

"A chance remark of Miss Cameron at lunch today. She wondered if Barnes could be the chap who wrote the articles about Peru and the Incas. or something of the sort, and that set them to looking up the back numbers of the Geographic Magazine in Mr. Curtis' library. Not only did they find the articles but they found your picture. I had no difficulty in deciding that you were one and the same. The atmosphere cleared in a liffy. It became even clearer when it was discorered that you have had a few ancestors and are received in good societyboth here and abroad, as the late Frederic Townsend Martin would have said. I hereby officially present the result of subsequent deliberation. Mr. Barnes is invited to dine with us toalight."

Harnes' heart was still pounding rapidly as he made the rueful admission that he "didn't have a thing to wear." He couldn't think of accepting the gracious invitation-"It they'll rabe me act am," began

Barnes, doubtfully.

"I say," called out O'Dowd to the sheriff, who was gazing longingly at the horses tethered at the bottom of . the slope, "would ye mind leading Mr. Barnes' ung back to the Tuvern? He is stopping to dinner. And, while I think of it, are you satisfied. Mr. Sheriff, with the day's work? If not you will be welcome again at any time to die in its tracks at almost any instant.

Ten minutes later Barnes passed through the portals of Green Fancy.

CHAPTER IX.

Ascendant.

The wide green door, set far back in a recess not unlike a klosk, was "whereupon you vanished like the easily have been mistaken for a waiter predatory glutton." from Delmonico's or Sherry's.

"Say to Mrs. Collier, Nicholas, that Mr. Barnes is here for dinner," said of the woman of the crossroads, and, De Soto. "I will make the cocktails as before, he caught the almost imthis evening."

Much to Barnes' surprise-and disappointment-the interior of the house failed to sustain the bewildering effect produced by the exterior. The entrance hall and the fiving room into neck with a fall of rare valenciennes which he was conducted by the two lace. There was no jewelry—not even u were singularly like others that he had seen. The latter, for example, was of ordinary dimensions, furnished with a thought for comfort rather than elegance or even good taste. The conches and chairs were low and deep and comfortable, as if intended for men only, and they were covered with rich, gay materials; the hangings at the windows were of deep blue and gold; the walls an unobtrusive cream color, almost literally thatched with etchings.

The stairs were thickly carpeted. At the top his guide turned to the left and led the way down a long corridor. They passed at least four doors be fore O'Dowd stopped and threw open the fifth on that side of the hall. There were still two more doors beyond,

"Suggests a hotel, doesn't it?" said the Irishman, standing aside for Barnes to enter. "All of the sleeping sportments are on this floor, and the buths and boundoirs and what not, The parret is above, and that's where we deposit our family skeletons, intern our grievances, store our stock of spitefulness and hide all the little cepted the tonst as a compliment from devils that must come sneaking up from the city with us whether we will tribute to the prowess of those mysor no. Dalsson," addressing the man terious marksmen. who had quietly entered the room through the door behind them, "do Mr. Barnes, will ye, and fetch me from Mr. De Sato's room when you've finished. Thenve you to Dahson's tender mervies. The saints preserve us! out crowding, and when the seven took Look at the man's houts! Dabson, their piaces wide intervals separated

He's been floundering in a bog," The jovial Irishmun retired, leaving Barnes to be "done" by the stient. swift-moving valet. Dabson was young table. The serving plates were of siland vigorous and exceedingly well ver. Especially beautiful were the trained. He made short work of "doing the visitor; barely fifteen min- graceful champagne glasses. They utes elapsed before O'Dowd's return.

Presently they went downstnirs to gether. Lamps had been lighted, many of them, throughout the house. A fire erackled in the cavernous fireplace at the end of the living room and grouped about its cheerful, grateful blaze were the indies of Green Fancy.

The girl of his thoughts was there, standing slightly alouf from the oth ees, but evidently amused by the tale with which De Soto was regaling them. She was smilling; Barnes saw the apphire lights sparkling in her eyes and experienced a sensation that was wofully akin to confusion.



She Was There.

the everything went on quite nateif ye'll only telephone a half minute rally. He favored Miss Cameron with in advance." To Barnes he said; "We'll an uncommonly self-possessed smile as send you down in the automobile to she gave her hand to him, and she in night, provided it has survived the turn responded with one faintly sugday. We're expecting the poor thing gestive of tolerance, although it certainly would have been recorded by a less gensitive person than Barnes as "ripping."

