Alan passed for a little, speculatively intent on this man who must somehow

be disposed of before he might solve

the secret of that shut and guarded

Aside from actual violence no solu-

tion offered to the pussie—and vio

ience was abruptly forced upon him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The period of restraint in durant ered by one Thomas Barcus ensequence of conduct riotous, un-sity, and in general prejudiced to ubile peace of the New Bedford front at half-past four in the lag, proved in the upshot far e brief than had been fondly ad, not only by his just judge, but, misrly enough, by the misdemean

Taking everything gravely into con-sideration, including a person any-thing but preposessing, the judge reckuned that, in default of a fine of one hundred dollars, a ten-day layup for repairs and repentance was not too much to mete out to the prisoner at

was little abort of 10 p. m. when his sost-prandial repose was disturbed by the rattle of a key in the lock of the

Sitting up, Mr. Barcus rubbed his eyes and combed his hair with his fin-

"What did I tell you?" he observed resignedly. "It begins again already

Conducted with every evidence of disesteem on the part of his jailers to the office of the warden, he was acquainted with the fact that his fine had been paid by no one less than the self: then present in portly

"If only you had told me you were friend of Mr. Digby's," the judge were ensconsed in the privacy us fulficial limousine. "I would have known better how to guide myself in

"And if you will be good enough to indicate how also I may serve you

"Digby didn't offer any suggestions in his wire, I gather?

"One moment: I have H new." "Maturally 1'd like a bath and a hange of clothes," Barous pursued rails the judicial breast-pocket was being explored; "and I could do with transportation to New York by the first train out of this God-to

"This is what Mr. Digby says," the "This is what Mr. Digby says," the judge interrupted, laboriously describering the message by the light of a match: "Fleane age to immediate the message of the match of the message of th me to New York at carliest fearible Give him all the money he to and look to me for re-

"Mh ?" Barens interrupted, sitting up thy; "what's that last again?" Patiently the judge repeated the ence from the message.

Thanks. Please don't read farther. You might come to something that would spoil it. It's almost too beauti-ful as it stands," Barcus observed. "Law owen me five thousand or as inquidated damages—but I'll be rea-somable. Frisk this burg for a fifth of that sum before train time—and I promise to ask nothing more!"

His private comment was: "Tve sus that this was a fairy-tale all Now I know it is!"

And this phase of incredulity per-isted in coloring the complexion of his mind until the moment, some at Providence with the Midnight Exuse for New York pulled out of New selfore bearing a transformed Barcus ost imponetrably disguised in



mg orginally tallored for a gan-of discriminating tasts, but no eriminating tasts, but no guised in the sense of af fusion that goes with the poss of one thousand dellars in cash.

Not until a sound night's sleep had speed off the beginning of his rest in all did Barcus come down to earth. Barens come servicing to con-immonstrated his vetura to con-mose by making a round break it Grand Contral station before g up the residence of Digby is laphous directory.

from the booth memorizing the address of the alleged officiating clergy-man. "I don't believe it; it's too sud-dea."

Forthwith he engaged a taxicab to convey him to Jorsey City, at top speed, for an exorbitant reward. And when, from the forward deck of ferryboat, he beheld a dense volume

of smoke advertising a conflagration on the Jersey shore, not far from the waterfront, he shook a moodily eagacious bead.

"If Alan isn't mixed up in that, somehow," he declared, "ho's missing a bet for once—and I'm a sorry failure as a prophet of woe and disaster!"

