



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. But you don't need any breath, anyway, because you forget about respiration with your eyes on reading of this kind.

Every man has his day of days. Yours may have come and you may be swimming in the full 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 punky 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 X.

Such Stuff as Plots Are Made Of.

TURNING to one side, P. Sybarite began to pick a slow way through the press, and so presently he found himself shouldering to shoulder with elderly and pompous Respectability in a furred greatcoat, who, all ready for the street, with shining top hat and breast level, had delayed his going for an instant's guarded confabulation with a



Saw at His Elbow a Small, Attentive Body.

youngish man conspicuous in this, that he was in simple evening dress. Their backs were toward P. Sybarite. Little enough he profited by his open eavesdropping; what he heard was scarcely illuminating when applied to the puzzle that haunted him.

"She won't—that's flat," Respectability's companion announced in a sullen voice.

By the tone of this last Beelzebub knew that it issued from an ugly twisted mouth.

"But," Respectability insisted heavily, "you're sure you've done your best to persuade her?"

"She won't listen to reason."

"Well—everything's arranged. You have me to thank for that."

"Oh," sneered the younger man, "you've done a lot, you have."

And then, moving to give way to another making toward the elevators, Brian Shaynon discovered at his elbow that small attentive body in sinister scarlet and black.

"Well met!" P. Sybarite saluted him gayly. "Are you indeed off so early upon my business?"

"Who the devil are you?" Shaynon demanded so stormily that heads turned curiously his way. "I demand to know. Remove that mask. Impertinent!"

"Mask?" purred Beelzebub in a tone of wonder. "I wear no mask."

"No mask!" stammered the older man, confused.

"Nay, I am frankly what I am—old evil's self," P. Sybarite explained blandly. "But you, Brian Shaynon, you go always masked, waking or sleeping. Hypocrites' your lifelong mask. You see the distinction, old servant?"

Beelzebub laughed provokingly and deftly wormed his way through the press to the dancing floor itself.

As for the younger man—he of the ugly, twisted mouth—P. Sybarite was content to hold him in reserve to be dealt with later at his leisure. For the present his business pressed with the waning night.

On the famous floor twelve score couples swung and swayed to the in-

toxicating rhythms of an unseen orchestra.

Searching narrowly each fair face that flashed past in another's arms, he waited with seeming patience. A raucous discontent gnawed at his famished heart.

But of a sudden he forgot self pity and vain repining in the discovery of the one particular woman swinging dizzily past in the arms of an incorrigible, whose giddy plumage served only to render the more striking her exquisite fairness and the fine simplicity of her costume.

For she was all in the black and white uniform of a Blessington shop girl, black skirt and blouse, stockings and pumps, relieved by showy linen at throat and wrists, with at waist the white patch of her tiny lace and linen apron.

Her gaze veered to his silent and aloof figure, and for an instant his eyes held hers. At once, to his consternation, the hot blood stained her lovely face from throat to brow.

Then, nodding with an air of friendly diffidence, she flashed him a strange, perplexing smile and was swept on and away.

For a thought he checked his breath in stupefaction. Had she, then, recognized him? Was it possible that her intuition had been keen enough to pierce his disguise, visor and all?

But the next moment he could have sworn in charmed appreciation of his colossal stupidity. Of course! His costume was that worn by Peter Kenny earlier in the evening.

So, after all, her emotion had been due solely to embarrassment and regret for the pain she had caused poor Peter by refusing his offer of marriage!

In good time the music ended, and near a great, high window wide to the night the breathless shop girl had dropped into a chair.

At Beelzebub's approach the incorrigible, perhaps mindful of obligations in another quarter, bowed and moved off, leaving the field temporarily quite clear.

She greeted him with a faint recurrence of her former blush.

"Whr, Peter!" she cried, and so set the seal of confirmation on his surmise as to her misapprehension. "I was wondering what had become of you. Thought you must have gone home."

"Peter did go home," P. Sybarite affirmed, bending over her hand.

"You—you're not Peter Kenny?"

"No more than you are Molly Lesling."

"Molly Lesling! What do you know? Who can you be? Why are you masked?"

"Is it permitted?" he asked, taking the tiny printed card of dance engagements that dangled from her fingers by its silken thong.

His lips hardened as he read the initials penciled opposite the last dance; they were "B. S."

"Bayard Shaynon?" he queried.

She assented with a nod, her brows gathering.

Coolly, with the miniature pencil attached to the card, he changed the small, faint B to a large, black P, strengthened the S to correspond and added to that "ybarite," then, with a bow, returned the card.

"You—Mr. Sybarite?"

