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UNROLLING THE SPOOL.

How John's Manhood Was Aroused—Tobacco and Book Money That Unwonted a Surprise.

John Lee had become unsteady. He had formed the acquaintance of some fast young men, and every time he went down street some one would ask him to drink, and then he would have to treat, and so the habit of drinking grew on him that he was fast becoming a drunkard. A good many nights, while he was sleeping off the effect of liquor he had drunk, his poor mother was awake, weeping and praying for him. Sometimes she would talk to him, and he would promise to do better, but he always broke his promise. Pretty Mary, who had promised to become his wife as soon as they could save enough money to go to housekeeping, noticed a change in him, and mistrusted that all was not right, but she kept hoping for the best, and saving her money to buy the furniture for the happy home she hoped soon to enjoy.

One night John was brought home drunk; so drunk that the next day he was sick and heartily ashamed of himself. His mother talked to him long and earnestly, and told him of Mary's love and patience and faith in him, and ended by saying: "Now, John, if you will sign the pledge and keep it, at the end of six months I will make you a present of $50 toward getting up housekeeping. I knew I can get it somehow."

John laughed and said: "All right, mother. I'll do it, and hold you to your promise." So John signed the pledge, and his mother began to save. It required close calculation to lay by several shillings a week; but she new trimmed her old bonnet, and turned up, unhurt and somewhat startled, that he regarded the phenomenon as a divine warning against playing games of chance.

At the present time the United States have more warship tonnage under construction than ever before in the history of the country in the time of peace. The new vessels building or authorized include 70 of all classes, 12 of which are battleships, six armored cruisers, nine protected torpedo-boat destroyers, 15 torpedo-boats, seven submarine gunboats and one lake gunboat.

Copake, N. Y., had a decided novelty in the way of social diversion recently. The citizens organized a "tombstone bee" and, going to the graveyard, straightened up all the toppling monuments and headstones. Following out their original streak, they then returned to town and wound up the evening with a dance.

The Japanese government through an agent has just made very large purchases of shoes, cloth and iron for the Japanese army in St. Louis, Mo. Said the agent: "Our men will wear American shoes and boots in China and when they reach Pekin will hang American shirts on the walls to dry."

A despondent New Yorker spent his last cent in paying his fare to Coney Island, intending to jump off the pier and drown himself. He was so cheered by the sights of gay Coney that he walked all the way back, spent the night in one of the parks, got a job next day and is now happy.

Iowa has an octogenarian association, about 50 members of which recently attended a picnic, in Union park, Des Moines. No man under 80 is eligible to membership in the society. The oldest member is N. A. Bacon, of Des Moines, who is in his 101st year.

An excursion party of 117 persons lately visited New York and its neighborhood for two weeks at the expense of their employer, W. S. Witham, who owns 32 banks and some cotton mills in Georgia. Those employes will hardly ever go out on a strike.

The number of women employed in the United States postal service is about 3,000.

A clever Arizona woman who cleared over $400 the past season on the olives which she herself prepared for market has invented a special treatment which bids fair to open a new industry. Besides the olives prepared in the usual manner she put up a large number, using the same formula as for mustard pickels. These found a ready market, the demand being far ahead of the supply. With the gathering of the crop of October she is planning to make a specialty of this new departure in olives.

When a bolt of lightning knocked the Rev. Shepard Knapp, a Congregational preacher, of New Haven, of the wooden horse of a merry-go-round, from which he was endeavoring to secure the brass ring, the capture of which would entitle him to another ride free, he remarked, according to a local exchange, as he picked himself up, unhurt and somewhat startled, that he regarded the phenomenon as a divine warning against playing games of chance.

UNROLLING THE SPOOL.

John's appearance rapidly improved. He walked more briskly and stood erect; his eyes grew bright, his breath became sweet, his temper cheerful, and Mary thought him smarter and handsomer every day. Sometimes he peeped into the cracked teapot which held his mother's savings, when his eyes would twinkle, and a queer smile would curve his lips.

