SYNOPSIS.

At the expense of a soiled hat Robert 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 in change a five dollar bill with: "Remember the person you pay this to," written on it. A second time he helps the lady in the black car, and learns that in Tom and Bessie Wallingham they have mutual friends, but gains no further hint of her identity. Senor Poritol, South American, calls, and claims the marked bill. Orme refuses, and a fight ensues in which Poritol is overcome. He calls in Senor Alcatrante, minister from his coun-try, to vouch for him. Orme still refuses to give up the bill. Orme goes for a walk and sees two Japs attack Alcatrante. He rescues him. Returning to his rooms feet a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another. Orme finds the girl of the black car waiting for him. She also wants the bill. Orme tells his story. She recognizes one of the Japs as her father's butler. Maku. A second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father. Both Japs and South Americans want the papers. Orme and the "Girl" start out in the black car in quest of the papers. In the university grounds in Evanston the hiding place is located. Maku and another Jap are there. Orme fells Maku and the other Jap escapes. Orme finds in Maku's pocket a folded slip of paper. He takes the girl, whose name is still known to him, to the home of a friend in Evanston. Returning to the university grounds Orme gets in conversation with a guard at the life-saving station. They hear a motor boat in trouble in the dark-ness on the lake. They and the crippled boat. In it are the Jap with the papers and "Girl." She jumps into Orme's boat; but the Jap eludes pursuit. Orme finds on the paper he took from Maku the address, "341 N. Parker street." He goes there and finds Arima, teacher of justice in the third floor. He calls on jitsu is on the third floor. He calls on Alia, clairvoyant, on the fourth floor. descends by the fire-escape and conceals himself under a table in Arima's room. Alcatrante, Poritol and the Jap minister enter. Orme finds the papers in a drawer under the table and substitutes mining prospectuses for them. He learns that the papers are of international importance with a time limit for signatures of the girl. that night midnight. The substitution is discovered. The girl appears and leaves again after being told that the American has the papers. Orme attempts to get away, is discovered and set upon by Arima and Maku. He eludes them and is hidden in a closet by the clairvoyant. Orme escapes during a seance given by Alia. On the sidewalk he encounters Alcatrante. Orme goes to find Tom Wallingham. Alcatrante hangs on and tries to get the papers. During the excitement caused by one of Alcatrante's tricks to delay Orme, the latter sees the girl and follows her back to Wallingham's office.

CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

rlasp.

"Will it do any good to shout?" "No one could hear us through these walls. No, there's nothing to do but relief was in his voice. remain quiet. But you needn't stand, "I have never doubted you," she

the floor for a cushion, and she seated broke the stillness. herself upon it. He remained standing "I don't believe that Alcatrante knew near by.

coat you are sitting on." He laughed, with a consciousness of were here."

the grim and terrible humor of their "He thinks that you will be released situation-which he hoped she had not in the morning, and that you will think realized. Here they were, the hard- it wiser to make no charges. What sought papers in their possession, yet do you suppose his conscience will say they were helpless even to save their when he learns-" own lives. "I wish you would shout," she said, there is no hope for us."

times with the full power of his lungs. must all have gone by this time. We The sound, pent in that narrow room, can't make ourselves heard." fairly crashed in their ears, but there was no answer from without.

"Don't do it again," she said at last. Then she sighed. "Oh, the Irony of it!" she exclaimed.

"I know." He laughed. "But don't Wouldn't he have pushed the bolt give up, Girl. We'll deliver those pa- back? I'm going to see." pers yet."

ty. "But tell me, how did you get the fect his effort had on it, might have papers?" Orme began the story of the after-

non's adventures.

asked. "Why"-he stammered-"I-"

her. And she did not seem to under- that might have been. stand.

arms and crush her close to him. That that much faster." desire would have been more easily "Yes." he sighed, "I suppose we can controlled, had he not begun to believe only sit here and wait." that she in some degree returned his "Do you know," she said softly, "I feeling for her. If they escaped from am wondering why our situation does this black prison, he would rest happy not seem more terrible to me. It in the faith that her affection for him, should, shouldn't it?" now, as he supposed so largely friendly, would ripen into a glorious and compelling love. But it would not be worldly affairs," she went on dreamright for him to presume-to take ad- ily, "appears to change when one sees vantage of a moment in which she that they are all to stop at once. They might think that she cared for him more recede into the background of the than she actually did. Then, too, he mind. What counts then is, oh, I don't already foresaw vaguely the possible want to think of it! My father-he-" necessity for an act which would make Her shoulders shook for a moment unit best that she should not hold him der the stress of sudden grief, but too dear. So long he stood silent that she quickly regained her control. she spoke again.

