

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS
From the Great
Play by
PAUL ARMSTRONG

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[CONTINUED.]
CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER a few moments Valentine shook his head angrily and drew back a step from the safe.

"Red, got a handkerchief?" he sniped.

"Yes."
"Well, get moving. Come on—blind fold me so that I can't see, so that every nerve will be centered on hearing the tumblers click—you know—the old gag."

"Sure thing."
Red scrambled to his feet and hastily tied a handkerchief tightly around Valentine's head, completely covering his eyes. Valentine stepped back to the vault, and Red crouched again at his feet.

Definitely, intently, the ex-convict manipulated the intricate mechanism of the vault.

"Hurry, Jimmy, that kid," urged Red, to whom the suspense was becoming unbearable.

"D—n you, be quiet! If you say another word I'll knock your head off—my hands are like leather."

He again sandpapered his fingers. "You're bleeding!" exclaimed Red.

"What of it?" returning to his task.

"Don't talk, I tell you. I heard it click—I missed it again!" turning the combination slowly—"but I felt it that time—I felt the dog lift"—Valentine was intensely excited. "Red, there it is! Hurry with a match!"

Red, well acquainted with the duties required of him, by reason of the thorough education he had received from Valentine in the past, had been waiting expectantly with a match ready for the striking. At the word he illuminated the combination's dial with a tiny flame.

"What is it?" cried Valentine.

The other stretched himself upward and peered at the numbers on the metal saucer.

"It points to twenty-one!" he exclaimed.

Valentine again drew away from the vault.

"Sandpaper!" he cried. Red handed him another sheet. He rubbed his fingers softly across it. His raw, bleeding flesh could not stand more than the slightest contact with the rasping surface. "I'll feel every jar clean to my eyeballs now," he added. He turned the dial back and then forward and then four complete reverse revolutions.

"That's the way to get them Red—two more forward revolutions—bare, bleeding nerves—a half turn back—raw, throbbing nerves—a tooth ache in every funder end—eh, Red—there—match!"

After a moment:

"Fifty-two!"

"How many bolts did this door have?" asked Valentine. "Did you notice?" He went on turning the dial.

"Twelve."

"Thought so," jubilantly. "Can you hear her say more, Red?"

Red's ear was pressed against the crack of the vault door.

"No. And God knows I don't want to. Honest, Jimmy, I don't believe I—"

"Oh, yes, you do. So long as she calls we know she's alive"—turning the dial slowly back—"here we are again. If this is eleven I know this old rotation—match!"

"Eleven!" shrieked Red joyously after a moment of racking suspense.

"I've got it! I've got it!" cried Valentine. "If this is it, Red—reversing the dial again—she's ours in another minute. Match!"

Red struck another match.

"Ten!" he cried.

A half turn of the dial—forward. Valentine's sharp ear detected the sound as though another bolt had drawn back. "Here we are again! Match!"

"Forty-two," exclaimed Red.

"That's it—forty-two—that's what it should be. Do you hear Kitty now?"

"No. Good God, Jimmy, suppose, after all, she's dead?"

Two more turns of the dial.

"Keep your nerve, old pal—there—match!"

To George Doyle, standing in the doorway, the scene was one of gripping interest. The consummate, almost uncanny, skill of Jimmy Valentine was something to cause in the detective, experienced even as he was with resourceful and intelligent cracksmen, a thrill of genuine admiration. No wonder Valentine had proved the despair of the safe makers, the banking officials and the sleuths of half a dozen states. And a lieutenant governor had pardoned him!

As Doyle surveyed intently the operations of Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine in their superhuman effort to rescue their beloved little playmate, Kitty Lane, from the stifling clutches of the steel vault he became aware of

a sudden though very slight change in the darkened room, the windows of which, opening into a shaft, gave almost no aid at all to inquisitive eyes. He glanced across the room to the point from which the light seemed to



A GIRLISH FIGURE APPEARED.

come and saw that the door leading from the assistant cashier's office had been partly opened. Next, to his utter amazement, he saw a plumed hat thrust forward into the opening, and then a girlish figure appeared. The figure halted and turned its face toward the vault where Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine were at work.