There was as much intuitive appre ension as bumor responsible for this remark; witness the fact that, on land ing, he risked the delay required to turn saide and have a look at the fire. It proved to be situated in the heart

of a squalid slum-a wretched tene ment of the poorest class, whose root had already fallen in and whose walls were momentarily threatening to so by the time Barcus arrived on the

At a considerable distance from him a small disturbance had broken out a clamor of protesting voices lifting about the rumor of the mob number of men, case bardened rough one and all, began to force their way in a V-shaped wedge through the throng, making toward its very heart. the point on the fire-lines nearest the burning building. What this meant, Mr. Barcus ha

not the alightest idea. But his atter tion was first distracted by the maner ver, then fixed by the face of a man was following in the boilow : the V-an evil white face that seeme somewhat vaguely familiar, somehor reminiscent of something strange the

At the same time, at the point wherthe V had paused, a wild uproar litte-up and, coincidentally, a wilder co. sion became noticeable. A cry wa audible-"Firebug! Lynch him! Lync: him! Lynch the frebug!"-and a this the mob turned as one man and etreamed away in pursuit of an i: visible quarry, who chose to attem his escape by a route directly opposite to that which would have led his within view of Mr. Barcus.

Startled, and of a andion persuaded that there might have been more this "hunch" than was namely to beredited, Barcon started up and wer cab. If with a gather aimless purpose when he was stayed by eight of the evil white face returning the way i had come still in the ho'low of the sying V, which now made faster prothe mob by the chase of the alleged in

And now, Barcus saw, the man of the white face was not alone. There was someone with him-someone whose head was bent and face con cealed, but who seemed to be

And so, Barcus argued, why might it not be Rose Trine, suffering new persecution at the hands of her unnat-ural father's creatures?

He was too far away to make sure and attempt any interference; but he pointed White Pace out to his chauffour as the V reached a touring car on the edge of the mob and the woman was lifted in (unresisting and apparantly in a dead faint) and when the touring car awang round and picked up its heels, the taxiosh of Mr. Harcus trailed it as unostentatiously as if it

was a pertinacione shadow.

Ten minutes later, from the rear dock of a ferryboat in midatream-o boat bearing back to New York not only the touring car of White Pace. but the cab of Mr. Barcus—the latter gentleman formed one of a small but interested audience witnessing an in-cident of uncommon character.

He saw a young man, hatless, coatthe edge of one of the Jersey wharves, his heels snapped at by a ravening rabble, jump aboard a square-rigged vessel which lay moored there, and elimbing up the rigging in a hopeless attempt to escape his persecutors They were too many for him, and what was worse they were beaded by squad of police apparently as grimly bent on compassing the destruction of

And they swarmed up the rigging after him without a moment's besite

Hotly pressed, the fugitive climber higher and still higher, until at length he gained the topmost yard; with three policemen not half a dozen feet below him and popping away for dear life, if happily with the notoriously

when some accident might wing a bul-let into the young man; and it was

For, inching out to the end of the yard, be waved his band toward his tors with a gesture of lightsearted derision that unmistakably ed him as Alan Law to Mr. Bur ous, and forthwith dropped to the we

ter, feet foremost.
Alan later took the water neatly me up uninjured and elearheaded, d without an instant's bestation struck away toward the middle of the

the stern of the square-rigger, un moored a dory that was riding there.

During the (to Barens, at least) breathless suspense of that chase, the terryboat draw stolldly farther and still farther away from the some. Bar-

Out of the very sky dropped a hydroaeroplane, cutting the water with a long, graceful curve that brought it, almost at a standatill, directly to the head of the swimmer, and at the same time forced the police boat to sheer

wijely off in order to ascape collision.

Immediately the swimmer caught
the pontoon of the hydroasroplane,
pulled himself up out of the water,
and clambered to the seat beside the aviator.

Before he was fairly seated the plane was swinging back into its factost

With the case of a wild goose it left the water, mounted the loag grade of an air lane, described a wide circle above the bluffs of Weebswhen, and swept away southward.

In that quarter it was presently lost to the sight of Mr. Barcus, engulfed in light folds of haze that were creeping in from seawards to dim and tarnish the pristine brilliance of that day.

