



"A Detective, in Point of Fact," Said He.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on receiving his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door, Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger print in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney, Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Dated Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was followed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's rival, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

It was very plain—to a deductive reasoner—from the girl's attitude toward him that she had fallen into relations of uncommon friendliness with this Maitland, young as Anisty believed their acquaintance to be. There had plainly been a flirtation—wherein lay the explanation of Maitland's forbearance; he had been fascinated by the woman, had not hesitated to take Anisty's name (even as Anisty was then taking his) in order to prolong their intimacy. So much the better. Turn about was still fair play. Maitland had sown as Anisty; the real Anisty would reap the harvest. Pretty women interested him deeply, though he saw little enough of them, partly through motives of prudence, partly because of a refinement of taste; women of the class of this conquest-by-proxy were out of reach of the enemy of society. That is, under ordinary circumstances. This one, on the contrary, was not; whatever she was or had been, however successful a crackswoman she might be, her cultivation and breeding were as apparent as her beauty; and quite as attractive. A criminal is necessarily first a gambler, a votary of Chance; and the blind goddess had always been very kind to Mr. Anisty. He felt that here again she was favoring him. Maitland had eliminated from this girl's life; Maitland had failed to keep his engagement, and so would never again be called upon to play the part of burglar with her interest for incentive and guerdon. Anisty himself could take up where Maitland had left off. Easily enough. The difficulties were insignificant; he had only to play up to Maitland's standard for a while, to be Maitland with all that gentleman's advantages, educational and social, then gradually drop back to his own level and be himself. Dan Anisty, "Handsome Dan," the professional, the fit mate for the girl.

What was she saying? "But you have lunched already!" with an appealing pout. "Indeed, no," he protested, earnestly. "I was early—conceive my eagerness!—and by ill chance a friend of mine insisted upon lunching with me. I had only a cup of coffee and a roll." He motioned to the waiter, calling him "Walter" rather than "Garçon!"—intuitively understanding that Maitland would never have aired his French in a public place, and that

this moment, when filled with sweetly pensive contemplation. . . . Was she reviewing the last 24 hours, dreaming of what had passed between her and that silly fool, Maitland? If only Anisty could surmise what they had said to each other, how long they had been acquainted; if only she would give him a hint, a leading word!

If he could have read her mind, have seen behind the film of thought that clouded her eyes, one fears Mr. Anisty might have lost appetite for an excellent luncheon.

For she was studying his hands, her memory harking back to the moment when she had stood beside the safe, holding the bull's-eye.

In the blackness of that hour a disk of light shone out luridly against the tapestry of memory. Within its radius appeared two hands, long, supple, strong, immaculately white, graceful and dexterous, as delicate of contour as a woman's, yet lacking nothing of masculine vigor and modeling; hands that wavered against the blackness, fumbling with the shining nickle disk of a combination lock. . . . The impression had been and remained one extraordinarily vivid. Could her eyes have deceived her so?

"Thoughtful?" She nodded alertly, instantaneously mistress of self; and let her gaze, serious yet half smiling, linger upon his exact fractional shade of an instant longer than had been, perhaps, discreet. Then lashes drooped long upon her cheeks, and her color deepened all but imperceptibly.

The man's breath halted, then came a trace more rapidly than before. He bent forward impulsively. . . . The girl sighed, ever so gently.

"I was thoughtful. . . . It's all so strange, you know."

His attitude was an eager question. "I mean our meeting—that way, last night." She held his gaze again, momentarily, and—

"Damn the waiter!" quoth savagely Mr. Anisty to his inner man, sitting back to facilitate the service of their meal.

The girl placated him with an insignificant remark which led both into a maze of meaningless but infinitely diverting inconsequences; diverting, at least, to Anisty, who held up his head, giving her back look for look, jest for jest, platitude for platitude (when the waiter was within hearing distance); altogether, he felt, acquitting himself very creditably.

As for the girl, in the course of the next half or three-quarters of an hour she demonstrated herself conclusively a person of amazing resource, developing with admirable ingenuity a campaign planned on the spur of a chance observation. The gentle manner and self-effacement she realized it, however willing he may have been, Enmeshed in a hundred uncomprehended subtleties, he basked, purring, while she insinuated herself beneath his guard and stripped him of his entire armament of cunning, vigilance, invention, suspicion, and distrust.

