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CHAPTER XXII.

empty. Not until nine o clock did Archie get home, and it was a weary and dispirited Archie that came in to his anxious partner.

"Well, kid, they've got us humping now," he groaned. "If we get out of this we'll qualify for the eel class for

"Oh, weil, you're home safe," said "I've been imagining seven different kinds of the worst. What's the news?"

Archie threw himself on a cot and lighted a cigarette. "Well, to begin at the beginning, this morning when you started out I had a hunch. What is it they call it now-a promenation of evil. So I slipped on my funny hat and coat and took after you. You went up the avenue to Fourteenth and across Fourteenth to the subway. You should have steered clear of Fourteenth."

"Never thought of it!" said Neil. You cooked a leery eye at Number Twenty-one as you passed. That was enough. Two bulls on the watch picked you up on the chance." "I never saw them!" said Neil astonished

"Of course you didn't, ianocent, trustin' little kid!" said Archie. "However. I will say to your credit that these weren't the regular thick-necks like we're accustomed to. I knew them soon as I laid eyes on them-Pinkertons!"

"What are Pinkertons doing in this

"I don't know. This is my guess. Toisen was a Republican and belonged to a political club. Now the police force is Democratic. Tolsen's friends have likely raised a purse to avenge their dead comrade, and so on, and incidentaly to show up the other side, see? Anyhow, the Pinkertons are on the job. Take it from me, son, this will be a real lively chase from now on with both sides tryin' to heat each other to it."

"Go on! What happened next?" "We all rode up town on the same subway car, you and the two Pinks and yours truly. Now, if you'd only taken it easy over to the old woman's flat all would have been well, for I would have got there first, knowing where you were going, and tipped you off. But, no, you must take it on

One of the men followed you into the apartment house. He must have been somewhere in the stair hall while you were talking to the old woman inside. The other waited in the street, and I was down at the corner. In half hour you came out again, with number one at your heels. Number one gives number two a sign; number two takes up your trail back to the subway and number one goes back into the house to talk to the old

"Now, I knew if I tried to approach you it would be the signal for an arrest, so I stuck to number one. I

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knew by the way you started off that Upon his return Neil found the flat You were going somewhere in particular, and I thought my best chance was to find out where the old woman had sent you.

'No after number one came out of the house I tackled the old woman. Say, he had near scared the life out of her. First you and then him and then me—the old dear was in a jelly of fear! I lost valuable time quieting her down. But finally I got out of her that the girl danced at the Vandermeer every afternoon, and I beat it to the nearest drug store and telephoned her the way you know. Took me so long to get her I made sure it Was too late

"I chased down to the Vandermeer to see what was doing. All quiet when I got there. I looked in that there garden of roses and seen her dancing round with a quiet face, so I made out she had got you out. Trust a woman to find a way!

"Well, sir, that's where I got mine. was so busy thinkin' about you bein' trailed I clean forgot myself. Blame if those same two Pinks, seein' me nosin' around, didn't pick me up. I've had a time to shake 'em! .Same old stunt, hoppin' troiley cars up-town, down and across. But these were no Baitimore amateurs. Stuck like leeches. If I hadn't had the luck to squeeze a subway express at Brooklyn Bridge as they closed the doors, I'd been runnin' yet."

Neil told his side of the day's story. "There's no question they're pushing us pretty close, kid." said Archie. ruefully.

'You ought to leave me," said Neil. "Cut that out!" cried Archie, loudly. You make me mad! What do you think I am? Just when the game is warmin' up!" He stamped up and down the room to relieve his feel-

"Oh, well, keep your shirt on," said 'What do you think we ought to "I tell you one thing. You're going

to lie snug for a few days." 'How can I?" Neil frowned. "The nearer they come to me the more necessary it is to get him. If they get me first, good-by!" What's your idea?" demanded Archie. "You ain't got nothin' to go

"Yes, I have," said Neil. "Blackader knows where Laura is. She ad-

Saturday, everybody's pay-day. From what I know of that young blackieg I believe he'll try to make a touch." "Good enough!" said Archie, "I ought to have thought of that."

