

DAVEY HAWK A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES BY JOAN M. MURPHY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING STORIES

CRAVATH is an athletic young fellow in search of \$1000. His quest for the coin leads him to a gilded cafe, where he can most readily get rid of his sole remaining cash...

equally dusty guns, some revolvers and a display of shells. Across the pines, in dull yellowish letters, at different workman had painted the legend:

GUNSMITH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

A small, round-stomached man, with large spectacles, worked at a bench at one side; a young man with a shock of stiff, unmanageable hair was employed at another...

The clerk nodded. "He's all right," he informed me. "Maybe it's because he doesn't own anything that's kept here..."



"The apprentice performed effectively with a screwdriver, while Cravath watched him"

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY)

IX—The Adventure of the Merchants' Trust

CRAVATH stopped at my hotel about noon the next day; and he was immaculate, chipper and smiling. He shook my hand with fervor.

"Why the shock joy?" I inquired.

"At a most terrific hour of the night," said he, "I had a call on the telephone."

"It was Miss Betterton inquiring about the pistol," I suggested.



"With the quickness which showed quite a bit of skill, he made a straight drive at Cravath"

He smiled and nodded delightedly. "La Sutiliana docked after midnight, and she called me as soon as she could. I was the first," stated he.

There were three other people in the room. One was a fussy old man, possessing an audible scantiness of breath; with a long-bladed pair of shears he clipped coupons from a stack of bonds and made almost as much bother over the job as was used in the building the city bonds were issued upon.

The apprentice, in spite of his convictions, performed effectively with a screwdriver and other tools; and while Cravath watched him, I talked to the attentive clerk.

"Some of them are funny—to others," he answered. "But they never are to me. I'm responsible for the way they break, you see, and I'm seldom in the humor to laugh. Let a customer make a mistake in his addition, and I'm doomed to crouch with him. There's something about a safety deposit vault which seems to induce a feeling of insecurity. At home, or at his office, if a man's figures don't fit, he tries again. If he doesn't put his hand upon a thing he first tries, he gives another look. He's here it is different. They all seem to think that the renting of a box safeguards them from errors in arithmetic and defective eyesight."

"The man with the bonds," said he, nodding toward the fussy old person, "has come to regard me as his personal enemy. If his shears are dull, he vaguely suspects me; if the bonds themselves were suddenly to prove of no value, I'm certain he'd place the whole matter at my door."

"I sympathized with him," I suggested.

"The man with the bonds," said he, nodding toward the fussy old person, "has come to regard me as his personal enemy. If his shears are dull, he vaguely suspects me; if the bonds themselves were suddenly to prove of no value, I'm certain he'd place the whole matter at my door."

"I never saw anything just like it before. It must have been something of a feat to shoot a man in the old times, I should think. You'd have to kind of work up to it."

"The fact is," stated he, "I am taking very little pains with my manner at this time."

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"What about those two?" demanded he. "How are we to know that this whole thing isn't a game of their own? Who knows but what they've concealed the pistol themselves, for some reason unknown to us, and are making the present uproar just for a blind?"

"I don't just understand," spoke this latter, all a-tremble. "Will you explain?"

"As my opinion is asked for," answered the young man, even more pleased than before, "I will give it. But before doing so I want it understood that what I say is in my opinion. If the pistol claims to be lost was not worth all the noise made concerning it, then that same noise was made to cover something else."

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sufficient that I should be concerned in a broil in which the term 'thief' has been bandied from one to another? And now, rather tragically, 'I must be arrested; I must be taken through the public streets in a patrol; I must have my name in the public prints'?"

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(CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY)