## Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

Squaring Things Up



OUF

ficia

wn

The

ince

Cour

nch

5001

3erli

asio

tely

red

hian

A B

CENS

shed

HE

Ch

cle

re c

mp

er f

ecte

of

his

ns

cov

thir

fal

lob

ni

THE

C

¢ε

up

an

ing

ith

n

old

it.

Im

1184

• • ta

this

lini

oth chi 27 12 the Co

ē

ent lau (or: er. nte

5 £6

VOT:

der

Pear

dow

eth

nt

over some papers on his desk.

office.

the dark gray, regitens eyes.

with a strong, resolute face and a pair of deep brown even that gave evidence in the bank?" of frankness and mental poise.

ver spoke. He was studying the faces of the younger man with a close acrutiny.

"Mr. Bain," he said, at length, in a stand. careasing tone . "you have been in this bank about two years?" Bain nodded. "Two years the first

of last month," he said.

"Six months ago, when I bought up a majority of the shares of the stock of the company and took charge of the bank," went on Dolliver, "I was stranger in this community, but I find I have made no mistake in retaining you in your present position. I saw at once that you knew your business, and was one who could grasp a situation quickly and act promptly."

He paused, still watching Bain's face. But the cashier's impassivity was not disturbed.

"What I mean," pursued the backer. "is that I think you have the qualities bridge at Snake river. Here is a litnecessary to success-courage and self-reliance; that if you saw a chance to make a little deal that would bring tion." He handed the clipping to Sparling. These checks, as you will kind, my dear Mr. Bain, and there is quick profits, you wouldn't hesitate. Even good judgment is worthless unless supported by prompt action." He who met their death at the Snake riv- the unfortunate Mr. sparling of his paused a moment, his eyes on the er bridge disaster was Ezra Sparling. life. You will see that the signatures cashier. specifically," he went on," is a little drifted about the country, never stop- doubtful if even Mr. Sparling biaself offers a big profit with scarcely any

Hain and signaling the gods provide. Let me illustrate, wealth and it was his custom to drfor eachier to fol. We have a depositor who is very relow him, he led the centric. I refer to Mr. Ezra Sparling. way into his juri- a mysterious individual who flits about He the country like a shadow. No one seated bimacit at seems to know anything about him, his his deak, and push- past history, or the source of his river," ing on easy chair wealth, for he does must of his busiin Rain, fit a cigar news by mail. Soon after my acrival while he funibled he made his first deposit. Then came other sums till the total reached the Dolliver was a short, stout man of sum of \$20,000. Against this he has sixty. His face was round and full, sent checks to the amount of \$5,000. but expressionless, save for a glint in That leaves a balance of \$15,000. Mr. Ezra Sparling, as far as any one seems Bain was a young man of therry, to know, has no relatives. Why, then, should we not fall heir to the balance.

He leaned back in his chair and It was some moments before Dollis eyed Bain with glittering eyes.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Bain, meeting the other's gaze with a questioning glance, "I don't under-

Judson Dolliver laughed.

"That is easily explained," he said. Mr. Ezra Sparling is dead!"

'Dead!" echoed Bain. one should inherit his fortune, which amazed that any one could make such neems to have been of little use to him. How does it strike you?

"It strikes me as a very piece of roguery," replied Bain. very idiotic Judson Dolliver laughed. "I half lister smile on his fac-

suspected you would say that," he said. "But I think you'll have reasons to the best answer I can think of now is change your mind by the time I have my resignation as cashier of the Cloexplained everything. Mr. Ezra Spar- verdale Bank of Commerce. ling was lost with some fifty othera tle clipping from a newspaper that may furnish some additional informa-Bain, who read:

"Among the passenger on the train the distressing accident that deprived "What I wish to speak of a rather mysterious character who are exceedingly well done, and it is

OLITIVER model to visit if we have a mind to accept what He appears to have been a man of I am not correct posit large gims in the banks of checks from a drawer and passed them places where he happened to stop, to Milton Bain, who glanced at them Who he was or what he was the se- and then placed them in his porket, cret of his life is new probably nid. Then he glanced at the banker, but den forever under the waters of Snake maid nothing

