

### A UNIQUE CLOCK

By ALLAN G. LAMOND

It was past midnight when Guzzoli and Tarrantola, two men who, having worked their natural Italian field quite long enough, had come to America for a new one, pried up a window sash on the front floor of a handsome stone residence with a jimmy and entered the drawing room. There was nothing in this apartment that they could conveniently carry away except a small clock that stood on the piano.

"Let it alone," interposed Tarrantola. "You can never turn it into money with safety. It's just the thing to identify any one who takes it. Let's go in and see if we can find any silver that can be melted down, or if we dare go up stairs we may find jewels."

"If I can't do any better," replied the other, "I can get the jewels out of this one. I'm going to take it."

"Well, wait till we've been through the house. It may strike the hour while you're near some of the family and awaken them."

So the men went into the dining room, where they found that all the silver belonging to the family in use had been left in the sideboard. Guzzoli hid round the mouth of a log while Tarrantola stuffed the articles in; then, leaving the plunder on the dining room table, they took off their shoes and went upstairs, separating on the landing to explore different rooms.

Both men were successful. Tarrantola entered a bedroom where a young girl was sleeping soundly and succeeded in gathering a number of rings, bracelets and brooches from a dresser without awakening her. He was so encouraged by his haul that he concluded to go farther.

Guzzoli found some valuable bric-a-brac for which he had a fancy, and, being satisfied to let well enough alone, he slipped downstairs and made for the drawing room to secure the clock he coveted. Taking it from the mantel, he stuffed it in the side pocket of his coat and went into the dining room, where the silver had been left. He was looking about to see if some articles had not been overlooked and had just picked up a butter dish when he heard a voice, which seemed to be right under his elbow:

"Drop that!"

The plate rattled on the floor, and Guzzoli's heart was beating like a triphammer. Tarrantola upstairs heard the sound of the falling metal and beat a hasty retreat. Entering the dining room, he accosted his pal in a hoarse whisper:

"What do you mean by your carelessness?"

"There's some one here," gasped Guzzoli, clutching at his pal's hand in terror.

"You're scared out of your wits," said the other. "Come; we've finished the job. Let's get out."

Tarrantola, leaving Guzzoli, went to the table and took up his bag of silver and threw it over his shoulder. He was starting to pass through the drawing room when again came the voice:

"Drop that!"

He managed to retain sufficient control of himself not to let the heavy weight down on the floor with a thump, but he lowered it at once and, grasping a revolver, stood ready for defense. Since the men had worked only by a hand electric flash lamp the room was dark except for what light could get in through the drawing room windows from the street.

Both men remained perfectly still for a moment, expecting to be shot down by some one under cover of the darkness. Having remained so for some time, since nothing happened, Tarrantola, though he knew he had not been mistaken in hearing the words, was about to take up the sack when he heard a voice say, "Have you got everything?"

Meanwhile, the head of the house had been awakened by the fall of the silver plate and, getting out of bed, had gone to the banister and stood listening. He heard persons whispering and moving below and, darting to the telephone booth, carefully scanned the door and called the police. Then he went back to continue his listening, arriving at his post immediately after the question asked by the voice. He heard some one say:

"Shut up!"

"It isn't me talking. There's some one beside me all the time."

Then there was a cry of "Police!" The men dropped everything and made for the window through which they had come. They got safely out and started down the street, but ran right into the arms of the police who were coming in response to the telephone call. They were taken back to the house, and all the articles they had stolen were found on them except the silverware.

When the little clock was taken out of Guzzoli's pocket, a voice, which unmistakably came from it, cried a second time:

"Police! Robbers! Come quick!"

The secret was out for all. Inside the case, instead of the works of an ordinary clock, was a photograph which only needed to be moved that the machinery be set going. Then at intervals a voice which had been talked into it by its owner would repeat what he had said.

was a North Carovese mewa, and he looked like a fleshy beast. I was a wonder 'why the man was kinder' the mewa instead of ridin' him when he stopped and said:

"You on my way to the Tennessee river to jump in and perish, and I'll see you in this mewa! powerful cheap if you want him."

