

read the note, and that he did not know of the kidnaping. It seemed that Josephine had been induced to enter the house to help the old woman, who pretended illness, and that after that she had not seen Matthew; so I concluded to let him go with something by which to remember me.

We stopped at the first opportunity and telephoned my wife that Josephine was safe and sound.

To think it over, wasn't that change of name a clever bit of thinking on the part of a bright girl? I don't quite see what else could have served to warn us without exciting the suspicion of her captors.

And where did Josephine pick up the legal word? Possibly there may be a clue in the fact that a very short time afterward she became engaged to a young limb of the law.



# The Beat of a Pulse

by Elizabeth Irons Folsom

IT was just a question of taking his property and enjoying it. They had made no pretense of grief. In deference to custom they had moved quietly, cast down their eyes, and looked grave; but that necessity being past, interest frankly centered in the opening of the will. There was quick stepping and there was cheerful rustling as they gathered in the parlor, through whose open windows the wind had swept the faint sickishness of the funeral flowers.

The stormy, perverse, mysterious old man had lost his grip on his purse-strings. They dangled quite loosely, and some one else would have the right to tighten them.

Although interest was pleasantly keen, there was no tension, no anxiety. The

Martins had always been loyal to their blood. No matter how generously Jasper Martin might have hated his relations, there was nothing for him to do but leave his money to them.

He never had a wife, or any possible channel for diverting it. The two spinster cousins, to one of whom he had not spoken for twenty years, must inherit. They could even afford to be generous in advance of the formal announcement. Miss Cora expanded with kindness in her well-filled chair, and whispered to her sister, Miss Emily:

"I really hope he has left something decent to Mary Ella!"

Her sister made no reply. She was given to not making replies. The taciturn family strain ruled in her.

Years of life in the city had made no difference. When she came home, summoned by Jasper Martin's death, she held her angular shoulders as stiffly as ever. With the graying of her hair there had come only an added haughtiness, and the lines about her mouth seemed clamps to hold her lips tightly. There had been nothing limbering about the "advantages" Miss Emily had enjoyed, and Miss Cora found that she was still in awe of her sister.

To show to herself that she was not, she nudged Miss Emily's elbow. It was her younger sister—she could nudge her if she chose.

"Mary Ella ought to have a good legacy, even if she wasn't adopted. He never seemed to care anything about her, and she's not had an easy time here. There are Sam's folks and the others, too. They'll get something. That's all right," said Miss Cora, with a generous swelling of her broad shoulders. "There's plenty!"

A slender girl crossed the room.

"Aunt Cora, Mr. Elton wants to talk to you before he begins to read. He is in the dining-room."

Miss Cora, as the oldest survivor of the rich man, enjoyed being sent for and consulted. Age has its compensations.

"How do you do, Aunt Emily?" the girl added, flushing.

The older woman shook hands indifferently.

"How do you do, Mary Ella?"

The door, which had closed decorously, swept open. On its threshold was a strange Miss Cora. Her face was red, and a disheveled wisp of hair had appeared suddenly. Holding to the door-frame, she called in high voice:

"He's left it all to Mary Ella! A little five thousand to us, and all to Mary Ella! Now tell us why—any of you! I want to know why!"

It was a brief explosion merging into sobs, the like of which none of those present had known in Miss Cora's placid history.

Strange as that was, it was not as strange as what Miss Emily did. She slipped and sank in her chair. Mary Ella, clutching at her, cried for help.

They took off Miss Emily's hat and stretched her on the couch. The young doctor was called. He felt her wrist and loosened her collar. It was a question which was the more exciting—the hysteria of Miss Cora or the faint of Miss Emily. The dashed hopes of the others did not altogether destroy their interest.

It all crystallized swiftly into the tense minute when, after Miss Emily's hat had been readjusted and Miss Cora's tears had ceased, the sisters swept past Mary Ella. Kindly Miss Cora's face was hard.

