THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1912

RAVATH V

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING STORIES

GRAVATH 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. Luck favors, hewever, and he meets his Boswell, the narrator of his subsequent adventures. In the person of a good-natured pro-motor of athletic sports named Scinlon. It is o happens that the atter is in the dumps. His "white hops." a manimotic spec-digser" at the Felloan Athletic Club, has decided not to risk away his besurp spolled in the ring. The purse is \$1000, and as that is just the amount Cravath needs, he agrees to be a "there". It seems that the thousand is the price of a certain with whom Cravath is in low. When he recovers it, he gut sho with whom Cravath he is low. When he recovers used it when he seconded a gentleman in a duel, so it is proof positive that the memory of areas a gentleman.

with whom Cravath is in love. It has no sole and only claim to arise or an interpret of the sole and only claim to arise or an a gentleman in a duel, so it is proof positive that the encoded a gentleman in a duel, so it is proof positive that the amostor was a gentleman. The cravath enters the ring, he goes after the thousand as mapping as possible—in the first place, because he needs the mucey, and in the second, because he is not in trim to stand a inne fight. The "Gravedigger" goes down, and the "white hopes' substitute waiks away with the cold. The constraints which a sole are full of the sensation—an aristo-ratic amateur has entered the professional ranks and pounded the other follow for what there is in it. Most scandalized of all are "Old Blaylow" and his son, who are intent upon taking whis Betterton and her monsy into their family. Blaylow calls upon Cravath at his suburbas home, to induce him to give up his claims to the young woman, but without avail. In the after-mon, however, Cravath is obliged to call up Scanlon and impart the information that the thousand has been stolen. Suppleion, of course, attaches to Blaylow. In the night the two repair to Blaylow's house, where the money is supposed to be hidden in a Fightist. Unfortunately, and her on bother has taken up the quest before them, and he gets away with the money. Not to be outdone, they pursue the thief and rob him, regaining the missing mony. Buill determined, "Old Blaylow" induces a racing man.

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(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY)

IX-The Adventure of the Merchants' Trust

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

fact min. and " a con-

suggested.

equally dusty guns, some revolvers and a display of shells. Across the panes, in dull yellowish letters, an indifferent 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.

Cravath explained our errand. The small-spectacled man shook his head.

"I am sorry," he said, "but just now I am very busy. I could not think of leaving the shop. There is much important work to be done-for my important people."

"It is not possible that any work you have is more urgent than that which I am offering you," said Cravath. "And as for your suggestions that there are other

customers of more importance than us, we scorn it." I told the man.

He readjusted his spectacles and examined us both minutely.

"A flintlock pistol," said he, in a musing sort of way. "A fintlock in need of urgent repair." Then turning to the youth at the other bench, he went on: "Could you leave that job for an hour?"

He of the shock hair at once took off his solled apron.

"It is just the same to me." he answered, with a sigh. "Though, if there is a choice, I'd prefer a flintlock, because it's obsolete."

The gunmaker gestured impatiently.

"It's a wonder," said he, "you didn't have your father set you at making cages for canary birds or something like that."

Outside the shock of hair the most noticeable characteristics of the gunmaker's apprentice were a pair of watery eyes and a pronounced snuffle.

"There are people in the world," stated he to me, as we walked toward the trust company's building, "who seem born to get the worst of it." f

"Do you figure yourself in that lot?" I inquired.

He snuffled and wiped his watery eyes.

It's a hardship for a person having the thoughts about things which I have, to be obliged to earn his

about things which I have, to be obliged to earn his living at a trade which is directly opposed to them." "He has thoughts," I said to Cravath. "He has thoughts opposed to the repairing of guns." "Or the making of them." said the gunmaker's ap-prentice, hastily. "Lam opposed to the whole trade. Firearms are used in needless slaughter of innocent things-in warfare, in homicide. All these are wrong. Guns should be abolished." Cravath laughed.

