

The Busy Bees

EASTER of all the festivals of the Christian year is the most important and the most joyful. From of old it has been the happiest of days, the Sunday of joy, and the festival of festivals. Easter or Easter was so called because the spring sun had its new birth in the east. It spells happiness and a rare beauty of new life, for life is never more beautiful than when it comes up new and fresh in the spring.

Have you heard of the Easter egg legend? Many hundreds of years ago, during just such a time as this, when cruel war was devastating the land and homes of the German people, a noble woman, the Duchess Rosalinda von Lindenburg, was obliged to flee from her palace with her little children and an old servant. Finding refuge in a small village in the mountains, she lived with the simple people, who had very little to eat, never even having heard of eggs. So one day, as the story goes, she sent the servant back to her country to inquire about her husband, who was fighting, and incidentally to get some fowls. The natives were amazed when they saw the little fluff ball chicks which hatched out so bright and yellow at Easter time.

As she wished to do something on Easter day for the children of the village who had been so good to her own little ones, and she had no gifts to give them, she decided to color the eggs with mosses and roots and have an Easter egg hunt, just as you Busy Bees have been doing all week. Easter Sunday, after church, she invited the children to her garden and took them to the neighboring wood, where she bade them gather moss and sticks with which to make nests. Then she took them back to the garden, where she gave them a feast, and afterwards, when they went back to the forest, they shouted with delight, for there were five colored eggs in each nest. As some little girl thought that the little bunny she had seen when she was building her nest had laid them, the children repeated "The little hare laid them" until they believed it.

When Duke Arno took his wife and children back home, the duchess left a sum of money which was to be expended each year on an annual Easter party. The custom, which is still observed in Europe, has drifted to America, but it is only in the Vaterland that the eggs are supposed to be laid by the little hare.

The winner of the garden contest is Lizzie L. Rath of St. Francis, Kan., who sent a lovely colored garden plan which is worthy of reproduction and would be printed if we were not so pressed for space. Grace Hindley of Blair, Neb., receives honorable mention for a splendid vegetable garden plan.

The prize book last week was won by Laura Richardson of the Blue side. Vera Lundberg of the Blue side and Frances Conlin of the Red side won honorable mention.

Nice letters from Josephine Friedrich and Irma Doherty could not be printed for lack of space.

BUSY BEE WITH TALENT FOR MUSIC.



MARTHA GRAHAM

Here is little Martha Graham, 4 years old, growing on 5. Martha likes the poems that Busy Bees write for their own page and commits verse after verse to memory. Since her daddy is one of Omaha's well known musicians, Martha probably takes after him in her talent for music. She only needs to hear a song once to know it and it is her greatest delight to attend a concert with her parents.

A ladder swinging, I dropped my bread and ran to the village square. I told the people about it, but they did not believe me.

We all started out for the church. When we reached it the ladder was still swinging. The watchman who rang the bell for the people to tell the time in the village, heard us talking and ran out to see what was the trouble.

"There is a ghost in the church," I said.

"Well, if there is, we shall go in after him. Come on boys," he cried, as he went in swinging his lantern.

When they neared the ladder the man put his lantern on the table and the lantern was not swinging. They laughed and were going away when they saw the ladder swinging again.

"Oh, I know what it is," said the man, "when I swing my lantern the shadow of the ladder swings, too."

"That is a good story," said the children, tell us another.

"No," said grandma, "it is time to go to bed."

Bunny Rabbit.

By Floyd Smith, Aged 12 Years. Red Oak, Ia. Blue Side.

Bunny Rabbit was a very small rabbit. He lived in a stump of a tree, which the wood choppers had chopped down a long time ago.

