

"Please," She Said Gently-"Please Tell the Cabby to Take Me Home, Mr. Maitland."



SYNOPSIS. "Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bacheior club, met an attractive young woman at the dear. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his nafe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Baaith" introduced himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, suppose lly lost, was felled by a blow from "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. York bachelor club, met an attrac who was Maitland's double, masqueracled as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by lorture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she 'phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: 'Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl,' the hiding place in the latter's rooms, when Anisty heard her words. Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned. Maitland finding the girl gone, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anisty's trail in a big office building, where the crook was killed. Maitland and girl in gray confessed love for as the latter. The criminal kept Mait

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued. "I dunno." Hickey licked his lips, watching with a somber eye the preparations being made for the removal restlessly. "Don't pity me," he said of Anisty's body. "I'd 've give a farm if I could 've caught that son of a gun have . . . expected, I suppose . . alive;" he added at apparent random, man of Anisty's stamp . . . and vindictively. "All right. Yeh be responsible for th' lady, if she's wanted, will yeh?"

and girl in gray confessed love for

"Positively." "I gottuh have her name 'nd add-

"Is that essential?" case anythin' turns up. Yeh oughttuh the deuce was it? I . . . can't to know that."

land hesitated, trying to invent a touched you up about the jewels? We plausible lie.

"Well, any one can see how you feel spoke about the Graeme affair. . . . about it."

Maitland drew a long breath and anticipated rashly. "It's Mrs. Mait- game for years. I'd find out where the land," he told the man with a tremor. plunder was, and . . . Anisty al- him; the first barrier down.

huh. I knowed that all along," he to advise him. . . . Of course you replied. "But seein' as yeh didn't want | won't understand-you've never wantit talked about . . ." And, appar- ed for a dollar in your life. . ently heedless of Maitland's startled and suspicious stare: "If yeh're goin' remained upon the dying man's. to see yer fren', yeh better get a wiggle on. He won't last long."

"Who? Bannerman? deuce do you mean?"

"He's the feller I plugged in the elevator, that's all. Put a hole through his lungs. They took him into an office on the twenty-first floor, right opp's te the shaft." "But what in Heaven's name has

he to do with this ghastly mess?" Hickey turned a shrewd eye upon Maitland. "I guess he can tell yeh

better'n me." With a smothered exclamation, Maitland hurried away, still incredulous and impressed with a belief, firmer with every minute, that the wound-

ed man had been wrongly identified. He found him as Hickey had said he would, sobbing out his life, supine upon the couch of an office which the janitor had opened to afford him a place to die in. Maitland had to force a way through a crowded doorway. where the night-watchman was holding forth in aggrieved incoherence on the cruel treatment he had suffered at the hands of the law-breakers. A phrase came to Maitland's ears as he shouldered through the group.

". . . grabbed me an' trun me outer the cage, inter the hall, an' then the shootin' begins, an' I jumps downstairs t' the sixteent' floor. . . ."

Bannerman opened dull eyes as Maitland entered, and smiled faintly. "Ah-h, Maitland," he gasped: 'thought you'd . . . come."

Racked with sorrow, nothing guessing of the career that had brought the lawyer to this pass, Maitland slipped into a chair by the head of the couch and closed his hand over Bannerman's chubty, icy fingers.

"Poor, poor old chap!" he said brokenly. "How in Heaven-" But at Bannerman's look the words died on his lips. The lawyer moved in a low tone. "This is what I might perate character . . . it's all right,

Dan, my just due. . . "I don't understand, of course," fal tered Maitland.

Bannerman lay still a moment, then continued: "I know you don't. That's why I sent for you. . . . 'Member "Sure. Gottuh protect myself 'n that night at the Primordial? When think straight long at a time. . . "I-don't want if to come out," Mait- That night I dined with you and had a bully salad, you know, and I

"Yes, yes." Hickey nodded, unimpressed. "Uh- ways divided square. . . . I used

"This would never have happened if . . . Anisty hadn't been impa-

I wasn't sure, you know, about too, ma'am, I'r buttin' inthe jewels; I only said I thought they took to find out from you, but he was restive, and without saying anything own book-just to have a look around, he said. And so . . . so the fat O'Hagan. Is that all?" was in the fire."