"I see nothing in this," said Bain, that would have any bearing on the the eachier's glance. "And then you proposition for us to appropriate Mr. Sparling's funds on deposit in the bank's books, with dates to correbank

"Let me explain further." Instated the banker. "It is not likely that his nothing of the kind," said Bain, money deposited in the Cloverdale bank will ever be called for. But in at once, and that is all I have to There is no escape for you, and you case this should happen, it will be say. easy enough to produce a check cosering such amount as we desire to take over as our own."

"Do you mean by that to propose that we commit forgery" asked liain. to myself, I must beg you to remain, I "Oh, well, what's the use of andit-

ting hairs over words? Call it what you will so we get the money." "Mr. Dolliver," said the cashier,

"you really ought to have sufficient sense not to make such a proposition. 'It seems so; and being dead, some even if you thought me a rogue. 1 am a proposition."

Then you consider yourself too honest or too good to be a paris to them. the scheme?" asked the banker, a sin-

"I'm afraid I do." replied Bain. "But

"Oh, I hardly think you will rewho met death when the train on the sign," said the banker, "not at least D & G. rallroad went through the till I am through with you. I have prepared checks for \$12,000 bearing the signature-or what you must accept as the signature-of the late bara see, bear dates some weeks previous to to have neither friends nor relatives, run your eyes over these and see of are an old man, and I should be fool-

As he spoke he drew forth three mouth.

"You mind pay me the pipture those," went on Dolliver, anmoved by shall make the proper entries in the mond 'You ought to know that I shall do

-21 mnist that my resignation be accepted He rose and started from the room. "Don't be so fast. I have quite a

for to say yet, and as I dislike taiking ourners. have three other checks here bearing

gaze, a malicious light in his eyes, "Are they genuine?" he isked "Certainly," replied Bain. "Other- resumed shelr stats,

wise I should not have accepted "Now, that is just what I would have thought, but I happen to know that you signed those checks youraelf and

received the money for them?" To this Milton made no reply

'So you see, my young friend." went on the banker, "I am not wholly ignorant of what is going on here. Knowing you to be guilty of forgery yourself, I did not hesitate to unfold my plan for continuing the business on a larger scale. We are two of a no reason why we should not work in harmony

Milton Bain made an impatient ges-

"If you please, Mr. Dolliver," he said "I must ask you not to any further atmatter I have in mind-something that ping long at any place and seeming could tell them from his own. Just tempt to put me in your class. You

ture.

ish to use physical force to stop your behind the bars where you belong, you

"You are hardly in position to use any kind of roce, replied the banker. Your bluster and protestations won't save you, and if you make any threats, I'll hand you behind the bars!" He was standing very close to Milton and Lis clinched fist was thrust out, while his eyes blazed. "You have not asked me for the proof of what I assert, but Mr. Baker, the I'm going to give if. bookkeeper, a man of integrity and unhas been a witness to impeachable. your acts of forgery, and he is ready at any moment to testify to the fact. must do as 1 direct.

"You know well enough that I will "One moment," interposed the bank- do nothing of the kind!" cried Bain. "Then you must take the conse-

"Very well. Shall we call an officer and let him hear our stories?"

checks which you paid, and you at each other's throats?" I have no de-should know if they are genuine." sire to make war on you that an de-"You are a fool!" biurted out the He rose and held them before Bain's a little common sense.

A smile of contempt hovered about the cashier's lips. Both men had now

Before we pursue this subject further," said Bain, "I should like to give you a leaf from the history of a certain man who was cashier of the Droyer' Bank in the little town of Fairfield. Nevada.

As Bain uttered the words the banker started violently, then sank back in his seat, a slight pallor coming over his florid face. He moistened his lips with his tongue and tried to speak. but his voice failed him.

"This cashier went by the name of Peter Gluck," went on Bain, "and he became mixed up on some crooked work that made it expedient for him to change his place of residence, and name as well. He now goes by the name of Judson Dolliver!'

