

of this kind I've 'tended to." Eric did not answer her, for his at-

boots. The lady had on a thick vail,

"What!" she exclaimed, in sup-

money-less than a dollar-and a big tied them together, and, putting the beautiful lady wouldn't see him "cry-

For well she liked his taking way. -Pask.

" Philanthropist-"Why Con't you go to work? Labor ennobles a man." Vagabond-"Bat I am opposel to tae nobility."-- Humoristische Blaetter.

tention was drawn back to the unknown girl who began to talk again.

"Eric Brentwood," she was saying to herself. "What a pretty name! I know I shall like him when I see him."

Although Eric knew that her senses were wandering, his pulses thrilled as he heard her mention his name so sweetly. No use to longer misunderstand his feelings. It was not pity but love that the beautiful young girl had awakened in him.

CHAPTER XVL.

GONE! When Eric Brentwood returned to

Brentwood Park, he left his heart behind him in the keeping of the delirious girl lying on the couch in the gipsy tent.

He remembered every word she had uttered in her delirium, and thought with the gipsy that she must have had some strange experiences in her life. She had talked of being locked in a room; of the treachery of some one she was in no condition to be moved. had called Inez, and then of the kindness of some doctor. But uppermost in Eric Brentwood's mind were the words she spoke in reference to him.

"Ah, if she could only have said those words and meant them when she was conscious of her utterance," he murmured.

Every day he meant to visit the camp and do what he could for the girl he loved. For he acknowledged to himself that he loved the unknown girl with all the fervor and passion of his nature. Never before had he felt for woman as he did for the little sufferer who had stolen his heart, and he knew that he would never be happy again unless he won her for his own.

He did not think that she had heard the name of Brentwood before, but attributed her repetition of the name so many times solely to her delirious ravings. Had he only known who she really was! Surely fate plays strange tricks sometimes.

Here was the son of the friend to whom her mother had directed her to go (for, of course, the reader knows that the girl was Breta Danton), all unconscious of the identity of the girl who had won his heart without an effort.

Had he been seeking such a person as Breta Danton, her strange words might have led him to suspect that she had heard of Brentwood Park. But he supposed Breta Danton (?) to be in the home of her grandfather, whither she had gone in the company of Cecil Doniphan; therefore he had no idea that the little stranger knew aught of the door, entered the room. him or his mother.

Every morning and evening for a whole week found Eric Brentwood by her side, and although she was gaining in strength she was still delirious. So often did she repeat the same words, that Eric knew it all by heart, and as rain. But where was the girl? She to tell to him her history; and if she

so I could not tell you what she looked like, beyond that she was not very short nor very tall, and rather slender. He said that she was his sister. And, by the way, he gave me ten dollars to

pay for our trouble." "Where did they come from?" asked Erie.

"From New York, he said, but they had taken a country house about ten miles from here, and it was from there the lady escaped, the night of that terrible storm.

"Here, Jack, take this bill, and some time I may need your services to identiv that man and woman."

"Why, sir!" exclaimed the gipsy. 'Do you still doubt that she is a lunatic?"

"I do," he returned. "And I mean to prove that doubt. Something within me, call it instinct or what you will, tells me that the poor little girl is in danger and needs a friend. I mean to find out who and what are

the persons who have carried her away, when any one might know she There is a mystery connected with that child, and I mean to solve it if it lakes me a lifetime," said Eric Brentwood, in a solemn and agitat ed voice.

> CHAPTER XVII. "SHE HAS ESCAPED!"

We will go back to the night of Breta Danton's escape from the house of Nita. The raging of the tempest atterly drowned whatever noise she may have made. Nita was so frightened that wild horses could not have all this wealth! Bah! I would kill dragged her from the corner where she crouched in fear and trembling, covering her eyes to keep out the lightning. She gave no thought to the girl upstairs, but all during the once let me get Breta Danton in my clothing and old shoes, and he flew night from the time the storm com- clutches and then, Mr. Carlos Monteri, into a passion, shouting: menced until it ceased she never I can dispense with your services al moved once from that spot. She sat | together.

as if paralyzed, only showing signs of life when a clap of thunder harder than for her departure, three o'clock found the rest shook the house.

But at last the storm came to an She had sent the coachman home, tellend, as all things do. Then she rose | ing him that there was no necessity to her feet and went to the window to peer out. Yes, it had even stopped raining, and a stray star could be seen the cars followed by Carlos Monteri. here and there in the heavens. Satis- Inez felt that she could not wait for fying herself that the danger was all over, her thoughts turned to her pris-"Uh!" she cried. "What a night 1 known to Eric Brentwood and his

have put in! I wonder how that girl mother. stood it? I dare say she has fainted from fright. I came very near it myself. However, I must go up and see." Taking the lamp in her hand, she ascended the stairs, and, unlocking "Bad for you, if you don't," returned

was the strip of cotton tied from the bedpost to the bureau, and, going nearer, she saw that the window was

up and that the carpet was soaked with

essed tones. "You understood, did you not?" "But how? You told me there was no chance of her escaping.'

