By SEWARD W. HOPKINS, China Sen." "Two Clentiemen of Hawall," "On a Palso Charge," Etc.

Bonyright, 1998, by Robert Bonwai's Sous.

CHAPTER IX. "Numoer 101!"

"What is it?"

"You are to be put into a road gang this morning, and go out to work on the public boulevard."

I was known as Number 101. My keeper imparted the above delightful information to me on the ninth day of my imprisonment.

I say delightful because I mean it. and do not use the word in an ironical sense. The news was indeed delightful and gratifying. It was what I had waited for. It was the beginning of my labor for the state, and my hopes rose, for now, surely, I would find an opportunity to strike

for my liberty. The officer in command lost no time, but put us at once to work. Most of the prisoners had evidently know just what to do, as if they were resuming work that had but recently been laid down.

After dinner, I, in company with the same ill-smelling ruffian who was my marching partner, was sent some distance away to bring back a supply animal, that did not seem to feel fatigue.

As we left the main force behind, my heart began to beat violently and my brain to work quickly, for now, I thought, the only opportunity I would get had come.

We traveled perhaps three miles. Then we came to a sort of storehouse or shed, where we stoped. The guard had the key to the shed, and, handing it to me, he ordered me to open the

exceed my humility and meekness at that moment.

The stuff used for these roads proved to be a kind of asphalt brought from the coast farther north. and stored in the shed until needed. It was now dry, and lay in piles of broken lumps and blocks.

The guard stood looking on while my companion and I proceeded to carry the stuff to the wagon and load up for our return trip. I had resolved that this return trip would never be made-at least by me.

Suddenly an overwhelming influence seized me, and I struck the blow that I had been dreaming of ever since my incarceration.

I had not the least cause to feel murderously inclined toward the guard, but it was my liberty against his life, and the balance fell my way. I had reached his side with a heavy piece of the asphalt in my hands. Without giving him time to raise his rifle, I lifted the lump and sent it crashing against his skull.

the floor.

I sprang to the horse and began rapidly to loosen him from the wagon. But now an enemy arose upon whom I had not counted. My fellow prisoner, either from a mistaken sense of duty or from a desire to win favor sought to prevent my departure. He me on deck; and there standing on sprang upon me, and we had a handto-hand tussle, in which it seemed at light from beaven, stood Maubikeck, times as if I was going to get the and above him, in red letters, seemworst of it. Backward and forward | ingly of fire floating in the air, I saw we swayed, now with his hand at my the words, "If you are saved and throat, now with my fist thrust square | am not, save Nita from Maligni!" against his jaw, writhing, twisting, biting and kicking, until I finally got a strangled him.

hurled him against the body of the guard, and with a last pull at the straps, freed the horse from his en-

cumbrance. Leaping upon his back, I banged his sides with my heels, and away he went to the northward, carrying me toward freedom.

But the Sardinian prisoner was not yet beaten. I heard the crack of the guard's rifle behind me, and felt stinging sensation in the back. was shot.

I felt the warm blood oozing down my back, and began to feel weak and dizzy. Even though I had not been hit in a vital spot, I knew that the loss of blood would finish me unless was able soon to stay it. But to halt now would be death anyhow, and I kept on. The rifle was fired again, but this time the distance was too great for the Sardinian's aim, and I was not touched.

On, on we went, my little horse and I, past woods and past farms, until 1 saw the road across the valley, which I had seen from my prison window, and which had seemed to lead to places of refuge in the mountains.

Suddenly my horse stumbled and fell. My weakness was now so great that my hands refused to cling: my legs were as those of a man paralyzed. I rolled from the animal's back and fell with a thud by the wayside. Relieved of his burden, the horse recovered his footing and plunged forward out of sight.

I was stunned by the fall. I became conscious of a burning sensation in my throat, then an excruciating pain in my head, then another in my back; my arms and legs tingled as if filled with needles. I felt something pressed to my lips, and again the burning in my throat. My mind grew calmer. I opened my eyes. Vision had returned to me.

