

By Thomas Cobb. "ALFRED COOPER alighted from a fly at Brighton station on good time for the 11:05 a. m. train to Victoria—a well-dressed, agreeable-looking young man whose demeanor gave promise of a liberal life.

"I will have it in with you, sir," asked a porter, causing Alfred to glance hesitantly at his rather large kit-bag. As there seemed to be a good many passengers this morning, he said he would have it labeled and the porter handed him newspapers at the stall, he lighted a cigar and found a seat.

"On reaching the train, he began to wonder what he had brought his bag into the Pullman car, so avoiding the trouble and loss of time of repacking, he stepped to speak to some ladies and the man who had just taken them, then, Alfred joined the throng around the luggage van—without, however, being able to see his man.

"What on earth is that?" he inquired; but was told there was no more. "But what," he demanded, with an anxious expression, "has become of my kit-bag?"

"This was more than anybody seemed able to tell him, and having given vent to his indignation with considerable warmth, he accompanied a porter to an office. He had seen the bag labeled, placed on a truck and whirled onto the platform at Brighton, to which the official offered to telegraph at once.

"What on earth is that?" he demanded. "The bag contains my evening clothes and a nice hole I shall be in without them tonight." The official, with a look of profound regret, and began to take down a description of the missing luggage. A large, dark, rectangular bag with two crimson perpendicular stripes painted on it and the initials "A. C." in black.



"I KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE STOLEN," HE GRIEDED.

entirely in my power. I should hate to sell the jarvey to drive to the police station, but I intend to have my bag. As she leaned back in her corner, breathing quickly, he felt that he was becoming more and more dangerously influenced by her charm; still, forewarned as he was, he was determined not to be caught.

"Suppose," he suggested, "we bring the bag inside the cab; you will find that my key will open it. I will describe the contents and prove what you know. What is your name?" "Janet Armistead—I met him at Victoria."

"When you admit you have come from there?" "Of course," she returned. "Arthur had a key to the cabinet and I had promised to meet him. I dropped him only just before you spoke to me, and I thought you might believe me," she added.

"How many children has my aunt?" he suddenly blurted out. "I haven't the remotest notion," she replied. "I really can't tell you," he exclaimed, with withering contempt. "Lady Westhampton offered to take me to the opera last night, and I was to have my own carriage."

He thought they would be well worth having, and, in fact, Alfred Cooper was really a very good fellow. He was a man who was showing a coming-out disposition, and he was a man who was showing a coming-out disposition.

"What would it be?" she asked, when his arm stole behind her and his face was brought still closer to her own. Although she made no attempt to draw away, she was taken aback by his arm tightened about her waist. Her manner had become grave and the color went out of her cheeks.

"I can assure you of one thing," she suggested. "You will be feeling irrationally sorry for yourself at about 11 o'clock this evening." "If we bring the bag inside," said Alfred, aware that his firmness was becoming diluted, "you would at once see—"

"Certainly not," she cried. "Besides," she continued, resting a hand on his sleeve, "you are going to be really in now and then will give you two dances, but if you insist on coming to the station—"

"Then you will meet my brother?" "Thank heaven I shall have a man to deal with at last," said Alfred. "I am actually a very patient man, I am," she answered. "There would be a disturbance—"

"Who is that?" he demanded. "Janet Armistead," she said. "I am actually a very patient man, I am," she answered. "There would be a disturbance—"

### STUDYING THE PROHIBITION QUESTION IN THE SOUTH--What George W. Peck Considers Another View of the Movement to Entirely Stop the Sale of Liquor

By George W. Peck, former governor of Wisconsin, who is traveling in the south studying the prohibition question. ATLANTA, Ga., May 8.—After doing business and watching his thousands of express packages marked "Glass-handle with care," and seeing the packages placed in the extra cars, I got on the same train and rode to Atlanta, fearing all the time that if the front end of the train should meet another train, those express cars loaded with liquid dynamite would telescope our chair car and I would be cut with broken glass and drowned in Squirrel whiskey and be carried home smelling like a rectifying establishment; but nothing happened.

### AN OCTOPUS OF JUSTICE FOR THE SHARKS OF CRIME--Continued From First Page of This Section

blackmailing scheme, the first daring robbery, undertaken in their native land. Yet even with the wisest precautions—with such excess of precaution as would attach to the impracticable passing of a bill to carry the branch to its addition to the horde of criminals already here.

Curlew to the point where he would risk his life to the vengeance of the law. In the general round-up, Black-Hand blackmailers were captured on paydays who had carried the branch to its own pay checks, but as many as a dozen and a half of pay checks signed over to them by intimidated fellow-quartermen; the rest were a mass of their victims to draw the money.