



SYNOPSIS.
Oles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilson, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied him on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry.

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.
The call closed amid animation; but the excitement was nothing compared to the scene that had followed the fall in the morning. Omega stepped at eighty asked, and seventy-eight bid, and the ship of the stock gamblers was again sailing on an even keel.

There was no one to be seen as I reached Room 15. The connecting door was closed and locked, and no sound came from behind it. I turned to arrange the books, to keep from a bad habit of thinking over the inexplicable. An hour passed and no Doddridge Knapp. It was long past office hours. Just as I was considering whether my duty to my employer constrained me wait longer, I caught sight of an envelope that had been slipped under the door. It was in elpher, but it yielded to the key with which Doddridge Knapp had provided me. I made it out to be this:

"Come to my house tonight. Bring your contracts with you. Knapp."
I was thrown into some perplexity by this order. For a little I suspected a trap, but on second thought this seemed unlikely. The office furnished as convenient place for homicidal directions as he could wish, if those were in his intention, and possibly a visit to Doddridge Knapp in his own house would give me a better clue to his habits and purposes, and a better chance of bringing home to him his awful crime, than a month together on the Street.

The clocks were pointing past eight when I mounted the steps that led to Doddridge Knapp's door. I had some feeling of trepidation, after all, as I rang the bell, for I was far from being sure that Doddridge Knapp was above carrying out his desperate purposes in his own house, and I wondered whether I should ever come out again, once I was behind these massive doors. I had taken the precaution to find a smaller revolver, "suitable for an evening call," as I assured myself, but it did not look to be much of a protection in case the house held a dozen ruffians of the Terrill brand. However, I must risk it. I gave my name to the servant who opened the door.

needed more immediate attention. There was a little matter that had to be looked after in person. And the Wolf's fangs showed in a cruel smile, which assured me that the "little matter" had terminated unhappily for the other man.

I airily professed myself happy to be at his service at any time. "Yes, yes," he said, "but let's see your memorandum. Did you do well this afternoon?"

"No," I returned apologetically. "Not so well as I wished."
He took the papers and looked over them carefully.

"Thirty-one hundred," he said reflectively. "Those sales were all right. Well, I was afraid you couldn't get above three thousand. I didn't get more than two thousand in the other boards and on the Street."
"That was the best I could do," I said modestly. "They averaged at sixteen. Omega got away from us this afternoon like a runaway horse."
"Yes, yes," said the King of the Street, studying his papers with drawn brows. "That's all right. I'll have to wait a bit before going further."

I bowed as became one who had no idea of the plans ahead.
"And now," said Doddridge Knapp, turning on me a keen and lowering gaze. "I'd like to know what call you have to be spying on me?"
I opened my eyes wide in wonder. "Spying? I don't understand."
"No," said he, with something between a growl and a snarl. "Well, maybe you don't understand that, either!" And he tossed me a bit of paper. I felt sure that I did not. My

ignorance grew into amazement as I read. The slip bore the words: "I have bought Crown Diamond." "What does it mean?" I said. "The man who wrote it ought to know," growled Doddridge Knapp, with his eyes flashing and the yellow-glass mustache standing out like bristles. The fangs of the Wolf were in sight.

"Well, you'll have to look somewhere else for him," I said firmly. "I never saw the note, and never bought a share of Crown Diamond."
Doddridge Knapp bent forward and looked for an instant as though he would leap upon me. His eye was the eye of a wild beast in anger. If I had written that note I should have gone through the window without stopping for explanations. As I had not written it I sat there coolly and looked him in the face with an easy conscience.

carefully, and his brows drew lower and lower as his import dawned on him. The look of angry perplexity deepened on his face.

"Where did you get this?" I detailed the circumstances. The anger that flashed in his eyes was more eloquent than the outbreak of curses I expected to hear. "Um!" he said at last with a grim smile. "It's lucky, after all, that you got something besides cotton in the sack of yours, Willton."

"A fool might have been caught by it," I said modestly. "I should have looked for trouble ahead," he said. "There's a rascally gang in the market these days." And the King of the Street sighed over the dishonesty that had corrupted the stock gamblers' trade.

I smiled inwardly, but stifled my agreement with my employer. "Well, who wrote them?" he asked almost fiercely. "They seem to come from the same hand."

"Maybe your better ask that fellow who had his eye at my kerchief when I left the office this noon."
"Who was that?" The Wolf gave a started look. "Why didn't you tell me?"
"He was a well-made, quick, little fellow, with an eye that reminded me of a snake. I gave chase to him, but couldn't overhaul him. He quipped away in the crowd, I guess."
"Why didn't you tell me?" he said in a steady voice.
"I didn't suppose it was worth coming back for, after I got into the street. And, besides, you were busy."
"Yes, yes, you were right; you are not to come—of course, of course."
The King of the Street looked at me curiously, and then said smoothly: "But this isn't business." And he plunged into the papers once more.

There were over nine thousand shares sold this afternoon, and I got only five thousand of them.
"I suppose Decker picked the others up," I said.
The King of the Street did me the honor to look at me in amazement. "Decker!" he roared. "How did you—? Then he paused and his voice dropped to its ordinary tone. "I reckon you're right. What gave you the idea?"