Bending over me was a monk. "You are wounded, son," he said, in a voice that was soft and almost womanly.

"Yes, father," I replied, my own voice coming only in a whisper. "I have been shot."

The monk's face was very paleunnaturally white, I thought. He looked at me through his goggles a moment before answering.

"You are wounded in the back, son," he said. "Is it the work of an

assassin?"

"I will tell you the truth, father," I said, weakly. "I am a prisoner of the ttate. The brother of the prefetto was murdered. I was accused of the murder, and though I knew nothing about it, I was convicted. I was work on the public road to-day and escaped. A fellow prisoner fired at me with the guard's rifle and wounded

me. They will be after me soon." "Alas, son! This is a bad bush-

The monk, as he said this, glanced nervously around, as if apprehensive of detection in thus succoring a prisoner of state who had escaped.

He put his hands under me and lifted me gently from the ground. seemed to be but a child in his arms, Holding me across the back of his mule, he easily mounted, and, speakbeen there before, for they seemed to ing to the animal, we were soon moving up the mountain side.

We did not travel far in this way -perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then we had come to a thick portion of the forest, and we were in a rugged mountain region. The monk had been peering from side to side, as if of cement in a wagon drawn by a in search of something, and suddenly asked. small horse, a rugged, stout little halted his mule before a tall, whitebarked tree that stood near the edge of the road.

> "I thought I knew the place," he begin. murmured to himself. "That is certainly the tree."

Sliding from the saddle to the ground, the monk took me in his arms and carried me into the forest. He spoke to his mule and the animal followed him.

He carried me carefully over rocks ly. and fallen trees and through seemingly impassable places. He seemed to I did as I was told. Nothing could know fully every foot of the uneven ground, and to be looking for some particular spot.

"Ah!" be exclaimed at last. is here. The soldiers of the prefetto will have to work to find you here."

"And you will not betray me, father?" I asked. "Nay, I know full well the ease

with which the prefetto imprisons falsely. You are safe here. And you will be fed."

"I thank you, father," I said, in gratitude.

We had entered a grotto. The air inside was cool and sweet. I could hear the murmur and ripple of a spring and mountain stream near by. I felt a sense of rest and security. and my trust in the monk was firm.

Soon delicium set in. I was now at the circus and gazing with wonder and admiration at Nita Barlotti, the trapeze queen, and at Maubikeck, the lion tamer, in their

respective acts. Then the visit to Ralph Graviscourt's rooms and the discovery of With a groan he fell into a heap on the photograph was as vivid in my mind as on the day it actually occurred. And so on, I lived over and over again the stirring scenes of my last days in New York, and the de parture of Maubikeck and myself on the steamer.

And then the accident; Maubikeck and perhaps pardon for himself, rushing into my room and carrying top of a wave, still in the glare of the

I was vaguely conscious of a lapse of time as I lived over these scenes. good grip on his throat and nearly I seemed to feel that some one was near me. But I knew nothing real Seizing him with a mighty effort, I There was nothing of actual life about

> Again I fancled I heard the rippling of a stream.

Again I thought that marble walls surrounded me. At first it seemed that I was in a tomb, but gradually consciousness came to me and awoke. The bed of furs was my couch; the grotto walls were above me. An odor of something came to my nostrils faintly. I turned my I head.

A fire was burning in the little stove. By it, a cigarette in his mouth. holding something over the coals, sat Mutterelli. He rose and looked a

"All right, signor," he said, in the calm voice of a man who knew what he was doing and had been doing it a long time. "It will be ready in a minute. A bit of toast and a sip of wine will do you good. Keep still You are all right, signor."

"Mutterell!" I whispered. "Signor! You know me!" he cried "Jesus be praised! You have long been near death, but now you will be restored to life. Ah, signor! How's

As he said this he put a wooden board before me, upon which was a glass of wine and a bit of white breast of chicken and a slice of toast. Nothing that I had ever eaten in Delmonico's tasted half so good as that dainty morsel in that hour of my return to earth.

Then I closed my eyes and a delicious sense of rest stole over me, and I fell asleep.

I slept long and sweetly, and awoke much refreshed. Feeling strong, I raised myself on my elbow and looked about. Squatting on a low stool near the opening of the grotto was Mutterelli, smoking the inevitable cigar- Dr. Pellet?" ette, calmiy paring some potatoes,

of utter centent and placid happiness. "Mutterelli!" I said in a whisper, which was all the voice I could raise, Mutterelli laid down his knife and came toward me.

"You called, signor," he said. "Where is the monk?" I asked. Mutterelli put his finger to his lips.

"You are not to talk, signor," he said. "Be patient, and when you are stronger we will speak of it. You have been very ill, signor." "How long have I been in the grot-

to, Mutterelli?" I asked.

"Sixteen days, signor." I sank back on my fur couch, over come by a sense of weakness and utter helplessness. Sixteen days! And it seemed as though it was but an hour since the monk had carried me into the grotto, and had set about dressing my wound. And the change from the monk to Mutterelli was so strange, so unexpected. Yet Mutter elli was calm, and seemed perfectly

at home in this strange place. When he had replied to my last question he offered me a glass of wine, which I drank. Then he turned and walked out of the grotto. I remembered that he had done this when I first saw and recognized him, and realized that this was his method of enforcing silence. So alone I lay, and in my weakness wondered what chain of circumstances had led Mutterelli to the grotto.

In about an hour Mutterelli returned.

Hc slowly rolled a cigarette in his fingers and lighted it, drew a stool near my bed and sat down. "How do you feel, signor?" he

"I feel much better," I replied. Mutterelli was evidently going to talk, so I waited patiently for him to

"You have been very sick, signor," he said finally. "It is now sixteen

days since you came here." "Yes," I replied; "so you told me before. But how many days is it

"Sixteen, signor," he replied calm-"You followed me?"

since you came here?"

"Yes, signor. I was told where to find you."

"Then my hiding place is known!" "Yes, signor. Your hiding place is

known to me and to the monk who brought you here. That is all." "And you saw the monk? You must have seen him, for he only could tell

you where to find me." "Yes, signor, I saw the monk. He is a good monk, signor. I alone in Sardinia have his confidence. The monk and I belong to the same secret society, signor, though I am but a

poor member. See, signor?" "What is his name, Mutterelli?" "He is Brother Michael, signor, of the Order of Jesuits. He is high in favor with the general of the order,

signor, and travels much, doing missionary work." The exertion of talling had been severe and I felt that I must stop.

"You are weary, signor," said Mutterelli. "You have talked too much. You must rest. I will leave you." He sauntered toward the entrance

to the grotto, and I saw him pause long enough to twist the end of another cigarette and light it. Then he disappeared through the marble arch. I lay back on my furs, wondering. There was, in my mind, a vague yet rapidly growing conviction that Mut-

terelli and the monk were one and tween the monk and Mutterelli; the daughter of Dr. William Jayne, presi implicit confidence which the monk .eposed in Mutterelli, who, I knew. nad a price-all these things, as thought them over, convinced me that Mutterelli was Brother Michael and Brother Michael was Mutterelli. far he had done well. But how was I ever to get away from Sardinia, and how was I going to continue my efforts to restore Nita Barlotti to the sphere in life to which I knew she belonged?

(To be continued.)

Parisian Trees.

Paris is said to lead the world in the culture of city trees. The success of the French capital is due not so much to an admirable soil climate as to a well-organized system of caring for the trees.

In large nurseries young trees are grown and prepared for the Parisian streets. The culture of the soil is elaborate. From the very beginning the trees are pruned and staked to compel a straight growth. By frequent transplanting the roots become so hardened that they are enabled to withstand injury due to transportation. When a tree is sufficiently large, it is set out in the streets with the same care that was lavished upon it in the nursery. Often the cost of planting a single tree is \$50. Whenever a storm destroys the city trees the nursery can be immediately drawn upon for another supply.

Thoughtful.

Young Wife-"There is a gentleman in the library, dear, who wants to see you."