"Well, that doesn't alter the fact in the least. She escaped during the storm the other night.' "What shall I do? Oh, what shall

I do? Carlos. you must help me." "'If she has arrived at Brentwood Park, you have lost the game; but if not, there still may be a chance for you. The only way that I see out of it is to trace her steps and find out where she is; then we can better tell

how to get her into our power again." "I will go with you, Carlos. I will tell them here that I am going to see | told him that a man named Peter kept

to the place from which she escaped and, at least, try to trace her. If she has not made herself known at Brentwood, I have no fear that we shall not succeed."

"Would it not be safer for me to go alone?" he asked.

where that she cannot escape again in a hurry." "Oh, well, it doesn't make any dif-

ference to me. Since you wish to go,

more your affair than it is mine." within the precinct of her own room. let that white-faced girl oust me from

her first. I am not one to give up without a struggle, and I'll find a way to get her out of my path. Carlos is of more use to me than I thought, but Then he caught sight of the boy's torn

Having made all her arrangements

her at the station awaiting the train.

for him to wait until the train started. so there was no one to see her get on the train to reach her destination, so eager was she to get Breta Danton within her power ere she made herself

> "The chances are," she said to Carlos, 'that, granting that she did not escape, she lost her way. How could she know which way to go to get to the park, especially on such a night as that. I feel that we shall find her."

The first thing that caught her eve he, with a half-chuckle. [To be continued.]

How Envelopes Were Invented.

than in a great city market.

Jamie lived with his mother and his sister Mary, and the baby Sunshine, yet have been counted. His father made the gray streaks in her hair town. little girls but himself. There was nobody else at the railroad station, but the conductor of the train had

Mrs. Brentwood, and you and I can go a farm down the road, and that he sold turkeys and chickens. It was a long walk, a very long

walk, to Peter's farm, where the turkeys were kept, and Jamie's feet were blistered and sore by the time he arrived. Hardly had he walked in

the front gate, however, when a great "No, no; I must go, too. I want to black dog, growling and snapping and see her myself, and have her put some- showing his teeth, came bounding across the dooryard. Of course Jamie was frightened, and he climbed into

the branches of an apple tree as quickly as if he were a monkey. The Be at the station at three. Of course, little boy, trembling with terror above I will be there also. I leave you to in the branches, was so intently manage, so that no one will suspect watching the dog that he did not noyour destination. After all, this is | tice the approach of a short, heavily built man with bushy hair and a

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Inez, when thick, red beard, who kicked the dog until the poor animal howled with "I will not be defeated! I will not pain and slunk away. When the dog really had gone, however, Jamie was not so frightened, and he called out:

"Are you Mister Peter?" "Yes, I am," the red-bearded man answered, looking up in the tree.

"Come out o' that, you young rest the day before Thanksgiving of tramp! Git down here quick, or I'll tear the tree up by the roots and slam ye down!"

"Is-is this the way you treat all of our customers?"

"What's that?" said Peter. turkey."

"Oh, you did?" "Yes.'

"More like to sneak in the house and steal something, you young vil-

lain. Anyhow, there ain't no turkeys for sale. "Can't you let me have one?" asked

the boy. "No," said Peter. Jamie slid down to the ground and

deeply. Then he spoke again: "Does that lake out there in the big

field back of the trees belong to you?" "Yes," said Peter; "but it ain't no lake -it's a duck pond."

"Well, if I can't buy a turkey, can I go fishin' there?"

The invention of envelopes is within "Fishin'!" roared Peter, throwing back his head and laughing until his

policeman had told him he could get a heavy weight on his back, started for ing tears down his cheeks," as he turkey very much cheaper on a farm the nearest railroad station as fast as would have said. The beautiful lady he could go. stroked his hair with her soft, white

It was not very long after this that hand, and spoke to him soothingly, so a carriage pulled by two splendid bay pretty soon he ceased sobbing, and in one of the great, high tenements on horses came down the road from the told her all about himself, and about the East Side, where poor people have opposite direction. A coachman sat Mary and Baby Sunshine waiting for their homes, and where they crowd in on the box, and within the carriage their Thanksgiving dinner, and about such great numbers that they never was a lady dressed in black, which his mother sick in the hospital up-

had been drowned at sea two years look almost white. Her right hand Now, the beautiful lady was a very previous, and to make matters worse held a single white rosebud. She wise lady, and almost before Jamie his mother was sick in a hospital, and had just placed others on a little grave. had finished she had ordered her carthere was nobody to take care of the Her only child-her boy with golden riage in haste. Then she directed one



the preceding year.