"Don't talk any more, Bannerman," Maitland tried to soothe him. "You'll pull through this all right, and- You need never have gone to such lengths. If you'd come to me-"

The ghost of a sardonic smile flitted, incongruously, across the dying man's

waxen, cherubic features. "Oh, hell," he said; "you wouldn't with the right crook in your natureor the wrong one. Perhaps it's because you can't see the fun in playing the game. It's that that counts."

He compressed his lips, and after a moment spoke again. "You never did have the true sportsman's love of the game for its own sake. You're like most of the rest of the crowd-content with mighty cheap virtue, Dan. I don't know that I'd choose just this

kind of a wind-up, but it's been fun while it lasted. Good-by, old man." He did not speak again, but lay with

turned away

losed eves.

they had drawn apart from the crowd, 'is waitin' for yeh in the cab downstairs. She was gettin' a bit highsteerical 'nd I thought I'd better get her away. . . . Oh, she's waitin' all right!" he added, alarmed by Maitland's expression. But Maitland had left him abruptly; and now, as he ran down flight after echoing flight of in his heart. In the room he had just quitted, a man whom he had called friend and looked upon with affectionate regard, had died a self-confessed and unrepentant Har and thief.

if now he were to find the girl another time vanished—if this had been -if all men were without honor, all love that he had ever known, unworthlly-if she cared so little who had eemed to care much

### CHAPTER XVII. Confessional.

But the cab was there; and within the girl was waiting for him.

The driver, after taking up his fare. had at her direction drawn over to the further curb, out of the fringe of the rabble which besieged the St. Luke building in constantly growing numbers, and through which Maitland. too impatient to think of leaving by the basement exit, had elbowed and fought his way in an ageny of apprehension that brooked no hindrance. heeded no difficulty.

He dashed round the short with a sinking heart, then as the cabby's signaling whip across the street caught his eye, fairly hurled himself to the other curb, pausing at the wheel, breathless, lifted out of himself with joy to find her faithful in this ultimate instance.

She was recovering, whose high spirit and recuperative powers were to him then and always remained a marvelous thing; and she was bending forth from the body of the hansom to welcome him with a smile that in a twinkling made radiant the world to him who stood in a gloomy side street of New York at three o'clock of a summer's morning-a good hour and a half before the dawn. For up there in the tower of the sky-scraper he had as much as told her of his love; and she had waited; and now-and now he had been blind indeed had he failed to read the promise in her eyes. Weary she was and spent and overwrought; but there is no tonic in all the world like the consciousness that where one has placed one's love, there love has burgeoned in response. And despite all that she had suffered and endured, the happiness that ran like soft fire in her veins, wrapping her being with its beneficent rapture, had deepened the color in her cheeks and heightened the glamour in her eyes.

And he stood and stared, knowing that in all time to no man had ever woman seemed more lovely than this girl to him; a knowledge that robbed his mind of all other thought and his tongue of words, so that to her fell the task of rousing him.

"Please," she said gently-"please tell the cabby to take me home, Mr. Maitland."

He came to and in confusion stammered: Yes, he would. And he climbed up on the step with no other thought than to seat himself at her side and drive away forever. But this time the cabby brought him to his senses, forcing him to remember that some measure of coherence was demanded even of a man in love.

"Where to, sir?" "Eh, what? Oh!" And bending to the girl: "Home, you said-?"

She told him the address-a number on Park avenue, above Thirtyfourth street, below Forty-second. He repeated it mechanically, unaware that it would remain stamped forever "Well . . . I've been up to that on his memory, indelibly—the first personal detail that she had granted

He sat down. The cab began to move, and halted again. A face appeared at the apron-Hickey's, red board bill." and moon-like and not lacking in com-Maitland said nothing. But his hand placency; for the man counted on profiting variously by this night's

"Excuse me, Mr. Maitland, 'nd"- show, mister."

tient. He was hard to handle, some touching the rim of his derby-"yeh,

"Hickey!" demanded Maitland, sudwere at Greenfields. Then I under- dealy, in a tone of smoldering wrath, "what the-what do you want?"

Yeh told me tuh call round to-morto me went down to Greenfields on his row, yeh know. When'll yeh be in?" "I'll leave a note for you with

'Yep-that is, there's somethin'

"Well?" "Excuse me for mentionin' it, but I dida't know-it ain't generally known, yeh know, 'nd one uh th' boys might 've heard me speak tuh yer lady by name 'nd might pass it on to a reporter. What I mean's this," hastily, as the Maitland temper showed danunderstand. Perhaps you weren't born gerous indications of going into active eruption: "I s'pose yeh don't want me tuh mention 't yeh're married, jes' yet? Mrs. Maitland here," with a nod to her, "didn't seem tuh take kindly tuh the notion of it's bein' known-" "Hickey!"