He said to a friend: "It made me just ashamed when my dear mother offered to give me $50 if I would give up drinking; and I made up my mind that I would be even with her. Says I to myself: 'If you can save $50, I can save $100.' So I gave up smoking and bought me a tin savings bank, and every day I would drop in about what I thought my tobacco and beer would cost me. The day my six months was up I emptied my savings bank; and would you believe it, there was over $100 in it! Well, I took it to the bank and got 100 new dollar notes and then I got a spool and pinned the notes together, and wound them around the spool, and then I ran a stick through the spool, so that the spool would turn around on the stick. I tucked it into my pocket and went around to see Mary and invited her over to mother's to tea. After supper, says I: 'Mother, do you know the six months are up to-day?' Says she: 'Yes, John, and I have $50 for you.' She got up and handed me the money. 'Thank you; it will be quite a help to us about housekeeping. Mother, will you please remain standing, I have a little present for you—some tobacco,' said I; and I took out the roll of notes and had her take hold of the end of the one on the outside, and I had on to the stick in the spool and walked backward. She keep pulling until we reached the end, and by that time she was crying and had to sit down.

"Well, we had a jolly time, you'd better believe, and the next week Mary and I were married, and I have not drank a drop of liquor since. Then we commenced to go to a place of worship, and the Lord converted us, and now we have got the neatest, happiest little home you ever saw. Come down and see us, won't you?"—Kind Words.

When it was believed that alcohol was food, that when taken in reasonable quantities it aided digestion and did good, temperance might properly

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The Fort Scott (Kan.) Monitor draws a practical sermon from the experiences of a local character, Charley Zimmerman, who drives a one-horse dray. "Some guy what ain't wise asks Charley to come in and have his morning's morsel on him, an' when O. H. D. says: 'Well, I guess not,' the man, of course, 'thinks he's sore and says: 'Why because?' There's where the O. H. D. comes in an' says: 'A year ago I couldn't get credit at Canine's for a ham bone, and when I was out of feed my horse had to be satisfied with how good his last dinner tasted. When I was out of coal I stole a blanket off the horse an' sat around a picture of the Chicago fire. When I was out of groceries I satisfied my hunger by chewing the rag. When I was out of whisky I worked till I got money to buy more. When that failed I swore off. Now me and his horse and dog eat three square meals a day. I've got carpets on every floor in my house. I've bought a house and lot and it's all paid for but $50, and I can get credit at Canine's any time. No. I ain's no temperance shark—just one old booze-fighter gone wrong. Go lang, Bill!'"

Tobacco and Book Money That Unwonted a Surprise.

CELERY KING

NATURE'S CURE

Pain in Head, Side and Back.

For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side and in the small of the back. I was nervous and constipated and could not sleep. The pills and other medicines I tried only made a bad matter worse. Then I tried Celery King. One package cured me and made a new woman of me.—Mrs. Th. Kieshammer, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

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be understood as the use of it in moderation. Now that science shows that alcohol is a drug like strychnine, temperance can only mean total abstinence.—Rev. Dr. Herr.

The "good fellow" girl is here. There is no doubt about that. She wears short skirts with hip pockets in them, heavy yellow shoes and she says "d—n." She has a mannish stride, takes long steps, swings her arms and wears a polka-dot four-in-hand neckscarf and a white fedora hat, says the Boston Herald. She talks horsey, swings a golf club, gets a sun-brown tan on her arms, and has command of the entire vocabulary of sporting talk. She knows all about men, but wouldn't know how to hold a baby if her life depended on it. She does all this to earn the title of "good fellow," under the impression that it makes her more popular with the opposite sex than she must allure men from their clubs, and in order to do this and enjoy his comradeship she must be as near like him as possible.

The census enumerator at Vineland, N. J., T. W. Scull, did not anticipate when he entered the service of the government that his duties would include the naming of babies. Such is the case, however. Some of the prosperous but hard-working farmers and their wives evidently do not concern themselves much about the naming of their children. In several instances Mr. Scull found that after the father had called his children together, as if they were a brood of chickens, some of the youngest had no Christian names. Then for the first time the fond parents saw the need of early naming their offspring, and the census man was asked to give each a name, which he did.