In reply to his perfunctory "delighted, I'm sure, etc.," she said quite clearly: "Oh, now I remember. I was sura had seen you before, Mr. Barnes, The First Wayfarer, the Second Way. You are the magic gentleman who farer and the Spirit of Chivalry sprang like a mushroom out of the earth early yesterday afternoon."

"And frightened you," he said; opened by a man servant who might mushroom that is gobbled up by the

He had thrilled at the sound of her voice. It was the low, deliberate voice perceptible accent. The red gleam from the blazing logs fell upon her shining hair; it glistened like gold. She wore a simple evening gown of white, softened over the shoulders and a ring on her slender, tapering fingers.

Mrs. Collier, the hostess, was an elderly, heavy-featured woman, decidedly overdressed. Mrs. Van Dyke. her daughter, was a woman of thirty. tall, dark and handsome in a bold, dashing sort of way. The lackadatsical gentleman with the mustache turned out to be her husband.

"My brother is unable to be with us tonight, Mr. Barnes," explained Mrs. Collier, "Mr. O'Dowd may have told you that he is an invalid. Onlie rarely is he well enough to leave his room. He has begged me to present his apologies and regrets to you. Another time, perhaps, you will give him the pleasure he is missing tonight."

De Sote's cocktalls came in. Miss Cameron did not take one. O'Dowd proposed a toast.

"To the rasents who went gunning for the other rascals. But for them we should be short at least one memher of this agreeable company."

It was rather startling. Barney glass stopped half way to his lips. An instant later he drained it. He acthe whilem Irishman, and not as a

The table in the spacious dining room was one of those long, narrow Italian boards, unmistakably antique and equally rare. Sixteen or eighteen people could have been sented with get out your brush and dauber first of them. No effort had been made by the hostess to bring her guests close together, as might have been done by using one end or the center of the tong-stemmed water goblets and the were blue and white and of a design and quality no longer obtainable except at great cost. The esthetic Barnes was not slow to appreciate the rarity of the glassware and the chaste

beauty of the serving plates. The man Nicholas was evidently the utler, despite his Seventh avenue nanner. He was assisted in serving by two statuart and amazingly clumsy footmen, of similar lik and nationality On seeing these additional men serv ants Barnes began figuratively to count on his fingers the retainers he had so far encountered on the place. Already he had some air, all of them

him as extraordinary, and in a way significant, that there should be so sany men at Green Fancy.

Much to his disappointment he was not placed near Miss Cameron at table. Indeed she was seated as far away from him as possible. There was a place set between him and De Soto, symmetr's sake, Barnes concluded. In this he was mistaken: they had barely scated themselves when Mrs. Collier remarked:

"Mr. Curtis' secretary usually joins us here for coffee. He has his dinner with my brother, and then, poor man, comes in for a brief period of relaxation. When my brother is in one of his bad spells poor Mr. Loeb doesn't have much time to himself."

Loch, the private secretary, came in for coffee. He was a tall, spare man of thirty, pallidly handsome, with dark, studious eyes and features of an unmistakably Hebraic cast, as his name might have foretold. His teeth were marvelously white and his slow smile attractive. More than once during the hour that Loeb spent with them Barnes formed and dismissed a stubborn ever-recurring opinion that the man was not a Jew. Certainly be was not an American Jew. His voice, his manner of speech, his every action stamped him as one born and bred in a land far from Brondway and its counterparts. If a Jew he was of the east as it is measured from Romethe Jew of the carnal Orient.

And us the evening wore on there came to Barnes the singular fanes that this man was the master and not the servant of the house! He could not put the ridiculous idea out of his

He was to depart at ten. The hour frew near and he had had no opportunity for detached conversation with Miss Cameron. He had listened to her bright retorts to O'Dowd's sallies, and maryeled at the ease and composure with which she met the witty Irishun on even terms

Not until the very close of the eveulng, and when he had resigned himself to hopelessness, alld the opportuulty come for him to speak with her alone. She caught his eye, and, to his imaxement, made a slight movement if her head, unobserved by the others out curiously imperative to him. There was no mistaking the meaning of the lirect, intense look that she gave him, She was appealing to him as a riend-as one on whom she could de-

The spirit of chivalry took possestion of him. His blood leaped to the



"Come and Sit Beside Me, Mr. Barnes." She Called Out Gayly.

