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# Pawned

Frank L. Packard

THE JARVIS RECORD

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(Continued from last week)

The car was outdistancing him. Fool! For a woman's face! Even though it were a divine symphony or Not at all! It was his job! Nice sound to that word in conjunction with that haunting memory of loveliness—job!

The travelling pawn-shop turned into Fourth Avenue and headed down town John Bruce caught the sound of a street car gong, spurted and swung breathlessly to the platform of a car going in the same direction. Of course, it was his job! The exquisite Monsieur Henri de Lavergne was mixed up in this.

His face grew very white. "John Bruce", he whispered to himself, "if I could get at you I'd pound then accept as the tribute to her your face to pulp for that! He leaned out from the platform, knew him better.

The travelling pawn-shop had increased its speed and was steadily himself. leaving the street car behind. He The street was almost entirely decause it was apparently casual. It arms and wring his hands together "Come at once—oh, at once—please! serted as far as traffic went. The only was a curious little two-storey place vehicle in sight was a taxi bowling tucked away between the two flank-

the on-coming taxi. Call it his job, Although curtains were on the lower then, if it pleased him! He owed it to Larman to get to the bottom of purely a dwelling, the windows, indicating that it was not easy to keep them in front this. How extremely logical he wast selves were of abnormal size, as tho, The transaction in the travelling of the ground floor. The receiver of the caught the glint of knife blades now.

The transaction in the path of house. Yes, it was a curious place! Join Bruce was panting now, his where the man is wounded."

What kind of a wound it is, and where the man is wounded."

Ucctor Crang had sprung from the other toom and had snatched the receiver from the girl's hand. A wave caught the glint of knife blades now. Office Hours:—9 to 12 a.m; 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.

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NO. 1273

The transaction in the travelling pawn-shop had been so fair-minded as almost to exonerate Monsieur Henri de Lavergne on the face of it, from a comparatively deserted street from the door, giving room for more to come upon him. He evaded it—but and if it had not been for a certain found himself among the vendors vision' therein, and a fire in his own vision' therein, and a fire in his own her acquaintance with the gambing manager was profanity, he corner, discovered the fact that a lane could have heartily applauded Moncul have heartily applauded Moncul himself according to the travelling pawn-shop had been so fair-minded has almost to exonerate Monsieur

He pushed her roughly from the been replaced on its book.

She turned from the telephone and from the door, giving room for more to come upon him. He evaded it—but another glittering in the ceiling light at the same instant, flashing a murch to come upon him. He evaded it—but and the skirted the teven her acquaintance with the gambing manager was profanity, he corner, discovered the fact that a lane could have heartily applauded Moncul himself among the vendors pushed from the colling light at the same instant, flashing a murch to come upon him. He evaded it—but and the skirted the drown water, and resturned to John Bruce's side. She beling manager was profanity, he corner, discovered the fact that a lane could have heartily applauded Moncul himself among the vendors pushed from the door, giving room for more to come upon him. He evaded it—but another glittering in the ceiling light at the same instant, flashing a murch to come upon him. He evaded it—but another glittering in the ceiling light at the same instant, flashing a murch to come upon him. He evaded it—but another glittering in the ceiling light at the same instant, flashing a murch to John Bruce's side. She turned to John Bruce's side. She turned

side-and jumped on the footboard. of the lane to survey his surround-

d the chauffeur, "You\_\_\_\_" John Bruce calmly "And don't lese was run by one Palasco Ratti, a gensight of that closed car ahead."

chauffeur. "I've got a fare, an'...." rons. John Bruce surveyed Palasco "I hear him" said John Bruce com- Ratti's potential clientele—the street posedly. Ht edged in beside the was full of it; the shawled women, chauffeur and one of the crisp, new, the dark-visaged, lear-ringed men. fifty-dollar banknotes passed into He smiled a little to himself. Nothe latter's possession. "Keep that probably not the half-naked children car in sight and don't make it hope- who sprawled in the gutter and who lessly obvicus that you are follow- crawled amongst the push-carts' ing it. I'll attend to your fare."