"What do you want to perish for?" I asked.

"Because I'm alone in the world and too good for it. I can't stand the wickedness around me, and I would go hence and have a harp and golden wings. This mewa is the last thing I've got to get rid of, and if you fancy him he's yours for \$20."

"I was in want of a mewa just then," said Zeb, "and after lookin' him over I put down the money."

"It didn't take me long to discover that that mewa was ornery. All mewas are piven mean, but this one was a champion. If I tried to put a saddle on him he'd lay down in his tracks, and if I touched him to a cart nothin' on earth could make him pull a pound. He'd bite and kick, and he went around lookin' for a fuss. In a week I found he was no airily good. I clubbed him till I was tired, but I couldn't pound no sense into him. One day I got so mad that I was gwine to shoot him, but the old woman mixed in and said:

"I was just a thinkin', Zeb. Do you remember that cantankerous bar that was around yere last fall?"

"Of course."

"He'll likely come back ag'in this fall. Better leave him to the mewa if he comes."

"I give up tryin' to do anything with the mewa, but he growed meaner and meaner all the time, and he was'n't ag'in unless he was kickin' his heels agin the catin doosh."

"It got so the old woman didn't step out, and I had to carry a club to keep him off. I'd had him six weeks and had wanted to shoot him every day, when one night that bar showed up. He come down off the mountain feelin' 'm cantankerous' than ever, and that ornery mewa was wallin' for somethin' to come along and begin a row. They got at it in no time.

"Me and the old woman got up and looked out, and the two critters was thoroughly enjoyin' themselves. They was kickin', bitin', clawin', growlin' and squawkin', and it was better than a circus to watch 'em."

"It was the same thing over the next night and every night for a week or 'nuf. A bar ought to lick a mewa easy 'nuf, specially when he's a cantankerous bar, but in this case he'd got hold of a mewa so mean and obstinate that he wouldn't be turned tail for all the bars in Tennessee. He was as spry as a cat, and the way he bit and kicked warmed up my heart. He got a good many scratches in them on flets, but he wouldn't run away or give in. One night, after we had seen him roll that bar over a dozen times without hurtin' him, the old woman said to me:

"Zeb, it ain't exactly a fair fount. The mewa ain't got no shoes on, and his kicks don't hurt. Better gin him a decent shoe."

"I struck me that way, and the next day I takes the critter up to the black smith-shop at the Cove and has sharp shoes put on his fets. He seemed to know what they were for, and he didn't like 'em. He was ugly all the way home, and when night come he stood in the yard with his head down and 'peared to be thinkin'."

"The bar come down about 8 o'clock, Mebbe he was madder than usual, for he pitched right in at once. Me and the old woman both noticed that he didn't use his heels, 'tall, but jist bit and pawed, and we wondered at it. However, after fightin' about half an hour the bar cornered him, and he had to turn and feed, and he killed that varmint as dead as a doan nail with one kick. The sharp corks of one of the shoes pierced the bar's skull, and over he went and never got up ag'in."

"I was mighty tickled over it and went out to praise the mewa. He was standin' 'cis to the bar, and he never moved a foot for five minutes, jist stood and looked at me through the darkness in a sort of awestruck way and then fetched a gasp and fell down dead."

"He's bin wounded in his vitals," said the old woman as she come out with a lantern.

"But he hadn't. He had some scratches and a bite or two, but nothin' to worry about. No, sah. What ailed that mewa was madness and contrariness."

"He'd set out to lick that bar with out any hind shoes on and reckon 'in to fight fair and hev sunthin' to brag about, and he was mad and contrary 'bout my mewa. In When he found he'd killed the bar he scolded up till his heart bustled, and he fell over dead, and I jist believe he was glad to go. That was nothin' mo' left on airth for him to fight, and why should he carry 'nufner? As to the bar, I reckon it was the same with him. Leastwise he lay thar, with a smile on his face, jist like a mewa who has tried his best in a fount and got whooped. As for the fellow who sold me the mewa, I never did see him ag'in, and I s'pose he went 'a heaven accordin' to his program."