She needed him and he would not fail her. And it was with difficulty that he contrived to hide the expliation that might have ruined everything t

While he was trying to invent a pretext for drawing her apart from the others she calmly ordered Van Dyke to relinquish his place on the couch

beside her to Barnes, "Come and sit beside me, Mr. Barnes," she called out gayly. "I will not bite you or scratch you or harm you in any way. Ask Mr. O'Dowd. and he will tell you that I am quite docile. I don't bite, do I, Mr. O'Dowd?"

"You do," said O'Dowd promptly. You do more than that. You devour. Redad I have to look in a mirror to uvince meself that you haven't swallowed me whole. That's another way of telling you, Barnes, that she'll absorb you entirely."

For a few minutes she chided him for his unseemly aversion. He was beginning to think that he had been mistaken in her motive, and that after all she was merely satisfying her vanity. Suddenly, and as she smiled into his eyes, she said, lowering her voice slightly:

"Do not appear surprised at anything I may say to you. Smile as if we were uttering the silliest nonsense. So much depends upon it, Mr. Barnes."

CHAPTER X.

The Prisoner of Green Fancy, and the

Lament of Peter the Chauffeur. He envied Mr. Rushcroft. The barnstormer would have risen to the oceasion without so much as the blinking of an eye. He did his best, however, and, despite his eagerness, managed to come off fairly well. Anyone out of earshot would have thought that he was uttering some trifling lumbity instead of these words;

lowerful, rugged fellows. It struck ed that something was wrong here." "It is impossible to explain now," she said. "These people are not my friends. I have no one to turn to in

my predicament." "Yes, you have," he broke in, and laughed rather boisterously for him. He felt that they were being watched in turn by every person in the room. "Tonight-not an hour ago-I began

to feel that I could call upon you for help. I began to relax. Something whispered to me that I was no longer utterly alone. Oh, you will never know what it is to have your heart lighten as mine-but I must control myself. We are not to waste words," "You have only to command me, Miss Cameron. No more than a dozen

can be of service to you." "I shall try to communicate with you in some way-tomorrow. I beg of you, I implore you, do not desert me. If I can only be sure that you will-

"You may depend on me, no matter what happens," said he, and, looking into her eyes, was bound forever.

"I have been thinking," she said. "Yesterday I made the discovery that I-that I am actually a prisoner here, Mr. Barnes, I-Smile! Say something

Together they laughed over the meaningless remark he made in response to her command

"I am constantly watched. If I venture outside the house I am almost immediately joined by one of these men. You saw what happened yesterday. I am distracted."

"I will ask the authorities to step

"No! You are to do nothing of the kind. The authorities would never find me if they came here to search." (It was hard for him to smile at that!) "It must be some other way. If I could steal out of the house-but that is impossible," she broke off with a cutch in her voice.

"Suppose that I were to steal into the house," he said, a reckless light took it like a lamb. Then they gits a

"Oh, you could never succeed!" "Well, I could try, couldn't I?" There was nothing funny in the remark, but they both leaned back and laughed heartily. "Leave it to me. Teil me where-

"The place is guarded day and night. The stealthiest burglar in the world could not come within a stone's throw, of the house."

"If it's as bad as all that, we cannot afford to make any slips. You think you are in no immediate peril?"

"I am in no peril at all unless I bring it upon myself," she said significantly, "Then a delay of a day or so will

not matter," he said, frowning, it fixed. "Leave it to me. I will find a way." "Be careful!" De Soto came lounging up behind them.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but I am under command from royal headquarters. Peter, the king of chauffeurs, sends in word that the car is in an amiable mood and champing to be off. So seldom is it in good humor that he-"

"I'll be off at once," exclaimed Barnes, arising. "By Jove, it is halfpast ten. I had no idea-good night, Miss Cameron."

He pressed her hand reassuringly and left her.

straight and slim by the corner of the Curtis is very fond of both of 'em." fireplace, a confident smile on her lips "If you are to be long in the neighborhood, Mr. Barnes," said his hostess,

"you must let us have you again." "My stay is short, I fear. You have between Turkey an' them other counonly to reveal the faintest sign that I tries four er five years ago." may come, however, and I'll hop into my seven-league boots before you can utter Jack Robinson's Christian name, own brother-in-law, y know-was Good night, Mrs. Van Dyke. I have fightin' on the side of the Boolgarians you all to thank for a most delightful evening."

The car was walting at the back of the house. O'Dowd walked out with Barnes, their arms Haked-as on a former occasion, Barnes recalled.