He relinquished them without a sigh, barely conscious of the spoliation. After all, she was of his trade, herself mired with guilt; she would never dare betray him, the consequences to herself would be so dire. Besides, patently—almost too much so—she admired him. He was her hero. Had she not more than hinted that such was the case, that his example, his exploits, had fired her to emulation—however weakly feminine?

He saw her before him, dainty, alluring, yielding, yet leading him on—altogether desirable. And so long had he, Anisty, starved for affection!

"I am sure you must be dying for a smoke."

"Beg pardon!" He awoke abruptly, to find himself twirling the sharp-rimmed stem of his empty glass. Abstractedly he stared into this, as though seeking there a clue to what they had been talking about. Hazily he understood that they had been drifting close upon the perilous shoals of intimate personalities. What had he told her? What had he not?

No matter. It was clearly to be seen that her regard for him had waxed rather than waned as a result of their conversation. One had but to look into her eyes to be reassured as to that. Her one did look, breathing heavily. . . . What an ingenuous child it was, to show him her heart so freely! He wondered that this should be so, feeling it none the less a just and grateful tribute to his fascinations.

She repeated her arch query. She was sure he wanted to smoke. Indeed he did—if she would permit? And forthwith Maitland's cigarette case was produced, with a flourish.

"What a beautiful case!" In an instant it was in her hand. "Beautiful!" she iterated, inspecting the delicate tracery of the monogram engraver's art—head-bended forward, face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat.

"Yes, sir." "Well, well, he was meant to be a dachshund, wasn't he?" "Seriously the brown eyes gazed into those of her questioner. Her quick sense had caught the long word and recognized that it was the right name for her elongated friend.

"You mean he's funny in the middle?" "That breed always is funny in the middle," laughed the boy. "But this one is curved up like a half circle, and he tried to illustrate the animal's defect with his hands."

"You like it? You would care to own it?" Anisty demanded, unsteadily. "It?" The infection of doubtful surprise was a delight to the ear. "Oh! . . . I couldn't think of accepting. . . . Besides, I have no use for it."

"Of course you ain't—are not that sort." An hour back he could have kicked himself for the grammatical blunder; now he was wholly illuded; besides, she didn't seem to notice. "But as a little token—between us—"

She drew back, pushing the case across the cloth; "I couldn't dream—"

"But if I insist—"

"If you insist? . . . Why, I suppose . . . it's awfully good of you." She flashed him a maddening glance.

"You do me pro-honor," he amended, hastily. Then, darily: "I don't ask much in exchange, only—"

"A cigarette?" she suggested, hastily. He laughed, pleased and diverted. "That'll be enough now—you'll light it for me."

She glanced dubiously round the now almost deserted room; and a waiter started forward as if animated by a spring. Anisty motioned him imperiously back. "Go on," he coaxed; "no one can see." And watched, flattered, the slim white fingers that extracted a match from the stand and drew it swiftly down the prepared surface of the box, holding the flickering flame to the end of a white tube whose tip lay between lips curved, scarlet, and pouting.

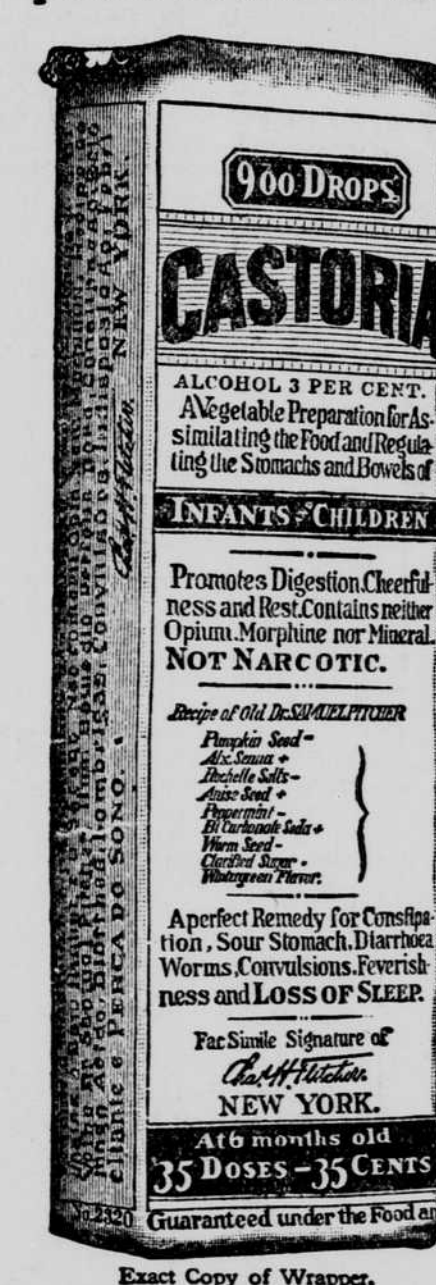
"There!" A pale wreath of smoke floated away on the fan-churned air, and Anisty was vaguely conscious of receiving the glowing cigarette from a hand whose sheer perfection was but enhanced by the ripe curves of a deeply rounded forearm. . . . He inhaled deeply, with satisfaction.

