-BY-GEORGE E. WALSH

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"So you've told me before, doctor, and I've accepted it trustingly. But now I want to know how much longer you will have to experiment with me? You admit yourself it is only experimental?"

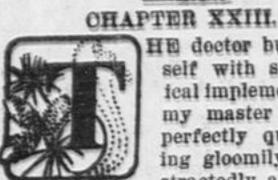
"It was at first, but not now. I'm positive about the results. So well have I succeeded that I'm ready to announce that in half a dozen more treatments you will be entirely cured. There will then be no more danger of phthisis, and you can feel that you are free from any taint of heredity."

"That is consoling, and under such circumstances I will permit you to continue the treatment for another month Then I'will refuse to submit longer to these hypnotic trances."

"Very well; I accept the conditions, and I have reason to believe that you will always thank me for my perse-

"I shall if you succeed." "Bhall we make another experiment, as you call it, tonight? It will shorten your month by a few days."

Then a most remarkable scene ec-



HE dector busted him self with some medical implements, while my master remained perfectly quiet, staring gloomily and abstractedly at the fire.

five minutes the former seemed to have found what he wanted and said: "Now, if you will take a seat in the

chair, Charles, I will hurry up, so you can return home early and have a good sleep. It is rather late now-after 11."

He looked at his watch as he spoke, and my master took a seat in a large, comfortable operating chair. He threw himself back into it and closed his eyes for a moment. "Now, Charles, look at me and yield

yourself to my influence," Dr. Squires said. "Remain in as passive a condition as possible." My master sat up and looked dream-

fly at the man, while the doctor slowly made passes before his eyes.

He was hypnotizing him not against his will, but with his full consent. Miss Stetson breathed hard and with difficulty restrained a scream. I placed a warning hand on her arm. She controlled herself with marvelous power and waited patiently for further de-

In a few moments my master was reduced to a perfectly helpless condition. He was merely an automaton obeying the will of Dr. Squires. The latter smiled quietly to himself.

"Now, Charles, you do not remember any of your past life, do you?" he

feel tired and weary, don't

"Yes: very tired." Well, Fouse Fourself and do my bid

ding with alastic. "Certainly, What is it? I feel fresh angush for anything.

Then after a short pause want you to he as shrewd and siert as possible tonight, for I have a difficult mission for Fouknow the large mansion on the mair

road just as you turn off from Gates My master nodded. "Well, that house is occupied by Dr.

Chalmers, a rich old fogy, who has plenty of valuable articles in the mansion. I want you to go there and bring back to me all that you can collect. You must then go down the main highway until you reach the house with two elm trees in front of it. Open the front door with a key you will find in your pocket. Enter it and go into the first bedroom on the right on the upper landing, undress yourself and go to bed. Sleep there until morning, and when you awake you will remember nothing of tonight's proceedings."

Again my master bowed his assent and waited for further instructions.

"Here are your pistol and dark lantern," the doctor continued, bringing out from a secret drawer in his desk the two articles mentioned.

"I want to caution you particularly tonight," he added. "The house is well protected. There are a burglar alarm, a watchdog and several manservants in the house. You must be extremely careful or you will be caught. Now, do you understand all?"

"Yes, I understand." He made a movement as if to pick up the pistol from the desk, but I felt that my time had come, and I stepped anickly out of the closet and seized the weapon. Before Dr. Squires could recover from his surprise I had him covered with my own pistol, while the other one was pointed at my master. 1

attempt to do in his hypnotic state. "You are caught, doctor," I said as calmly as possible under the circumstances. "Do not attempt to move or I will shoot you dead."

did not know what the latter might

The swarthy face paled a trifle, and then his eyes wandered toward my master. I saw his intention imme-

shoot you first and then disarm him," 1 said. "You are the one I'm after, and I shall have you or kill you."

He had not spoken, but I knew that his alert mind was active. I decided to cower him into submission if possi-

"I'm not alone here tonight," I added a moment later. "The house is surrounded. Your servant is a prisoner, and I have help behind me."

