

# THE UNPARALLELED By HORACE HAZELTINE

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## SYNOPSIS.

Robert Cameron, capitalist, consults Philip Clyde, newspaper publisher. The garding anonymous threatening letters he has received. The first promises a sample of the writer's power on a certain day. On that day the head is mysteriously cut from a portrait of Cameron while the latter is in the room. Clyde has a theory that the portrait was mutilated while the room was unoccupied and the head later removed by means of a string, unrolled by Cameron. Evelyn Grayson, Cameron's niece, with whom Clyde is in love, finds the head of Cameron's portrait nailed to a tree, where it had been used as a target. Clyde pleads with Evelyn to help him to investigate. Evelyn agrees, but Clyde learns that a Chinese boy employed by Philip Murphy, an artist living nearby, had had some riding on Cameron's lodgekeeper. Clyde makes an excuse to call on Murphy and is repulsed. He tries to get into the lodge, but the intrusions of the game laws and speaks of finding the bowl of an opium pipe under the tree, which Cameron had found. The Chinese boy is found dead next morning. While visiting Cameron in his dressing room, Nell Gwynne, mirror is mysteriously shattered. Cameron becomes seriously ill as a result of the shock. The third letter appears mysteriously on Cameron's sick bed. It makes direct threats against the life of Cameron. Clyde tells Cameron the envelope was empty. He tells Evelyn everything and plans to take a motor ride from Cameron's yacht picks up a fisherman who drifts helplessly in a boat. He gives the name of the motor to an expert in Chinese literature, who pronounces them from a Chinese fellow college student, who recommends him to Yip Sing, most prominent Chinaman in New York. Cameron's letter is found in the motor. Addison, who speaks of seeing Cameron in Peking, Cameron had frequently been close to Clyde and had never been in China. Clyde calls on Dr. Addison.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"This isn't anything like herbert. Is it, doctor?" I began. My ideas of the disease I mentioned were of the haziest character. I knew, however, that it was common in the Orient, and thither I would lead him.

"No, no, Mr. Clyde," he answered, suavely enough, now. "Herbert is merely the eastern name for multiple neuritis. You haven't a neuritis or you would know it. I saw a great deal of herbert in China and on the Malay peninsula."

"Do I remember to have heard Cameron say he contracted it in the east?" I asked, plunging for a connection.

"I don't recall that Cameron ever had it," was his response. And then his brow grew thoughtful. "Are you sure he told you that he had; and that he was attacked while in—Asia?" I noted his hesitation over fixing the place, and wondered. At all events I had arrested his interest. Purposely I adopted a tone of uncertainty.

"N-no. I can't say definitely. But I had an impression that—" And there I paused. When I continued it was with the direct question: "Do you happen to know, doctor, whether Cameron was ever in Peking?" It seems to me it was—

"I do know that he was in Peking," he interrupted, almost savagely. "He was in Peking, in September, 1902. To be exact, he was there on the fourteenth day of that month. I have reason to know it—a particular reason to know it."

After all, how easily the information I craved had come to me! And yet I would have been glad to hear the contrary; for Cameron had assured me, in all solemnity, that he had never been in China, and it jarred upon my conception of the man's character to discover that he had tried to deceive me. I could only conclude that his purpose was praiseworthy. But Dr. Addison had not finished.

"Tell me," he was demanding, eagerly. "Tell me! I have excuse for asking. Has he ever admitted to you that he was there?"

"Now I come to think of it," I returned, "he hasn't. But I had the information from some one, I am pretty sure."

With an effort the physician commanded himself. When he spoke again he was comparatively composed.

"Mr. Clyde," he said apologetically, "I am not given to discussing personal matters with my patients, but the fact that you and Cameron are friends, and the fact that this subject has come up, make it almost imperative, I suppose, that I should explain briefly the feeling I have just exhibited. Five years ago Rob Cameron and I were about as near counterparts of Damon and Pythias as ever existed. While Cameron was in Europe, I had an opportunity to go around the world with a patient. We dawdled a good deal, and you understand how uncertain correspondence is under those circumstances. I never knew just where I should be at any given time. Consequently, a number of letters were missed by both of us. I was still thinking of Cameron as in England or on the European continent, when, lo and behold, I saw him one morning, hurrying along the principal street of the inner city of Peking. I don't know whether you have ever been there or not, but if you have, you know what that thoroughfare is. It was all bustle and activity that day, and about as crowded as Broadway at the noon hour, but with much more picturesque and contrasting currents of individuals and vehicles. I was in a carriage, myself, and Cameron was afoot, walking in the opposite direction. As we passed each other, he did not seem to see me, though I called to him loudly. This, however, did not surprise me, for there was an ungodly racket in progress. Instantly, I had the carriage turned about, but before I could overtake him, he was lost in the crowd. I was leaving Peking that afternoon, and so had no chance to look him up. I wrote him afterwards and told him of the incident, and how I regretted having to go away without exchanging at least

