

THE MAN ON THE BOX

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

CHAPTER X.—After a fierce struggle Warburton succeeds in mastering Pirate in the presence of Miss Annesley, but receives a warning notice from his wife between Col. Annesley and daughter in which he tells her that he has invited the young Russian Count Karloff to dine with them on the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST RIDE.

The next morning Warburton was shown into a neat six-by-eight, just off the carriage-room. There was a cot, running water and a washstand, and a boot-blacking apparatus. For the rest there were a few portraits of fast horses, fighters, and toe-dancers (the adjective qualifying all three!) which the senator's sporting groom had collected and tacked to the walls. For appearance's sake, Mr. James had purchased a cheap trunk. Everything inside was new, too. His silver military brushes, his silver shaving set, and so forth and so forth, were in charge of a safe-deposit storage company, alongside some one's family jewels. The only incriminating things he retained were his signet-ring and his Swiss timepiece.

"Have you had your breakfast, sir?" asked William, the stable-boy.

"Yes, my lad. Now, as Miss Annesley has forgotten it, perhaps you will tell me of just what my duties here will consist."

"You harness, ride and drive, sir, and take care of the metals. I clean the leathers and carriages, exercise the horses and keep their hides shiny. If anything is purchased, sir, we shall have to depend upon your judgment. Are you given to cussing?"

"Cussing?" repeated Warburton.

"Yes, sir. Miss Annesley won't stand for it around the stables. The man before you, sir, could curse most beautifully; and I think that's why he was fired. At least, it was one reason."

Warburton smoothed his twitching mouth. "Don't you worry, William; it's against my religion to use profane language."

William winked, there was an answering wink, and the two became friends from that moment on.

"I'll bet you didn't say a thing to Pirate, yesterday, when he bolted over the wall with you."

"Well, I believe I did address a few remarks to Pirate which would not sound well on dress-parade; but so long as it wasn't within hearing distance, William, I suppose it doesn't matter."

"No, sir; I suppose not."

"Now, what kind of a master is the colonel?" asked Warburton, strapping on his English leggings.

"Well, it's hard to say just now. You see, I've been with the family ever since I was six. The colonel used to be the best fellow I ever knew. Always looking out for your comfort, never an undeserved harsh word, and always a smile when you pleased him. But he's changed in the last two years."

"How?"

"He doesn't take any interest in the things he used to. He goes about as if he had something on his mind; kind of absent-minded, you know; and forgets to-morrow what he says to-day. He always puts on a good face, though, when Miss Betty is around."

"Ah. What night do I have off?"—of a mind that a question like this would sound eminently professional in William's ears.

"Sunday, possibly; it all depends on Miss Annesley, sir. In Virginia nearly every night was ours. Here it's different." William hurriedly pulled on his rubber boots and gloves, grabbed up the carriage sponges, and vanished.

Warburton sat on the edge of the cot and laughed silently. All this was very amusing. Had any man, since the beginning of time, found himself in a like position? He doubted it. And he was to be butler besides! It would be something to remember in his old age. Yet, once or twice the pins of his conscience pricked him. He wasn't treating Nancy just right. He didn't want her to cry over his gracelessness; he didn't want her to think that he was heartless. But what could he do? He stood too deeply committed.

He was puzzled about one thing, however, and, twist it as he would, he could not solve it with any degree of satisfaction. Why, after what had happened, had she hired him? If she could pass over that episode at the carriage-door and forget it, he couldn't. He knew that each time he saw the memory of that embrace and brotherly salute would rise before his eyes and rob him of some of his assurance—an attribute which was rather well developed in Mr. Robert, though he was loath to admit it. If his actions were a mystery to her, hers were none the less so to him. He made up his mind to move guardedly in whatever he did, to practice control over his mobile features so as to avert any shock or thoughtless sign of interest. He knew that sooner or later the day would come when he would be found out; but this made him not the less eager to court that day.

He shaved himself and was wiping his face on the towel when Celeste appeared in the door-way. She eyed him, her head inclined rogishly to one side, the exact attitude of a bird that has suddenly met a curious and disturbing specimen of insect life.

