The

April 30 Days

14

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 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 XIV.

Red November's Work.

OF all his weird adventures this latest pleased P. Sybarite least. It's one thing to take chances under cover of night when your heart is light, your pockets heavy and wine is buzzing wantonly within your head, but another thing altogether to burglarize your enemy's apartments via the fire escape and in broad daylight. For by now the light was nothing less in the open.

Yet to his relief he found no more than limpid twilight in the cramped and shadowed well down which zigzagged the fire escape.

The window was wide open, to force whose latch he had thoughtfully provided himself with a fruit knife from Peter Kenny's buffet. Within was gloom and stillness absolute. He stepped noiselessly in his unshod feet down through the window, cautiously parted the draperies and advanced into darkness so thick that there might as well have been night outside instead of glowing daybreak.

Then, with eyes becoming accustomed to the change, he made out shapes and masses that told him he was in the dining room.

Over across from the window stood a door, its oblong dimly luminous with light softly shining down the walls of a private hall from a point some distance to the left.

Rounding a dining table, P. Sybarite stole softly on and paused, listening, just within the threshold.

From some uncertain quarter, presumably the lighted room, he could hear a sound, very slight, so slight that it seemed guarded, but none the less unmistakable—the hiss of carbonated water squirting from a siphon into a glass.

Ceasing, a short wait followed and then a faint "A-ah!" of satisfaction, with the thump of a glass set down upon some hard surface.

And at once soft footfalls became audible in the private hall, shuffling back toward the dining room.

Instinctively the little man drew back, regretful now that he had yielded to Peter's prejudices against loaded pistols, retreating sideways along the wall until he had put the bulk of a massive buffet between him and the door.

The footsteps came no farther than the dining room, then died out for what seemed full two minutes, a pause as illegible to his understanding as their manifest stealth.

Suddenly and more confidently the footfalls turned into the dining room, and without a glance right or left a man strode directly to the open window. There for an instant he delayed with an eye to the crack between the curtains, then, reassured, thrust one aside and stepped into the embrasure, there to linger with his head out of the window, intently reconnoitering long enough to enable P. Sybarite to make an amazing discovery. The man was not Bayard Shaynon! It was Red November.

What P. Sybarite would have done had he been armed is problematical. What he did was to remain moveless, even as he was breathless and powerless but for his naked hands either for offense or defense, for that November was armed was as unquestionable as his mastery of the long barreled revolver of blue steel, favored by gunmen of the underworld, which he held at poise all the while he carefully surveyed his line of retreat.

At length, releasing the curtain, the gang leader hopped lightly out upon the grating and disappeared down the iron staircase, watched from above by P. Sybarite.

Then the little man ran back through the dining room and down the private hall, abandoning every effort to avoid a noise.

No need now for caution if his premonition wasn't worthless—if the vengeful spirit of Mrs. Inche had not stopped short of embroiling son and father, but had gone on to the end.

What he saw from the threshold of the lighted room was Bayard Shaynon still in death upon the floor, one temple shattered by a shot fired at close range from a revolver that lay with butt close to his right hand, carefully disposed with evident intent to indicate a case of suicide rather than of murder. But even a most casual, superficial inspection should suffice to convince even one prone to precipitate conclusions that Bayard Shaynon had never died by his own hand.

The rooms had been most thoroughly, if hastily, ransacked. In search, P. Sybarite didn't for an instant doubt, of evidence as to the relations between Shaynon and Mrs. Inche calculated to prove incriminating at an inquest, though the little man entertained even less doubt that lust for loot had likewise been a potent motive to influence November.

He found proof enough of this in the turned out pockets of the murdered man; in the abstraction from the bosom of his shirt of pearl studs which P. Sybarite had noticed there within the hour; in the abraded knuckles of a finger from which a conspicuous solitaire diamond in massive antique setting was missing; in a pigskin bill fold, empty, ripped, turned inside out and thrown upon the floor not far from the corpse.

Not, however, with any notion of concerning himself with the assassin's apprehension and punishment did P. Sybarite waste that moment of hasty survey. His eyes were only keen and eager to descry the yellow Western Union message, and when he had looked everywhere else his glance dropped to his feet and found it there, a torn and crumpled envelope, with its enclosure flattened out and apart from it.

This last he snatched up, but the envelope he didn't touch, having been quick to remark the print upon it of a dirty thumb, the counterpart of which decorated the face of the message as well.