"I'll ride out to the gate with you." said the Irishman. "It's a winding, devious route the road takes through the trees."

They came in time, after many "halr pins" and right angles, to the gate opening upon the highway. Peter got down from the seat to release the padlocked chain and throw open the gate, O'Dowd leaned closer to Barnes and

lowered his voice. "See here, Barnes, I'm no fool, and for that reason I've got sense enough to know that you're not either. I don't know what's in your mind, nor what you're trying to get into it if it isn't already there. But I'll say this to you, man to man: Don't let your imagination get the better of your common sense. That's all. Take the

"I am not imagining anything, O'Dowd," said Barnes quietly, "What do you meno?"

"I mean just what I say. I'm giving you the tip for selfish reasons. If you make a bally fool of yourself. I'll have to see you through the worst of itand it's a job I don't relish. Ponder that, will ye, on the way home?"

Barnes did ponder it on the way home. There was but one construction to put upon the remark: it was O'Dowd's way of letting him know that be could be depended upon for support if the worst came to pass,

O'Dowd evidently had not been deceived by the acting that masked the conversation on the couch. He knew that Miss Cameron had appealed to Barnes, and that the latter had promised to do everything in his power to help her.

Suspecting that this was the situation, and doubtless sacrificing his own "You may trust me. I have answert. private interests, he had uttered the

vague but timety warning to harnes The significance of this warning grew under reflection. Barnes was not slow to appreciate the position in which O'Dowd voluntarily placed himself. A word or a sign from him would be sufficient to bring disaster upon the Irishman who had risked his own-safety in a few irretrievable words. The more he thought of it, the more fully convinced was he that there was nothing to fear from O'Dowd.

Peter drove slowly, carefully over the road down the mountain. Responding to a sudden impulse, Barnes lowered one of the side seats in the tonnean and moved closer to the driver. "How long have you been driving for Mr. Curtis?"

"Ever since he come up here, more'n words are necessary. Tell me how I two years ago. Guess I'm going to get the G. B. 'fore long, though. Seems that he's gettin' a new car an' wants an expert machinist to take hold of it from the start. I wis good enough to fiddle around with this second-hand pile o' junk an' the one he had last year, but I ain't qualified to handle this here machine he's expectin', so he says. I guess they's been some influence used against me, if the truth was known. This new sec'etary he's got cain't stummick me."

"Why don't you see Mr. Curtis and demand-

"See him?" snorted Peter. "Might as well try to see Napoleon Bonyparte. Didn't you know he was a sick man?" "Certainly. But he isn't so ill that he can't attend to business, is he?"

"He sure is. Parylised, they say." "What has Mr. Loeb against you, if I may ask?"

"Well, it's like this. I ain't in the habit o' bein' ordered aroun' as if I was jest nobody at all, so when he starts in to cuss me about somethin' a week or so ago. I ups and tells him I'll smash his head if he don't take it back. He takes it back all right, but the first thing I know I get a calldown from Mrs. Collier. Course 1 couldn't tell her what I told the sheeny, seein' as she's a female, so I feller up here to wash the car. My gosh, mister, the durned ole rattle-trap nin't wuffi a bucket o' water all told. So I sends word in to Mr. Curtis that if she has to be washed, I'll wash her, Then's when I hears about the nev car. Next day Mrs. Collier sends for me an' I go in. She says she guesses she'll try the new washer on the new machine when it comes, an' if I keer to stay on as washer in his place she'll

ain't able to see no one. So I guess I'm goin' to be let out," An idea was taking root in Barnes' brain, but it was too soon to consider

be glad to have me. I says I'd like to

have a word with Mr. Curtis, if she

don't mind, an' she says Mr. Curtis

"You say Mr. Loeb is new at his

Job?" "Well, he's new up here. Mr. Cur-tis was down to New York all last winter bein' treated, you see, He didn't come up here till about five weeks Loeb was workin' fer him most of the winter, gittin' up a book er somethin', I hear. Mr. Curtis' mind is all right, I guess, even if his body ain't."

"I see. Mr. Locb came up with him from New York."

"Kerect. Him and Mr. O'Dowd and Mr. De Soto brought him up 'bout the last o' March. They was up here vis-She had arisen and was standing. Itin' last spring an' the fall before, Mr.

