

# Green Fancy

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Grustark," "The Hollow of Her Hand," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Prince of Graustark," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"You take this one," said Barnes, "and I will manage the other." He was in a hurry to get away from the house. There was no telling when the government agents would descend upon the place.

Barnes helped Peter to lift the trunk into the car and then ordered him to start at once for Hart's Tavern.

"You can return later on for your things," he said.

"I got 'em tied up in a bundle in the garage, Mr. Barnes," he said. "Won't take a second to get 'em out." He hurried around the corner of the house.

A dry, quiet chuckle fell upon Barnes' ears. He glanced about in surprise and alarm. No one was in sight.

"Look up, young man," and the startled young man obeyed. His gaze halted at a window on the second story, almost directly over his head.

Mr. Sprouse was looking down upon him, his sharp features fixed in a sardonic grin.

"Well, I'll be d—!" burst from Barnes' lips.

"Surprised to see me, eh? If you're not in a hurry, I'd certainly appreciate a lift as far as the Tavern, old man. I'll be down in a jiffy. Stand aside! I'm going to drop."

A moment later he swung over the sill, and dropped lightly to the ground eight feet below.

"See, here, Sprouse or whatever your name is—"

"Better hear me out," broke in Sprouse calmly. "I could drill a hole through you so quickly you'd never know what did it," he went on. His hand was in his coat pocket, and a quick glance revealed to Barnes a singularly impressive angle in the cloth, the point of which seemed to be directed squarely at his chest.

"But I'm not going to do it. I just want to get myself straight with you. In a word, I never got anywhere near the room in which the jewels were hidden. This is God's truth, Barnes. I wasn't the only one who was trying to get the bunsies, my friend. It was a game in which only the best man could win."

"I know the truth now about Roon and Paul," said Barnes significantly.

"You do?" sneered Sprouse. "I'll bet you a thousand to one you do not. The girl was led to believe that they were a couple of crooks and that they fixed me in that tavern down there. Isn't that what she told you? Well, that story was cooked up for her special benefit. Roon was the Baron Hedlund. Hedlund came up here a week or so ago to keep a lookout for his wife. The baroness is supposed to be deeply enamored of Prince Ugo. He found letters which seemed to indicate that she was planning to join the prince up here. When he heard of the arrival of a lady at Green Fancy the other afternoon, he got busy. I admit that I am the gentleman who telephoned the warning up to the prince. They tried to head the baron and his man off at the cross-roads, but he

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"Nicholas butted in at this unfortunate juncture. He made the mistake of his life. Ugo jumped back into his room. In less than a second he was out again. He landed squarely on Nicholas' back as the fellow turned to escape. I saw the steel flash. Poor old Nick went down in a heap, letting out a horrible yell. Ugo dragged him into the room and dashed back into his own. A moment later he came out again, yelling for help. There was only one thing left for me to do and that was to get out on the roof if possible, and wait for things to quiet down. I got out through a trap door and stayed there for an hour or so.

"Well, to shorten the story, I finally took a chance and slid down to the eaves where I managed to find the limb of a tree big enough to support me—just as if the Lord had ordered it put there for my special benefit. I was soon on the ground, and that meant safety for me. I had heard Ugo tell the others that Nicholas said the man who stabbed him was yours truly. Can you beat it?

"And now comes the maddening part of the whole business. He said that the crown jewels were gone! The thief was running downstairs when he staggered to the door. If we are to find the crown jewels, my friend, we will first have to find Prince Ugo. He has them."

"I don't believe a word of this yarn," said Barnes flatly. "You have the jewels and—"

"Look here, Mr. Barnes, I'm not going to double-cross you again. That's all over. I want to get that scurvy dog who knifed poor old Nick. If you can give me a lead, I'll try to run Prince Ugo down. And if I do, we'll get the jewels."

"We? You amuse me, Sprouse."