Young Husband-"Do you know who it is?" Young Wife-"You must forgive

me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—and, oh, if I were to lose you, my darling!"

Bursts into tears. Young Husband-"There, there, dear! Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears, I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it

Young Wife-"N-o, it is not a docthe expression on his face being one | tor; it's a-a life insurance agent."

Illinois News Items

State Happening Succinctly Told by Our Special Correspondents.

Robbery Committed While Police Are

In Their Rendezvous. The Alton police were called upon recently to solve the mystery of who robbed a slot machine that was doing business in the police station. The machine was installed under the regime of Chief of Police Volbracht and was for the purpose of selling cigars, the profits being for the benefit of the owner, the chief of police. The chief of police was removed from office and the next day the machine was robbed of all the money that had been accumulating therein for several days. It is said that the person who took the money had a key to the machine and that the robbery was committed while the police were in the room with the machine, but no one noticed the operations of the person who opened the machine. A reward of \$10 has been offered for the apprehension of the guilty person. The machine will be removed from the police station as one of the first changes of policy by the acting chief of police, James Young. Once before the same cigar-vending machine was robbed in a similar manner and the police were unable to discover who committed the offense.

Treacherous Mine Roof. Crushed by an immense piece of falling slate, John Roberts, a coal miner employed by the Trutter shaft at Pleasant Plains, suffered intensely all day and died late in the evening. His back was broken by the accident and a physician who was called was unable to do anything for him. He is the fourth man to be injured in this shaft within the past three months, the treacherous roof of the mine being responsible for all the accidents.

Goes to New Fields. Rev. Clark Braden, pastor of the Christian church at Cairo, who has resigned, was tendered a farewell reception at the residence of R. F. Robertson. Rev. Braden's departure is greatly regretted, as, during his pastorate, the church prospered to a high degree. He will go to Untario, Canada, to assist in a prohibition campaign there, and later will debate with Charles Watts on the srbject of

Quarryman Becomes Blind. Thomas Marshall, a quarryman employed at the Armstrong stone quarry at Alton, lost one of his eyes while sledging rock. Marshall was striking the rock with a heavy hammer when a piece of rock was knocked into his eye. The eyeball was displaced, and crushed by the force of the blow. The attending surgeon says Marshall's eye | 1903. is destroyed and that the other one may have been seriously injured also.

infidelity.

Mrs. Yates' Counsin Dies.

Mrs. Lizzie Jayne Keuchter died at the Milwaukee sanitarium at Wilwaukee, Wis. She was taken there recently in the hopes that her failing health would be benefited. She was the wife of C. F. Keuchter, a clothing the same. The timely meeting be merchant of Springfield. She was the dent of the state board of charities. Mrs. Richard Yates, wife of Gov. Yates, is her cousin.

> Cass County Physicians. The physicians of Cass county met In convention in Virginia and formed a county medical society. The following officers were elected: President Dr. J. A. Glenn of Ashland; vice president, Dr. George Bley, Beardstown; secretary, Dr. J. A. McGee, Virginia; treasurer, Dr. J. G. Franken, Chandler

> "Father of Democracy." Mashaac W. Crutchley of Greenville, one of the pioneer residents of Bond county and popularly known as the "father of Bond county Democracy," is dead at the age of 73 years.

To Sell Bottle Works.

The United States court has issued an order that the plant of the Litchfield bottle Glass company shall be sold on the premises to the highest bidder on December 6.

Grain Buyer Is Injured. H. M. Bragg, a grain buyer of De-

catur, was seriously injured at the Sidney elevator by fairing into the oats bin. He was removed to his

Injury to Boy Wrestler. While wrestling with another boy, Rola, the 14-year-old gon of Sol Finch of Springfield, received a bad fracture of the right leg.

Pastor Accepts Call. Rev. Arthur Morrison of Tallula, Ill., has accepted the appointment of pastor of the Shiloh church.

