[horoughbreds.

Author of "The Outcast," "Mooswa," and Other Stories,

(Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) | even for Mortimer, he would use his wealth CHAPTER XXVIII.

When they had passed the edge of the you knew-I mean, he is under strong sus- ruin for all time for whomever he had the picion-more than strong suspicion, for power to ruin, or felt disposed to. he is practically self-accused of having father he really stole it."

"I do know of this terrible thing," she answered. "I shook hands with him be-

cause I believe him innocent." "You know more then than we do." It was not a sneer. It was too delicately weiled for detection; the words were uttered in a tone of hopeful inquiry.

"Mr. Mortimer could not steal-it is impossible. "Have you sufficient grounds for your

faith? Do you happen to know who took the money? For it was stolen." The girl did not answer at once. At first her stand had simply been one of implicit faith in the man she had conjured into a

She had not cast about for extenuating become a thief. Now Crane's questions, more material than the first deadening mind on a train of thought dealing with motive and possibilities.

She knew that Alan had lost money Lucretia; that he had felt so sure of Crane's horse winning that he had sought a loan from her to recoup his losses by backdng The Dutchman.

Upon the continued silence, Crane grew restless; the girl, almost oblivious of his presence, deep in the pathology of the erime, gave no sign of a desire to pursue the discussion.

"Of course I am anxious to clear the young man if he is innocent," hazarded Crane, to draw her gently back into the influence that he felt must be of profit to

Allis answered his observation-he distinctly felt the vibration of pain in her voice-with a startling depth of analytical discernment:

"While I believe in Mortimer's innoafraid that he has drawn such a web of circumstantial evidence about him trying is not worthy-you are too good for him. I to shield some one else that-that-it is "he is innocent. For God's sake, Mr. Crane-" she took the reins in her whip hand and put her left on his arm pleadingly -"for God's sake, for his mother's sake, save him. You can do it- you can believe that he is innocent, and stop everything. The money has been paid back."

"It isn't that, Miss Allis-" his voice was so cuttingly even after the erratic jump of her own-"in a bank one must not have a dishonest person. We must investigate to the end, and if Mortimer can clear himself by fastening the crime upon the perpe-

"He will never do that; he cannot, if he "What can I do then, Miss Allis? But

"Can't you see-don't you understand the man? He commenced by shielding some one else, and he will carry it through to

the bitter end." "I am afraid there was no one to shield but himself. Everything points to this conclusion. The money was locked up, he had the keys, no one touched them-except your brother Alan, and that but for a minate-but if any suspicion could attach to your brother it is all dissipated by Mortimer's subsequent actions. It's unpleasant to even hint at such a contingency, but if Mortimer is innocent then your brother

must be the guilty one." He expected the girl to denounce indignantly such a possibility; he was surprised that she remained silent. Her non-refutation of this deduction told him as conclusively as though she had uttered the ac cusation that she thought Alan had taken the money and Mortimer was shielding him. It was but a phase of blind love; it was the faith the women place in men they love of which he had read and scoffed at.

Against all evidence, she was holding this man honest, believing her brother the

Surely a love like that was worth winning; no price was too great to pay. Her very faith in Mortimer-through which she sought to save him by inspiring Crane, determined the latter to crush utterly the man who stood between him and this great

Intensity of hate, or love, or cupidity, never drew Crane out of his inherent diplomacy; he took refuge behind the brother of "You see," he said, and his voice modu

lated soft with kindness. "I can't save Mortimer except at the expense of Alan-you would not have me do that. Besides it is impossible. The evidence seems as clear as noonday. "If you bring this home to Mr. Mortimer,

yuo will punish him, arrest him? "That would be the usual course."

She had taken her hand off his arm; now she replaced it, and he could feel the strong ongers press as though she would hold him to her wishes. "You will not do this," she said; "for my

make you will not!" "You ask this of me, and it is for your make?"

