

New York's "Sleepy Hollow"

HUSTLING, bustling New York hurries to and from its toil, ignorant of its own little "Sleepy Hollow," which is tucked away in one little unknown corner of Greenwich Village, and is known as "Minetta Place."

"THE STRANGER"

A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant
Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

BY JOHN
GOODWIN

Philip At Last Learns the True Identity of His Mysterious Friend, Goodenough.

Philip stared up dazedly at the face that looked down into his. "Goodenough" gasped Philip feebly: "you!"

Then everything spun around, there was a buzzing in his ears and his senses left him.

CHAPTER XXVI.
The Stranger Intervenes.

Philip came to himself slowly. With the dim return of consciousness and the sense of tragedy past everything seemed so unreal that he wondered vaguely if he were dead and had passed into another world.

But it was a hard material floor that he sat upon, in a bare and dirty room, and a material wall against which his back rested. Then came remembrance and instantly his hand shot to his breast pocket, that had bulged with the mass of papers he had stolen there.

They were gone!

Philip staggered to his feet and for the first time became aware of the tall form of Goodenough, leaning in an easy attitude upon the mantelpiece, where, by the light of a couple of inches of candle, he was attentively reading these same papers that Moti-

tiefont had missed.

Philip sprang across and gripped him by the arm.

"What are you doing?" cried Philip fiercely. "Give me those!"

Goodenough handed them to him with a curt bow.

"I have finished them," he said. "My congratulations, Moti-font. A strange development indeed and an unforeseen one. Your conduct of the case is masterly. With this in hand there is the soundest hope that you will establish your wife's innocence and free her."

Philip went over the papers swiftly to insure that none were missing, but found them intact and he glared at Goodenough in anger and suspicion.

"I don't know what you are driving at," he said. "What does it all mean? You took those papers from me—"

"I will apologize, if that is what you want," replied Goodenough, with an air of one who soothes a fractious child. "You were in no condition to offer them to me, you know. I took the briefs and read them; it saves time and explanation. Those papers, Moti-font, concern me even more than they concern you."

"In heaven's name, Goodenough," cried Philip, "tell me who you are and what you are doing here! What does it all mean? Your very identity is a mystery to me and always has been. Who are you?"

"Your landlord, I believe," replied the stranger.

Philip stared around him at the bare room and the closed door.

"You are wondering where you are," said Goodenough. "You became unconscious—this is hardly to be wondered at—after the strain of escaping from the flat, and you are now in a room on the upper floor, at a considerable distance from the place you landed in. There is no danger of the fire spreading to this building and not much, I should say, of our being disturbed unless the salvage corps searched the place. I took the liberty of carrying you here, for it is necessary that we should say a few words to each other."

"It is indeed," said Philip hotly. "What brings you here at such a time and for whom are you acting in this black business which now comes to me as a most private matter?"

"Your concern? Why is—"

He stopped short. Goodenough was looking at him with faintly sardonic smile of amusement almost of affection. Philip reddened to the ears.

"Goodenough," he said, "I beg your pardon. I am hardly myself or I should not have forgotten so soon that but for you I should have been a dead man. I have been a fool. You saved my life and at the risk of your own. I thought, when you got hold of me, that we were both done for. It had rather than appearance, at the moment," said Goodenough, coolly.

"It is absurd to speak of thanks in such a crisis, isn't it? I owe you my life, and beyond that, a debt greater than I can repay," said Philip, and he held out his hand.

Goodenough looked at it for a moment.

"Suddenly stretching out his long arm he took Philip's hand in a tight grip. As they looked each other in the eyes a swift touch of sympathy, as between two strong men, seemed to flicker and pass."

"And now," said Goodenough, "I will carry you at once in medias res—right into the thick of it. How will you do?"

"You got my warning, before I said? Yes, it was I who sent it."

"And it was you," said Philip, almost accusingly, "who sent me that twenty thousand pounds."

Goodenough bowed.

"I had that honor. It was, you've seen."

A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Days of Real Sport.



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley

KUNL BOB AX ME EF I
THINKS IT GWINE DO
HIM ENNY GOOD T' GO
T' CHUCH NEX SUNDAY-
WELL, IT NEVHU HAVE!



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THE ETERNAL QUESTION

by Felice Davis

A Day With the Angels and Back to Earth.

Laura—It was good of you to come with me today.

Henry—It's just the opportunity I've been looking for to spend a spring day in the country with you.

Laura—Yes, and you'll enjoy being with my Sunday School children— their such sweet little dears.

Henry—I love little girls and boys. I'll be frank with you, Laura—I'm looking forward to having a happy family of my own some day.

Laura—I can't understand people who don't love children—the little darlings!

Henry—Well, I'm glad the rector didn't come with you.

Laura—I invited both the rector and the Sunday School superintendent, but at the last minute they were both taken suddenly ill.

Henry—Well, I can't say I'm sorry. I'll have you all to myself after we start the children playing—here we are now.

Laura—Come, children, pile your packages under this tree. Run along now and show what little ladies and gentlemen you are.

