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CHAPTER XII.

THE PLEASURERS. HE freight wreck in the Crosswater hills, coming a fortnight after Rufford's arrest and deportation to Copah and the county jail, rudely marked the close of the short armistice in the conflict be-

tween law and order. Thirty-two boxes, gondolas and flats. racing down the Crosswater grades in the heart of a flawless, crystalline summer afternoon at the heels of Clay's big ten wheeler, suddenly left the steel as a unit to beap themselves in chaotic confusion upon the right of way and to round out the disaster at the moment of impact by exploding a shipment of giant powder somewhere in the midst of the debris.

Lidgerwood was on the western division when the news of the wreck reached Angels, wherefore it was not until the following morning that he was able to leave the headquarters staion on the second wrecking train bringing the big 100 ton crane to re 'he do it without being found out?" enforce McCloskey, who had been on the ground with the lighter clearing tackle for the better part of the night.

when Lidgerwood arrived. "Pretty clean sweep this time, eh. Mac?" was the superintendent's greeting when he had penetrated to the thick of things where McCloskey was toiling and sweating with his men.

"So clean that we get nothing much but scrap iron out of what's left," growled McCloskey, climbing out of the tangle of crushed cars and bent and twisted ironwork to stand beside Lidgerwood on the main line embank-Then to the men who were. making the spatch bitch for the next pull: "A little farther back, boys-farther yet, so she won't overbalance on you. That's about it. Now wig it."

You seem to be getting along all right with the outfit you've got," was Lidgerwood's comment. "If you can The great tackling hook, as big keep this up we may as well go back around as a man's thigh, settled accu-

"No, don'tr' protested the trainmaster. "We can snake out these scrap es to resurrecting the 195-did you one minute to do it in! ice her as you came along? We she's dug herself into the ground like hitch-and without blocking!"

dog after a woodchuck!" over," he said. "If she'd had a little this trade before he's learning it pretty more time and another wheel turn or rapidly now." gnt have dis peared entirely—like that switching break something before he gets ine you can't find."

"I gave you all the pointers I could and two weeks ago," said McCloskey. Whenever you get ready to put Hal-lock under the hydraulic press you'll queeze what you want to know out of

This was coming to be an old subect and a sore one. The trainmaster still insisted that Hallock was the man was planning the robberies and ing the downfall of the Lidgerwood management, and he wanted to have the chief clerk systematically wed And it was Lidgerwood's k that was still keeping him from furning the matter over to the y's legal department-this in spite of the growing accumulation of avidence all pointing to Hallock's trea-son. Subjected to a rigid cross examon, Judson had insisted that a part at least of his drunken recollecion was real—that part identifying voices of the two plotters in Ca Biggs' back room as those of Rufford and Hallock. Moreover, it was no longer deniable that the chief clerk was keeping in close touch with the discharged employees, for some pur-pose best known to himself, and laterly he had been dropping out of his office without" notice, disappearing etimes for a day at a time.

Lidgerwood was recalling the last of these disappearances when the servine wrecking train came up to go into action. McCloskey shaded his eyes from the sun's glare and looked down the

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Got a new wrecking boss?"

The superintendent nodded. "I have one in the making. Dawson wanted to come along and try his hand."
"Did Gridley send him?"
"No: Gridley is away somewhere."

"So Fred's your understudy, is he? Well, I've got one too. I'll show tim

to you after awhile."

They were walking back over the files toward the half buried 195. Dawson bad already divided his men-balf of them to place the fluge jackbeams and outriggers of the self contained am lifting machine to insure its stability and the other half to trench under the fallen engine and to adjust the igs for the hitch.

"It's a pretty long reach. Fred." said rintendent. "Going to try is Best place," said the reticent one

"Williams will be due here before long with a special from Copah. I don't want to hold him up," he re-

"Thirty minutes?" inquired the fraftsman without taking mind or eye of his problem. "Oh, yes; forty or fifty, maybe."

