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MISTAKES AND MATRIMONY.

Peterson looked at the picture, then at the way. There could be no mistake. This was the same young woman in the take. This was the same woman who had just seen him in de-
Hiram Holcombe of \$1,000,000 of money.

For a moment he thrilled at the thought that across the narrow aisle from him was the woman for whom the police of the United States were looking.

Peterson had a mania for detective stories; not the weekly lurids, but the better sorts, and once he had done a rather pretty piece of work himself. But the capture of an automobile thief was nothing compared to the arrest of Kate Jordan, and he held the paper before his face to hide his agitation.

He crushed the paper into his satchel and leaned back in his section. If he simply telegraphed the police to meet the train and make the arrest there would be small credit coming to him in the papers. The better way would be to make certain of her destination and work the matter out alone. He could find some way to make her acquaintance; the rest would be easy.

"Permit me," he said with a smile, as he drew down the shade. "You see you have your finger in between the two sides and could not release the catch."

She smiled her thanks and he returned to his seat, but the ice had been broken and when the dining car was put on it was not entirely chance which led Peterson to the same table, at which his confidence queen sat.

It was not long before they were chatting, for Peterson was the sort of man to whom a woman in a crowd would instinctively make appeal, and after they returned to the sleeper he dropped into the seat beside her and talked until the white-coated porter began to take down the berths.

There was little sleep for him that night, though he was a good traveller. Somehow the girl's fair face, crowned by a mass of golden hair, drove sleep from his brain. He tossed restlessly in his berth.

Peterson could understand how Holcombe had fallen such a willing victim. There was no trace of crime on that girl's face. He wondered that so fair a face should mask so criminal an identity, and he shuddered as he wondered.

It was not until late that he was awakened by the porter and by the time he had completed his toilet the breakfast car was open.

The girl's smile was genuine when he asked permission to sit at her table, and there was pleasure in Peterson's face, too.

"We are on time," he announced, as a conversational opening. "We shall be in town in about two hours."

"I am glad of that," she smiled. "I have so much shopping to do and I sail for Europe to-morrow morning."

"That's funny," said Peterson. "What boat?"

"The Campana," she answered. "She sails at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. I believe that has something to do with getting over the bar."

"I'm going on that same boat," he announced. "I hope to see a lot of you. It is pleasant to feel that the trip will not end at Jersey City."

There was an answering look in her eyes that made Peterson's heart beat faster, but he told himself it was merely professional pride nothing more.

He led the conversation to European topics and soon so interested her that it seemed perfectly natural that he should drop into the seat beside her as he had done on the previous night.

They had passed Newark before he had

finished his chat, and his unostentatious way of attaching himself to her on the ferry and in the cab office on the New York side was worthy of Old Sleuth himself.

During the day he made the round of the stores with her with a patience truly exemplary, and it was late when they left the restaurant, where they had dined. She was to go aboard that night, and he had declared that to be his own intention. He had managed to send a telegram to his man to have a trunk at the dock and another to Jimmie Grosseup asking him to bring him some money.

"Bring me \$10,000 to the Campana," the wire ran. "Give it to me and get away without asking questions."

Grosseup was there with the money, and his trunk was in the stateroom he had been fortunate in obtaining in the afternoon. Everything was progressing finely and Peterson was chuckling over the manner in which the New York police permitted the adventures to get past them on the dock.

"It's all right, old man," he assured Grosseup as the latter slipped a package into his hands and closed his own over the check Peterson had written. "I'll send you a letter in the morning." There was a hand-clasp and Peterson was alone again.

There was still a chance that Kate Jordan might leave the boat, having taken passage merely as an artifice, and his detective instinct told him that the proper thing to do would be to watch the gang plank.

A sleepless night on the train is a poor preparation for night vigil, but he placed the deck until after the sun has risen, and was glad when they finally slipped down the bay, the early sun gliding the tops of the tall buildings.

He wrote a few lines to Grosseup to go over the side with the pilot, and then turned in and did not appear again until afternoon.

Miss Delmar (who had told him her name was Katherine Delmar) was on deck, and he slipped into a chair by her side.

"Not seasick, yet?" he asked cheerfully.

"I thought you were," she retorted. "I have seen nothing of you all day."

"When you were looking for me," he demanded, "that same old pulsing of his heart began again."

"Nonsense," she laughed, "since you are the only person on board I know."

"You will soon know the whole passenger list," he said decidedly. "I expected to make no acquaintance."