CHAPTER XXX

Birdman.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the same day a motorcar deposited at the Hotal Monolith a gentleman whose weather-beaten and effectained motor ing-cap and duster covered little ciqthing more than shirt and trousers and rted oddly in the eyes of the deskclerk with the rather meticulously turned-out guest known to him as Mr. Arthur Lawrence and to the manage-ment of the hotel as Mr. Alan Law in-

Eventually persuaded, the clerk yielded up the key to Mr. Lawrence's suite of rooms, together with two notes superscribed with the same nem

Alan's impatience was so great that he could hardly wait to examine these

The first proved to be a character

delivery. I got in this morning just in

time to motor over to Jersey in hopes of seeing your finish as a backelor;

instead, I was favored by being ma-

an involuntary witness to your spec

tacular ascent, following your almost

equally spectacular high-diva.
"But to business: my time is lim

ited; in half an hour more I am to double in black-face for the purposes

arce which you, no doubt, call the

"I mean to say-well, several things

to-wit: When I saw you sustaked out

of the North river I was engaged in trailing a pale-faced villain in a motor-

know far more than I; he on his part

was busy being a bold, bad hidnaper; Rose was in his power, as we say in such cases. His intentious, hewever,

were nothing more blameworthy th

to return her to the arms of her dotter

parent. I know, because I sleuthe after 'em, even to the house of Senec

Trine. Later I slouthed some more

the house of Trine to the office of the

general manager of the New York Con-tral, where he made arrangements for

retinue to Chicago and points West. It leaves at three this afternoon.

not Rose is to participate in this

hegira, but I know I shall. On the off-

chance of boing useful, I have bribed

the porter. So, should you be moved to follow and succeed in catching up with us, and observe anybody who

looks rather off-color in the party-

don't shoot: the said party will be me.
"Yours for the quiet life,
"TOM BARCUS."

The second note yielded a commun

cation written on notepaper of the sim

cial train-I don't know where or way.

"They are taking me West by

A servant has promised to see this reaches you. Soro me!"

surried serawl:

the train crew to let me impersons

was unable to ascertain whether

following a furtive young man fre

car concerning whom you probabl

of the author of this melo

Dear Ulysees-Thanks for the tell

Shock Out a Trey of Hearts

communications until he was quit of after dining he slept soundly for three

shroud

Over this Alan wrinkled an incred Hivelon of perspective deceived him.

At all events, it seemed a frightfully Rose, but the phraseology was not in mear thing when the interruption belall which alone could have saved by and thought to detect beneath its ce of haste a deliberate and carefully guided pen. He picked up the envelops to compare the handwriting of the address with that of the en-closure—and shook out a trey of hearts.

JOSEPH VANCE

This last was covered, as to its face. with a plainly-written message.
"With the compliments of Ser Trine to Alan Law. We are due in Chicago at eleven tomorrow morning and leave immediately for the Pacific

coast via Santa Fe route." Comparison between this and the message purporting to be from Rose distilled the conviction that the same hand was responsible for both.

lured away from New York and Rose by this transparent trick, was be? No He glanced at his watch, finding the

had in mind. With plenty of time on his hands he gave the matter serious considera-tion and concluded to take no chances: it was just possible that Trine had taken Rose with him on his western trip, after all. In such case the only

possible way of overtaking the spec would be by air line. mptty Alan called up the aviation felds at Hempstead Plains and ication with a gentlemen answering to the surname of Coast: the same birdman who had come to Alan's resous with his bydro

Their arrangements were quickly consummated, Coast agreeing to wait for Alan with his hiplane in Van Cort-landt park from midnight till daybreak, prepared if need be to undertake a transcontinental flight.

Thereafter Mr. Law proceeded to re habilitate himself in decent dothir and his own esteem; after bathing, he dined alone in his rooms, from a tray;

hours—and may be thought to have

earned at least that much rest through

ger in a hydroseroplane lost in fogs

that wrapped Long Island and all the

adjacent territory in an impenetrable

Nor had this been all. Leaving saids

all that had led up to Alan's rescue by

Coast: the forced landing of the hydro

acroplane for lack of fuel had taken

place on the south shore of the Grea

South bay; a search of hours had fol

lowed before a boat was found to con

vey Alan and the aviator to the main

land; and a motor run of several hours

had followed that, conveying Coast to his Hompstead hangars and Alan on

Another man would have needed twelve hours in bed at the least to

compensate for such a day: Mr. Law

awakened in a lamblike temper when

At midnight he committed an act of

burglary, calmiy and with determine-

tion broaking his way into the house

of Seneca Trine through the area win-

In this netarious business nothing

hindered and none opposed him. But for a single lighted window in the up-

per tier (but not, he noted, the window to Rose's bedchamber) and one or two

lights which he found burning dim the the hitches offices and other servants' quarters on the lower floor he would