"Yes; if there is no other way-if Mr. Mortimer, innocent, must take upon himself this crime, then for my sake you will

not punish him." The gray eyes were violet-black in their

"If I promise--" He had been going to mak for reward, but she broke in, saying: 'You will keep your word, and I will

#bank you. "Nothing more-is that all?" The magnetism of the intensified eyes broke down his reserve; he slipped back twenty years in a second. Love touched

him with a fire-wand and his soul ignited. Cold, passionless Philip Crane spoke in a tongue, unfamiliar as it was to him, that carried conviction to the girl-just the conviction that he was in earnest, that he was possessed of a humanizing love. She listened patiently while he pleaded his cause with mastery. It was beyond regard would be turned into an abhorrent

her understanding that, though Mortimer through all time had spoken not at all of love to her-at least not in the passionate words that came from Crane's lips-yet she now heard as though it were his voice and then replace the abstracted money. Crane its own proper place at the right time, no not Crane's. Love was a glorious thingwith Mortimer.

Crane's intensity availed nothing. When he asked why she held faith to a man who must be known for all time as a felon. her soul answered, "It is nothing, because he is innocent."

Crane made no threat, but Allis shuddered. She knew. The narrow-liddedp eyes closed perceptibly when their owner talked of the alternative. He, Crane, loved for her father, for her brother, for herself, was the middle one, B 67,483, that was miss- of Allis Portes.

He pleaded his cause like a strong man, and when he spoke of a failure because of village, Crane said, "I doubt if you would her preference for Mortimer, an acridity have shaken hands with Mr. Mortimer if crept into his voice that she knew meant

"I am sorry, Mr. Crane," she began constolen a sum of money from the bank. In ventionally, "I am sorry, I couldn't marry fact I'm not sure that it wasn't from your a man without loving him. What you have just told me must win regard for you because I know that you feel strongly, and I think any woman should take an offer of honest love as the greatest of all compliments.

"But I don't even ask for your love now," he interrupted.

"Ah, but you should. You shouldn't marry woman unless she loved you. At any rate, I feel that way about it. Of course, if there were a chance of my coming to care for you in that way, we could wait, but it would be deceiving you to give hope." "Is it because you care for Mortimer? be asked.

"I think it is. I suppose if I am to here of all that was good and noble. help him I must be quite honest with you. I do not want to talk about it, it seems evidence; she had not asked herself who to sacred. I have even spoken less to Mr. the guilty man was; her faith told her it Mortimer of love," she added with a painwas morally impossible for Mortimer to ful atempt at a smile. "You have said that you care for me, Mr. Crane, and I believe you. You have been generous to my father effects of Alan's accusation, started her also. Now won't you promise me something just for the sake of this regard? I suppose it is impossible to prove Mr. Mortimer's innocence-" she felt her own helplessness, and who else could or would care to accomplish it-"but it is in your power to lessen the evil. Won't you take my word that he is innocent and stop everything? As you say, either Mr. Mortimer or Alan must be suspected, and if it were brought home to my brother, it would crush me, and my mother and father." "What can I do?"

"Just nothing. I know Mr. Mortimer has determined to accept the disgrace, and he will go away. You can make his load as light as possible, for my sake."

Though it was to Crane's best interests, he pretended to consent out of pure chivalry. "What you ask," he said, "is very little. I would do a thousand times more for you There is nothing you could ask of me that would not give me more pleasure than anycence and will always believe in it, I am thing else in my barren life. But I could not bear to see you wedded to Mortimer. He don't say this because he seems more fortoo terrible!" she broke off passionately, tunate, but I love you and want to see you happy.

The girl was like a slim poplar. The strong wind of Crane's clever pleading and seeming generosity swayed her from her rigid attitude, only to spring back again, to stand straight and beautiful, true to her love and faith in Mortimer.

"You are kind to me," she said simply: "I wish I could repay you."

"Perhaps some day I may get a reward out of all proportion to this small service." She looked fair into his eyes, and on her lips hovered a weak, plaintive, wistful smile, as though she were wishing that he could accept the inevitable, and take her regard, her gratitude, her good opinion of which would bring only weariness of spir in return for his goodness.

"You will be repaid some day," she answered, "for I feel that Mr. Mortimer's name will be cleared, and you will be glad that you acted generously."

"Well, this will give him a better chance," he said, evasively. "It's not good to crush a man when he's down. I feel that no one connected with the bank shows him the slightest disrespect. Of course, he'll have to go; he couldn't remains under the circumstances, he wouldn't."