elderly, gray-whiskered gentleman, a hood to which the designation "forpatently irate gentleman was pound eign," as far as she was concerned, ing furiously on the glass panel. "We should be turnin' down this full measure? It was strange that street we're just passin'," grinned the she -

John Bruce kwered the panel. "Whats the meaning of this?"

thundered the fare. dential. "The occupants of that car occasion required, he cut slices with ahead got away from me. I—I want a large carving knife. A brown and Only there was a fence between. San- and returned to John Bruces side once to arrest one of them. I'm very sor- grimy fist belonging to a tot of a giri ctuary! He lunged toward the fence. more. ry to put you to any inconvenience, of perhaps eight or nine years of but it couldn't be helped. There was age, who had crept in under the no other way than to commandeer push-cart, was stealthily feeling its

"Fly-cop—not!" said the chauffeur, would close on the coveted prize and with his tongue in his check. "Any disappear again victorious, or wheth-fly-cop that ever got his mitt on a er the vendor would turn in time to And he laughed. The kid was promonitary ring of bell, and closed and he laughed. The kid was promonitary ring of bell, and closed and he laughed. The kid was promonitary ring of bell, and closed and he laughed. The kid was promonitary ring of bell, and closed and he laughed. The kid was promonitary ring of bell, and closed and he laughed.

Marin "Hit it up a little to the next corner, turn it, and let me off there, directed John Bruce,

"I get you!" said the chauffeur. The taxi swept past the car at the curb. Another minute and it had swung the next corner, and was slowing down. John Bruce jumped to the ground before the taxi stopped. "Good-night!" he called to the

He waved his hand debonairly at the scowling, whiskered visage that was watching him from the interior of the cab, and hurriedly retraced his way back around the corner. The travelling pawn-shop had turned and was driving away. John Bruce moderated his pace, and sauntered on along the street. He smiled half grimly, half contentedly to himself.
The "trip to Persia" had led him a little farther afield than Monsieur Henri de Lavergne had pernaps counted on-or than he, John Bruce, himself had, either! But he knew now where the most glorious woman he had ever seen in his life lived, or, The street car conductor stared at at least was to be found again. No, him. John Bruce scowled. He swore it wasn't the moon! To him she was again but this time under his exactly that! And he had not seen breath. It brought a suiden wild, un her for the last time, either! That reasonable rage and rebellion, the was what he was here for, though thought that there should be any he wasnt so mad as to risk, or, raththing, even of the remotest nature, er, invite an affront to begin with by between the glorious vision in that so bold an act as to go to the front car and the mincing, silken-tongued door, say, and ring the bell-which manager of Larmon's gambling hell. Would be tantamount to informing her But there was, for all that, wasn't that he had er played the detectthere? How else had she come there? ive from the moment he had left her It was the usual thing, wasn't it? in the car. Tomorrow, perhaps, or the And—beware of the conductor! The next day—or whenever fate saw fit warning now appeared to be very to be in a kindly mood, a meeting apt! And how well he had profitted that possessed all the hall-marks of by it! A fool chasing a siren's being quite inadvertent offered him high hopes. Later, if face still were kind, he would be thoroughly justified in misconstruing now, she might

looked back in the opposite direction, scrutiny none the less exhaustive bealong a block in the rear. He laughed ing tenements, the further one of along a block in the rear. He laughed and the rear in the laughed and the John Bruce dropped off the car, a light showed from the front of the and planted himself in the path of house. Yes, it was a curious place! John Bruce dropped off the car, a light showed from the front of the probably. in the travelling originally perhaps the ground floor

tleman of parts in the choice of "Lose sight of nothin'!" yelled the wines which he offered to his patwheels! How was it that 'she' should He screwed around in his seat. An ever have come to live in a neighbor-

John Bruce's mental sililoguy came "I'm very sorry, sir" said John posite to him, the proprietor of which great slab of candy from which, as gamble whether the grimy little hand