They spent the afternoon in steamer chairs and the evening in the boat deck in the moonlight. That night, before he turned in, Peterson pulled himself up with a round turn.

He realized that he loved this woman, that he loved her even before that unknown paper came on board the train. The reason he had recognized her was because every feature was stamped upon his memory when his eyes fell upon the printed page.

He would see no more of her. He owed a certain duty to society which had taken him in and had done much for him. He must abandon all thoughts of her. He must treat her as a stranger on the morrow.

With that virtuous resolve he went to bed, to sleep the sleep of pure physical exhaustion, but in the morning every resolution was forgotten in the light of the smile that sprang to the girl's face as she saw him approach.

It was only the beginning of a struggle in which for days his heart and head played see-saw. When he was with her all else was forgotten save that he loved her; alone there was the hideous fact to face that she was a common adventuress.

She must be an adventuress, he knew, for he had seen her picture and the story of her crimes in the paper. And yet he could not look into that pure, girlish face and believe that she was one of the most adroit confidence operators in the world.

Even the knowledge that her face was probably her greatest aid did not shake his resolution and on the night before they landed he came to his decision.

His nearest relatives were cousins. There was no immediately family to consult. In the clubs they might wonder at his dropping out of their life, but there was no one to be made sorrowful by his action. He had his own life to live, and that life he would pass by her side.

It was after dinner that he spoke to her, as they leaned over the rail and watched the glint of the green water as it sparkled in the reflection from the ship lights.

"Katherine," he said softly, "I want you to be my wife. I know it is sudden, but I have been in love with you ever since I saw you on the train, and I want to know my fate before we land. Do you care for me?"

"Before I answer I want to tell you something. Delmar is not my right name."

"I know," he said softly, "I saw the K. J. on your suit case."

"I just had to get away from some people," she went on, "and the only way I could travel was by taking a name not so well known as my own."

"I know all that," he assured. "I know why you are here under a false name, but is all right, dear; it doesn't matter. If you love me and if you will give yourself to me, the

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rest is nothing."

"But I feel that I ought to tell you everything," she persisted. "I want you to know about M. Holcombe, he—"

"Katherine," he interrupted, "there is no use saying anything but yes," he interrupted. "Won't you tell me that you love me?"

"I guess we both know that," she laughed happily. "I knew that morning at breakfast when you said that you were going to Europe on the same boat with me, that it was because you were following me, and I knew then why it was."

"You knew all the time that I was following you?" he gasped.

"I could tell then," she answered. "It came into your face like a flash and I was glad."

"I ought to tell you who I am," he began.

"I know," she interrupted. "I have read of your exploits in the papers and they had your picture."

"It's funny," he commented, "but I saw your picture in a paper; that's how I came to know you."

A fellow passenger passed along the deck. "There's a cable in the saloon for you," he called out. "I saw it in the rack. The mail has come aboard."

Peterson sent a deck steward for it. It must be from Grosseup. He, alone, knew where Peterson was. It might be a tip that Kate's flight was known.

With trembling hands he tore open the envelope and scanned the lines by a light from a port.

"Come home, you chump," it ran. "Kate Jordan arrested Mexican border Wednesday."

Peterson turned to the girl. "Nothing important," he said, trying to keep his voice steady. "Just a line from a friend in New York."

"No one knew where I was, so I cannot expect mail," she sighed.

"There is something more important than mail," he said playfully. "You have not said yes yet."

"Must I say it?" she asked bashfully.

"In full form," he commanded. "I Katherine—"

"I Kathleen Jardine—" she began, but the rest fell on deaf ears.

This then was the explanation. Miss Jardine was an heiress. There was a man named Holcombe who had committed suicide because she had refused him. It was to escape the notoriety she had innocently brought upon herself that she was travelling. And he had trailed her across the Atlantic, believing her to be an adventuress.

"Now, say you're glad," she commanded, as she finished.

"Glad!" echoed Peterson. "O, my darling is you only knew how glad."

Japanese Repartee.

A young Japanese compositor, employed on a Japanese paper in New York, was riding down town in a City Hall train the other morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper, and paid little attention to the other passengers.

But a fresh-looking young man, who sat next to him, and who had been eyeing him all along, suddenly asked:

"What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway; a Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little Jap was not caught napping. Quick as a wink he replied:

"What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway; a monkey, a donkey, or a Yankee?"

The fresh young man had no more to say, and left the train quickly when City Hall station was reached.—Newark, N. J., Crown.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.