"All right; I'll be out of the way." was the quiet rejoinder. "Yes, he will!" was McCloskey's ronical comment when the draftsman had gone around to the other side

of the great crane. "That crane won't pick up the 195 clear the way she's ly-"Won't it?" said Lidgerwood. "That's where you are mistaken. It will pick ap anything we have on the two di-

visions. It's the biggest and best there is made. How did you come to get a tool like that on the Red Butte West-

McCloskey grinned. "You don't know Gridley yet. He's crank on good machinery. That rane was a clean steal." "What?"

"I mean it, It was ordered for one of the South American railroads and was on its way to the coast over the P. S. W. About the time it got as far as Copah we happened to have a mixup in our Copah yards with a ditched engine that Gridley couldn't pick up with the sixty ton crane we had on the ground. So he borrowed this one out of the P. S. W. yards, used it, liked it and kept it, sending our sixty-ton machine on to the South Americans in its place."

"What rank piracy!" Lidgerwood exclaimed. "I don't wonder they call us buccaneers over here. How could "That puzzled more than two or

three of us, but one of the men told me some time afterward how it was McCloskey's men were hard at work done. Gridley had a painter go down picking up what the fire had spared in the night and change the lettering on our old crane and on this new one. It happened that they were both made by the same manufacturing company and were of substantially the same general pattern. I suppose the P. S. W. yard crew didn't notice parus out of the through westbound freight had shrunk somewhat in the using. But I'll bet those South Americans are saying pleasant things to the manufacturers yet." ..

"Doubtless." Lidgerwood agreed. and now he was not smiling. The little side light on the former Red Butte Western methods-and upon Gridleywas sobering "Man that handfall and take slack!

Pay off, Darby," said Dawson to the ster engineer. "More slack!" rately over the 195.

"There you are!" snapped Dawson. "Now make your hitch, boys, and be heaps after a fashion. but when it lively about it. You've got just about

"Heavens to Betsyl" said McClospt the fire from getting to her, but key. "He's going to pick it up at one

"Hands off, Mac," said Lidgerwood gerwood codded. "I looked her good naturedly. "If Fred didn't know

"That's all right, but if he doesn't

But Dawson was breaking nothing, Having designed locomotives, he knew to the fraction of an inch where the balancing hitch should be made for lifting one; also machinery and the breaking strains of it were as his daily

"Now, then, Billy, try your hitch! Put the strain on a little at a time and often. Steadyl Now you've got her! Keep her coming!"

Slowly the big freight puller rose out of its furrow in the gravel, righting itself to the perpendicular as it came. Anticipating the inward swing of it. Dawson was showing his men how to place ties and rails for a short temporary track, and when he gave Darby the stop signal the hoisting ca oles were singing like piano string and the big engine was swinging bodily in the air in the grip of the crane tackle, poised to a nicety above the

steel placed to receive it.

Dawson climbed up to the main line mbankment where Darby could see aim and where he could see all the parts of his problem at once. Then his hands went up to beckon the slacking signals. At the lifting of his anger there were a growling of gears and a backward racing of machinery. a groan of relaxing strains and a cry "All gone!" And the 195 stood upright, ready to be hauled out when the temporary track should be extended to a connection with the main time "Let's go up to the other end and see how your understudy is making it, Mac," said the gratified superintendent. "It is quite evident that we can't tell this young man anything be doesn't already know about picking

On the way up the track he asked about Clay and Green, the engineer and fireman who were in the wreck. "They are not badly hurt." said the trainmaster. ."They both went home

on 201." Lidgerwood was examining the crossties, which were cut and scarred by the flanges of many derailed

"You have no notion of what did It?" he queried, turning abruptly upon McCloskey.

"Only a guess, and it couldn't be verified in a thousand years. The 195 went off first, and Clay and Green both say it felt as if a rail had turned over on the outside of the curve. The entire train went off so thoroughwas able to verify Clar's guess-a rail bad turned over on the outside of the

"That proves nothing more than poor spike holds in a few dry rotted cross-ties." Lidgerwood objected.
"No; there were a number of others

farther along also turned over and broken and bent. But the first one and take Judget back?" was the only freak."

"Well, it wasn't either broken or bent, but when it turned over it not only unscrewed the nuts of the fish-plate holts and threw them away-it pulled out every spike on both sides of itself and hid them."

Lidgerwood nodded gravely. should say your guess has already verified itself. All it lacks is the name of the man who loosened the fishplate bolts and pulled the spikes." "That's about all."

