFarland and Zeffeross. Umpire, O'Day.

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The American.

At Chicago—The Sox batted Wild Bill Donovan, of Detroit, at will, scoring no less than eleven runs in the first two innings.

At Boston—Washington again defeated the champions today in the last game of the series by the score of 4 to 2. Dineen started in for Boston, but after two doubles and a single in the second inning, he was sent to the stable, and Gibson substituted. He also was very wild, giving eight men bases.

At Cleveland—Cleveland won an exciting game from St. Louis, the contest being marked by brilliant fielding and good hitting. Pety, however, was hit harder than Rhoades. The only error of the game, a miff of a pop fly by Gleason, gave Cleveland its two winning runs.

At Boston—R. H. E. Washington . . . 12000000-4 6 2 Boston . . . 00000000-0 0 0 Batteries—Donovan and Kitzredge; Dineen and Criger. Umpire, O'Loughlin.

At Cleveland—R. H. E. Cleveland . . . 10201200-7 11 9 St. Louis . . . 00000000-0 0 0 Batteries—Pety and Suggs; Rhoades and Benish. Umpire, . . .

At Chicago—R. H. E. Detroit . . . 00000000-2 5 9 2 Chicago . . . 20011100-15 15 1 Batteries—Donovan and Wood; Smith and McFarland. Umpires, Kelly and McFarland.

At New York—Philadelphia-New York game postponed; wet grounds.

At Philadelphia—R. H. E. Boston . . . 00010000-4 9 4 Philadelphia . . . 30000000-6 13 2 Batteries—Weimer and Knapp; Phillips and Doherty. Umpire, Phillips.

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From MOTHER to DAUGHTER
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BALL PLAY THAT CREATED DISCUSSION

The recent decision in Louisville regarding the scoring of a run on a double play being made and retreating, has caused considerable discussion among baseball umpires and heads of leagues. The play in question came up when the Louisville club was in the bottom of the ninth, with two men on base and one out. A double play was effected by the batter, and the runner at first base was put out. The runner at second base was put out, but the runner at third base was not put out, and he scored. The Louisville men claimed that the runner should be put out, and the runner at first base should be put out. The runner at second base was put out, but the runner at third base was not put out, and he scored. The Louisville men claimed that the runner should be put out, and the runner at first base should be put out.

GAMES THAT ATTRACTED THOUSANDS ON SUNDAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
At Brooklyn—Brooklyn . . . 02010100-5 9 1
Detroit . . . 00000000-0 0 0 Batteries—McGinnity and Bowerman; Detroit, Klem and Emslie. Umpire, Johnston.
At St. Louis—St. Louis . . . 00000000-2 4 8
Pittsburgh . . . 00000000-0 0 0 Batteries—Taylor and Warner; Leever and Peitz. Umpire, O'Day. Attendance, 6,000.
At Cincinnati—Cincinnati . . . 00000102-5 9 4
Chicago . . . 00000000-0 0 0 Batteries—Check and Phelps; Lindgren and O'Neil. Umpires, Emslie and Klem. Attendance, 14,300.
AMERICAN LEAGUE.
At Chicago—Chicago . . . 01400001-6 8 11
Detroit . . . 00000000-0 0 0 Batteries—White and Sullivan; Killion and J. Sullivan. Umpires, Kelly and Johnston. Attendance, 16,5