They had turned into the drive to Ringwood house. "We are home now," she said, "and want to say again that I'll never forget your

kind promise. I know you will not repent of your goodness." Mrs. Porter had seen Allis and Crane to

gether in the buggy. This incident pleased the good woman vastly. Allis' success with Lauxanne had taken

a load from her spirits. She was not mercenary, but there had been so much at stake. Now in one day Providence had averted disaster, and she had awakened from a terrible nightmare of debt. The sunshine of success had warmed her husband's being into hopeful activity, a brightness was over his spirits that had not been there for months. It was like an augury of completed desire that Crane should come the day of their good fortune with Allis. If she would but marry him there would be Crane, perplexed by his recent love check, and Allis, mired in gloom over her hero's misfortune, stepped into a radiancy of

exotic cheerfulness. The girl bravely sought to rise to the occasion, chiding her heavy heart for its an hour's run into the country, I think unfilial lack of response.

Crane, accustomed to mental athletics utored his mind into a seeming exuberance, and playfully alluded to his own defeat at the hands of Allis and the erratic Lauzanne There was no word of the bank episode,

othing but a pean of victory. Crane's statement to Allis that he was going out to Ringwood to see her father was only an excuse. He soon took his departure, a stable boy driving him back to

the village. There he had a talk with the cashier. Mortimer was to be asked to resign his position as soon as his place in the bank could be filled. No further prosecution was o be taken against him unless Crane decided upon such a course.

"In the meantime you can investigate cautiously," Crane said, "and keep guite to yourself any new evidence that may turn up. So far as Mr. Mortimer is concerned, the matter is quite closed."

CHAPTER XXIX. Crane returned to New York, his mine working smoothly to the hum of the busy

wheels beneath his coach. This degrading humiliation of his rival must certainly be turned to account. With Allis Porter still believing in Mortimer's innocence, the gain to him was very little; he must bring the crime absolutely home to Mortimer, but in a manner not savoring of persecution, else the girl's present friendly

He reasoned that Mortimer had taken the \$1,000 note thinking to win \$3,000 or \$4,000 at least over his horse, the Dutchman, and was aware that Alan Porter had told Mortimer of the Dutchman's almost certain pros pect of winning; in fact the boy suggested that Mortimer had taken it for this nurnose Mortimer would not have changed the note: would have taken it straight to the race course. He must have lost it to some book-

maker over the Dutchman. Crane knew the number of the stolen note The three \$1,000 bills were new, running in with habitual caution. It meant no in-consecutive numbers, B 67,482-83-84—he had creased aggression against Mortimer's libher-she felt that was true. He was rich; noticed that quite by chance at the time; it erty; it was of value only in his pursuit to snuff.

ing. So he had a possible means of identifying the man who had taken the money Immediately upon his arrival in New York, Crane telephoned for Faust, asking him to bring his betting sheet for the last day of Crane's quarters, the latter said: "I want plained, after Crane's greeting. to trace a \$1,000 note number B 67,483, I think it was bet on the Brooklyn Derby, probably on my horse." Faust consulted his betting sheet, Crane

ooking over his shoulder. "I didn't have no thousand on that race," he said.

thousand each. "That was the other way about," answered Faust; "that was pay. A thousand to one hundred twice over Lauranne, I think it must have been more stable money. for the guy that took it was like a big kid: he didn't know enough to pick a winner in a thousand years."

The coincidence of this amount with the win he attributed to Mortimer, appealed to Crane's fancy. "Do you remember the man who made this bet, then?" he asked.

"Yes, sure thing. There was two of them, as you see. I remember him because it took some explainin' to get the bet through his head. He was a soft mark for a bunco steerer. I've seen some fresh kids playin' the horses, but he had 'em all beat to a standstill. It must a-been first time luck with him, for he cashed." "Can you describe him?"

The Cherub drew an ornate verbal picture, florid in its descriptive phraseology, but from something that shot downward and much like him an' asked me to swear one

tion Crane met abruntly the girl who was sivalum. just then so much in his thoughts. Her sudden appearance quite startled him, though it was purely accidental. She had Crane's caution always asserted itself. the Brooklyn meet. When Faust arrived at come in to do some shopping, she ex-

Farrell continued on when his com- to swearing to a man's identity in court, panion stopped. A sudden determination it's just a bit ticklish." to tell the girl what he had unearthed she must have moments of wavering; it plans. "What are those figures?" asked Crane, seemed only human. Perhaps fate bad | Farrell continued. "You see what cointing to two consecutive numbers of one put this new weapon in his hands to turn mean?" the battle.