"Well, I can't do any more than give my promise, my solemn oath, or something like that. I can't give a bond, you know. I swear to you that if I lay hands on that stuff, I will deliver it to you. Might just as well trust me as Ugo."

"Get in the car," said Barnes suddenly. He had decided to take a chance with the resourceful, indefatigable rascal. There was something convincing about Sprouse's version of the affair at Green Fancy.

Barnes told him that he knew of Prince Ugo's flight. Sprouse looked thoughtful for a long time.

"So O'Dowd knows that I really was after the swag, eh? He believes I got it?"

"I suppose so."

"The only one who thinks I'm absolutely innocent is Ugo, of course—and Mrs. Van Dyke. That's good," Sprouse smirked his lips. "I've got a pretty fair idea where I can find Mr. Loeb. It will take a little time—a couple of days, perhaps—but sooner or later he'll turn up in close proximity to the beautiful baroness."

### CHAPTER XIX.

A Trip by Night and a Late Arrival. Shortly after sundown that evening, the Rutherford company evacuated Hart's Tavern. They were delayed by the irritating and, to Mr. Rutherford, unpardonable behavior of two officious gentlemen, lately arrived, who insisted politely but firmly on prying into the past, present and future history of the several members of the organization, including the new "backer."

Barnes had devised a very clever plan for getting Miss Cameron away from the tavern without attracting undue attention. She was to leave in one of the automobiles that he had engaged to convey the players to Crowndale, where they were to "show." In case of detention or inquiry, she was to pose as a stage-struck young woman who had obtained a place with the company at the last moment through his influence.

When the hour came for the departure from Hart's Tavern he deliberately engaged the two secret service men in conversation in the taproom. Miss Cameron left the house by the rear door and was safely ensconced in Peter's automobile long before he shook hands with the "rat-catchers" and dashed out to join her. Tommy Gray's car, occupied by the four players, was moving away from the door as he sprang in beside her and slammed the door.

Peter's efforts to stay behind Tommy's venerable but surprisingly energetic car were the cause of many a gasp and shudder from the couple who sat behind him in the bounding car. He had orders to keep back of Tommy but never to lose sight of his tail light.

"Are you there?" he whispered.

"Yes. Isn't it jolly, running away like this? It must be wonderfully exciting to be a criminal, always dodging and—"

"Sh! Even a limousine may have ears!"

But if the limousine had possessed a thousand ears they would have been rendered useless in the stormy racket made up of Peter's muffled and the thunderous roar of the exhaust as the car got under way.

Sixty miles lay between them and Crowndale. Tommy Gray guaranteed that the distance could be covered in three hours, even over the vile mountain roads. Ten o'clock would find them at the Grand Palace hotel, none the worse for wear, provided (he always put it parenthetically) they lived to tell the tale! The luggage had gone on ahead of them earlier in the day.

Soon after ten o'clock they entered the town of Crowndale and drew up before the unattractive portals of the Grand Palace hotel. An arc lamp swinging above the entrance shed a pitiless light upon the dreary, God-forsaken hostelry with the ironic name.

Miss Cameron was warmly conscious of the thrill that had come into her blood when he carried her up the stairs in his powerful arms, disdaining the offer of assistance from the suddenly infatuated Tommy Gray.

"Rehearsal at eleven sharp," announced Rutherford. "Letter-perfect, every one of you. No guessing. By the way, Miss—er—pon my soul, I don't believe I got your name?"

"Jones," said the new member, shamelessly.

Barnes went down to the dingy lobby. A single, half-hearted electric bulb shed its feeble light on the desk, in front of which stood a man registering under the sleepy eye of the night clerk.

Barnes was turning away when a familiar voice assailed him.

Whirling, he looked into the face of a man who stood almost at his elbow—the sharp, impassive face of Mr. Sprouse.

### CHAPTER XX.

The First Wayfarer Has One Treasure Thrust Upon Him—And Forthwith Claims Another.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Barnes, staring. He seized the man's arm and inquired eagerly: "Have you got the jewels?"