"We will break this will!" she said for all to hear. "We shall not have to hunt for the reason. The will shall be broken!"

## II

MARY ELLA stood alone. The others had dropped away from her. She saw only backs, heard lessening steps, heard the slamming of doors. She was alone, all but the young doctor, and she seized his arm.

"What do they mean?" she gasped.

"They mean that they are confoundedly mad."

"Yes, but why do they look at me that way? It isn't my fault. Do they think I am to blame?"

Dr. Rogers watched her.

"Is there any reason why he should have done this, Mary Ella?"

"Reason? Why, how can I know? He didn't like them, but he didn't like me either. He was not kind. I don't understand them."

"Well, you'll have the money."

"Oh, but I don't want to have it, and to be looked at this way! I don't know what you all mean!"

The young doctor took her hand. He tried to be very fatherly. This was no time to tell her how she—just the look of her—made his heart beat.

"I don't understand it either," he said. "Let's see! The old fellow has left you his money. Now who are you? He must have had a reason. He didn't do things without a reason; he was not exactly what you would call spontaneous. He didn't shelve his family for nothing. Can you guess what it might be? No?"—as she shook her head. "Sit down here. Tell me carefully what you can remember of him. He brought you home, and never told who you are. Wasn't that it?"

Mary Ella gripped the table's edge.

"He got me—I don't know where. I was three years old when he brought me home with him, and he never told where he got me. He was always so queer, so hard, you know. When he brought me, Aunt Cora was living here and keeping house for him. Aunt Emily had gone away—she was always away. The first person I remember was Aunt Cora. I remember hearing her ask him about me. They quarreled—he quarreled with almost every one, you know—and she went away, and Mrs. Merritt came to keep house. Then—nothing. I've just lived here and gone to school, and—that's all. I'm twenty-three now, and he never told me anything. For weeks he wouldn't even speak to me. Why did he do this?"

"That's what they wonder—and I'm wondering, too. There is a reason, Mary Ella, and I must find that reason." He walked back and forth across the floor, considering. "They will accuse you of unduly influencing him."

"Influencing him?" A smile, the first of that day, twinkled. "I should have hated to try!"

Dr. Rogers halted and looked at her as she sat with her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, the level sun flecking her brown hair.

"He did not—"

Then he stopped. He had been going to say, "make love to you?" But she was looking at him and smiling a faintly puzzled, confiding kind of smile. He

could not ask his question, so he covered it with a cough and went on pacing.

In the back of his head there was a reason vaguely forming. It was so faint, so far-fetched, he realized, that it was hardly to be considered; but still the impression was there.

The house was very quiet. The house-keeper had gone out to spread the details of the funeral. A tuberoso or two lay on the floor; the chairs were against the wall; Mary Ella stared with parted lips out of the window—all was dull and still, as if the dominating spirit had indeed passed.

"She said she would break the will. How will she do it?"

The young doctor came to the table.

"It's never very easy to break a will," he answered sagely. "Juries are generally in favor of letting a man do what he likes with his money. Elton will know how to handle it, too. He's pretty clever."

"But he is their friend. Won't he want to do as they say?"

"He is named as executor, and he'll probably stand by that. It means a neat sum to handle all that money. He will have to stand by the will. And he's honest, too. He knows whether Jasper Martin was all right mentally or not when he made it. Mary Ella, something happened that gives me a hint of the meaning of this—"

"What?" she interrupted.

"I can't tell you. I can't say it yet to myself; but I'm going to talk to Elton. They'll fight you, Mary Ella. It's the virtuous, kindly people who are the stubbornest. They'll fight you—they'll say anything. You will have to be brave. You will have to face it and fight, too."

"Why brave? The jury will say either yes or no, won't it, and that will be all?"

"It might not be all. They might say unpleasant things about you."

"They can't. I didn't know about it. What could they say?"