have thought the house empty. The silence of an abandoned place in

formed it all—below the upper story. But he was not to be satisfied with such negative evidence: he explored the dwelling minutely, room by room,

story by story, passing with little in

terest through spartments by every sign dedicated to the tendency of his

only—to find Rose Trine, that one woman whom he loved, or size make

He associated that hat light or stope which led to the topmost floor with extraordinary stealth, advised therete by a sound, or rather a series of enstained sounds, which had there-tedore been insuditie to him. Possibly they had not till then existed; possibly

memy, intent on one object

member) and one or two

to his hotel in New York.

called at eleven-thirty.

dows and basement.

having been for four hours a pas

No sound warned him of the door that opened at his back as he stood watching the sleeping guard. A pieroing shrick was the first intimation he received that his presence had been discovered. It served as well to move him instantly into action: a single glance overshoulder showed him the figure of a maid-servant in cap and . Alan shrugged. So he was to be gown, her mouth still wide and full of ound—and Alan fell upon the guard like a thunderbolt. The man had barely time to jump up and recognize the alarm: then a fist caught him on the point of his jaw, and he returned hour far too early to attempt what he promptly to deep unconsciousness. No time now for qualms of compunction on account of the savage ruthlessness of that blow: no time even to search the fellow for a key to the closed door: already the maid was taking the stairs in full flight and cry, four steps and a howl like a warlock's to every jump.

Backing bff, Alan took a short run,

> Without dignity or decorum he sprawled on all fours into the presence of Judith Trine.
> "Poor Mr. Law!" she cried, with a mocking nod, "always disappointed! I'm so sorry-truly I am!"

cleared the prostrate body of the guard

with a leap, and flung himself full force against the door, his shoulder striking a point nearest the lock. With

splintering crash it broke inward.

"Oh, spare me your sarcsem," be begged recentfully. "It's ridiculous snough, this whole mad business..."

"But I am not sarcastic," she insisted with such sincerity that he opened his eyes in wonder. "Believe me, I am sorry for once it is I and not Rose whom you find locked up here! For. you see, I am locked up, by way of punishment—thanks to my having had pity on you once too often-while my father decemps mysteriously for parts unknown

"You don't know where he's gone

"Do you?" she asked sharply. "In a general way, By special train to the West..." "Taking Rose?"

"Bo I'm told."

The woman choked upon her anger, but quickly mastered it. "He shall pay for this!" she assever

"Your father? I wish him nothing more nor less than your enmity," Alan assured her civilly. "But since it seems that he has gone, and Rose with him, if you'll forgive me, I think I'll be going-

That one word, uttered with all the significance that this woman knew so well how to infuse into her tone. checked him suspiciously

"Way-yes." "You wouldn't care for a companion

du voyage?" she suggested.
"Ob-really!" he protested. She held up an arresting hand. "Lis-

mistakable rattle of a policeman's locust on the sidewalk. "That damned maid;" Alea divined thoughtfully.

"The same," Judith agreed with ominous calm. "Has it struck you that you may have some trouble getting away without my permission?"

"I'm not so stupid as not to have thought of that," he countered. "Then be advised—and take me

with you. "In what capacity, please? enemy or ally?

"As ally-you're right: we can't be

friends—until we overtake that special train. After that, by your leave I'll shift for myself." "It's not such a bad notion," he re-flected: "with you under my eye, you

can't do much to interfere-"I'll take your word," he agreed sim ply. "But you're in for a lot of hardship, I'm afraid. The one way to catch

up with your father is by serople and I've got one waiting."