He begane by assuring her that he had prosecuted the inquiry simply through a tinge of asperity in his tone. Mortimer or her brother, or, if possible,

both.

"That high roller in the bank." "Oh! I can't say yet what it will lead to. the guy right enough, but when it comes

Crane frowned. He disliked men who took quick possession of Crane. His fine hedged. He always planned first, then sense of reasoning told him that though plunged; evidently his companion had she professed positive faith in Mortimer plunged first, and was now verifying his

"I don't." answered Crane, shortly, "You will if you walt," advised Farrell, a desire to establish the innocence of either a book, say. All the blazin' idiots in Christendom is climbin' over me wantin' to know what I'll lay this and what I'll lay that "You understand," he said, quite sim- They're like a lot of blasted mosquitos. A ply, "that Alan is like a brother-" he rounder comes up an' makes a bet; if it's was going to say "son," but it struck him small p'raps I don't twig his mug at all, as being inadvisable; it aged him. He re- just grabs the dough an' calls his number. lated how he had traced the stolen note. He may be Rockefeller or a tough from the how he had discovered it, how he had Bowery, it don't make no difference to me; brought the bookmaker down and how, all I want is his goods an' his number, see without guldance from him Farrell had But a better of the right sort slips in an gone into the bank and had identified Mor- taps me for odds to a thousand. Nat'rally timer as the man who had bet the money. I'm interested, because he parts with the They were walking toward the station, thousand as though it was his heart's blood nconscious of physical trent, this terrible I size him up. There ain't no time for the interest had drawn the girl Crane's way. | writin' down of ear marks, though most like "It clears Alan," he said, seeking fur- I could point him out in a crowd, an' say tively for a look into the drooping face.

The bright sun struck a sparkle of light stood up another man that looked pretty

As they walked slowly toward the sta- | "What?" asked Crane, from his tangled the faint echo of its music was drowned by the crunch of gravel; there was the quick step of somebody coming up the drive; hen the wooden steps gave hollow notice. The visitor's advent was announced again "Well, I've been thinking it over. That's by the brass knocker on the front door. "I'll go," said Allis, as her mother rose, The girl knew who it was that knocked, not ecause of any same reason. She simply

knew that it was Mortimer. When she opened the door, he stepped back hesitatingly. Was he not a criminalwas he not about to leave his position be-

ause of theft?

"Come in," she said quietly; "I am glad you have come "Shall I? I just want to speak to you for a minute; I said I would come. We can

talk here on the verands, can't we?" "I would rather you came inside; there s no reason why you should not." "If you don't mind, I should like to be

done with you." "Very well, come into this front room; we shall not be disturbed."

"I am going away," he began; "I can't stand it here. "You have done nothing-nothing to clear

ourself?" "Nothing."

"And you won't?"

"No." "Is this wise?"

"It's the only course left me." There was a silence for a long minute. They were both standing. The girl broke the stillness.

"I am glad you have come, because I can ell you again that I know you are innocent. I know it, because my heart repeats it a thousand times a day. I listen to the small voice and I hear nothing else." "You never waver-you never doubt?"

"You never will?"

"Never." "Then I don't care. Other men have had heir misfortunes thrust upon them and have stood it without complaining, have had less to solace them than you have given me now, and I would be a coward if I even complained. Some day perhaps you will know that I am worthy of your faith-God | Members and friends invited. grant that the knowledge brings you no resh misery-there, forgive me, I have said too much; I am even now a coward.

If you will say goodby, I'll go."
"Goodby, my hero." She raised her face. down which were trickling many tears, and held out her hand, brokenly, as one searches in the dark, for the room was swimming about her, and just faintly she could see this man's strong face coming to her out of the gloom like the face of a god. He took her hand. "Goodby," he said; "if-if fate wills it that my innocence be known some time, may I come back? Will you wait, believing in me for a little?" "Forever."

"Allis-" It was the first time, he had ever called her Allis. It broke down the

last faint girlish restraint. He drew her to him by the hand he still clasped, and put his strong arms about her. What mattered it now that he had been falsely accused-what mattered it to either penalty of his endeavor? With them, in the soft gloom was nothing but love, and faith a sense of absolute security, as though the false, accusing world had been baffled, beaten down and the victory theirs, love. He raised the girl's face and kissed it. "Let God witness that I press your pure lips in innocence," he said, "and in this

pledge I love you forever and ever." "Amen," came from Allis involuntarily. It sounded to them both like the benediction of a high priest. He repeated mechanically, "Amen." To

speak again would have been sacrilege. He put her from him gently, turned away NEW RIVAL FOR MONTE CARLO and walked quickly from the house.

