

PUT STOMACH IN FINE CONDITION

SAYS INDIGESTION RESULTS FROM AN EXCESS OF HYDROCHLORIC ACID.

Undigested food delayed in the stomach decays, or rather, ferments the same as food left in the open air, says a noted authority. He also tells us that indigestion is caused by Hyper-acidity, meaning, there is an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach which prevents complete digestion and starts food fermentation. This everything eaten sour in the stomach much like garbage soups in a can, forming acid fluids and gases which inflate the stomach like a toy balloon. Then we feel a heavy, lumpy misery in the chest, we belch up gas, we eructate sour food or have heartburn, flatulence, water-brash or, nausea.

He tells us to lay aside all digestive aids and instead, get from any pharmacy four ounces of Jad Salts and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and drink while it is effervescent and further, more, to continue this for a week. While relief follows the first dose, it is important to neutralize the acidity, remove the gas-making mass, start the liver, stimulate the kidneys and thus promote a free flow of pure digestive juices.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and sodium phosphate. This harmless salt is used by thousands of people for stomach trouble with excellent results.

Mr. Edison's Wonderful Phonograph \$36.00. You may keep this new Edison... with the diamond stylus... and your choice of 12 records for \$36.00. Pay little down and a little each month or week. Entertain your friends with your favorite records. WRITE TODAY FOR OUR NEW EDISON BOOK. No obligations. WARREN'S MUSIC HOUSE Pendleton, Oregon.

Hong Kong Cafe AND NOODLE PARLORS. Noodles AND Chop Suey. Outside Tray Orders a Specialty. Boxes for ladies and gentlemen. OPEN DAY AND ALL NIGHT. Meal Tickets, 21 Meals for \$4.00. Special—Chicken Dinner. Sundays. 548 Main Street. Next to E. O. Bldg. Phone 641.

ARMAND'S The only NEW face powder in the past 50 years. Oh yes, there are many, many kinds of powders on the market, but this one is absolutely different from any you have ever had. The price is reasonable, too.

50 cents KOEPPEN'S Have It.

Con Dung Low CHOP SUEY NOODLES—Chinese Style. HOT TAMALES CHILLICON CARNE—SPANISH STYLE. LUNCHES COFFEE. Everything clean and up-to-date. FIRST CLASS SERVICE. TEA 5c Package Under State Hotel. Cor. Webb and Cottonwood Sts. Phone 647. Pendleton, Ore.

SWINE PRICES BREAK RECORDS

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 5.—Portland hog quotations touched the highest market ever reached here since the establishment of the yards at North Portland. Some time previous to that, when the yards were located at the end of Seventeenth street, sales were made as high as \$11.50.

Sales of hogs reached up to \$11.40 in the North Portland yards during the week, although general transactions in best quality were around \$11.25 to \$11.35.

There was a slight decrease in offerings of swine in the local yards during the week, as compared with the previous six days, and the outlook for future prices seems bright.

Killers are taking practically everything in sight in the yards at this time, and are asking for more.

General hog range: Heavy packing \$11.25@11.35. Good butchers \$11.15@11.25. Rough heavy \$10.80@11.00. Pigs \$9.75@10.50. Stockers \$9.50@9.50.

Cattle Run is Small. Only a very small run of cattle was shown in the North Portland yards during the week. There was a rather steady to strong tone all through the week. Early in the week a sale of a select lot of steers was made at \$9, but the general market scarcely reached this price for tops.

General cattle market range: Best heavy beef steers \$8.50@9.00. Best light beef steers \$8.25@8.50. Best beef cows \$7.75. Best heifers \$7.75. Ordinary to good cows \$6.40@6.75. Heavy bulls \$5.00@5.50. Light bulls \$4.25@4.50. Calves \$7.00@8.00. Stocker-feeder steers \$5.75@6.50. Stocker-feeder cows \$5.00@5.00.

Mutton Situation Strong. Very strong tone was shown in the mutton and lamb trade at North Portland during the week. There was a small increase in the volume of supplies, but little stock was actually offered on the open market.

