



Springing to His Feet He Drew His Revolver.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger rings in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland, dressed with Bannerman, his attorney, Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe, confiding his keys. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anistey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anistey, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Smith" introduced himself as a detective. He snatched the girl in gray. Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anistey himself and he secured the gems. Anistey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal bent Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems. The girl in gray visited Maitland and made her escape. In her absence, and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice, exhorting Anistey, disguised as Maitland, tried to swing from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anistey was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Behind her the door closed softly; and there followed a thud as a bolt was shot. An instant later Anistey caught her by the arm and, roughly now and without waiting speech, hurried her into the next room. Then, releasing her, he turned up the lights and, passing to the windows, threw two or three of them wide; for the air in the room was stale and lifeless. "And now," said the criminal in a tone of satisfaction, "now we can talk business, my dear."

He removed his overcoat and hat, throwing them over the back of a convenient chair, drew his fingers thoughtfully across his chin, and, standing at a little distance, regarded the girl with a shadow of a saturnine smile softening the hard line of his lips.

She stood where he had left her, as if volition was no longer hers. Her arms hung slack at her sides and she was swaying a trifle, her face vacant, eyes blank; very near the breaking-down point.

The man was not without perception; and recognized her state—one in which, he felt assured, he could get very little out of her. She must be strengthened and revived before she would or could respond to the direct catechism he had in store for her. In his own interest, therefore, more than through any yielding to motives of pity and compassion, he piloted her to a chair by a window and brought her a glass of clear cold water from the filter in the adjoining room.

The cold, fresh breeze blowing in her face proved wonderfully invigorating. She let her head sink back upon the cushions of the easy, comfortable leather chair and drank in the clean air of a great deep draught, with a sense of renewing vigor, both bodily and spiritual. The water helped, too; she dabbed the tip of a ridiculously small handkerchief in it and bathed her throbbing temples. The while, Anistey stood over her, waiting with discrimination if with scant patience.

What was to come she neither knew nor greatly cared; but, with an instinctive desire to postpone the inevitable moment of trial, she simulated deadly languor for some moments after becoming conscious of her position;

and lay passive, long lashes all but touching her cheeks—in which now a faint color was growing—gaze wandering at random over a dreary wilderness of flat rectangular roofs, livid in the moonlight, broken by long, straight clefts of darkness in whose depths lights gleamed faintly. Far in the south the sky came down purple and black to the horizon, where a silver spark glittered like a low-hung star—the torch of Liberty.

"I think," Anistey's clear-cut tones, incisive as a razor edge, crossed the listless trend of her thoughts. "I think we will now get down to business, my lady."

She lifted her lashes, meeting his masterful stare with a look of calm inquiry. "Well?"

"So you're better now? Possibly it was a mistake to give you that rest, my lady. Still, when one's a gentleman-crackman—" He chuckled unpleasantly, not troubling to finish his sentence.

"Well?" he mocked, seating himself easily upon an adjacent table. "We're here at last, where we'll suffer no interruptions to our little council of war. Beyond the watchman, there's probably not another soul in the building; and from that window there it is a straight drop of 24 stories to Broadway, while I'm between you and the door. So you may be resigned to stay here until I get ready to let you go. If you scream for help, no one will hear you."

"Very well," she assented mechanically, turning her head away with a shiver of disgust. "What is it you want?"

"The jewels," he said, bluntly. "You might have guessed that."

"I did—"

"And have saved yourself and me considerable trouble by speaking ten minutes ago."

"Yes," she agreed, abstractedly.

"Now," he continued, with a hint of anger in his voice, "you are going to tell."

She shook her head slightly.

"Oh, but you are, my lady." And his tone rasped, quickened with the latent brutality of the natural criminal. "And I know that you'll not force me to extreme measures. It wouldn't be pleasant for you, you know; and I promise you I shall stop at nothing whatever to make you speak."

No answer; in absolute indifference, she felt, lay her strongest weapon. She must keep calm and self-possessed, refusing to be terrified into a quick and thoughtless answer.

