

The GIRL and the BILL

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER VI.

At the expense of a rolled hat Herbert Orme saves from arrest a girl in a black touring car who has caused a traffic jam on State street. He buys a new hat and is given a five-dollar bill with "Bremen" written on it. A second time he helps the girl in the black car and saves that in turn and Beale Wallingham they have mutual friends, but get no further hint of her identity. He discovers another inscription on the marked bill, which is a futile attempt to decipher it. He copies and places the copy in a drawer in his apartment. Senator Portol, South American, calls and claims the marked bill. Orme refuses, and a fight ensues in which Portol is overcome. He calls in Senator Alcazar, minister from his country, to vouch for him. Orme still refuses to give up the bill. He learns that a Jap has called for him. Orme goes for a walk and sees two Japs attack Alcazar. He rescues him. The minister tries diplomacy, but fails to get the marked bill. Returning to his rooms Orme is attacked by two Japs who effect a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another. Orme finds the girl of the black car waiting for him. She says she wants the bill. Orme tells her story. She recognizes one of the Japs as her father's butler, Maku. The stolen inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father. Both Japs, the South American and the girl, Orme and the "girl" start out in the black car in quest of the bill. The bill is in the university grounds in Evanston the hiding place is located. Maku and another Jap are there. Orme tells Maku and the other Jap escapes.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

So he jumped to his feet and ran northward, then turned to the west. Circling about, he made for the gate at which he had entered. His pursuer either took the wrong lead in the darkness or stopped to examine Maku, for when Orme went through the gate and doubled back, outside the fence, to the car, there was no sound of steps behind him. He jumped to the chauffeur's seat.

"Well!" inquired the girl, eagerly. "Too late," said Orme. "I'm sorry. I caught Maku, but the man with the envelope got away."

She laid a hand on his arm. "Are you hurt?" There was unconcealed anxiety in her voice.

To say the things he yearned to say! To tender to her! But he controlled his feelings and explained briefly what had happened, at the same time throwing on the power and driving the car slowly northward.

"I only know that the fellow ran northward," he said. "He may have worked back on the road and she would not have tried to keep the truth from him by subterfuge. If this were her home and she had not wished him to know it, she would have requested him to leave her before they had come so far."

It dawned upon him that it would not be hard for him to learn who lived in this house, and possibly through that knowledge to get a clue to her identity. His heart warmed as he realized how completely she had trusted him. His assurance that he would not try to find out who she was had satisfied her. And Orme assured, it was because she had recognized the truth and devotion in him.

With a happy sigh, he turned his back once and for all and walked rapidly away. But he did not go toward the electric-car line, which he knew must lie a few blocks to the west. Instead, he retraced the course they had come, for he had decided to visit the university campus once more and try to discover what had become of Maku, and more especially of the other Japanese, who had secured the papers. That he would be recognized and connected with the attack on Maku was unlikely.

When he came to the corner of Sheridan road and Chicago avenue, he hesitated for a moment. Should he go north through the campus and seek a trace of the Japanese who had escaped? Nearly half an hour had gone since the adventure among the trees, and the man must have got completely away by this time. Having the papers, he surely would not linger to learn the fate of Maku.

Orme found himself wondering how the Japanese had got to Evanston. Granting that it had not taken them long to solve the abbreviated directions on the five-dollar bill, they could hardly have come by motor-car, for they had had a good half-hour start, and yet Orme had discovered them before their work was completed. Only on the assumption that their car had broken down on the way could Orme admit that they had used a motor-car. Moreover, how were two Japanese, whose appearance did not indicate the possession of much ready money—how were they likely to have a car, or even to rent one? And had they believed that they might be pursued, would they not have come to Evanston by an obvious route of train or trolley?

These considerations led Orme to think that the car which he and the girl had heard in the distance could not have been occupied by the escaping Japanese.

The fellow, then, had probably made for the electric-car line, and in that event he would be well on his way to Chicago by this time. The car he had caught must have gone southward from Evanston about 10:45. The conductor would be likely to remember having had a Japanese on board; perhaps he would even remember where the Oriental had got off. The natural course for Orme, therefore, was to take a car himself and, if he did not

A Chance Lead. To follow the girl's suggestion and return at once to Chicago was Orme's intention when he said good-night to her. The hour was close to midnight, and the evening had been crowded so full with bewildering adventure that he was slow to go to bed. Moreover, he looked forward to a morning that might well test his endurance even more strenuously.