"M'sien Zhames, Mees Annesley rides thees morning. You will preparre yourself according"—and she rattled on in her absurd native tongue (every other native tongue is absurd to us, you know!)

"He is charming and handsome, With his uniform and saber; And his fine black eyes Look love as he rides by!"

while the chef in the kitchen glared furiously at his omelette soufflé, and vowed terrible things to M'sien Zhames if he looked at Celeste more than twice a day.

"Good morning," said M'sien Zhames, hanging up his towel. His face glowed as the result of the vigorous rubbing it had received.

"lion jour!"—admiringly.

"Don't give me any of your long jous, Miss,"—stolidly. "There's only one language for me, and that's English."

Merci! You Angloises are so conceit! How you like me to teach you French, eh M'sien Zhames?"

James bit his lips, and under his breath disregarded William's warning about "cussing." "Permit me, Miss Annesley, to decline to answer."

"Did you ride as an attendant?"

"Yes; I was a trooper."

"You speak very good English for a stableman."

"I have not always been a stableman."

"I dare say, I should give a good deal to know what you have been."



I HAVE NOT ALWAYS BEEN A STABLE MAN."

Come, James, tell me what the trouble was. I have influence; I might help you."

"I am past help;"—which was true enough, only the real significance of his words passed over her head. "I thank you for your kindness."

If she was piqued, she made no sign. "James, were you once a gentleman, in the sense of being well-born?"

"Miss Annesley, you would not believe me if I told you who I am and what I have been."

"Are you a deserter?"—looking him squarely in the eye. She saw the color as it crept under his tan.

"I have my honorable discharge,"—briefly.

"I shall ask you to let me see it. Have you ever committed a dishonorable act? I have a right to know."

"I have committed one dishonorable act, Miss Annesley. I shall always regret it."

She gave him a penetrating glance. "Very well; keep your secret."

And there was no more questioning on that ride; there was not even casual talk, such as a mistress might make to her servant. There was only the clock, clock of hoofs and the clink of bit metal. Warburton did not know whether he was glad or sorry.

She dismounted without her groom's assistance, which somewhat disappointed that worthy gentleman. If she was angry, to his eye there was no visible evidence of it. As he took the bridles in hand, she addressed him; though in doing so, she did not look at him, gave her attention to her gauntlets, which she pulled slowly from her aching fingers.

"This afternoon I shall put you in care of Pierre, the cook. I am giving a small dinner on Monday evening, and I shall have to call on you to serve the courses. Later I shall seek a butler, but for the present you will have to act in that capacity."

He wasn't sure; it might have been a flash of sunlight from behind a cloud. If it was a smile, he would have given much to know what had caused it.

He tramped off to the stables. A butler! Well, so be it. He could only reasonably object when she called upon him to act in the capacity of a chambermaid. He wondered why he had no desire to laugh.

(To be Continued.)

CAMBRIDGE CITY

(Palladium Correspondence.)

Cambridge City, Ind., Jan. 31.—A large audience, composed of the best citizens, assembled Tuesday evening to hear Opie Read the writer and story-teller. The distinguished gentleman was given a hearty welcome, much enthusiasm being shown in each story. Being a Southerner himself, the southern dialect came to him very freely and almost unconsciously and his interpretation of the negro dialect is true and rich. He is full of wit and humor at all times whether in a lecture or during his daily life. Most of his readings were taken from his humorous sketches, although both "An Arkansas Hanging" and "The Bronsons" were received with great

applause. Mr. Reid has for many years been a novelist, newspaper man a play writer and lecturer and is known all over the country. The following readings were given by him during the evening: "Negro Whims," "Big Bill and Little Bill," "Shooting Out the Moon," "The Bronsons," "Uncle John Sees Richmond III," "Paying His Fare."

The Married Ladies' Whist club of this city met with Mrs. Walter Wheeler at her pleasant home on West Main street Monday afternoon. Drive whist was played at five tables from two o'clock till four thirty, after which a dainty luncheon was served. The following Milton ladies

FOUNTAIN CITY

(Palladium Correspondence.)

