



For an Instant They Were Swaying Back and Forth.



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 prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised by a man, cracked the safe containing his jewels. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The interior of the safe was revealed in a shape little different from that of the ordinary household strong-box. There were several account books, ledgers and the like, together with some packages of docketed bills, in the pigeon holes. The cash box, itself a safe within a safe, showed a blank face broken by a small combination dial. Behind this, in a secret compartment, the Maitland heirlooms languished, half forgotten of their heedless owner.

The cash box combination offered less difficulty than had the outer dial. Maitland had it open in a twinkling. Then, brazenly lifting out the inner jewelry box, he thrust a fumbling hand into the aperture thus disclosed and pressed the spring, releasing the panel at the back. It disappeared as though by witchcraft, and the splash of light from the bull's-eye discovered a canvas bag squatting humbly in the secret compartment; a fat little canvas bag, considerably soiled from much handling, such as is used by hanks for coin, a sturdy, matter-of-fact, every-day sort of canvas bag, with nothing about it of haughty, no air of self-importance or ostentation, to betray the fact that it was the receptacle of a small fortune.

At Maitland's ear, incredulous, "How did you guess?" she breathed. He took thought and breath, both briefly, and prevaricated shamelessly: "Bribed the head clerk of the safe manufacturer who built this."

Rising, he passed over to the center table, the girl following. "Steady with the light," he whispered; and loosed the string around the mouth of the bag, pouring its contents, a glistening, priceless, flaming, iridescent treasure hoard, upon the table.

"Oh!" said a small voice at his side. And again and again: "Oh, Oh! Oh!" Maitland himself was moved by the wonder of it. The jewels seemed to fill the room with a flashing, amazing, coruscant glamour, rainbow-like. His breath came hot and fast as he gazed upon the trove; a queen's ransom, a fortune incalculable even to its owner. As for the girl, he thought that the wonder of it must have struck her dumb. Not a sound came from the spot where she stood.

Then, abruptly, the sun went out; at least, such was the effect; the light of the hand lamp vanished utterly, leaving a partly-colored blur swimming against the impenetrable blackness, before his eyes.

His lips opened; but a small hand fell firmly upon his own, and a tiny, tremulous whisper shrilled in his ear. "Hush—hush, hush!"

"Steady . . . some one coming. . . the jewels."

He heard the dull musical clash of them as her hands swept them back into the bag, and a cold, sickening fear rendered him almost faint with the sense of trust misplaced. Illusion resolved into brutal realities. His fingers closed convulsively about her wrist; but she held passive.

"Ah, but I might have expected that!" came her reproachful whisper. "Take them, then, my—my partner that was." Her tone cut like a knife, and the touch of the canvas bag, as she forced it into his hands, was hateful to him.

"Forgive me—" he began.

"But listen!"

For a space he obeyed, the silence at first seeming tremendous; then, faint but distinct, he heard the tinkle and slide of the brazen rings supporting the smoking room portiere.

His hand sought the girl's; she had not moved, and the cool, firm pressure of her fingers steadied him. He thought quickly.

"Quick!" he told her in the least of whispers. "Leave by the window you opened and wait for me by the motor car."

"No!"

There was no time to remonstrate with her. Already he had slipped away, shaping a course for the entrance to the passage. But the dominant thought in his mind was that at all costs the girl must be spared the exposure. She was to be saved, whatever the hazard. Afterwards—

The tapestry rustled, but he was yet too far distant to spring. He crept on with the crouching, vicious attitude, mental and physical, of a panther stalking its prey.

Like a thunderclap from a clear sky the glare of the light broke out from the ceiling. Maitland paused, transfixed, on tiptoe, eyes incredulous, brain striving to grapple with the astounding discovery that had come to him.

The third factor stood in the doorway, slender and tall, in evening dress—as was Maitland—a light, full overcoat hanging open from his shoulders; one hand holding back the curtain, the other arrested on the light switch. His lips dropped open and his eyes, too, were protruding with amazement. Feature for feature he was the counterpart of the man before him; in a word, here was the real Anisty.

The wonder of it all saved the day for Maitland; Anisty's astonishment was sincere and the more complete in that, unlike Maitland, he had been

unprepared to find any one in the library.