a word with him. To my amazement he not only denied having been in Peking, but in the Chinese empire at all. When we met in London, the following spring, and I recalled the matter, asking why he had refused to admit what I knew to be the truth, he became indignant; and that was the beginning of the end. If I had conceded the possibility of mistake on my part, all might have been well, I suppose; but there was no such possibility. I had known Cameron for twenty-two years, and I could not have made an error. I had seen him distinctly, clearly, at midday in the open. It was that time to this I have been unable to conceive why he lied to me, and why he chose to end our friendship rather than admit what was indubitable fact."

His explanation finished, he reached for a pen, and, as he dipped it in the ink, he added:

"I trust you will pardon me, Mr. Clyde. I have detained you."

"You have interested me," I assured him. "And that more than I can tell you." Which was quite true; yet I was even more perplexed than interested. To the maze of circumstances there was now added another baffling feature.

Dr. Addison handed me the prescription he had written.

"After meals, and at bedtime," he directed, with a return to his professional manner. "If you do not find yourself much better at the end of a week, come in again."

On the sidewalk I tore the little square of paper into bits which the wind carried in a tiny flurry across Madison avenue.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Dark of Doyers Street.

At one o'clock that day, Evelyn Grayson joined me at luncheon at Sherry's. She had been in no mood to wait any longer than was absolutely necessary for tidings of my visit to Dr. Addison; and, moreover, she had news of her own which she was anxious to convey to me.

I have often wondered why it is that the I-told-you-so passion is inherent in all women. There are those who manage to control it with admirable success under average circumstances, but sooner or later, even the most courageous of battlers against this maternal heritage succumb, and indulge in a sort of disguised orgy of reproach.

Evelyn might have told me, for instance, that Captain MacLeod, after careful investigation, had been unable to discover either her or hide of Peter Johnson in Gloucester or elsewhere, and stopped there. That is what a man would have done. But, altogether admirable though she was, the eternal feminine was strong within her. Therefore it was incumbent upon her to add:

"It doesn't surprise me, Phillip. When you told me how you picked that man up, I was confident that he was floating out there in your path just for that very purpose."

I had no inclination to dispute the point with her. That was the most painful part of it. I knew that she was right—that in putting Peter Johnson ashore, instead of in irons, I had committed an error that might prove irremediable. But why couldn't she see that I realized it, and was sparing under my own condemnation, and so have spared me this added torture of hers? Why? Because she was her mother's daughter. That is the only answer.

As for my interview with "Pythias" Addison, we discussed it in all its phases, without reaching anything like a definite conclusion. Taking everything into consideration the evidence certainly seemed convincing that Cameron, in spite of his denials, had been in China in 1903. And yet we could not reconcile this with that almost fanatical love of truth which we knew to be his.

"Couldn't Dr. Addison have been mistaken?" Evelyn asked.

"It is possible, of course," I answered. "Yet Cameron's face and figure are not of a common type. Besides, I don't believe in doubles. I have heard of so-called wonderful likenesses, but I have never seen any that would deceive a friend of twenty years' standing."

A little later she inquired whether the detective engaged to shadow Philip Murphy had furnished a report.

"Yes," I told her, "it came in my morning's mail. Murphy is still at Cos Cob. He didn't leave his bungalow all day yesterday, and he had no callers."

"I'm crazy to know what you learn tonight from Yip Sing," she went on, eagerly. "Oh, how I do hope it will give us some hint! It seems terrible to think of Uncle Robert in the hands of those unconscionable Chinamen. And, Phillip, don't you think you had better take some one with you?"

But I suppose Mr. Yip is to be trusted, but at the same time, you must remember you are going into the enemy's camp, and you should be careful."

But I laughed at the notion of taking a body guard.

"I'm to meet him at nine o'clock," I told her, "in a public restaurant. Besides, there'll be a crowd of those 'Seeing New York' people down there about that time, and Chinatown was on its best behavior. So never fear, little girl. Do you want me to telephone you when I get up? You know I'm going to stop tonight at my rooms in the Loyalton."

"Of course I want you to telephone me!" she returned, emphatically. "It

shouldn't take you very long to hear what Mr. Yip has to tell, should it? I shall be expecting you to call me up between ten and half-past, or by eleven at the latest; so don't dare to go for supper first."

"As if I could think of supper!" I said, looking at her in a way I had, "when I might be hearing your voice!"

Could I have foreseen what the night was to bring forth? I certainly should have discouraged her waiting for my message. But the power of prevision is given to few of us, and of those few I am not one.

Assuredly I had no misgivings as, after dining at the University club that evening, I stepped into an electric hansom and gave the driver the address of the Doyers street restaurant. Whatever it may have been in the past, I believed the Chinatown of the present to be, outwardly at least, a reasonably law-abiding section of the borough of Manhattan. And was not I that night the guest of one of its most honored citizens? What, therefore, had I to fear?

On the contrary, as we turned from the Bowery into that little semicircular thoroughfare which is perhaps the most characteristic of Chinatown's principal streets, I was pleasantly interested. This was quite a different place from that which I had visited the afternoon before. Then, a sort of brooding quiet reigned over what was so ordinary as to be scarcely distinctive; for that part of Mott street on which the Yip Sing establishment is located, I have since learned, is merely one of the gates of the real Chinatown, of which Doyers street is the heart and center—and which awakens only after nightfall.

Now the place was alive and alight. Narrow roadway and still narrower sidewalks were thronged with a combination of denizens and sightseers. Shop fronts and upper windows glowed with varying degrees of brightness. From the Chinese theater on the left came a bedlam of inharmonious sounds: the brazen crash of cymbals, the squeaking of raucous stringed instruments, the resounding clangor of a gong. Voices high-pitched and voices guttural, mingled with hoarse and strident laughter, echoed from wall to wall of the street's encroaching squalid buildings.

Before the least unpretentious of all these structures, my hansom stopped, and as I stepped to the curb I got a glimpse of its banner and lantern strung balcony, giving to the street a touch of color that helped to lift it into an atmosphere which, if not Oriental, was at least vividly un-American.

The minute—it could hardly have been more, though, as I think of it, it seemed infinitely prolonged—ended in a sound above and behind me. Very softly, carefully, some one was closing the cellar doors. Steadily, muffled, though it was, the faint creaking of the hinges shattered the spell which held me, and in spite of my tortured ankle, I managed to gain my feet. But by now the silence reigned once again and in the engulfing blackness I lost all sense of direction.

The suspense of the moment was unendurable. To stand there waiting, not knowing when or from what quarter I should be set upon, was nervous torment so hideous that in sheer desperation I plucked my match box from my pocket, drew forth a match and struck it to a blaze. As it flared forth,

It was Napoleon's Victorious Legions Who Brought Their Garment Into Fashion.

As nearly as can be ascertained it is a hundred years since Napoleon Bonaparte's soldiers introduced the old-wear style of leg wear which speedily secured recognition as the distinctive masculine garment of civilians throughout two continents.

In 1814—the year before Waterloo—it was related as a current news item of some importance that the great duke of Wellington had been refused admittance to Almack's in London, because he presented himself wearing breeches instead of the dress regulations then in vogue demanded.

As a matter of historical fact trousers have been worn by various races and by both sexes in all the ages of which any authentic records exist. Generally speaking, trousers were regarded in ancient times as symbolical of inferiority or effeminacy. In the triumphal processions of the Caesars, for example, prisoners of war wore them as a sign of defeat, while the sturdy legs of Roman's victorious legions were bare below the bottom of the skirted or kilted coat of mail.

fell full upon a face, stubble-bearded, deep-lined, and repellent, the face not of a Chinaman but of a white man; a face into which I had looked but twice, and then but for a brief moment; yet a face as indelibly fixed in my memory as were the grim fronts of the buildings now behind it—the face of Peter Johnson, the pretended castaway.

I think I must have had it in mind to pick him up bodily and carry him away with me that I might by inquisitorial torture wring from him a confession. Otherwise I should have adopted a less eager and more subtle method of bringing the miscreant to book than that which I rashly attempted. Before I considered the situation I was across the street and at his heels. My finger tips, indeed, were at his shoulder. In the fraction of a second I should have had him gripped and have been hustling him through the crowd as my prisoner. But at the instant of seeming success, he eluded me. In some strange way he caught alarm and, shrinking beneath my hand, darted sinuously off between this pedestrian and that, with the flashing speed of a lizard.