She nodded intentiy. "Don't con sider me as a woman when it comes to hardship," she hinted obliquely.

"I've no reason to, going on what know of von " "Otre me one minute to find my con and hat"

In less than that time she was at his side in the hallway. The police entered by the front door as the two erept out of the area

CHAPTER XXXL

Via Air Line. Mot once in the course of the next exteen hours but a thousand times Alsn questioned (and, it will readily be allowed, with all excuses) his sanity in permitting himself to be in-finenced to humor Judith's insistence and make her a party to this wild

aerial cross-country dash.

Between whites the plane flew fast
and high, cutting a direct line, as the
soow dies, athwart the castern and
wastern states.

Oblinge they raised as a sundge on the sorthers hortson about one c'elock in the afternoon; thereafter some lit-the time was lost in descents to accor-tain the identity of the many railroad

ing in a chair outside a closed door had not fallen asleep and begun to landscape. Only at the third cost 414 they succeed in picking up the line of spore until the moment when Alan set the Santa Fe. And it was some hours later, though still daylight, when they pot upon the lower step of that final picked up the special train, flying like a bunting across the levels. Turning the bead of the staire.

There was scant room for doubt that it was the train they sought, Specials are not common. Moreover Alan contrived with considerable difficulty to focus binoculars upon the rear platform of the car, and caught a fugitive glimpse of a white-coated figure with a lack face that was watching the biplane in the same manner, that is. with glasses.

The man in the white coat, Alan assured himself, was positively Barous.

And hardly had be comforted himself with this assurance when his ser-In response to his look of dashed inquiry the aviator merely shook a ed. weary head and muttered the words:

"Engine trouble."

Swiftly the earth rose to receive the colplaning mechanism. Under Coast's admirable handling it settled down al-



Escape of Alan and Judith.

most without a jar, on the outskirts of a city whose name Alan never learned. For the biplane was barely at a standstill before he was out and, reciing with the giddiness that affects men after long flights, making his way as best he might toward the manager's office connected with a trainyard im-mediately adjacent to the spot where they had come to earth. Lavish disbursaments of money won

him his way against official protests that what he demanded was an impossibility. Within twenty minutes, leaving Coast to follow on when and as best he might, Alan and Judith were spinning through open country in the cab of an engine running light, with only clear track between it and the

The several hours that ensued before the rear lights of the special were brought to view were none too many To the angry words and action for the task imposed upon Alan of Sown along our hasty track; overcoming the scruples of the en-

Another minute, and less than fifty feet separated the two—the special train and the light engine, both hurtling through the light at top speed.

With a word to the engineer Alan crept out along the side of the boller. with only a greasy handrall and a nar- With an ever increasing vigilar row foothold between himself and what meant death, or something close-From the street below came the un-off by the tearing wind and the swar-nistakable rattle of a policeman's lo-ing of the locomotive.

It seemed an hour before he worked himself up to the cowcatcherwithin four feet of the rear platform the epecial.

On this last he could see a woman's figure indistinctly silhouetted against the light through the door, and beside her a man in a white coat, elinging for dear life to the knob of the door holding it against the frantic efforts of ome persons inside to tear it open. Another hour of suspense dragged out-or such was the effect-while the

bridged those four scant feet. At length it was feasible to attemp the thing. Rose (he could see her strained white face quite plainly now) was half over the rall of the oar shead,

light engine with intolerable slowne

ready to jump. His heart falled him. It was too assardous a risk. He dared not let her take it.

Something very like a shot so from the train and something very like a bullet whietled past his cheek, and proved the signal for several more. Strangely, that knowledge steadled

his nerves. Straining forward and holding on to a bar so hot that it soorched his palm, he offered a hand to the girl on the rail.

Rer hand fell confidently into it. She umped. His arm wound round her as shouting and singing into giery. The the landed on the platform of the cowcatcher. He heard her breathe his is to see a father and mother withname, then hurriedly passed her be-tween himself and the boller to the footway at the side. The firemen was waiting there to help her. Alan turned his attention to Barens.

