By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XIX. An hour passed without a word being on the floor with some ragged bedclothes spoken by his singular hostess. She went to the window from time to time, and leoked out as if expecting some one. At length Walter determined to break the silence, which had become oppressive. It did not seem natural for two persons to be in the same room so long without speaking a word.

ly living in the woods away from any of the room, "I shall have a hard bed neighbors," he said. "I don't care for neighbors," said the

woman, shortly,

"Have you lived here long?"

was the next remark of our hero.

she inquired. "I am a book agent."

"I have done very well so for, but then life would have preferred to sleep in the

I have been at it only a week. "It's a good thing to have money," said have placed himself in their power, the woman, more to berself than to Wal-

things that are better."

abruptiv. "Good health, and a good conscience."

She laughed scornfully. and never could get it. Do you think I of furniture except a single wooden chair. would live here in the woods if I had and that, of course, would be of no sermoney? No. I should like to be a lady, and went fine clothes, and drive atout in a handsome carriage. Why are some people so links, while I live in this nitserable bute?

day," he said, though he had little :aith in his own words. He wondered how the tall, guant weman of the backwoods would look dressed in silks and sating

"My he'k never will change," she said. such havel as this."

quietly; "but in a different way."

tone nome curiosity. "A year ago six igouths ago my fath-He was the hight to be worth over a hun- five dollars. He then drew off his stock property was swept away, and now I am again put them on.

"How did your father lose his money?" "Hy speculating in mines."

"The more fool he !" "My father is dead," said Walter.

gracely. "I cannot bear to hear him "Humph!" ejaculated the woman.

expect you are hungry. "Yes," said Walter, "I am; but I can wait till your husband comes."

She took out from a small emphoard a plate of brend and some cold ment, and laid them on the table. Then she steep ed some tea, and, when it was ready, she put that also on the table. Walter understood from this that supper was ready, and, putting on his shoes, which were now dry, he moved his chair up The woman poured him out some tea

in one of the cracked cups

The first sip of the tea, which was quite strong, nearly caused a wry expression on Walter's face, but he managed to control himself so far as not to betray his want of reliah for the beverage his hostess offered him. The only redeeming quality it had was that it was bot, and, exposed as he had been to the storm, warm drink was agree-

"There's some bread and there's some ment," said the woman. "You can belp stooping over, Inserted his hand

succeeded in emptying his cup of tea. He would have taken another cup if there hitter to be inviting.

Walter pushed his chair from the table. and sat down again before the fire. She rose and cleared the table, replacing the bread and ment in the cupboard. There was silence for another hour. Walter wished it were time to go to bed, for the presence of such a mode him feel uncomfortable. But it was too early get to suggest retiring. At length the nilence was broken by a step outside.

"That's Jack," said the woman, rising Walter vigorously. bastily; and over her face there came a transient gleam of satisfaction, the first Walter had observed.

Before she could reach the door it was up?" spened, and Jack entered. Walter looked up with some curiosity to see what sort of a man the husband of this woman might be. He saw a stout man, with lowering eyes, and matter red bair and

"They are fitly mated," thought our

The man stopped short as his glance rested upon Walter, and he turned quickly to his wife. "Who have you got here, Meg?"

naked, in a rough voice. "He was overtaken by the storm, and wanted me to take him in, and give him

supper and lodging." "He's a boy. What brings him into these woods?"

"Where are his books?" "I have sold them all," said Walter,

feeling called upon to take a personal share in the conversation. "How many did you have?"

"Twenty."

"He says he's a book peddler."

"How much did you charge for them?" "Three dollars and a half apiece." "That's seventy dollars, isn't it?"

"Yes." "Well, you can stay here all night you want to. We ain't used to keepin'

tavern, but you'll fare as well as we." "Thank you. I was afraid I hight have to stay out all night." While his wife was getting out the

supper again, the man sat down beside the are, and Walter had a chance to scan | than Jack eagerly strode toward it and his rough features. There was something threw open the door. He entered it, and In his appearance that inspired distrust, and our hero wished the night were past, and he were again on his way.

CHAPTER XX.

About nine o'clock Walter intimated a desire to go to bed. The woman lit a candle, and left the room, followed by

had been scated. Looking around him. Walter found that the chamber which he had entered was as bare as the room below, if not roared, kicking the barrier that separated more so.. There was not even a bed- him from his late victim, now his captor.

stead, but in the corner there was a bed

"That's where you're to sleep," said be woman, pointing it out. "Good-night," said Walter.