"I'm glad you had the mewa, but I wish never to see you ag'in."

"I did not hear that," said his friend. "I heard that she was to marry Don Martin Furtado."

"That's another affair that my fiancée had some time ago. She was engaged to Don Martin for a while, but kept this matter to yourself."

As his wedding day drew near Jose scraped together all the money he could and borrowed an amount to be paid by the public and the author and not be first aware of making money out of a first review, had issued the story shortly after that he wished it to suggest

"I am in need of \$20."

"You have a well filled pocketbook, I know. I saw you take it out in a shop on Oxford street when you made a purchase. I followed you here. And I know that you are an American both by your accent and the hotel to which you ordered goods sent, which is frequented by your countrymen. And you are a married man, because you bought goods for women and for children. The case between us is perfectly plain. I give a shriek and cry wildly for a policeman. I am found to be a policeman, and you are found to be a married man. I tell him that I was sitting here. You come and sat down beside me and insulted me. He takes you to a police station. If you are not able to find bail at once you are locked up for the night. In any event you will be examined before a magistrate in the morning. No one will know whether my charge is true or false, but there are plenty who will believe it true. I shall statement, and you will undoubtedly be discharged. Nevertheless your arrest will be called to America as an item of news."

The American sat listening to this presentation of the case, not replying for a few minutes. He was making up his mind what to do. Presently he said:

"What you say is every word of it

but as Jose was equally poor there seemed to be no possibility of their marrying. One day Jose proposed a plan by which they might raise the wherewithal for their union. He suggested that Isabel engage herself to Don Martin long enough to secure the trousseau and the furniture then just before the wedding tell him she had discovered that she did not love him. It was probable that Don Martin would not permit her to return the gifts, for he was a gentleman and known to be a very liberal man.

Just how Dona Isabel received this proposition within her heart does not appear, but certain it is that she agreed to it. Don Martin had proposed to her several times, and on the next similar occasion he was surprised to be accepted. He told her that she had made him very happy, but that he did not wish to buy a wife—he desired one who would love him. If therefore at any time before their marriage she felt that she preferred another man or that she did not love him he would resign her.

The next day Jose came to see her, and she told him that she had accepted Don Martin and what her elderly lover had said to her. Jose asked what she had replied to his expression of willingness to resign her in case she discovered that she did not love him.

"She said she had answered he need not fear for her marrying him without love, that she promised, she would never do. Jose laughed at this, declaring that she was a tramp and was working the old fellow beautifully. He was about to give her a kiss, but she held him off, saying that so long as she was engaged to Don Martin she would be true to him. It would be time enough for kisses when she had broken with him and engaged herself to Jose.

Having received the means for the trousseau and the furniture, Dona Isabel proceeded to the dressmaker and milliner for the former and asked Don Martin to go with her to select the latter. But he told her to buy what she liked and if the purchase money over him she would be glad to see her make it up.

Isabel was several months buying a wedding outfit; then Don Martin one day asked her if she would name the day. But she was not to hurry, and he reminded her of her promise not to marry him without love. At this Isabel appeared very thoughtful and said nothing. Don Martin at this assumed that her conscience was pricking her and said:

"Consider yourself released from your engagement. Moreover, the gifts I have made I shall expect you to keep, for on no account would I receive them if you returned them."

"Not if I were to marry another?"

"If you marry another consider it a wedding gift from me."

When Isabel told this to Jose he was delighted and asked her if she could not stick the old fellow for something more. She promised to see about it. Jose asked her to set the day when she would marry him, and she fixed it for that day three months hence.

A month before Jose was to marry Isabel one of his friends told him that he had heard that Isabel was to be married on the day fixed for his and her wedding.

"Oh, that isn't announced yet," replied Jose. "You must not say any thing about it."

"How do you know?"

"I should think I would know since I am to be the groom."

"Yes, I."