"It is an infernal lie!" gasped the banker, his face now livid with rage. checks" I will have "You insulting puppy! you kicked from the bank and placed

forger and meak!

Milton Bain merely shrugged his shoulders.

By Walt Gregg.

Yours? games in

You, mine," at

Erra Sparling-the

money deposited up

the enables.

Dolliver was state

"What sort of a m

is this?' he demanded

came to Clover dale

acy of \$25,699 fm

uncle. Just about the

you had taken your a

of the bank, I made to

you were the missing?

had wrecked the be

disappeared. It they

that it might be a ter

tor to establish pur

convict you before a

circumstances, m16

developments. 1 km

you would be up to an

sers, we laid a meter

money was deposited in

der the name of Emil

we had the paragraph of

per giving in some

death. How our par

worked, you can julp in

the meantime we have

in tracing your man

ting Nevada, and jug

by trying to bluf by

three forged checks and

ghastly. His voice shi

and he leaned on these

the fight," he said "

ner where I can't pre

Don't make any nove

can do so. Send for me

we'll talk the wholend

"I suppose I shall he

The face of Joipule

tricks. After com

"The simple tres."

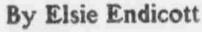
"I think you will wait at least uit am through with my story," he said There was a man in Fairfield he the name of Aaron Rigsby. He was interexted in various mines. He deposited in the Drovers' Bank, and there were times when he had as much as fifty thousand dollars in the bank. He was rather carcless in his business transactions, and when he died suddenly of heart disease, his affairs were in a bad shape. When his affairs were settled up it was found that, instead of his having \$20,000 deposited in the bank, as was supposed, there was a balance of but \$20,000, and checks ere still in the bank to show that the bank's account was correct. But the trouble was, Mr. Riggsby's bank book had disappeared. An examination of the checks was made, and three of them, aggregating \$10,000, were declared to be forgerics. Then it was that Peter Giuck, the eashier, disappeared and it was later discovered that he had not only committed forgery, but had looted the bank so that it closed its doors, a complete wreck The loss of the money, which was a severe blow to my mother, left her almost penniless. That was fifteen years ago. It is a long time to wait for justice. But I think it has arrived, Mr. Dolliver, or Gluck, or whatever you desire to call yourself, I want you to pay that ion thousand dollars io my mother.

Judson Dolliver sank back in his chair, his face pailid, his lips twitch-102

rested just yet. Innin "You cannot prove your charges! and can square creeks he said at length, breathing bard. of the money les b ! How you you a forger-a rascal-Eank and all claims an how dare you defy me? me this chance, and the "Because I have committed no forginterested wish to me

" replied Bain, calmly. "Then you deny signing these

"All right," replied his "I do not, I had a right to sign them. that and see what is her And the two left is he for the money was mine



er accoud class, was dences on all sides of an unfamiliar realize the furrows that she was plowa man with a past. and terrifying discipline. he also owned a "'Ere," he said, relenting, grievance when he kin-1 ain't got none. himself fren?." He colored hotly, "Miss Abel's a fishmonger's errand boy on 12 bob a suicide from the parapet of Westminpresented for entry into his Majesty's Navy. 11 bury, London-Miss J. Abel. This was Janie, the Grievance, was about his only possession. was to punish Janie that Nosey had 'Nosey" was not. flung in his lot with those who go Bloomsbury basements, Janic's anacdown to the aca in ships.

OSEY BAINES, riok- interested in him. There were evi- couried. Not for a moment did she realize the furrows that she was plow- After that the daily meetings at the now Janie, more diminutive and angu- self that they were not overheard "I does being game in ing in Nosey's amiable soul. Other areadoor were not to be thought of No- lar than ever, lost in the folds of a done a bunk!" he whispered. from the royal and " girls walked out on their Sundays, sey fung himself off in a rage and for flannel nightgown, was content to hold But I gotter The possession of a young man -even 'er name, 14, Golder's Square, Blooms- week-was a necessary adjunct to life itself.