"This afternoon," he said, harshly, "you stole from me the Maitland jewels. Where are they?"

"I shall not tell."

He bent swiftly forward and took one of her hands in his. Instinctively she clenched it; and he wrapped his strong hard fingers around the small white fist, then deliberately inserted a hard finger joint between her second and third knuckles, slowly increasing the pressure. And watched with absolute indifference the lines of agony grave themselves upon her smooth un wrinkled forehead, and the color leave her cheeks, as the pain grew too exquisite. Then, suddenly discontinuing the pressure, but retaining her hand, he laughed shortly.

"Will you speak, my lady, or will you have more?"

"Don't," she gasped, "please—"

"Where are the jewels? Will you?"

"No."

"Have you given them to Maitland?"

"No."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know."

"Stop that nonsense unless—Where did you leave them?"

"I won't tell—I won't. Ah, please, please!"

"Tell me!"

"Never. Ah-h!"

An abrupt and resounding hammering at the outer door forced him to leave off. He dropped her hand with an oath and springing to his feet drew his revolver; then, with a glance at the girl, who was silently weeping, tears of pain rolling down her cheeks, mouth set in a thin pale line of determination, strode out and shut the door after him.

As it closed the girl leaped to her feet, maddened by torture, wild eyes casting about the room for a weapon of some sort, of offense or defense; for she could not have endured the torture an instant longer. If forced to it, to fight, fight she would. If only she had something, a stick of wood, to defend herself with. But there was nothing, nothing at all.

The room was a typical office, well but severely furnished. The rug that covered the tile floor was of rich quality and rare design. The neutral-tinted walls were bare, but for a couple of steel engravings in heavy wooden frames. There were three heavily upholstered leather arm-chairs and one revolving desk-chair; a roll-top desk, against the partition wall, a waste-paper basket, and a flat-topped desk, or table. And that was all.

Or not quite all, else the office equipment had not been complete. There was the telephone!

But he would hear! Or was the partition sound-proof?

As if in contradiction of the suggestion, there came to her ears very clearly the sound of the hall door creaking on its hinges, and then a man's voice, shrill with anger and anxiety.

"You fool! Do you want to ruin us both? What do you mean—?"

The door crashed to, interrupting the protest and drowning Anistey's reply.

"I was passing," the new voice took up its plaintive remonstrance, "and the watchman called me in and said that you were telephoning for me—"

"Damn the interfering fool!" interrupted Anistey.

"But what's this insanity, Anistey? What's this about a woman? What—"

The new-comer's tones ascended a high scale of fright and rage.

"Lower your voice, you ass!" the burglar responded, sternly. "And—"

He took his own advice; and for a little time the conference was conducted in guarded tones that did not penetrate the dividing wall save as a deep rumbling, alternating with an impassioned squeak.

But long ere this had come to pass the girl was risking all at the telephone. Receiver to ear she was implored central to connect her with Ninety-eight-nine Madison. If only she might get Maitland, tell him where the jewels were hidden, warn him to remove them—then she could escape further suffering by open confession.

"What number?" came central's languid query, after a space. "Did you say nine-eight-nine-eight?"

"No, no, central. Nine-eight-nine Madison, please, and hurry—hurry!"

"Ah, I'm ringing 'em. They ain't answered yet. Gimme time. There they are. Go ahead."

"Hello, hello!"

"'What is it?"

Her heart sank; O'Hagan's voice meant that Maitland was out.

"O'Hagan—is that you? Tell Mr. Maitland—"

"He's gone out for the night an'—"

"Tell him, please—"

"But he's out. Ring up in the mornin'."

"But can't you take this message for him? Please—"

The door was suddenly jerked open and Anistey leaped into the room, face white with passion. Terrified, the girl sprang from the desk, carrying the revolving chair between her and her enemy.

"The brass bowl, please—tell him that," she cried clearly into the receiver.

And Anistey was upon her, striking the telephone from her grasp with one swift blow and seizing her savage-like by the wrist. As the instrument clattered and pounded on the floor she was sent reeling and staggering halfway across the room.

As she brought up against the flat-topped desk, catching its edge and saving herself a fall, the burglar caught up the telephone.

"Who is that?" he shouted, imperatively, into the transmitter.

Whatever the reply, it seemed to please him. His brows cleared, the wrath that had made his face almost unrecognizable subsided; he even smiled. And the girl trembled, knowing that he had solved her secret; for she had hoped against hope that the only words he could have heard her speak would have had too cryptic a significance for his comprehension.

As, slowly and composedly, he replaced the receiver on its hook and returned the instrument to the desk, a short and rotund figure of a man, in rumpled evening dress and wearing a wilted collar, hopped excitedly into the room, east of the girl, one terrified glance of eyes that glittered with excitement like black diamonds, set in a face the hue of yeast, and clutched the burglar's arm.

"Oh, Anistey, Anistey!" he cried, piteously. "What is it? What is it? Tell me!"

"It's all right," returned the burglar. "Don't you worry, little man. Pull yourself together." And laughed.

"But what—what—" stammered the other.

"Only that she's given herself away," chuckled Anistey; "beautifully and completely. The brass bowl," says she—thinking I never saw one on Maitland's desk!—and O'Hagan, and who the divile are you?" says the man on the other end of the wire, when I ask who he is."

"And? And?" pleaded the little man, dancing with worry.

"And it means that my lady here returned the jewels to Maitland by hiding them under a brass ash-receiver on his desk—ass that I was not to know! You are 'cute, my lady!' with an ironic salute to the girl, "but you've met your match in Anistey."

"And," demanded the other as the burglar snatched up his hat and coat, "what will you do, Anistey?"

"Do"—contemptuously. "Why, what is there to do but go and get them? We've risked too much and made New York too hot for the two of us, my dear sir, to get out of the game without the profits."

"But I beg of you—"

"You needn't—grimly. 'It won't bring you in any money.'"

"But Maitland—"

"Is out. O'Hagan answered the phone. Don't you understand?"

"But he may return!"

"That's his lookout. I'm sorry for him if he does." Anistey produced the revolver from his pocket, and twirled the cylinder significantly. "I owe Mr. Maitland something," he said, nodding to the white-faced girl by the table, "and I shouldn't be sorry to—"

"And what," broke in the new-comer, "what am I going to do meanwhile?"

"Devil the bit I care! Stay here and keep this impetuous female from calling up police headquarters, for a good guess. Speaking of which, I think we had best settle this telephone business once and for all."

The burglar turned again to the desk and began to work over the instrument with a small screw-driver which he produced from his coat pocket, talking the while.

"Our best plan, my dear Bannerman, is for you to come with me, at least as far as the west corner. You can wait there, be too cowardly to go the Bannerman man. I'll get the lot, and Saturday we can make a swift hike for the first train that goes farthest east for the night. A pity, for we've done pretty well, you and I, old boy; you with your 'hal' entree and bunap of decency to 'beat the s'rs,' as me with my courage and skill 'to lift 'em, and an equitable division. Oh, don't worry about her, Bannerman! She's as deep in it as either of us, only she happens to be sentimental, and an outsider on this deal. She won't blab. Besides, you're ruined anyway, as far as New York's concerned. Come along. That's finished; she won't send any important messages over that wire tonight, I guess."

"My dear young lady!" Rising and throwing the overcoat over his arm, he waved his hat at her in sardonic courtesy. "I can't say it has been a pleasure to know you, but—you have made it interesting, I admit. And I bid you a very good night. The charwoman will let you out when she comes to clean up in the mornin'. Adieu, my dear!"

The little man hustled after him, bleating and fidgeting; and the lock clicked.

She was alone—utterly and forlornly alone—and had lost—lost all, all that she had prized and hoped to win, even—even him.

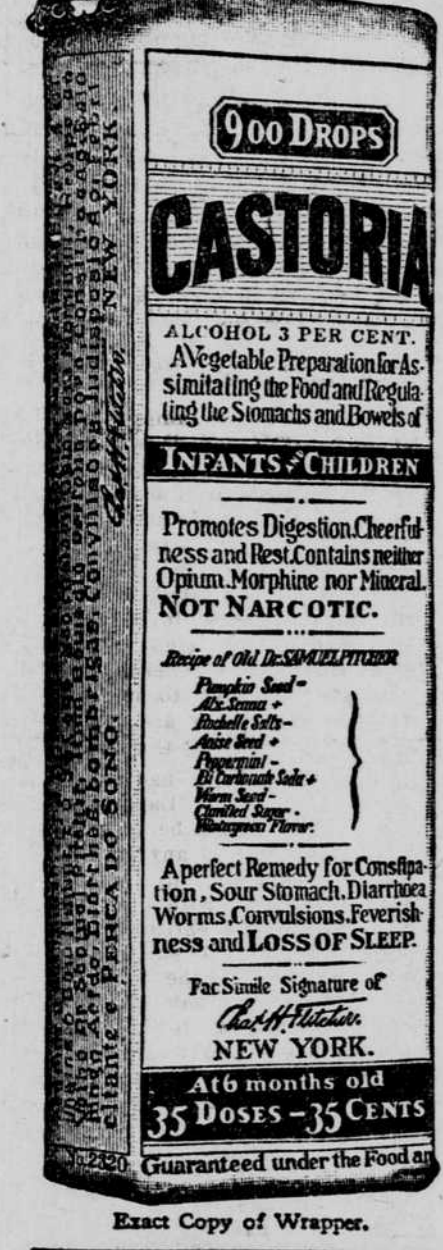
She raised fluttering, impotent white hands to her temples, trying to collect herself.

In the outer room a clock was ticking. Unconsciously she moved to the doorway and stood looking for a time at the white, expressionless dial. It was some time—a minute or two—before she deciphered the hour.

Ten minutes past two! Ah, the life-time she had lived in the past 70 minutes! And the futurity of it all! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: *First*—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; *Second*—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; *Third*—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*



## Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

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**Mottoes of a Queen.**  
Her majesty, the queen of Portugal, pins her faith, it is said, to the following mottoes:

Keep out of doors all you can. Breathe outdoor air, live in it, revel in it. Don't shut yourself up. Build your houses so that the air supply is good. Throw away your portieres and bric-a-brac. Don't have useless trifles about you.

Have a favorite form of exercise and make the most of it. Ride on horseback if you can; cycle if you can't get a horse; do anything to get out in the open air.

Don't overeat. Drink little and let that little be pure. Don't try to dress too much, yet dress as well as you are able. Wear everything you can to make yourself lovely.

The Doctors' Orders.  
A lady whose husband seemed to be doing little but lie in the hammock and eat apples, was asked by a sympathetic neighbor what the trouble with him was. "Doctors," she replied, sadly. "No, he hasn't come into a fortune." A writer in To-Day's Magazine tells the story.

"You see," explained the wife, "he's been having some sort of matter with his stomach, and he consulted two different doctors about it. One told him to eat a ripe apple every hour, and the other said to rest an hour after eating. So he's trying to do both."

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## ALL BORE THEIR TRADEMARKS

**Occupations of Vacationists an Open Book to This Man.**  
Sherlock Holmes, seated on the boardwalk, languidly injected a pint of cocaine into his sunburnt arm.

"My dear Watson," said the detective, "let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vacationists. In their cheap white fannels they all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion!"

There goes a waiter. Waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down.

The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for live ones.

"She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her fire, of color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No; cooks have very poor appetites. It was the inhalation of the rich fumes of food from her kitchen that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it?"

**Late Hours for Rising in England.**  
There is one signal disadvantage in London—and, indeed, in English life, for the practice apparently embraces the entire country—and this is the appallingly late hours for rising. Everywhere is nine o'clock the breakfast hour; nothing, so to speak, is open till ten o'clock, and this absolute loss of all the morning makes a great difference if one has anything to do. On the continent one may always have breakfast by seven o'clock, as in our breakfast here, with luncheon at from 1:30 to two and dinner at eight or nine o'clock, makes conditions difficult for those accustomed to earlier hours.