She put the candle on the mantelpiece. for there was no bureau or table in the

"This isn't a very stylish tavern, that's "I should think you would find it lone- a fact." thought Walter, taking a survey but I guess I can stand it for one night. There was something else that frombled him more than the poor accommo dutions. The ill looks of his host and "That's as people reckon time," was the hostess had made a strong impression stoon his mind. The particular inquiries "You don't have far to go for fuel," which they had made about his success in selling books, and their strong desire "Did you say you was a book peddler?" for money, led him to feel apprehensive of robbery. He was in the heart of the woods, far away from assistance, and at "Is your business a good one?" she ask. their mercy. What could be, a boy of fifteen, do against their combined attack?

Under the influence of this apprehension, he examined the door to see if "Yes," said Walter "it's very conven- there was any way of locking it. But lent to have money; but there are other there was neither lock nor bolt. There had been a bolt once, but there was none "Such as what?" demanded the woman flow. Next he looked about the room to see if there was any heavy article of famiture with which he could barricade the door. But, as has already been "I'll tell you there's nothing so good said, there was neither bureau nor table. as money. I've wanted it all my life, In fact, there was absolutely no article

woods without a shelter, rather than

"What shall I do?" thought Walter. That man can enter the room when am asleep, and rob me of all my money. Looking about the room, he noticed a "Perhaps your luck will change some | closet, the door of which was bolted on the outside. Withdrawing the bolt, he opened the door and looked in. It was nearly empty, containing only a few articles of little or no value. A plan of operations rapidly suggested itself to Walquickly. "I must live and die in some ter in case the room should be entered while he was asleep. In pursuance of "My lock has changed," said Watter, this plan he threw a few pennies upon the floor of the closet, and then closed "How?" she asked, betraying in her the door again. Next he drew from his pocketbook all the money it contained. except a single five-dollar bill. The bank er was a rich man, or was considered so, notes thus removed amounted to fiftydred thousand dollars. All at once his ingo, and, laying the hills in the bottom,

obliged to earn my own living, as you Walter's feelings, as be lay on his hard bed up the floor, were far from pleasant. He was not sure that an at tempt would be made to cob him, but the probability seemed so great that he could not compose himself to sleep. Suspense was so painful that he almost wished that Jack would come up if he intended to. He was tired, but his meutal anxiety triumphed over his bodily fatigue, and he

toward about restless'y It was about nine o'clock when he went to bed. Two hours passed, and still there were no signs of the apprehended invasion. But, five minutes later, c beary step was heard upon the staircase, which Prenked beneath the weight of the man ascending. Jack tried to come up softly,

but it erenked nevertheless. Walter's heart best quick, as he heard the steps approaching nearer and nearer It was certainly a trying moment, that might have tested the courage of one older than our hero. Presently the door opened softly, and Jack advanced stealthily into the chamber, carrying a candle which, however, was unlighted. He reck oped upon finding Walter undressed, and his clothes hanging over the chair; but the faint light that entered through the window showed him that his intended victim had not removed his clothing

The robber passed a moment, and then, Walter's picket. He drew out the pock-Walter ate heartily of the food, and etbook. Walter making no sign of being aware of what was going on.

"I've got it," muttered Jack, with sathad been milk and sugar, but it wa stoo | isfaction, and stealthily retraced his steps to the door. He went out, carefully closing it after him, and again the steps creaked beneath his weight.

"I'm afraid he'll come back when he finds how little there is in it," thought "If so, I must trust to my

The door was soon again thrown open. and Jack strode in, bearing in his hand candle, this time lighted. He advanced to the bed, and, bending over, shook

"What's the matter?" asked our hero, this time opening his eyes, and assuming a look of surprise. "Is it time to get

"It's time for you to get up. I've got comething to say to you. "Well," said Walte a sitting up in bed

"I'm reads. "Where're you put the money you had

ast night? Walter put his hand in his pocket.

"It was in my pocketbook," he said: but it's gone. "Here is your pocketbook," said Jack,

producing it "Did you take it out of my pocket? What made you take it? Do you mean to steal my money?"