"I, Miss Blessington."

"But—oh, incredible!" she cried. "I can't believe you."

Facing her, he lifted his scarlet visor, meeting her stare with his wistful and diffident smile.

"Miss Blessington," he pursued seriously, "if you have patience to listen to what I've been through since we parted in Thirty-eighth street"—Encouraged by her silence, he told her of the night's happenings. "And all, it appears, that I might come at last to beg a favor of you. I am about to transgress your privacy with a question—two, in fact. Will you tell me, please, in confidence why you refused my cousin, Peter Kenny, when he asked you to marry him?"

Coloring, she met his eyes honestly.

"Because—Why, it was so utterly absurd. He's only a boy. Besides, I don't care for him—that way."

"You care for some one else—that way?"

"Yes," said the girl softly, averting her face.

"Is it Mr. Bayard Shaynon?"

"No," she replied after a perceptible pause.

"But you have promised to marry him?"

"It was my father's wish."

"And yet—you don't like him?"

Looking steadily before her, the girl said tensely, "I loathe him."

"Then," cried P. Sybarite in a joyful voice, "I may tell you something. You needn't marry him."

She turned startled eyes to his, incredulous.

"Need not?"

"I should have said cannot."

Through the loud hum of voices that, filling the room, had furnished a cover for their conversation, sounded the opening bars of music for the final dance. The girl rose suddenly, eyes

like stars adame in a face of snow. "This way," said P. Sybarite, indicating the wide window near by. Immediately Marian Blessington slipped through the hangings, and, turning, beckoned P. Sybarite to follow to the balcony.

"There's no one here," she announced in accents tremulous with excitement, when he joined her. "Now—now tell me what you mean!" "One moment," he warned her gently, turning back to face the opening just as it was darkened by another figure.

The man with the twisted mouth stood there, peering blindly into the semiobscurity.

"I thought I saw you," he commented blandly, advancing a pace and so



Shaynon's Eyes Winned.

coming face to face with the bristling little Mephistophelian figure, which he had endeavored to ignore.

"My dance, I believe," he added a trace more brusquely, over the little man's head.

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me, Bayard," she returned.

He hesitated. "Do I understand you're ready for me to take you home?"

"You're to understand that I will neither dance nor sit out the dance with you—and that I don't wish to be disturbed."

"(Bless your heart!) P. Sybarite interjected privately.

The voice of the younger Shaynon broke with passion.

"This is—the limit!" he cried violently. "I've reached the end of my endurance. Who's this creature you're with?"

"Is your memory so short?" P. Sybarite asked quietly. "Have you forgotten the microbe—the little guy who puts the point in disappointment?"

"I've forgotten nothing, you animal! Nor that you insulted my father publicly a few minutes ago. Remove that mask and tell me your name. If you refuse I'll thrash you within an inch of your life—here and now!"

"One moment," P. Sybarite pleaded, with a graceful gesture. "Before committing myself to this mad enterprise, would you mind telling me exactly how you spell that word inch?"

With a capital 'I' and a final 'e'—by any chance?"

With an inarticulate cry Shaynon's fist shot out as if to strike his persecutor down, but in midair P. Sybarite's slim, strong fingers closed round and inflexibly stared his enemy's wrist.

"Behave!" P. Sybarite consoled evenly. "Remember where you are—in a lady's presence. As for my mask, if it still annoys you"—He jerked it off and away.

Escaping the balustrade, it caught a wandering air and drifted indolently down through the darkness of the street.

"And if my face tells you nothing," he added hotly, "perhaps my name will help. It's Sybarite. You may have heard it."

As if from a blow Shaynon's eyes winned. Then, quietly adjusting his crumpled cuff, he drew himself up.

"Marian," he said as soon as he had his voice under control, "since you wish I'll wait for you in the lobby downstairs."

Shaynon turned and left them alone on the balcony.

"I'm sorry," P. Sybarite told the girl in unfeigned contrition. "Please forgive me. I've a vicious temper—the color of my hair—and I couldn't resist the temptation to make him squirm."

"If you only knew how I despised him," she said, "you wouldn't think I necessary to excuse yourself, though I don't know yet what it's all about."

"Simply I happen to have the whip hand of the Shaynon conscience," returned P. Sybarite. "I happen to know that Bayard is secretly the husband of a woman notorious in New York under the name of Mrs. Jefferson Inche."

"Is that true? Dare I believe?"

Intimations of fears inexpressibly alleviated breathed in her tone.

"I have the word of the lady herself, together with the evidence of his confusion just now. What more do you need?"