Undetected by him, the girl swiftly passed a furtive handkerchief across her lips. When he looked again she was smiling and the golden case had disappeared.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy." Dr. E. Drow, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients." Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm." Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children." Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children." Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments." Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits." Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE PRIVILEGED CLASS.



"But, Minna, you shouldn't flirt with all the men as you are doing! Remember—you're not married!"

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The Earth and the Moon. That the earth must shine on the moon even as the moon shines on the earth is obvious. To detect this light from the earth on the lunar surface and scientifically prove its existence is another matter. It is interesting to find that a recent number of a French astronomical paper contains two photographs of parts of the moon illuminated by earth light. They were taken by M. Quenisset at the Juvisy observatory.

Shake into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Education. Eve donned the fig leaves. "My graduation dress from the school of experience," she said. Herewith the program continued.

The best season of the year for a girl to marry is in the fall. It's an easy matter to teach a man to build fires when the honeymoon is on.

A household once supplied with Hamlin's Wizard Oil is seldom allowed to be without it. In case of sudden mishap or accident Wizard Oil takes the place of the family doctor. Are you supplied?

Men owe their resolution, and most of their success, to the opposition they meet with.—Renaud.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It is always the open season for killing time with some people.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER draws the pain and inflammation from bee-stings and insect bites. Soothes and allays the smarting itching of mosquito bites. 25c. 50c and 50c bottles.

The umbrella dealer has a lot put by for a rainy day. Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin Foil Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

There is more or less moonshine in the astrology business.

USE THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

Willing to Oblige. Lady (sitting for portrait)—Please make my mouth small. I know it is large, but I wish it to appear quite tiny. Artist (politely)—Certainly, madam. If you prefer, I will leave it out altogether.—Boston Transcript.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

A man likes to think that a woman thinks he is better than he knows he is. Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

A doctor of divinity should believe in the faith cure.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISORDERS. BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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The Trouble With "Fritzie"

Dog Was What Might Be Called an Artificial Dachshund.

It was a very little girl in an abbreviated scrap of gingham that originated must have been a pink frock. It showed neutrality of color that bespoke many washings and the probability of former owners. Grasped tightly in her grimy hand was a piece of twine, the far end of which was attached to the collar of a dog.

"Hello, baby; is that your dog?" bantered the youth fresh from preparatory school.

"Yes, sir." "Well, well, he was meant to be a dachshund, wasn't he?" "Seriously the brown eyes gazed into those of her questioner. Her quick sense had caught the long word and recognized that it was the right name for her elongated friend.

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 28-1909.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleaning, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

Down in the dumps

—from over-eating, drinking—bad liver and constipation get many a one, but there's a way out—Cascarets relieve and cure quickly. Take one to-night and feel ever so much better in the morning.

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

For Any Face or Any Beard NO STROPPING NO HONING Gillette KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere in the house, it kills all flies, bees, wasps, mosquitoes, etc. It is a sure and safe fly killer. It does not hurt the eyes, nose, or throat. It is a sure and safe fly killer. It does not hurt the eyes, nose, or throat.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents dandruff. Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures itching scalp. Hair falling out. 25c and 50c at Druggists.