The superintendent's eyes narrowed afraid to." crowd of trouble makers yesterday,

"I hate to say," said the trainmaster, "I don't want to put it all over any man unless it belongs to him, but I'm locoed every time it comes to that kind of a guess. Every bunch of letters I time. But this job I've given him isn't

see spells just one name."
"Go on," said Lidgerwood sharply. "Hallock came somewhere up this way on the 202 vesterday."

"I know," was the quick reply. "I claim for stock injured in the Gap wreck two weeks ago."

"Did he stop at Navajo?" queried the trainmaster. "L suppose so. At any rate, he saw Cruikshanks."

"Well, I haven't got any more guesses, only a notion or two. This is a pretty stiff up grade for 202. She passes here at 2:50, just about an hour before Clay found that loosened rail, and it wouldn't be impossible for a man to drop off as she was climbing this

But now the superintendent was shaking his head. "It doesn't hold together, Mac. There are too many parts missing. Your bypothesis presupposes that Hallock took a day train out of Angels, rode twelve ticularly that the crane they had lent miles past his destination, jumped off here while the train was in me pulled the spikes on this loosened rail and walked back to Navajo in time to see the cattleman and get in to Angels on the delayed 75 this morning. Could he have done all these things without

advertising them to everybody?" "I know," confessed the trainmaster, "It doesn't look reasonable," "It isn't reasonable." Lidgerwood went on, arguing Hallock's case as if it were his own. "Bradford was 202's conductor. He'd know if Hallock failed to get off at Navajo. Gridley was a passenger on the same train, and he would have known. The agent at Navajo would be a third witness. He was expecting Hallock on that train and was no doubt holding Cruikshanks. Your guesses prefigure Hallock falling to show up when the train stopped as Navajo and make it necessary for him to explain to the two men who were waiting for him why he let Bradford

carry him by so far that it took him several hours to walk back. You see how incredible it all is?" were saying something to Dawson about Williams and a special train. Is

that Mr. Brewster coming in?" "Yes. He wired from Copab last night. He has Mr. Ford's car, the Nadia."

"Suffering Moses, but this is a thing for the president of the road to see as he comes along!"

Lidgerwood shook his head. isn't the worst of it, Mac. Mr. Brewster isn't a railroad man, and he will probably think this is all in the day's work. But he is going to stop at Anrels and go over to his conner mine. which means that he win camp righ down in the midst of the mixup. I'd cheerfully give a year's salary to have him stay away a few weeks longer.

Who is your foreman, Mac?" "Judson," said McCloskey shortly. "He asked leave to come along as a laborer, and when I found that he knew



"YOU THINK I SHOULD BREAK MY WORD?" more about train scrapping than I did I promoted him." There was something like defiance in the trainmaster's tone "From the way is

I think you are wrong, Mr. Lidger-wood. You can have my head any time you want it."

"You think I should break my word "I think and the few men who are

still with us think that you ought to give the man who stood in the breach for you a chance to earn bread and meat for his wife and babies," snapped McCloskey.
Lidgerwood was frowning when

replied: "You don't see the point involved. I can't reward Judson for what you yourself admit was a per sonal service. I have said that no drunkard shall pull a train on this division. Judson is no less a drink maniac for the fact that, be arrested Rufford when everybody else was

CHAPT XIIL BITTER SWEET. CLOSKEY was mollified a little. "He says he has quit drink ing, and I believe him this

pulling trains." "No, and if you have cooled off enough you may remember that I have not vet disserment vour action. don't disapprove. Give him anything sent him out to Navajo to meet Cruik. You like where a possible relapse on shanks, the cattleman with the long his part won't involve the lives of other people. Is that what you want me to

> "I was hot," said the trainmaster, gruffly apologetic. "We've got none too many friends to stand by us when the pinch comes, and we were losing them every day you held out against

> "I'm still holding out on the original count. Judson can't run an engine for me until he has proved conclu-sively and beyond question that he has quit the whisky. Whatever other work you can find for him"-McCloskey slapped his thigh. "By

George, I've got a job right now! Why on top of earth didn't I think of him before? He's the man to keep tab on Hallock." But now Lidgerwood was frowning

"I don't like that, Mac. It's a dirty business to be shadowing a man who has a right to suppose that you are trusting him. I can't do it." "You mean you won't do it. I re-

again.

spect your scrupies, Mr Lidgerwood. But it is no longer a personal matter between you and Hallock. The com-pany's interests are involved." Without suspecting it the trainmaster had found the weak joint in the superintendent's armor. For the co

any's sake the personal point of view "It is such a despicable thing," he rotested, as one who yields rejuctable. "And if, after all, Hallock is in

"That is just the point," insisted you, Howard?"