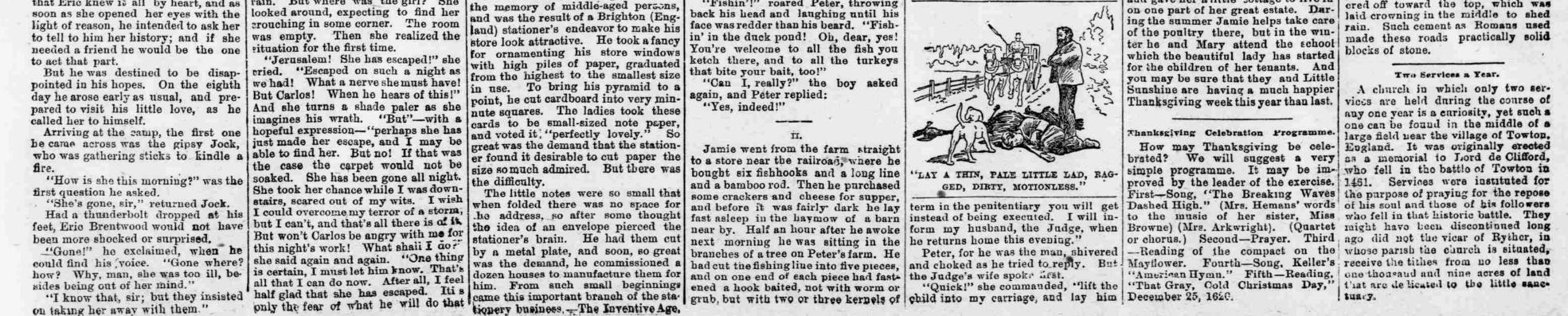
Suddenly her carriage stopped with such force that the horses reared, and she heard her coachman cry out:

"Is this the way you treat all of her carriage and saw the chickens and your customers? I came here to buy turkeys lying near the wheels. Yonder a red-bearded man-his face

more and more purplish.

stant. Then she sprang from her stood silent for a moment, thinking carriage, and with one bound was by the boy's side. Her hand quickly tore open his coat and shirt and felt his

> "He's alive," she said quietly, looking up into the man's face, as he



hair and blue eyes-had been laid to of the maid servants to make ready to start with her at once for New York, and she ordered a man to accompany

them When they stepped out of the ferryhouse in New York Jamie and the beautiful lady and the maid stepped The lady hurriedly looked out of inside a carriage, while the man sat her carriage and saw the chickens and outside next to the coachman, and thus they were driven to the tenement in Eldridge street, where Mary and Baby Sunshine were waiting. Soon after, the children sat down to such a meal as the children had not eaten for a long time. Before they had finished to those the Romans built prior to the the lady had found out just where Jamie's mother was, and she wrote included six main roads from London, his left temple was a mark getting her a letter saving she was going to

take the little folks out to her home that night to spend Thanksgiving Day and would bring them in town to see her at the hospital the day follow-She did all this, and more, too, for

Mrs. Dugin grew strong and well in a few weeks, and as she had been a fine butter-maker in England before she straightened and trembled under her | married her sailor husband the beausteady gaze. "So it's probably a long tiful lady took her out to New Jersey and gave her a little cottage to live in

on one part of her great estate. Dar-

"And you broke of the eugagement?" said one young man. "Les, not brutally, you know. But I managed it." "How?" "Told her what my salary is."

"Don't you dare kiss me!" she cried, warningly. "Why, I wasn't. thinking of such a thing," he said. "Well, I was," she replied, findy. -Philadelphia North American.

"'It is woman's lot to suffer in silence.'. I wonder what is the origin of that sentiment?" "Perhaps it's a corruption of the trath that a silent woman suffers a lot." -- Detroit Journal.

Mrs. Gobbs -- "I think it very strange that your friend Dob's never married." Mr. Gobbs .-- "Oh, you con't know Dobbs. He isn't half such a fool as he looks."-New York Weekly.

"A man," she whid, "never knows when he is well of." "frue," he replied, "and it's a mighty fortunate thing for women who don't care to be old maids that they don't."-Chicago Evening Post.

Mrs. Beenwed-"I could never un. derstand how Mrs. Spadeface managed to marry such a handsome man." Mr. Beenwed-"I should think you would be able to figure it out from your own experience."-Columbus (Ouio) Journal.

Census Supervisor-"You must have taken the enumeration of the people in that Indian settlement very carelessly. There are certainly many more of them than you have printed." Census Taker-"Sure. I counted two half-breeds as only one Injun."

"Well, here's another case of accidental shooting." "Too bad! 'I wonder why it is that people will go ou fooling with guns that they don't know are loaded." "Ob, they knew this one was loaded all right. It happened at a French duel."-Chicago Times-Herald.

B.itain's Roman Roads.

Up to the year 1824 the modern roads of Great Britain were inferior fifth century. The complete system with their branches, and a perfect network of cross roads, measuring all teld some 6000 miles, and connecting Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bath, Bristol, Newcastle, Dover and other points still unoccupied by thriving towns.

The Roman roads were parrow, but built to last for all time. The usual width was about fifteen feet, the depth three feet. The bottom was dug out and well rammed, a foundation of larger stones was laid in cement and layers of smaller stones tapcred off toward the top, which was laid crowning in the middle to shed

"Quit, Peter! Leave him alone!"

bloodshot with rage, his lips moving involuntarily, his great hands working nervously-stooped toward the road, where lay a thin, pale, little lad, ragged, dirty, motionless; his eyes were closed, his face was white, and above

All this the lady saw in a single in-

beart beating.