'Do sit down," she said. "I will do that." give you part of your coat."

There was a tremulous note in her own whirling thoughts were of a sort laugh, but as he seated himself, she that he could not fathom; they posspoke with great seriousness. "When sessed him completely, they destroyed, two persons understand each other as seemingly, all power of analysis, they well as you and I," she said, "and are made him dumb; and they were tanas near death as you and I, they need gled inextricably in the blended imnot be embarrassed by corventions." pressions of possession

"We never have been very conventional with each other," he replied, shakily. Her shoulder was against

his. He could hear her breathing. "Now tell me the rest of the story." "First I must change your notion that we are near death."

He could feel that she was looking at him in the blackness. "Don't you think I know?" she whispered. "They will not find us until tomorrow. There isn't air enough to last. I have known it from the first."

"Some one will open the door," he replied. "We may have to stay here quite a while, but-" "No. my friend. There is no likeli-

hood that it will be opened. The clerks are leaving for the night." He was silent.

"So finish the story," she went on. "Finish the story!" That was all that he could do.

"Finish the story!" His story and hers-only just begun, and now to end there in the dark.

But with a calmness as great as her own, he proceeded to tell all that had happened to him since he boarded the electric car at Evanston and saw Maku sitting within. She pressed his hand gently when he described the trick by which the Japanese had brought the pursuit to an end. She laughed when he came to the meeting with the detective in his apartment. The episode with Madam Alia he passed over lightly, for part of it rankled now. Not that he blamed himself foolishly; but

"That woman did a fine thing," said He went on to describe his efforts to get free from Alcatrante.

"And you were under the table in Arima's room," she exclaimed, when he had finished "I was there; but I couldn't see

you, Girl. And you seemed to doubt "To doubt you?"

"Don't you remember? You said He and the girl are locked in a giant that no American had the papers; but specimen refrigerator by Alcatrante. you added, 'unless-'" "Unless Walsh, the burglar, had

played a trick on Poritol and held the He reached out and found her hand, true papers back. I went straight and she did not withdraw it from his from Arima's to the jail and had another talk with Walsh. He convinced "The rascal has locked us in," he me that he knew nothing at all about said. "I'm afraid we shall have a long the papers. He seemed to think that they were letters which Poritol wanted for his own purposes." "Then you did not doubt me." Glad

said, simply.

He led her to the wall. Removing | There was silence. Only their breathhis coat, he folded it and placed it on ing and the ticking of Orme's watch

that this place was unventilated," she "The papers," he said, "are in that remarked at last. "No: and he didn't know that you

"Girl, I simply can't believe that

"Very well," he said, and going over | "What possible chance is there?" to the door, he called out several Her voice was steady. "The clerks

"Still, I feel as though I should be

fighting with the door." "You can't open it."

"But some one of the clerks going out may have seen that it was bolted.

He groped to the door and tugged at "I will not give up," she said, grave- the handle. The door, for all the efbeen a section of solid wall. "Come back," she called.

He felt his way until his foot touched "Why don't you sit down?" she the coat. As he let himself down beside her, his hand brushed over her hair, and unconsciously she leaned He had been so conscious of his toward him. He felt the pressure of feeling toward her, so conscious of her shoulder against his side, and the the fact that the one woman in all the touch sent a thrill through him. He world was locked in here alone with leaned back against the wall and him, that since he arranged her seat stared into the blackness with eyes he had not trusted himself to be near that saw only visions of the happiness

"We mustn't make any effort to She wished him to sit beside her, not break out," she said. "It is useless. knowing that he felt the almost over- And every time we move about and powering impulse to take her in his tug at the door, it makes us breathe

"I hardly think so," he replied. "The relative importance of our

"There, now," she whispered, "I won't For a time they sat in silence. His



"Try to Take a Different View, Girl."

father living?" "No," he replied.