McCloskey. "If he is innocent no harm "Glad to meet you, Mr. Lidgerwood, will be done, and Judson will become I'm sure," said the tall young man, "That is just the point," insis witness for instead of against "Well," said Lidgerwood, and what more he would have said about the. conspiracy was cut off by the shrill here in the Red desert."
whistle of a downcoming train "Papa says there is a hotel at Angels
"That's Williams with the special," called the Calestiat." said Miss Brew-

him leave. "Is your flag out?" "Sure. It's up around the bill with a safe man to waggle it." The main line was cleared before Williams swung cautiously around the hill with the private car. In obedience to Lidgerwood's uplifted finger the brakes were applied, and the Nadia

came to a full stop, with its observation platform opposite the end of the wrecking track. A big man in a soft hat and lo box dust coat, with twinkling little eyes and a curling brown beard that

overed fully three-fourths of his face. stood at the handrail. "Hello, Howard!" he called down to Lidgerwood. "By George, I'd totally forgotten that you were out here What are you trying to do? Got so many cars and engines that you have

to throw some of them away? Lidgerwood climbed up the embankment to the track, and McCloskey carefully let him do it alone. Hello, Howard!" had not been thrown

way upon the trainmaster. "It looks a little that way. I must admit, Cousin Ned. We tried pretty hard to get it cleaned up before you came along, but we couldn't quite make it. Coming over to camp with us awhile! If you are I hope you carry your comssary along. Angels will starve you

"Don't tell me about that tin canned epee village, Howard. I know. I've been there before. How are we doing over in the Timanyoni foothills-get ting much ore down from the Coppe ette? Climb up here and tell me all about it, or, better still, come on acros the desert with us. They don't need you bere."-

The assertion was quite true. With Dawson, the trainmaster, and an understudy Judson for bosses, there was no need of a fourth. Yet intuition or whatever masculine thing it is that stands for intuition prompted Lidgerwood to say:

"I don't know that I ought to leave. I've just come out from Angels, you But the president was not to be de-

"Climb up here and quit trying to find excuses. We'll give you a better luncheon than you'll get out of the dinner pails, and if you carry your self handsomely you may get a dinner vitation after we get in. That ought to tempt any man who has to live in Angels the year round."

Lidgerwood marked the persistent you say it I olural of the personal pronoun, and a

infer that you don't expect me to approve," said Lidgerwood judicially.

"I can't fight for you when you're right and not fight against you when sense a command. Liverwood merely asked for a moment's respite and went down to announce his intention to McCloskey and Dawson. Curiously enough, the draftsman seemed to be trying to ignore the private car. His back was turned upon it, and he was glooming out across the bare hills. ith his square jaw set, as if the ig-

> "I'm going back to Angels with the president," said the superintendent, speaking to both of them, "You can clean up here without me"

> One-nair minute inter the superintendent would have given much to be safely back with McCloskey and Dawson at the vanishing curve of scrap heaps. In that balf minute Mr. Brewster had opened the car door and Lidgerwood had followed him across the

The comfortable lounging room o the Nadia was not empty, nor was it peopled by a group of Mr. Brewster's associates in the copper combine, the alternative upon which Lidgerwood and hopefully hung the "we's" and the

Seated on a wicker divan drawn out to face one of the wide side windows were two young women, with a curly headed, clean faced young man be tween them. A little farther along, a rather austere lady, whose pose was of calm superiority to her surround looked up from her magazine to say, as her husband bad said, "Why. Howard, are you here?" Just beyond the austere lady and dozing in his chair was a white haired man whose strongly marked features proclaimed him the father of one of the young women on the divan.

