

O. Henry Stories

V.—A Retrieved Reformation.

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GUARD came to the prison shoe shop, where Jimmy Valentine was...

"Oh, no," laughed the warden. "Of course not. Let's see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job?"

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they make such things for the profession. In half an hour Jimmy went downstairs and through the cafe.

"Got anything on?" asked Mike Dolan genially. "Me?" said Jimmy, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand. I'm representing the New York Amalgamated Short Soap Biscuit Cracker and Frazzled Wheat company."

This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seat and a milk on the spot. He never touched hard drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 1912, there was a neat job of safe burglary done in Richmond, Ind., with no clew to the author. A scant 2800 was all that was secured.

"That's Dandy Jim Valentine's autograph. He's resumed business. Look at that combination knob—jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather."

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suit case climbed out of the mail back in Elmore, a little town five miles off the railroad down in the black-jack country of Arkansas.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank."

"Naw," said the boy, "she's Annabel Adams. Her pa owns this bank. What'd you come to Elmore for? Is that a gold watch chain? I'm going to get a bulldog. Got any more dimes?"

Jimmy went to the Planter's hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his platform to the clerk.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk couldn't call the boy. He would carry up his suit case himself. It was rather heavy.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

Dear Old Pal—I want you to be at Sullivan's place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night at 9 o'clock. I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my bit of tools. I know you'll be glad to get them—you couldn't duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars.

On Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price jogged unobtrusively into Elmore in a lively buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know.

After breakfast quite a family party went downtown together—Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the hotel where Jimmy still bottled, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suit case. Then they went on to the bank.

All went inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking room. Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams' future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The clerk was pleased to be greeted by the good looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel.

Jimmy was going to marry Miss Annabel. He was going to marry Miss Annabel. He was going to marry Miss Annabel. He was going to marry Miss Annabel.

While Gustave Dore was at Ischl and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot. He put the sketch into a book into the pocket of his paletot and went back to the hotel to dinner.

The Elmore bank had just put in a new safe and vault. Mr. Adams was very proud of it and insisted on an inspection by every one. The vault was a small one, but it had a new patented door. It fastened with three solid steel bolts thrust simultaneously with a single handle and had a true lock.

While they were thus engaged Ben Price sauntered in and leaned on his elbow, looking casually inside between the railings. He told the teller that he didn't want anything; he was just waiting for a man he knew.

Suddenly there was a scream or two from the women and a commotion. Unperceived by the elders, May, the nine-year-old girl, in a spirit of play, had shut Agatha in the vault. She had then shot the bolts and turned the knob of the combination as she had seen Mr. Adams do.

the door! Oh, break it open! Can't you men do something?" "There isn't a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door," said Mr. Adams in a shaky voice.

"My God, Spencer, what shall we do? That child—she can't stand it long in there. There isn't enough air, and, besides, she'll go into convulsions from fright."

Agatha's mother, frantic now, bent the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody wildly suggested dynamite. Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of anguish, but not yet despairing.

At the door a big man stood somewhat in his way. "Hello, Ben!" said Jimmy, still with his strange smile. "Got around at last, have you? Well, let's go. I don't know that it makes much difference now."

Tragic Joking. Oswald's friends were always on the lookout for some ruse. He once notified them that on New Year's day he should get the best of them all in some place, and New Year's morning each received this notice: "Remember." They were on their guard.

As they were leaving a house where they had breakfasted Oswald slipped on the steps and fell on his back on the sidewalk. His friends rushed to his assistance, but passed before they reached him.

"This is his ruse," some one said. "Clearly the man who was so proud of his talent for mimicry was bent on deceiving them, all into thinking him a dying man, for he lay there moaning pitifully, his face drawn and twisted as if with terrible pain."

Fair Exchange, Yet a Robbery. While Gustave Dore was at Ischl and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot.

Underclothing made of finely crimped or grained paper is manufactured in Japan. After the paper has been cut to a pattern the different parts are sewn together and hemmed, and the places where the buttonholes are to be formed are strengthened with calico or linen.

"My precious darling!" waited the mother. "She will die of fright! Open the door! Oh, break it open! Can't you men do something?"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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INDICTMENT STANDS. Waukegan, Ill., Mar. 24.—Judge Donnelly today denied a motion to quash the murder indictment against William Orpet, accused of poisoning his sweet-heart, Marian Lambert, and tentatively set the case for trial April 19.

Keep the Stomach Right and when it shows any signs of distress, give help at once. HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters has been found very helpful as a tonic and appetizer. Try it.

WALL STREET AGAIN GROWS OPTIMISTIC. Believes War Is On Tottering Legs and End Will Come This Summer.

New York, Mar. 25.—Wall street has shaken off its pessimistic humor and in its place taken on a bit of optimism, accompanied by a general increase of activity.

The European war is on tottering legs and I anticipate that this summer will close up hostilities, and that a start for final settlement all around will be made.

On the stock exchange there was increased activity. Some of the specialties made striking advances. Trading was encouraged by divergencies of opinion and the more hopeful news regarding our relations with Germany and Mexico.

Foreign trade continues active. January exports touched \$331,000,000, or \$62,000,000 beyond the same month last year. Imports for January reached \$154,000,000, an increase of \$62,000,000.

One of Saskatchewan Looters Is Arrested. Seattle, Wash., Mar. 24.—P. H. Devlin, former member of the Saskatchewan parliament, is lodged in the county jail here today in connection with a recent alleged misappropriation of \$52,000 from the provincial road fund.

Instant Bunion Relief! Try 2 Plasters FREE. Don't Cut—Don't Sew—Don't Fret or Fuss. Don't give up hope. Don't say that your Bunion can't be cured.

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RUB RHEUMATISM PAIN FROM SORE, ACHING JOINTS. Rub Pain Away With Small Trial Bottle of Old, Penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil"

Stop! What's the matter? Pain only. Stop! Rubbing! Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly.

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