He had now committed himself definitely to continue in the field against the Japanese. Except for his desire to serve this wonderful girl who had come so suddenly into his life, he doubtless would have permitted the mystery of the marked bill to remain unsolved. But since the recovery of the stolen papers was so important to her, he was prepared to run any risk in the struggle.

Who was she? But no, that was a question she did not wish him to ask. She was simply "Girl"—beautiful, tender, comprehending—his ideal incarnate. As he stood there, hesitant, before the house into which she had disappeared, he pictured her again—even to the strand of rebellious hair which had blown across her cheek. He could discover no fault in her perfection.

A man came into view on the drive at the side of the house; a servant to care for the car, of course; and Orme, with the uneasy feeling of one who has been trespassing, moved away toward the corner of the block. He looked back, however, and saw the newcomer clamber into the car and send it slowly up the elevated road on the North side was great, but the conductor might remember if the change had been made.

But Orme did not turn at once toward the car-line. Though his logic pointed in that direction, he was irresistibly influenced by a desire to walk eastward along the drive where it skirted the southern end of the campus. A half-hour might go by, and still he would not be too late to meet, on its return, the car which the Japanese would have taken. He started, therefore, eastward, toward the lake, where a breakwater thrust its blunt nose out like a stranded hulk. The water was calm, lapping the sand so gently that it was hard to believe that so gentle a murmur could ever swell into the roar of a northeaster. A launch that was moored at the outer end of the breakwater lay quiet on the tideless surface.

"Good-evening," said Orme, as the man turned his head. "Are you on watch?"

The life-saver slowly stretched. "Till 12," he answered.

"Not much longer, then?"

"No, thank heaven!" Orme laughed. "I suppose you do get more than you want of it, he said. 'But on a fine night like this I should think it would be mighty pleasant.'"

"Not if you have to put in several hours of study after you get through."

"Study?"

"Yes. You see, I have a special examination tomorrow."

"A service examination?"

"Oh, no—college."

"Are you a student?"

"All the crew are students. It helps a good deal, if you are working your way through college."

"Oh, I see. But surely the university hasn't opened for the fall?"

"No, but there are preliminary exams for those who have conditions to work off."

Orme nodded. "It's a fine campus you have—with the groves of oaks."

"Yes."

"Just the place for a quiet evening stroll. I thought I'd walk up the shore."

"There's a rule against going in there after dark."

"Is there? That's too bad."

"Something funny happened there just a little while ago."

"So? What was it?" Orme was getting close to the subject he most desired to hear explained.

"Why, one of the cops was walking along the shore and he found a Japanese, stunned."



"There's a Rule Against Going in There After Dark."

meet the other car returning, to get off at the car-barns and make inquiries. The possibility that the Japanese had changed to the elevated road on the North side was great, but the conductor might remember if the change had been made.

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"Why, one of the cops was walking along the shore and he found a Japanese, stunned."

"A Japanese?"

"Didn't the cop chase him?"

"No, the fellow had a good start, so the cop stayed by the Jap."

"And what became of the Jap?"

The life-saver jerked his head toward the door beside him. "He's in there, getting over his headache."

"Is he?" This was a contingency which Orme had not foreseen. Nor had he any desire to come face to face with Maku. But if he betrayed his surprise, the life-saver did not notice it.

"The cop is taking another look through the campus," he continued.

"What does the Jap say about it?" asked Orme.

"He doesn't say anything. It looks as though he couldn't speak English. The cop is going to get Asuki."

"Asuki?"

"A Jap student who lives in the dormitory."

"Oh," said Orme.

The fact that Maku would not talk was in a measure reassuring. His apparent inability to understand English was, of course, assumed, unless, indeed, he was still too completely dazed by the blow which Orme had given him, to use a tongue which was more or less strange to him. But what would he say if he saw Orme? Would he not accuse his assailant, hoping thus to delay the pursuit of his companion?

The danger was by no means slight. Orme decided quickly to get away from this neighborhood. But just as he was about to bid the life-saver a casual good-night, two men came around the corner of the building. One was a policeman, the other a young Japanese. Orme unobtrusively seated himself on the edge of the little veranda.

"How is he?" asked the policeman.

"All right, I guess," replied the life-saver. "I looked in a few minutes ago, and he was sitting up. Hello, Asuki!"

