Novelized by Marvin Dana, Author of "Within the Law," From the Successful Play by Daniel D. Carter

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'Aw, you needn't get so sore about it," Walter urged quaveringly. Biount spoke again.

"It looks to me as if we were likely to be together for some time to come As far as I know, you're just Walter Biount. Outside of Waiter Blount I don't know who you are, and I don't care either."

Walter strove again to placate the man whom he had so seriously of-

tested weakly. His attempt at a propitiatory smile was tremulous Of a sudden a new curiosity stirred

to Walter. 'And the girl-that skirt-my sister, you know! What is she?" he demand

ed. "Is she one of us?" 'She's only been with us a week, Mrs. Blount explained. "Came from across the pond, so how can we tell?"

Said Blount: "We don't know a darned thing about the girl except that she's our daugh-That's all we're supposed to know, and it's all we need to know, at that." A sudden memory moved in the husband's brain, and he continued with increased sternness, "And another thing-don't you dore again to act like you did today at lunch. There we were a dining at the Waldorf with fine people, and me a bragging about our big ranches and our beautiful home out west. And then I caught you trying to cop a spoon, so that I had to kick you under the table." An old in stinct revived from the association of ideas, and he added petulantly, "And

it was a plated one, at that?" "What's the odds?" she demanded very spiritedly. "Lots of perfectly respectable people take things like that at hotels just for souvenirs. Why, I know a lady that hasn't got two tow ets attke in her whole house. And she's real rich too."

Walter reverted to the subject of prime interest to him.

"And the girlf" he insisted. He gazed at Blount eagerly. "Do you think Andrew has anything on the girl, like he has on us?" In an instant Blount had leaped

close, his face furious with passion. "Andrew hasn't anything on us!" he

A dash of anger gave fleeting cour age to Walter.

"Hub!" he exclaimed scornfully "Don't try and slip anything like that

Andrew came in from the next room and stood directly between the two men. Then he addressed them with contemptuous coldness:

"If through jeniousy and bickering you fall to act your parts so that in consequence my plans miscarry, it will count against you far more than would mere disobedience. What was the

Blount pointed to Walter. 'Ask the whelp?'

"I was just kidding that's all" Take care, sir," Andrew said harsh

"One of these days my patience will be exhausted." He waited a moment, surveying the youth with a lash ing sture. Then, abruptly, he doffed his dominant manner and in its stead assumed the pose of the respected servitor. He bowed humbly to Walter, the nominal head of the household. "Why not show your father through the house, sir?" he suggested.

At once, without any trace of embarrassment, he took the part assigned to

"Sure," he exclaimed, boyishly aglow with pride in the new possession of this city home. He beamed on the hewildered Blount. "Come on, dad?" he birged bolsterously. "You'll sure find this place all to the good?"

CHAPTER VI.

Lucene. RS. BLOUNT possessed the feminine trait of curiosity She made a dawdling round of the room, scrutinizing every detail of its arrangement. At the very last she came to the little table, toward which Andrew had glanced to clothes. What can it mean? Tell me, nate the shimmer of blue light. By in- | please adject her eyes went straight to the ring on the limitant of her approach. As and beheld the lusters of the jewel her handsome face suddenly flamed with greed, and she uttered an ejaculation of delight. For long seconds she con templated the glittering bauble with capture, bonding her face ever closer and closer as under a spell. Thea, in a sudden realization of her avarielous thought, she started guiltity, and peered about the room with furtive glances, to make sure that none spied upon her. Again, she studied the stone with a sensuous eestasy in its prismed brilliance; again, she tore her eyes from its charm, and now she moved from it in resolute effort to escape temptation. But the old habit of life all about my one very meager romance. deagged her back to the table, and she out forth a covetous hand, seized the ring, earried it to her bosom, smiling,

But very soon her mood veered, The smile vanished from her full lips. Her expression became that of poignant grief. By slow degrees the hand you have actually remained faithful that held the ring moved from her to the old memory all this long time?"

breast, reached to the table, set the jewel back in its place. It was at this moment that Andrew re-entered. At tue-faithfulness," she said, hesitatsight of him Mrs. Blount realized with ingly. "It's only an ideal, perhaps, a shudder how narrow had been the but"- she was violently aroused by margin of her escape from detection in the very act of theft. She pointed toward the little table and spoke with a catch in her voice:

Andrew's next words:

shall see him soon."

ou can't mean"-

tioning.

of delight.

"Onite."

drew said gravely, "but for you."

she said appealingly.

"I did do the right thing, didn't I?

"Yes," Andrew agreed. "You did the

only thing that could have saved him,

But tell me, if you please, how did

you ever learn to make a tourniquet?"

reply. "I'd seen pictures of them in

those 'first aid' things on a placard in

a train, and I studied them until I un-

derstood the principle just because I

had nothing else to do at the time.

And then," a tremor was in her voice

at the memory, "when he was thrown

from the automobile right there at my

feet almost and lay bleeding so dread-

"And you never forgot him," the

man exclaimed, betrayed into open ex-

pression of his wonder over this light

ning welding of hearts. "And you

never forgot," he repeated softly, with

You

a half envious note in his voice.

fully, then somehow I remembered."

Why, as to that," came the ready

"Andrew, just look at what you left on that table there. It's a good thing there haven't been any strangers in the house with that lying around loose.

Andrew crossed to the table and picked up the ring. There was a faint smile on his closely set lips as he turned and went to the woman. He extended the ring with a slight bow.

"Mrs. Blount," he said pleasantly, "allow me." Andrew nodded assent as he dropped the ring into her itching "Only a word of counsel," he said. "Remember that who I am and what my exact intentions may be are of no interest to you. So be careful." Having thus admonished her he left her alone to her happiness.

And Mrs. Blount, watching the luxurious play of the varicolored rays from the dlamond, murmured contentedly in the softest notes of her throaty "Aw, I was just kidding," he provoice:

"Gee! It sure pays to be honest. The servant soon announced to Andrew the arrival of Miss Blount and was directed to show the young lady into the library as soon as she should be ready for an interview.

Andrew descended to the library with n eagerness of expectancy that was almost disconcerting to himself. He ordered Parker, whom he found already stationed in the hall, to mainain the privacy of the library, to bring Walter on hearing the bell. And at last a delicate rustling of draperies sounded at the door, and Lucene entered.

The girl stopped short at sight of the man, arrested for a moment by the stress of emotion. No least trace of Maggie Flint, nursemaid and convict, remained visible in the poised loveliness of this gentle maiden. The promise of her beauty had been most nobly fulfilled. She was of dainty fairness, with a golden crown of locks like corn silk in the sun, as lustrous, as finely spun. The exquisite features, set in the perfect oval of the face, were pearl

"It sure pays to be honest."

At his smile Lucene came to him

"Oh, at last?" she exclaimed.

His smile grew as he spoke:

dearance of the man before her.

from the face of the Master Mind.

You shall know all about everything

presently, but not quite yet. It isn't

"Tell me, historic, has our little girl

left her heart in Paris or has she

brought it back intact?" Though he

at the question so lightly, it was of

import to him in his scheme of venge-

"Oh, neither the one or the other,"

Lucene declared, with a mone of re-

confinent against the idea, "I left my

heart here, sir, when I went away

which can never come to anything, of

"Never is a long time," Andrew sug

gested drily, aware of the intricacles

he had set in motion by his mechanism-

for the coercing of destiny. "So, then,

rance, are you, Lucene?"

u-it wasn't home."

cessury now."

Then he continued:

winsomely in lips.

WILLIA.

even so much as knew the other's name. The suggestion in his words quick ened the girl's curiosity. "Oh," she begged, "who is he?" Andrew regarded her quizzleally.

"It was a small chance, a mighty small one, that you two should ever meet again, the little, friendless waif of the city and the brilliant man of the world. Yet so # was to be. Yes; it was for this purpose that I took the house here. For this same purpose I have created a family for you. Lucene, to take the place of the one you lost when you were a mere child. I have provided for you a father, a mother, a brother. Even I have made for youen slameless past—a past that will stand all the scrutiny it is ever likely to receive and more."

Nevertheless the girl, even in the face of these astonishing revelations, held her chief Interest on that ideal around which had clustered the dearest reveries of her heart through the years. So now she made no comment, uniya

"Does he remember me?"

"Much more than that," Andrew as serted briskly. "He has tried again and again to find you. Since my having you in charge it has been, of sible for him to learn Forbes, asking for Mr. Walter Blount." anything of you. But now the time has come to reveal you."

The girl's face darkened a little. "Oh," she cried, grieved, "why didn't you let him find me, when you knew that 1?"- Her voice broke piteously. "In order, first, to educate and train you, so that there could be no question as to your fitness, your standing as a woman of refinement and breedpure of coloring, save where the blood ing; and, secondly, to gain time for that blushed in cheeks and deepened the blotting out of a past which, though you yourself were absolutely innocent, would have forever kept you spart from him."

