

Beyond Pursuit

by Richard Duffy

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.

ON the day Blount realized the market would never turn right for him in time—it would turn, of course, but not in time—he spent his lunch hour sitting a frankfurter sandwich on a bench in Battery Park. He watched the boats go out to sea, the big fellows that, with smoke plumes trailing, seem inevitably bound for a happier shore.

The frankfurter had cost him five cents. He was paying \$15 a week for board and room in Gramercy Park. A miserable hall room it was, whose window was imprisoned by a lofty wall of a new office building.

And he had taken \$20,000 from the Merchandise National so cleverly in six months that everybody believed him the innocent and energetic Edward Blount he had always been.

With five of the twenty thousand he had never played. The five he had held sacred for such an emergency as the present.

When he returned to the bank he saw a strange man working over the books in the loan department. The next morning his doctor sent a note to the president to say Edward Blount was threatened with grippe and must remain abed for a few days.

The president wrote a cordial personal letter, urging Blount not to leave his room without the doctor's permission.

At 11 that night Blount slipped out of the boarding house and took a subway train to Brooklyn. He had no family in New York, no intimate friends. They would come to him, he had always said, when he had made lots of money.

The man who was watching him stood hidden on the platform. Blount thanked his stars he had been born in Brooklyn, and so could get out of the terminal and make his way roundabout to the Erie basin without asking a question. He had shaved his beard and dyed his light-brown hair black.

At the bank he had always been considered an employe careful, if lavish, in the matter of dress. Now he looked like a cheap foreigner with no notion of the value of color from a New York view.

The man who was watching him trailed the various cars Blount took and the lonely streets he walked. For all that he lost track of him.

Blount disappeared near the water front and slept in the alley of a warehouse. The veteran on night duty did not discover him because Blount was crunched under a pile of refuse.

As a boy Blount had played in this locality when it was open country. The man who was watching him knew New York as one knows a dictionary. One must always look in order to find anything.

At 7 in the morning Blount, carrying the small bag he had bought at a pawnshop on his way home the day before he was reported sick at the bank, strode calmly up the gangplank of the obscure steamer bound for Spain.

He had been registered as James Warburton by telephone, knowing enough not to use a name suggestive of his own history.

The steamer was backing out into the bay when he noticed passengers and a few sailors ran excitedly toward the prow of the boat.

A belated voyager was being brought to the ship on a tug. They took him aboard on a rope ladder.

Warburton saw that he was a strongly built, stoutish man, with a heavy-jawed, pale face, and small, very black eyes. This much he observed as the tug drew alongside. Then Warburton went down to his cabin and lay on the couch, dreaming awake of his whole life.

An inexplicable nervousness prompted him to get up and take a revolver from his handbag. He put the revolver in the outer pocket of his sack coat. He brushed his hand across the cloth to assure himself the weapon did not bulk noticeably.

Some one knocked at the door. His breath stopped for an instant; his chin twitched. Then, inhaling deeply and bracing his shoulders, he opened the door.

The pursuer appeared before him to inquire whether Mr. Warburton would share his cabin with another man. In the companionway Blount got a glimpse of the heavy jaw and sharp, black eyes of the man who had been taken aboard from the tug.

"I'm sorry," said Warburton, "but my health is run down, and that's why I took a cabin entire. I couldn't sleep with any one else in the room."

"Very well, sir. Thank you," the pursuer said, and withdrew.

Warburton went late to luncheon, and passed the heavy-jawed man as he was entering the dining room. He heard another passenger address him as "Mr. O'Neill."

"I don't suppose," Warburton thought more than once during his meal, "that I would ever have noticed the fellow if he hadn't wanted to share my cabin."

Mr. O'Neill was friendly to everybody, and had a cigar to offer any man who would accept. He professed to be curious as a child about the wireless telegraph room, and spent the greater part of an afternoon with the operator. He sent a cipher message to a code address in New York.

"I just want the boys back at the office," he said, laughing. "Do know I've got my eye on them even if I am gone."

Outside Sandy Hook the Victoria ran into a fog that grew thicker as she throbbed her way eastward. After dinner few passengers cared to remain on deck. O'Neill came upon Warburton leaning against the stern rail.

"Hotten night," O'Neill said, halting and looking into the murk as if he hardly noticed Warburton.

"Doesn't seem like April, it's so cold," Warburton replied. "I'm going inside." A steward ran up as he was leaving, and said: "A wireless, Mr. O'Neill." Warburton shuddered inwardly. He

the closed law was put into effect they had all but gone the way of the American bison.

ONLY A DAD
Only a dad, with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing the little of gold or fame,
To show how well he has played the game,
But glad in his heart that his own re-
joice

A Little Sidelight
From Austrian Front
An interesting sidelight on the great war in Europe that brings it closer to home develops out of a money order sent from this city to a prisoner of war in Russia.

A BUFFALO INSTITUTION
Known All Over the United States.
Dr. Richard C. Cabot, who is head of the Massachusetts General Hospital, has been writing for the American Magazine, April and May, on the subject of "Better Doctoring for Less Money."

BLACKMAILERS INDICTED
New York, Oct. 6.—Five men and one woman were indicted by the federal grand jury today on charges of impersonating federal officials and attempted blackmail in connection with the alleged luring of Edward R. West, Chicago merchant, to this city.

NEW HOUSTON HOTEL
Sixth and Everett streets, Portland, Ore., 4 blocks from Union Station. Under new management. All rooms newly decorated. SPECIAL RATES BY WEEK OR MONTH. Rates: 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 per day.