Fountain City, Ind., Jan. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Skinner of Arba, spent Monday here, with Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Anderson.

Verley Pickett and family will move in a week or so on John Barn's farm south of town. Verley will attend Mr. Barn's farm.

Mrs. Gretta Retts filled her regular appointment last Sunday morning in the Friends' pulpit.

Miss Nellie Morrow of Chester, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Clements last Sunday.

Henry Pitts was a Richmond visitor Monday.

Will Reece lost a valuable horse last Sunday.

John Atkinson of Richmond, was in our city Monday greeting his old friends.

The Methodist quarterly meeting was last Saturday and Sunday.

Old Thomas and family were the guests of friends at Richmond Sunday.

Miss Eva Charles returned to Earlham Monday, after a short visit with her parents, west of town.

Mrs. Lalla Woody was called to Logansport Monday by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Taylor.

Lafe Merce of Richmond, Sunday dined here with his parents, L. O. Anderson and wife.

The revival meetings closed last Sunday evening at the M. E. church.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Woolman entertained last Sunday for dinner Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnson and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Johnson and family.

Mrs. Elijah Mobley, who has been sick, is no better.

Wilson Charles and family entertained last Sunday, Miss Etta Frame, Miss Mary Harvey of Williamsburg, Miss Eva Charles of Earlham, and J. E. Charles and wife.

Irvin Johnson and family moved to Richmond the first of the week. Mr. Johnson has a position in Reed's hardware store.

WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN ARE MADE

MISERABLE BY KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLE.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a malady as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured.



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BAD BLOOD

"I had trouble with my bowels which made my blood impure. My face was covered with pimples which no external remedy could remove, tried many times. The trouble was gone when the pimples disappeared after a month's steady use. I have recommended them to all my friends and acquaintances."

C. J. Pusch, 927 Park Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Best For The Bowels

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GANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sticks, Clean or Gripes, etc., etc. Never Sickens You. The general agent stated C. C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. Co.

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful."

Franklin township republicans met in convention at the Masonic hall, Whitewater, Ind., for the purpose of selecting candidates for nomination for the following offices:

Township Advisory Board—North district, Alonzo Rines, Wm. R. Thorp; middle district, W. B. Boston, B. B. Williams; south district, T. A. Smith, J. M. Jefferies.

Justice of Peace—C. C. Saxton.

Mr. Geo. Showalter of Fountain City, was here on business Monday.

Mrs. Offie Crisp, who has been the guest of friends and relatives at this place, left for her home at Spencer, Ind., Monday.

Joseph Blose, who teaches at Jacksonburg, spent Saturday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Blose and family.

Rev. Sharitt of Indianapolis, filled his regular appointments at the Christian church Saturday evening and Sunday.

Emory Stephenson of Richmond, spent Sunday with his parents at this place.

Thos. Conniff, Jr., our auctioneer, is very busy arranging dates for sales.

Mrs. Mary Saxton still remains in a critical condition.

Wm. G. Baker purchased a fine team of greys at Taube Bros.'s Sale.

Several from this place attended the basket ball game at Fountain City Saturday evening.

Miss Flora Addleman left for Chicago Saturday, after a visit with her father, John Addleman, at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. White and family entertained Mr. and Mrs. Corrie White and family.

The musical concert given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church at Laurel Hall Saturday evening, was largely attended and quite a neat sum realized.

Prof. A. M. Trschean and wife of Williamsburg, Ind., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Chenoweth Sunday.

Rev. Smith of Sidney, Ohio, who has been conducting a series of meetings at Cedar Grove, closed the meetings Sunday evening with six new additions.

Misses Ethel Chenoweth and Fannie Sharp, of Hollandsburg, Ohio, were calling on friends here Sunday.

Prof. Geo. B. Hunt spent Sunday at Lynn.

Like crystals fair of morning dew, Your complexion now can be, If you will take this good advice, And drink Rocky Mountain Tea.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Haly's family pills for constipation.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.