The girl acquiesced by silence in the justice of her guardian's reason-You're not going to be lonesome for | ing.

And you really - really do know "Indeed, no?" was the joyous anhim?" she questioned. wer, given with a half disdainful pout "At least I have seen him, and I

of the red lips. "I was happy enough know that he exists right here in this there. But, after all, it wasn't Amerivery city just now," Andrew replied, smilling again. Now, since her first strong emotion "Oh! And don't you, too, admire

at the meeting was past, Lucene was him-ever so much?" onstrained to astonishment over some Fortunately for the girl's peace of thing strange and unexpected in the mind she did not see the unlovely bardening of the man's face. But his

"Why, Mr. Andrew," she said, with self control was strong. one show of confusion over her own Why, once he unknowingly renderemerity, "how odd you look! What is ed me a great service, and I-welf, I Oh. yes, of course! It's your desire to return it in kind." "You mean, without letting him

In her eagerness the girl know 3" At the request the smile vanished looked up into Andrew's face. "Patience, patience?" he admonished.

"Yes," came the glib explanation. You see, Lucene, that's what these old clothes of mine mean. You will please remember that for the present I am merely Andrew Watkins, your brother's valix and confidential man." "Oh, Mr. Andrew," she objected with

ome embarrassment, "don't you see that you're asking me to deceive him?" "My dear little girl," he declared gently, "I am only doing my best to give you a fair chance of happiness."

The Master Mind walked away from his ward to where the call button was set in the wall. He pushed it to notify Parker that it was time for Walter's You should know that, for I told you presence in the library.

Walter came into the room with curisity writ large on his boylah face. Andrew addressed the girl snavely.

"Permit me, Lucene, to introduce to con your brother, Mr Walter Blount." Watter strode forward and heartily shook the hand she rejuctantly yielded to his proffered clasp.

"How do you do, Luce?" he exclaim-



"Does he remember me?" e said.

The girl went rather hastily out of the room.

as he spoke to Walter.

never forgot, though neither of you Never presume." The thief scowled heavily.

> drawing room, then, according to your instructions, in my memorandum for you, what form of conversation must you adopt?"

fidence of a schoolfloy, sure that his esson has been well conned:

brary table and paused there. 'And if I stand by the large table there?" he demanded. "The gay White Way,"

The teacher went to one of the win dows at the end of the room. "And here?"

But just the same, you'll find this work all for nothing," Walter declared aggressively, in a new access of rebellion. Parker appeared in the doorway, anouncing visitors

bt, sir, and Dr.

CHAPTER VII. In the Toils.

S Wainwright and his friend, Dr. Forbes, sat waiting in the house of which the titular head was Mr. Walter Blount of Laramie, Wyo., Andrew entered the drawing room, wearing his deferential aspect of the old family retainer, somewhat inclined to garrulity. "Mr. Blount has been informed of

your call, sirs," he said. "He will see you, sirs, at once." He bowed again. "I hope, sirs, you won't mind if I go on with a few bits of my work here, as it's so late."

"Oh, certainly nor," Walnwright said, indifferently. Next came the entrance of Walter, who halted just within the doorway, and looked from one to the other of his guests, in obvious perplexity between the two as to which might be Mr. Wainwright. That gentleman, standing up and smiling, went

"I am Mr. Walawright," he said, as ie shook hands with his host, "and I must tell you that I'm mighty glad to meet you again." The emphasis on the last word was significant. Then, be turned toward the physician; "This is Dr. Foches, a particular friend of mine, who was good enough to accompany me. He is the superintendent of the Powhattan asylum for the insane."

"I called," Watawright explained simply, "in order to deliver in person the thanks you were at such pains to escape last night."

Walter beamed pleasantly. "Oh, that's all right," he exclaimed,

preezily. "Of course, I knew you tonight the minute I caught sight of your face, though the name didn't explain anything to me when your card was brought. I only old what any one would. It's not worth mentioning." "Awfully glad I happened along as I

Wainwright then proceeded to deights to the smolr thereafter. Wainwright shook Wis bend.

me, Mr. Blount-how did you contrive to disappear so soon?"

"Why, the fact is," he said with an assumption of great candor, "I'm a stranger in New York, and I knew, of course, there'd be a big hullabaloo about a thing like this, and I hate notoriety-police courts and so on, you understand-newspapers too. So when I saw the fellow that attacked you had skipped I had the idea that I'd do the same thing, though for a different reason. I just mixed in the crowd a minute and then slipped around the corner into the next block and came home." He chuckled complacently and then added, in order to change the topic, 'But how'd you manage to find me?"