"And a hundred more of 'em probably," P. Sybarite surmised as to the number of finger marks left by November, "enough to hang him ten times over, which I hope and pray they don't before I finish with him."

He turned back to the hall door, listening an instant, gently opened it, with his handkerchief wrapped around the brass doorknob to guard against clews calculated to involve himself, whether as imputed principal or casual witness after the fact.

The public hall was empty, dim with the light of a single electric bulb and still as the chamber of death that lay behind. Never a shadow moved more silently or more swiftly than P. Sybarite when he had closed the door up the steps to Peter Kenny's rooms.

Briefly P. Sybarite told his story.

"Well, but the telegram?" Peter insisted. "Does it help—tell you anything? It's maddening—to think Marian may be in the power of that bloodthirsty"—

"Wait. I've had time only to run an eye through this. Let me get the sense of it."

Peter peering over his shoulder, the two conned the message in silence:

Red November's Work.

Bayard Shaynon, Monastery Apartments, West Forty-third, New York city:

Your wire received; all preparations made. Send patient in charge as indicated at convenience. Legal formalities can wait, as you suggest.

HAYNES' PRIVATE SANATORIUM.

"It's as plain as the face on you, Peter Kenny. Why, all along I've had an indefinite notion that something of the sort was what they were brewing! Don't you see—'private sanatorium'? What more proof do you need of a plot to railroad Marian to a private institution for the insane? 'Legal formalities can wait, as you suggest'—of course! They hadn't had time to cook up the necessary papers, to suborn medical certificates and purchase a commitment paper of some corrupt judge."

"The dogs!" Peter Kenny growled.

"But consider how they've been served out—thunderbolts—justice from the very skies! All except one. And," said P. Sybarite solemnly, "God do so to me and more also if he's alive or outside bars before this sun sets!"

"Who?"

"November!"

"What can you do to him?"

"To begin with, beat him to that asylum. Fetch me the suburban telephone directory."

"Telephone directory?"

"Yes!" P. Sybarite raved. "What else? Where is it? And where are your wits?"

"Why, here"—

Turning, Peter took the designated volume from its hook beneath the wall instrument at the very elbow of P. Sybarite.

"I thought," he commented mildly, "you had all your wits about you and could see it."

"Don't be impudent," grumbled P. Sybarite, rapidly thumbing the pages. "Westchester," he muttered, adding: "Oscahana—H—Ha—H-a-d"—

"Are you dotty?"

"Look at that telegram. It's dated from Oscahana. That's somewhere in Westchester, if I'm not mistaken. Yes, here we are: H-a-y—Haynes' Private Sanatorium—number, Oscahana one-nine. You call 'em."

"What shall I say?"

"Where's that cartridge clip you took away from me? Give it here. And I want my money."

"But," Peter protested in a daze, handing over the clip and watching P. Sybarite rummage in the buffet drawer wherein he had cached his winnings before setting out for the Bizarre—"but what do you want me to"—

"Call up that sanatorium; find out if Marian has arrived. If she has threaten with fire and sword, and all that sort of thing, if they don't release her—hand her over to me on demand. If she isn't, make 'em understand I'll dynamite the place if they let November bring her there and get away before I show up. Tell 'em to call in the police and pinch November on sight. And then get a lawyer and send him up there after me. And then set the police after November. Tell 'em you heard the shot and went down the fire escape to investigate what the trouble was. I'm off."

The door slammed on Peter as bewilderment—

In the hall, savagely punching the elevator bell, P. Sybarite employed the first part of an enforced wait to return the clip of cartridges to its chamber in the butt of Mrs. Inche's pistol.

As the elevator reached the street level there sounded from a distance down the street a noise the like of which he had never before heard, a noise resembling more than anything else in his experience the almost simultaneous detonations of something like half a dozen firecrackers of subcannon caliber.

Without understanding this P. Sybarite found himself in the street.

At the curb his hired car waited, its motor purring sweetly, but its chauffeur missing. The man was affectionately embracing a lamppost three or four doors in the direction of Sixth avenue.

"Here!" cried P. Sybarite indignantly. "What's the matter with you?"

The man showed him a face pale with excitement; recognized his employer, but made no offer to stir.

"Come!" P. Sybarite insisted irascibly. "I've no time to waste. Get a move on you, man!"

But as he spoke his accents were blotted out by a repetition of that portentous noise which had salated him a moment since.