Top lambs were sold during the week at \$12.75, and the entire market was correspondingly strong.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CENNEY & Co., Toledo Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

EASY TO DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR. YOU CAN BRING BACK COLOR AND LUSTRE WITH SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR. When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant.

OUCH! LAME BACK, RUB LUMBAGO OR BACKACHE AWAY. RUB PAIN RIGHT OUT WITH SMALL TRIAL BOTTLE OF OLD, PENETRATING, "ST. JACOB'S OIL."

Kidneys cause backache? No! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Listen! Your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil." Rub it right on your painful back, and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacob's Oil" from your druggist and limber up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain. Rub old, honest "St. Jacob's Oil" whenever you have sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains. as it is absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

General mutton and lamb market: Best east of mountain. Lambs \$12.00@12.25. Best valley lambs \$11.75@12.00. Yearlings \$10.25@10.50. Wethers \$10.00@10.25. Ewes \$9.00@9.25. Goats \$4.25@4.50.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT EASES PAIN. Sloan's Liniment is first thought of mothers for bumps, bruises and sprains that are continually happening to children. It quickly penetrates and soothes without rubbing. Cleaner and more effective than muslin plasters or ointments. For rheumatic aches, neuralgia pain and that cricky soreness after colds. Sloan's Liniment gives prompt relief. Have a bottle handy for bruises, strains, sprains and all external pain. For the thousands whose work calls them outdoors, the pains and aches following exposure are relieved by Sloan's Liniment. At all druggists, 25c—Adv.

TAFT SAYS BLAME IS ALL UP TO GERMANS.

EX-PRESIDENT IN LEAGUE OF PEACE SPEECH UPHELDS HANDS OF PRESIDENT.

Germany is Classed as Ruthless in Manner of Waging Warfare Against Her Enemies; If Trouble Comes With This Country the Kaiser is Responsible.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Ex-President Taft prefaced a prepared speech on the League to Enforce Peace here with a reference to the new German crisis, declaring that if the United States were drawn into war Germany would force it by her defiance of plain principles of justice and humanity which should obtain between civilized nations.

"The responsibility which now rests on the president and congress is very heavy," said Mr. Taft. "They should know and do know that the American people will back them to the end in their decision. May God give them good deliberance."

T. R. and Others Answered. The ex-president was speaking before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, answering particularly criticisms of Theodore Roosevelt, William J. Bryan, Senator Borah and others of the League to Enforce Peace.

"I had prepared this address," he said, "before Germany started this country and all neutrals by her last note. The actual dangers with which it brings us face to face may seem to make what I have been discussing theoretical, tame and inappropriate. The truth is, however, that this great crisis only emphasizes the importance of the purpose and plan of the League in the future history of this country. Of all things, we would avoid war. We are not prepared for it. Its awful consequences we know from Europe's suffering. Our prayer is for some escape from it in this critical hour, if consistent with our national honor. But we must face the facts."

CHAPTER XII "The Restless Spirit."

BOB CLAYTON and Stanley were deep in an absorbingly interesting talk with each other. The fact that they were three miles apart and that at least a million people were between them, did not in any way interfere with the secrecy and audibility of their conference.

This is so common a phenomenon—that this telephonic mode of conversation—that no one, who employs it, stops to realize that it would have seemed the miracle of the ages half a century ago.

So perhaps a century hence some new marvel of science may make our descendants look back upon the telephone with the same kindly derision that we now bestow on the stage coach and the sailing ship.

Clayton was doing little of the talking. Instead, he was content to listen intently to his chum—breaking in only occasionally with a question or with an exclamation of amazement.

Stanley, at the other end of the wire, was talking earnestly and concisely. He was in his own private office in the Examiner Building.

Before calling Bob up he had sent his stenographer from the room, had locked both of its doors and had stationed an office boy outside of each to prevent eavesdropping.

In spite of all these odd precautions, his voice was pitched so low as to be almost a whisper.

As he glanced nervously about him from time to time to make certain no one was listening at windows or doors.

At last Harold paused in the steady flow of instructions he had been giving.

"I think that covers everything," he finished. "You're sure you understand?"

"Yes," came Bob's reply, tinged with a little awe. "I understand, Harold, you're a wonder! But can we carry it through? Remember, we—"

"Carry it through!" repeated Stanley. "Of course we can. It's a matter of will and pluck and iron nerve. And there's more danger in it for us than most men incur in a lifetime. But if we stand together, we can carry it through. I'll stake my life on that."

"It seems to me," commented Bob, "that we're already staking our lives for about all they're worth. Do you realize that this new plan of yours is a gamble with death—and with all the odds against us both?"

"Yes, I realize it," said Harold. "Of course I do. I'm not a fool. The brave man isn't the man who doesn't realize the danger. He's the man who realizes it and goes ahead just the same."

"That's what we're going to do," Clayton replied. "It's a big risk, but it's for a still bigger stake."

"That's the right spirit, old man!" approved Stanley. "And now, you have your instructions. Get to work at once on them. We can't waste time. Because time's the one thing we haven't got. This clock of mine is ticking away. And will drive the Crimson Stain gang to earth. Take my word for that. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver, got to his feet and unlocked the two office doors. The time for planning was past. The time for action had at last arrived. The long wait in the trenches was ended. The bugle was sounding the shrilly inspiring "Charge!"

Dr. Montrose at about the same moment, turned in from the street and moved warily up the walk toward his big Riverside house.

His eyes were bloodshot; his face was drawn and his shoulders sagged. Every line of his big body and clean cut face, every step that he took, betokened utter fatigue, both of spirit and of flesh.

And in his expression there was more than mere weariness. There was in his look a haunting dread and misery that had of late grown more and more pronounced until now it dominated his whole countenance.

No stranger seeing him today for the first time could have doubted for an instant that the doctor was a prey to some ceaselessly gnawing terror and grief.

Entering the house, Dr. Montrose stood for a moment at the foot of the broad stairway hesitating as to whether or not he should go up to the laboratory and there resume his interrupted work.

But in his present state of fatigue work offered no allurements whatever. And laying his hat and his medicine case on the hall table he went into the library.

There was a cool restfulness about the big, book-lined room, with its deep leather chairs and its atmosphere of scholarly calm. It was an ideal resting place for a tired and harassed man.

Dr. Montrose crossed to the table and sat into a big chair beside it. His gaze strayed over the book-littered surface of the table, but he saw nothing there that looked worth the trouble of reading.

With a sigh he crossed his arms on the table edge and pillowed his aching head upon them.

He had been up nearly all night and all morning with a dying patient. No hand-to-hand battle of two medieval warriors had ever been more fiercely waged than Dr. Montrose's all-night duel with death for the life of the patient.

Now, having waged that life and death battle, and having left his patient out of danger, he felt strangely weak and exhausted. He had conquered death, but the victory had taken every fiber of his strength and energy.

Montrose was worn out. A half hour's nap in this big chair of his seemed to him just then the most desirable thing that the whole world could offer.

Almost instantly as his head fell heavily upon his crossed arms he was asleep. Yet it was not his sweet, dreamless slumber that follows a weariness. He was too tired mentally for such refreshing rest as that. And his harassed nerves were taut.

So he slept uneasily, his slumber crowded with terrifying dreams, the muscles of his face twitching convulsively every now and then.

His was the sleep that was almost as fatiguing as restless wakefulness could have been. It was the penalty

The Crimson Stain Mystery

eracted by nature for too prolonged nerve strain. For some little time he lay thus, head on arms. Then, through his troubled dreams, a constant in his racked brain seemed to whisper a warning that he was no longer alone in his quiet library—that some one had crept in to spy upon his sleep, or else that a vague peril hovered over him.

This thought banished slumber and every vestige of comfortable drowsiness. Like a soldier awakened by the reveille, Dr. Montrose started up, eyes wide, muscles tense, almost wholly deserted him.

He lurched to his feet and stared about him, as might a suddenly aroused watchdog. Every faculty was on the alert, and a slow anger was kindling within him against the unknown intruder who had robbed him of his rest.

But his swift glance around the library failed to discern any such intruder. Except for himself the big room seemed empty. Nor was there sign that anyone else had entered.

Yet this did not lessen his queer intuition that some lurking foe had slipped in upon him.

Then from the corner of his eye Montrose saw the hallway curtains sway, ever so slightly. And to his straining ears came a faint sound, as if from the hall.

In one stride Dr. Montrose had reached the library doorway and swept aside the curtain. No one was lurking behind it. A second step brought him out into the hall, resolved to learn who had been spying upon him.

He looked down the wide hall toward the front door. Then, turning, he looked back and up the stairway. There was no one to be seen.

Had he reversed his inspection and looked first toward the stairway instead of toward the door he might have caught a fleeting, momentary glimpse of a shadowy figure that darted back out of sight from the landing at the top of the stairs.

Fuzzled, only half-convinced that he had been at fault in his suspicion, the doctor made a tour of the lower rooms. No one was in them.

He returned to the library and tried to sleep once more. But now, strangely enough, his drowsiness and fatigue were gone. Never had he felt wider awake.

A restless activity had replaced his earlier weariness. He knew he would be wasting time if he should seek further to woo slumber. And he wanted to be at work.

Picking up his medicine chest from the hall table, he mounted the stairway and went to his gloomy laboratory. There, locking himself in, he proceeded to take off his coat and replace it by a chemical-stained working jacket that he always wore when he had experiments to make.

As he did so he noticed a phial at one side of the newly-opened medicine case. It was a tiny flask of hydrocyanic acid that had been emptied, and which he had put by itself at one side of the case, so that he might not forget to refill it.

Knowing he would need the drug in some work he was planning, he crossed to a wall cupboard, took therefrom a larger bottle of hydrocyanic acid and filled the little phial.

Picking up the refilled phial, he started back to his work table. Midway across the room he halted, attracted by an almost imperceptible noise from behind the secret panel.

He thrust the phial into his vest pocket; and, crouching, he strode across the floor to the panel.

His teeth set and his frown deepening, Montrose swung open the panel. In the aperture behind it stood Pierre La Rue.

For an instant Montrose and La Rue faced each other without speaking. The former was flushed and angry; yet in his eyes flickered a nameless terror. La Rue, on the contrary, smiled suavely at his host, as one sure of a cordial welcome.

All at once the dread in Montrose's eyes was replaced by a steady gleam of resolution. The lines around his mouth hardened. His bearing was that of a man who has once and for all made up his mind.

He raised his arm, in unconscious dramatic power. Pointing down the passageway, behind the panel, he spoke one word:

"Go!"

"Go, I say!" he shouted. "Aren't you making a good deal of unnecessary noise, doctor?" asked La Rue, amusedly, as if talking to a cranky kindergarten child. "And aren't you being just a little bit inhospitable, too? That's hardly the way to greet a dear old friend. Try again."

"I told you to go," said the doctor, steadying his angry voice and trying to speak calmly, "and I mean it. Get out of this room at once. I am going to be tormented by your presence in this room. I am going to have this panel and the secret passageway walled up."

"By all means," smilingly assented Pierre. "Have it walled up, and let us come into your house by the front door instead. It will be far more convenient than the present hole-and-gangway arrangement. And it will give us a glimpse of your pretty daughter now and then."

"You'll leave my daughter's name out of this!" hotly commanded Montrose. "It is a black insult to her for a beast like yourself to mention her. And now will you go?"

"No," replied La Rue, not at all ruffled by the other's wrath. "I won't. As you very well knew, I'm not going when you told me to. Come, come, doctor, don't behave like a sulky schoolboy. We owe everything to you. I most of all. And I don't forget it. But you are as much responsible for us as if you were our father and we were little children. You can't shirk your responsibility this way. You made us what we are. It was your wonderful drugs that turned us from ordinary mortals into sensuous."

"Gentles!" groaned Montrose. "Gentles for the vilest crimes ever committed!"

"Perhaps so," cheerily assented La Rue. "But that subject has been thrashed out so often that it begins to bore me. You made us what we are. And you'll have to keep us what we are. That is why I came to you today. I want a treatment."

He nodded toward the electric apparatus, as he spoke. And his man-

ner all at once became that of a master addressing a slave. "You will none of you get more of the drug from me," he declared with an iron firmness that impressed even Pierre La Rue. "Not one more treatment shall any of you have. You, least of all. That is the truth, upon my oath."

"You would not dare—" began La Rue, uneasily, but Montrose went on:

"You have lurked about here at all hours like evil spirits, coming for the secret treatment that so useful to you and such a blight on society at large. The end has come. I refuse to give you more treatments. Kill me if you will. You have heard my decision. And that decision shall never be changed. I swear it. Now go!"

Pierre's face, as he listened, grew livid. The dread of losing the drug that made him the master-crook of the century, was too much for his self-control.

His eyes flaring suddenly with the Crimson Stain, he whipped out a knife. With a wild beast snarl, he leaped at the doctor.

Montrose, with an agility remarkable in a man of his age, sprang backward from the aperture, slamming shut the secret panel behind him.

The whizzing knife blade drove deep into the wood of the panel and struck there. La Rue hurried himself against the closed portal like a rabid wolf. But the stout wood resisted his furious charge. Then through the panel Montrose heard him yell:

"You'll rob us of the drug that is life itself to us?" Very good! Then we shall rob you of the daughter who is more than life to you. She shall die within twenty-four hours. And no power can save her!"

His retreating footsteps died away. Montrose stood, eyes ablaze with righteous indignation, listening to the receding steps.

His ears rang with La Rue's threat against Florence. But it only stirred the father to fiercer wrath. At last, lifting one hand solemnly heavenward, he said aloud:

"I make a solemn vow that the Crimson Stain shall be wiped out, and that its vile power shall be once and forever annihilated!"

His own words seemed to galvanize him to strange activity. Going to a desk he drew forth a pistol and thrust it into his pocket. From a cupboard he produced a broad-brimmed soft hat which he jammed down well over his eyes, and a great coat which concealed the lines of his figure.

Then, opening the secret panel again, he crawled through it, closed it behind him and hurried along the passageway in Pierre La Rue's wake.

Several times in the next half-hour the doctor caught sight of La Rue, though he could never quite catch up with him.

Yet by his own knowledge of the man's habits he was able to trail Pierre to Tanner's apartment.

There, crouching in an alleyway below the open windows of the ground-floor flat, he heard the mutter of voices, and from time to time he was able to get the drift of a sentence or two.

Night had fallen before Montrose left his post. And then he deserted it only to follow Pierre La Rue, who emerged from the house, accompanied by Tanner and Kiel.

The three hailed a taxicab. Dr. Montrose was lucky enough to encounter another taxi returning to its distant stand from leaving a passenger somewhere in the neighborhood of Tanner's apartment.

He boarded it and gave chase. Just as the day before, the taxi containing the man whom Montrose was trailing drew up in front of Ailsa's dance hall. La Rue and Tanner and Kiel got out and went into the place. A moment or so later Montrose stealthily followed.

He was just in time to see the three pass into a private room at one end of the hall. The doctor made his way to a table that stood close to the door of this room. His hat pulled low over his brow, he sat down, ordered a drink (which he did not taste) and waited. He could hear nothing in the private room.

But presently a waiter went thither, apparently in response to a touch of the bell. In the second the door was open Montrose could see the three men grouped at the table.

The waiter departed. Soon he returned, carrying two glasses of whiskey on a tray. He tried the door. It was locked. Setting down the tray on the corner of the doctor's table, the waiter knocked at the door.

While the waiter's back was turned Montrose, with a lightning gesture, emptied his tiny flask of hydrocyanic acid into the two half-filled whiskey glasses.

He was barely in time, for the waiter at once picked up the tray as Tanner opened the door to him, and carried it into the private room.

The doctor would have felt less triumph had he known of a telephone conversation La Rue had just held in that room.

Calling up the Montrose House he had asked anxiously if the doctor were at home.

Clayton, who was calling on Florence, replied that Dr. Montrose was out. To which, La Rue had answered:

"I'm sorry. I'm the father of that boy the doctor's daughter ran over. The poor little fellow seems to be hurt internally."

"Really?" exclaimed Bob. "Oh, I—"

"I've had him taken to a little hospital at 999 East Blankth street," went on La Rue, "but he keeps crying to see the pretty lady who was so nice to him today. Maybe he'd die happy if he could see her again. I wanted to ask the doctor if he could bring her down here."

"Florence!" called Bob. "Come to the phone, won't you? That poor little newsway is dying. His father has called up to—"

Florence interrupted by snatching the receiver from his hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! So sorry!" she said, her voice trembling, as she spoke into the transmitter. "Is there anything at all I can do?"

"He keeps a-cryin' for you, Miss," answered La Rue. "An' I was thinking it would make him happier if he could see you, just a minute before he dies. The doctors down here at the hospital, say he can't last till mornin'."

And, without an instant's hesitation, Florence assured the supposedly stricken father, that she would come at once to the "Laitis hospital" whose address he gave her again.

"Here!" cried La Rue, as Kiel raised one of the whiskey glasses to his lips. "Put that down. Afterward you can guzzle booze. Keep your head clear, till the work's done. You too, Tanner," as the tough looked longingly at the other glass.

Soon afterward the three filed out of the room.

Montrose heard La Rue tell a waiter to reserve it for him until their return. The doctor remained where he was until the three had reached the outer door of the dance hall. Then rising stealthily he slipped into the private room.

Tanner, behind the two others, chanced to turn and look back as he reached the hall's exit. He saw the doctor enter the room. Turning, he hurried back through the fast-filling hall.

Dr. Montrose, entering the room, drew his pistol and peered around him.

A telephone on the table and a push button in the adjoining wall were the only items of interest. A second door led out into a dark hall beyond.

Dr. Montrose crossed to this door and opened it.

As he did so a blow on the base of the skull stretched him senseless. His pistol clattered unnoticed to the floor.

Tanner, with deft fingers, set to work over the fallen man. Within thirty seconds he stepped back with a grunt of satisfaction and surveyed his work.

When Montrose gradually came to himself he was strapped, hand and foot, in a chair and a rag was in his mouth. Above him sat Tanner.

"Evening, Doc!" said the tough cordially. "Sorry to treat you so rough, but you'd ought to be kept out of what didn't concern you. And now," he went on, pulling a roll of black cloth from under his overcoat, "as we're expecting a visitor, and as she is apt to be shy if she sees strangers, I'm going to take the liberty of drapin' you."

As he spoke he unrolled the cloth, disclosing a thin black domino and hood.

In a moment he had enveloped the helpless doctor in his garment, adjusting the mask's eye-slits over the prisoner's agonized eyes.

"Now, then," went on Tanner, "we'll all tidy and comfy. I guess I'll celebrate by joining myself in a little sip of The Stuff That Killed Father."

He lifted one of the two glasses from the table. Montrose's dead eyes gleamed in a murderous hope.

Then hastily Tanner set down the glass, as the sound of tramping feet sounded along the dark passageway.

The rear door opened. Pierre La Rue entered. In his arms he bore the struggling body of Florence Montrose.

"It worked out beautifully," he said, nodding to Tanner. "She and Clayton came blundering into the courtyard, and he was saying how queer it was that a hospital should be in such a place. Just then Kiel tapped him over the head, and I caught up the young lady. Who have you got here?" he broke off sharply as his eye fell on Montrose.

Tanner in two whispered sentences explained. Florence cried out in horror, and renewed her useless struggles.

La Rue laughed aloud. But before he could speak, Kiel burst into the room from the dance hall.

"Look out, chief!" he panted. "It's all up! Clayton got on his feet again. I looked back and saw him. A kid newsboy was passing and told him you had lugged the girl in here. Clayton blows a pipe, whistles, and these cops come up, a-running. They're searching the dance hall outside. They'll be here any minute. Beat it!"

Florence fought manly as she heard the tough's scared message. But she could not wrench free from Pierre's grasp. Dr. Montrose, too-bound, gagged and masked—struggled madly and in vain, as hope seemed to glimmer for him again.

La Rue glanced quickly from one prisoner to the other. Then, losing his hold on Florence, he massed for the door that led to the dance hall, whence now came a confused babel of snouts and screams.

La Rue sprang through the doorway into the clamorous dance hall to verify his hunchman's words.