For a mere second his gaze left Maitland and traveled on to the girl, then to the rifled safe—taking in the whole significance of the scene. When he spoke, it was as if dazed.

"By God!" he cried—or, rather, the syllables seemed to jump from his lips like bullets from a gun.

The words shattered the tableau. On their echo Maitland sprang and fastened his fingers around the other's throat. Carried off his feet by the sheer ferocity of the assault, Anisty gave ground a little. For an instant they were swaying back and forth, with advantage to neither. Then the burglar's collar slipped and somehow tore from his stud, giving Maitland's hands freer play. His grasp tightened about the man's gullet; he shook him mercilessly. Anisty staggered, gasped, reeled, struck Maitland once or twice upon the chest—feeble, weightless elbow jabs that went for nothing, then concentrated his energies in a vain attempt to wrench the hands from his throat. Reeling, tearing at Maitland's wrists, face empurpling, eyes staring in agony, he stumbled. Mercilessly Maitland forced him to his knees and bullied him across the floor toward the nearest lounge—with premeditated design; finally succeeding in throwing him flat; and knelt upon his chest, retaining his grip but refraining from throttling him.

As it was, all strength and thought of resistance had been choked out of Anisty. He lay at length, gasping painfully.

Maitland glanced over his shoulders and saw the girl moving forward, apparently making for the switch.

"No!" he cried, peremptorily. "Don't turn off the light—please!"

"But—" she doubted.

"Let me have those curtain cords, if you please," he requested, shortly.

She followed his gaze to the windows, interpreted his wishes, and was very quick to carry them out. In a trice she was offering him half a dozen of the heavy, twisted silk cords that had been used to loop back the curtains.

Soft yet strong, they were excellently well adapted to Maitland's needs. Unceremoniously he swung his captive over on his side, bringing his neck and ankles in juxtaposition to the legs of that substantial piece of furniture, the lounge.

His hands, the first to be secured, and tightly, behind his back, Anisty lay helpless, glaring vindictively the while gradually he recovered consciousness and strength. Maitland cared little for his evil glances; he was busy. The burglar's ankles were next bound together and to the lounge leg; and, an instant later, a brace of half-hitches about the man's neck and the nearest support entirely eliminated him as a possible factor in subsequent events.

"Those loops around your throat," Maitland warned him curtly, "are loose enough now, but if you struggle they'll tighten and strangle you. Understand?"

Anisty nodded, making an incoherent sound with his swollen tongue. At which Maitland frowned, smitten thoughtful with a new consideration.

"You mustn't talk, you know," he mused half aloud; and, whipping forth a handkerchief, gagged Mr. Anisty.

After which, breathing hard and in a maze of perplexity, he got to his feet. Already his hearing, quickened by the emergency, had apprised him of the situation's imminent hazards. It needed not the girl's hurried whisper, "The servants!" to warn him of their danger. From the rear wing of the mansion the sounds of hurrying feet were distinctly audible, as, presently, were the heavy, excited voices of men and the more shrill and frightened cries of women.

Headless of her displeasure, Maitland seized the girl by the arm and urged her over to the open window. "Don't hang back!" he told her nervously. "You must get out of this before they see you. Do as I tell you, please, and we'll save ourselves yet! If we both make a run for it, we're lost. Don't you understand?"

"No. Why?" she demanded, reluctant, spirited, obstinate—and lovely in his eyes.

"If he were anybody else," Maitland indicated, with a jerk of his head toward the burglar. "But didn't you see? He must be Maitland—and he's my double. I'll stay, brazen it out, then, as soon as possible, make my escape and join you by the gate. Your motor's there—wait! Be ready for me!"

But she had grasped his intention and was suddenly become pliant to his will. "You're wonderful!" she told him with a little low laugh; and was gone, silently as a spirit.

The curtains fell behind her in long, straight folds; Maitland stifled their swaying with a touch, and stepped back into the room. For a moment he caught the eye of the fellow on the floor; it was upturned to his, sardonically intelligent. But the lord of the manor had little time to debate consequences.