The young doctor turned to her. There was no time like the present to tell her what they might say and to let her consider it. The girl was quite alone. He—well, of course, all that was out of the question now, when she would be so rich; but some one would tell her, and it would be better to let her know it at once.

"They might say," he began slowly, wishing to make the blow hard, but not to hurt, "they might say that you were his—sweetheart!"

Mary Ella stared. The young doctor had a flash of wonder as to what vent her emotion would take—anger, tears—no, not fear! The girl raised her pointed chin and laughed a clear tinkle of amusement.

"Sweetheart? How funny!" she said.

The sting had quite passed her by. The young doctor frowned, because it would have been an insult to her to have been made lighter-hearted by what she had said. He checked the whistle that started itself as he went down the walk.

"Just go along quietly, Mary Ella," he told her paternally, "and wait for them to do something. In the mean time I will see Elton, and perhaps I had better come in once in a while, and we'll talk things over."

"Perhaps you had," she replied.

### III

THE spinster sisters lost no time. Dr. Rogers scarcely had a chance to consider plans before they started the suit to set aside Jasper Martin's will.

The young doctor had thought a great deal—his practise was not large enough to interfere materially with his reflections. There were days when he was all for going at once to Elton and putting his idea before the lawyer. There were other days when he tingled at the absurdity of it, and at the position in which he would put Mary Ella if he made a blunder. He sought for scraps of information concerning all members

of the Martin family, and built up their histories as far as he was able. Then he took his theory from the back of his head to see if there were any pegs in the scaffold of history upon which it would hang.

It did not hang any too well, and he might have let it alone if Miss Cora had not passed Mary Ella on the street as if the girl had been a post. She had told him and cried, and the blood had surged into the young doctor's face and beat in his ears. He jammed his hat hard and strode into the office of the lawyer.

Elton listened to him silently—so silently that the young doctor's blood found a chilly level.

"Is it possible—" he began, and hesitated.

"Anything is possible about any one," said Elton. "One of the first things I learned when I took up the law was that you can never tell anything about any one. I learned never to build on what I supposed was character. I tried to build on virgin ground, and let my character fit in if it liked. In this case, doctor, are you sound in your facts?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I know. I've known them all. Jasper Martin's father lived to be ninety, and I knew him. He was a cast-iron man—preferred fear to friendship at all times, and had it. I'm sixty myself, doctor, and Jasper was only ten years older, so I knew him pretty well, too. He started out to be something of a man as well as a money-saver," the lawyer ran on musingly, "but switched into his father's methods early. When I first knew them the mother of Miss Cora and Miss Emily had died, and the girls were living with their cousin—or rather with their uncle, for Jasper's father was alive then. They were pretty girls, too. I used to take Cora around a bit myself. Jasper was something of a good fellow in those days. There was some kind of a row, and Miss Emily went to New

York. I went to see her there. She was living in a small room on the third floor of a not too sweet-smelling boarding-house. She hadn't much money, but she preferred to live that way, she said, rather than be bullied by her uncle. She was studying painting, and she had some messes about her room when I was there. I didn't go twice. Miss Emily was chilly—"

Mr. Elton crossed his legs and stared across the tips of his joined fingers meditatively. The young doctor waited.

"I remember when Jasper came home and brought the little girl, Mary Ella, with him. You can imagine that it created a sensation, especially as he told the first two people who inquired to mind their business. There were all kinds of speculations. There had been a pretty school-teacher whom Jasper had followed up rather closely. She was engaged to teach the year after the little girl appeared, but she didn't come back. He told Miss Cora that the child's mother had died on the boat, that there were no relations, and he liked the little thing. If he liked her he got over it before he got home, for he never paid the child the slightest attention, as far as I knew. Miss Cora took care of her and expounded largely on the dead-mother-at-sea story. Then another of the periodical family rows came along, and Miss Cora went back to her own house to live. That was as much as fifteen years ago. Jasper Martin crowded into those fifteen years enough ill-temper and miserliness to stock a community."