"Well, now," Walnwright answered. 'that's a bit odd too. An anonymous person called me up on the telephone at my place last night after I got back, said he'd been among those present at my little adventure, had seen my rescuer and had guessed afterward that I might like to know who it was, and he gave me your name and address." Walter perceived that Andrew was

now occupied in rearranging some magazines on the large table, and he recalled the memorandum prepared for his guidance. Yes, the Great White Way! That must be introduced next. He spoke mechanically,

"Funny," he commented. "You see, I know so few people in New York." Dr. Forbes peered with curiosity at the young man.

"You're a stranger here, you say, Mr. Blount?"

"Yes," was the answer, very cheerfully given, for now the thief saw his way to carry out the required instruction. "And I can't say that I like your town very much. Of course there are some things right enough. I'll admit that the first month I spent along the Great White Way passed off lively enough. But, you know, a man soon gets enough of that. When dad and mother came on east to meet sister, who's just got back from Europe, I took this place so we could all be together for awhile. Dad's been joshing me about getting homesick," he added, with a shamefaced grin that acknowledged some justice in the charge, "He says I won't be able to stick it out for a year, but I think I will-maybe-just for a stunt."

"Where is your home, may I ask?" Walnwright inquired.

"My home town is Luramie, Wyo, Of course I'll have to admit that it's a dinky little place, but I like it at that. You see, everybody's your friend out there." Andrew had gone to a window at the far end of the room-a fact duly observed by his pupil. "Yes; everybody's your friend out there," he repeated, with a hint of emotion in his voice, "but here it's so hard to get acquainted-that is, with the right sort." "If I can be of service to you in any way"- Wainwright suggested.

"Oh, I don't mean to butt in," Walter declared modestly. Walnwright smiled in friendly fash-

"I'm glad you did last night,"

said emphatically. "Oh, that! But, say, have you got any idea why this particular man tried

to kill you or who he was or anything?" "Nothing definite." Wainwright re-

plied. "I dare say it was just some one with a grievance. You may happen to know, Mr. Blount, that I was for some years district attorney here. During my term of service I was compelled to send a good many men to his mother's remark. prison, first and last, and some even to the electric chair." As the last words were spoken Andrew, who had been surreptitiously watching the speaker, turned his face instinctively to hide from view the distortion of hate that transformed it. "Yes," Wainwright continued, unwitting the feeling aroused in one of his hearers; "a good many criminals have come to hate me."

"Gee," Walter ejaculated, "it gives me a chill just to think of it." "Oh, you'd soon get used to it?" Wainwright returned indifferently.

Walter shook his head violently. "Yes," he agreed, "I suppose it's all in the day's work; but, just the same, the idea of receiving threatening latters and all that sort of dope"-Wainwright interrupted, "My secre

tary usually destroys them at once," "There is one notable exception," Dr. Forbes observed in his characteristical-

ly precise manner of speech as he refolded his hands carefully and smiled wintry smile. "I refer to the white card episode."

"The white card episode?" Walter repeated. Wainwright's face lost its rather

pored aspect. "Ah, the white card!" he said thoughtfully, "Yes, that is something differ-

ent. And the white card is still coming-coming from some very mysterious person, a sort of genius in his way," He put a hand into the breast pocket of his coat and drew forth a bit of white cardboard, which he extended toward his host. "This is one received yesterday." Walter, who had examined the card

curiously, looked up in disappointment as he returned it to its recipient. "Why, there's nothing on it," he com-

plained. "What's the idea? Is it from omebody you sent up?" "It carries a message in spite of its

being blank," Wainwright said somberly. "As to your question, no, it is not from some one I sent up. I've never seen the man that sent me this and the others like it, and promises to send me more, of different colors."

cribe the Allen murder, the sentence and the threatening developments

Walter's desire for details concern ing the curious situation outlined by ant to Andrew's privately conveyed instructions to them. Husband and wife were in evening dress. He sprang up. as his guests rose, and introduced the twain as his father and mother.

"I'm right glad to meet any friend of my son's," the husband affirmed. "He proved himself my friend last Wainwright said. night." Blount chuckled.

"Yes, he happened to be right on the job, didn't he?"

Mrs. Blount, who did not approve of being left out of any conversation in her neighborhood, interposed hospitably, as she arranged her ample form in a chair near the guests. "Now, do sit down," she urged, and

beamed on first the one visitor and then the other. She felt a triumphant pride in her position here as hostess in metropolitan society and wished that the members of the Mothers' club of Laramie, Wyo., might see her now, entertaining thus intimately two distinguished gentlemen of New York city. Wainwright remarked, as he seated himself in a chair facing his hostess "I fear we are detaining you."

"Not a blt, you ain't," Mrs. Blount asserted, with forcefulness. "Father and Lucene and I were just going out to have dinner at some restaurant, and we ain't in any burry at all."

Mr. Blount re-enforced his statement. "No, siree, we ain't in any rush.

We've got a taxl waiting," the westerner went on as he opened a cigar case. "Let it wait, I say. Mother and I don't come to New York often, and, when we do come why, darn the expense! Eh? Ain't that right, mother?" Dr. Forbes made an effort to sus-

tain a share in the conversation by addressing Blount. "You come from the cattle country, I hear."

"It used to be a real cattle country," was the answer, "but nowadays it's all sheep. It's good business, too, all right, though the smell of those critters is something awful. The last few years have been wonderful, I tell you, sir. Why, I can remember when 11 cents for wool was considered a very good price. But two years ago we got 27. That's some price for raw wool, believe me. But of course no one knows what this new tariff"-Walter interrupted the speaker with

an admirable imitation of the pert son's rude manner toward the father. "Now, dad, for beaven's sake, don't ou get started on the tariff."

"No, John," Mrs. Blount tittered, "I wish I had a dollar for every hour I've had to listen to that stuff." She turned her eyes on Walter. "I wish, my dear," she said in tones expressive of deepest maternal pride, "that you'd go and ask Lucene to please hurry." Walter stood up obediently.

"Yes, mother." he said, "if you will excuse me to our guests." And he hurried from the room.

Blount took advantage of the reference to the daughter of the house to enter again into the conversational arena

"Yes, Mr. Wainwright, and you, doctor, we're just naturally some proud of that girl of ours. You might think four years in France would spoil a girl. So it might-some of them, I' guess. But not our girl! Why, Lucene dared to listen, until at last the is just crazy to get home again-out to Laramie, Wyo."

"I don't know, father." the wife said doubtfully. "I'm afraid she'll never be really satisfied here in her own country any more."

"I guess that's right," said Walter, a sultor for Lucene's hand. For the who had re-entered in time to hear rest the young man was his eva me

Blount waved an arm in vehement Then the visitors stood up quickly.

looking toward the doorway. Lucene had paused there, and her blue eyes, now darkly lustrous, were fixed on Wainwright in a gaze that penetrated to his soul. CHAPTER VIII.

The Lovers' Meeting.

UCENE was in an evening gown of a white filminess that revealed with modest truth the gracious lines of the slender. lissome form. A deeper rose blossom ed warmly in her cheeks, the tender bow of the lips was slightly parted to a tremulous smile of rapture. On the man, too, a spell was laid, like unto an added zest to the delights of love hers, yet unlike, for where she knew

fid not stir as yet, though the exquisite charm of her there thrilled him with longings new and masterful. The voluminous voice of Blount, makng the introductions, freed the twain, in part at least, from the enchantnent fallen upon them. Walnwright managed artfully to be

him in the first instant his memory

eside the girl as the general exedus was begun. He was filled with an unreasoning indignation that wholly obthe dialogue between Dr. Forbes and to himself. Something is the lock of Mrs. Blount as they passed on their way toward the door. "Your daughter is a dainty creature,

Mrs. Blount," the physician was sayng with enthusiasm. Mrs. Blount swept an approving look

ver her own majestic frame. "Yes. All our family are just like that." "Really, the woman is indecent!

over his shoulder as he reached the doorway. Wainwright turned again to the girl beside him. The others were all out of the room now, and he looked up at him with a little unite, so wistful that it set his pulses unding in a wild longing to conform the control of the control ter-why, for what, he knew not. "Shall we go now?" she asked tim-

"Yes-no-that is, wait, just a mo ment." Then, as she faced him with t certain shrinking bravery born of ong yearning, their eyes met and held in a lingering look that stirred each to ONE CENT A WORD. the deeps. And, in that look, the

man's memory surred and leaper

Amazement crept into the lines of his face, and awe glowed in his piere. ing expression. The girl stood right, pale from stress, waiting patiently of body, with an infinite impatience of

"I-I can't be mistaken," Walnwright murmured. His voice grew firmer, vibrant with conviction subtly caressing: "Surely it's the same little girl. Oh, surely it's my little savier of the Chicago street, isn't it? Tell me! But-I know!" The final words ring triumphantly, though uttered so softly,

The girl's words came falteringly, for her heart raced with happiness, "Then you-you remember me?" Impulsively Wainwright put out his hands. With equal impulsiveness La-

cene inid her silm fingers within his warm clasp. "Remember you?" he cried, with a laugh of sheer joy. "Well, yes, I think

The words sounded a melody of blue in the depths of the girl's being. "After all these years!" she breathed. The rigidity of her pose relaxed. "Yes, after all these years," be half whispered, "It is wonderful-wonder

full "Yes," she agreed simply, nor dared to lift her eyes to meet the warm regard that reached to her heart. "Not wonderful that I should remem-

ber you," the man explained manely, quite unaware of his words in contemplation of her loveliness. "Only wasderful that we should at last meet again like this."

She spoke sedately enough, though with a happy quaver in the music of er voice.

"They will be waiting. We must m." But the glamour was still on the man, and he spoke again, his tones full of a reverent tenderness: "What a princess you've grown to

The girl turned away resolutely, though her heart was listening to the singing of his praise for bec-

'We must go," she commanded. Wainwright aroused himself. "Yes," he said very softly as he walked beside her, "we must go." And then he added still more low, To-

gether." The days that followed this first meeting were halcyon ones for the levers-for lovers they were. Lovers they had been, in a fanciful, dramy, sitogether extravagant fushion, since the few seconds together in Chicago years

ago, with never a word exchanged between them. Lovers they were of a different sort, from the instant of the association brought about by the machination of the Master Mind. There was perc, any tiniest suggestion of doubt on the part of either. The love that had bea no more than a remuntle chimera was sprung into fall, glorious life-the single reality in the universe, the be

ginning and the end of all things. Little by little Wainwright, seif conscious, fearful as never before, dared, to profess his adoration. And, by w much as he dured to speak, she shy preme confession set them briming with cestusy. For once, it seement there was no obstacle to preve to smooth running of the course of me love. The Blounts, concisely airist by Andrew, welcomed Walnwright as ter, the possessor of an ample forme There was nothing to occasion and, as soon as a sufficient tremest could be assembled the marriage took

After a heavenly honeymorn season. the bride and groom established thenselves joyously in a country place near New York, with the admirable Andrew in charge of a considerable staff of servants. The arrangement was satisfactory to the Blounts, as they were invited to a long visit with their daughter and son-in-law, before leaving for their home in the west Of the various persons concerned in this strange menage Wainwright was most wholesomely happy, though even his happiness was qualified. Yet the element of peril, the threat of imper-

manence which he faced, gave eres That which menaced him was the familiar dread of the mysterious vergeance to be visited upon him but this dread was swellen to dimensions newly ominous. It was the very morning following the wedding, in a remote betel, whither the bridal pair had gost secretly lest any one know their where

abouts, that the blow fell. As Wainwright passed along the his way of their suit he perceived sune thing white under the outer door, On examining this he found it to be at envelope bearing a typewritten address the unexpected missive sickened dis man, nauscated him with nervous prehension of disaster. And his tion was, indeed, justified, for on opening the envelope he placked forth in it a red card,

(Continued next Saturday.) BOWERS PLEADS GUILTY.

Portland, Ore., May 28 -Pleating

with Mayor Albes's campaign to step the sale of liquor in uptown horses and grills on the Sabnath.

TRY A JOURNAL CLASSIFIED AD -THEY ARE BUSINESS GETTERS-



"Parker will take you to Mrs. Blount,"

The face of Andrew was forbidding

"You perceive," he said sharply, "that this young lady is not of your class. You must understand that thoroughly, and you must remember it, sir.

Andrew continued: When Wainwright comes and the onversation begins, you must bear in mind my written directions for your guidance." He went close to the door Into the hall, "Now, if I stand in the position corresponding to this in the

Walter answered with the alert con-

"The lonely stranger gag." Andrew moved to the end of the H-

"The hard to get acquainted gag.

forward with his hand outstretched.

The three men were seated near one another.

did," Walter said genially. "Have they caught the man?" he inquired interestedly after Andrew had served

"No, I'm sorry to say, they have not," he replied with disgust in his voice. "The scoundret really made a trance of Mr. and Mrs. Blount, pursu-