One day he said he was going to have a party. He invited a number of his friends. They had many good and cabbages. After they had eaten

Little Tots' Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (April 9): Name. School. Hanson, Bernice.....Vinton McGinley, Doris.....Hawthorne Mullen, Mary Virginia.....Lake Muga, John Richard.....St. Bridget's

Seven Years Old Tomorrow: Ballard, Mildred.....Central Gordon, Frederick.....Lothrop Greene, Arthur Morton.....Saratoga Heffinger, Eleanor.....West Side Levinson, Harry.....Kellom Moore, Josephine F.....Long Morton, Eleanor Hill.....Franklin Paderka, Rose.....Pacific Stambaugh, Carlotta E.....Mason

Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Hettner, Mary Ann.....Castelar Lehnhoff, Janie.....Franklin Nelsen, Jacobina.....Howard Kennedy Newhouse, LeRoy.....Lake O'Donnell, Helen M.....Sacred Heart Regan, Thomas.....West Side Slobodsky, Ruth.....Kellom

Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Kroupa, Georgia.....Edw. Rosewater O'Brien, Helen.....Cass Powell, Archibald.....Lake Stacy, Iva Irene.....Edw. Rosewater Wichee, Alfrida.....Holy Angels Wortman, Harry.....Bancroft

their lunch they played games. Bunny did not like to be it because he said it was so hard to find the others. When they were ready to start home they saw another rabbit coming as fast as he could go towards them. They waited to see what was the matter. He came up to them and said that there were four men coming after them. He said he had run two miles to tell them.

A Good Fairy. By Helen Crabb, Aged 9 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there lived in Omaha a little girl who seemed to be watched over by a good fairy. When she needed a new dress she had hardly time to wish for it before her mamma gave it to her, and the same with new pairs of shoes.

When she had a hard lesson the fairy helped her, and when she wanted to learn anything about house-keeping this same fairy was glad and anxious to show her.

But best of all was when she was sick. She had scarlet fever and it was then that the good fairy helped her. This good fairy was so gentle and kind that she was up at any time in the night and never seemed to get tired, but just smiled and said, "The little girl will soon be well."

This good fairy is my mamma, and almost every little girl and boy has a good fairy right at home, but they don't always treat her as they should.

The High Cost of Living. By Josie Prosvor, Aged 11 Years, Route No. 1, Richland, Neb. Red Side.

Hello, Busy Bees, here I am again, among you. I am writing a story about the high cost of living which

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 350 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.
7. Address all communications to Child-rear's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

tells the truth about some of the people.

The up-to-date people want to make life easy. Some people have to have everything so nice and comfortable that they want to have everything to eat that their appetites desire. Especially when everything is high priced, such as eggs, butter and meat. They think if the farmer can have it, they can, too.

But sometimes they are wrong. A farmer raises these things, and when everything is so high priced, we would sooner sell them and do without while the up-to-date people in town have to buy them. They just think they cannot do without them.

The rich people can have them, but the poorer don't have to have everything. People boycott eggs and make all kinds of talk about the food and clothing. The poor people are glad to have something to eat, while the rich don't even care for the plain food at all.

I think if we would save and spare all that we can it would come out different.

Story of a Snow Man. By Marie K. Paulsen, Aged 12 Years, Route 4, Box 80, Blair, Neb. Red Side.

I am a snow man and will tell you how I was made. Three little girls made me. First taking a little ball of snow and rolling and rolling in until I was so big that they couldn't roll me any more.

Then they made another ball, but didn't make it quite as large as the first. They were going to put that on the other, but couldn't lift it. They had their brother come and help them.

Next they made a little ball for my head and then one of the girls went for a shovel with which to smooth me.

They took three chunks of coal for my eyes and nose, a corncob for my mouth and two sticks for my arms. They also put a coat and cap on me and a gun in my hand.

Their mother came out with a camera and took my picture. They all laughed at me because I looked so funny.

One day something sad happened. The sun came out and pretty soon I melted and ran down into the creek with my friends and where my grandfather went last year.

Poem on Spring. By Florence Seward, Aged 10 Years, 1634 Vinton Street, Omaha.

"Cheer up, spring will soon be here," Whispered a sweet voice very near. "This is no time to be grouchy and sad."

For all things in spring are merry and glad.

The leaves on the trees are budding. The grass in the meadow is green. The birds and beasts are rejoicing. For all the rare treasures of spring.