Abruptly the door was flung wide and a short stout man, clutching up his trousers with a frantic hand, burst into the library, brandishing overhead a rampant revolver.

"Ands hup!" he cried, leveling at Maitland. And then, with a fallen countenance: "G-r-r-rat 'eavins, sir! You, Mister Maitland, sir!"

"Ah, Higgins," his employer greeted the butler blandly.

Higgins pulled up, thunderstruck, panting and perspiring with agitation. His fat cheeks quivered like the wattles of a gobbler, and his eyes bulged as, by degrees, he became alive to the situation.

Maitland began to explain, forestalling the embarrassments of cross-examination.

"By the merest accident, Higgins, I

was passing in my car with a party of friends. Just for a joke I thought I'd steal up to the house and see how you were behaving yourselves. By chance—again—I happened to see this light through the library window." And Maitland, putting an incautious hand upon the butler's eye on the desk, withdrew it instantly, with an exclamation of annoyance and four scorched fingers.

"He's been at the safe," he added quickly, diverting attention from himself. "I was just in time."

"My word!" said Higgins, with emotion. Then quickly: "Did 'e get anythin', do you think, sir?"

Maitland shook his head, scowling over the butler's burly shoulders at the rapidly augmenting concourse of servants in the hallway—lackeys, grooms, maids, cooks, and what-not; a background of pale, scared faces to the tableau in the library. "This won't do," considered Maitland. "Get back, all of you!" he ordered, sternly, indicating the group with a dominant and inflexible forefinger. "Those who are wanted will be sent for. Now go! Higgins, you may stay."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. But wot an 'orrid 'appenin', sir, if you'll permit me—"

"I won't. Be quiet and listen. This man is Anisty—Handsome Dan Anisty, the notorious jewel thief, wanted badly by the police of a dozen cities. You understand? . . . I'm going now to motor to the village and get the constables; I may," he invented, desperately, "be delayed—may have to get a detective from Brooklyn. If this scoundrel stirs, don't touch him. Let him alone—he can't escape if you do. Above all things, don't you dare to remove that gag!"

"Most cert'ly, sir. I shall bear in mind, wot you says—"

"You'd best," grimly. "Now I'm off. No; I don't want any attendance—I know my way. And—don't—touch—that man—till I return."

"Very good, sir."

Maitland stepped over to the safe, glanced within, cursorily, replaced a bundle of papers which he did not recall disturbing, closed the door and twisted the combination.

"Nothing gone," he announced. An inarticulate gurgle from the prostrate man drew a black scowl from Maitland. Recovering, "Good morning," he said politely to the butler, and striding out of the house by the front door, was careful to slam that behind him, ere darting into the shadows.

The moon was down, the sky a cold, opaque gray, overcast with a light drift of cloud. The park seemed very dark, very dreary; a searching breeze was sweeping inland from the sound, sighing sadly in the tree tops; a chill humidity permeated the air, precursor of rain. The young man shivered, both with chill and reaction from the tension of the emergency just past.

He was aware of an instantaneous loss of heart, a subsidence of the elation which had upheld him throughout the adventure; and to escape this, to forget or overcome it, took immediately to his heels, scampering madly for the road, oppressed with fear lest he should find the girl gone—with the jewels.

That she should prove untrue, faithless, lacking even that honor which proverbially obtains in the society of criminals—a consideration of such a possibility was intolerable, as much so as the suspense of ignorance. He could not, would not, believe her capable of ingratitude so rank; and fought fiercely, unreasoningly, against the conviction that she would have followed her thievish instincts and made off with the booty. . . . A judgment met and right upon him for his madness!

Heart in mouth, he reached the gates, passing through without discovering her, and was struck dumb and witless with relief when she stepped quietly from the shadows of a low branching tree, offering him a guiding hand.

"Come," she said, quietly. "This way."

Without being exactly conscious of what he was about he caught the hand in both his own. "Then," he exulted almost passionately—"then you didn't—"

His voice choked in his throat. Her face, momentarily upturned to his, gleamed pale and weary in the dreary light; the face of a tired child, troubled, saddened; yet with eyes inexpressibly sweet. She turned away, tugging at her hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROOF OF SIGHT IN PLANTS.