Real Estate Deals. Jesse Turner has transfered to G. W. Dunseth, 80 acres of land in Loami township; consideration, \$7. 200. Turner English has sold at auc

tion for Albert Spaulding thirty-one

lots in Riverton, realizing \$3,066. Apple Growers' Convention. The Mississippi Valley Apple Growers' association will have its next meeting in Quincy chamber of commerce rooms Thursday, November 13. A good attendance of apple growers is Apportion Funds for Church Work

and Elect Officers. The annual meeting of the presiding elders of the central Illinois conference of the Methodist Episcopal church has been held in Springfield. All the presiding elders in the conference were present except Rev. W. H. Wilder of the Champaign district. The question of an apportionment of church moneys was discussed. About \$10,000 will be distributed among the various districts for use in church work. The officers were elected as fellows: President, Rev. W. Smith of Cnampaign; vice president, Rev. W. N. McElroy, pastor of Kumler church of Springfield; secretarytreasurer, Lee Matheney of Spring-

HUNTING COMPANION

Lads Indulge in Target Practice and

One is Killed. Bert Opdyke and Clura Voricil, lads of 14 years each, are before the coroner's jury at Johnson City, charged with murder. It appears that in company with Denis Ross the boys start ed hunting and on the way to the grounds in view had a target practice, Fischer was employed as teacher of Ross falling with a fatal wound in the | that school, but she was discharged head, where he lay when found by another boy soon after the shooting. The defendants ran away, reaching Soto, in Jackson county, where the story was told to a relative, who told them to return home. Accidental killing is claimed by the boys.

Champion Thresher.

Daniel Sunderland of Delhi claims to have made the best record ever made in that part of the state with a threshing machine. In sixty-five days' work he threshes 85,000 bushels of wheat. The conditions for making a good record were ideal for threshers, and many thresher men report a big season's work On several occasions Mr. Sunderland threshed out from 1,800 to 2,000 bushels of wheat in a day. The wheat crop was so heavy this year that all records for work were broken.

Southern Illinois Doctors.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Southern Illinois Medical association closed its work at Centralia by electing officers for the following been cut in the bag to admit air. year, as follows: President, J. A. Heim of Metropolis; first vice president, W. D. Emerson of Hartford; second vice president, Dr. J. W. Armstrong of Centralia; treasurer, Dr. A. T. Telford of Olney; secretary, Dr. E. E. Fyke of Centralia. The next annual meeting will be held at Marion in

Funeral of Hale Johnson.

With impressive and solemn ceremony the remains of Hon. Hale Johncon, whose tragic death occurred at Newton, were laid to rest. Services were held at the Central Christian church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. 13. H. Hart, assisted by the local ministers. All business was suspended and members of the Grand Army. Woodmen and of the Newton bar at tended in a body.

Rob Section Hands.

A car used by section hands on the Chicago & Alton as a boarding car was broken open while it was standing on the "cut-off" tracks east of Upper Alton, and nearly all the personal property belonging to the men was stolen. Twelve pairs of shoes, twelve pairs of trousers, a gold watch and some money were the most valuable part of the plunder the burglars secured.

Perry County Farmers.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Perry county farmers' institute will be held at the court house in Pinckneyville on November 12 and 13. An extensive program has been arranged and several state workers will be present. The county officers are: John B. Pier, Cutler, president; W. T. White, Cutler, secretary and treas-

Affirms Big Verdict.

The Appellate court has affi med a decision of the Adams county Circuit court in the case in which Bernard Bauman was awarded a judgment of \$10,000 against the Quincy Gas and Electric company for alleged damages caused by coming in contact with a live wire. The Quincy company will carry the case to the Supreme court.

Sustains Hip Fracture.

Mrs. Aldrich, one of the inmates of the old ladies' home at Springfield, fell upon a polished floor and received a fracture of the hip. Her advanced age will retard and perhaps defeat entire recovery.

Farmers' Institute.

