



The DAY OF DAYS By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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PROLOGUE. "It breaks the speed limit to smithereens."

That's a candid opinion about this story. There may have been swifter tales, but not recently. It's an aeroplane of a yarn, moving so fast that you lose your breath while you follow it.

Every man has his day of days. Yours may have come and you may be swimming in the fall tide of fortune. If so, read how P. Sybarite found his. If your own ship is still in the offing, you will enjoy learning how the little spunky red headed bookkeeper won a fortune and an heiress, foiled all his enemies and had some of the most amazing adventures ever penned—all in less time than it takes the hour hand to round the clock dial twice.

CHAPTER IV. Wheels of Chance.

His constructive meanderings light upon his conscience, P. Sybarite permitted George time enough to leave the house and gain Clancy's, then quietly followed as far as the gate, from which point he cut across the southern sidewalk, turned west to Ninth avenue and then north to Forty-second street. Here he boarded a cross-town car.

This was quite the most insane freak in which he had indulged himself these many years, and frankly admitting this much, he was rather pleased than otherwise. He was bound to call on Bailey Penfield and inform that gentleman where he might find his hat. Incidentally he hoped to surprise something or other informing with regard to the fortunes of Miss Lessing.

Alighting at Sixth avenue, he walked to Forty-fifth street, turned off toward Fifth avenue and in another moment was at a standstill in the extreme bewilderment before No. 37.

By every normal indication the house was closed and tenantless. From roof to basement its every window was blind with shades close drawn. The front doors were closed, the basement grating likewise.

Disappointed in the conviction that he had drawn a false lead, the little man strolled on eastward a little distance; then, on sheer impulse, gave up his project and, swinging about, started to go home.

But now as he approached No. 97 the second time a taxicab turned in from Sixth avenue, slid to the curb before that dwelling and set down a smallish young man dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, negligently handing a bill to the chauffeur, ran nimbly up the steps, rang the doorbell and promptly letting himself into the dark vestibule, closed the door behind him.

The taxicab swung round and disappeared. Not so P. Sybarite. Profoundly intrigued, he waited hopefully for this second midnight caller to reappear, as baffled as himself. But, though he dawdled away a patient five minutes, nothing of the sort occurred.

Here was mystery within a mystery indeed! Why P. Sybarite asked himself with hypochondria need he remain outside when another entered the house without let or hindrance?

Upon this thought he turned boldly up the steps, pressed the bell button, laid hold of the doorknob and entered into a vestibule as dark as his bewilderment and as empty as the palm of his hand, proving that the young gentleman of fashion had experienced no difficulty in penetrating farther into fastnesses of this singular establishment. In reflecting that where one had gone another might follow, P. Sybarite pulled the door behind him.

Instantly the bare and narrow vestibule was flooded with the merciless glare of half a dozen electric bulbs, and at the same time he found himself sustaining the intent scrutiny of a pair of inexpressible dark eyes set in an impassive dark face, which last was abruptly disclosed in the frame of a small grill in one of the inner doors.

"Well, he was gruffly asked, "what do you want?"

Irritating discourtesy inhered in the speaker's tone. P. Sybarite stiffened his neck.

"To see Bailey Penfield," he returned firmly, "of course."

"No such party here," was the answer. The man drew back and made as if to shut the grill.

"Nonsense!" P. Sybarite insisted sharply. "I have his card with this number. Got it from him only to-night."

"Card?" The face returned to the grill.

P. Sybarite made no bones about dis-



"Well, what do you want?"

playing his alleged credential. "I believe you'll find that authentic," he observed with asperity.

By way of answer the grill closed with a snap. But his inclination to kick the door was nullified when without further delay it opened to admit him. Nose in air, he strutted in, and the door banged behind him.

He stood in the main hall of an old-fashioned residence. To his right a double doorway revealed a drawing room luxuriously furnished, but, as far as he could determine, quite untenanted. On the left a long staircase hugged the wall, with a glow of warm light at its head. To the rear the hall ended in a single doorway, through which he could see a handsome mahogany buffet, elaborately arranged with shimmering damask, silver and crystal.

"It's all right," announced the warden of the grill, his suspicions to all seeming completely allayed. "Mr. Penfield ain't in just at present, but—here he arrived shrewdly—"I reckon you ain't so dead set on seein' him as you made out. Will you go right on up, or would you like a bite of somethin' to eat first?"

At the mere hint of food a frightful pang of hunger transfixed P. Sybarite. Abandoning false pride, P. Sybarite yielded:

"I don't mind if I do, thank you." "Straight on back; Pete'll take care of you all right."

A thumb indicated the door in the rear of the hall. P. Sybarite found the back room one of good proportions, whatever the architect's original intention, now serving as a combined lounge and grill; richly and comfortably furnished in sober, masculine fashion, boasting in all three buffets set forth with a lavish display of food and drink. In one of tummy deeply upholstered club chairs a gentleman of mature years and heavy body, with a scarlet face and a crumpled, wine stained shirt bosom, was slumbering serenely; two thirds of an extravagant cigar cold between his fingers. In others two young men were confabulating quietly, but with a most dissipated air, heads together over a brace of glasses. At a corner service table a negro in a white jacket was busy with a silver chafing dish, which exhaled a tantalizing aroma.

The negro, at the entrance of P. Sybarite, glanced quickly over his shoulder, and, seeing a strange face, clapped the cover on the chafing dish.

"Yas-suh—comin'" he gabbled. "It's sho' a pleasure to see you' again."

"At least," suggested P. Sybarite, dropping into a chair, "it will be, next time."

"That's right, sub—that's the troof!" The negro placed a small table adjacent to his elbow. "That's what Ah allus says to strange gemen first time they comes byeh, sub; makes 'em feel more at home like. Jus' lemme know what Ah kin do for yo' tonight. That 'ere lobstuh Newburg's jus' about prime fo' eatin' this very minute, ef yo' feel a bit peckish."

"I do," P. Sybarite admitted. "Just a spoonful!"

"An' uh ih drink, sub? Jus' one ih linnecent cocktail to fix yo' mouth right?"

"If you insist, Pete—if you insist."

"Yas-suh; and wif the lobstuh, sub. Ah venture to suggest a nice, cold ih hah' pint of champagne?"

The negro waddled away, returned and offered the guest a glass brimming with amber tinted liquid.

Tender morsels of lobster smothered in cream and sherry, piping hot; daintiest possible wafers of bread and butter embracing leaves of pale lettuce; a hollow stemmed glass effervescent with liquid sunlight of a most excellent bouquet—and then another; these serv-

ed not in the least to subdue P. Sybarite's internal jubilation. "Better get away before it's too late," intelligence cautioned.

"Right you are," he admitted fairly. "I'll go home now before anybody takes this away from me."

"Sensible of you," intelligence approved. "Still," suggested the small, but clear voice of greed before he could gain the head of the stairs, "you've got your original \$5 yet to lose. Be a sport. Don't go away without turning in a cent to the house. It wouldn't look pretty."

"There's something in that," admitted P. Sybarite. Nevertheless he never quite understood how it was that his feet carried him to the other roulette table at the end of the room opposite that at which he had been playing or how it was that his fingers produced one of the twenty dollar notes rather than the modest five he had meant to risk and coolly handed it over the board.

"How many?" asked the new croupier pleasantly. Before he could make up his mind exactly twenty white counters were meted out to him.

"What are these worth?" he demanded incredulously, dropping into a chair. "One dollar each," he was informed. "Indeed!" he replied, politely smothering a slight yawn.

To save his face now he'd have to go through his twenty. But after that—exit.

He made this promise to himself. Prying a single chip apart from its fellows, he tossed it heedlessly upon the numbered squares. It landed upon its rim, rolled toward the wheel and faded gracefully upon the green compartment numbered 00.

The croupier cocked an eyebrow at him, as if questioning his intention at the instant the ivory ball began to sing its one long sustained note. Abruptly it was chattering; in another instant it was still.

"The double 0," announced a voice. A player next P. Sybarite swore soulfully.

Thirty-five white chips were stacked alongside the winning stake. With unbecoming haste P. Sybarite removed them.

"Well," he sighed privately, "there's one thing certain—this can't last. But I don't like to seem a piker. I'll just make sure of this one. It can't win. And at that I'm \$15 in."

Deliberately he shifted the nineteen remaining of his original stake to keep company with his winning chip on the double 0.

A minute or so later the man at his elbow said excitedly: "I'll be hanged if it didn't repeat! Can you beat that?"

P. Sybarite stared stupidly. "How's that?" he said.

"Double 0," the croupier answered, "the second time."

"This is becoming uncanny," P. Sybarite observed to himself, and "Cash!"

Seven hundred dollar certificates were placed in his hand. In a daze he counted, folded and pocketed them. While thus engaged he heard the ball spin again. His original \$20 remained upon the double 0. Ten turned up. His stake was gathered in.

"You've had enough," intelligence advised. "Perfectly true," P. Sybarite admitted. This time his anatomy proved perfectly docile. He found himself at the foot of the steps, fatuously smiling at the doorkeeper.

"He ain't come in yet," said the latter, "but he's liable to be here any minute now."

"Oh, yes," said P. Sybarite brightly after a brief pause—"Mr. Penfield, of course. Sorry I can't wait."

"Well, you'll want your hat before you go, won't you?"

Placing an incredulous hand upon the crown of his head, P. Sybarite realized that it was covered exclusively with hair.

"I must have put it down somewhere upstairs," he murmured in panic.