After he had been silent a long time the young doctor asked:

"What do you think of what I have told you?"

"I don't think much of it, but I'll remember it. It's dangerous ground, if you're wrong. It would not do to build the case on. By the way, why are you so much concerned about this matter? Anything between you and the girl?"

"Nothing at all, sir. She is quite alone—I—"

"Just friendship, of course," considered the lawyer. "Well, you are quite disinterested, and I should be glad to have you come into the case."

The young doctor looked sharply at what had hinted a twinkle in the legal eye.

"The trial procedure of a case of this kind gives us a better chance, for this reason—in a suit to set aside a will, the case is presented what might be called hind side before. The plaintiffs, who are seeking to break the will, do not present their side of the case first, as is the general rule with lawsuits. The proponents of the will—those who uphold it—set forth their case first. The proponents are in the position of the defendants in other cases. You get me?"

"I—think so."

"It is like presenting the defense first. We come in and show why the will should stand before they come in to show why it should not. That gives us a chance to make our case strong before they can present any charges that they may have up their sleeves. In other words they can't come in and try to blacken the character of Mary Ella until we have shown our good reasons why the will should stand. If we are strong it may hold them out of that line of testimony altogether. If it doesn't, then we are up against it, and can only rebut them."

Elton twisted in his chair and ran his fingers through his hair.

"We can take this idea of yours and flash it at the start, carefully, cautiously—very much so. If it is going to fail then we can go back to our straight fight—Jasper's business ability established by competent witnesses, and all that. I think myself that we can beat them in a straight fight. Martin was sharp as a tack to the day he died, and I have all the witnesses I want to say so; but the other line—if it is good—will bar the charges they may want to make. That was clever of you, doctor, the way in which you got this idea!"



"I hope it was clever enough to be true."

"You don't see that it opens other troubles? Well, you're young, and perhaps you haven't a legal mind."

#### IV

WHEN an event of mastering importance marches from the future it obliterates time. It was with nearly a physical shock that Dr. Rogers recognized that the date set for the trial of the Martin will case had arrived.

At first it had seemed far and safely distant. Many things might happen to prevent it; but one by one the intervening obstacles had been passed. The preliminary motions, the fixing of the issues, the demurrer—all these legal thorns which catch progress were in the past now, and close at hand was the actual trial.

It seemed as if the case had been far more on the mind of the young doctor than on that of Mary Ella. She had never seemed to grasp the meaning of a big fortune. She had shown no signs of understanding the means by which it might be taken from her. The attitude of the sisters had troubled her, but she had not fretted.

She had even grown a little plumper, the anxious judgment of the young doctor affirmed. She had hardly ventured out of the yard since Miss Cora's stab; but she had busied herself with her flowers, had heard only kind things, and had taken on new luster.

She was the most cheerful person at the big table that stretched away in front of the witness-stand. On her side of it there was Mr. Elton. Dr. Rogers was not with them. He was sitting rigidly back in the space reserved for onlookers.

Just across the table were Miss Cora and Miss Emily, an aureole of distant relations, and the opposing counsel. The court-room was filled. Whisperings of what might be the evidence had spread. An extra panel of jurors had been sum-

moned. The judge was already tired of what promised to be a long case.

"Everybody in the county is subpoenaed on one side or the other," the clerk had whispered.

To Mary Ella the selection of the jury was a vitally absorbing affair. She was glad that it was so interesting, for it gave her a chance to forget that Miss Cora did not look at her. If her aunt turned that way, her gaze went through Mary Ella and beyond her. It hurt, to be treated in that way by dear Aunt Cora, who had dressed her and curled her hair and loved her sparingly for twenty years!

Miss Cora was distinctly nervous. She could not understand why both she and Miss Emily had been served with subpoenas on the other side. Her counsel had told her that it probably meant nothing at all, that Mr. Elton was bluffing; but Miss Cora had affectionately feared Mr. Elton for many years, and had always been sure of his astuteness.