And in the farthest corner of the open compartment, facing each other companionably in an S shaped doule chair, were two other young people, a man and a woman. Truly, the heavens had fallen, for the young woman filling half of the chair was that one person whom Lidgerwood would have circled the globe to avoid

Lidgerwood meant to obey his first impulse, which prompted him to follow Mr. Brewster to the private office statein in the forward end of the car. But the triumphantly beautiful young man in the nearer half of the crooked backed seat would by no means netion any such easy solution of the

"Not a word for me, Howard?" she tested, rising and fairly compel im to stop and speak to her. Then: For pity's sake! What have you been ng to yourself to make you look so bollow eyed and anxious? Possibly you will shake names a little less aptractedly with Mr. Van Lew Herusin several times removed. He is le tyrant of the Red Butte Western. nd I can assure you that he is much terrible than he looks, aren't

gripping the given hand until Lidger-wood winced. "Miss Eleanor has been telling me about you-marooned out

Howard?"

"No; I never properly live there. I existed there for a few weeks until Mrs. Dawson took pity on me." "Hear him!" scoffed Miss Elesnor. still mocking "Tell me, Howard, is Mrs. Dawson a charming young widow ?"

middle aged widow, with a grown son and a daughter," said Lidgerwood, a little stiffly. It seemed entirely unnecessary that she should ridicule him before the athlete. "And the daughter—is she charming

"Miss Dawson is quite beneath your definition of charming, I imagine," was Lidgerwood's rather crisp rejo And for the third time he made as if he would go on to join the president in the office stateroom.

"You are staying to luncheon with us. aren't you." asked Miss Brewster, "or do you just drop in and out again, like the other kind of angels?"

"Your father commands me, and he says I am to stay. And now, if you will excuse me"-This time he succeeded in getting away and up to the luncheon hour talked copper and copper prospects to Mr Brewster in the seclusion of the

president's office compartment. The call for the midday meal had been given when Mr. Brewster switched suddenly from copper to silver. "By the way, there were a few silver strikes over in the Timanyonis about the time of the Red Butte gold excitement," he remarked. "Some of

them have grown to be shippers, haven't they?" "Only two of any importance," replied the superintendent-"the Ruby, in Ruby guich, and Flemister's Wire Silver, at Little Butte, You couldn't call either of them a bonanza, but they are both shipping fair ore in good

"Flemister." said the president reflectively-"he's a character. Know him personally, Howard?" "A little," the superintendent admit-

"A little is a-plenty. It wouldn't pay you to know him very well," laughed the big man good naturedly "He has somewhat paralyzing way of getting next to you financially I knew him in the old Leadville days-a born gentleman in manner and also a born

succaneer If the men he has held up

and robbed were to stand in a row

they'd fill a Denver street. Is he alone

in the mine?"

"I don't know that he has any part-ners Somehody told me when I first came over here that Gridley, our mas-Oridies says that is a mistake-that he thinks too much of his reputation

to be Flemister's partner."
"Hank Gridley," mused the president—"Hank Gridley and his reputation! It would certainly be a pity if that were to get corroded in any way. There is a man who properly belongs to the stone age, what you might call an elemental scoundrel.

"Ever hear of the story of his mar dered at it. ciage? No? Remind me of it some "I couldn't explain it without being time and I'll tell you. But we were unpardonably technical. But perhaps

"Very well, indeed, I believe. Flem- handle men." | ster seems to have money to burn." | "You are ge "He always has-his own or some oody else's. It makes little difference to him. The way he got the Wire the pirate, turn green with envy. to call him my friend, Miss Holcombe." Know anything about the history of the mine?"