His eyes, veering inevitably toward the source of that uproar, found it quickly enough to see short, vicious jets of flame licking out against the gloom of an open garage doorway nearly opposite the Hippodrome stage entrance—something like a hundred feet down the street.

"Gang fight," his man informed him briefly. "Fly cops cornered a bunch of 'em in November's garage"—

"Whose garage?"

"Red November's! Guess you've heard of him?" the man pursued eagerly. "That's right—he runs his own garage—taxis for Dutch House souses, yunno"—

"Wait!" P. Sybarite interrupted. "Let me get this straight."

Stimulated by this news, his wits comprehended the situation at a glance.

At the side of his chauffeur, he found himself in line with a number of that spontaneous class which at the first hint of sensation springs up from nowhere in the streets of Manhattan. Early as was the hour they were already quite fifty strong, and every minute brought re-enforcements straggling up from Fifth avenue.

But the lamppost—still a mute, insensate recipient of the chauffeur's amorous clasp—marked a boundary beyond which curiosity failed to allure.

Similarly at Sixth avenue a rabble was collecting, blocking the roadway and backing up to the elevated pillars and the surface car tracks, but to a man balking at an invisible line drawn from corner to corner.

Midway the dark open doorway to November's garage yawned forbiddingly, and in all the space that separated these two gatherings of spectators there were visible just three human figures, a uniformed patrolman and two plain clothes men, the former at a discreet distance, the two latter more boldly stationed and holding revolvers, ready for instant employment.

"Fly cops," the chauffeur named the two in citizens' clothing. "I seen 'em stickin' around while you was inside an', was wonderin' what they was after when all of a sudden I sees November duck up from the basement next door to the Monastery, and they tries to jump him. That ain't two minutes ago. November dodges, pulls a gun and fights 'em off until he can back into the garage."

"Anybody hurt yet?" P. Sybarite asked.

"Not that I know anythin' about."

"But what do you suppose makes 'em keep that door open? You'd think"—

"The way I figure it," the chauffeur cut in, "Red's plannin' to make his getaway in a car. He's just waitin' till the goin' looks good, and then he'll sail outa there like a streak of greased lightnin'. Yuh wanta be ready to duck, too, 'cause he'll come this way, an' keep guns goin' to prevent anybody from hinderin' him."

"Why this way? Sixth avenue's nearer."

"Sure it is, but that way he'd have them L pillars to duck, to say nothin' of the crowd, and no tellin' but what a surface car might block him."

From the dark interior of the besieged garage another automatic fluttered briskly; across the street a window fell in.

"Look here—you come with me," said P. Sybarite suddenly, plucking his chauffeur by the sleeve.

With a reluctant backward glance the man suffered himself to be drawn apart from the crowd.

"How much nerve have you got?" the little Irishman demanded.

"Who—me? Why?"

"I want to prevent this getaway."

"Not for mine, friend." The chauffeur laughed scornfully. "I ain't lost no Red November gang!"

"Will $1,000 make you change your mind?"

"Lead me to the coin," was the prompt decision.

"Here, then!"

P. Sybarite delved hastily into a trousers pocket and produced a handful of bills of large denominations.

"There's a $500 bill to start with," he rattled, stripping off the first that fell to his fingers, "and here's a hundred—no, here's another five."

"In the mitt," the chauffeur stipulated simply, extending his palm. "Either you're crazy or I am, but in the mitt, friend, and I'll run the car right into that garage, 'f you say so."

"Nothing so foolish as that." P. Sybarite handed over the two bills and put away the rest of his wealth. "But jump into that car—and be ready to swing across the street and block 'em as they come."

"You're on!" agreed the chauffeur with emotion, carefully putting his money away.

"And a thousand more"—his courage wrung this tribute from P. Sybarite's admiration—"if you're hurt"—

"You're on there, too, and don't think for a minute I'll letcha fergit, neither."

Dizzy Head Fluttering Heart Floating Specks.

These are signs of kidney and bladder trouble. You'll have headaches too, backaches and be tired all over. Don't wait longer, but take Foley's Kidney Pills at once. Your miserable sick feeling will be gone. You will sleep well, eat well and grow strong and active again. Try them. For sale by all druggists.