Ante Room Echoes

November 20, Thursday is the date for the ceremonial session of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of Tangier temple, and that session will be the most ambitious undertaking ever prepared by the temple, for it will be in the nature of an entertainment to the members of imperial council, and will since the elevation of Colonel Akin to the "You mean-someone 'else-to identify position of imperial potentate. It is not known at this time how many of the members of the imperial council will be present, but invitations will be sent to all of them and it is hoped that the entire

council will be present. The prospect is for a large number of candidates for honors of nobility and the members are arranging to give them the time of their lives before the heads of the order in the United States. The work will be done at the Masonic temple, but the banquet may not be given in the usual banquet hall, as it is not believed that it will hold the crowd which will be present. the last session it was impossible for all of the members present to sit at the tables and this session promises to be much larger than the last, which was the largest in the history of Tangler temple. It has been suggested that the banquet be spread at the Woodmen hall in the Crounse block and this may be done.

Mount Calvary commandery, Knights Templar, is making preparations for the advancement of a large class. Applications are on hand from thirty-two persons who only one harem, it is divided into several desire honors of knighthood, and the evening of their initiation may be made a red-

Nebraska lodge No. 1. Knights of Pythias, is preparing for a season of activity. During the warm weather there has been but little rank work, but the rank team will he busy from now on; there are a numas they are acted upon, active work in conferring ranks will be resumed. All members of the team should be in attendance outlined and arranged by the master of work.

The lodge is also preparing for an entertainment to be held on the occasion of ts anniversary, November 19th, and it is EDUCATING THE PARIS POLICE also proposed to hold regular monthly entertainments, at which some member of the lodge will read a paper on some important and interesting subject. During the past season Nebraska lodge No. 1 inaugurated this method of entertainment and the members have been well entertained and instructed in various subjects; the program for the coming season will be even better than the past, and those absenting themselves from lodge during the winter will have reason to regret it.

At the meeting of the lodge last Monday night there was an unusually large attendance; the affairs of the committees on announced they would exemplify the secret policeman gets an album containing 1,000 work at the next meeting. Past Chancellor Wulpi was elected district deputy grand chancellor for the coming year.

The board of managers of the Woodmen of the World held session last week at Norfolk, Va., N. B. Maxey of Muskoges, L. tated. f., and J. E. Fitzgerald of Kansas City. The board passed upon the books of the side, fearing to get his hearing. She dreaded officers and inspected the work. They her mother's questioning eyes. What could ound a total of \$422,000 in the emergency fund, a balance of \$215,928 in the beneficiary balance of ,915 in the general fund.

week. It consists of J. C. Root, John T. Yates, B. W. Jewell, George W. Wooley and S. G. Blalue.

Clan Gordon No. 63, Order of Scottish Clans, held regular meeting in Continental building Tuesday evening, when a large number of members turned out. good men and true were initiated and after business the social features were prominent. Clansman McBeth from Chicago was present and played the pipes, much to the pleasure of the company. Adam Jamieson sang a couple of songs, as did Robert Kerr and R. G. Watson. Clansmen Thomas Falconer, F. O. Burdick, Charles Ross and . James C. Lindsay also contributed to the entertainment. The clan will hold a Hai lowe'en social Friday, the 31st, in clan room, Continental building, at 8 o'clock. All are invited who can boast of Scottish blood. Come and have a good time and bring the women.

Members of Mayflower garden of the Gardeners were agreeably surprised on Thursday evening last when, under "good of the order." the entertainment committee announced a program of cards and danc -. ing, in which the members indulged until the real surprise of the evening was sprung by suddenly opening the doors of the anteroom where a spread of ice cream and cake awaited annihilation and was very quickly annihilated. Much credit is due the committee for the skillful manner in which the plan and the arrangements were executed.

An interesting program will be given Monday evening, October 27, by the various Ancient Order of United Workmen and Degree of Honor lodges of the city, uniting to celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the oldest fraternal and beneficial order in the world. Speeches by Grand Master Workman Jaskalek, Nelson C. Pratt and Past Grand Master Workman Van Dyke, with music by the Alpha quartet and solos by several fine sopranos. The meeting opens promptly at 8 o'clock p. m.