"Mebbe you left it with Pete before you went up."

"Perhaps I did."

Turning back to the lounge, he entered to find it deserted save for the somnolent old gentleman and the hostess, Pete, but for whose drinks P. Sybarite would probably never have known the delicious joy of internal celebration or found the courage to risk his first bet.

And suddenly the fifty cent tip previously bestowed upon the servitor seemed to one unexpectedly fallen here to the princely fortune then in P. Sybarite's pockets the very nadir of beggary.

"Pete," said he with owlish gravity, "I begin to see that I have done you an inexcusable injustice."

Giggling, the negro scratched his head.

"Well, sub," he admitted, "Ah finds that gemen genly does change they embon me afteh they done cut er melon like."

With the air of an emperor P. Sybarite presented the negro with one \$20 bill.

"And now"—he cut short a storm of thanks—"if you'll be good enough to give me just one more glass of champagne I think I'll totter home."

"Yas-suh!"

In a twinkling a glass was in his hand. As if it were so much water—in short, indifferently—P. Sybarite tossed it off.

"And my hat."

"Yo' hat?" Pete iterated in surprise. "Yo' didn't tak' yo' hat wif me, sub. Yo' done lea' it wif yo' when yo' went upstairs."

"Oh!" murmured P. Sybarite, dashed. He turned to the door, hesitated, turned back and solemnly sat himself down.

"Pete," said he, extending his right foot. "I wish you'd do something for me."

"Yas-suh!"

"Take off my shoe."

Starting with naive incredulity until his vision assured him of this gentleman's complete seriousness, the negro plumped down upon his knees, unlaced and removed the shoe.

"It's a shocking shoe," observed P. Sybarite dreamily. Bending forward, he tucked his original five dollar note into the toe of the despised footwear.

"I am not going home broke," he explained to Pete, "as I certainly shall if I go upstairs to find my hat."

"I'd just as leave's not go fetch yo' hat," said Pete.

"You needn't bother," P. Sybarite returned, with dignity. (To Be Continued.)

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. John Furrer, Wednesday, September 2nd, a girl.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wachter, Tuesday September 1st, an eleven pound boy.

Mrs. A. L. McDonald returned home last Saturday evening form a trip to the Yellowstone park and other points.

Wm. Snyder of Candler, Florida arrived in Eagle last week for a few weeks visit at the home of his son, C. P. Snyder.

Mrs. E. P. Betts and daughter, Pearl, who have been visiting in Montana for the past three weeks, returned home Thursday night.

Charley Renner received a badly sprained ankle Sunday afternoon and as a result is compelled to get about on crutches. A velocipede which he was riding jumped the track, and his foot struck a tie causing the sprain.

John Rockenbach, who resides south west of town, was attacked by a bull on August 25th, and was badly bruised up, receiving a broken collar bone and one broken rib. Under the care of a physician he is getting along nicely.

Wm. Knapton came down from Lincoln Wednesday for a day's visit with relatives and friends. This is Mr. Knapton's first visit home since he went to the hospital early in the spring. He is improving each day and is looking well considering his long illness.

We failed to mention the fact that the school house has been treated to a new coat of paint, which adds much to its appearance. With other improvements that have been added recently and the two new furnaces Eagle can boast of having as good a school building as the average small town.

NEHAWKA. News.

E. A. Kirkpatrick has gone to Hot Springs, Kansas, where he will take treatment for rheumatism.

Mrs. Wood has moved this week into the Gruber building where she will conduct a hotel in connection with her restaurant business.

Tommy Mason took his place as regular carrier on the south route Tuesday morning his appointment taking effect Sept. 1st.

Harley Thomas, who went from here to Myriad as relief agent is in Hudson, Wyoming, where he is holding down a good position with the Northwestern.

Mrs. Henry Sturm returned from Texas the first of the week where she had been visiting her sister Mrs. Stella Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Humphrey returned Friday from a delightful trip to the northwest. They stopped off at Rawlins, Wyoming, on their way home and say they had a fine visit.

Mrs. J. L. Sheldon of Ellenburg, New York, who has been spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Giles, left Thursday night for her home.

Mrs. Harry Wills left Wednesday for her home in Seattle, Wash., after being here several months on account of the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. Isaac Pollard, Mrs. Shotwell who came at the same time is still here.

William Tucker returned home Friday afternoon from his trip to Alva, Oklahoma. He was accompanied by his son, A. A. Tucker of that place who will visit here for a week or ten days.

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New Fall Suit Free Extra Trousers and Initial Belt only \$27.50



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Fred P. Busch Tailoring Co. Hotel Riley Building—Main and Sixth Street—Plattsmouth, Neb.

UNION. Ledger.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Banning's little daughter was very sick for several days this week, but is reported as convalescent.