"And your mother?" she faltered. "She has been dead many years. And I have no brothers or sisters." "My mother died when I was a little child," she mused. "Death seemed to me much more awful then than it

does now." "It is always more awful to those said. "But don't think of that yet." "We must think of it," she insisted.

"Oh!" she cried, suddenly. "To think that I have brought you to this! That what you thought would be a little favor to me has brought you to death." She began to sob convulsively.

He did not answer.

It was as though for the first time she realized her responsibility for his sisted his embrace; even now her head life; as though her confidence in her complete understanding of him had disappeared and he was again a stranger to her—a stranger whom she had coolly led to the edge of life with

"Don't, Girl-dont!" he commanded. finally, hardly knowing what he did, he way by which she, at least, might be touched his. She removed her hat, and take the step. And yet every moment door. her hair brushed his forehead.

know?-Don't you understand? If the night. chance had not kept us together, I It would be only right to wait until she would be happier to die with him opened and an electric light in the rewould have followed you until I won he was reasonably sure that all the than to live at the cost of his life. you. From the moment I saw you, I clerks in the office had gone. That have had no thought that was not time could not be long now. But al. last look of her face; its beauty, its bound up with you."

you!" she sobbed. "I never realized it had been. that there was this danger. And you Gently putting her from him, he cheek. Her perfect lips—how well he -you have your own friends, your in- said: "The air will last longer if we lie remembered! --were the unopened For a moment they could do nothing of March with severe skin eruptions terests. Oh, I-" "My interests are all here-with blood, then."

catrante would do."

Then, when he and I came in, I turned the floor. She clung to his hand, while my back on him, like a blind fool." he still sat beside her.

"No. no." she protested.

"But you," she said at last, "is your | I could foresee. No one is to blame. Isn't that the best view to take of it?" Her cheek moved against his as she inclined her head.

"It may be selfish in me," he went on, "but I can't feel unhappy-now." Her sobs had ceased, and she buried her face in his shoulder.

"I love you, Girl," he said, brokenly, "I don't expect you to care so much for me-yet. But I must tell you what who are left than to those who go," he I feel. There isn't—there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, Girl-and be happy doing it."

She did not speak, and for a long time they sat in silence. Many emotions were racing through him. His came to him in this extremity when there was no hope ahead. She had not yielded herself, but she had not rewas on his shoulder. Indeed, he had given her no chance to confess what she might feel for him. Nor would he give her that chance.

No, it was better that her love for him he knew now that in her heart she must love him-it was better that it Her self-blame was terrible to him. should not be crystallized by definite But she could not check her grief, and expression. For he had thought of a he was using that much more of the "Girl, Girl!" he whispered, "don't you air that might keep her alive through could not both live through the night. which to their expanded pupils seemed

ready the air was beginning to seem strength, its sweet sympathy. He to his feet. "But think what I have done to close; it was not so easy to breathe as seemed to see the stray wisp of hair

down. The heart does not need much | buds of pure womanly passion.

blame. I should have known what Al- her seat on his folded coat, and he for her. "I sent you up here to wait for me. her clothing as she adjusted herself on normal activities.

"After all," he said, "it was, per- going to find out what time it is, by haps, something that neither you nor breaking the crystal of my watch.



Made Their Way to the Elevator.

BANNISTER MERWIN LIUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTER P

I've seen blind men tell the time by located the covering which protected feeling the dial." the coils of the thermometer. His watch was an old hunting-case Striking with his heel, he tried to

He groped his way back to the girl

For the hundredth time he was say-

"And even now," she mused, "you

"Then wait. It will come in due

Orme. "To me you will always be just

The joyous moments rushed by.

She had crept close to him again, and

saying: "There is so much for us to

"There seems to be only one thing to

"Where shall we begin?" asked

"Well, to be matter-of-fact, do you

"I didn't even know that," she whis-

"No. dear. I live in New York."

pered. "And about me. Our family

"It can't be so very long," he whis-

pered, "though you speak as though it

"It is six years. Since then my

Orme lifted her hand to his lips.