Mr. Jaimson and Miss Stetson stepped from their hiding place. The doctor uttered a hasty exclamation which never took the form of distinct words. He realized that it was impossible to deny his crime. There were three witnesses to testify against him. "Well, I guess the game is up," he

finally muttered. A look of disgust and hatred entered

his face. "I had a suspicion from the first that you might be a detective in disguise," he said, scowling at me.

"You should have acted on that suspicion earlier," I replied, returning his scowl with a smile, "Yes, but we are young yet, and we

During this exchange of words my

master had stood perfectly still, star-



He fell heavily to the floor. ing at us as if petrified. He seemed to recognize nobody in the room except the doctor and me.

his side and, taking one of his hands, said pleadingly: "Charles, what does all this mean?"

Suddenly Miss Stetson walked up to

But he only returned a stony stare. "Don't you know me? Charles, I'm-Oh, God! He does not know me!"

She staggered back a few steps, but her agonizing cry aroused the dulled senses of the hypnotized man. He raised his hand to his forehead and mumbled something. Then slowly the feeble dawn of an-

other intelligence seemed to break upon his mind. He moved a step forward, his eyes dilated, his features grew pale and drawn. He moaned as if awakening from deep slumber: "Where am I? Who are you? Yes,

Belle-my Belle-I see you. I"-His eyes grew dim, his limbs collapsed, and he fell heavily to the floor. Miss Stetson was by his side in a minute, holding his head in her lap.

"Go for medical assistance at once," I said to Mr. Jaimson, "and bring oth-

The man tremblingly made haste to obey, and then I spoke to Dr. Squires "Now that you are caught and there

is no way of escape show some mercy to the man whose life you have hearly wrecked. Give him what medical help FOR CAR URITH AROTHER COSTOR COMES. At first he returned my command with a sardenic grin; and then a spark 8f a better nature in him changed his

ta ablige Fau." he said.

He took some brandy from the shelf and poured it down the throat of the lurked a double motive. He was only waiting for a chance to make a break for liberty, but I kept him so carefully covered with my pistol that he did not have the opportunity. I followed him wherever he went and once ordered him not to leave the room.

"But I need some medicine," he said. "We'll do without the medicine," replied, "for another physician will be here in a moment to relieve you."

In half an hour Mr. Jaimson brought a doctor and two officers. While the latter took Dr. Squires in charge the rest of us devoted our attention to Mr. Goddard, who seemed lost in a heavy

CHAPTER XXIV.



LL that night my master remained unconscious. It was not safe to remove him from the house, and we made him as comfortable as possible in the

doctor's own bed. Miss Stetson and I took turns in watching by his side. But dawn broke in the east before

he showed any signs of recovery. Then as the sun flooded the landscape with its first rays he moved uneasily. The doctor said that a high fever was raging in him and that he would be in a critical condition for weeks. All that day and the next he tossed restlessly upon his bed, talking excitedly

in his dreams, but recognizing no one. Meanwhile Dr. Squires was lodged in prison, and thither I went to see him. He was totally subdued now and resigned to his position. Luck had turned against him, and he was not averse to confessing everything. In fact, he prided himself upon the smart game he had played.

three witnesses. In his own spoken

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He made his confession first to me, which he afterward submitted writing and signed in the presence of

teresting than when he wrote it out, and as such I will repeat the essential parts of it.

"You were smart to catch me," he said, "and I admire you for it. I thought I was alert enough to throw everybody off the track. In fact, you were the only one who ever suspected me. Now, be fair and tell me how you got your first clew."

"I visited your house some time ago and discovered the collection of stolen goods," I replied, "and neither you nor your servant was wise enough to find

"He was always a fool," he ejaculated. "But when did you first realize that I was hypnotizing Charles and using him as a tool for my purpose." I flushed a little, but answered truthfully: "I never suspected until that night

in the office when you hypnotized him right before us." "Ha, ha! Then I had one point ahead of you!" he laughed.

"Yes, I never suspected it." "Well, it's all over now, and I've had lots of excitement out of it. I wish Charles no evil and hope he will soon recover. I will explain everything so that he will be exonerated from blame. He is perfectly innocent of any crime.