MEMBERS BADLY DISGUSTED Disturbances in House of Commons Cause Several to Declare They Will Not Seek Re-Election.

LONDON, Oct. 25 .- So bitter has become the feeling because of the recent disturbances in the House of Commons that several of the older members have privately declared they will not seek re-election.

In response to vigorous declarations by some of his supporters, who regard their peace of mind as superior to political considerations which involve rowdylam, Premier Balfour has promised to exercise the closure with a stronger hand than be

has ever before attempted. The benefits to be derived from this course are doubtful, as the nationalists have shown an ingenious mastery over the of them that he must accept the grim difficulties of House of Commons procedure, and much irritation is felt on the government benches over the fact that Mr. Baland innocence, and within the strong arms four's new rules, which were intended to expedite business, have proved an excellent weapon with which to delay it.

A severe application of the closure also will tend to produce vigorous protests on the part of the liberals, who in such cases will combine forces with the nationalists. How speedily the "mother of Parliamenta" is legislating at present can be judged from the fact that in seven days' debate only eleven lines of the education bill have been adopted.

Concession Granted for Magnific Gambling Palace on Island

of Corfu, Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) ATHENS Oct. 25 -- (New York World Cablegram-Special Telegram.)-The scheme to convert the beautiful Island of Corfu into another Monte Carlo is taking definite shape. The municipal authorities have let to a syndicate of foreign capitalists the old British cemetery at Corfu, on which to erect a casino. This is a direct violation of the treaty under which Great Britain ceded the Ionian Isles to Greece, and it is expected that a British protest will be

lodged. The lease is for tharty years. The syndicate balted its hook with promises of handsome concessions to Corfu, including a reversion of the whole establishment to the municipality at the end of the term. The casino will have a situation and surroundings of exquisite beauty and visitors will enjoy the best winter climate in Europe. It is expected that the casino will draw the most of its customers from Russia and central Europe, though the Greeks themselves have the reputation of being the greatest gambling race on earth.

SULTAN CUTS DOWN EXPENSES

Superfluous Harem Beauties to B Married Off to Minor Officials.

(Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 25 .- (New York World Cablegram-Special Telegram.)-The sultan has begun to reform his feminine establishments. Although nominally he has sections, that in the Yildis Kiosk, as his palace is called, being the largest and most important. On three points on the Bosphorus there are other establishments which are recruiting places for the central harem in the Yildiz Klosk.

The expenses of maintaining the Yildis Klosk harem, at a moderate estimate is \$625,000 a year, and the other three estabber of applications on file, and as soon lishments together cost \$150,000. The total expense now is to be reduced \$250,000 a year. Mizi Bey, the chief eunich, has been entrusted with the task of weeding out at the convention, Monday, Oct. 27th, as the superfluities, who are to be married to the work for the coming season will be officers and officials. The sultan has been induced also to set his face against much of the infanticide which takes place in the secret recesses of his palace.

Bertillon Undertakes to Teach Them His System of Recog-

nising Men. (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) PARIS, Oct. 25 .- (New York World Cadegram - Special Telegram.) - Alphonse Bertillon of anthropo-metric fame, has undertaken to educate the Paris police in the art of describing faces. An interesting part of the instruction is that special value is attached to the ear. No two ears are alike. Therefore that organ is chosen as entertainment of the grand lodge made their the base of the system employed. Close final reports, and the grand representatives attention is also given to noses. Each

photos (full face and profile) of persons expelled from Paris. To facilitate the research these portraits are grouped methodically, according to height, ears and nose, It is believed that when the police become familiar with Bertillon's system recogni-Omaha. There were present A. C. Fine of tion of criminals will be greatly facilis

Water Turned in Canal.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., Oct. 25 --Water was turned into the new canal and the wheels in the big power house were fund, with all allowed claims paid, and a started here today. A civic and military parade was held in the streets and in the The finance committee will meet this afternoon an industrial parade was given.



Mortimer who had made one of the bet His preconceived plan of the suspected man's operations was working out.