Spider—crept alongside a wall of the clubman's home, seized the telephone wire there and "tapped" it. Sears, after introducing himself to Starn, took out the treasure belonging to Beverly.

"This represents enormous wealth," he said. The generous-hearted Strong at once forgot his own troubles and telephoned to the Clarke home.

"Come right over with your mother," he almost shouted. "A big fortune awaits you here." But Beverly's greatest joy was not in hearing these tidings. It was in hearing the voice of the man she loved. Smilingly she turned and told her mother she and Mrs. Clarke went to the Strong home.

"These securities are the equivalent of a great fortune," Sears announced to them. "They can be converted into cash at once."

"Also, they are what The Secret Seven has been seeking," explained William. "If one of them knew that the fortune was here we would be besieged. Why, Mrs. Clarke—Here he was interrupted by a shrill cry out in the street. It was a newsboy announcing an extra edition: Wee See scurried out to get one.

The shrewd little Americanized Chinaman's eyes bulged with a great surprise when he reappeared. Strong Arnold was ordered to check up his way bills. One he tried to destroy, but too late. Evidence of his crookedness accumulated. Webb questioned the Indians, who were, one and all, smeared with tomatoes, got a chance to look into Arnold's bungalow. Tomatoes, everywhere, told the story.

"This," declared Frost icily, to William, "calls for nothing but a constable. Arrest this man Arnold, and get the night man here quick to take the day trick."

The sleepy old constable of Garden City, after much delay, was moved to slow action. He took Arnold into custody. But it was one thing to arrest Arnold and another to hold him. As the fast freight was pulling out, the guilty agent tripping the constable—who was really only a joke—flipped the outgoing train and, secreting himself between box cars, rode safely until the train pulled into Deer's Head, a small town in Panamint valley.

At Deer's Head, Helen Holmes, the dainty daughter of the local agent—and known owing to her popularity on the division as The Daughter of the Road—acted, with her pet dog, as assistant to her father, David Holmes. Helen's world was all comprised in the little desert town and station where she spent her time busied with railroad duties.

This morning it happened that the hamlet of Deer's Head was already excited when Arnold arrived. A gang of confidence men selling cheap waxes to the natives had just been driven from town and had camped on the outskirts on the river bottom between the railroad track and the river itself. Arnold, when the train stopped meantime gone out to the train. Her left it to hunt up something to eat. A

THE RAILROAD RAIDERS

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Copyright, 1917.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Adopted from the Western Picture Version Produced by Signal Film Corporation and Featuring Helen Holmes.



ARREST THIS MAN ARNOLD!

Trouble on the Western division was indicated the moment Frost, the general superintendent, reached his office in Mountain Springs that morning. If he did not press all his desk buzzers at once, he sank one after another in very curt succession, giving his orders rapidly while Wilson, his secretary, and his subordinates hurried in and out. The moment he could get routine matters out of the way he summoned the chief special officer of the division, Morton Webb. With his assistant, Wallace Burke, Webb in his own office was already getting his desk cleared for action. The repeated looting of cars on the division and the repeated thefts of way freight had forced the claim department to work overtime, and Webb was called this morning to Frost's office only to find Davidson, the general manager, reporting by wire the loss—through the negligence of Arnold, local agent at Garden City—of two steers from a shipment of the Garden City Cattle company.

"The fourth complaint from Garden City," commented Webb grimly, "inside a month!" And Webb, talking fast and earnestly to his superior, made no secret of his suspicion that Steve Arnold, the Garden City agent, was responsible for all the trouble at that point. Frost, casting the evidence up, decided it was high time to investigate Arnold and fix, once for all, the responsibility.

At Garden City, Arnold himself was at that moment entertaining queer guests. Outside his own home, near station, stood a group of Panamint Indians. They came periodically from the Funeral mountains to trade jerked beef and baskets for white man's food. Just why the Panamints should be crazy about canned tomatoes no ethnologist has yet discovered, but Arnold knew their weakness well and traded profitably on it. On this occasion, his supply of tomatoes had run short, but loosening, without scruple, the brake of a merchandise car standing partly unloosed on the house track, Arnold worked the car, with a pinbar, down close to his bungalow. To carry over half a dozen cases of canned goods, billed to local merchants, was the work of a moment; and Arnold was soon driving a good trade with the Indians.