Miss Emily had furnished no answer at all to questions as to what she thought of it. She was impassively correct; her eyelids seemed to be strapped down by the dotted veil so tightly drawn. She had looked at Mary Ella once, to look away swiftly.

Mr. Elton hammered at every juror with his questions as to whether a man had the right to dispose of his property as he saw fit; whether a man's last wishes should be respected; whether the juror had prejudice against such cases; and whether he had ever been engaged in a similar controversy.

Opposing counsel went more deeply into the family relations of each juror, and his possible connection with Jasper Martin. It was half a day before the twelve men were accepted, and even that was less than the judge had expected.

In his opening statement Mr. Elton was brief and non-committal. He said that Jasper Martin was as shrewd a business man as he had ever known,

and had left his property as he wished to leave it. He had been actuated by a reason which was perfectly good in the mind of Jasper Martin, and which would be perfectly good in the minds of the jurors when it was disclosed to them, as it would be. He said he had no desire to go into far-reaching details of the life of the testator. He would simply show a reason why Mr. Martin had left his money as he had, and the jury would understand. Then he sat down.

That was stronger than the young doctor had expected Mr. Elton to put it. He was going to present *the* reason, then, as his chief argument! He would have to stand by it, now that he had indicated it in his opening statement.

The opposing counsel did not get through so soon, but he was wary. He thought he would tack a little, too, for he did not quite understand where Mr. Elton was directing his course. He spoke mainly in generalities, and his hints were covert. Then he, too, sat down.

"Call your witness," said the court.

"Emily Martin!" said Mr. Elton.

If she was surprised, she did not show it. She was disdainful of her former friend and legal adviser, and directed a straight, cool gaze at him through the meshes of her veil. Miss Cora was flushed. She leaned forward in her chair.

"Give your name to the jury," said Mr. Elton.

"Emily Martin."

"Where do you live, Miss Martin?"

"In New York."

"How long have you lived there?"

"Twenty years."

"Did you know Jasper Martin during his lifetime?"

"I did."

"Are you related to him?"

"I am his cousin."

"Did you ever live in his house?"

"I have."

"Tell the jury why you left there."

"Oh, I object!" called the opposing counsel. "It's immaterial why she left."

"Objection sustained," said the court.

"There was a quarrel at the time you left his house, was there not?"

"I object!"

"To show the feeling that existed between them, your honor," suggested Mr. Elton.

"She may answer."

"There had been—yes." Miss Emily's voice was as cool as her eyes.

"Was that quarrel made up before his death?"

"No."

"How long before the death of Jasper Martin had you had any conversation with him?"

"About twenty years."

"Was that last conversation of such a nature that you can recall any of it?"

Miss Emily hesitated, and her counsel rose.

"Now, your honor, I object to this line of questioning. Let counsel keep to the issues. It is quite immaterial what was said between them twenty years ago."

"I will show that it is highly material," said Mr. Elton.

"I object!" repeated the opposing counsel. "Let Mr. Elton conduct his evidence along proper lines."

"I will conduct my evidence without your assistance, sir," said Mr. Elton. "Miss Martin, will you tell—"

"I object!"

The judge tapped on his desk.

"Now, gentlemen, let us not waste time." He saw a chance to tell a story, and a twinkle came into his eyes. "I don't want this proceeding to get into the condition of the one where counsel argued half a day as to whether or not 'what Mary said' should be admitted as evidence. It was finally admitted, and it then transpired that Mary never said a word."

"I am still objecting, your honor."

"Objection sustained. Now proceed, gentlemen!"

Back in the audience the young doctor was gradually congealing in his chair.

Mr. Elton did not seem to be getting anywhere!

At the table Mary Ella was leaning forward with her hands clasped and her face bright with interest. Her lips were parted in a half smile, and her eyes were dark with excitement. Miss Emily looked directly into them, and they seemed to hold her gaze. They seemed to flash at her the smiling confidence of youth and innocence.