Nature Student Comes Forward with Convincing Argument.

"Darwin believed that plants could see, and I believe so, too," said a nature student.

"I was reading on my veranda the other day; one foot was near a large convolvulus. The tendrils were pointing outwards, but in a few minutes I heard them rustle faintly—they were turning towards my shoe. They began to advance towards it, moving as a very sluggish serpent might have done, and by the time I had finished the joke column they were within a few inches of me. I went indoors then for dinner. On my return the convolvulus tendrils, disgusted, had resumed their outward march towards the rail."

"I got a pole and set it up a foot from the nearest tendrils. In ten minutes they were creeping steadily towards the pole. To-day they are twined about it."

"How could the convolvulus tendrils approach my foot and the pole, both placed in the opposite direction from the light, unless they saw? Yes, they must have sight, these plants, or they couldn't trot about in the silent, clever way they do."

HEROES OF FAITH

Sunday School Lesson for June 13, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Hebrews 11:1-40. Memory verses 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11:1.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.
Subject: What Faith Has Done for Others and Can Do for Us.

What Faith Is.—Vs. 1, 3. How does the writer define faith? "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Faith is not hope, but underlies hope and renders hope confident. Faith is not the vision of mysteries, but that proof of them in heart and life which assures us of them without any sight of them.

How does the writer illustrate this faith? "By it the elders (not all men of ancient time, but those of special renown called 'elders') obtained a good report" (R. V., "had witness borne to them," i. e., in the Scripture). This verse sums up the long and splendid catalogue that follows.

What is the first example of faith? That of Abel the righteous (so called three times out of the four mentions of him in the New Testament; see Matt. 23:35; 1 John 3:12). His faith in God led to obedience, and thus he offered the kind of sacrifice which God approved and accepted, perhaps by fire from heaven.

What is the second example of faith? The patriarch Enoch, who "walked with God" (the Septuagint, used here, has it "was well pleasing to God"); and he was not; for God took him. This proves his faith, for no one can go to God without faith in him.

What is the third example of faith? Noah, whose faith in God's warnings of the coming deluge led him to build the ark. "Noah is the first to receive in Scripture the name 'righteous' (Gen. 6:9; see also Ezek. 14:14, 20; Pet. 2:5). This righteousness is looked on as an inheritance, received by all who manifest the faith."—Ellicott.

What is the fourth example of faith? The glorious example of "faithful—faithful—Abraham," who proved his faith by leaving his native land, his friends, his home, at the command of God, and going he knew not whither, living in tents in the promised land, and not even owning a foot of it except a place to bury his dead wife.

How does the writer sum up the lessons of these great lives? By pointing to the contrast between the earthly lot of the patriarchs and the expectations which their faith led them to cherish.

Abraham's Great Test of Faith.—Vs. 17-19. What is the point of the writer's next illustration? The value of tests of faith. Think how many eager hopes were centered upon young Isaac, what long waiting was rewarded by him, what glorious promises had their fruit in him. In Isaac should his (Abraham's) seed be called (Gen. 21:12); that is, Isaac and his descendants were to be counted especially as Abraham's seed, inheriting the promises made to him. And now his loving father has offered Isaac up (R. V. margin)—for Abraham's submission to God's will is so entire that the sacrifice is as good as completed, and the lad as good as dead; so that, when the ram was substituted (Gen. 22:13) for the boy, Abraham may truly be said to have received his son back again from the grave.

How Faith Gives Clear Vision.—Vs. 20-22. What is the point of the next three illustrations, those of Isaac, Jacob and Joseph? In each case, the clear vision of the future that faith gives.

Moses' Great Venture of Faith.—Vs. 23-31. How many conspicuous instances of faith does the writer note in connection with the exodus from Egypt and conquest of Canaan? Seven in all—not because seven is "the perfect number," nor because there were not more than seven, but because (v. 32) time failed him to recount others, such as the victory at Rephidim, the healing wrought by the brazen serpent, the report of the two faithful spies. These seven are:

The preservation of Moses by his parents; the choice made by Moses when he slew the Egyptian (Ex. 2:11, 12), which was a virtual renunciation of the royal court and "the treasures of Egypt," and an assumption of the cause of the enslaved nation of "the reproach of Christ;" the forsaking of Egypt by Moses; the celebration of the first passover; the passage of the Red sea; the fall of Jericho, which was the result of the people's faith, tested severely by the seven days of persistent obedience in almost total inaction; the preservation of Rahab, who alone of the people of Jericho had faith to believe in the destiny of the Israelites, though all Jericho had the same knowledge that she had of what the Lord had done for his people (Josh. 2:10).