The merest accident interrupted him. The fast freight train now due was whistling in the east. Arnold had unfortunately pinched his merchandise car too close to the main line switch. The engineer of the freight saw the danger too late and the train came on the heavy Mogul tore a big hole in the side of the merchandise car. Most unluckily, Frost's private car was attached to the hind end of the freight train; with Webb and Wilson he hurried forward. Arnold, the brazen agent, was abusing the engineer when Frost, coming up, asked why the wrecked car had been left to foul the main line.

"The brakes wouldn't hold it," declared Arnold, and the west wind blew her way down the track. Frost and Webb exchanged glances. Arnold was ordered to check up his way bills. One he tried to destroy, but too late. Evidence of his crookedness accumulated. Webb questioned the Indians, who were, one and all, smeared with tomatoes, got a chance to look into Arnold's bungalow. Tomatoes, everywhere, told the story.

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convenient lunch room afforded a few sandwiches and the fugitive sat down on the station platform to enjoy them. The day was warm, the windows were open, and as Helen and her father worked within the office, a puff of wind lifting a paper from the operator's desk, carried it outside and dropped it near Arnold, who was finishing his lunch. Picking up the paper, he wrapped it in his last sandwich and put this in his pocket for supper. A livelier gust blew other papers from the office desks before Helen and the freight crew who were talking with her could reach them. To pick these up, they ran out on the platform. Arnold already had a number of reports and telegrams in his hands. These he turned over to Holmes and strolled on up the yard; but not before the freight conductor had seen him.

Pointing the conductor turned to his brakeman—"Why did you let that crooked agent ride up from Garden City?"

"I did not know he was on the train," was the answer.

"See that he gets no farther." The train pulled out, but without losing Arnold. Again he made himself safe; this time, however, in vain. The crew discovered him and a sharp fight ended in Arnold's being knocked off a box car. He struck the right of way, as luck would have it, just where the disgruntled confidence men were then finishing their own repast.

"Which gang gathered curiously about the stunned man and their leader, Buck Masters, relieved Arnold speedily of his coat, vest, watch and purse and the gang dragged him over to their camp. Arnold, recovering, thanked his chance companions and asked incidentally for his coat. He soon discovered the theft of his time-piece and purse and made no bones about demanding them. Masters laughed at him. Arnold, in no wise disconcerted, sprang on the cheeky thief. The encounter was spirited but short. In record time the ex-railroad man, pulling from his pocket a handful of pepper, cleaned out not only the leader but his companions, disarmed them, called for milk to relieve the eye strain he had put upon them and the next instant actually found himself among friends. He was, in effect, already the leader of the gang.

He presently scrutinized Masters closely: "You're the living image of the agent at Deer's Head," he declared—"mistake is a little longer. We'll hang around for a day or two. Something might turn up."

One important thing did turn up. Arnold tossed his extra sandwich toward the fire. Masters took the paper from it, to light a cigarette, and read it to his companions.

"Agent Deer's Head: Express shipment seventeen thousand for Deer's City National bank on Number Seven. H. F."

Sensation followed. Everyone saw the possibilities. Plans were hastily concocted to rob the train that night and Arnold determined to turn Master's resemblance to David Holmes, the agent to advantage. While Helen in the office, all unsuspecting, was busy selling tickets, Arnold followed by Masters climbed through a window into the dark baggage room adjoining. There they began to knock over boxes, one after another. Helen had father ran into the baggage room to investigate the noises. Overpowering Holmes, Arnold taking his coat and cap, rigged Masters in them and sent him into the office to represent Holmes. At the train, Helen had signed for the money package. Entering the office she tossed it across the counter to her father—as she supposed—who took it. But, as the crew went out, Masters, her supposed father, dodged back into the baggage room. Here the gang now released poor Holmes, and money in hand, decamped through the window. Holmes staggered into the station. He told Helen of the robbery.