I frankly detailed my conversation with Wallbridge. As I went on, I fancied that the bushy brows drew down and a little anxiety showed beneath them.
"I had hardly finished my account when there was a knock at the door, and the servant appeared."
"Mrs. Knapp's compliments, and she would like to see Mr. Willton when you are done," he said.
"I should have difficulty express an exclamation, and my heart climbed into my throat. I was ready to face the Wolf in his den, but here was a different matter. I recalled that Mrs. Knapp was a more intimate acquaintance of Henry Willton's than Doddridge Knapp had been, and I saw Niagara ahead of my side."

"Yes, yes," quite likely," said my employer, referring to my story of Wallbridge. "I've heard something of a share of Crown Diamond."
"I see you understand what I was going to say," he said quietly. "But if you didn't send that, who did?"
"Well, if I were to make a guess, I should say it was the man who wrote this."
I tossed him in turn the note I had received in the afternoon, bidding me sell anything.

as, holding out her hand. "You have neglected us for a long time." There was something of reproach as well as civility in her tone.

"Yes," I replied, adjusting my manner nicely to her. "I have been very busy."
"Busy? How proving of you to say so! You should never be too busy to take the commands of the ladies."
"That is why I am here," I interrupted with my most demure bow. But she continued without noting it: "Luella will agree with me that you would make that correct. I expected meeting more original."

"I am very sorry," I said, with a reflection of the bantering air she had assumed.
"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the younger woman, to whom my eyes had turned as Mrs. Knapp spoke her name. "How very unkind of you to say so, when I have just worn a pair of gloves by it. Good evening to you!" And she held out her hand.

I mastered the emotion in a moment and took the seat to which she had waved me.
I was puzzled a little at the tone in which she addressed me. There was a suggestion of reprimand in her manner that drew on me as we talked.

"Can I describe her? Of what use to try? She was not beautiful, and 'pretentious' was a keyword at the exhibition of fireworks given under the city's auspices probably will result fatally to Harry Cromwell, 14 years old. The boy was viewed as a feature that were impressive in their attractiveness."
Through all the conversation the idea that Miss Knapp was regarding me with a keen eye that was growing on me. I decided that Henry had made some uncommon blunder on his last visit and that I was suffering the penalty for it. The admiration I felt for the young woman deepened with every sentence she spoke, and I was bound to find a way to restore the good opinion that Henry might have endangered, and in lieu of apology exerted myself to the utmost in the wedding recesses.

"I was unconscious of the flight of time until Mrs. Knapp turned from some other guests and walked toward us."
"Come, Henry," she said pointedly. "Luella is not to monopolize you all the time. Besides, there's Mr. Inman dying to say a word to you."
I promptly hated Mr. Inman with all my heart and felt not the slightest objection to his demise; but as her nature of command I rose and accompanied Mrs. Knapp, as a young man with eyeglasses and a snirk came to take my place.

"For your kind recommendation to Mr. Knapp."
"Your recommendation? You have a little the advantage of me."
I was stricken with painful doubts and the cold sweat started upon my forehead as this was Mrs. Knapp after all.
"Oh, perhaps you didn't mean it," I said.
"Indeed I did, if it was a recommendation. I'm afraid it was unconsulted, though. Mr. Knapp does not consult me about his affairs, but I was a fool no longer. It was the injured pride of the wife that spoke in the tone."
"I'm none the less obliged," I said contentedly, as if that was that he acted on your words."

"What on earth are you doing for Mr. Knapp?" she asked earnestly, dropping her half-bantering tone. There was a trace of apprehension in her eyes.
"I'm afraid Mr. Knapp wouldn't think your recommendation were get him in a corner and ask him."
"I suppose it is that dreadful stock market. There is a wonderful opportunity just now for corner in Iowa."
There are a great many to be plucked in the market that Mr. Knapp will look after," she said with a smile. But there was something of a worried look behind the smile.
"Oh, you know I have seen too much of the misery that has come from it!"

STATE NEWS NOTES

ACCOUNTS OF HAPPENINGS IN ILLINOIS FOR A WEEK.

CHARITY BENEFITS BY WILL

Deaconess' Home and Wesley Hospital Are Bequeathed \$1,000 Each by Poet Woman Who Left Large Surplus Death.

Rockford.—Methodist societies and benevolent institutions are among the beneficiaries under the will of the late Mrs. Eugenia Shumway of Polo, which was probated at Rockford. The Woman's Home Missionary society (a bequeathed \$20,000, the Methodist churches of Polo and Millville are given \$1,000 each, and the southern western branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society gets \$2,000. The Deaconess Home and Training school, Wesley hospital of Chicago, and the Old People's home at Edgewater are given \$1,000 each. The will also directs that \$8,000 be used to erect a dining hall to be known as the "Eugenia Shumway memorial."

IS A FIREWORKS VICTIM.

Struck by Sky-Rocket, Boy Will Die of Hurts.

Bloomington.—The premature explosion of a skyrocket at the exhibition of fireworks given under the city's auspices probably will result fatally to Harry Cromwell, 14 years old. The boy was viewed as a feature that were impressive in their attractiveness.

VERY GOOD REASON.

Father—I told you not to go with that boy.
Mother—I had to, father, 'cause he had hold of my hair!

WIFE WON

Husband Finally Convinced.
Some men are you enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

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JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

Marrriage Did Not Follow the Nineteen Year's Courtship.

In the amiable way of villagers, they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find life yoke of matrimony a burden.

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