"It seems to me that I have heard that his son married O'Dowd's sister." "That's right. She's a widder now, Her husband was killed in the war

"Really ?" "Yep. Him and Mr. O'Dowd-his

and young Ashley Curtis was killed." Was this son Mr. Curtis' only "So fer as I know. He left three lit- man and that if I had a chance to buzz

mother jest after the house was fin-

Indust! "They will probably come into this

property when Mr. Curtis dies," said You will have to excuse me."



"She's a Widder Now, Her Husband Was Killed in the War."

Barnes, keeping the excitement out of his voice.

"More'n likely."

ouths. He was failin' then. That's man, unsmillingly. why he went to the city."

"Ob, I see, You did not see him when he arrived the last of March?" "I was visitln' my sister up in Horndurn fool got the address wrong. I come back from my sister's three days, Fancy." later. I wouldn't 'a' had it happen fer fifty dollars," Peter's tone was con-

viucingly doleful. "And he has been confined to his oom ever since? Poor old fellow!

It's hard, isn't it?" "It sure is. Seems like he'll never be able to walk ag'ln. I was talkin' to Fancy. Having satisfied myself that his nurse only the other day. He says you are not connected with the gang It's a hopeless case."

Fortunately his sister can be here

"By gosh, she ain't nothin' like him," confided Peter. "She's all fuss an' feathers an' he is lest as simple as you er me. Nothin' fluffy about him, I c'n tell ye." He sighed deeply. "I'm jest as well pleased to go as not," he went on. "Mrs. Collier's got a lot o' falutin' New York ideas that don't seem to jibe with mine."

Long before they came to the turnpike, Barnes had reduced his hundred and one suppositions to the following concrete conclusion: Green Fancy was no longer in the hands of its original owner for the good and sufficient reason that Mr. Curtis was dead, The real master of the house was the man known as Loch. Through O'Dowd he had leased the property from the widowed daughter-in-law, and had established himself there, surrounded by trustworthy henchmen, for the purpose of carrying out some dark and sinister project.

"I suppose Mrs. Collier has spent a great deal of time up here with her

"First time she was ever here, so far as I know," said Peter, and Barnes promptly took up his weaving once

With one exception, he decided, the entire company at Green Fancy was involved in the conspiracy. The exception was Miss Cameron. It was quite clear to him that she had been misled or betrayed into her present position; that a trap had been set for her and she had walked into it blindly, trustingly. This would seem to establish, beyond question, that her capture and detention was vital to the interests of the plotters; otherwise she would not have been lured to Green Fancy under the impression that she supporters. Supporters! That word started a new train of thought. He could hardly walt for the story that

was to fall from her lips. "By the way, Peter, it has just occurred to me that I may be able to give you a job in case you are let out by Mr. Curtis. I can't say definitely until I have communicated with my sister, who has a summer home in the

Berkshires." "I'll be much obliged, sir. Course I won't say a word. Will I find you at the tavern if I get my waikin' papers

soon?" "Yes. Stop in to see me lomorrow if

you happen to be passing." Barnes said good night to the man later. Putnam Jones was behind the desk and facing him was the little book agent.

"Hello, stranger," greeted the landlord. "Been sashaying in society, hey? Meet my friend Mr. Sprouse, Mr. Barnes. Sic-em, Sprouse! Give him the Dickens!" Mr. Jones laughed loudly at his own Jest.

Sprouse shook lands with his vic-

"I was just saying to our friend Jones here. Mr. Harnes, that you book | cinctly. "Are you inclined to favor like a more than ordinarily intelligent

tle kids. They was all here with their with you for a quarter of an hour I could present a proposition-" "Sorry, Mr. Sprouse, but it is half-

past eleven o'clock, and I am dog-tired. "Tomorrow morning will suit me," said Sprouse cheerfully, "If It suits

CHAPTER XI.

you."

Mr. Sprouse Abandons Literature at an Early Hour in the Morning.

After thrashing about in his bed for seven sleepless hours, Barnes arose and gloomly breakfasted alone. He was not discouraged over his failure to arrive at anything tangible in the shape of a plan of action. It was inconceivable that he should not be able Barnes. in very short order to bring about the release of the fair guest of Green Fancy. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that international affairs of considerable importance were involved and that the agents operating at Green Fancy were under definite orders.

Mr. Sprouse came into the dining room as he was taking his last awal- You better et acquainted with low of coffee.

"Ah, good morning," was the bland little man's greeting. "Up with the lark, I see. Mind if I sit down here and have my eggs?" He pulled out a chair opposite Barnes and coolly sat down at the table.