Make Your Wants Known

Advertisements under this heading five cents per line each insertion. Six words will be counted as a line and no advertisement taken for less than ten cents.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.—15 H. P. Case Steam Engine in fine shape. Reeves Corn Sheller, good as new. Will trade for horses or cattle or anything I can use of equal value. Bargain if taken soon. Arnold & Mast, Nehawka, Neb.
10-8-4twkly.

FOR SALE—A 2-wheel road cart. Almost new and for sale right. Inquire of Frank Koubek.
10-12-1wkd&wkly

FOR SALE.—Madrid (66627) a pure bred imported Perchon stallion. Registered No. 42528. For particulars phone or write F. M. Grove, Eagle, Neb.
10-8-3twkly.

WANTED—Girl for general house work. No washing. 4 in family. Inquire of Mrs. George Falter or call Phone No. 394.
9-10-tfwkly.

FOR SALE — Howe scale, 8,000 pound capacity. Used one season. Mrs. Walter J. White. 'Phone 204.

SALESMAN WANTED—Man wanted to call on owners and farmers. Entirely new system of lubrication. Particularly good proposition to auto driving salesman. Write Balso Oil Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
10-12-2 wks

The Strongest Fence

Science proves that the strongest fence, because constructed throughout on scientific lines, is the

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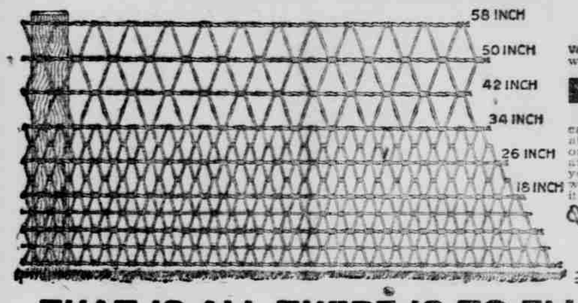

The Reasons:

1st—Each horizontal extension of the ELLWOOD is a *steel cable*, consisting of two heavy wires intertwined.

2d—Each of these cables is tied to each other cable by a continuous heavy wire lapped tightly about every cable—*not* tied in a crooked "knot" or twist to weaken the strength of the tie wire at the bending point. (*Wrap* a wire around your finger and the wire is not weakened; *tie* a wire up in a *hard knot* and you cannot untie it without breaking, it is so much weakened.)

THAT IS ALL THERE IS TO ELLWOOD FENCE—

Heavy steel cables lapped about and held together by steel wire, forming uniform meshes. Simple, isn't it? No chance for weakness in any part; uniformly strong. The reasons for the superiority of ELLWOOD FENCE are not hard to find. This company *owns* and operates its own iron mines and furnaces; its own wire mills and *six* large fence factories—*either* one of the six being larger than any other fence factory in the world. These facts should be convincing.

Cedar Creek Lumber Company,

CEDAR CREEK, - - - - - NEBRASKA

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily.

Will Jean was a passenger this afternoon for the metropolis, where he will spend a few hours, looking after some matters of importance.

Mrs. N. C. Abbott of Nebraska City and three children were over Sunday visitors in this city with their relatives and friends.

Everett Wiles was a business visitor in the metropolis today for a few hours, going to that city on No. 23 this afternoon.

H. Kukoni, the Hawaiian tenor with Britt's Hawaiian singers and players, was the tenor in the quartet that produced the famous Hawaiian records.

A. F. Sturm, republican candidate for state senator, came up last evening from his home at Nehawka, and spent a few hours here visiting with his friends.

Jack Patterson and wife of Union were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day, looking after some matters of business in that city.

Guy Ingwerson and family of Havelock, who were over Sunday visitors at the C. E. Cook home south of this city, departed yesterday afternoon for their home. Mrs. Ingwerson is a sister of Mrs. Cook, and their visit here was very much enjoyed.

Mrs. W. E. Rosencrans departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where she will visit for the day and will then go on to Fremont to attend the convention of the Degree of Honor, being the delegate from the local lodge.

Dr. Frank Jensen of Newman Grove, Neb., who has been here for a few days visiting at the home of H. T. Batton and family, was a passenger this morning for Omaha to visit for the day. The little son of Dr. Jenson has been here for the past few weeks visiting his grandparents.

Editor C. L. Graves came up last evening from his home at Union to spend a short time visiting his friends. Mr. Graves is one of the non-partisan candidates for county judge, but has not been able to be out on his canvas much, owing to his being forced to keep up the work on his excellent paper.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Mrs. L. W. Copenhaver was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she will visit at the hospital there with her sister-in-law for the day.