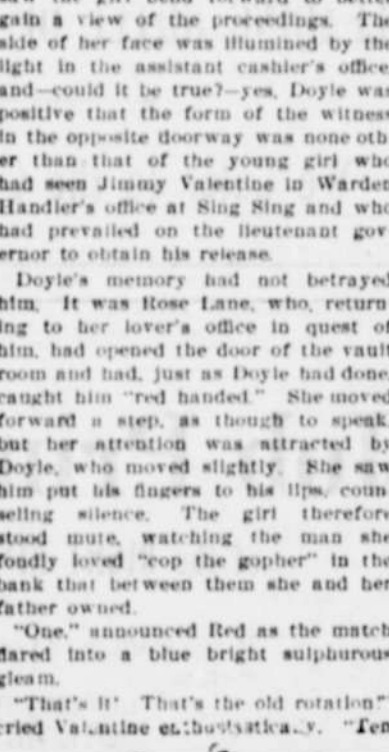
In practically the same position as himself, though at the opposite side of the room, Doyle recognized that the girl could watch the operations of the two expert cracksmen without detection unless either of them should neglect his work and glance in her direction, and, as he thoroughly appreciated, both Valentine and Flanagan were too intent on their mission of rescue to turn for an instant from their task.

As Red struck the match at the latest command of Valentine Doyle saw the girl bend forward to better gain a view of the proceedings. The side of her face was illumined by the light in the assistant cashier's office, and—could it be true?—yes, Doyle was positive that the form of the witness in the opposite doorway was none other than that of the young girl who had seen Jimmy Valentine in Warden Handler's office at Sing Sing and who had prevailed on the lieutenant governor to obtain his release.

Doyle's memory had not betrayed him. It was Rose Lane, who, returning to her lover's office in quest of him, had opened the door of the vault room and had, just as Doyle had done, caught him "red handed." She moved forward a step, as though to speak, but her attention was attracted by Doyle, who moved slightly. She saw him put his fingers to his lips, counseling silence. The girl therefore stood mute, watching the man she fondly loved "cop the gopher" in the bank that between them she and her father owned.

"One," announced Red as the match flared into a blue bright sulphurous gleam.

"That's it! That's the old rotation!" cried Valentine exultantly. "Ten



"SHE'S DEAD," HE CHOKED.

of the first—turning the combination—then one—two—and three—turning the dial on the reverse—then back. Match!"

"Twenty-one!" was Red's frenzied response.

Valentine tossed his head back triumphantly.

"Twenty-one, that's it!" he almost shrieked. "That's it. I've done the trick!"

Valentine tore the bandage from his eyes and, groping forward, gripped the handles of the vault doors in his hands. He threw his weight back and tugged mightily. At first the

eight inch steel barrier refused to move. Red, who had lunged to one side out of the way of his superior, gazed apprehensively at Valentine, fearing that after all there had been some mistake.

Then, of a sudden, the crack in the black, sheer, forbidding face of the great safe widened, and Valentine's body, tensely set, fell back as the ponderous door swung open.

And as it did so a wee, white clad body, crouching against the heavy door, rolled out on to the vault room floor and lay limp and apparently lifeless before Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine.

"Get that kid," cried Valentine to Red. "She's out, but I think she'll live. She needs air and a doctor, quick!" With these words the ex-convict, almost overcome by the excitement and the nervous strain under which he had been laboring, leaned exhaustedly against the cold steel walls of the vault.

Red lurched forward, seized the motionless form of Kitty in his arms and clutched it to his breast.

"She's dead," he choked, looking down into her white, drawn face, her closed eyes and the lips from which the blood had fled.

"No; she'll be all right in five minutes," instructed Valentine with as much force as he could muster. "Take her to the doctor on the corner."

Red straightened and with his helpless burden dashed through the door of the assistant cashier's room—only to come face to face with Rose Lane, who, in an agonized impulse, had drawn back into the office, hardly knowing what to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW BOOKS NOW AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Nice Lot of New Books Now Available for Library Patrons

The following books have been donated to the Redmond Public Library:

The Awakening of Helen Rich-

Castle Inn.

Servants of the King.

Jan Vedder's Wife.

Mrs. W. B. Cameron donated:

A Study of Child Nature.

Mottos and Commentaries of

Froebel's Moths Play.

The Beast.

Mrs. E. M. Eby donated:

Westward Ho.

Mrs. J. F. Jackson presented:

Poe's Poems.

He That Eateth Bread With Me

The Market Place, and a subscrip-

tion to the Ladies Home

Journal and the Saturday Eve-

ning Post.

W. W. Gant donated The Lion

and the Beast.

Mrs. G. A. M. Lilly donated

Uncle Terry.

Another traveling library has

been received and the following

books will be on the shelves for

six months:

South Seas, Abbott,

Halfback, Barbour,

Giant of Three Wars, Barnes,

Outdoor Handy Book, Beard,

Princess of Thule, Black,

Open Sesame, Bellamy,

Northwestern Fights and

Fighters, Brady,

Romance of American Expan-

sion, Bruce,

Alice in Wonderland, Carroll,

Maids of Paradise, Chambers,

Will Shakespeare's Little Lad,

Clark,

Life on the Mississippi, Clem-

ens,

True Tilda, Couch,

How to Keep Well, Crandall,

Famous Legends, Crommelin,

Robinson Crusoe, Defoe,

In the Old Herrick House, De-

land,

Camp Fidelity Girls, Donnell,

Stories of American Life and

Adventure, Eggleston,

Laura in the Mountains, Lo-

throp,

Wolf Patrol, Finnemore,

Puss in the Corner, Foster,

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roe,

The Right of Way, Parker,

The Great Plains, Parrish,

Our Little Korean Cousin, Pike

Mr. Opp, Rice,

Hildegard's Harvest, Rich-

ards,

Forty-one Years in India, Rob-

erts,

The Millionaire Baby, Green,

Good Hunting, Roosevelt,

Quentin Durward, Scott,

Talking Leaves, Stoddard,

Conquest of Canaan, Tarking-

ton,

Alice of Old Vincennes, Thomp-

son,

The Fair God, Wallace,

Tales of An Engineer, Warman

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,

Watson,

A Woman for Mayor, Winslow

Clover, Woolsey.

Additional Local.

Lantie James of Laidlaw, was a Redmond visitor Tuesday.

J. E. Lamb went to Prineville on a business trip Tuesday.

J. R. Couch of Laidlaw, was over here Tuesday in his auto.

L. E. Smith returned Monday night with his family from Arlington, Wash.

The meeting of the Presbyterian Ladies Building committee which was to meet with Mrs. Kendall Thursday, May 1st, has been postponed until Friday, May 2d.

The quarterly conference of the Methodist Church for this district will be held in Redmond on June 19th. Presiding Elder Walter Skipper, D. D. will be here to conduct the meetings.

John Almeter of Portland, who recently bought 360 acres of land north of Redmond, is hiring men and making improvements on the land so as to get a good lot of it in crop this season.

The finest homes in Redmond will be located in beautiful MEL-ROSE PARK with its large lots and wide streets and avenues, on the highest elevation within the city limits, with irrigation water on every lot.

Long Defeated by Forhan

In the boxing contest Monday night at Anker's hall between Louie Long of Spokane, and Tom Forhan of Joplin, Mo., Long took the count in the fifth round. A short time ago these two boxers fought a 10-round draw.

Well Known Man Passes Away

John Reams, general manager of the Cornett Stage & Auto Co., died at Prineville on Wednesday, May 24th, from paralysis. He leaves a wife and six children. Mr. Reams was well known in Redmond and vicinity.

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THE FARHAN-LONG FIGHT

CONTRIBUTED BY A FAN

Thomas Farhan of Joplin, Mo., With Louis Long in a 10-round go. On the 29th, on Monday night Are said to have had a desperate fight

While Tom, a second Lanky Bob, Is a milkmaid by occupation and job, But Louis, a pugilist strong and bold, Tried to knock the milkmaid cold.

It's only been a short time back Since Long and the milkmaid took a crack,

But the milkmaid proved to be too stout

For Mr. Long to put him out.

But now they have tried again to see

Which one the victor will be,

With Molly says Herara's day

With Mr. Long has passed away.

'Twas 9 p. m. when the judge called "time",

And the fighters and seconds fell in line,

And Louis Long, with his sunny grin

Said to his friends "I'm sure to win"

For the Cyclone Kid can't never stay

And in the seventh round I'll put him away.

It wasn't seven, but half of eight

That Louis met with awful fate.

Ripity split, and splity whiz,

Louis received one right in the phiz.

He fouled Tom, and fouled him again

Just for fun,

And James Dougherty says "Tom,

the fight you have won."

Mrs. J. F. Hosch and her sister, Miss Inez Monkers, expect to leave this week for Portland to attend the Rose Festival and to visit their parents.

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I wish to notify the public of Redmond and vicinity that I am the agent for the celebrated De Laval Cream Separator and supplies, and intending purchasers should consult me before placing their orders.

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