NO TRUTH IN STORY.
United States Army Headquarters, Nogales, Ariz., Oct. 6.—Private Charles Call is now with his company.

Healthful Sleep
is necessary for the enjoyment and prolongation of life. During sleep Nature renews the vital forces of the body and restores the energy.

Is Assured by
Beecham's Pills. A harmless vegetable remedy, which acts immediately on the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys, toning and putting them in good working order.

10,000 Antelope Survive;
Once There Were Hosts
University of Oregon, Eugene, Oct. 7.—About ten thousand antelope have survived the slaughter of former years the wild animals and the stress of rugged environment, and still remain on the low forest of southeast Lake and south-east Harney counties, according to Joe Skelton, a university of Oregon sophomore who this summer was one of an official party of three that made an antelope estimate of Gunnison valley.

CONDUCTIVE
TO BETTER HEALTH
HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters
Try a bottle for Poor Digestion or Liver Disorders.

Capital Journal Want Ads Will Get You What You Want

keep their heads for that time. All the night they prowled about in the fog, and when, with the dawn and sunrise, came a wind that brushed the sea clear, they saw no sign of the Victoria or the ship that had run her down.

One man stood up and, with a cry of frightful blasphemy, threw himself into the water.

"That's the man I'm after! Let me get him!" O'Neill yelled, and would have sprung over the side if Warburton had not restrained him.

O'Neill fought like the maniac he was.

"Let the fool go over!" some one shouted. "It's one less mouth to feed."

"Let him go," the tillerman roared, "or you'll go with him. Can't you see he's too strong for you?"

"I can't do it! I can't do it!" Warburton cried out. "I want to, but I can't do it."

One of the oarsmen tapped O'Neill's skull with his oar, and the detective fell in a heap with Warburton on top of him.

"He's got a wife and kids at home," Warburton said, picking himself up, and shook as with ague. He had lied, he knew.

Then he disposed O'Neill, who was quite unconscious, as comfortably as he could, and sat watching him as a father watches a sick child.

Toward noon they were taken up by one of the large transatlantics, which had learned of the collision by wireless, and was on the lookout for strayed lifeboats.

O'Neill, still unconscious, was placed in the ship's hospital with a slight fracture of the skull.

Three days later he recognized Warburton.

"Say," O'Neill began, "the doctor told me this morning that you're the fellow who saved my life. He got it from the Victoria men. And I never knew you. What's your name—oh, holy heaven, I know you now! Blount—Warburton. Why didn't you stay away?"

"I've got to go back and pay my bill," said Warburton. "I'm a thief all right, but I couldn't be a murderer, even if it didn't look like murder to those on the outside. I thought I'd begin my life over again when I ran away, but I found out that night in the boat that I have to begin right."

"I couldn't even die that night, though at first I wanted to, with this strain. Good Lord! To think what I've been through to find out these things."

"Not a word about it while we're on the boat," O'Neill cautioned.

"May I stay a little while?" Warburton asked.

"Sure! Smoke a cigar!" O'Neill assured him hospitably, at the same time offering him one.

"You see," Warburton explained, "you are the only person with whom I stand right. With the other men on the boat I'm simply living a lie. I've had to live that way so long, too."

The colliding vessel was standing by, and both ships bobbed up and down on the floor of the sea like balls.

And over all the tragic wonder of the scene rose human voices in terror or in command, and the hoarse, gloomy note of signal whistles.

Passengers were darting here and there, cursing and screaming to God and man to help them.

Warburton, still grasping O'Neill's trembling hand, listened and watched for some word or sign from the officers. After all, this was a good way out. They had caught him. To live meant disgrace, imprisonment—slow death. Better a quick one.

The sight of the sea reaching up all about them with greedy arms, quite inconspicuously, made him think of the waters at home. He had seen Long Island Sound in a fury and had sailed his little boat laughingly. What a funny thing the Sound was! What a temptation in a teapot the whole struggle of life!

"Gee, the poor kids and me wife!" O'Neill continued to moan.

"Listen!" Warburton cried, wrenching O'Neill's arm.

An officer was shouting orders to the passengers. At point of pistol he had herded them on the forward deck near the spot where Warburton and O'Neill were standing.

They would be let down in boats and on raft—the women first, the crew last. All must move in an orderly fashion and obey or be shot. The colliding steamer would continue to stand by and pick them up.

Members of the crew manned each boat. O'Neill stuck close to Warburton with helpless dependence.

Now and then he would ask absurd questions in a moaning voice. "Can you swim?" was one of them. "Will this boat hold all these people?" Or, staring about at the fog that enshrouded the sea, he would say: "The one thing in the whole world I'm scared of is the water, and here it is at my throat! And that fog—it's choking me!"

Some of the men cursed, some prayed. Warburton remained calm and silent. With stolid impassiveness he was trying to fathom what the trick of fate that meant dire tragedy for all the rest should mean for him possibly lasting happiness.

He saw the way O'Neill was going. The detective's terror of the sea by this time had driven him into sheer delirium. He moaned or babbled by turns of his wife and children; and he kept hold of Warburton's hand as if he himself were a child. All idea of pursuit and capture of Warburton seemed to have been blotted out.

The master of the crew, who was at the tiller, did his best to assure the passengers that they would be saved if they only strove to be brave and quiet.

He explained that they were pulling far off from the wrecked Victoria in order to avoid swamping when she slipped to the bottom. In an hour at most they would find the other steamer and be picked up. Surely they could