Mr. Elton leaned back in his chair and joined his finger-tips.

"Miss Martin, did you ever know a woman named Hulda Gramp?"

Miss Emily's little steel bag slipped to the floor. Mr. Elton picked it up and laid it on her lap. She did not touch it. He repeated his question.

"Did you ever know a woman named Hulda Gramp?"

"No—not that I remember."

"You never knew her?"

"She said she never did," snapped the opposing counsel. "Must she answer the same question twice?"

"I wanted to be quite sure that she understood," said Mr. Elton slowly.

"She understands," retorted the counsel.

The court rapped.

"Proceed, gentlemen!"

"Miss Martin, were you present when Jasper Martin brought home the child known as Mary Ella?"

"No."

"When did you first see her?"

"I do not remember."

"Was it after he brought her home?"

"Yes."

"How long after?"

"I do not know."

"You have seen her at intervals since?"

"Yes."

"At his house?"

"No."

"Where?"

"At my sister's."

"When you would be visiting her?"

"Yes."

Again the steel bag slipped, and again it was recovered. Again Miss Emily lacked interest in its return.

"Do you know who was the father of the child?"

"No."

"Nor whether her mother lives?"

"I object!" called opposing counsel. "Stay with the case, Mr. Elton."

"If she knows, she may tell," said the court.

There was silence. Mary Ella smiled again into Miss Emily's dull eyes. There was compassion in the smile. She was sorry that all this was not as amusing to Aunt Emily as it was to her.

"The court says you may answer. Do you know if the child's mother lives?"

"I do not know."

"Since the child has grown up, do you know anything of her influence over Jasper Martin?"

"I know nothing about it."

"Do you know any reason why he should have left her his property?"

"No."

Mr. Elton leaned forward.

"Miss Martin, what do you know of any relations existing between Jasper Martin and—"

"Stop that!" Miss Emily's voice was so low that it did not reach the first row of spectators. She leaned forward, her hands stretched over her knees, her face gray. "Stop that! You sha'n't say it. He had a right—she is his daughter!"

The last words were so low that they hardly reached the table.

"Smoked her out!" murmured Mr. Elton under his breath. Aloud he said: "May we have a few moments' recess, your honor?"

## V

THE audience buzzed. It was a dreadful thing to have something of vital interest happen when one could not hear what it was! Had Miss Martin said something sensational, or was she just ill, that recess was asked?



Her counsel offered Miss Emily a hand to assist her down from the witness-box. Mr. Elton had the other hand; he was flushed, and his eyes snapped. Miss Cora was as white as her collar.

Only Mary Ella looked the same. She had not quite caught what Aunt Emily had said either. She followed them all into a private room off the main corridor.

Miss Emily was standing with her back to the window. She faced the others almost fiercely.

"You didn't know how long I would lie to you on the witness-stand, did you, George Elton? I lied to just the point where I couldn't stand it! You knew I wouldn't let you say what you were going to say about that child. I had known it was coming, but I didn't know how I would feel about it. She had just smiled at me—people have not often smiled at me the way she did—"

When she stopped, no one spoke. Miss Cora had put her handkerchief over her eyes; the two men waited. Mary Ella wondered if she had better slip out, but Aunt Emily reached for her hand.

"Queer how a story that I've kept secret for a quarter of a century should come out! I don't care now. Just that you may all know, I'll tell you what he did. He allowed me to take the chance of disgrace. He gave me a life of misery, with no home, no anything that a woman wants, to save the money that he thought he might lose if his father knew he had married me!"

Miss Cora gasped.