Business is booming in Severance, Kan., to judge from an announcement in the News of that place. The editor, after gleefully calling attention to "the vast press of advertising in our columns," adds the following: "No room for politics this week. Will simply announce that Bryan and Stevenson were nominated by the democrats for president and vice president." Another Kansas editor, serene in the impregnability of his own rectitude, prints this paragraph: "Our readers can safely turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to what our damnable contemporaries say of us."

A current item says that an Arkansas woman and her seven children recently traveled to Minnesota on one ticket. The children were all within the prescribed age limit, there being two sets of twins.

WHAT A BLESSING

Many of Our Readers are Learning to Appreciate.

What a blessing it is.
Sought after by thousands.
Many a miserable man is happy now.
Nights of unrest, days of trouble.
Any itching skin disease means this.
Itching Piles mean it.
Eczema just as bad, and just as hard to cure.

But Doan's Ointment relieves at once, and cures all itchiness of the skin.

A blessing to a suffering public.
Here's proof to back our statement.

Mr. Chas. Nagle, No. 109 Central avenue, barber, Dunkirk, N. Y., says: "I used Doan's Ointment for a cutaneous irritation with which I had been troubled for some time. I do not say that it was eczema, for there was no breaking out yet the itching was most annoying and forced me to rub it until it caused soreness. I was afraid of its spreading, and I applied remedies daily, trying many different kinds, but nothing banished it until I procured Doan's Ointment. It cured me."

Doan's Ointment for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

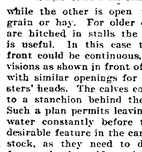
Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

The Fairy Stove

FEED CRIB FOR CALVES.

An Excellent Plan for Early Feeding When the Young Animals Are Confined in Pens.

Where calves are confined in pens the plan shown in the cut for feeding and watering will be found convenient. Two slits are cut in the side of the pen, each just wide enough to admit the calf's head. In front of is a box fitted with a division, one end being fitted to receive a pail,



FEED CRIB FOR CALVES.

while the other is open to receive grain or hay. For older calves that are hitched in stalls the same plan is useful. In this case the box in front could be continuous, having divisions as shown in front of each stall, with similar openings for the youngsters' heads. The calves could be tied to a stanchion behind the openings. Such a plan permits leaving a pail of water constantly in the stall, a desirable feature in the case of young stock, as they need to drink more frequently than older animals.—N. Y. Tribune.

MILKING BY MACHINERY.

A Problem That May Well Engage the Thought and Ingenuity of Dairy Engineers.

One of the reasons stated in the reports from creameries as to the reason of the decrease of the production of milk was the fact that farm help that should and could milk was so hard to get; that farmers were relinquishing their dairies, getting along with as little help as possible, with only their own immediate family, and therefore the number of cows that were being milked is gradually being lessened.

Within the past ten years there have been devised and talked of through the dairy press "milking machines." That any of these have been practical and come into general use is not a fact, but that a demand exists for a milking machine that will do the work properly, right and at a reasonable cost, is also a fact that is believed by great many interested in the dairy industry. There is usually action among practical mechanics, that when the world needs an improvement in machinery, some inventor finds it out. Finds the way to do it.

So with this great need of a milking machine to keep the dairy industry in line, to increase the amount of milk, that will be placed upon the market whether in the shape of a raw product or finished, we have faith that some inventor will out of the many plans that have been devised, perfect a milking machine and will do the work sufficiently well to bring it into general use.

Our dairy engineers may well take up this problem and give it their thought and attention, so that we may expect in the future something in this line that will be up to the needed requirements.—National Rural.

COLOR OF THE SKIN.

It Really Indicates Nothing Although Some Buyers of Cows Pay Attention to It.

The color of a cow's skin is a thing that counts for much in the estimation of many purchasers of dairy cows. Especially in the case of the Jersey it is believed that a yellow skin indicates much yellow in the milk in the way of cream. But when we get down to reality and away from fancy we are compelled to acknowledge that the yellowness of skin indicates nothing, and that color of the skin does not denote high breeding. Some of the best Jerseys have skin that is nearer white than yellow. There may indeed be a connection between the color of the skin and the color of the milk, but there is none between the color of the skin and the amount of butter fat in the milk. There is, however, a value in a yellow skin as well as in a yellow butter, because people have a fancy for the yellow color in both, and are willing to pay more for a cow that has a yellow skin than for a cow with a white skin. For this reason it is best to breed in the color where it can be done without sacrificing something else.—Farmers' Review.