Suddenly the room filled with a light

ception hall shone in. Framed in the

Orme shouted joyfully and jumped

"Why-what-?" the man began.

hours before.

the clerk demanded.

might be interested in the dial."

were until tomorrow morning."

Orme.

"I don't think he will let you do

"Yes, I believe he will," replied

He glanced at the clock. It was a

meantime, adjusted her hat.

"Absolutely untrue," replied Orme.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

anything in it?"

with somebody eise."

the elevator.

that," said the clerk. "He will be

grateful that nothing worse happened."

say now." He kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, but there is much more."

live in Chicago?"

"Not until you are ready."

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which had belonged to his father. He break the metal grating. It would not the fact which it is well to face, that opened it and cracked the crystal with yield. Again and again he threw his his pocketknife. As nearly as he could weight into the blows, but without efdetermine by the sense of touch it was fect. seven o'clock. Bessie Wallingham At last he remembered his pocketwould be wondering by this time why knife. Thrusting one end of it through he had broken an engagement with her the grating, he prodded at the glass for the second time that day. coils within. There was a tinkling sound. He had succeeded.

"There is one thing more to do," he said. "It is seven o'clock; I don't know how much longer we shall be able to and seated himself beside her. With breathe easily, and I am going to write the confession of their love, a new note which will explain matters to hope had sprung up in them. They the persons who find us-if we should might still be freed, and, though the not happen to be able to tell them." | air was becoming stifling, neither of Laboriously he penciled on the back them believed that a joy as great as of an old envelope the explanation of theirs could be born to live but a few their presence there, making a com- hours.

plete and careful charge against Alcatrante. He laid the message on the ing: "I can't believe that we have known each other only one day." On second thought, he picked it up again and put it in his pocket, for if don't know my name. Do you want by any chance they should be rescued, me to tell you?" he might forget it. In that event its discovery would possibly bring an ex-

posure of facts which the girl and her form. Some one will say, 'Mr. Orme, father would not care to have dis- Miss --closed. A faint whisper from the girl. "What is it?" he asked, bending -Girl." tenderly for her answer.

"You must lie down, too." with her head on his shoulder, was He began to move away, as if obey her. tell each other."

"No," she whispered-"here. I want you near me." Slowly he reclined and laid his head on the coat. Her warm breath was on

his face. He felt for her hand, and found it held tightly to his. His own mind was still torn with doubts as to the best course. Should happiness was almost a pain, for it he put himself out of the way that she unnecessary. Rescue might come when

might live? The sacrifice might prove it was too late for him, yet not too home has been in one of the suburbs late, if he did not hurry his own end. here since I was a small girl. For sev-And if she truly loved him and knew eral years I was sent east to school, that she loved him, such an act on his and after that I went abroad with part would leave her a terrible grief some friends. And since then-" which time would harly cure. He tried to analyze their situation

more clearly, to throw new light on his were decades." duty. The clerks must all have gone by now. There would be a visit or two father and I have spent our winters in from a night watchman, perhaps, but the east, coming back home for the put his arm around her and drew her saved. With the faint possibility of there was scarcely one chance in a summers. Just think how much you closer to him. Her tear-wet cheek rescue for them both, he hesitated to hundred that he would unbolt the are learning about me!"

The air was vitiating rapidly: they But-if she loved him as he loved her, bright as the sun. The door had been

He pictured for himself again that doorway was the outline of a man. that had found its way down upon her

After all, whether she loved him or you," he answered. "It is I who am to | She did not answer, but moved from not, there would still be much in life took it and arranged it as a pillow, Time would cure her sorrow. There

"You couldn't know. There was no and, finding her hand, showed her would be many claims upon her, and where it was. He heard the rustle of she would sooner or later resume her Slowly he disengaged his hand from

her clinging fingers. In his other hand "Now," he said, cheerfully, "I am he still heid his pocketknife. To open a vein in his wrist would take but a moment. His life would well away. there on the tiles. She would think he was asleep; and

then she herself would drift away into smothered if you had not come." unconsciousness which would be broken only after the door was opened in the morning. Bah! His mind cleared in a flash.