"It was three years ago when I first met him in Paris. It was at the time when hypnotism was a fashionable rage. Everybody was talking about it and experimenting with it. I wanted to be fashionable, too, and I seen found that I possessed wonderful powers in that direction, I had been studying medicine and occult sciences with passionate interest for years and to

"While I was at the height of my studies I met Charles, and we struck up an intimate friendship. He talked to me freely then about the fear he had of inheriting phthisis from his father and said that it had been the means of his not marrying the girl he loved. gradually got the wholestory out of him. Now, I wanted somebody for my hypnotic experiments, and I found that I could easily influence Charles. Conse quently I concocted a story about being able to eradicate the germs of phthisis from any human system through the aid of hypnotic therapeutics. He readily entered into my little scheme and willingly submitted to my experiments.

"Thereafter I regularly hypnotized him at his own volition and tried all manner of experiments with him. would get him to do the strangest things and enjoy them hugely. I had no thought of crime then. But I would send him forth at night to do absurd things for me and then tell him to forget them all when he passed into his natural condition again. I found that I could control him in everything when hypnotized and completely change his nature, but he would remember nothing when he awakened.

"When he returned home, I accompanied him as a medical adviser. He had complete faith in me and promised to pay me liberally if I would continue my treatments. He imagined by this time that I was really helping him. Well, when I arrived here and saw Miss Stetson and realized what a princely fortune she possessed my nature changed. I envied Charles his prospects. I was poor and friendless; he was rich and had the love of a beautiful woman. Why could not I possess some of these good things of life?

"It was while in this mood that blanned the scheme which you have succeeded in balking. While in his hypnetic state i made charles reb Bouse after house in the neighborhood He brought all the sliver plate, lewel when hyphetized that I had little feat sitiveness. When he wake up asa the next marning, he never remember ed anything of the preceding night's

When I had collected a small fortune in stolen goods, I determined to ship them off to some foreign country and then go there and dispose of then giving as an excuse for my absence that a distant relative had died and left me his wealth and that my presence was required to settle up the estate. Then I meant to return and marry Miss Stetson if possible. I believe that I was learning to love her for her own sake. I certainly thought more of her than of any other woman I ever met. To gain her hand I told her that Charles was suffering from the incipient form of leprosy and that I was devoting my time to curing him. This . knew would turn her from him in horror and that she would never dare mar-

ry him. "But you can tell Miss Stetson that there is no more leprosy in his system than in yours or mine and that he has no inherited disease of any kind that she need be worried about. If all men were as healthy as he is, we wouldn't

need doctors in this world. "Well, this part of the scheme didn't work entirely as I wished. The leprosy scare made her confess that she would never marry Charles, but she still loved him and wouldn't think of marrying anybody else. My only hope was to keep at it until she yielded to my importunities, and I was even contemplating some method of killing off Charles by slow degrees. With him out of the way my chances would be

infinitely improved. "That's all the story I have to tell I was about making arrangements to thip my stolen goods away when you ancoded me. Another month and the robberies that have recently occurred in this neighborhood would forever have remained a mystery. But now the cat is out of the bag, and you can use this confession to suit yourself. suppose I will get twenty years; maybe more. Well, I'll practice hypnotic experiments upon my keeper, and maybe I won't have to serve the full time."

He showed his white teeth in one or his sardonic grins and complacently smoked a cigar the keeper had permit-

CHAPTER XXV. HEN I related the whole confession to Miss Stetson, a new light slowly entered her beautiful eyes. In conclusion she laid her head alongside of that of the sick

A week after the arrest of Squires I was watching by the bedside of my master. Suddenly he opened his eyes and stared hard at me. A look of recognition seemed to enter them. I did not speak, but returned his glance steadily.

"You here?" he said suddenly. "What

are you doing here?" I thought he was wandering in his mind, and so did Miss Stetson, who smoothed out his hair and said gently: "You mustn't talk, Charles. You must rest quietly."

But he did not notice her. His eyes were still fixed upon me. "Why is it we meet so often?" he added. "Are you dogging my foot-

"No," I replied, not knowing what "When I met you that first night,

gave you one-third of the goods and told you I never wanted to meet you again. Why do you persist in running "Yes," I replied, beginning to divine

his meaming. "It is pure accident." "And I saved you that other night from the dector's hounds. That should make you a little indebted to me. If you appreciate that, you will never meet me again."

"I hope I never shall." I spoke in earnest then, for it was not my master who was talking but the hypnotized robber and burgiar whom I had twice encountered in his midnight prowlings.

The doctor, who had come in, said he was wandering in his mind, but I knew differently. His other self, which Dr. Squires had created out of him, was talking. Would that other self predominate and possess the body of Charles Goddard, my master?

He soon relapsed into his former quietness. About midnight the doctor said a change would soon come. watched critically every line of his face and forehead.

"There are signs of his recovering consciousness," the doctor said finally. "He will probably remember nothing about all that has occurred. His hypnotic state is all a blank to him, and it must never be mentioned to him. is as pure and innocent of crime as any of us. Let him never think otherwise. The whole story can be hushed up. If he knew it all, the shock might kill him."

The climax of the fever was reached shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning. The breathing slowly lost its laboriousness, and the hands grew moist and soft. The eyelids finally fluttered and opened. He looked around a moment in silence; then he said softly: "Belle, dear, I've had such horrible

dreams, but they were nothing but dreams, were they?" "No. Charles; nothing but dreamsnothing but horrible dreams."

She bent over him with admirable composure, but a tear trickled down and splashed on the billow as she

STERNES DESEM urban tram cars I passed a cottage Wherein a strange thing had received many from the true hearted mistress of the cottage, who took compassion upon necessity. Barly one morning this lady woke in great affright. She had dream ed that the old man was calling her frantic haste to come and help hi She looked at the clock and noted the time. It was 4:30. Later on the lifeless body of the old man was found in a well. The medical opinion was that must have got into the water at bout 4:30 that morning. That was their independent testimony before they had been told of the curious experience of the woman. The distance of the well from the house made it impossible that she could have heard the old man cry, if he really did cry. How, then, can one explain the incident? I might relate other facts similar in their nature, all showing that there is in the world more mystery than we have yet comprehended .- London Standard.

Imitation New Potatoes. Here is a way in which imitation new potatoes are made: Late in the season, after the other crops are out of the way, the gardener plants a crop of late and good keeping potatoes. These potatoes are dug and buried in heaps in the open field and left until spring opens and the new potato season arrives. At the proper time the heaps are opened and the potatoes dipped into a boiling solution to curl the skin. The effect of dipping any potato, no matter how old, into this boiling lye solution is to crack and curl the skin, and at the same time it hardens or makes the potato much more firm, so that its resemblance to a new potate is so near that it would be hard to pick out the impostor, from appearance alone, from a basket of the genuine article.-London Globe.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Senator Lodge's Opinion of Passing Alas-

Washington, Feb. 7. - Senator Lodge, Massachusetts, member of the Foreign Relations Committee, had a day, during which they discussed the status of the Alaskan boundary treaty. The Senator informed the Iresident that he does not regard the ratification of the treaty as a hopeless task. It is gaid to be the purpose of the friends of the measure to press its consideration in the Senate, because some of the opposition based on misunderstanding.

The Truant - - and - -The Shark

By P. Y. BLACK Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association "H'M! I'd like to see me!"

The small boys looked at Master Wat with admiring | Call on ... "You chaps can go and be taught by a burgher if you like, but

not me." "Won't your father lick you, Wat?" "Shut up! He's got no father, and his mother never licks him."

Wat walked off, with his nose in the air, and just around the corner he ran squarely into the schoolmaster who was to take the place temporarily of the regular teacher, who had broken his leg. Wat sniffed impudently and would have walked past, but Jan de Jough put out a hand to stop him-put it out with diffidence, hesitatingly, almost as an inferior might do. "It is time for school, Master

Thoms," said be. "I am not going to school today," "And tomorrow?"

"Not temorrow." "May I know why?" Wat looked to one side and another, rather abashed, and then inselently at

"White men," said he, "should not be taught by-by black men."

He ran away and did not see the flush of anger and sorrow that reddened De Jough's clive cheeks. schoolmaster looked after him for a second and then slowly proceeded to open the school.