Lidgerwood shook his head.

of Little Butte ridge?" -7 original openings were made on the thoughts out of his mind.
eastern slope of the butte. They "He took his engineering." didn't pan out very well, and Flem-Carnegle, but I believe he did not stay ister began to look for a victim to through the four years," he said gravewhom he could sell. About that time ly. man whose name I can never recall ook up a claim on the western slope the table, down and across to where of the ridge directly opposite Flem-

only a continuation of his own vein straight through the hill. You can guess what happened."
"Fairly well," said Lidgerwood lemister lawed the other man out." "He did worse than that. He drove traight into the hill, past his own ines and actually took the money out of the other man's mine to use as a fighting fund. Flemister put the oth-

levil with the other man's family, but I don't know any of the details." Just then the waiter opened the door a second time to say that luncheon

er man to the wall in the end. There

was some domestic tragedy involved.

too, in which Flemister played the

"Don't forget to remind me that I'm tell you Gridley's story, Howard." said the president, rising out of the depths of his lounging chair and stripping off the dust coat. "Reads like a romance, only I fancy it was anything



"I THOUGHT YOU WOULD COME." but a romance for poor Lizzie Gridley.

Let's go and see what the cook has At luncheon Lidgerwood was known to the other members of the private car party. The white haired old man who had been dozing in his chair was Judge Holcombe. Van Lew's cle and the father of the prettier of the two young women who had been entertaining Jefferis, the curly headed collegian. Jefferis laughingly dis-claimed relationship with anybody. But Miss Carolyn Doty, the less pretty but more talkative of the two young women, confessed that she was

cousin twice removed of Mrs. Quite naturally Lidgerwood sought to pair the younger people when the table gathering was complete and was not entirely certain of his prefiguring Eleanor Brewster and Van Lew sat together and were apparently absorbed in each other to the exclusion of all things extraneous. Jefferis had Miss Doty for a companion, and the affliction of her well balanced tongue seemed to affect weither his appetite nor his enjoyment of what the young woman had to say.

gerwood's lot, and at first he thought that her silence was due to the fact that young Jeffer's had got upon the wrong side of the table But after she began to talk he changed his mind. "Tell me about the wrecked train we passed a little while ago. Mr Lidgerwood," she began, almost abruptly. Was any one killed?"

Miriam Holcombe had fallen to Lid-

"No It was a freight, and the crew escaped. It was a rather narrow escape, though, for the engineer and "We saw you go down to speak to

hat pulled down over his eyes and made dreadful faces at you as he

"That was McCloskey, our trainmaster," he cut in.

"And the other?" "Was wrecking boss No. 2." he told her, "my latest apprentice and a very promising young subject. This was his first time out under my administration, and he put McClostey and me out of the running at once.

"What did he do?" she asked. He saw a wistfulness in her eyes and won-

speaking of Flemister. You say the it can best be summed up in saying Wire Silver has turned out pretty that he is a fine mechanical engineer, with the added gift of knowing how to

"You are generous, Mr. Lidgerwood, to-to a subordinate. He ought to be very loyal to you."

"He is. And I don't think of him as Silver would have made Black Beard, a subordinate. I am glad to be able "His college, Mr. Lidgerwood-do you chance to know where he was graduat-

"Well, I do; just happen to. You At another moment Lidgerwood might know how it lies—on the western slope have wondered at the young woman's persistence, but now Henson's story of Dawson's terrible misfortune "That is where it lies now. But the was crowding all purely speculative

"He took his engineering course in Carnegie, but I believe he did not stay

Miss Holcombe was looking down her father was sitting at Mr. Brewister. This man struck it pretty rich, ster's right. When she spoke again the and Flemister began to bully him on personal note was gone, and after that the plea that the new discovery was the talk, what there was of it, was of the sort that is meant to bridge dis comforting gaps.

> CHAPTER XIV. "THE OTHER MAN."

N the dispersal after the meal Lidgerwood attached himself to Miss Doty, this in sheer self defense lest Eleanor Brewster should seek to reopen a certain spring of bitterness at which he had been constrained to drink deeply and miserably in the past.

The self defensive expedient served its purpose admirably. While the others were occupied in various ways, Miss Brewster and Van Lew were absorbed in a book of plays, and their orner of the large open compartm was the one farthest removed from the double divan which Lidgerwood had

chosen for Miss Carolyn and his Later Van Lew rolled a cigarette and went to the smoking compartment, which was in the forward end of the car, and when next Lidgerwood broke. Miss Doty's eye hold upon him Miss Brewster had also disappeared—into her stateroom, as he supposed. Taking this as a sign of his release, he geatly oke the thread of Miss Carolyn's quisitiveness and went out to the rear platform for a breath of fresh air and surcease from the fashery of a neatip

When it was quite too late to retreat he found the deep recessed of servation platform of the Nadia occu pied. Miss Brewster was not in stateroom, as he had mistakeniy

suaded himself. She was sitting in one of the two platform camp chairs and she was alone. "I thought you would come if I only gave you time enough," she said qui coolly. "Did you find Carolyn very

persuasive?"