"Hello, there," responded the little Japanese.

"Come," said the policeman, after an unsuspicious glance at Orme, and, mounting the steps, he led his interpreter into the station.

Now, indeed, it was time for Orme to slip away. Maku might be brought out at any moment. But Orme lingered. He was nearer to the solution of the secret if he kept close to Maku, and he realized, for that matter, that by watching Maku closely and, perhaps, following him home, he might be led straight to the other man. If Maku accused him, it should not, after all, be hard to laugh the charge away.

A murmur of voices came from within the station, the policeman's words alone being distinguishable.

"Ask him," the policeman said, "if he knows who hit him."

The undertones of a foreign jargon followed.

"Well, then," continued the policeman, "find out where he came from and what he was doing on the shore."

Again the undertones, and afterward an interval of silence. Then the policeman spoke in an undecided voice.

"If he don't know anything, I can't do anything. But we might as well get a few more facts. Something might turn up. Ask him whether he saw anybody following him when he went into the campus."

BANNISTER MERWIN ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Chicago, probably. She came up an hour or so ago—at least, I suppose she's the same one."

The explosions were now so rapid as to make almost one continuous roar.

"She's a fast one, all right," commented the life-saver. "Hear her go!"

"And there many fast boats on the lake?"

"Quite a number. They run out from Chicago harbor now and then." Orme was meditating.

"Exactly how long ago did this boat pass?"

"Oh, an hour or more. Why?"

"She seems to have been beached up north here a little way."

"She may have been. Or they've been lying to you there."

In Orme's mind arose a surmise that in this motor-boat Maku and his companion had come from Chicago. The surmise was so strong as to develop quickly into a certainty. And if the Japanese had come by this boat, it stood to reason that the one who had the papers was escaping in it. He must have waited some time for Maku and, at last, had pushed off to return alone.

Were these Japanese acting for themselves? That did not seem possible. Then who was their employer?

Orme did not puzzle long over these questions, for he had determined on a course of action. He spoke to the life-saver, who appeared to be listening to the droning conversation which continued within the station.

"The hold-up men may be in that boat," remarked Orme.

"Hardly." A laugh accompanied the answer.

"Well, why not? She came north an hour or so ago and either was beached or lay to until just now."

"You may be right." Then, before Orme knew what was happening, the young man opened the door and called into the station: "Hey, there! Your robber is escaping on that motor-boat out there."

"What's that?" The policeman strode to the door.

"Don't you hear that boat out there?" asked the life-saver.

"Sure, I hear it."

"Well, she came up from the south an hour or more ago and stopped a little north of here. Now she's going back. Mr. Holmes, here—he grinned as he said it—"Mr. Holmes suggests that the hold-up man is aboard."

The reference to the famous detective of fiction was lost upon the policeman. "I guess that's about it, Mr. Holmes," he said excitedly; and Orme was much relieved to note that the life-saver's humorous reference had passed for an introduction. The policeman would have no suspicion of him now—unless Maku—

There was an exclamation from within the room. "What's the matter?" asked the policeman, turning in the doorway.

The voice of Asuki replied: "He says the robber came in a bicycle—not in a boat."

"But I thought he didn't see the fellow coming."

"He remember now."

The policeman started. "How did he know what we were talking about here?" he demanded.

"He understand English, but not speak it," replied Asuki readily.

To the policeman the explanation was satisfactory. Orme, of course, found in it a corroboration of his guess. Maku evidently did not wish suspicion directed against the motor-boat.

The policeman reentered the station, eager to avail himself of the information which Maku was now disposed to give him.

Orme turned to the life-saver. "The Jap is lying," he said.

"Think so?"

"Of course. If he understands English so well, he certainly knows how to make himself understood in it. His story of the bicycle is preposterous."

It's possible that he thought he had killed his assailant, and had an unpleasant vision of being detained in the local jail until the affair could be cleared up."

The life-saver looked at Orme searchingly.

"That sounds pretty straight," he said at last. "I guess you know what you are talking about."

"Perhaps I do," said Orme quietly. "In any event I'd like to see who's in that boat out there."

"There isn't a boat nearer than Chicago that could catch her. They have run her several miles out into the lake before turning south, or she would have been pretty close to Chicago already. She's going fast."

The roar of the motor was indeed becoming a far-off sound.

"Why not telephone the Chicago police to intercept her?"