To his dismay he found that the engine was losing ground. The space was widening rapidly as Barous re-leased the knob and throw himself over the refl.

By a miraculous, flying leap, the man accomplished that incredible feat and gained the platform. An instant later ten feet separated

the engine from the special, as the engineer applied the brakes.

And this he did none too soon: for st the same time Marrophat and another appeared on the rear platform and opened a bot, but, thanks to the widening distance, ineffectual fire.

The engine ground slowly to a halt as the rear lights of the special train swept from eight round a beach

WATCH THIS COLUMN FOR MISSIONARY ITEMS

THE AMERICAN HIGHLANDERS

THEN AND NOW

"I command that all foreignersmen, women and children old and young-be summarily executed. Let not one secape! Now that all foreign churches and chapels have been razed to the ground, and that no place of concealment is left for the foreigners, they must unavoidably

"Any person found guilty of harboring foreigners will incur the penalty of decapitation." Bewards

"For any male foreigner taken alive a reward of 50 tacks will be given; for every female, 40 taels, and

for every child, 80 tacls."

These are extracts from a proclamation of the Downger Empress of China, issued during the Bexer uprising, 1900, and placarded all over the streets of Peking, and had not Jung Lu, commander of the Imperial troops there, used both troops and guns in defense of the foreigners, ledonic dostiny struck the motor dumb. gations, missionaries and native Christians would have been behead-

> Now, 1915, Tuan Shikai, president of the youngest and largest republic in the world, has announced "Perfect liberty of conscience in China," and has appointed to the State Department a zealous Christian, newly converted from Confucianism. The Vice-President, Li Yuan Hang, while entertaining Mr. Richardson, principal of McTynie School, Shanghai, (Southern Methodist) is reported as saying "Such a school must not be arrested for a lack of funds" and promised his own assistance. Confuc ples have been converted into schoolhouses; the Northfield Student Conference held in a monedeled Buddhist monetery and we are told there are at least 235,303 church members in China. But, they have also more 1,100 cities without resident missionaries! China is only one of the many nations appealing to Christian America for the gospel of Christ. Are we doing all we can?

IF WE ONLY KNEW

If we knew the pain and sorrw, Waiting along our path,

If we could only see the read As he gathers in his shell, Would we not be more careful In sowing along our .way? So's to plant all that's neble For our resping another day?

If me ispen the driendly figure Daily tolling by sub-1999 Would be cold and stiff 400 Ne'er again that place abide. Would our ways again be parted In anger and in pain?

In pain and anger's name Ah, that ice-cold figure, How it sends our me As cold in death it lies-

To be careful, far more careful. Than we would be otherwise. Let us then in our daily labors Strive to attain a noble end

Keeping suger: from ent Surely our nathway will be be Love will illuminate the way, And our progress filled with joy As we travel day by day.

-Herbert B. Utley SMILE.

Joke with him who jostles you, Smile on him who kurries you, Laugh at him who pushes you, It doesn't cost a cent.

Don't be carrying round that chip Wink your eye and curve your lip, And from life's sunshine take a sip, It doesn't cost a cent.

Don't be always first to rile Your neighbor—give him just a smile It will cheer the dullest while,

And doesn't cost a cent. -Mildred Stewart in New York

"The prettiest picture that God ever painted or the world ever looked at is a father and mother that love Jesus Christ, and they take hold of the hand of their oldest child and the next oldest child, and the next child, down the line to the youngest, and the whole family go blackest picture the world may see out Christ, and looking arms, taking hold of the hands of the old and the next, and the next, and on down to the youngest child, and see that whole family going to hell. You train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old, it will not depart from its training. I believe that if a child is properly trained. it will not often go. astray. Lister to me. The normal way to get rid of drunkards is to stop raising ards.-Billy Senday.

A GOOD COMBINATION Rev. James Long, formerly at Dunn, has accepted a call church at Laurinburg. A church and a fine promober have joinof hands and we hope that will be bloomed in their united offsign. Char-ity and Children.

. . T. 1 TEL