THE DAILY CAPILAL JOURNAL, SALEM, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY $29,1919$.






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CHAPTER $X$ Larpe Bodies Move slowly-But Mr.
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 Mr. ODD D , T th
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 She wasse, Miss Cameron",
suen for a moment, and
ben she spoke it was with ashe spoken it war a moment. and
ity. "Mr. Barrees, 1 had great in.

ore you were usked to the hoosee,
coolly 1 Ifforued that you would
mal tore for wour deave. Thenat the
hat they held over me. When
wat apoke to you on the couch that night,
$\mathrm{I}-\mathrm{ob}$ d, don't you nee? Don't jou see
that 1 wantonty, cruelly, selhsily
There, there, now ${ }^{\text {I' }}$ he cried, con-
ngly, as she put her hands to ber
and gave way to motis.
Forgive me" she murnured. "I
nt menan to be monill",
"t helpe, to cry sometimes," he sald
he first fulnt sligns of day were
acroes the rond above Hart's
vern und made thelr way through
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nopming. Mr. Bouefice," he callef eut
to Putnum Jones who appronched (hat juncture. "We are sadly in want Harnes cauyht the look that tho
Trishnuan abot at him out of the cor
ner of his eye. "Perhaps you'd better gee that the
scoundreid don't kive na diort meas.
ure, Mf. Loeb," anid ODowd. Loeb

 and-
"Are you in danger, too, oDowdr
To be sure but 1 love it. 1 cma
always e cuirm out of thet phen "I would not deliberately pat you in


 "We've had word that the govern-
ment has men on the wiy. Whis. ment has men on the muy. Why,
hang it all, Rarnes, doon' you know
whio it was that engivetred that whole