"He'll go to the Vandermeer about closing time, or look her up at home later. Most likely the Vandermeer, because he can threaten herethere. She wouldn't want to make a scene." You mustn't be seen around the

vandermeer again," said Archie. "I'll have to take my chance," said Neil, doggediy. "Anyhow, Blackader wouldn't let you get near near him. I'll go. He

won't recognize me, and if he did he's go no cause to suspicion me. I'll go round to Joe's to-morrow, and change my funny clothes for a swell rig." 'If you do get him, what will you do with him, Archie?" asked Neil, anxi-

"Bring him down here." "Oh, if I could once get him down here!" groaned Neil. "Well, turn in now. Something tells, me we're going to have quite a day who I am." to-morrow, quite a day!"

onsiv

in the middle of the afternoon Archie set forth, looking like a prosperous little business man of Wateryliet or Tonawanda. "How do they give you a fit at

such short notice?" asked Neil, curiously. "Joe has tailors there to baste you a day all right."

"If you're kept from coming home can you send me word? I'll be nearly off my head with the suspense." "Sure, we ought t have some way of communicating," agreed Archie. "But I can't put you up, and a telegram's too risky. You call me up. At six

o'clock go out to Dreyfuss' drug-store and call up Rafferty's saloen on Forty-Second street. Ask for Greenleaf. If I'm there I'll be by the phone. If I'm not there, wait a couple of hours and call me up again at the same 'Hight-o!" said Neil. "Good luck

to you!" Neil's job of waiting was the harder

of the two. In fact, it is about the hardest job an active young man is called upon to perform. Nothing happened to relieve the slow passing of the minutes. At six o'clock he went down to the drug store, according to arrangement and called up the Forty-Second street place. Archie was not there, and Neil had the waiting to do ait over again. At eight o'clock he got his partner's voice on the

"Anything doing?" Neil cagerly de-

'Pienty," was the laconic reply. Blackader turned up at the Vandermeer according to specifications. Spent most of the afternoon dancing around in there. When the show was over he and the girl came out together. She gave him money and he left her. Then I picked him up. I bought him a drink, and in a little while we was like brothers. He didn't know he'd ever me hefore"

Where is he now?" "On his way down to see you."

"He's on the way, all right. I couldn't bring him myself, because the Pinks picked me up again. They're



watching me now through the door of the telephone booth: They'll trace this call. We'll have to move tunight."

"All right, if Blackader gets here first," said Neil grimly. 'He'll be there at eight-thirty By the way, he's dyed those well-known yellow ringlets. He don't look so much unlike you now." "Much obliged."

"Listen. He thinks he's going to a quiet little gambling- parlor where he can play with the money he got from the girl."

"You want to give him a little game at the door. He'll rap three times. I told him the password was President Wilson." "I get you."

"Use him gently, son." "Be easy."

'I'll be home as soon as I can shake my dogs." Not until ne heard the three raps on

the door would Neil allow himself to believe that his prize was in his grasp. The sound suddenly calmed him. He went to answer the summons with a to the police." grim smile.

He opened the door a crack, and without showing himself, asked in tones: "What do you Went? 'Does Mr. Abercrombie live here?"

he heard in Blackader's reedy voice. 'What's the good word?" he asked. "President Wilson." "Walk in, sir." Neil opened the door, keeping him-

self behind it. It admitted Blackader to a little hall, off which opened a tiny bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchenette. At the end of the hall was a living-room in which a light burned. Neil had taken care to have the hall dark. Blackader made his way toward the

lighted room, and Neil closed the door softly, locked it and put the key in his pocket. He followed his man into the living-room. Blackader, seeing the bareness of the

exclaimed involuntarily: place. "What's this?" Turning, he saw he gasped, recoiling. it was the same Blackader, elegant. well-dressed, sneering; only the blond

locks were now tinctured with walnut "Glad to see you," said Neil, grin-

ning still. Blackader rushed past him and down the little passage. Neil let him go. He rattled the door . Like all such doors it was covered with sheettron; moreover, it opened in. No chance of getting out that way. Blackader gave up the attempt, and crouched panting, like an animal at bay in the corner of the dark passage. 'Come on back," sang Netl. "I'm

not going to hurt you. At least, I'm going to give you a fair chance first." Finally Blackader slunk back into the room. His fascinated eyes, fearful of a gun, followed Neil's slightest move-

"What do you want of me?" he muttered, moistening his lips. "Sit down," said Neil. "A little plain talk forst of all. I see you know

Blackader sat on the edge of a chair in the corner. His panic terror subsided a little enough at least to permit him to bluster half-heartedly.