"I did not hear that," said his friend. "I heard that she was to marry Don Martin Furtado."

"That's another affair that my fiancée had some time ago. She was engaged to Don Martin for a while, but kept this matter to yourself."

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### Evil to Him Who Evil Thinks

By RYLAND BELL

A guest at a house party at the country home of my friend Butler, head of the firm of Peter Butler & Co., publishers, I met people who were in a business way connected with literature. There were several proprietors of large book manufacturing concerns, a number of literary critics and half a dozen authors. These persons composed about a third of the invited guests and on account of their connection with literature were objects of interest to the rest of us.

The Butlers had recently published a novel called "The Code Reversed," which was having a phenomenal success. It had been issued under a non de plume, and opinion was divided as to whether the author was man or woman.

One epic review of it said it was the most immoral novel that had been issued in many years. Most of the notices took pretty much the same view of the book, but there were a few that made no mention whatever of anything naughty in it. One critic said that some persons might give it an immoral interpretation, adding, "Evil to him who evil thinks."

Naturally we spent a good deal of time discussing the merits, demerits and interpretation to be put upon this story. Some of us endeavored to induce Butler to tell us about the author. But he resolutely declined. He

would not even say whether the book had been written by a man or a woman.

The party came together early in October and remained till November, though there were many changes in the meantime. I remained as long as Butler kept the house open, having met a young lady who affected me deeply for any other woman. She was but nineteen and more of a bit than a school. I kept my tongue all ways under control when with her but I might shock her—not that she was prudish, for there was nothing of prudishness in her. Her purity was self evident.

She did not belong to the author class, several of whom were among us. I attempted to talk to her about literature, but found that her reading was very meagre. Indeed, in a party where there was a sprinkling of intellectual people I did not see that she had any place. I hinted as much to Butler, who said, "Oh, she's a nice little girl, rather unsophisticated, but you know we're not all geniuses here."

Toward the close of our stay Butler announced one morning that in a few days the author of "The Code Reversed" would be with us. Several who had announced their intention of leaving immediately declared that they would remain. Some one asked Butler if he or she was coming in tow. Butler replied that the person would be inconceivable before the party might be broken up to remove the mass that might all see him or her in propria persona.

During the next few days several persons arrived, and each corner was at once pounced upon as the author. One was a young man who wore his hair pompadour and looked otherwise like a genius. Another was a middle aged masculine looking woman with a coarse voice and unrefined manners.

Perhaps I would have taken more interest in this matter had I not been especially engaged with the young lady I have mentioned whose name was Mary Brown. One evening while chatting with her alone, drawing nearer and nearer to speaking my heart, I finally let my arm fall upon her waist and, turning my face to hers, kissed her.

I had secretly done so when it seemed to me that the act was a profanation. I was not repulsed, but there was so much modesty depicted on the part of the young lady that I blamed myself for taking what I had not the right to take. I hastened to retract the damage by an offer of my heart and hand.

Two days later, as I was about to leave, Butler announced that if we would all gather in the drawing room he would present the author of "The Code Reversed." I entered with the others, and when all had assembled our host approached me and taking Mary Brown by the hand, led her apart from the others and said:

"My friends, I have the honor to present the author of 'The Code Reversed.' I will also explain that her book is an example of two differently different persons who look upon the same thing. You all have had an opportunity to know Miss Brown and she, I am sure, united as to her purity."

"But you said she was to arrive," remarked a guest.

"Fardon me, I said that she would be with us. I did not say that she was not then with us."

Miss Brown is now my wife, but I take care that she doesn't scribble—at least not for publication.

Fortunately she was not spoiled by her remarkable success. Had she been elated over it she would have been doomed to an equal disappointment. Her story was without literary merit.