"No; but I will have them before morning," replied Sprouse coolly.

"Would you be surprised if I were to tell you that his royal nibs is hiding in this town? Well, he certainly is. The Baroness Hedlund has been here for a week or ten days. She goes by the name of Mrs. Hasselwein. I popped down here this afternoon and found out that she is at the sanatorium, but that she expects to leave tomorrow morning. I made another trip out there this evening and waited. About eight o'clock Mr. Hasselwein strolled up. He sat on the veranda with her for half an hour or so and then left. I followed him. He went to one of the little cottages that belong to the sanatorium. I couldn't get close enough to hear what they said, but I believe he expects to take her away in an automobile early in the morning. It is a seventy-mile ride from here to the junction where they catch the train for the West. I'm going up now to make a call on Mr. Hasselwein. By the way, what is the number of your room?"

"Twenty-two—on the next floor."

"Good. Go upstairs now and I'll join you in about ten minutes. I will tap three times on your door."

"Why should you come to my room, Sprouse? We can say all that is to be said—"

"If you will look on the register you will discover that Mr. J. H. Prosser registered here about half an hour ago. He is in room 30. He left a call for five o'clock. Well, Prosser is another name for Ugo. He left the cottage an hour ago. Came in a jitney or I could have got to him on the way over."

Barnes, regardless of consequences, dashed over to inspect the register. Sprouse followed leisurely.

"See!" cried Barnes, excitedly, putting his finger on the name "Miss Jones." "She's in room 32—next to his. By gad, Sprouse, do you suppose he knows that she is here? Would the dog undertake anything—"

"You may be sure he doesn't know she's here, or you either, for that matter. The country's full of Joneses and Barneses. Go on upstairs. Leave everything to me."

Barnes had been in his room for twenty minutes before he heard the tapping on his door. He opened it and Sprouse slid into the room. The instant the door closed behind him, he threw open his coat and coolly produced a long, shabby metal box, such as one finds in safety vaults.

"With my compliments," he said dryly, thrusting the box into Barnes' hands. "You'd better have the counters check them up and see if they're all there. I am not well enough acquainted with the collection to be positive."

Barnes was speechless. He could only stare, open-mouthed, at this amazing man.

"My God, Sprouse, have you been in that man's room since I saw you down—"

"All you have to do is to keep quiet and look innocent. Stay out of the hall tonight. Don't go near the door of

No. 30. Act like a man with brains. I said I would square myself with you and with him, too. Well, I've done both. Maybe you think it is easy to give up this stuff. There is a half-million dollars' worth of nice little things in that box, small as it is."

"I cannot begin to thank you enough," said Barnes. "See here, you must allow me to reward you in some way commensurate with your—"

"Cut that out," said Sprouse darkly. "I'm not so virtuous that I have to be rewarded. I like the game. It's the breath of life to me."

"The time will surely come when I can do you a good turn, Sprouse, and you will not find me reluctant," said Barnes, lamely.

"That's different. If I ever need a friendly hand I'll call on you. It's only fair that I should give you a tip, Barnes, just to put you on your guard. From now on, I'm a free agent. I want to advise you to put that stuff in a safe place. I'll give you two days' start. After that, if I can get 'em away from you, or whoever may have them, I'm going to do it. They will be fair plunder from then on. Good night—and good-by for the present. Stick close to your room till morning and then beat it with her for New York. I give you two days' start, remember."

He switched off the light suddenly. There was no sound for many seconds, save the deep breathing of the two



"Isn't it jolly, running away like this?"

men. Then, with infinite caution, Sprouse turned the knob and opened the door a half inch or so. He left the room so abruptly that Barnes never quite got over the weird impression that he squeezed through that slender crack, and pulled it after him!

Many minutes passed before he turned on the light. The key of the box was tied to the wire grip. With trembling fingers he inserted it in the lock and opened the lid. . . . "A half-million dollars' worth of nice little things," Sprouse had said!