"There's no evidence against her," replied Orme. "Only surmises."

"I know, but—"

"And, as I suggested, whoever was attacked by that Jap in there may not want notoriety."

Suddenly the distant explosions stopped—began again—stopped. Several times they were renewed at short intervals—"pub-pub-pub"—"pub-pub"—"pub-pub-pub-pub"—then they ceased altogether.

"Hello!" exclaimed the life-saver. "They've broken down."

He picked up a pair of binoculars which had been lying on the veranda near him, and scanned the surface of the lake.

"Make her out?" queried Orme.

"No, she's too small, and too far off." He handed the night-glass to Orme, who in turn searched the water vainly.

"Whose boat is that moored to the breakwater?" asked Orme, lowering the glass.

"Belongs to a man here in town."

"Would he rent it?"

"No. But he lets us run it once in awhile. We keep an eye on it for him."

Orme took out his watch. "It's almost 12," he said. "You'll be relieved in a few moments. Do you suppose I could persuade you to take me out to the other boat?"

The life-saver hesitated. "I'd like to," he said. "But my study—"

"There'll be some sport, if we get within reach of the man out there," Orme put in.

"Well—I'll do it—though the chances are that they will make their repairs and be off again before we come within a mile."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Orme. "If you would let me make it right—"

"For taking you out in another man's boat? No, sir."

"I know. Well—my name is Orme, not Holmes."

"And mine," grinned the life-saver, "is Porter."

A man turned in from the drive, and sauntered toward them.

"There's my reliever," said Porter. "Hello, Kelmley."

"Hello," replied the newcomer.

"Just wait till I punch the clock," said Porter to Orme.

"Punch the clock? Oh, I see; the government times you."

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WISE GIRL.



"I suppose your sister is busily preparing for her wedding?"

"Yes, she is up in her room now destroying all her old letters."

Simplicity of Expression.
A story was told on Martin Lomasney at the Cape Cod commercial travelers' dinner by Representative Pope of Leominster. "Last season Lomasney was seen talking to someone in one of the corridors, and as I passed I heard these words: 'Shall I write him?' 'No,' said Lomasney; 'never write a thing when you can talk, and never talk when you can nod your head.'—Boston Record.

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Dance of the Whydah Birds, as Seen and Described by Mr. Roosevelt.

But the most interesting birds we saw were the black whydah finches, writes Mr. Roosevelt in Scribner's Monthly. The female is a dull-colored, ordinary-looking bird, somewhat like a female bobolink. The male in his courtship dress is clad in a uniform dark glossy suit, and his tail feathers are almost like those of a barnyard rooster, being even twice as long as the rest of the bird, with a downward curve at the tips. The females were generally found in flocks, in which there would often be a goodly number of males also, and when the flocks put on speed the male would drop behind. The birds were feeding in Heatley's grain

fields, and he was threatening vengeance upon them. I was sorry, for the male birds certainly have habits of peculiar interest. They were not shy, although if we approached too near them in their favorite haunts, the grassland adjoining the papyrus beds, they would fly off and perch on the tops of the papyrus stems. The long tail hampers the bird in its flight, and it is often held at rather an angle downward, giving the bird a peculiar and almost insect-like appearance. But the marked and extraordinary peculiarity was the custom of the cocks had of dancing in artificially made dancing rings. For a mile and a half beyond our camp, down the course of the Kamiti, the grassland at the edge of the papyrus was thickly strewn with these dancing rings. Each was about two feet in diameter, sometimes more, sometimes less. A tuft of growing grass perhaps a foot high was left in the center. Over the rest of the ring the grass was cut off close by the roots, and the blades strewn evenly over

right angles, but in an oblique direction, like what engineers use to call an "skew" bridge. The top of the bridge is covered by a clay soil to the depth of several feet, which nourishes a considerable growth of trees and bushes. These, with masses of rock, serve to form the natural parapets along the sides, which quite conceal the view of the chasm below.

The Natural Bridge.
The average height of the cliffs about the Natural Bridge is about 250 feet; the height of the bridge about 220. The span of the arch is 93 feet; its average width 80 feet, and its thickness in the center 51 feet. The bridge does not cross the chasm precisely at

Getting Away.
"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" asked the anxious waiter, as the thrifty guest prepared to depart without bestowing a tip.

"No, I think not. Here's my hat and here's my cane. I don't think I have forgotten anything."