A meaning had been placed upon it by persons whose minds naturally perceive the sensual. To the author no such meaning was intended. Indeed, she was incapable of conceiving of such meaning, but Butler understood both the public and the author and not being averse to making money out of a first review, had issued the story shortly after that he wished it to suggest

### A CUTE DEVICE

By SADIE GILCOTT

At Monte Carlo there is a shop where they rent such articles as men or women need to assist them to cut a swath. These things are usually jewelry. For a consideration the proprietor will loan a diamond brooch, a pearl necklace, and when a countless crowd along who has parted with her diamonds to the pawnbroker she may rent one for the occasion. There are too many persons visiting Monte Carlo who are either sharpers or gentlemen and ladies in financial distress to warrant trusting them with valuable articles for which they have not deposited security; therefore the borrower is usually shadowed by a detective. He shadow of men is usually a man, while the shadow of women is a woman.

I, a woman belonging at that time to the detective staff of Ludwig Switzloff, loaner, was called one day into the proprietor's office and directed to watch a lady who had borrowed an expensive diamond circlet to be worn on the head. She represented herself as the Baroness von Melchoustein, a German title that had fallen into poverty. The baroness—so Herr Switzloff told me—was trying to restore the position of the family by a marriage with a rich man. She was strikingly handsome and looked every inch a noble. Lastly, she had her eye on an English cotton spinner, who was immensely wealthy, and expected to land him.

Mr. Hugh Partridge, as the man wrote his name on the books of the hotel, was to be seen every evening at the gambling tables and was often accompanied by the baroness. One evening I noticed that Mr. Partridge was losing. I had often seen him win, but never before had I seen him lose. The next evening he was at the table again and again lost. It occurred to me that he had struck a run of bad luck, and if he should turn out not to be the wealthy man he represented himself to be he might borrow the baroness' circlet, on which to raise money to tilt

him over. I therefore reported to my employer that I thought there was some risk in leaving the circlet with the baroness.

He relieved me from the duty of shadowing her and put me on another case.

My duties still led me to the gambling salon, and there I continued to see Mr. Partridge. One evening I saw him losing. It did not seem to me that he was losing heavily, but by the expression on his face one would suppose that he had lost a fortune. Finally he staked his last franc and it was absorbed by the bank. He arose from the table, and the baroness, who had meanwhile entered, strove to soothe him, for he seemed to have broken down completely. I noticed the manager looking at him anxiously. They fear suicide in such cases in Monte Carlo, and it hurts their business.

A person I was shadowing left the gambling hall at the same time as Mr. Partridge. I followed her to her hotel and, turning, retraced my steps. Suddenly in the gardens surrounding the gambling hall I heard a shot. It was so near me that I went in the direction from which the sound seemed to come and had not gone fifty yards before I saw a man lying with his face in the full glare of one of the lamps. It was Mr. Partridge. Before I reached him I heard footsteps and hastily turned aside behind some bushes. One of the men employed at the gambling hall dashed past me, and I saw him stoop over the soldier's body and stuff a roll of bills into his pocket. I knew very well what this was for—it was to remove the impression that the man had killed himself on account of gambling losses.

I stood perfectly still, waiting for the man to go away. No sooner had their footsteps died in the distance than the ushade got up, took the bills from his pocket, glanced over them in the lamplight and then, with a grunt of satisfaction, walked away. He had played a very neat game.

I knew that he would leave Monte Carlo at once and considered my employer in danger of losing her circlet. For the baroness was undoubtedly either the duped or the confederate of a common swindler. Deeming it my duty to warn him as soon as possible, I went to his house. He directed the men in his employ to search for the baroness and demand the return of his property in her possession. They started at once in different directions, one going to her hotel, others to places where she was likely to be found.

But the baroness had left on a late train that had departed about twenty minutes after the middle of the cotton spinner. The telegraph was used, but either she had traveled in disguise or left the train or used some other expedient to outwit those who might get on her track. At any rate, my employer heard nothing more of her or his circlet.

I left his service soon after that and went to Paris. One evening I was in one of the elegant hotels on Rue Rivoli when, whom should I see languishing in a splendid costume but the baroness, the admired of many admirers. I asked who she was and was informed that she was the wife of a Roman prince. Surely she never assumed to be any one of low degree. I communicated with her through another and suggested the return of the circlet or she might be exposed. The circlet was given up, and I sent it to Mr. Spitzloff. The lady thought it prudent to write Paris at once.