"I thought you had gone to your stateroom. I hadn't the slightest ides that you were out here." "Otherwise you would not have come? How magaificantly charlist you can be upon occasion, Howard? She pushed the other chair toward him. "Sit down and tell me how you

have been enduring the interval. It is ore than a year, isn't it?" "Yes; a year, three months and elev en days." He had taken the chair beside her because there seemed to be nothing else to do.

"How mathematically exact are!" she gibed. "But I asked you what you had been doing." He spread his hands. "Existing, one way and another. There has always been my work."

"'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," she quoted. "You are excessively dull today, Howard. Hasn't it occurred to you?" "Thank you for expressing it so delicately. It seems to be my misfortune to disappoint you always."

"Yes," she said, quite unfeelingly.

Then, with a swift relapse into pure mockery: "How many times have you

fallen in love during the one three months and eleven days? The charming Miss Dawson"-"You might spare her even if you are ot willing to spare me. You know well enough there has never been any one but you, Eleanor; that there never will be any one but you."

"What a pity!" she said sympathy. "That I can't measure up to your reuirements of the perfect man? Yes, it is a thousand pities," he agreed. "No: that isn't precisely what I meant. The pity is that I seem to you to be unable to appreciate your many excellencies and your-constancy". "I think you were born to torment me," he rejoined gloomily. "Why die

You must have known that I was "Not from any line you have ever written," she retorted. "Alicia Ford told me; otherwise I shouldn't have

known."

you come out here with your father?

(To be Continued.)

MANY ELI

impressive Fun Holloway Stre rday For L aprau.

(From Thurs Sloquent tribute and worth of t puprau at the imp eld at West I church yesterday who had known th is long and devot Methodist ministry imony to his outs ling honesty, single evangelistic fervor character.

M. E. Sexsmi of the Bay took charge were read of Bridge W. D. P. kev. W. Elli

hairman of Bright prayer. The pastor of th N Clarry in a few legised the faithfu irstian character had passed from are memorable, sa the imminence of could place a ba th, "thus far sh farther." Mr. Dup call. He, the spe on occasions of necessary to give

give utterance to

So many homes o loving ministration The two outstandi of his religious exp lief in the fact ed his faith in the During the speak leville Mr. Dupra alous in helpi urch work. He tably as teach ble Class in the S erely failed in his id-week prayer me His last illness sion of the life few mirutes before vered from 2 uoted this poetic

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t is the rest th

w. A. R. Sander

hodist church ke most feelingly his relationship the pastor imme Mr. Clarry at West During his four yes fellowship he had I more full of the sp inspirati n. He kı as his Lord and Ma Mr. Duprau had ceptance and succes success that every He could reach the the souls. He was a one of the most elo He was a natural to the ability to impart i eople. He could to God and explain it so inderstand it. He lo It was one of the gre is life. He did not eachings of the curr

lived that counted. lifting life, an inspire Rev. Benjamin' Gre borough, ex-president Quinte conference a a pastor of West B followed with a brief here, said Mr. Gree tribute to the man Christian character of lately been with us in the outstanding chara oughly honest man. spoken man and mor nary preacher. He n speak an ill word of thren. "Our brother h into the larger life."

stood upon the solic

This should not be a

was not how we di-

Rev. Dr. E. N. Bak Albert College follow but impressive mess things that stood out his memory of Mr. Du he was a great preac was real. He said wh meant what he s where to find ! not agree with him respect his frank, hon ing his position.

Rev. S. C. Moore, Tabernacle church in ferred to Mr. Dupra God's noblemen. He loyal in his sympathy of his brethren. He earnest spirit of evan behind him the mem useful life as a bened Rev. Mr. Sexsmith, told of his boyish rec Duprau, when the lati a vigorous young ma