"Now find this \$1,000 note for me." he said: "take trouble over it: get help if necessary; go to every bookmaker that was for your brother's sake. I didn't mean to. in line that day. If you find the note, exchange other money for it and bring it to "There may be a chance," commented

Faust, scratching his fat poll meditatively. "The fellows like to keep these big bills they're easier in the pocket than a whole basket of flimsles. There was get-away day-after, an' they wouldn't be payin' out much. I'll make a play for it."

The next afternoon Faust reported at Crane's rooms with the rescued note in his ossession. He had been successful. "I give a dozen of 'em a turn," he said,

before I run against Jimmie Farrell. He had it smuggled away next his cheqt amongst a lot of yellow backs, good Dutchman money. "Does he know who bet it?"

"Not his name-some stranger; he'd know him if he saw him, he says." Crane grasped this new idea with avidity, the scent was indeed getting hot. Why not take Farrell down to Brookfield to identify Mortimer? Crane had expected the searching for evidence would be a tedious matter; his fortunate star was guiding him straight and with rapidity to the goal he sought.

"I'm much obliged to you," he said to little left to worry about. So it was that Faust. "I won't trouble you further; I'll see Farrell myself. Give me his address.' That evening Crane saw Farrell. "There was a little crooked work over that thousand Faust got from you," he said, "an if you could find time to go with me for

> you could identify the guilty party." "I can go with you," Farrell answered, "but it's just a chance in a thousand. I should be on the block down at Sheepshead, but to tell you the truth the hot pace the backers set me at Brooklyn knocked me out a bit. I'm goin' to take a breather for a few days an' lay again 'em next week. Yes, I'll go Mr. Crane.' In the morning the two jorneyed to Brook-

> "I won't go to the bank with you," Crane said; "I wish you would go in alone. You may make any excuse you like or none at all. Just see if the man you got this note from is behind the rail. I'll wait at

> In fifteen minutes Crane was joined by Farrell.

"Well?" he asked.

"He's there, right enough." "A short, dark little chap?" questioned Crane hesitatingly, putting Alan Porter forward as a feeler, "No. A tall fellow with a mustache." "You are sure?"

"Dead sure unless he's got a double of twin brother." Crane felt that at last he had got in diputable proof; evidence that would satisfy even Allis Porter. He experienced little exhilaration over the discovery-he had been so sure before; yet his hand was strengthened vastly. Whatever might be the result of his suit with Allis, this must convince her that Mortimer was guilty and unworthy of her love. There was also satisfaction in the thought that it quite cleared

Alan of his sister's suspicion. How he would use this confirmation Crane hardly knew; it would come up in

"We can go back now," he said to Far-"We may as well walk leisurely to the station-we can get a train-" pulled out his watch-"in twenty minutes." Crape had made up his mind not to show himself at the bank that day. He wished to hold his discovery quite close within himself-plan his course of action 1 "Will it be a court case?" he queried.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told you: it's too bia' up two kings an' a jack, an' playin' 'em brutal.'

The head drooped still lower. "I shouldn't have spoken had it not been It was fate drew you across my path just wished that Farrell had kept his doubts to now. Though it is cruel, it is better that himself: the case had been made strong by you should know. No man has a right to his first decision, and now the devil of unvery constancy and goodness that has taught

me to love you." "Don't," she-pleaded, "I can't bear it just now. Please don't talk of love-don't we've got to make it complete-we've got to be the first ceremonial session to be held talk of anything. Can't you see-can't you get collateral to back up my pickin'.

understand?" "Yes, I know. You are suffering, but it is him also?" unjust; you are not fair to yourself. If this man would steal money, what difference would love make to him? He would his trust in the bank. You must consider yourself-you must give him up-you can't link your young, beautiful life to a man

who is only saved from the penitentiary because of your influence." "Don't talk that way, Mr. Crane, pleas don't. I know you-you think that what you say is right, but what difference does heart tells me that Mortimer is guiltless. The time has been so short that he has had no chance to clear himself. If I didn't believe in him, I wouldn't love him; but I still love him, and so I believe in him. I can't help it-I don't want to help it; I simply go on having faith in him, and my love doesn't falter. Can't you understand what a terrible thing it would be even if I were to consent to become your wife? I know it would please my mother. But if afterwards this other man was found to be innocent, wouldn't your life be embittered

to a woman who loved another man?" "But it is impossible that he is innocent, or will ever be thought so.' "And I know that he is innecent."