Heaven's Honor Roll.—Vs. 32-40. How does the writer close his examples of faith? He instances the faith of Gideon, of Barak, of Samson, of David and of Samuel, with other notable examples.

What is "the conclusion of the whole matter?" It is in the first verses of the next chapter: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

BILL'S AFFLICTION.



"Why, uncle, how are all the folks?" "They're all well, thanks, 'cept Bill. He's got the baseball fever!"

BURDENS LIFTED

From Bent Backs.

A bad back is a heavy handicap to those of us who have to work every day. Nine times out of ten, backache tells of kidney weakness. The only way to find relief is to cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills have given sound strong backs to thousands of men and women. Mrs. Wesley Clemens, 311 Marion St., Manchester, Ia., says: "Constant work at a sewing machine seemed to bring on kidney trouble. The kidney action was irregular and the pains in my back and loins so severe I could hardly endure it. Doan's Kidney Pills made me feel better in a short time, and I took them until entirely free from my trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Prominent Women Aid Good Cause.

A large number of women occupying prominent positions in society, or on the stage, are taking an active interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has recently given \$1,000,000 for sanitary homes for consumptives. Mrs. Keith Spaulding of Chicago has erected a sanitarium for the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute at a cost of about \$50,000; Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Mrs. Borden Harriman have given largely to the consumption fight. In Porto Rico, Mrs. Albert Norton Wood, wife of a prominent army officer stationed at San Juan, has stirred the entire island through the anti-tuberculosis crusade she inaugurated. Mme. Emma Calve is a most enthusiastic worker, and has given largely of her talent and money for the relief of tuberculosis sufferers, and Miss Olga Nethersole has even lectured before the public on tuberculosis.

Couldn't Stand It.

A Raleigh, N. C., woman not long ago received into her house for "training" a "cracker" girl from the mountains.

Endeavor was made to inculcate in the girl a love for order and cleanliness, but suddenly this discipline ceased, for the "poor white" fled to her home in the fastnesses. Thither the Raleigh woman traced her after some difficulty.

"Why did you leave me, Mary Jane?" she asked.

"Mis' Morgan, I jes' couldn't stay!" exclaimed the girl. "I was jes' cloyed with neatness!"

Mar-vel-lous!

At a baseball game in Chicago, the gatekeeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said:

"Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?"

"An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"—Everybody's Magazine.

On Natural Lines.

"How does Miss Hilda get along with her French conversation classes?"

"She is making them a pronounced success."—Baltimore American.

MAKING SUNSHINE

It Is Often Found in Pure Food.

The improper selection of food drives many a healthy person into the depths of despairing illness. Indeed, much sickness comes from wrong food and just so surely as that is the case right food will make the sun shine once more.

An old veteran of Newburyport, Mass., says: "In October, I was taken sick and went to bed, losing 47 pounds in about 60 days. I had doctor after doctor, food hurt me and I had to live almost entirely on magnesia and soda. All solid food distressed me so that water would run out of my mouth in little streams."

"I had terrible night sweats, and my doctor finally said I had consumption and must die. My good wife gave up all hope. We were at Old Orchard, Me., at that time and my wife saw Grape-Nuts in a grocery there. She bought some and persuaded me to try it."

"I had no faith in it, but took it to please her. To my surprise it did not distress me as all other food had done and before I had taken the fifth package I was well on the mend. The pains left my head, my mind became clearer and I gained weight rapidly."

"I went back to my work again and now after six weeks' use of the food I am better and stronger than ever before in my life. Grape-Nuts surely saved my life and made me a strong hearty man. 15 pounds heavier than before I was taken ill."

"Both my good wife and I are willing to make affidavit to the truth of this."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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