"You can't sell me a set of Dickens at this hour of the day," said Barnes sourly. "Besides, I've finished my brenkfast. Keep your seat." He started to rise.

"Sit down," said Spronse quietly. Something in the man's voice and man-"Was he very feeble when you saw He hesitated a second and then rener struck Barnes as oddly compelling. ort his meat, Pres been investi-

"I ain't seen him in more'n six grifing you, Mr. Barnes," said the tittle "Don't get sore, There are a lot of things that you don't know, and one of them is that I don't sell books for a living. It's something of a side line with me." He leaned ville when he come back unexpected. forward. "I shall be quite frank with like. This that Loeb says he wrote me you, sir. I am a secret service man. to meet 'em at Spanish Falls but I Yesterday I went through your effects never got the letter. Like as not the upstairs, and last night I took the liberty of spying upon you, so to speak, didn't know Mr. Curtis was home till I while you were a guest at Green

"The deuce you say!" cried Barnes. "We will get right down to tacks," said Sprouse. "My governmentwhich isn't yours, by the way-sent me up here five weeks ago on a certain undertaking. I am supposed to find out what is hatching up at Green up there I cheerfully place myself in your hands, Mr. Barnes. You were at Green Fancy last night. So was L. You had an advantage over me, however, for you were on the inside and I was not."

"Confound your impudence! I--" "One of my purposes in revealing myself to you, Mr. Barnes, is to wara you to steer clear of that crowd. You mey of her own, an' she's got high- mny find yourself in exceedingly het water later on if you don't. Another purpose, and the real one, is to secure, If possible, your co-operation in heating the game up there. You can belp me, and in helping me you may be instrumental in righting one of the gravest wrongs the world has ever known."

"Will you be good enough, Mr. Sprouse, to tell me just what you are trying to get at? I know nothing whatever against Mr. Curtis and his friends. You assume a great deal-"

"Excuse me, Mr. Barnes. I'll admit that you don't know anything against them, but you suspect a whole lot. To begin with, you suspect that two men were shot to death because they were in wrong with someone at Green Fancy. Now I could tell you who these two men really were and why they were shot. But I sha'n't do any; thing of the sort-at least not at pres-

ent: Parnes was impressed. "Perhaps you will condescend to tell me who you are, Mr. Sprouse. I am very much in the dark."

"I am a special agent-but not a spy, sir-of a government that is friendly to yours. I am known in Washington. My credentials are not to be questioned. At present it would he unwise for me to reveal the name of my government. I dare say if I can afford to trust you, Mr. Barnes, you can afford to trust me. There is too much at stake for me to take the was to find herself among friends and | slightest chance with any man. I am ready to chance you, sir, if you will

do the same by me." "Well," began Barnes deliberately, "I guess you will have to take a chance with me, Mr. Sprouse, for I refuse to commit myself until I know

exactly what you are up to." "In the first place, Mr. Barnes," said Sprouse, salting his eggs, "you have been thinking that I was sent down from Green Fancy to spy on you.

Isn't that so?" "I am answering no questions, Mr.

Sprouse." "You were wrong," said Sprouse, as if Barnes had answered in the affirmative. "I am working on my own, You may have observed that I did not and entered the tavern a few minutes accompany the sheriff's posse today. I was up in Hornville getting the final word from New York that you were on the level. I telephoned to New York. Eleven dollars and sixty casts. You were under suspicion until I kung up

> "Jones has been talking to you." said Barnes. "But you said a moment ago that you were up at Green Fancy last night. Not by invitation, I take

the receiver. I may say."

"I invited myself," said Sprease sucmy proposition?"

"You haven't made one," "By suggestion, Mr. Barnes, It is quite impossible for me to get inside that house. You appear to have the entree. You are working in the dark, guessing at everything. I am guessing at nothing. By combining forces we should bring this thing to a head, and-"

"Just a moment. You expect me to abuse the hospitality of-

"I shall have to speak plainly, I He leaned forward, fixing Barnes with a pair of steady, earnest eyes. "Six months ago a certain royal house in Europe was despoiled of its jewels, its privy seal, its most precious state documents and its charter. They bave been traced to the United States. I am here to recover them. That is the foundation of my story, Mr.

(Continued next Saturday.)



ourWant Ads-Theuwill bring you results nomatter what yourwant may be:

You expect the local merchants to take your produce. Help them do it with your pat-

ronage-Build up Marion coun-