"Your judgment must tell you that this is only fancy. "My heart tells me that he is not guilty of this crime. My heart is still true to him, so shall I decide against myself? Don't -don't stab me to death with words of Mortimer's guilt-it has no effect, and only gives me pain. I must wait-we must all wait, just wait. There is no harm in waiting, the truth comes out at last. But you

will keep your promise?" she said, lifting her eyes to his face. "Yes, I meant no harm to Mortimer in searching for this evidence; it was only to clear your brother."

They had come to the station by now.

"Would you like to speak to Mr. Farrell? Crane asked. "You are taking my word." "No. it is useless. I can do nothing but wait; that I can and will do." "Don't think me cruel," Crane said, "but the wait will be so long."

"It may be forever, but I will wait. And thank you again for your-for your goodtrouble." "Shall I go back again up town with you?"

holding out her hand to Crane. "Goodby," he repeated, mechanically. What had he accomplished? He had help they would hold her true to the man beaten lower his rival, and wedded firmer she loved. to the beaten man the love he prized above

taken you out of your way."

them that wait." "You nearly missed the train," said Far-"Did 1?" questioned Crane, perplexedly. I thought I got on in plenty of time." Farrell smiled knowingly, as befitted a man of his occupation-s New Yorker up

for threes. "Which means, if I understand it, that you're guessing at the man-that I've given

you all this trouble for nothing." Crane

leceive you; you are too good. It is this certainty would destroy the vaue of identification. "Not by a jugful!" ejaculated Farrell. "I'm just tellin' you this to show you that

"No, not just that, but that's not a bad thought. My clerk, Ned Hagen, must have noticed him, too. I mean that the better's be as unfaithful to you as he has been to badge number will be in line with that bet, an' you can probably find out the number of the badge this rooster wore." An inspiration, started into being by Farrell's words, came to Crane. Why had he

matter. The badge number, Mortimer's number, would be in Faust's book, where had been entered the \$100 Mortimer put on it all make to me? You know what love is Lauzanne. He could compare this with the like, you say it has come to you now. My number in Farrell's book; no doubt they would agree; then indeed the chain would be completed to the last link. No man on earth could question that evidence. "It's a good idea, Farrell," he said. "Bet yer life, it's clear Pinkerton. You'd

better come round to my place tomorrow

not thought of that before? Still, it didn't

"I'll come," Crane answered.

about 10, and we'll look it up."

against her lover.

CHAPTER XXX. The old bay horse Allis Porter always drove, that carried her back to Ringwood -wouldn't it be terrible for you to be tied after her interview with Crane, must have thought that the millenium for driving horses had surely come. Even the ambition to urge the patriarch beyond his complacent, irritating dog-trot was crushed out of her by the terrible new evidence that Crane had brought to bear testimony

> herself. In her intensity of grief her thoughts became audible in expressed words. "Oh, God!" she pleaded to the fields that lay in the silent rapture of summer content, "strengthen me against all this falseness. You didn't do it, George-you couldn'tyou couldn't! And Alan! my poor, weak brother, why can't you have courage and clear Mortimer?" The evening before, Alan had been out at

than a thief in having poisoned her mind against him. In his assumed anger Alan had disclosed Mortimer's treachery-as he called it-and ness to me. I'm sorry that I've given you crime, to her mother. Small wonder that Allis's hour of trial was a dark one. The courage that had enabled her to carry Lau-Crane asked, solicitously. "I'm afraid I've zanne to victory was now tried a thousand fold more severely. It seemed all that was "Goodby, and thank you," said the girl, left her, just her courage and her faith; they had stood out successfully against all denunciation of Lauzanne, and with God's

Even a snall's pace lands him somewhere all else. In his ears rang the girl's words, finally, and the unassalled bay, with a pre-"Wait, wait," Irresponsibly he re- monition of supper hovering obscurely in peated to himself, "All things come to his lazy mind, finally consented to arrive at Ringwood house. Allie went to the tea table by her father

> be said in Mortimer's defense or in her own? Nothing; she could only wait. A square old-fashioned wooden clock on the mantelpiece of the sitting room had just droned off seven mellow hours, when

"I didn't need this," the girl moaned to

letter day for the order.

Ringwood, and Allis had made a final endeavor to get him to clear Mortimer's name by confessing the truth to Crane. On her knees she had pleaded with her brother. The boy had fiercely disclaimed all complicity; protested his own innocence with vehemence, and denounced Mortimer as worse