"Yes, I do: and the sooner you hand it

over the better." "I have some more money," said Walter; "but I hope you will let me keep it." "What made you take it out of your

pocket book ? "Because I thought I should have a

visit from you. "What made you think so?" demanded Jack, rather surprised "I can't tell, but I expected a visit,

so I took out most of my money and "Then you'd better find it again. I can't wait here all night. Get up, and

find me that money, or it'll be the worse "I hid some money in that closet," said

Walter. "I thought you would not think of looking there. No sooner was the closet pointed out

began to peer about him, holding the candle in his hand. "Where did you put it?" he inquired,

turning to question Walter. But he had scarcely spoken when our hero closed the door hastily, and, before Jack could recover from his surprise, had bolted it on the outside. To add to the Walter. She led the way up a rough, discomfiture of the imprisoned robber, the unpainted staircase and opened the door | wind produced by the violent slamming of of the room over the one in which they the door blew out the candle, and he found himself a captive, in atter dark-

"Let me out, or I'll murder you!" he

Walter saw that there was no time to lose. The door, though strong, would probably soon give way before the strength of his prisoner. When the liberation took place, he must be gone. He held the handle of his carpetbag between bia teeth, and, getting out of the window, hung down. The distance was not great, and he alighted upon the ground without injury. Without delay be plunged into the woods, not caring in what direction he went, as long as it carried him away from his dishonest landlord,

(To be continued.) 