Number Seven had gone, but Helen instantly advised the dispatcher's office. Webb and Frost were summoned from Garden City. They reached the holdup scene in record time, but after their morning experience with one crooked agent they were in no humor to listen to explanations from Helen and her still dazed father. Under Frost's relentless orders, Webb took Holmes into custody. "Your evidence alone," declared Frost harshly to Helen, "is enough to convict him."

The tragedy long clouded Helen Holmes' life. But clearest of all, was her ordeal of giving the evidence that sentenced her own father to imprisonment in the penitentiary. The sentence she did not hear; she had fainted.

(End of First Episode.)

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story).

An Easter Surprise. By Laura Richardson, Aged 9 Years, 149 North Forty-first Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I like to write stories, and intend to be an authoress when I grow up. Here is a little Easter story called "Gerald and Geraldine's Easter."

Gerald and Geraldine were twins and lived in New York. There the busy streets were crowded from morning till night, and these children couldn't play marbles in the road as you country Busy Bees can. Neither could they ride bicycles nor skate, because their mother was afraid they would be run over by an automobile. They had no yard, as they lived in an apartment, so they could not run around in the house very much.

As Easter drew near Mrs. Welch wondered what she could have for a surprise for the children. They couldn't have an egg hunt as they did when they lived in the country. Suddenly she thought of an idea.

On Easter morning when Gerald and Geraldine awoke and ran to get their clothes, there weren't any clothes to be found. They went into their mother's room to tell her and she smiled and drew out from under her bed two rabbit costumes.

The children put them on and thought that the best Easter surprise ever.

(Honorable Mention).

Obedience. By Vera Lundberg, Aged 13 Years, Randolph, Neb. Blue Side.

"Alice," called mother from the kitchen window, "take this basket to

the orchard and bring me some apples to make some pies."

Alice was sitting in her swing on the large shady veranda, but she did not go.

"Alice," have you brought the apples," asked her mother, when enough time had passed for her to have done the errand.

"No, mamma, I am going in a minute."

Mrs. Clark came to the doorway, and seeing some chickens in the yard called "Collie, Collie!" The dog answered her call and drove the chickens out of the yard.

Mrs. Clark returned to her work and Alice took the basket and with Collie by her side, went for the apples. To the dog she said: "I have learned a lesson from you today and after this I am going to obey, too, as soon as I am called."

I hope some of you will write to me. I will be glad to answer every letter I receive.

(Honorable Mention.) Grandmother's Ghost. By Frances Conlin, Aged 12 Years, 1918 Cass Street, Omaha.

In the evening when the work was done we all sat by the fireplace.

"Tell us a story," said Mary. "Oh, do," said John.

"Very well," said grandmother. "I will tell you the story about my ghost all be quiet."

One day many years ago when we hadn't any place to bake our bread, we had to let it rise and put it in a pan and carry it to the baker's. When I passed a graveyard I felt frightened anyway, but when I looked up in the window of the church and saw

THE GREAT SECRET

Novelized From the Metro Wonderplay Serial of the Same Name, in Which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are Co-Stars

BY J. M. LOUGHBOROUGH Author of the Novelization of Clyde Fitch's play, "Her Sister," "His Backdoor Romance," and other short stories.

What Has Gone Before. William Montgomery Strong, a wealthy young clubman, meets Beverly Clarke when he encounters a band of kidnapers who have seized the girl. Strong rescues her. He learns that her uncle, Thomas Clarke, has sent for her. The uncle, who is dying, is a member of the Secret Seven, a band of wealthy and brainy New York criminals, ruled by a mysterious individual known as The Great Master. He has pledged himself to leave his millions to the Secret Seven, but death had repented comes to him and he decides to leave it to Beverly. He gives her a basket filled with treasures, and straightway headlines of The Secret Seven appear. The girl is the innocent cause of Strong's engagement to Eunice Morton, a society girl, being broken off, and afterward she is seized by thugs from The Secret Seven and carried to their rendezvous. Strong traces her there, is terribly beaten in a terrific fight, and the police carry him to his home unconscious while the kidnapers spirit Beverly away to a Chinese den, where they try to compel her to reveal the hiding place of the treasure, which is in the possession of Chief of Detectives Ackerton, although the girl does not know this. Strong, disguised as a Chinaman, gains entrance to the den, and is the means of saving Beverly.