What a fool he was! Need he doubt her for an instant? Need he question what she would do when she found that he was dead? And she would know it quickly. This living pulsing girl beside him loved him! They were one forever. They still

lived, and while they lived they must hope. And if hope failed, there still would be love. His pent-up emotions broke restraint. With unthinking swiftness, he threw

his arm over her and drew her tight to him. His lips found hers in a long kiss-clung in ecstasy for another, and Her arms went about his neck. He will pay for a new thermometer, too, if felt as though her soul had passed from he will let me." .

her lips to his own. "My lover!" she whispered. "I think have always cared." "Oh. Girl, Girl!" He could utter no

With a faint sigh she said: "I am glad it is to be together." She sat up. still holding his hand. "If it need be at all," she added, a new firmness in

her voice. "If it need be at all!" Orme searched his mind again for some promise of escape from this prison which had been so suddenly glorified for them. The smooth, unbreakable walls; the thin seam of the door; the thermometer. through, "was that fellow's story about Why had he not thought of it before? The thermometer!

With an exclamation, he leaped to his feet.

"What is it?" she cried. "A chance! A small chance-but still a chance!"

He found his way to the handle of our lives." the door, which his first attempt at Then Orme and the girl made their ane had taught him was not connected with the outer knob. Then be

be willing to pay for it. Ten cents a dozen extra is the regular charge for making your own selection."

you the trouble." But the dealer couldn't see it that Way.

Kindled Fire With \$535.

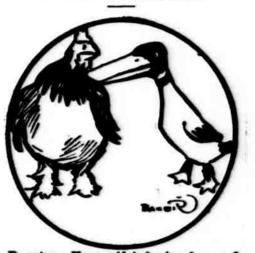
of \$535, and fearing that he might be robbed during the night placed the money in a coal bucket at the depot and put coal on it that it might be safe. The passenger train leaves here at 6 o'clock in the morning and this necessitates Mr. Pemberton's early rising and he is kept very busy until the train departs. In the rush he lege of sorting out the very best after it was too late to make a de but it was too late.-Morganfield Post

TRAIN LOAD AFTER TRAIN LOAD OF SETTLERS

ARE GOING TO CENTRAL CANADA

The question of reciprocal trade re-

lations between the United States and Canada has provoked considerable discussion and interest. Whatever else the discussion may have done, it has brought out the fact that on the Canadian side of the line the agricultural situation is one that forces attention, and it has also brought forth on the American side of the border, there is a vastly increasing population to be fed with a somewhat decreasing proportion of food products. This article is intended to point out to those who may wish to become of those who can raise wheat, oats, barley, flax, cattle and hogs at the least cost that the opportunities in Central Canada are what they are seeking. During the past year the official figures show that upwards of 130,000 Americans located in Canada, and the greatest majority of these have settled on farms, and when the time comes, which it will within a few years, they will be ready to help serve their parent country with the food stuffs that its increasing population will require. The immigration for the spring has now set in in great earnest, and train load after train load of a splendid class of settlers leave weekly from Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago, Detroit, St. Paul and other points. Most of these are destined through to points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The reports that come from "The name doesn't matter," said the different farming districts there are that the spring is opening up well, and the prospects for a splendid crop this year are very good. In some districts good homesteads are yet available. The price of all farm lands has naturally had an increase, but it is still away below its earning capacity. The immigration branch of the Dominion Government has just published its 1911 illustrated pamphlet, which may be secured on application to the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or any of the agents of the Dominion Government, whose advertisement may appear elsewhere in this IN THE VERNACULAR.



Rooster-Your wife's laying for youl Drake-Gee! I guess I'll duck.