The War Against Bacteria.

It is reported from Vienna that one of the scientists there has discovered that all the bacteria in milk to be killed by heat. Cooled to 50 degrees they begin to grow in the milk instead of dying.

Cure for Peach Yellows.

Yellows is a highly contagious, incurable disease of the peach. The affected with it should be destroyed the earliest possible moment by digging them out or burning roots, trunk and branches, including fruit, on sight. No remedy is known that has proven successful. Diseased trees or branches through contact will infect healthy trees. July, August and fall are the most favorable times for detecting of yellows by symptoms of fruit and twigs. The tree is premature ripening of the fruit, which is highly colored, dotted and has the flesh marbled white and red. 2. Premature unfolding of winter buds. 3. Abnormal development of new buds in the trunk and branches, which grow into slender, sickly-looking shoots.

Young calves need water as well as milk these hot days. Set a pailful on the fence in the yard and see they drink it down.

Mrs. Col. Richardson
SAVED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 72,959)

"You have saved my life, snatched me from the brink of the grave almost, and I wish to thank you. About eighteen months ago I was a total wreck, physically. I had been troubled with leucorrhœa for some time, but had paid hardly any attention to the trouble.

"At last inflammation of the womb and ovaries resulted and then I said good-bye to my health. I was my profession (musician and piano player) was confined to my bed and life became a terrible cross. My husband summoned the best physicians, but the benefit was but temporary. I had to believe I should have contracted the morphine habit under their care, if my common sense had not intervened.

"One day my husband noticed an advertisement of your remedies and immediately bought me a full trial. Soon the pain in my ovaries was gone. I am now well, strong and robust, walk, ride a wheel, and dance with the girls in teens. I would not be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is like water of life to me. I am very grateful and sincerely your well wisher, and I heartily recommend your remedies. I hope some poor creature may be helped to health by reading my story."—MRS. COL. R. P. RICHARDSON, RHINELANDER, WIS.

HANDY WATERING TANK.

An Arrangement for Barnyard or Roadside Which Has Several Important Advantages.

The illustration explains a convenient way of arranging a water tank either for the barnyard or roadside, which has advantages over the ordinary trough. Iron-hooped barrels, not too large size, are sawed in two at the middle, and set on a broad plank. A 2x4 scantling is notched to fit outside

WATERING TANK.

of the barrels and bolted on each side of the plank. The scantling holds the half-barrels secure on plank. Two pieces of pipe of any size large enough to reach from one barrel to the other, are used to connect the half-barrels at bottom.

The middle (or any one of the outside barrels) may be three or four inches higher than the rest, and water being conducted into it by gravity or pumping circulates to all three of the barrels, and with a stream of reasonable strength, will never become stagnant. Sometimes when two horses are being watered at an ordinary tank one of them does not care to drink, but will splash and muddy the water, rendering it unfit for the other animal. This is prevented with tanks arranged in the manner described. It is a good plan to give the barrels a coat of tar on the inside.—J. G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

Care of Milk in Summer.

Assistant Dairyman H. E. Van Norman, of the Indiana experiment station, is the author of an instructive bulletin on the "Summer Care of Milk and Cream." He advises thorough cleanliness in and about the dairy while handling the milk and cream, and particularly while milking. Cows usually have much dust and particles of manure in their hair, near the skin, and when the milker does his work this germ-laden dust falls into the pail. It is estimated that 2,020 bacteria fall into the milk from an unwashed udder as compared with 90 when the udder is washed just before milking. In spite of the best efforts some bacteria will get into the milk, and this makes it necessary to cool the milk as quickly as possible

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Major's Cement

Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

Constipation

Will cause you more trouble than any other disease.

YOU are apt to let it run along, thinking you will get over it. You get worse. Your system becomes full of poisonous matter. It causes headache, blotches on your face, and a multitude of complaints.

DON'T

Try to cure Constipation by dosing yourself with violent physics. Take the easy way

USE

Lee's New Life Tea,

A simple herb remedy, tastes good, does good, never sickens, gripes or weakens. A sample free.

Large Packages, 25 Cts

SOLD BY

L. A. BURROWS.

GRAY'S 25c BALSAM

DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but dissolves it, soothes the soreness and heals effectually. It is the best-known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Throat and Lung Troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

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Rooms opposite Woodward & Young Main St.
Shaving and haircutting done in modern style.

G. W. Smith,

has located in the building south of WOODWARD & YOUNG'S on Main street, Greenwood, N.Y. where he keeps a line of

Drugs, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Ice Cream, Tobacco, Etc.

He also has on hand a supply of the German Medicine Company's Medicines.

While the Candle Burns

By W. Stretton Smith.

FOR months I had been itching to ask Petroff the story of that battered old coin. That it had one I felt morally certain, else why should he grumble at my offering it to him?

"Yes, mon ami, it has a history—that coin." To my delight he had broached the subject himself. Like a true Russian, Hollow—exactly! And that small red spot there—you see it?—that looks so insignificant, but means so much.

It began with that night in the strange cafe, when the man with the black bag seated himself at the table, where I was quietly sipping my absinthe.

"Ivy wet night, m'sieu." I looked up, conscious that I was being taken stock of pretty keenly. A queer figure he was—a little, bent-backed man getting well on into years; his coat the same, if appearances were any guide, with a pair of eyes which missed nothing, I am sure, that passed.

"Very."

"But it will be finer soon."

"Doubtless," I answered, civilly; "the clouds are breaking even now." Again I felt that strange glance eying me up and down. I cannot describe it to you, but there was an unaccountable air of mystery about the man which puzzled me. A few more commonplaces, and then, after a cautious look round the half-filled cafe, he drew his chair up beside me, there, he drank off the contents of his glass at a gulp, took up his bag, and vanished.

And then I caught sight of a card staring up at me from the table. I couldn't help an exclamation, it was so queer. I could swear that it was not there before he sat down, but for the life of me I was unable to fix the moment of his placing it there, right in front of my glass.

"To-morrow at seven, Rue Scribe 26." Those were the words—in printed characters, not ordinary handwriting—and I stared at them till the letters seemed to be dividing up at random and performing grotesque dances before my eyes.

The man's peculiar demeanor, his evident wish to escape observation—they gained double force the moment I saw the card; but as for comprehending why it meant, I was totally lost. I could only guess, and it was poor guessing at that. The key to the mystery plainly lay at Rue Scribe 26; and there, after some little cogitation, I decided to venture on it.

A rash resolve? Well, yes—but at two-and-twenty an adventure is very much like a first kiss to a lover. You cannot put an old head on young shoulders, mon ami. The card I placed in my pocketbook for safety; and then, finishing my absinthe, started for home.

The little Rue Scribe—a dirty, evil-smelling alley in a low quarter—did not, however, seem so inviting in the reality as the prospect, when I reached there the next evening. I had left word with my fellow lodger where I was going, in case of unpleasant developments.

"If I am not back at nine," I said, "something has happened. Do not lose a moment; come at once in search for me." And it was lucky that I took so much precaution, as you will see.

No. 26 proved to be a gaunt, three-storied tenement, even dingier than the rest; at a first glance one would have said that it was deserted. There was no occasion to knock; the instant I got up to the door it opened cautiously two or three inches, and a man's head became visible. It was my companion of the previous night.

"A wet night," he said, slowly.

Then, like an inspiratory flash, the thing dawned on me. In themselves the words were meaningless; the night was brilliantly fine. Their significance lay beneath. Without a second's hesitation I replied: "But the clouds are breaking already; it will be finer soon, my friend."

The effect was magical. The door opened wider in a trice, and the best janitor's features even took on a smile of recognition.

"To the right!" he murmured, as I stepped inside; and the door silently closed again, leaving us in pitch-black gloom.

I groped along the passage; the walls were clammy, and occasionally I started as my hands touched something that crawled away in a trice at my approach. Presently I reached the foot of a rickety staircase, and groped my way up it, the darkness being so dense that I could not see my hand before me. At the top I felt a door, and knocked. It was opened by a sudden rush of light, and I found myself in a room of a little way ahead on the right. The doorway was screened by a thick curtain; I pushed this aside and entered.

The room was but dimly lighted, but this was no hindrance after the inky blackness of the passage, and it had the additional merit of shading me from the observation of those already in possession. There would be about 15 or 20 of them; but, much to my relief, no one challenged my entrance, or seemed inclined to take any notice of me. Stillness appeared to be the order of the whole proceedings; all were quiet save one group of two or three in a corner who talked together in carefully guarded tones.

Here, then, was the explanation—a secret society, one of those numerous organizations which held life at a pin's fee, and wholesale murder a glorified justice, when it furthered the interests of its members. By some means their emissary had managed to notify the wrong man—myself; and chance had done the rest—put into my mouth the very terms of their password. The coincidence was remarkable, no doubt, but quite clear. And now?

I asked myself what to expect. Discovery would be ugly; it might—probably would—prove a serious danger. There was a movement among the group which had been talking; one detached himself from the rest, and, making his way to a small table which served as a bar, commenced to speak.

To detail all he said would be to trouble you too much. It was the usual tirade; the unholy greed of the proletariat, the oppression of the workers, and the oft-reiterated cry for retribution to wind up.

And yet there was nothing theoretical about it. The tones were purposely pitched in a monotone, but with such intensity, a crisp play of accent, which lent striking point to the well chosen words. An orator—every inch; his whole personality vibrated with his message. The peroration was a fervid appeal for a volunteer who would not be afraid to give his life, if need be, for the cause which he professed.

"Who, I ask you, comrades, will be that one, and achieve the glory of dying in the name of liberty? The means are ready; whose shall be the hand to stroke the blow?"

In an instant a score of dirty hands were in the air, and a score of throats shouted: "I"—"I"—"I"—and one or two, fierser than the rest, snarled: "Down—down with the capitalists! Death to the cockaille!"

Voila, mon ami, picture the situation! I had heard of such scenes—yes; but never had I imagined their wild talk to be accompanied by such fierce passions and emotions. The bloodshot eyes, the fierce, grim attention, the readiness of one and all at the call to action—these gave me a new insight into the meaning of the terrible word "anarchist."

The president consulted with the group in front of him and announced: "The council is gratified with your response, brothers. It selects Comrade Labortin for the honor; the others will disperse."

And now—how to escape? It was my one thought. Escape—and then to prevent these wretches from carrying out their designs, of which I had gathered sufficient to know that it was no light one.

He whom they called Labortin had gone up to the president, and was talking eagerly—a new light on his face. The others were filing slowly out at the door; I made to follow. I gained the friendly darkness of the passage, when—footsteps! . . . a cloth thrown over my head from behind . . . . I was down on the floor struggling impotently . . . . a prisoner!

It was all so sudden, so unexpected, that resistance was out of the question. Ten seconds, and I was bound hand and foot, my pockets searched for possible weapons, and face to face with the stupefying consciousness that those ruffians had me at their mercy. A voice admonished silence, in tones which gave me small disinclination to disobey; and then I felt myself hoisted on stout shoulders and conveyed swiftly back whence I had come.

"That will do," said a voice which I recognized. "Loose his bonds a little." Then, "Well, M. le Spy . . . . now?" The mocking triumph in his voice gave me the first taste of what was to come. "Ah! it was a rare thought—to count the members myself as I spoke. And there were twenty-three—though I knew old Yacod Inpute to be abed with fever! Twenty-three when there should have been but twenty-two; and the extra one was you!"

I tried to put a brave face on it, but my breath came in little sobs. "Oh, same here without the slightest notion of what was afoot," I broke in, "or desire to know. I am no willing spy, an' I demand to be set at liberty instantly! And then I gave him the story as it was—to be greeted by derisive laughter and fresh gibes.

"A likely tale—very. And even supposing that it were true, my friend—he is little knowledge, as those peculiar English say . . . . . you know? Sometimes it becomes a very dangerous thing indeed!" He considered a moment.

"You, mon ami, spy or not, spy, to set you free would ruin all. Listen, I have a proposition to make. You shall join our society, and that means that you swear by all you hold sacred never to utter a syllable or lift a finger against its interests—and on that one condition. . . . . No?" The emphatic head-shake with which I greeted the proposal led him to add a word of warning. "Do not be hasty; consider well. The alternative is not—pleasant. Our aims, our beliefs, I need not explain; you have heard sufficient; it is rather the methods by which we seek to further them that you should learn. You see this?"

He was holding up what appeared to be a coin to my view—the coin which you have just had in your hands, my friend.

"A twenty-franc piece—yes; but you will observe certain peculiarities—this small red spot, for instance. To be brief, the coin would not pass official inspection at all; it comes from a private mint.

"There are but two of these particular pieces in existence"—he placed it on the table—"one is here, and the other is in the possession of Comrade Labortin."

I did not realize the import of the last phrase, or I might have felt the sense of terror creeping over me sooner than I did.

"For once in his life Labortin will be unfortunate enough to wear fine clothes—mix with the wealthy. At the playing rooms—he is there now!—he will stake his francs with the rest of them; and at half-past nine, precisely, when the rooms are fullest of people, he will stake a louis on the red or the black, as the case may be; he will throw the coin down sharply, so that one with a red spot near the edge—there will be a noise, a cloud of smoke, and falling dust. . . . Ah, now—now you understand! Now you see how our louis is made!"

Understand—alas, only too well; the thought of it turned me sick with fear. But he had reckoned without one factor. In his gloating triumph he had not noticed that the knots which they had loosened I had contrived by silent effort to make more further, till the cords only needed a sudden jerk to free them altogether. With a bound I was at him, tearing at his throat with a madman's strength and a suddenness that caught him off guard for an instant.

That struggle—can I ever forget it? The knowledge that life for one was death to the other spurred us on; each grappled for the honor; the others will disperse." . . . . Ah, now—how you escape? It was my one thought. Escape—and then to prevent these wretches from carrying out their designs, of which I had gathered sufficient to know that it was no light one.

He whom they called Labortin had gone up to the president, and was talking eagerly—a new light on his face. The others were filing slowly out at the door; I made to follow. I gained the friendly darkness of the passage, when—footsteps! . . . a cloth thrown over my head from behind . . . . I was down on the floor struggling impotently . . . . a prisoner!

It was all so sudden, so unexpected, that resistance was out of the question. Ten seconds, and I was bound hand and foot, my pockets searched for possible weapons, and face to face with the stupefying consciousness that those ruffians had me at their mercy. A voice admonished silence, in tones which gave me small disinclination to disobey; and then I felt myself hoisted on stout shoulders and conveyed swiftly back whence I had come.

"That will do," said a voice which I recognized. "Loose his bonds a little." Then, "Well, M. le Spy . . . . now?" The mocking triumph in his voice gave me the first taste of what was to come. "Ah! it was a rare thought—to count the members myself as I spoke. And there were twenty-three—though I knew old Yacod Inpute to be abed with fever! Twenty-three when there should have been but twenty-two; and the extra one was you!"

I tried to put a brave face on it, but my breath came in little sobs. "Oh, same here without the slightest notion of what was afoot," I broke in, "or desire to know. I am no willing spy, an' I demand to be set at liberty instantly! And then I gave him the story as it was—to be greeted by derisive laughter and fresh gibes.

"A likely tale—very. And even supposing that it were true, my friend—he is little knowledge,' as those peculiar English say . . . . . you know? Sometimes it becomes a very dangerous thing indeed!" He considered a moment.

"You, mon ami, spy or not, spy, to set you free would ruin all. Listen, I have a proposition to make. You shall join our society, and that means that you swear by all you hold sacred never to utter a syllable or lift a finger against its interests—and on that one condition. . . . . No?" The emphatic head-shake with which I greeted the proposal led him to add a word of warning. "Do not be hasty; consider well. The alternative is not—pleasant. Our aims, our beliefs, I need not explain; you have heard sufficient; it is rather the methods by which we seek to further them that you should learn. You see this?"

He was holding up what appeared to be a coin to my view—the coin which you have just had in your hands, my friend.

"A twenty-franc piece—yes; but you will observe certain peculiarities—this small red spot, for instance. To be brief, the coin would not pass official inspection at all; it comes from a private mint.

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