Louis Anderson and wife are the happy parents of a fine new girl baby weighing eight pounds, the little lady having registered at their home last Saturday.

Mrs. Dammon, a trained nurse from Nebraska City, came Wednesday to care for the little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Foster, who have been very seriously ill the past week.

John Bain, a brother of Mrs. Ed. Young, arrived Monday evening from Oklahoma, making the trip by team, and solemnly declares he had a real joy ride all the time and no very bad luck.

Mrs. Wm. Ost and her daughters Misses Edith and Alma, residing southwest of town, arrived home Saturday from Colorado, where they enjoyed a few weeks outing and sight-seeing in Denver and at other points of interest.

W. L. Taylor and Myron Lynde seem to have been monopolizing the supply of rheumatism for several days, and they had enough in their bodies to lay them out for awhile, but both are getting about again in very good shape.

The brick work on A. L. Becker's fine large building on main street was finished Wednesday and the roof is on. Next week the plasterers will be hustling with their part of the work, and no time will be lost until the building is finished.

J. M. Paterson's nice new residence in east part of town is now nearing completion, the plasterers and painters rushing their work as rapidly as possible, and in the near future Mr. Paterson and wife will be occupying their new home.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured. "I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose, of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.

ELMWOOD. Leader-Echo.

Mrs. R. Tolhurst returned home Wednesday morning from a three weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Ida Walker, who lives in New Mexico.

Mrs. Wilcockson who has been visiting her son for the past two weeks in Illinois returned home last Saturday. She reports having had a very pleasant visit.

Miss Ruth Barnhart, who has been visiting friends and relatives at Billings, Mont., returned home last Saturday and will resume her school work here the coming year.

Dr. C. B. Trenholm was in Omaha Tuesday, where he went to meet his wife and two children who were returning from a three month's visit at points in Montana.

Mrs. Herman Dettman and son, Fred, who have been visiting relatives here for the past two weeks went to Lincoln Tuesday.

Mr. LeRoy Ransom, and two little daughters, who have been spending the past month at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Ferguson of this place returned to their home at Dixon, Ill., last Friday.

Miss Anna Berger, of Lincoln, who has been spending her vacation at the home of her parents, left for Louisville, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. W. E. Stander. She was accompanied by her sister, Bertha. They will spend several days there after which Miss Anna will return to Lincoln and Miss Bertha to Elmwood.

Last Friday afternoon while Byron Gaylord and wife were out riding in their automobile Mr. Gaylord in some manner lost control of the machine as they were going down the hill toward the Missouri Pacific depot, the machine in some manner began to wobble from one side of the road to the other and wound up by striking a spring wagon. The wagon belonged to Bud White, and while the horses were not hurt the wagon was somewhat damaged.

WEEPING WATER. Republican.

Miss Clara Marquardt, of Avoca changed cars here Friday enroute to Havelock where her school duties commenced Monday the 31. James Johnson left for Wayne Monday morning where he has accepted a position with the Standard Oil company. He may decide to move his family there later.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Brust Monday Aug. 31, a seven pound girl. The new father greets everyone with a broad smile and the heart of the new mother is undoubtedly glad.

Mr. and Mrs. Wash Bullis returned Wednesday morning from their three months visit in Michigan, Wisconsin and Canada. They report a delightful trip and a splendid good time.

Wallace M. Philpot purchased of T. W. Teckard last week the W. A. Snider 80 acres of land northeast of town. As long as our home men continue to buy land the price will surely advance.

Miss Viola Noonan left Friday evening for Imperial, Chase county, where she will teach school this year. Miss Noonan made many friends here during her years as teacher in our high school.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Tower of Lincoln came down Tuesday for a visit with Mrs. Tower's brother R. G. Glover. Mr. Tower is a painter by trade and did considerable of painting here forty years ago.

Geo. Wiles, of northeast of town purchased the fine home of T. L. Davis on the south side Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Wiles will move to town and occupy their new home next week. Mr. Davis will store his goods for the present until he decides just what he will do.

Mr. and Mrs. James Heneger left Tuesday morning for Chilhowie, Virginia for a fifteen days visit with relatives at their old home and birthplace that they have not seen for twenty-six years. They will no doubt enjoy their trip and the vacation which they justly deserve.

Rheumatism Pains Stopped. The first application of Sloan's Liniment goes right to the painful part—it penetrates without rubbing—it stops the Rheumatic Pains around the joints and gives relief and comfort. Don't suffer! Get a bottle to-day! It is a family medicine for all pains, hurts, cuts, sore throat, neuralgia and chest pains. Prevents infection. Mr. Chas. H. Wentworth, California, writes:—"It did wonders for my Rheumatism, pain is gone as soon as I apply it. I recommended it to my friends as the best Liniment I ever used." Guaranteed, 25c at your Druggist.