ITCHED SO COULD NOT SLEEP

Orme helped the girl up, and to-"I suffered from the early part of gether they went to the outer light December until nearly the beginning but breathe, so good the fresh air of on my face and scalp. At first I the reception room seemed to them. treated it as a trivial matter. But Then, looking at the man again, Orme after having used castile soap, medisaw it was the clerk to whom Alca- cated washrags, cold cream, vanishtrante had made his accusation two ing cream, etc., I found no relief whatever. After that I diagnosed my case "How did you come to be in there?" as eczema, because of its dry, scaly appearance. The itching and burning Orme hesitated; then he decided to of my scalp became so intense that I make no charges. "I got rid of that thought I should go mad, having not crazy fellow who was following me slept regularly for months past, only around," he said, "and I came back, at intervals, waking up now and then and this young lady and I went in to because of the burning and itching of examine your refrigerator. The door my skin. Having read different teswas ajar, and some one pushed it shut | timonials of cures by the Cuticura and locked it. We should have Remedies, I decided to purchase a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of "It was the merest chance," said Cuticura Soap. After using them for the clerk. 'My work kept me late. As a few days I recognized a marked was leaving, I happened to glance at change in my condition. I bought the thermometer dial here. It regis- about two boxes of Cuticura Ointment tered below freezing. I couldn't under- and five cakes of Cuticura Soap in all. stand that, for there is no ice in the and after a few days I was entirely refrigerator, so I opened the door to free from the itching and burning. My eczema was entirely cured, all due to using Cuticura Soap and Oint-"I broke the coil," explained Orme, "in the hope that the night watchman ment daily. Hereafter I will never be without a cake of Cuticura Soap on my washstand. I highly recommend "Well," said the clerk, drawing a the Cuticura Remedies to anyone suflong breath, "you had a close shave. fering from similar skin eruptions and There isn't any night watchman-at hope you will publish my letter so least not in this office. If I had balthat others may learn of Cuticura anced my books on time today, you Remedies and be cured." (Signed) two would have stayed where you David M. Shaw, care Paymaster, Pier 55, N. R., New York City, June 2, 1910. "I will come in tomorrow to see Mr. Cuticura Remedies sold everywhere. Wallingham and explain everything. I Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp.

Boston, for free book on skin and scalp troubles. Getting the Worst of It. "Bliggins isn't very lucky in driving bargains."

"No. He says he can't even change

his own mind without getting the quarter after seven. Going back into | worst of the deal." the chamber which had been the scene of both their danger and their happiness, he got his coat and the girl's hat. The parchment papers crackled in his THE KEYSTONE pocket as he put the coat on. The girl, TO HEALTH IS "Say," said the clerk, holding the outer door open for them to pass HOSTETTER'S STOMACH your holding notes of ours-was there BITTERS "He must have had you confused "He must have." Orme held out his hand. "Many thanks to you for saving

> The Bitters is a boon to those in convalescence when a tonic and strength maker is needed.

Try it and see. A word to the wise is sufficient

Is Now in Possession of Hackett, Who Hopes to Give It to Players' Club.

It is James K. Hackett who affirms there was once a dishonest cab driver in the city of St. Louis.

In support of this statement, the

EDWIN BOOTH'S CIGAR CASE dian was playing in St. Louis. He had occasion to use a cab from the theater to his hotel. After the player had alighted the driver discovered a cigar case had been left behind

The case was of carved black walnut, lined with dark blue silk. The actor, although an inveterate smoker. used it for a purse. When the cabman found it there were several greenbacks among the contents. What became of the money is not recorded. actor details the story of a cigar case but the case was later traded over the tinguished tragedian who lost the case mossession. Years ago a great trage tender showed it to an actor, who Booth

gave up a meerschoum pipe in exchange for it.

From that time the case passed into the possession of several persons, and after awhile came under the eye of for her change, but the dealer had Hackett. He admired it so much it was | put the money into the cash drawer presented to him.

Now he declares he hopes to present the case to the Players' club, for the Players' club was founded by the dis-

Paying for Your Choice. From a box or cranges marked 40 cents a dozen a woman picked out two dozen oranges and gave a dollar to the fruit man. She waited a while and seemed oblivious to the principle

of change. Presently she asked for it, but the dealer said: "Under the circumstances your two dosen oranges came to a dollar. You picked them out yourself. Any cus-

oranges there are in a box ought to | posit in bank he came into possession "The idea!" the woman exclaimed. Why, you ought to pay me for saving

B. F. Pemberton, our popular L. & made a fire in the stove and dumped N. agent, met with a misfortune in the coal and money. After the rush with a history, which is now in his bar for liquid refreshment. The bar- in the cab. His name was Edwin tomer who avails herself of the privi- Wednesday morning. Tuesday night was over he thought of his money,