"If that is true how can it be that he has been begging me this very night to marry him within a month?"

"He may have entertained hopes of gaining his end—his freedom—in another way. Furthermore, he probably thinks himself forced to seem insistent by the part he's playing. His father doesn't know of this entanglement; he'd disinherit Bayard if he did."

"It may be so," she responded vacantly.

"Tell me," he suggested presently, stammering, "if you don't mind giving me more of your confidence, to which I don't pretend to have any right, only my interest in—in you—the mystery with which you surround yourself, living alone there in that wretched boarding house?"

(To Be Continued.)

EAGLE Beacon.

Jack Lyell departed Sunday morning for Barnesville, Minn., where he will remain for the next sixty days buying and shipping potatoes.

Mrs. A. H. Vanlandingham went to Plattsmouth Tuesday afternoon, having been called there on account of the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Setz.

Mrs. Ellen Kear and granddaughter, Dora Kear, of Lincoln, and Mrs. John Milliken, of California, were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hermann over Saturday and Sunday last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Quinn motored to Lincoln last Saturday and brought the latter's mother, Mrs. Dunkle, home with them. They went to Douglas Sunday to visit Lee Dunkle and family.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Longacre are the proud parents of a fine seven and a half pound daughter, Laura Elizabeth, which arrived at their home Saturday, September 19. The mother and little one are getting along nicely.

O. Lefell and family arrived here from Oskaloosa, Kas., the fore part of the week and are occupying the Samuel Vaughn property in the east part of town. Mr. Lefell is the new station agent for the Missouri Pacific at this place.

John Wunderlich, of Nehawka, democratic candidate for sheriff of Cass county, accompanied by L. E. Elmwood, were in town a short time Sunday, having made the trip in Mr. Wunderlich's Ford.

The stork arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blumenkamp Thursday morning, September 24, and left a seven and a half pound girl. The mother and little one are reported to be getting along nicely, and "Bill" is able to look after his duties at the drug store with a little assistance.

Wm. Knapp, who has been confined in a Lincoln hospital for

Rev. Wm. Van Beuren, for the hand treated, has improved so that he was able to return home the fore part of last week. It will be some time before he will be able to use his hand, as he can only move his fingers slightly now.

LOUISVILLE Courier.

Mrs. Art Pribble arrived from Lincoln Saturday and is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pribble.

Mrs. E. D. Stevenson is able to be out again after being housed up about a week with an injured knee, caused by a fall.

Miss Ellen Anderson has gone to Walt Hill, Neb., where she will teach the seventh grade in the schools at that place.

Mrs. C. G. Mayfield gave a family dinner last Friday night in honor of the 59th birthday anniversary of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Ward left Wednesday evening for a two weeks' visit with relatives at Renfrow, Okla., where Mr. Ward owns a farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Baum have moved to Greenwood, where Mr. Baum has been appointed operator at the Burlington station, of which W. T. Starkey, formerly of Louisville, is agent.

Miss Ruth Noyes, who expected to leave last week for Lincoln to attend the Wesleyan, was obliged to postpone her departure for one week because of illness. She has fully recovered and is now registered at the university.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Richey and daughter, Miss Katherine Richey, of Omaha, were in town a few hours Thursday. The latter, who has just entered the Omaha High school, was obliged to be absent the past week because of an attack of tonsillitis.

Theodore Heim reports the birth of a little grandson at the home of his son, Charles Heim, making four fine boys in this family. The father, who is suffering from tubercular trouble, was obliged to go to Arizona a few weeks ago, where he is undergoing a treatment which keeps him flat on his back, although he writes that he is gaining in weight. His friends regard this as a hopeful sign and are pleased to learn of it.

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Harry White of Sioux City is here for a short visit with his parents and friends in this city.

H. C. Long of Murray was a visitor today for a few hours in Omaha looking after some matters of business.

Mont Robb, proprietor of the Riley hotel and Sheriff Quinton departed this morning for Lincoln where they will spend the day.

Nick Baumgart was in the city yesterday from his farm home to look after some business matters here for a few hours with the merchants.

Mrs. George Sayles was among the passengers this morning for Omaha where she goes to visit for the day in that city looking after some business affairs.

Misses Mary and Laura Finnegan of Havlock who have been here visiting with relatives and friends for a few days departed this morning on No. 15 for her home.

J. W. Johnson and wife returned home last evening on No. 2 from Lincoln where they were in attendance at the wedding of their granddaughter Wednesday evening.

Miss Lovie Hiatt of Sidney, Ia., who is here as a guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank R. Gobelman, departed this afternoon for Omaha where she will spend a few hours.