Cravath laughed. "Suppose they were," said he. "Would that stop the life-taking? It seems to me that our forbears, before

invention of firearms, performed pretty successfully

the invention of hrearms, performed pretty successions as killers." The apprentice snuffled, shook his head and seemed at loss. However, he clung to his opinions. "It is wrong to make guns." he declared. "I have firm convictions upon that point. Guns take life which cannot be given back. And that I have been put to a trade so opposed to my principles is a hardship." His watery eyes overflowed in self-sorrow, and he blotted up the moisture with the back of one hand. "Ah, well, it might not be this way always!" Cravath led the way to a room at one side of the trust company's quarters. Here an attentive clerk stood behind a large book. At one side was a ponderous door, adorned with a brace of clocks and other mechanical appliances; at another were a number of small shielded tables, where patrons could examine their valuables at their leisure. The vauit door was swung open for Cra-vath. From his box he took the old pistol; then with this and a hag of tools before him, the gunmaker's apprentice sat down at one of the small tables.

"With the quickness which showed quite a bit of

skill, he made a straight drive at Cravath"

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 build-

ing the city the bonds were issued upon. At a window

near to us was a ballow, nervous-looking man, with an

intent expression and a set of those facial adornments

once known as "mutton chops." He was much occupied

with what looked like a chest of family plate. The other was a smartly dressed young man with a clerkly air, who shuffled some documents with nimble fingers and figured briskly upon sheets of paper.

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. "At this job I suppose you meet with many oddities?" I suggested.

Some of them are funny-to others," he answered.

Let a customer make a mistake in his add

But they never are to me. I'm responsible for the way hey break, you see, and I'm seldom in the humor to

tion, and I'm doomed to clinch with him. There's some-thing about a safety deposit yault 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 the first try, he gives another look. But here it is different. They all seem to think that the renting of a box safeguards them from errors in arithmetic and defective eyesight."

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

"These people are overcivilized," said I. . "They are also too much protected; hence the kink in their disposi-tions. There is a lot in the ancient order of things which meets with my approval. Then a man could only hold what he could personally defend, and was kept so busy that he could personally defend, and was kept so busy

that he had no time to nourish a grouch against those wao never cast even a side glance at his belongings."

There were three other people in the room. One

The clerk nodded

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

"Just works for some one, then ?" "Blaylow & Co.," said the clerk.

I stood perfectly still; my pulses called heavily, tellig me of the suddenly added work of my heart.

Cravath must have been listening to my conversation with the clerk, for I now heard him say:

"He comes here very often, I suppose?"

'Not so very," replied the guardian of the vault. "He's not been here in weeks before today. But no sooner had the doors opened this morning than he arrived, and he's been working over his figures ever since."

Here the speaker was interrupted in his remarks by the mution-chopped one with the chest of plate; and when he had turned away to answer, Cravath looked at me and I looked at Cravath.

"He is employed by Blaylow," said I, softly.

"And he was here as soon as the doors opened this morning," said Cravath.

"He's stuck around all day," added I. Then, still lower: "What for?"

"Do you remember," asked my friend, "if I mentioned the name of this trust company yesterday when I told you that the pistol was safe in the vanit?"

I pondered for a moment, then I said:

"The Blaylows heard you say it, and even if you didn't mention the name, it made little difference. It was an easy matter for people of their financial position to find the place."

All the time we were speaking the smartly dressed man continued his nimble figuring and deft handling of his papers; but now he paused, laid down his pencil and yawned. Then he leaned negligently against the table upon one elbow, and his eyes went slowly around the room. To all appearances, Cravath and I must have seemed deeply engaged in conversation; our looks toward the Blaylow employe were furtive; our manners were nicely calculated.

Calmly the clerkly young man inspected the scantbreathed ancient so laboriously cutting his coupons; with lazy appreciation he took in the proceedings about the chest of plate. Then, with the utmost naturalness, his eyes went to the gunmaker's apprentice and the Betterton flintlock, and there remained.

"Well done." said Cravath, under his breath. "The fellow is almost an artist." "The Blaylows must think so, or they wouldn't have sent him upon so delicate an errand." I answered. "But, even with a skill almost consummate, what can he do under such circumstances as these?" Cravath shock his hand. Cravath shook his head.

"One can never tell as to the possibilities of such ventures," said he. "The experiences you and I have had recently show, I think, that the door usually opens to one clever enough to manipulate the lock. A success-ful attempt at this time does seem impossible. However,

ful attempt at this time does seem impossible. However, Blaylow is fertile, and we'll do well to be careful." As he watched, the young man yawned once more. Then, carelessly, he resumed his watching the apprentice, who still worked patiently at the lock of the old pistol. For a time there was a halt in everything. Then the old man with the bonds suddenly pushed his chair back from the table, its legs making a loud noise as they scraped the floor. The shears fell with a clatter at his feet. At the same moment the Blaylow employe took his elbow the same moment the Blaylow employs took his elbow from the table and nonchalantly moved toward that at which the apprentice toiled.

which the apprentice toiled. He reached it at the same moment as did Cravath, and the latter stood with folded arms and a simile upon his face. Looking at him, much as though he noticed him for the first lime, the clerkly man said: "Gueer kind of an old gun, ain't it?" "Yes," answered Cravath. "Eelong to you?"

"Just got it in charge, ch?" "Something like that."

The Blaylow employe gazed at the weapon for a moment, and then continued: "I never saw anything just like it before. It must

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

"It is shameful," stated the mutton-chopped owner d the plate. "I've never heard of a greater affront upor law-abiding persons."

"As for me," said Blaylow's clerk, nonchalantly, " don't mind the thing so much, now that I've got used to it. Indeed, I haven't been giving a prospective journey in the patrol wagon much thought. Some other aspects of the case have much more appeal for me."

The old gentleman breathed heavily and wrathfully. He demanded:

"What could so intimately concern any one, young man, as a disgraceful arrest?" "Nothing, perhaps," said the young man; "that is, if one is thinking about one's self. But, as it happens, i am not thinking of myself. I am thinking of you and this other gentleman," nodding toward mim of the chest of plate. plate. His tone and manner and the mallee in the look di-rected toward Cravath and myself drew instant attention from me. Also, it appeared, they conveyed a decide: shock to the owner of the plate. "I don't just understand," spoke this latter, all a-trem-ble. "Will you explain?" "Why," said Blaylow's clerk, slowly. "I noticed you a few moments ago with a quantity of fine silver. I noticed you"-to the old man-"with a bundle of bonds." Here he paused, as though to let these facts, presented in a mysterious light, impress themselves upon his hearers Then he continued: "Now, the disappearance of this old pistol does seem rather queer. But is a thing of than sort really important enough to cause all this bother?" ask you again," looking at them all, impressively, "Is it!" ask you again." looking at them all, impressively, "Is it?" "It would not seem so," said the old gentleman. "To me, at least, it really would not seem so."

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

"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?"

"That," said the trust officer, reflectively, "is, of course, within the bounds of possibility." Then to Cravath: "What do you say, sir?"

"Search us, of course," said he, rather stiffly. If the trust company's officials had been practiced headquarters' men they could not have gone about their work more deftly and thoroughly; but when every one in the room had been shaken down, still there was no flintlock pistol. And as Cravath and I stood staring at each other, a thought leaped into my mind, which at once took form in words.

"The old man with the bonds! Where is he?" Like a flash, what had happened just previous to the threak came to me. The clerkly young man had con-

A SERIES OF TEN STORIES

BY JOAN T. MEINTYRE

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laugh.

ter at my door."

He smiled and nodded delightedly.

"La Sultana docked after midnight, and she called me as soon as she could, 1 was the first," stated he. "The first! And we talked for some time."

"You'll see her today?";

"Tonight. It's a long wait; but I'll have to get it over. Something like seven hours to go, old chap; but the fact 18, it seems eternity."

"Calm yourself," said I, assuming that wisdom of manner which we all fancy so becomes us. "What, are seven short hours to a man of weight and consequence? Employ yoursell somehow; fritter away the moments in careless conversation; call up the past; speculate upon the future; fill the void in a profitable or an unprofitable manner-it's all one. To call upon a friend as you have done; and then, if the friend is really such, he'll call upon the barkeeper. Between one thing and another, there should be no difficulty in passing the time."

Cravath sloped at a rye highball. "I spent an hour in the safe deposit vault of the Merchants' Trust Company," said he. I also refreshed myself with a drink of quality similar to Cravath's

What for ?"

"What for?" "As the time draws near for the producing of that ancient shooter," he confided to me, "I seem to be grow-ing fidgety. I got to thinking about it this morning, and for the first time I realized the fail depth of the perils with which it has met in the last week. Old chap, I was appalled. J was so disturbed that nothing, would do under a visit to the truck company. I feit that I had to see the pistol-to handle it to assure myself that it was safe."

"It was, of course?" said I.

"Oh, yes. But during my examination of it. I noticed something which must be remedied." "Yes?" said I, inquiringly. "It must be that our experience with the watchman at Conden Bark condition in the sisted setting a humor

"The send A induction of the sender of the sender of the sender a list of the sender o

Wao never cast even a side giance at his belongings." "About the worse we have here," said the clerk, con-fidingly, "is the man with the whiskers. He keeps his plate locked up here, and once a week he comes to look it over and make sure no one has annexed any part of it. He has a list, and he compares such place with its requirements over and over again. If the stuff is dimmer than he thinks it ought to be, he looks at me accusingly. He has never said so, but I feel sure that he thinks I ought to jump in with a handful of some kind of polish and set the whole chest gleaming." "The young chap with the industrious pencil never makes any trouble," said L confidentially.

old times, I should think. You'd have to kind of work up to lt

The scant-breathed old man now had his bonds in his hands, and, with the aid of a heavy-knobbed stick, began making his way toward the door of the yault. To gain this, he was forced to pass our table, and, in passing, his eyes rested upon the unusual goings on, and he, too, stopped.

With the eyes of experience, the apprentice examined a small bolt, the pistol lying upon the tuble before him.

"If the small arms of those days were like that," re-marked the smartly dressed young man, "what must the rifles have been? They must have weighed a ton each. And, at that," humorously, "I don't think that this thing weighes much lass." thing weighs much less.

Carelessly, he leaned forward, and was in the act of lifting the fintlock, when the powerful grip of Cravath fell upon his wrist. Startled, he straightened up, and

found the other looking coldy into his eyes. "Well?" asked the clerkly young man. "It would be as well," suggested Cravath, "if you kept your hands off." The other jerked his arm free. About his wrist was

- a white ring, and he rubbed this gently as he said: "Your manner is rather offensive."
- Cravath smiled. "The fact is," stated he, "I am taking very little pains with my manner at this time."

The other flushed hotly. With hands clinched, he took a step nearer Cravath.

a step nearer Cravain. "There is only one thing that your manner and action can mean. You take me for a thief." Then, with a quickness which showed quite a bit of skill, he made a straight drive at Cravath. The latter stepped aside, upsetting the apprentice. The scantstepped aside, upsetting the apprentice. The scant-breathed old party rushed in with waving stick, as though to prevent a combat; and, with his ears full of the word "thief," he of the mutton chops hasily stuffed his be-longings into the chest and dragged it with frantic haste into the vault.

into the vault. The keeper of the vault, upon the first sign of trou-ble, had pressed a button. At once several watchmen presented themselves. Cravath and the Blaylow employe were engaged in the center of the floor, and the watch-men separated them with some celerity. And, when some degree of calmness had settled upon things, we found degree of calmness had settled upon things, we found that circumstance had played a return date. As had happened at Professor Michlenberg's, the Betterton pistol

had disappeared. Cravath, I think, was more excited at that moment of discovery than I had ever seen him before. His eyes fairly flamed, and he stood guarding the only door like a tiger.

"No one gets out until I am satisfied that they are entitled to do so," said he. "And to be entitled to do so in this case, means that they have to satisfy me that they are not attached to anything of mine." In dismay, the clerks having charge of the vault sum-

moned the officers of the company, who, it happened, were in the building. They were diligent, suspicious persons indeed, and at once set about putting the matter ight. When the facts were made known to them they ere inclined to make light of it. "It's absurd." said one, "to think that the pistol has

been stolen. Under the circumstances, it is more than probable that-"

But Cravath halted him.

But Cravain halted him. "I fail to see anything absurd in it." said he. "In-deed, it is most serious for me at least. And that the pistol has been stolen is the most probable thing con-nected with the affair." And, still on guard at the door, he continued: "This is not the time to talk of absurdi-ties. I have been robbed, and there is nothing more of the picture of the time to take one more probable in the entire affair than that some one r present did the robbing."

present did the robbing." "This is the first time we have ever had to deal with a situation like this." said the trust officer. "Whom do you suspect, sir?" His eye went, naturally, to him with whom Cravath had been struggling. "Surely not this young man?"

Yes," said Cravath, promptly.

"But, sir, this is out of all reason. He is a trusted employa of Blavlow & Co. "That alone," said Cravath, grimly, "would earn him first place in the line of suspects." "Perhaps," suggested the other official, "we can settle this quietly. It may be that we can avoid calling the police-"

'lt's all one to me," interrupted Cravath. "I don't

care who's called." "But we do," stated the official. "We do, most em-phatically. We are not at all at fault. In no way, sir. But such things are always remembered against an in-stitution. We have no desire to offend any one; but, as the matter stands, it seems to us that each of those here abauld submit to a search." should submit to a search.

The clerkly young man grinned. He had recovered from his anger of a few moments before, and his gen-eral expression was now so alfable and contented that I felt a prickling of uneasiness run down my spine. "As for me," said the young man, "I am perfectly willing to submit to anything you suggest if it will settle the mattar."

the matter." The officials were delighted. "And you, sir?" said one of them to the man with the mutton chops.

the mutton chops. "It is outrageous," proclaimed this gentleman, som-berly. "A perfectly reputable patron must maintain his integrity by a sacrifice of his personal dignity. But, sir, as that seems the only way out of the affair, without a distressing public scene. I also agree." The officials were more gratified than ever. "Our Mr. Davis." said one, indicating the keeper of the valit, "and also our watchmen will also undergo the search."

With some malice creeping into his grin, the em-

outbreak came to me. The clerkly young man had con-tented himself with a comparatively long-distance view of the pistol until the said old man with the bonds had noislly pushed back his chair and dropped his shears. That must have been a signal. For instantly the young man had approached the table where the appren-tice worked, and a moment later the fraces had begun. In the midst of this the old man had intervened with his

cane. "What better opportunity could be desired?" I asked, after excitedly going over the above. "He annexed the pistol and bolted."

"Impossible!" cried the trust officer, with great indig-nation. "That is Henry Carter, of wide repute as a financier."

"His repute as a crook will be equally wide when we are through with him," I threatened rather impatiently. And as I was saying it Cravath plucked me by the sleeve. Turning, I saw Henry Carter in the doorway, a police-man behind him.

Advancing, somewhat scantler of breath than before,



"If the pistol is not worth all the commotion made about its disappearance," said the young man, much pleased, "I ask you-and I ask you to consider the ques-tion carefully-why was the commotion made?" As silence fell, and as eyes were directed on u askance, Cravath nudged me with his elbow and nodder appreciative.

appreciativery. "I can see why Blaylow & Co. value this young man,"

"And what," spoke the mutton-chopped man, timor-ously, "is your idea as to why the commotion was made?"

"As my opinion is asked for," answered the youn man, even more pleased than before, "I will give it But before doing so I want it understood that what say is but an opinion. If the pistol claimed to be low was not worth all the noise made concerning it, then that same noise was made to cover something else. Here there was another pause, and as looks of horroo began to dawn upon the faces of both the scant-breather man and the owner of the chest of plate, Blaylow's clerk continued: "As I said before, I noticed one of you gen-tlemen with a chest of plate, and the other with a bundle "As my opinion is asked for," answered the young tlemen with a chest of plate, and the other with a bundle of bonds." Here his hands went out in a gesture ex-pressive of lack of positive knowledge, and his cyclorowy lifted. "I do not associate these two things of course

pressive of lack of positive knowledge, and his eyebrown lifted. "I do not associate these two things, of course," he said, "but who knows?" "God bless my soul!" cried the man with the muttor chops, and with that he began clawing at the closed doer of the vault. "Let me in. I must re-examine the contents of my box. Let me in. sir." to the clerk is charge. "Let me in at once." The door was opened for him, and he plunged in. As the same time the old man took his bonds hurriedly from his pocket and began counting them in evident fear of the worst.

his pocket and began counting them and myself, worst. The policeman examined both Cravath and myself, and, spparently, the result was unfavorable. "So you think the whole thing was some sort of frame-up, eh?" said he to Blaylow's clerk. "Well, I've heard of such things; but, believe me," balancing his club nicely, "this one, if it is one, won't get by." He with the bonds now turned. "I think," said he, fervently, "that I am safe. I anything was proposed it failed, with regard to myself al least."

"I think." said he, fervently, "that I am safe. I anything was proposed it failed, with regard to myself a least." With much indignation, I was about to reply to this But the clerk of the vauit appeared in the doorway of that most useful storage place and beckoned framileally to the trust officer. The latter hurriedly went to him There was a moment of whispering, followed by another of wild-eyed amazement upon the part of the official Excitedly, they counseled each other, but whatever I was that they proposed doing was stopped by the ap-pearance of the man with the mutton chops. — This gentleman was very pale, and as he held up one hand for stiention, I saw that it was trembling. — "Some of your stuff gone, eh?" said the policeman confidentially. "Well, don't be alarmed." taking a firm grip upon the club. "we've got the people that done it." — "Walt," said the mutton-chopped gentleman. "Just a moment, officer. Do not make it necessary for me vi apologize further thand it is now my duty to do. Gentle-men"-to Cravath and me-"I am a pervous man Exceed-ingly so, in fact. When the word thief was cried out and the fighting began, I gathered out the pistol, which he had been holding beiltned him. "This," said he, "found in my box when I just now reopened it." — Cravath, delighted, took the old weapon and buttored it up in a pocket. There was a babble of excited are

found in my box when I just now reopened it." Cravath, delighted, took the old weapon and buttoned it up in a pocket. There was a babble of excited ex-clamations of relief; of appreciation; the officials smilled the owner of the plate shook the proprietor of the bondi by the hand; the policeman took his departure. A mo-ment later we were by ourselves in the corridor by the side of Blaylow's clerk. "You knew all the time," accused Cravath, "what had become of the pistol."

The young man smiled. "Not all the time," said he. "But I saw what have pened as soon as I got a chance to think." "I particularly liked your way of bringing the gun to Jight." said Cravath. "You got your revenge on us the same time. Will you shake hands?" "The young man willingly did so: shoot bead.

The young man willingly did so; also he shook hand; with me. And then, as we stood upon the steps, about to depart in different directions, I said to him: "Do you value your job at Blaylow's?" "Yes," said he, surprised.

"Then I'll do you a good turn," said I, "for I fee thit we owe you one. Tell the story of the pistol if you must; but never let it wet to Blaylow's ears that you were the cause of its being found today. This may seen queer, to you; but, nevertheless, it's a straight tip. Mum' the word."

(CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY)

continued to grin.

"This I found in my box when I just now reopened it'"

his stick thumping the floor at each step, he said: "As it did not appear safe here for a patron of years' standing, I was forced to appeal to the law." The policeman had a brief manner and a heavy jaw. "What's doing?" he demanded. The matter was explained, and he gazed about, his single idea shining from his'eye. "If the goods is missing, somebody took it." he de-ded. "And if you'se is the only people that's been here, it must be one of you'se. If you can't settle it among yourselves, and the gent makes a charge. I'll have to call the wagon and take the crowd." The stant-breathed one seemed horrified; he of the muton chops chattered his agilation; Biaylow's clerk continued to grin.

continued to grin. "Is it not enough for me to be disturbed as I am in this matter?" demanded the first of these. "Is it no"