But, though he escaped my clutch, my eyes were more nimble. With them I followed him until I saw him drop between the cellar doors which gaped beneath the white bulk window of the quick lunch room. And where my eye went, I went at last with my brief moment and, without thought or heed, I was plunging in pursuit down that short, steep flight of steps—plunging from a lighted, peopled, noisy public street into the collied gloom and grim silence of a low underground basement.

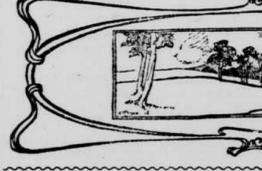
And, as misfortune would have it, I must needs catch my heel on the edge of one of the treads, and go sprawling on my hands and knees; while a poignant pain shooting cruelly through my ankle told me that a sprain was added to my mishap.

For a minute I lay as I had fallen, prone and motionless; and in that space I realized the foolhardiness of my whole course of action. My very intrepidity had contributed to disaster. Instead of accomplishing a capture, I had cast myself, disabled, into the mesh of the enemy.

The inky darkness and profound silence of the place augmented, of course, my apprehension. In vain I strained my eyes to distinguish an object, my ears to detect a sound, yet I knew that the uncanny creature I had followed must be close to me; lurking, possibly, with raised or pointed weapon to mete out my fate once he made sure of my position.

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## Centenary of the Trousers

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Spring Clipping of Horses.

The modern practice among the best posted and most progressive horse owners and farmers is to clip all horses in the spring. It is done on the theory that in their natural state horses were not obliged to work, so it is easy to clean the parts before warm spring days, the winter coat should be removed for the same reason that we lay off our heavy winter garments. Clipped horses dry off rapidly, hence they do not take cold as easily nor are they so prone to be affected with other ailments as unclipped animals whose longer hair holds the perspiration for hours. Because clipped horses dry off rapidly they rest better, get more good from their food and come out in the morning refreshed and fit for work.

Since the advent of the ball bearing enclosed gear clipping machine, the work of taking off the winter coat is easy. With the machine a horse can be clipped all over in half an hour, whereas with the old two-hand clipper it required several hours to do it.

Many a slow man develops into a sprinter when he has a chance to run into the debt.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy. Adv.

His Favorite Paper.

"What is your favorite illustrated paper?" asked the Cheerful Idiot.

"The ten dollar bill," replied the Boob.

Disagreeable.

"He is the most disagreeable man I know!"

"Yes, he told me he had to ask you three times for five dollars you had borrowed."

Menu Revision.

"How is it there's roast hare on the menu again today?"

Waitress—"Well, it ate the canary yesterday."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Bright Work.

"I have here a handy article that sells for 10 cents," began the caller.

"Don't want it," snapped the woman.

"I didn't think you would buy it," said the caller as he turned to go.

"The lady across the street told me your husband never gave you any money."

"She did, eh?" exploded the woman.

"Give me five of those things you are selling. My husband gives me more money in a day than that old cat gets in a month."—Exchange.

Record Breaker.

"I hope you like your work, my lad," said the benignant elderly person to an errand boy as they waited to cross a street. "Men who take pride in their work are the men who succeed."

"Oh, I'm a record-breaker, the manager says."

"That's the way for a boy to talk. Tell me how you do better than other boys."

"I take longer to carry a message than any of them."

Solvent.

A certain man found himself in the possession of \$11,000,000. But he did not lose his head. On the contrary, "I will pay only so much for a car," he firmly declared, "as will leave of the \$11,000,000 a sum sufficient, if prudently invested in the funds, to defray the cost of having the thing around."

And though in that resolution he paid so little for a car that his wife would scarcely speak to him, his sense of financial solvency was his ample reward.—Puck.

CLEAR HEAD Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him. (Tea is just as injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of banishing my stomach trouble, I verily believe, for I am a well man today and have used no medicine.

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues'. These have left me since I began using Postum, and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 10 pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

Truth About Proud Man.

"When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bed clothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits and goes to sleep," says one who knows, "but with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down and lies trembling awake for two or three hours, straining his ears at every sound."

Not Again.

Hias (who has been punished several times for malicious mischief, reading on the fire-alarm box, "Break the glass!")—"No, no! You can't fool me!"—Fliegende Blätter (Munich)

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