He did not close his eyes that night. Daybreak found him lying in bed, with the box under his pillow, a pistol at hand, and his eyes wide open. He was in a graver quandary than ever. Now that he had the treasure in his possession, what was he to do with it?

He solved the breakfast problem by calling downstairs for a waiter and ordering coffee and rolls and eggs sent up to his room. Singularly enough the waiter solved the other and more disturbing problem for him.

"Some robbery last night," said that worthy. "Feller up in one of the cottages at the sanatorium. All beat up, something fierce they say."

"Up in—Where?" almost shouted Barnes, starting up.

The man explained where the cottages were situated.

"Seems he was to leave by auto early this mornin', and they didn't know anything was wrong till Joe Keep—he's driving a car Mr. Norton has for rent—till Joe'd been settin' out in front for nearly half an hour. The man's wife was waitin' fer him up at the main buildin' and she got so tired waitin' that she sent one of the clerks down to see what was keeping her husband. Well, sir, him and Joe couldn't wake the feller, so they climb in an open window, an' by gosh, Joe says it was terrible. The feller was layin' on the bed, feet an' hands tied and gagged, and blood from head to foot. He was incoherent, Joe says, an'—my God, how his wife took on! Joe says he couldn't stand it, so he snook out, shakin' like a leaf."

"Is—is the man dead?" cried Barnes, aghast.

"Nope! Seems like it's nothing serious: just beat up, that's all. Terrible cuts on his head and—"

"What time did all this happen?" "Doc Smith figgers it was long about midnight, Judgin' by the way the blood coagulated."

"Did they get away with much?" "Haven't heard. Seems as though the burglar—must ha' been more'n one of 'em, I say—wasn't satisfied with crackin' him over the head. He stuck the point of a knife or something into him—just a little way, Joe says—in more'n a dozen places. What say?"

"I—I didn't say anything."

"I thought you did. Well, if I hear anything more I'll let you know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Home Town Helps

### GATEWAY THAT COSTS LITTLE

Entrance Constructed of Plain Lumber in Standard Dimension Always Easy to Procure.

The gateway here shown was very economically constructed by using lumber supplied in standard dimensions, reports Popular Mechanics Magazine. The uprights are 4 by 4 inches; the lower crosspieces and fence rails, 2 by 4 inches, and the fence spindles and upper crosspieces of the gate, 2 by 2 inches, as are also the short horizontal strips which extend at right angles between the crosspieces, to support vines over the archway. The arches are made of basswood, which is easily bent into shape after being soaked overnight in water. The structure was



By Using Cheap Lumber, an Ornamental Gateway is Erected at the Entrance to an Undeveloped Park at Trifling Cost.

painted white, with the exception of the fence spindles, which were given a brown tone; but the color scheme in such a case depends on the surroundings. At very slight expense a gateway of this kind greatly improves the entrance to a farm, a small park, or even a private residence. The example shown stands at the side entrance to a large park, to serve until the development of the neighborhood will make possible something of a more substantial nature.

### BETTER THAN WOODEN FENCE

Wall Constructed of Loose Stones Has Many Points of Superiority—Harmonizes With Nature.

The New England stone wall, as a feature in landscape scenery, is sometimes spoken of as a deformity; yet it cannot be denied that the same lines of wooden fence would mar the beauty of our prospect in a greater degree. On account of the loose manner in which the stones are laid one upon another, as well as the character of the materials, this wall harmonizes with the rude aspects of nature better than any kind of masonry. It seems to be less of a blemish than a trimmed hedge or any other kind of fence, unless in ornamental grounds. In wild pastures and lands devoted to rustic labor, the stone wall is the most picturesque boundary mark that has yet been invented. A trimmed hedge in such places would present to the eye an intolerable formality. One of the charms of the loose stone wall is the manifest ease with which it may be overleaped. It menaces no infringement of our liberties. When we look abroad upon the face of a country subdivided only by long lines of loose stones, and overgrown with vines and shrubbery, we feel no sense of constraint. . . . Fences are deformities of prospect which we are obliged to use and tolerate. But the loose stone wall only is expressive of the freedom which is grateful to the traveler and the tumbler.—Wilson Flag.