The annual convention of the Wash

ington County Farmers' institute and the Washington County Domestic Science society will be held in Nashville November 18 and 19. The most interesting part of the joint convention of the University of Illinois; O. will be the exhibits of cereals, fruits, Kern, superintendent of schools pastry and handiwork, under the supervision of the latter society. Mrs. Crane, instructor of farm med Jennie Barlow of Bloomington has at Champaign, will be p teen secured as the speaker for the domestic science society and she will lecture on the afternoon of November

SLOT MACHINE IN THE STATION | PRESIDING ELDERS ASSEMBLE | THEY LEAVE ALTON TO SATAN

Christian Brethren Depart From City Because of III Treatment.

The steamer Megiddo, having on board a band of eighty-five members of a sect known as the Christian Brethren, steamed out of Alton harbor recently for St. Louis. The leader of the Christian Brethren, Elder L. T. Nichols, decided not to remain in Alton longer, because the city officlais refused to allow them to hold meetings in Alton, and demanded the payment of wharfage tax for every day the boat was at the Alton leves. Elder Nichols said before his departure that he would have remained in Alton to conduct meetings and to spread the doctrines of his sect, but for the opposition manifested by the city officials. The city officers say that they refused to allow the Christian Brethren to enjoy the freedom of the city because of trouble they stirred up in Alton five months ago.

Teacher Wants Her Money. Miss Samantha Fischer of Huey has commenced mandamus proceedings in the Circuit court against the board of directors of the Clinton school in Brookside township. Last year Miss before her term expired. The directors alleged she was not competent. The young lady filed suit against the board in the Circuit court for the balance of her salary under the terms of the contract. Judgment was entered against the directors for \$56. The teacher has not received her money, therefore she seeks to compel the di-

pay the judgment.

rectors to levy the necessary tax to

Finds Babe in Valles. Carefully tucked into a new "telescope" bag and dressed in expensive clothing, a baby only a few days old was found at the Dearborn station, Chicago, in a pile of baggage taken from a Monon train. No claimant appearing for the baggage, it was opened and the baby, sound asleep, was discovered by the astonished depot master. The infant was taken to St. Vincent's orphanage. The trainmen think the child was put aboard at a near-by Indiana station, as it had not been crying and showed no evidence of being "doped" A small hole had

Gets Valuable Library.

The Springfield Teachers' Training school has received a valuable gift in the shape of the pedagogical library collected and owned by the late Prof. F. R. Feitshans, once principal of the high school and for five years city superintendent of schools. The gift comes from Mary F. Feitshans, widow of the professor, who now resides in Lawrence, Kan. During the life of Prof. Feitshans in Springfield he did much for the betterment of the school system and it was under his guidance that the Teachers' Training school was established.

Hunting Preserves.

A party of fifteen St. Louis sportsmen have leased a tract of 2,200 acres on the Illinois river, near Six-mile island, and are building a large clubhouse on the property. The club members will use the land for hunting and fishing preserves, and many Alton hunters who formerly found good shooting in that vicinity have found it necessary to go elswhere. The club preserves are located below

Rob Gospel Captain.

the lower end of Six-mile island.

Rev. Andrew Thorn of the Gospel vessel Mcglddo has made complaint to the Alton police that while he was helping to carry some coal across the levee to replenish the coal supply of is destroyed and that the other one coat and vest, which he had laid down while he was working, and carried the articles of apparel away. In the pocket of the vest was a gold watch belonging to Thorn.

Boy May Lose Arm.

Harold Voyles, 11-year-old son of W. S. Voyles of Alton, accidentally caught his sleeve in a machine for threshing broom straw at his father's broom factory, and the boy's arm was drawn into the machine. The flesh was mangled from the wrist to the shoulder, and amputation of the arm may be necessary.

Fraternal Absorption.

The supreme encampment of the Fraternal army of America, whose head officers are in Taylorville, will meet at Springfield November 17 to take official action concerning the absorption of the Royal fraternity union of St. Louis. The latter lodge has 7. 000 members and a reserve fund of \$20,000.

Cass County Institute.

The Cass county farmers' institute will be held in the opera house at Virginia December 9, 10 and 11. L H. Kerrick of Bloomington, candidate on the Republican ticket for trust Winnebago county, and Prof. Frank among the speakers. Frank T of Athens and Charles Rows of J scuville have been select