To The Shadow

Janie Aepl.

Nosey looked round to reassure him- graciously please and "Not-not described?"

surrender themse

"You gotter m" min

"That's the kits?

Noney knew that seeh

an made up.

"If there's a war men

almost inaudibir, all

coming down the value

Noncy lifted the ball

he said, and rat

she added

they been great conversationalists and



of course, his strict baptismal name. That was Orson -no less. Therein lay the past. "Nosey" was the result of facial peculiarities quite beyond his kind of errand-boy who went control.

The writer in the certificate office at the naval depot where Nozey Baines was entered for service as a secondclass stoker under training had had a busy morning. Nosey's parchment. certificate-that document which accompanies a man from ship to ship was the ninetcenth he had made out table. that morning.

"Name? Noney spelt it patiently.

"Religion"

flattered-as a Hottentot might if you asked him for the address of his tailar.

"Next o' kin." Neavest relative."" "Never 'ad none," replied Nokey baughtily, "I'm a norfun."

"Alu't you got no one?" asked the weary writer. He had been doing this land. sort of thing for the last eighteen like no one to be told?"

A sudden wave of forlornness swept over Nosey. He wanted his dinner. self-pity. The world was vast and dise triumph of womanhood; she

been an errand boy-a rather superior hin rounds on a ramshackle bicycle with ence a carrier fixed in front.

Janie was a general servant in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. She was who answered the area-door when Nosey called to deliver such kippers they took root and thrived the daily and smoked baddocks as were destined for the boarding-house breakfast

It was hard to say in what respect Janie lit the flame of love within Nosey's breast. She was diminutive and flat-cheated; her akin was sallow from Noncy looked sheepish and rather life-long confinement in basement sculleries and the atmosphere of the Bloomsbury boarding house. She had little beady black eyes, and a print dress that didn't fit her at all well. Altogether, she was just the little unlovely alayey of fiction and the drama and everyday life in boarding house

Yet the fishmonger's errand boy months, and it rather bored him. Oraon Baines, by your leave, and Cap-"S'pose you was to die-weuldn't you tain of his Soul-loyed her as Antony loved Cheopatra.

Once a fortnight, from 3 p. m. till 10 Pictur' Palaces an' fried fish suppers and was filled with empliness and p. m. Janie tasted the penultimate an'all "

Of all that "walking out" 'implied; love, even as it was understoed in mie little heart suspected very little Prior to this drastic step Nosey had. But Romance was there, fluttering cattered ribbons, luring her on (hrough the drab fog of her workaday exist-

> H was otherwise with Noseviiis. love for Janie was a very real attair. although what sowed the seeds was not apparent; and the soil in which interviews at the area door and these fortnightly strolls seemed, on the face of it inadequate.

> A certain Sunday afternoon in carly autumn found them sitting side by side on a seat in a grubby London source. To Nosey the hour and the place is emed propitious, and he proposed heroic matriage.

"Lor!" gasped Janie, staring before ber at the autumn tints that were powdering the diugy cluus with gold-dust "I couldn't marry you." she said

gently. "You ain't got no prospects." Walking out with 12 bob a week was one thing; marriage quite a different matter.

Nosey was aghast. The perflar of women?

You led me on." he cried. "You bin carryin' on wiv me "Ow could you?" was their courtship. "Ow, Janie

TWO SUCCESSIVE ster bridge. Then his eye was caught

by one of the admiralty recruiting posters in the window of a Whitehall post office.

But somehow Nosey didn't forget. The many received him without emotion. They can his hair and pulled out They washed and clothed his teeth. fod him generously. He was taught in a yest cchoing drill-shed, io recognize and respect authority, and after six months' preliminary training. informed that he was a second-class stoker, and as such drafted to sca in the battle scalaer Squadron,

He worked in an electric-lit steel tunnel, with red-hot furnaces on one side and the gaping mouths of coalcaverns on the other. You reached it by perpendicular steel ladders desecuring through a web of hissing steam pipes and machinery; onco across greasy deck plates and through are of dimly lit alleys, you would find Noney shoveling coal into the furnaves under the direction of a hairy chested individual afflicted, men said.

by religious mania, who sucked pieces of coal as an antidote to chronic thirst and spat about him indiscriminately. Still Nosey did not forget.

Then came Janie's letter from the Middlesley Hospital. Janie was in a Nosty availed himself of week-end leave from Portsmouth to journey up He referred to the sweets of terview with her in the big, airy ward,

nights contemplated his hand as long as he was allowed to remain.

> The past was ignored, or nearly so, 'You didn't orter gone off like that,' said Janie reproachfully. "But I'm glad you're a sailor. You looks heautiful in them clothes. An' there's prosnecks in the navy." Poor little Janie, She had "prospecks" herself at last. He left the few flowers he had brought with the sister of the ward when the time came to leave. The nurse foilowed him into the corridor. "Come and set her every visiting day you can," she said. "It does her good and cheers her. She often speaks of

his ship. His mess-the mess deck itself-was agog with rumors. Had ne heard the "buzz?" Nosey had not. hin to London to see a fren"," he explained. Then they iold him,

The battle-cruiser to which he belonged had been ordered to join the Mediterranean fleet. That was Monday; they were to sail for Malia on Thuraday.

And Janie was dying in the Middlesex Hospital.

The next visiting day found him at Janie's bedside. But instead of his again, and he still wore his "civit" spick-and-span sorge suit of "Number Ones" and carefully ironed blue collar. Nosey wore a rusty suit of "civvies," Instead of being clean-shaven, an inconsiderable moustache was feelto London, and was permitted an in- ing its way through his upper lip. "Where's your sailor clothes?" asked

Neither spoke much; at no time had Janie weakly.

Nosey nodded. "Don't you take on. There was sileset al a moment. Far birth Janie. 'S only so's 1 can stay near He pressed her dry hand, "I outside a transport sum you." Janie braced hereff #2

got a barrer-whelks an' periwinkles. act of her life. I've saved a bit o' money. An' now I can stay near you an' come 'ere visiting days.

Nosey stared at imate at the newspaper with Janie was too weak to argue or Oxpostulate. In fact, it may have been torted, and tori that she was conscious of a certain hand. amount of pride in Noscy's voluntary outlawry for her sake. And she was Janie, touching the late glad enough to have some one to sit with her on visiting days and tell ner-" Tain'r no us mi about the outside world she was arver to see again.

more, 'cos I went sen 'em at the door no and Then the streets echoed with the obstinacy in the self m Nosey returned to Portamouth and cries of paper boys. The nurses whispered together excitedly in their letsand he sat looking me ure moments. The doctors seemed to acquire an added briskness. Once or fragile atom is it ad twice she heard the measured tramp kill her with in real of feet in the streets below, as a regi- But there was much ment was moved from one quarters to go back on her default another.

England was at war with Gernany they told her. But the intelligence did in. not interest Janie much at first. That pecks ompires should battle for supremacy concerned her very little--till she remembered Nosey's late calling.

It was two days before she saw him to bis lips. "It said the bed, and fumbled with the half- sez so, an late when you cours has given her to look at. ais

"Ere," she whispered, "read that." Nosey bent over and read the lines

"His Majesty the King has been her face to the take a

Nosey caught the tiptoed out of the set

## Poor, Poor John



the dewy petals

"O, you beauties; you heatenly the push the door swung back, reveal things!" she exclaimed, loynusty "I the other the door swung back, reveal just want to take everyone of you and carry you somewhere where there are no flowers and where the sun never within came a sound of weeping. ahines! I'm so sorry for folks who do not have a garden she mused. 'How people can inariments, I can-

a little brown

whose infini-

not see. for a mo Inconsister Jacob onder

funity to run in and get acquainted. Warren I live right across to the mathed berries, you know, with mantel struck four-LIP, Chip. went Mrs. Warren's busy gar- I'll do it!" And sniting the word to steas adventation and modelaction, she gathered the choicest of and steadily an: her flowers into a huge bouquet and even increasing pile in a moment was applying the shining of fragrant vones. brass knocker of the little brown fell into her capahouse to its neat front door. cious basket. Ris-