"Yes, I know you," he snarled. "You're Neil Ottoway. You murderer!" Neil laughed. " 'Pon my soul! I think you almost believe it! That's

rich, coming from you!" "What do you mean?" demanded innocence.

in while you stand. It'll last out for Blackader, with a creat parade of "You're the one man in the world who knows for sure that I didn't kill

Tolsen," said Neil quietly. "It's a lie!" cried the other. "A lie!" "You deny it before you are accused," Neil triumphed "There is plenty of evidence to convict you. You were with Laura when she telephoned

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Neil drew a long breath to steady himself. "Oh, you pretty specimen of manhood!" he said softly. "I have no word for you. All the bad names I snow are too manly." Blackader squirmed a little under

this, but it did not go very deep. All ne needed to restore himself in his own eyes was a rejoinder. He found it. "You're jealous!" he snaried.
Neil laughed outright. "Of you! Say, you're more of a wit than I gave you credit for."

Neil thought of the time-nonored police expedient of scaring a suspec with pretended evidence. "That's only the beginning of the case against you," he continued coolly. "There are finger-prints which will be proved are yours any time they take you." Blackader's eyes rolled a litte wild-

"It's a lie!" he said, less surely. What do you want of me?" "A confession," said Nell. "There's pen and paper waiting on the table." The other man essayed to laugh. What do you think I am?"

"I'd rather not tell you," said Neil "Go ahead." "Got nothing to confees." muttered "I don't intend to use it against

you," said Neil. "Except in case of necessity. When you have signed it you may walk out of here as freely as you came in. I am letting you go for Laura's sake.' "Say, do you expect me to believe

that bunk?" sneered the other. "I don't care whether you believe it or not. You'll write the confession. mean to use it as a club to make you behave decently. Laura will diverce vou-"And marry you, eh?"

"I hope so," Neil smiled. "But that's up to hor. In any case, you are to leave her alone. If you bother her in any way the confession goes "You haven't got it yet."

"Plenty of time! Plenty of time! Plenty of ways to make you!" Blackader's eyes polted again."I'm not afraid of your threats," he said shakily. "You daren't put me out of the way, because then my mouth would be stopped for good." "So you did kill Casper Tolsen?" said Neil quickly.

"I didn't, but you think I did." "Go ahead, write! You'll have to sooner or later. You'll get nothing to est until you do." "You can't keep me locked up here," blustered Blackadur. "With my partner's help I can."

"I'll raise the neighborhood." "Then we'll all get arrested," said Neil cheerfully. "If I was arrested it would kill

Suddenly seizing Blackader's collar, he jerked him to his feet. With his free hand he swung the chair to the table. and slammed Blackader back upon it. Write!" he commanded. Blackader, demoralized by the dis-

play of force, crouched and begged for mercy. His nimble brain found twenty excuses at once. "It's for Laura's sake I won't confess. jury would convict me. I found Tol-

sen in my wife's room." Neil suddenly saw red. A savage rage overmastered him. Without any volition of his mind his hands found their way to Blackader's throat, and the slim youth was shaken like a rat. "Take that back, you filthy liar!" Neil hissed.

Blackader squeaked with terror. It was the only sound he could get out. 'Yes! I take it back! I lied!" he

Neil flung him on the floor and turned away. A feeling of sickness followed upon his anger. He was terrified at himself.

"Get up and write!" he panted. A strange obstinacy still animated the abject figure. "I won't! I won't!" he wailed. "Not if you kill me! If of true mettle the answer has come l give myself away I'll go to the chair. back "You shall not," Itis a case of men-You couldn't do any worse to me than tal disintegration, smashing the gear of free reasoning of masses and delivering that!"

Neil turned away. "Well, we'll try

drew deep to steady his nerves. Blackader's slender, graceful figure still lay on the floor. With his head wrapped in his arms he was perfectly motionless, feigning to be asleep, or to be dead maybe. "Only the devil knows what's stew-

ing in his head," thought Neil. The silence was broken by the sharp ringing of the electric bell in the kitchen. Blackader started up. "What's that?" he gasped. "Police?" "Maybe," said Neil coolly.