"Ah, excuse 1. "!"

"Drive on, cabby-Instantly! Do you hear?'

Hickey backed suddenly away and the cab sprang into motion; while Maitland with a face of fire sat back and raged and wondered.

Across Broadway toward Fourth avenue dashed the hansom; and from Five minutes later Maitland rose the curb-line Hickey watched it with and unclasped the cold fingers from a humorous light in his dull eyes. Inbout his own. With a heavy sigh he deed, the detective seemed in extraordinary conceit with himself. He At the door Hickey was awaiting chewed with unaccustomed emotion "Yer lady," he said, as soon as upon his cold cigar, scratched his cheek, and chuckled; and, chuckling, pulled his hat well down over brows, thrust both hands into his trousers pockets, and shambled back to the St. Luke building-his heavy body vibrating amazingly with his secret mirth.

And so, shuffling sluggishly, he merges into the shadows, into the mob marble stairs, there rested cold fear that surges about the building, and passes from these pages.

11. In the clattering hansom, steadying herself with a hand against the window-frame, to keep from being thrown against the speechless man beside her, the girl waited. And since Maitbut a ruse of hers finally to clude him | land in confusion at the moment found no words, from this elequent silence women faithless-if he had indeed she drew an inference unjustified, such placed the love of his life, the only as lovers are prone to draw, the world over, one that lent a pathetic color to her thoughts, and chilled a little her mood. She had been too sure.

But better to have it over with at once, rather than permit it to remain forever a wall of constraint between them. He must not be permitted to think that she would dream of taking him upon his generous word.

"It was very kind of you," she said in a steady small voice, "to pretend that we-what you did pretend, in order to save me from being held as a witness. At least, I presume that is why you did it?"-with a note of uncertainty

"It is unnecessary that you should be drawn into the affair," he replied, with some resumption of his self-possession. "It isn't as if you were-" "A thief?" she supplied, as he hest-

"A thief," he assented, gravely, "But I-I am," with a break in her voice.

"But you are not," he asserted almost fiercely. And, "Dear," he said, boldly, "don't you suppose I know?" -what do you know?"

"That you brought back the jewels, for one minor thing. I found them almost as soon as you had left. And then I knew-knew that you cared enough to get them from this fellow Anisty and bring them back to me, knew that I cared enough to search the world from end to end until I found you, that you might wear them -if you would."

But she had drawn away, had averted her face; and he might not see it; and she shivered slightly, staring out of the window at the passing lights. He saw, and perforce paused.

"You-you don't understand," she told him in a rush. "You give me credit beyond my due. I didn't break into your flat again, to-night, in order to return the jewels-at least, not for that alone."

"But you did bring back the jewels?" She nodded.

"Then doesn't that prove what I claim, prove that you've cleared yourself-? "No," she told him, firmly, with the

firmness of despair; "it does not. Because I did not come for that only. I came with another purpose-to steal. as well as to make restitution. And I -I stole.

There was a moment's silence, on his part incredulous. "I don't know what you mean. What did you steal? Where is it?"

"I have lost it-" "Was it in your hand-bag?" "You found that?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rather Discouraging.

"You want to present 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the opery house?" said the sheriff of Bacon Ridge, "Why, that

blamed show was here a month ago." "That so?" responded the advance agent in the blue vest. "Yes, stranger, and the dogs chased

'Liza." "They always do that, sir."

"Then the dog catchers chased the dogs.

"Ah, that was an added feature." "And old Mrs. Wiggs chased Little Eva for winking at her husband as he sat in the front row."

"Rather startling, I assure you." "And old Bill Jones, who runs the Eagle house, chased Uncle Tom for a

"Great Brutus!" "And then the boys got together and chased the whole blamed show out of town. Better present some othe.

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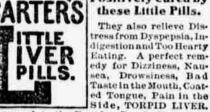
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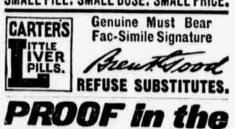
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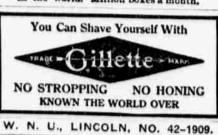


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