P. M. Meisinger and wife departed this morning over the Burlington for Exeter, Neb., where they will visit for several days there with relatives and friends.

Bennet Chriswisser was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he goes to visit for the day at the stock market, in company with his son, Richard Chriswisser, of Dunbar, Neb.

J. R. Barr and daughter of Greenwood, who have been visiting at the C. H. Vallery home near this city, returned home this afternoon on No. 23.

E. A. Lorenz and wife and little babe departed this morning for Tobias, Neb., where they were called by the serious illness of the oldest sister of Mr. Lorenz, who is not expected to live.

From Thursday's Daily.

Attorney C. S. Polk of Lincoln was here today for a few hours looking after some matters in the county court house.

Nelson Jean was a business visitor in the metropolis today for a few hourse going to that city on the early Burlington train.

John Whiteman, one of the wholesouled residents of the vicinity of Nehawka, came up last evening from his home to spend a few hours here looking after some matters of business.

For regular action of the bowels; easy, natural movements, relief of constipation, try Doan's Regulets. 25c at all stores.

Miss Mary Martens returned home this afternoon from Omaha, where she has been visiting with relatives there as well as looking after some business matters.

W. E. Rosencrans and Edward Donat departed last evening for the western part of the state, where they will look after some land interests there for a few days.

Mrs. Henry Miller and daughter, Miss Edith, were passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where they will spend the day looking after some matters of business.

W. T. Vallery departed this afternoon for Omaha, where he goes to meet his daughter, Mrs. Wade Porter, who will visit here for a time with her parents and other relatives in this county.

County Surveyor Fred Patterson was among the passengers this afternoon for the metropolis, where he will visit for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Rev. F. M. Druliner and son, Tracy, departed this afternoon for Omaha, where Tracy will undergo an examination at the hospital, as his condition has not been the best since his recent operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. C. F. Vallery returned home last evening on No. 2 from a trip out in the state where she visited with relatives and friends at Burwell and Ulysess, Neb.

Hon. W. H. Puls and Alfred Cummer drove in yesterday afternoon from their home near Murray to spend a few hours here looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Miss Garnet Cory departed this morning for Omaha, where she expects to meet her sister, Miss Florence Cory, who is returning home from Pender, where she has been visiting for a few weeks past with the M. E. Brantner family.

Chrysanthemum Sale at the Warga & Schuldice store Friday afternoon and Saturday of this week.

NOTICE.

In the County Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.

In Re Estate of Hannah Sechrist, deceased.

To All Persons Interested:

You are hereby notified that a petition was filed in the above court on the 8th day of October, A. D. 1914, alleging the death testate of Hannah Sechrist, a resident of said county on October 1, 1914, and requesting that an instrument presented therewith purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, be allowed and admitted to probate as such, and W. E. Rosencrans, be appointed executor thereof. That a hearing will be had on said petition at the office of the County Judge, Court House, Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, on the 4th day of November, A. D. 1914, at nine o'clock A. M., at which time orders will be entered in accordance with the findings of the court thereon. All objections thereto must be filed before said hour on said day of hearing.

By the Court

(Seal) ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

RAWLS & ROBERTSON, Attorneys.

Wanted Junk.

Highest prices paid for Rags, Iron, Copper, Brass, Paper and junk of all kinds. Hankinson, Old Jail Bldg. Phone 434.
9-21-1mod

Odd Lot of Merchandise to Close Out at Big Bargain!

A line of Misses' Shoes that sold at $1.35 and $1.65, will be closed out at, per pair.... **$1.19**

Outing Flannel that regularly sold at 12½c, go at..... **10c**

Apron Check Gingham, five yards length to close out at..... **35c**

Serpentine Crepe, the regular 18c value, will be sold in short lengths at per yard..... **13c**

The regular $2.50 rugs, 36x72, to close out, at..... **$1.98**

The regular $2.50 rugs, 27x54, to close out, at..... **$1.98**

One lot of Ribbons that sold as high as 40c, will be sold, at per yd.. **25c**

We offer several pieces of 50 and 60c Dress Goods to clean up, per yard, at..... **39c**

Our 36-in Silk Taffeta, that sold at $1, now goes at, per yard..... **79c**

One lot Ladies' Shirt Waists, that sold for $1 and as high as $1.25 and $1.35, will be sold at..... **59c**

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