"Oh, don't let them in! Don't let them in!" cried the other. "If it's the police, I can't keep them cure said [Neil indifferently. Going to the kitchen, he pressed the button will continue its mysterious functions. that opened the street door of the

Visibly, Blackader nearly died under the strain of the suspense while they waited for whoever it was to climb the stairs. Neil was resigned to the worst. When the upper bell rang he opened the door without delay. A messenger boy with a telegram stood on the landing. (To be continued.)

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

(Boston Transcript) Mrs. Ascum—Did you ever do any fighting at close quarters, Major?
Major Weddely—Yes; most of my married life has been spent in a flat.

Blobbs-I prefer football to base ball. There is more kicking in it. Slobbs Gest I guess you haven't seen much baseball, have you?

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A Spanish Vime

Hichard Balmac in Chicago Tribune.

Not all the aphysiating Tueton rheatill more asphysiating Teuton rhetoric employed to assert their morality, shall extinguish the rebellious
truth. The monatrous war which is
being, waged by an amazed humanity

trein. The monstrous war which is being waged by an amazed humanity was long meditated, prepared, and provoked by Germany with the express purpose of domination, moral and material, over all other nations.

This being so apparent that there is no denial possible, those Spaniards among us who still sympathize with Germany invoke in defence of their sentiment injuries we at times more or less remote suffered at the hands of the French and English, which is like the wolf in the fable who proclaimed his right to devour or allow some one else to devour the little lamb because of grievances received from its father.

At all times and in all regions of the world, nations have fought with their neighborh, never with those far removed if Belin were close to Bordsaux or Lisbon we would have had as many scraps with the Germans as we have had with the French and Portuguese. Austria and Germany, who are not only neighbors, but brothers, have fought differences—among themselves up to the present time. neighbors, but brothers, have fought differences—among themselves up to the
present time. When we abandon a spirit
of hate and adopt reasoning, we argue
very differently according to each case.
Against England is employed the argument of her wealth; she pessesses rich
colonies, immense territory in all the five
parts of the globe, while Germany (a
nation as highly civilized and meritorious) has some of these. Why?
They who indignantly ask this question in Spain, many of them rich and
owners, unconsciously empley the same
arguments against England as are used
by the Socialists against them: We are
as worthy as you, you are rich, we are
peor, why should this be so? Robbers,
release those lands which you unjustly
retain.

This argument might hold if England

were incapable of colonizing. Would these colonies be better off, more content, in the hands of Germany? Put the question to them. Against France our argument is religion. This nation, which

Laura," whined Blagkader, with a crafty look.

"Honestly, when I look at you close I don't think it would." said Neil. However, I don't mean to have you arrested if I can help it. If you insist on it—well, what comes will have to come. Better draw up in the table and write."

"You can't make me."

"You can't make me."

"You can't make me."

Neil approached him. "Don't press me too far," he said softly. "I'd hate to soil my hands."

Blackader (ringed in the chair. "Let me alone—you bully!" he whined.

Neil saw that it was the only way. Suddenly seizing Blackader's collar, he sortous with the same decorations are of the companient of the same sever made France responsible for the bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassinations perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune, for the assassination perpetrated bloody excesses of the commune

group or spiritual thinkers, with Boutroux at its head, combating with their
glorious works the wise materialists of
Germany, the Wundts, the Haeckels, and
Ostwalds, but also a phalanx of eminent Catholic defenders, many of them
priests whose beeks are consoling all the
faith in Eurepe.

Let us not forget that many of these
good fathers are at the front in Alsace
and Flanders, listening stupefied and
hurt to the unjust accusations thrust
against their country by many who
boast of being of their faith.

The argument against Russia is that
she has not kept pace with civilization.
Poor Russia, what armanent has she?
What strategic railways; where are her
asphysiating gases? They eat with their
knives and are little better than savages. We must teach them the use of
firearms and table manners. Those same
savages provided with iron bars instead savages provided with iron bars instead of rifles, we learn from the German press, fought successfully against the whole Austrian army and more than one-third of the Germans for nearly three

years.

But the case against Belgium is the But the case against Belgium is the most quixotic of all. Inis Belgium, what possessed her to go into this headstrong adventure? How dare she confront colossal Germany? Had she allowed the kaiser's troops to pass she had met a better fate, a pocket jingling with gold coins, and probably, who knows, after the war, all the present from Almighty William a little present from Almighty William of a French province.