CHAPTER IX. Cupid's Puzzle. Strong, safe in his home, with the faithful Wee See at his elbow, had much to be thankful for, but his silent thanksgiving was centered on one big event. He had restored Beverly Clarke to her mother, just as he had promised to do. As he thought of this he sighed and smiled. Beverly meant much to him. The great, grinding god of strife and turmoil had brought them together, and then that gentle but pitiless little god, Cupid, had singled them out. Cupid had triumphed. Strong was in love with Beverly; she adored him.

Perhaps it is because trouble generally accompanies pleasures that Strong sighed as he smiled over the great happiness in his life. Certain it was that grim trouble awaited him—that trouble and tragedy were even then standing on the threshold of Beverly Clarke's life.

The enormous wealth left by her uncle was responsible for it all. Chief of Detectives Ackerton had that wealth locked in a safe in his office. He was planning on that day to turn it over to Beverly. A few minutes before Ackerton entered his office, a tall, slender figure, masked and carrying a pistol, crept into the place and went straight to the safe which was in the great detective's laboratory.

All was dark. The figure fumbled at the safe-lock with nervous determination. Just then Ackerton appeared. With drawn pistol he strode into the laboratory. There were two flashes, and a man fell dead. It was

Ackerton. The masked figure fled without having opened the safe. Soon afterward Ackerton's assistant walked into the place and almost stumbled over the body of his chief. Horrified, he rushed to a telephone and called up Detective Rodman Sears, known as "the Sherlock Holmes of New York."

Sears, after a thorough examination of the laboratory, during which he gathered many finger-marks on the safe, announced that one of the slayer's fingers was missing.

"What does that mean?" asked Ackerton's assistant.

"It means that we must search for a man with three fingers," was the laconic reply. "Perhaps we will get him; perhaps we won't. What was in the safe that prompted this attempted robbery?" The assistant told of Beverly Clarke's treasure and of the tortures through which she had gone.

"Now," said Sears, "our search narrows down to a three-fingered member of this band. But we must get more evidence. I am going to Strong's home with these securities and see what else he knows of the case. By the way, this young fellow Strong—what does he do for a living besides being a wealthy clubman?"

"Why, until he got into this Clarke case he looked after a big factory which he owns—that is—you know, Rich young man. Factory ran itself; he spent the money. Didn't have to pay much attention to it."

"Humph!" muttered Sears. "Wouldn't do him any harm if he had to perform some real work. Well, I am going to call on him. See you later."

Right at the time Sears was learning of Strong's business interests The Secret Seven was plotting to shatter that business, as another method of ruining Strong, whose life had been so marvelously saved twice after Dr. Zuphal had ordered him killed. Jim Pearsall, member of The Secret Seven, who "worked" in Wall street, was the chief schemer this time. The first thing Pearsall did was to hammer at Strong's securities until they began tumbling in the stock market. Next he bred discontent among the laborers in the factory, who sent a delegation to see Strong and demand higher wages. The delegation reached him just after he had received news of the slump in his securities.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I believe in a square deal. But you can see for yourself that I have been 'hit' in the stock market. It would be an utter



THE DETECTIVE DISCOVERS THE TELL TALE FINGER MARKS.

impossibility to give you an increase at present."

"All right, Mr. Strong," was the defiant reply. "We like you, but liking doesn't get us money. We go on strike at once. We'll wreck your fac-

tory."

Strong, roused to instant action by this threat, was preparing to hurry over to the establishment when Sears entered. And as he appeared an evil spirit of The Secret Seven—the

(End of Chapter IX.)