### Best to Build for Oneself.

The advice to the citizen to build his own home, if possible, is good. When a man builds for himself and his family he knows precisely what he gets, and he gets the kind of home he likes. It is better suited to the needs of himself and his family than is one that has been constructed for some other family. The cost of such construction may seem high, but good judges of values believe that an investment of this kind, made carefully and wisely, is the soundest and most satisfactory in the long run.

### Roadside Fruit Trees.

The genius of the roadside fruit or nut tree is the hospitality which it symbolizes, and the spirit of neighborly co-operation. It is an established institution in parts of Europe, as in France, Italy and Germany. It is a practice worth thinking about. Both esthetic and utilitarian purposes would be served by general adoption of the rule in communities sufficiently organized to give necessary care to the trees once they have been planted.

### Big Production of Fats.

The production of animal fats, exclusive of butterfat, equal to but 70 per cent of the vegetable oil output of the United States in 1912, rose in 1917 to nearly 80 per cent. Including butter, in 1912 the quantity of animal fats was approximately twice as great as that of vegetable oils, while in 1917 the production of the two classes of fats and oils was nearly the same.

### Learn Wisdom Through Folly.

It is a great pity that we must experiment with a score of follies, most of them hoary with age, before we can arrive at a point of wisdom.—Sir Richard Cooke.

## Friends Gave Her Up

Mrs. Hoffman's Recovery From Dropsy a Surprise. She Used Doan's.

"I was in dreadful shape," says Mrs. W. B. Hoffman, 659 Oakley Ave., Hammond, Ill. "There was a sickening pain across the small of my back and when I stooped over, knife-like twinges nearly drove me wild. I had large puffs under my eyes and my body bloated badly all over. My feet were swollen to twice their natural size and the skin looked shiny. When I pressed it down, it left a dent there and I knew I was bad off with dropsy."

"My friends didn't think I would live very long. I doctored with three different physicians and they didn't help me and I was discouraged. Nobody knows the torture I went through."

"I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I used three boxes and I was cured. I felt fine. As the swelling went down, my appetite picked up and I was soon perfectly healthy. My color came back and people said I looked as well as ever. Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life."

Sworn to before me. MABEL T. SHERRY, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## B.A. THOMAS HOG POWDER

"Saves the Bacon"

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To sell heating appliances (which burn 95% air, 4% kerosene) to take the place of the coming coal famine. Six models; can be installed in cook stoves, ranges, heating stoves, fire places, furnaces, etc. Big demand. Every household a prospective customer. You can make from \$500.00 to \$1000.00 per month easily.

Write for Catalogue and Dealers Contract OXO-GAS HEATING COMPANY 1508 HARNEY ST. OMAHA, NEB.

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who can sell a staple line to the farmer, based on a salary and commission contract. Steady position for the man who can qualify. Prefer man owning car. This is a good, clean proposition and large profits for the right man. INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO. Department "C" Minneapolis, Minn.

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Kindness quickly spoils unless kept in circulation.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers, 6c.

Nowadays a fellow's got to know a lot to be able to hide his ignorance.

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See Here, Sprouse, or Whatever Your Name Is—"

beat them to it. If there was to be a fight, they didn't want it to happen anywhere near the house. I believe Ugo is the one who got the baron—or, at least, as you know him. Now, that is the true story of the little affair.

"Go back to my own troubles. When I got out into the hall night before last, after leaving her room, I heard voices whispering in Prince Ugo's room. I beat it up the stairway into the attic. Nothing happened, so I snuck down to have a peep around.

The door to Ugo's room was open, but there was no light on the inside. He came to the door and looked up and down the hall. Then some one else came out and started to sneak away. I have you to guess the sex.