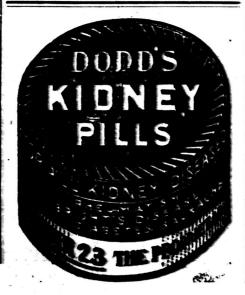
This is what we hear in Spain. Germany disdains even to argue about it. That roaring automatic will pronounce only the words "We shall," but from all the corners of the world where live men

Neil turned away. "Well. we'll try
what a little starvation will do," he
said.

He filled his pipe, and lighting it,
"Guard against the dictates of your "Guard against the dictates of your hearts as from an enemy," they are cautioned "Shoot down priests, destroy monuments, violate women, asphyxiate children, lose no occasion to terrorize the enemy," and we see pacific and peace loving German citizens, kind and affectionate fathers of families, shooting, violating, pilfering, asphyxiating: they are told to kill prisoners and they do it.

do it.

Such a state of moral nenury rather inspires pity than hate. They are dominated men and the horrors should be charged up to their masters rather than Like everything that touches for an instant this little planet inhabited by men, this war also will pess. The dense cloud darkening to-day the whole of Europe will fade away into a clear blue



Once more prairies will glow heautiful flowers, the branches of majestic tree gently sway in the peaceful quiet of eventice, and God's song birds with glad trill welcome the roky dawn of day. And what will be left of it all? Only a great shame, a great remorse.

The day will come—God grant it come soon—when these automatic assassins of women and children will come out of their hypnotic stuper and, horrified at themselves, will fall on their knees before their own children and pray for pardon for the diagrace they have brought upon their heads in seeking to outrage the honor of mankind before their youthful eyes, and in attempting to rout out from their hearts the one principle for which man can live and should die.

Timely Tips On Fashions

Semi-fitted suits promise to be the favorites for fall

Inconspicuous belts are the vogue. Narrow bands of fur trim the collars, as fur must be conserved as well as other materials.

Mole bandings on navy blue satin. used as trimming for a blue velveteen, make an attractive combination. Mannish cloths, tweeds, hairline stripes, checks, etc., are the new weaves for suits and coats.

Skunk is being used more this see son than last. Velvet in conservative colors is be ing made into attractive models for fall suits. Panels are used for trimming. Coats are medium length, but made of as little cloth as possible. For blouses the three-quarter open sleeve is one of the new styles.

Braid is used extensively for trimming in self color. Silk fringe is being introduced on some of the new blouses. Georgette continues to be the favorite blouse material, but laces are dyed

to match. All-over print silks are made into chic models for fall blouses. The barrelled peplum is a new effect

this season for dresses. Satin is used almost exclusively in the dark colors, with blac the most popular colors. High collars are making their appearance again but it is hard to make

people desire comfort before appearance now. Flaring cuffs and sleeves are more generally shown.

much of an impression now, as most

Dresses are being trimmed with fur bandings. Panels are embroidered in all-over designs, also braided and fringed. The jacket blouses are being displayed to a great extent in self color as

well as combination. Hand-embroidered effects are prominent on the better grade of frocks. Black velvet dresses are featured in very straight and plain lines.

AN AGE OF WEAK NERVES

"No heart for anything" is the cry of thousands of men and women who might be made well by the new, red blood Dr. Williams Pink Pills ac-

tually make. Misery day and night is the lot of hosts of men and women who areday the victims of weak nerves. Their pale, drawn faces and dejected attitude tell a sad tale, for nervous weakness means being tortured by morbid thoughts and unaccountable fits of depression. These sufferers are painfully sensitive and easily agitated by some chance remark. Sleeplessness robs them of energy and strength; their eyes are sunken, their limbs tremble, appetite is poor and memory often fails. This nervous exhaustion is one of the most sorious evils affecting men and women of to-day. The only way to bring back sound, vigorous health is to feed the starved nerves which are lamoring for new, rich, red blood. This new, good blood can be had through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which fact accounts for the thousands of cures of nervous diseases brought about by this powerful blood builder and nerve restorer. Through the fair use of this medicine thousands of despondent people have been made bright, active and strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be

boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

had by mail at 50 cents a box or six

Just Like Home. The burgiar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded and they made some

He had reached the floor of the bedroom when he heard someone moving in the bed, as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears. when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go down stairs and take

He went downstairs without a word. but he didn' take off his boots. instead he went straight cut into the night again and the pal who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his

"I can't rob that house," ba maid: "It reminds me of home."—Efficient

them off this minute."