Henry—You're out in the country now and you can play just as you like.

Laura—Isn't it wonderful here with the shady willows, the running brook, the little lake, and the children?

Henry—By jove! It's like heaven being out in the beautiful country with you all alone!

Laura—Isn't it heavenly—and all the dear little children playing around like the angels they are?

Henry—You are always thinking of the children. It's time you were thinking of yourself—your future—your life.

Laura—My own children?

Henry—Yes, dear. You know I wish you and want you to be my wife.

Laura—Oh! This is all so very sudden—

Henry—Yes, my wife! You can't say "no!"

Laura—Oh—It's time to call

the children for lunch!

Henry—Here they come now. Children, get the lunch packages to-gether.

Laura—Why, Willie Jones? You had a hundred sandwiches in that box when we started! And now—

Willie—Yes, m'am, but Freddie bet me I couldn't eat more than he could and those are all that are left—but I won!

Laura—Oh, Willie! Nellie, you had the salad—where is it?

Nellie—It fell in the brook, Miss Laura, so I fed it to the cows!

Laura—Oh, dear! What shall I do? Kiddy, what did you do with the strawberry shortcake I gave you to carry?

Henry—Well, Grace and Jim stuck their fingers in it to get the berries and it was all smashed, so I just left it back there.

Henry—Now, it's all right! Don't worry. They had enough to eat—and children will be children!

Laura—But I can't imagine what happened to the little darlings to make them do such dreadful things!

Henry—By the way, where are they? There's not one in sight!

Laura—Here comes a man—Oh, I hope nothing's happened!

Farmers—Say! Are you two responsible for that blankety-blank lot of hoodlums?

Laura—You—You mean the children? Why yes, where are they?

Farmers—Where are they? Why, they've let all my chickens loose and unhitched the old mare, and—

Laura—Impossible!

Farmers—And now I caught 'em down at the creek tryin' to drown the old mare!

Laura—Oh, dear! What shall I do? Get 'em away from here and be quick about it!

Henry—Well, here we are—home again at last. Do try to forget the day!

Laura—Oh, it's been terrible! I never knew children could be like that!

Henry—Don't worry, dear! Remember, we're to be married and our children will be different!

Laura—Yes, I've changed my mind—at least for the present. I seem to have lost interest in children just now.

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Stranger neglected to inclose her address, so I cannot forward the seeds she asked for.

the more sulky he became. He felt that he was a very much abused young Bear. He thought only of himself. He didn't give a thought to Wood-Wool. By this time he had almost forgotten her.

Probably had he not discovered that there were new babies in the old home he would by this time have been a contented and well satisfied young Bear. He didn't need Mother Bear any longer. He had no use for that old home. He probably would very soon have left Mother Bear behind him and gone off to live with the new babies, and that Mother Bear had not driven him away when she did. But the discovery that there were new babies, and that Mother Bear had not driven him away when she did, had made all the difference in the world.

And so Boxer sulked and sulked and sulked, and was as bad tempered as a young Bear could be. Dozens of times he was tempted to go back to that old windfall. But he didn't do it. Every time he was so tempted he remembered that ugly growl of Mother Bear's and how dreadful her teeth had looked. He would shiver at the thought and wander off in another direction.

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The next story: "Boxer Sees His New Relations."

They Must Tell the Truth

EIGHT Vienna newspapers have been convicted for printing advertisements as reading matter without designating them with the required symbol. The newspapers were fined and the proceeds from the advertising declared forfeited to the government.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

SALVATION BY CALAMITY.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

"I think," Mrs. Clare said, decisively, "something should be done about it."

"So do I, but who'd better do it?"

Miss Lane, of uncertain age and temper, countered, acidly, "Constable Mines will."

"How do you know?"—from Mrs. Clare.

"Asked him—flat," Miss Lane snifted. "He had the impudence to tell me, as a law officer, he was under bond not to do unlawful things."

"I declare it seems to me we women vote," Mrs. Clare flung back, with a toss of her head.

"I'm not so sure of that," Miss Lane said, sniffing again. "You have to pay poll tax before you can vote, and who's going to do that, with millions so expanding and expensive?"

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the sort that sing gold from the world's coffers. Illness had banished the bird, never to return, said the wise ones. But in the heart of whole-

some things its ghost came back. It was only a faint, distant, and it sing-

she could not bear to disturb with false hopes. Kit and Peg—nor to give

Joe a return of heartache. He was ugly, slow-spoken, even a thought

clumsy, but he had been her knight since mid pie days—a "parfit gentil

knight" in soul, speech and action. Helping through all the pinches, around all her corners, she felt she owed him more than a life's devotion

could pay, and knew if the voice came back he would never raise his eyes to her.

Maurice? She dared not think of him. A weakling, with yet the power and prestige of wealth, he had stood ready to open all doors to her, to guide her in the realm of gold and

glory. He had also loved her, but selfishly, possessively. As a star he would give her the world for a firmament, but he had been a ghost of a