The American settled for his native country.

She was startled by a creak. Casting a quick glance at the American, she saw him sitting with his kodak on his lap. The kodak pointed toward her.

"Police," he cried. Bobby, who at that moment was looking elsewhere, turned and at the American's beck came toward him.

"That woman has 50 blackmail that she has levied on me. Arrest her and I will accompany you to the police station."

The woman flushed a vindictive glance at the American. In a moment it came upon her that she had been outwitted.

The next morning the case was tried. The American was put on the stand and told the story as it has been told here. During the night he had developed the plate he had taken, showing the woman picking up his bills, and handed the photograph to the magistrate. The case was clear. The woman was identified as one who had played the same game before and was sent to prison.

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### A KODAK'S CLICK

By DOROTHEA HALE

An American gentleman was waiting on the bank of the Serpentine lake, Hyde-park, London. He carried a traveler's kodak in his hand, with which he took views. Now he would aim it at a trout-bait gilding post, now at one of the elaborate bridges and now at some one of the pleasant landscape views with which the park abounds.

Presently he sat down on one of the benches that line the lake. A lady was sitting at the other end, but he did not notice her till she moved near to him and said in a low tone:

"I am in need of £20."

He turned and saw a woman, fairly well dressed and quite respectable in appearance. He was or had been a man of the world and took in the situation at once, but he did not realize its full importance. The woman would not be likely to ask for a loan from a stranger unless she had some means of enforcing her demand. This occurred to him, but the simplicity and the strength of her scheme had not developed in his mind.

"I am sorry not to be able to accommodate you, madam, but I haven't the amount with me."

"You have a well filled pocketbook, I know. I saw you take it out in a shop on Oxford street when you made a purchase. I followed you here. And I know that you are an American both by your accent and the hotel to which you ordered goods sent, which is frequented by your countrymen. And you are a married man, because you bought goods for women and for children. The case between us is perfectly plain. I give a shriek and cry wildly for a policeman. I am found to be a policeman, and you are found to be a married man. I tell him that I was sitting here. You come and sat down beside me and insulted me. He takes you to a police station. If you are not able to find bail at once you are locked up for the night. In any event you will be examined before a magistrate in the morning. No one will know whether my charge is true or false, but there are plenty who will believe it true. I shall statement, and you will undoubtedly be discharged. Nevertheless your arrest will be called to America as an item of news."

The American sat listening to this presentation of the case, not replying for a few minutes. He was making up his mind what to do. Presently he said:

"What you say is every word of it

true. I beg you to be careful what you do, for I am in dread lest you should sound an alarm unnecessarily. When we Americans are cornered we pay up like no pocketbook rather than be placed in the position you describe. But one thing I fear. I have noticed the policeman there watching us. Should he see me give you my pocketbook he might suspect the real reason for its transfer. This would cause your arrest, and I would be obliged to appear against you. I would be gratified. My pocketbook must go to you without attracting the lobby's attention. I propose this plan. I will open the pocketbook and show you that there is £20 in it. Then I will get up, go to the margin of the water, drop the pocketbook and walk away. You can go and pick it up deftly that the policeman may not take notice."

The woman's eyes flashed unsteadily. She was looking for a trick. "No," she said presently, "not that, just as you have proposed it. Your purse found on me would convict me. Drop a roll of bills, then come back to this bench. I will get up and get them and walk away."

"Any way you like that insures your safety. It is more mine than yours."

Taking five ten pound notes from his pocketbook, he held them screened from any one except the woman, then, rising, strode leisurely to the margin of the lake and, while standing there, apparently looking out on to the water, dropped them lightly rolled. After waiting a few minutes he went slowly back to the bench and sat down. Not hastening, the woman arose and dawdled idly to the spot where he had dropped the money, put her foot on it, dropped her handkerchief and picked up the money and the handkerchief at the same time.

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