"It was easy to keep it from you, Cora! You didn't see the love-making—I suppose it was love, or what passes for it. We went over to the city and were married. He said we wouldn't tell, for his father wouldn't live long. When I knew that my baby was coming, he promised to tell, but his father was bitterly opposed to me. I was Jasper's cousin, you see. I cried, I begged, I threatened to tell, and—well, you who

knew him can guess the scene. I swore that I would never speak again, as long as I lived, to the man who was willing—more than that, determined—to sacrifice me for his father's money. You know what he was—you know I am not too gentle. I believe he always remembered that quarrel. My baby came, and I never saw her. I was taken care of by a woman—Hulda Gramp. George Elton, how did you know? When I knew Jasper had brought home a child, I suspected whose it was, but I never was certain until he left his money to her. He wouldn't have left his precious money to a stranger! I knew that minute, Cora, when you called out what he had done, that Mary Ella was his child; but I wouldn't have had the courage to say so if you hadn't made me. How did you know, George Elton?"

"You told Dr. Rogers."

"Told? How do you mean?"

"By the beat of your pulse when you fainted, the day when the will was opened. He came and told me that your pulse was not that of a fainting woman. 'There was some emotion strong enough to throw her into collapse, but not into a faint,' he told me. 'Her pulse was bounding. Now what was that emotion?' And that is what we worked on."

"And Hulda Gramp?"

"It was the only name I didn't recognize in all Jasper Martin's papers. I chanced it. It was in the game, Emily!"

Emily Martin stared silently out of the window. When she turned, she said:

"Will you let me be alone with Mary Ella a little while?"

The young doctor thought he had trodden quite a path in the corridor floor before the door opened and Mary Ella came out.

"Oh, I was afraid you wouldn't wait!" Her color rose before his eager look. "I have been talking with my mother." She fumbled the unused word a little. "She is glad that you were so—so observing. She wants to see you. Will you come in?"

# *Young Blood*<sup>\*</sup>

## *A Story of Life Under the White Lights*

by  
*Fred Jackson*  
*Author of "A Full House," etc.*

### CHAPTER XXVI

#### HAMILTON TRACEY'S CHAUFFEUR

WHEN Bucky was ushered into Mr. Hamilton Tracey's presence, in Mr. Hamilton Tracey's suite at the big hotel, his bearing was serious and respectful, as became an applicant for much-needed employment.

Mr. Tracey, a young gentleman of twenty years at most, was in bed, clad in heavy silk pajamas and smoking a cigarette. An elderly valet, in the adjoining room, was preparing Mr. Tracey's bath, and the tinkle of the spray against the porcelain tub supplied a musical accompaniment to the short interview.

"You are the fellow Miss Graham spoke to me about?" drawled Mr. Hamilton Tracey, observing Bucky languidly.

"Yes, sir," answered Bucky politely.

"You are a chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir," responded Bucky.

"Understand the Runnymede Eight?"

"Yes, sir."

Bucky didn't understand that particular car, but he felt sure that he could learn speedily.

"Understand a Queen Courier?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bucky.

"All right! Go down to Ferguson's, on Forty-Seventh Street, and tell them to

fit you out in my livery. I keep my cars at the Universal Garage, around the corner. Report here at seven thirty to-night with the limousine."

"Yes, sir," said Bucky.

"The salary is twenty-five a week; but I'll raise you to thirty if you give satisfaction."

"Thank you, sir," said Bucky.

He went down to Ferguson's, as directed, and was fitted with a blue uniform decorated with black. With it went a vizored cap, leggings, and gauntlets with huge cuffs.

Bucky was both amused and pleased with his appearance. As he sought out the Universal Garage and made acquaintance with his employer's cars, he thought with a smile how recently he had stood in Mr. Hamilton Tracey's shoes. But he who had been master, now was man. He had had his turn at riding inside the limousine, at giving orders and being obeyed. Now he was to have a taste of life on the box outside. After all, perhaps it was only fair!

From the garage he went to apply for his driver's license, and by good luck and his slight knowledge of driving he passed his test. That took him up to dinner-time; so, grabbing a bite at a quick-lunch place across the street from the garage,

<sup>\*</sup> Copyright, 1916, by Fred Jackson—This story began in the October, 1916, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE