

Two Blooming

The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked . . . spreading himself like a green bay-tree."—Psal. xxvii. v. 35.

Bay Trees.

(Continued.)
On Sunday morning he excused himself breakfast and church, and read and smoked the morning away in bed. He wished to be at his best that night.

But all went without a hitch: and half-past two on Monday morning saw him entertaining the fat and interesting Mr. Schmidt and a few young men, who thought they were going to set the world on fire, in his bedroom.

Mr. Schmidt was the principal talker. Schemes electrical, mechanical, aye, and political, and even psychological, poured in an unbroken stream of villainous English from his lips, like the yards of coloured paper that flow from the mouth of an old-fashioned conjurer, while the young men smoked cigarettes. Meanwhile, gradually the minute-hand began to creep up towards the top of the clock, and Jack's ears were strained for the sound of the rattle in the safe. It was some minutes past the hour, and he began to get uneasy. Piggy also had been taking furtive glances at his watch, but he had no misgivings. Carefully made clockwork has a good memory, and Piggy trusted his. If they heard nothing it must be that the shut safe deadened the sound too much for it to reach them. But it would have been heard in the strong-room and in the adjacent pantry; and that was all that was needed. And, sure enough, soon came the sound of voices and of people moving in the

terrible. The conversation, or rather the lecture, stopped, and Jack stepped to the door and gently opened it. "I say, Demers, don't you give away our late hours to the whole house," said Arty Henshaw, one of his guests.

"Sh—sh!" replied Jack, speaking in a whisper. "I only want to see what's up."

As Jack opened a crack of the door the voice of the master of the house could be heard saying—
"Yes, but there's the chap himself in the house, after we've gotten hold of him, we'll go down."

Jack and Piggy exchanged a glance. If Van Coortvelt and Pawkins, or whoever was with him, went to hunt up the German inventor in his room, they would find the door locked, which, to say the least, would look curious. Such a contretemps must be prevented. Jack threw the door wide open, and called out—
"Anything up, Mr. Van Coortvelt? Burglars, or any fun of that sort?"

"Wa—al, no; I guess not," replied Van Coortvelt, who somehow looked very comical in his attire of dressing-gown and slippers. "I guess it's an alarm of burglars, without any burglars to it. I reckon there's something gotten unhitched about our German friend's invention; got sort o' tired o' sitting still, thought it 'ud liven us up a bit. We're on our way to find him now, to see if he can't persuade it to keep quiet a bit."

At this point Piggy bustled forward. "Oh! there you are, Mr. Schmidt," said Van Coortvelt. "There is something wrong with your invention. It's begun to sing without the organ, as it were; in other words, it's rattling away like old Hades, and there ain't nobody been near the safe."
"Hah!" said Piggy, looking serious; "dot, may be; and on de udder hand"—and he shook his head as if to imply all sorts of dark suspicions.
Van Coortvelt understood, and said rather impatiently—
"No, no, Mr. Schmidt; it is certain that no one has been to the safe; but for our mutual satisfaction, I should like it to be opened in your presence."

"Let us go at once," said Piggy brusquely. And the whole party accordingly moved off in the direction of the pantry.
"Hear it sir?" said Mr. Dwyer, the grizzled, keen-looking American guard. "The pesky thing started like that nearly ten minutes ago; an' there ain't nobody bin a-near th' durned contraption."
"Led us haf the safe open, said Piggy, cutting him short.
According to the guard, first referring to a piece of paper, which he kept in that receptacle known across the Atlantic as the sweatband of his hat, began to turn the big metal dial, first to the right, then to the left; finally, after a few more swirls, the ponderous door swung open, and as it did so out burst just such a pandemonium of sound as had been heard the evening of the alarm's installation.

Piggy did not lose an instant in stopping the rattle, for he foresaw that if the house were once thoroughly aroused, he might gather more audience than he would find it altogether so easy to get rid of. Having made a great show of examining his invention with a candle, he said severely—
"Der vos no burglars; but der vos some dam carelessness. Look ad dis!" And he held up a jewel, of which he had slyly managed to bruise a corner.
"Dod vos put on de dop of de apparatus, und zo, ven de toor shut, he shove him de berbenicular away from." And he glared at Mr. Dwyer.

"You know, sir, I only put him in demporally," continued Piggy, addressing Van Coortvelt. "If id had been broberly fixed in de safe, hot

gould not any more haf happened don if dis man in his head some prains hat got."

Mr. Dwyer said nothing, but gave a grim sort of half wink, as much as to say that he had met cranks before, and knew that they must be humoured.

"But why did it wait all this time?" asked Van Coortvelt. "I could have understood it's going off directly the safe door was closed."

Then Piggy turned on him such a flood of intricate explanation, getting more German and unintelligible each minute, that the millionaire, who was rather sleepy, soon gave up.

"Wal, gentlemen," he said, "I guess there ain't nothing over an' above wrong; and we'll leave Mr. Schmidt to fix up his apparatus; and Dwyer can close the safe when he's done."

The master of the house set the example of retiring, which the others who were already yawning, hastened to follow. Jack brought up the rear, and by a clever plan at once ensured the butler's being out of the way of hearing any possible sounds of struggle in the strong-room, and covered with a plausible motive his own going to open the drawing-room window for Piggy's escape.

"Pawkins," he said, "you might take some soda-water up to my room. Go straight up you fellows; we'll have a last drink before we turn in. I'm going to get my cigarette case; I think I left it in the smoking-room. So he moved off to that part of the house; and if any one heard a door open and shut, they could not tell that it was that of the drawing-room, not the smoking-room.

When he got upstairs, Pawkins was opening the soda water, and to Jack's delight was getting discursive over the night's happenings. He evidently entertained a grudge against both safe and watchman, looking on the installation of the one and the employment of the other as a usurpation of his functions, and an aspersion on his trustworthiness. He was speaking of Mr. Dwyer—
"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "he do seem to 'ave led a most adventurous life, leastways by his own telling. But really he does tell such tales, that it's almost impossible to say what's lies and what's just ordinary perversion of the truth, as one might say."

"Bravo, Pawkins!" said Arty Henshaw, delighted; "that's the neatest way of putting it I ever heard. So he spins some benders, does he?"
"Lord love us, sir, benders ain't no name for the things he tells us in the servants' 'all-breakers I should call 'em. The adventures that he've

ad—that is, if you believes 'im—by Flooden Field—"
"Eh! He looks pretty grizzly, but I shouldn't have thought he was so old as that!"
Pawkins looked dignified, but surprised.

"Flood and field," suggested Jack, lighting a cigarette. "What sort of adventures, Pawkins?" The longer Pawkins could be persuaded to run on the better.

"All sorts, sir; battles, and strikes, and 'ighway robbers, h'abductions, and 'orrible murders. 'Ee seems to catch a murderer before breakfast, reg'lar, when 'ee's at 'ome."

"It's something that he's on the side of law and order," laughed Henshaw. "By the way you spoke, Pawkins, I was afraid you meant—"
Just at that moment, or—ash! Reverberating through the silent house came the sound of a rifle shot. All stood up transfixed. Jack felt his very heart stop beating. He gulped down the whisky in his glass, and made a dash for the door; the others followed him. Sounds of feet and voices showed that they were not the only ones who had heard.

CHAPTER VII.
Wounded, But Victorious.
Despite Mr. Pawkins' strictures, Thomas Dwyer was a splendid specimen of a Southern American. Not of the old Southern aristocracy of course; but of the class which furnished the bulk of the rank and file of Lee and Stonewall Jackson's army. After the war, like many others, he had been left stranded. Had he belonged to one of the old planter families, he would most likely have joined the Moggy Magurys or the Ku Klux Klan, and, if lucky enough to come scatheless through this stage in the career of a "Southern Irreconcilable," would probably, like so many others, have ultimately embraced the philosophic plan of living on the enemy, and become an aristocratic sinecure hunter at Washington. Had he, on the other hand, been of the lowest, or "mean white" class, he might have become a recruit in that great army of tramps which, from that date on, began to become a figure in American life. As it was, he did drift for a time, but finally settled down as a Pinkerton detective.

The word, to English readers, does not exactly describe the thing. For Pinkerton men are more than detectives, they are soldiers of fortune. Like the Free Companies of the Middle Ages, they are hired out to whoever will pay, as guards, strike breakers, one might almost say as private troops; and it was more in this line, as soldier of fortune, than as crime detective that Tom Dwyer was of value to "The Office." When a dependable man was wanted, one who would guard his trust with his life, and reck but lightly of any risk to the latter, Tom Dwyer was the man to send.

He was popular with his comrades; and it was as well; for an occasion once arose when all this popularity, and a good deal of hard swearing, had been necessary to rescue him from a very nasty hole. For Tom Dwyer had once all but killed a striking workman who had called him a "goddam nigger." However,

the man did not die, and—well, Justice is not always quite so inquisitive in the Great Western Republic as it is in older lands. A little haziness on the part of witnesses as to who struck the first blow, a little convenient forgetfulness here and a little convenient recollection there, a good record, a good-natured jury, and a judge who "reckoned" the prisoner was the sort of man who was of more value to the community outside the penitentiary than in, and Tom Dwyer was able to walk out of the dock a free man.

(To be continued.)
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"I recommend 'Pyramids' wherever I know of any one suffering as I did. It gives me great pleasure to be able to say 'I am entirely cured, which my doctor says is true. I say God Bless Pyramid Pile Cure.' From a former great sufferer, Mrs. F. S. Ancoti, 1206 Unity St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

This remedy, which is sold by druggists generally, in fifty cent and dollar packages, is in a suppository form, is applied directly to the parts affected and performs its work quietly and painlessly. Its value is evidenced by the testimony given above, and we urge all sufferers to buy a package now and give it a trial tonight. Accept no substitutes and remember that there is no remedy "just as good." A little book on the Cause and Cure of Piles is published by the Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich., and will be sent free to any address.

"When I was a student at the University of Virginia," said Surgeon-General Rixey of the United States navy, "there used to be an old man named Tom Crabbe, who cleaned my boots and ran my errands."

"Tom, one morning, came into my room in an excited and gay mood."
"My daughter, sir," he said, "has a little baby. A fine child. Twelve pounds in weight."
"When was it born?" said I.
"This morning," answered Tom.
"Is it a boy or girl?"
"Do you know, sir," he said, "I forgot in the excitement to find out whether I was a grandfather or a grandmother!"—Washington Times.

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THE ARMY CHANGES.
Salvation Army Announces Important Administrative Appointments.

London, Nov. 16.—The changes in the leading administrative posts of the Salvation Army are officially announced as follows:
Commissioner Coombs, in charge of the work in the United Kingdom, goes to Canada.
Commissioner Rees, in charge of international training work, goes to Sweden.

Commissioner MacAlonan leaves Sweden for Switzerland.
Commissioner Eva Booth leaves Canada for the United States.
Colonel Richards leaves Denmark for South Africa.
Colonel Sowton leaves Chicago, where he has been provisional officer for Denmark.

Commissioner Howard vacates the post of foreign secretary to take charge of international training work.
Commander Booth-Tucker leaves the United States to become foreign secretary.
Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Helberg leave Switzerland and go on furlough.

The chief feature of the changes is that the United Kingdom is placed under the direct control of Mr. Bramwell-Booth, the chief of the staff.
This special arrangement is believed to be the first step towards the division of the United Kingdom into separate commands under one head, and an all-round strengthening and quickening of the crusade at home.

For such a task as this Mr. Bramwell-Booth has the best possible qualities. General Booth's tour throughout the country has probably convinced him that a great deal more can be done at home than has already been achieved.

The next interesting feature is Commissioner Eva Booth's appointment. She will rule 3000 officers and 716 corps in the United States. This is the greatest responsibility which has ever been laid upon the shoulders of a woman in the Salvation Army.
She will have the support of Commissioner Kilbey, as deputy-commander for the West and Chicago.

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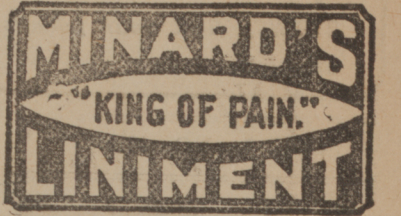
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