She waited a moment, but there ing at last from her но тевропве pleasant labor, she "Somebody is at home, I'm sure, be

buried her face in cause this door is not locked. Why, cake, wailed the girl, t's open!" as in response to her gen-

> ing the cool interior of a reception "I wonder" she began, but auddenly Distinctly from hall. stopped auddenly,

'My goodness, somebody's in trouhte." Mra. Warren entered. Swiftly she ter glance rested crossed the hall to the dainty living room where on a couch the slender figure of a girl lay sobbing.

flower beds: "I "My dear, what is the matter?" she hbor wouldn't anked genily as a pair of tear- be hed feel better. I did just what

white house. I came over to give your some roses and found the door open." "Oh." said the girl helplessly. Then,

as her eyes fell upon the flowers, she burst into a fresh torrent of sobs. 'Now, my dear," said Mrs. Warren-

when the storm had somewhat abuted. "tell me all about it.

"It's it's Ob, it's strawberry shorts "Strawberry shoricake

Yes like John's mother used to make. I got the recipe out of the pa-You see a c've only been married Der. a short time. and I can't cook yeen well yet no I've been getting things at the bakery and the delicatessen. And night before last John said our food hills were awful more than his mother used to aprad for a family of He was cross about it, and I HIX. thought last night I'd have a strawberry shoricake for desert and may-

whipped cream on top. H looked ao pretty, too. But when I brought it in he just looked at it and said 'Good- those men. And we are going to have night, do you call that a short cake? I a real strawberry shortcake. him again. And now he just called up have to hustle. May I order what you and said he's bringing a man home to dinger

But I don't see-? "He said." and the sobs began again.

he said-0. I think he's so mean-For heaven's sake have something beside delicatessen grub. I don't want Brown eating cold ham and potato salud the first time he comes out! Mrs. Warren burst into a hearty "O, my dear," she gasped, "I laugh: angue the whole story. I went through it mynelf when I was a bride 30 years

Poor John! "Foor John!" echoed the girl ladig-

"Yes and poor any man who gets a wife who can't cook. They what feetly simple to make.

HEO.

nanth

"Listen, my dear. If you'll let me I'm going to help you get dinner for My maid as so mad at him I didn't speak to can take care of my dinner. But we'll need have you anything in the' intine?

No. 1 was just going to-

TII 'phone right away, then. We shall have, to wait for the order boy unfortunately, but we can start on the table. We'll use the roses for a centerpiece. We'll have a brolled steak there isn't time for anything else, it's so late-and baked potatoes, a salad. hot bisculta and the shortcake. Have out," replied the girl who had stood you any mayonnaise made up?" in amazement watching the Lrisk

"Made up? I always get it from the grocer

high. much for it that way, and it is per-

Where are your eggs?" and in an in- unknows h credibly short space of time the dress- in at the front de ing was cooling in a bowl of crack-d

"Now ah there's the boy. Now we clously can get to work. What luscious her salad, and pipe And this steak looks delicious. thes. won't bake those. I'll pick out the fashioned start be small ones and we'll have then its solder boiled whole, with a cream sauce. New potatoes are delicious that way. The lettuce must be washed and pat on the ice at once-and the tomatoes and cucumber, too. They'll be here at 6 SOU Say?

in amazement watching the Lrisk guest

movements of her energetic visitor. There. It's just 6, and everything get out 400 "thild, it's no wonder your bills are is ready, so I'll just run along. My din-You pay about three times as ner will be waiting. I hope everything And with a cheery nod full. goes well." resolved We haven't she slipped out of the back door just

What he though daints. never know the end of

wing tempt crushed red broke through distantito

tasted in

Now.

Vest John niways gets the 5125 that, he said h

By Enos Emory