Miss Louise Kehne and sister, Mrs. Gus Heideman were among the passengers this morning for Omaha where they were called to look after some business affairs in that city for the day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rosencrans returned home yesterday morning from Imperial, Nebraska, where they have been visiting, being called here by a message announcing the accident to the mother of Mrs. Rosencrans.

A. C. Martin of Three Oaks, Michigan, who has been here for the past two weeks visiting at the home of his brother, Dr. J. B. Martin and family in this city, departed this morning for his home in the east.

Mrs. Albert Wheeler and Miss Lillian Wheeler came in this morning from their homes south of this city and were among the passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha where they will visit for the day.

Jacob Tritsch and wife were among the passengers this morning for Omaha where they go to visit for the day in that city consulting a specialist in regard to an operation that has become necessary upon the nose of Mr. Tritsch.

George Reeg and William Busteed of Madison, Neb., two prosperous farmers of that section were in South Omaha yesterday to secure some cattle for feeding and while there took advantage of the occasion to come to this city for a visit at the home of Jacob Meisinger and family over night.

Mrs. F. E. Hawkenberry was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she goes to visit her sister, Miss Florence Balser at the hospital for the day. Miss Balser was compelled to undergo an operation at the Immanuel hospital there on Monday.

Henry Born and wife were among the passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where they will go to visit for a few hours in that city looking after some matters of business as well as visiting with friends.

From Saturday's Daily.

W. G. Meisinger was a passenger this morning for Omaha where he will look after some business there for a few hours.

Mrs. Christina Rummel and grandson Elmer were passengers this afternoon for Bellevue, where they will visit for a few days.

Mrs. A. F. Seybert was a passenger this morning for Omaha where she goes to visit for the day with relatives and friends.

County Judge Beeson, County Clerk Libershal and C. E. Martin were in Louisville yesterday in attendance at the base ball tournament there.

S. S. Gooding departed this morning for Rosalie, Neb., where he was called to look after some matters of business in that city for a few days.

Chris Tschirren drove in this morning from his home near this city and was among those going to the metropolis on the early Burlington train this morning.

Mrs. Fred Spangler and daughter, Miss Lillian and Miss Alice Gobelman of Union were among those journeying to the metropolis where they go to visit there for the day.

M. P. Fay of Long Beach, Cal., arrived in the city Thursday for a visit with old Cass county friends. He is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steppat, west of the city. Mr. Fay lived in this county for many years prior to his moving to California a few years ago.

Mrs. W. H. Bunch, Mrs. W. E. Maxon, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. O'Connor and Mrs. Drexel of Randolph, Nebraska, were passengers this morning for Omaha to visit for the day. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor motored down yesterday from their home for a short visit here.

Lloyd Gopen and son Oliver, drove in this morning from their home near Murray and were passengers for Omaha on No. 15 this morning. They accompanied Samuel Gopen of Big Horn, Wyo., that far on his journey homeward, after a visit here of a week with his brothers in this county.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Hennings, from near Cedar Creek, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Helen, were in the city a few hours today visiting and trading with county seat friends, driving in from their home this morning. While here Mr. Hennings paid this office a brief call.

Mrs. Will Oliver and daughter Miss Elizabeth came up this morning from their home near Murray and were passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha where they will spend the day. Mrs. Fred Range accompanied them to the metropolis for a short visit.

Mrs. Mary Parsons was among the visitors in Omaha today for a few hours on business.

Despondency.

Is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's tablets are taken. For sale by all dealers.

E. T. Hughes and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baker of Gretna were in the city yesterday visiting for the day here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rosencrans.

Mrs. J. H. Becker departed this morning for Pekin, Illinois, where she will visit for a few days there with her relatives and friends in that city and vicinity.

Cabbage. Cabbage.

We will have a car of Wisconsin Holland Seed Cabbage on track in about one week.

Leave your orders as it will move fast.

H. M. Soennichsen.

C. E. Cook departed this afternoon for Omaha where he will spend a few hours looking after some matters of business.

R. C. Bailey and wife of Maple Grove were in the city today looking after some business matters.

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.

WANTED—Clean cotton rags at the Journal office.

New Fall Suit

Free Extra Trousers and Initial Belt only \$27.50



—made to your individual measurement from fourteen of our leading 15-ounce all wool serge in colors—blue, grey, brown and fancy striped. Wear Busch tailored garments made right here in Plattsmouth.

We Do Dry Cleaning.

Fred P. Busch Tailoring Co.

Hotel Riley Building—Main and Sixth Street—Plattsmouth, Neb.

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