This happened in Natal, where are many men of different races-English, Dutch descendants, Portuguese, Malays, descendants of the coolies brought in old times from the East Indies as plantation workers, and Kaffirs. So there are many social ranks and grades. Wat was an English boy, brought out to the colony when a baby, and as the English rank highest in the country and never would think of mingling intimately with the other races Wat, being only twelve years old, had a rather exaggerated idea of his own and his people's worth.

Jan de Jough was not a black man, though his skin was dark, like most Italians. He was the descendant of Dutch and Portuguese ancestors, who long, long ago had owned the country before the Englishmen took it as the spoil of war. just as America today mis come into possession of the Phil-

Mr. de Jough was downhearted. Most of the boys were of English parentage, and if Wat, their leader, rebelied he foresaw a falling off in attendance and the consequent loss of his first position, his first stepping stone. He was right. The boys, small as they were, were impudent and unruly, and Jan dismissed the school desspondently.

Meantime Wat, for sufficient reason did not go straight home. He doubted his reception by his mother might no be altogether cordial and appreciative, It was not, as it usually is on the coast of the Indian ocean. One advantage the heat brings to the boys is that one ean on awimming any day almost al the year round: Wat, wandering alone a swimming place where the surf die not break too visiently he naturally mais manatany of the marning was like most hors in warm countries first rate swimmer, and he had no esitation in plunging into the dug ndian ocean even when quite alone.

He left his clothes on the beach near some rocks without fear of pilfering wanderers, for the cove was some distance from the town and a spot where few ever wandered. He ran in with a dash, paused to catch an incoming breaker just at the right moment before it broke, dived beneath its crest, swam vigorously under water for a minute and came up puffing and blowing on the glorious swell of the waves, with the sun glowing down upon him in warm hearted approval.

Wat turned on his back and let himself be rocked luxuriously. One moment he would be lifted up so that he could look far out to sea or inland at the vast extent of greenery, and the next he was down in a great hollow, with nothing before his eyes but the cloudless blue above and the glassy waters reaching up at his sides like precipitous mountains.

"Poof-oof-ow!" cried the boy. "This is better than a stuffy schoolroom, with a low burgher making you study the idiotic history of the country. He had a cheek to think he could teach English boys. I wish he was here, and I'd teach him to swim. Wouldn't I duck him? Oh, no! Certainly not!" He was like a fish. He reveled and

played in the sea like one of its own inhabitants. A home bred boy of a colder climate, used to one or two months' swimming in the summer holidays, would not have believed a twelve-year-old youngster could be so much at ease on the breast of the fathomless ocean. Wat struck out to deeper water with a bold, swift side stroke and soon was standing, monarch of all he surveyed, on a great black rock which broke the force of the waves as they strove to dash, with headlong strength, into the quiet cove.

As he stood there, with joyous eyes, facing the ocean defiantly, as his race's eyes have done for centuries and conference with the President yester- do today, sudden interest increased their wide brightness. A quarter mile out from the beach of the little bay but only half that distance from the rock on which he stood, lay on a reef the dark timbers of a recent wreck. Wat remembered hearing of a little bark rushing on the reef in a gale a month ago, but school and cricket had prevented his going out to the cove

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AGENT, LINDSAY.

until now. At once he was filled with the desire to explore, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the deeper outside waters and swam for the hulk. It did not take him long wreck. When the vessel was wrecked was comparatively autob and on the

Hights of the farest sort. To explore STRANGE COFFICES TO STAND WAIST GEORsers and toes, unearth strange things worthless now, but interesting; to peck and pry with an excited heart in the hope that he might light upon a won-



Wat looked cautiously overboard derful find perhaps treasure overloo! ed, perhaps- At the thought of perhaps seeing something ghastly, although he knew all the crew had been saved. Wat suddenly felt lonely and afraid. He ran quickly up on the broken deck. He was startled to note how long by the sun his walk and his swim and his explorations had taken. Now he felt hungry, and he knew it must be long past time at his mother's house. Tiffin? He looked again at the sun and the shadows of the rocks upon the sea and calculated correctly that it must be 2 o'clock and school would be coming out in an hour.

Wat ran to jump overboard. His foot was on the broken rail, and his hands were raised to dive. In an instant he would have been in the water, when be staggered back, white as flour, shaking of the nearness of his escape. Slowly,

Continued on page 8.

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ome desirable buildings in town.

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