#### INTELLIGENCE OF "FANNY"

~~~~~~ er, is described by Richard Harding Quirk, Oscar Engle, John W. Cope, Ma-Africa," as "not so large as Gibraltar, Gaylor Clarke, or so high as the Flatiron Building in

he tells the story of a lost dog. this one is nearest the sun. You cross ground rich in possibilities for an aras a man crossing the zone of fire seeks California supplies ample material for two feet thick, you congratulate your shown by the enthusiasm with which

missionary to whom some unobserving | Wednesday matthees being at popular friend had given a fox-terrier. He had prices. never owned a dog, and did not know what to do with this one.

Her name was "Fanny," and only by the efforts of all on board did she reach the Congo alive. There was no one, from the butcher to the captain, includ- the Majestic theater, Chicago, of Vesta ing the passengers, who had not shield. Victoria, the celebrated English come quently we all knew Fanny, and it was thearing this wonderfully gifted woman her drooping tail.

and were forced to plunge to her rescue lent work. The Three Westons are had ever crossed the parade ground ex- play and sing in such a ravishing mancord at a funeral murch, and the spec- per that they have gained a position on tacte of two large white men playing the vaudeville stage which is entirely tag with a small log terrier attracted unique. Wm. Innum's trained dogs proan immense crowd. Finally Fanty can vide a genuine entertainment not only into the legs of a German trader, who for the young people, but for children grabbed her by the neck and held her of an older growth. Foster and Foster

onte purple. "Did you think we were wonder and admiration.

rying to amuse the dog?" I made a leash of my belt, and the captain returned to the ship, dracging his prisoner after him. An hour later Wanterers to Make Scientific Study met the missionary leading Fanny by

"I must tell you about Fanny!" "After I took her to the mission I forgot to tie her up, and she away. But, would you believe it, found her way straight back to the ship. Was it not intelligent of her?" I was too for gone with apop'exy. heat prostration and sunstroke to make any answer, at least, one that I could

The Other Steams.

make to a missionery.

A teamster retires at the age of once. I lived in New York on 5 cents a day for nearly six months and was in magnificent health. Some people eat to live; others live to est. As the old chap on the ferrybeat said to the

and llame "Sonny, why does a pig eat?"

" Cause he's hungry." "No. There's another reason." "What's dat?" "He wants to make a hog of his

self." New York Press.

Boing Chores. To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pile one's own squashes at one's own barn! It is like filling one's system with an antitoxin before going into a fever plagued country. One is immune to winter after this, provided he stays to bake his apples in his own wood fire. One works himself into a glow with all his digging and picking and piling that lasts until warm weathor comes again, and along with this harvest glow comes stealing over him the after harvest peace. It is the serenity of Indian summer, the mood of the after harvest senson, upon himupon him and his fields and woods,-Dallas Lore Sharp in Atlantic.

Getting Along. Miss Goodley-Miss Hussle goes in for everything. She's constantly doing

symething. Miss Knox-Tes, but the one thing she is doing most steadily she won't

Miss Goodley-What's that? Miss Knox-Growing older. - The Catholic Standard and Times.

A Leap-Year Catch. He-You have a beautiful collection of pressed flowers. She-Yes; but I still need one vari-

ety to complete the collection. He-You have but to name it am I'll move heaven and earth to obtain She-Orange biossoms.

When the Maid Propoded. The leap-year girl had just proposed. "This is er so sudden," stammered the young man in the case. "I am dreadfully-er-embarrassed, and-" "Embarrassed!" exclaimed the fair maid. "Then I take it all back. I

Gold Sante. Manager-Do you play by note? Vlolinist.-- Nein. Cash only.

thought you had codles of money."

## **AMUSEMENTS**

AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

GARRICK THEATER, CHICAGO.

"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO." Monday night at the Garrick theater, Chicago, will start the third week of the engagement of the Relasco-Tully drama, "The Rose of the Rancho," which is being enacted by Miss Frances Starr, David Belasco's youngest leading woman. Her associate players are all Charles Richman, Hamilton Revelle, The town of Matidi, on the Congo riv- Frank Losce. Henry Benrimo, Lillian Davis, in "The Congo and Coasis of ria Davis, Marta Melean and Grace

The southern part of California in New York, but a little more steep than the late fifties, the time the Americans either." In connection with this place were pushing into the picturesque lands and estates occupied by the sons and Other table lands may be higher, but daughters of old Spain, offers a backit wearily, in short rushes, with your tist of Mr. Belasco's resources; and heart in your throat, and seeking shade, that dramatic period in the history of cover from the bullets. When you reach throbbing dramatic incidents. That the cool, dirty custom-house, with walls American audiences are interested is self on your escape; you look back into the play has been received in New the blaze of the flaming plaza and won- York, in Boston and nightly at the Garder if you have the conrage to return. rick theater, Chicago. Matinees are On board the steamer was a young on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the

#### MAJESTIC.

So successful was the first week at ed Fanny from the cold, and later from dienne and singer, that the management the sun; fed her, bathed her, forced arranged to hold her over for another medicine down her throat and raced her seven days in order that an insistent up and down the spar-deck. Conse- public might have every opportunity of a great shock when from the custom- In all probability this will be her last house I saw her running around the appearance in Chicago for many years. blazing parade ground, her eyes filled as her present plans include a long rest with fear, and "lost dog" written all of her beautiful country estate in En over her, from her drooping tongue to gland. Wilbur Mack and company, who are noted farcours, have made a fine Captain Burton and I called Fanny, impression everywhere by their excelin the valley of heat. In Matidi no one idainty and charming young ladies who contribute an aniusing comedy sketch "You want him? Hey?" he shouted, and there are plenty of other specialty "Aye, man," gasped Burton, new note on the bill designed to excite both

### ARCTIC TRIP TO LOOK FOR GOLD.

of the Northern Lands. An arctic expedition which has no attracted much attention is being actively equipped and will soon be ready to sail from one of the ports in the north of France, according to the New York Hernid. It is the expedition of the French Oceanographic Society and the commander chosen is Captain Charles Benard. The expedition will sail in the ketch Jacques Cartler, the gift of a woman, Mase, G. Thomson, and the party will consist of twenty

Charles Roux, president of the counci) of administration of the Compagnie Generale Transatiantique, is directing the enterprise, which was projected at the recent exhibition at Marseilles. much on \$12 a week, the highest There was a section of oceanography at the exhibition which brought together easy. He got \$2 a day. He lived on a great many scientists and navigators 22 cents a day. He saved the differ. Interested in the study and the deficiencies of information as to polar waters were discussed and so the idea of an oceanographic polar expedition

was evolved. The Benard expedition is not to try for any record in the way of high latitude. The program is to study the coast and waters in the neighborhood of Nova Zembia and the Kara Sea. Indications of mineral wealth will be sought, on the Islands and opportunities for the extension of French fisheries in northern waters. These will be the industrial aims. The scientific ones will cover the whole field of polar

The Jacques Cartler is a solid ressel, with a steel prow and a sheath of beart of oak along the water, or, rathet, the ice line. She is specially braced within to resist nipping by the ice pack. She is schooner rigged. The quarters for the men are spacious and the storerooms ample for several years' supplies. There are, besides, photographic workrooms, laboratory, and a library. There is apparatus on metre for surveying and for deep-sea sounding and an elaborate fishing outfit. The small boots include two steam

The Ugliffer.

met her while crossing the street, Her cheeks have a wonderful glow: She is pretty and stylish and neat,

But her glance is a positive blow; For she screws up her features, as She hated the sight of a male. And I shrink-though inquiry will show

She is merely adjusting her veil.

To see her at home is a treat That only the fair can bestow; At the play she is perfectly sweet, But abroad she's the picture of woe. See her lips, how they twist to and fro! Is she suffering pain? Is she pale With physical anguish? Not so-She is merely adjusting her weil.

If she sticks out her tongue when you a Fill

Don't think you're insulted, and go. If she gasps like a fish in the heat Don't run for assistance go slow. With practice, you'll probably grow Quite hardened, and not even quail At the night, but may tell yourself, "Oh, She is merely adjusting her veil !"

On the loveliest countenance, lo!

This hideous serpent must trail. Is it toothache? Mumpa? Chewing gum? She is merely adjusting her veil

NOT KNOW THE "YS" OF INTERNAT

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