"It lets you out, doesn't it?" inquired John Bruce pleasantly. "Now tice the little cameo of primal instinct that was on arbibition before the composition of the many about, appeared to notice the little cameo of primal instinct that was on exhibition before them. as he had clawed his way upward, her eyes went swiftly, sharply, to the "I'll earn it!" said the chauffeur The small and dirty fingers touched the sill unsteadily, haps thirty years of age, of power-with unction. "You leave it to me, the candy, closed on it, and were clutched at nothingness to save him-ful build, and yet whose frame withdrawn but were withdrawn too self and toppled inward to the floor seemed now woefully loose, disjointed

Bruce struck, struck as he had ence struck before on a white moon-flooded deck when a man, a brute beast, had gone down before him-and the

vendor, screaming shrilly, lay kicking in pain on the sidewalk. It had happened quickly. Not one, probably, of those on the street had caught the details of the little scene. beside John Bruce. Dead he did not alone knew where else, was just account the details of the little scene. before! What did it mean? What did to which he had remard his many And now the tiny thief had wriggled through his legs, and with the magnificent irresponsibility of childhood had darted away and was lost to sight it had become the face unturned to have from the forgetfulness, of bliss, of torture—cosight. It had happened quickly but as the face upturned to her from the caine. not so quickly as the gathering to floor, she tore open the once

Someone in the crowd shrieked out above the clamor of voices:

"He kill-a Pietro! Kill-a da dude! It was a fire-brand. up against the door of Signor Pascalo Dead! No. he was not dead—not—not ed. "Can't you see that the wound—" him that, with the blow he had struck A little cry escaped from her tight: his light overcoat had become loos- ly closed lips and for an ins ant six ened, and that he was flaunting an covered her eyes with her had in the faces of the crowd. And be- her. It frightened her the

of the crowd became the psychology act, and act quickly. The fire-brand took. chorus—and then a rush. the wine shop door, and the door swept over her-and then resome

that he meant it to be—when she and jammed with reenforcements Why didn't he answer? Why didn't— John Bruce was whistling softly to constantly pouring in. Tables crashed A voice reached her. She recognizthe moor, chairs were overturned. ed it. He was passing the house now, his a white-mustached Italian leap upon iza" she said, and it did not seem :

"Here, you! What the hell!" shout- ings. Here a dirty and uninviting the chauffour "Von \_\_\_" and then his brain cleared. He half in relief, and yet, too, in current of the chauffour "Von \_\_\_" cafe attracted his attention, which, if flung a quick glance over his should- ious apprehension. She listened. No Yes... Good-bye." ene! And in another minute, with an- been mistaken. fastened, though there was a key in too late yet, was it?

must certainly apply in particularly his brain into action and virility. It it was perhaps as well to anticipate his brain into action and virility. It it was perhaps as well to anticipate kept wobbling and fogging. Didn't Poctor Crang! This man here should the damned thing understand that his life was at stake! He lurched to his person. She had given it to him herto an abrupt end. Half humorously, feet. He was in a lane. In front of self, and—yes, here it was! half grimly his eyes were riveted on the push-cart at the curb directly opshadows that wbobled too, he saw the stamped and numebred ticket that shadows that wbobled too, he saw the stamped and numebred ticket that face; she bent and looked searching-Bruce respectfully. "A little detective dealt in that brand of confection so business" He conched It was really much in favor on the Fact Side a single dealt in the brand of confection so an insect between them, a small ed, were in her hand. She ran across the between them, a small ed, were in her hand. She ran across the between them, a small ed, were in her hand. She ran across the between them, a small ed, were in her hand. She ran across the between them, a small ed, were in her hand.

He had not meant too to make a And suddenly her eyes filled. There

"A Pecter of Many Degrees." Dead! The girl was on her knees beside John Bruce. Dead—he did not

gether of an angry, surging crowd floor, she tore open the once imma- where John Bruce lay, Doctor Crang culate shirt-front that was now limp halted abruptly. and wet and ugly with a great crim son stain, and laid bare the wound.

The sounds from without were . ceding, the scurrying footsteps were Bruce, and back to Claire Veniza keeping on along the lane. A q John Bruce backed away a little- ran through the form on the floor.

immaculase and gleaming shirt-front wound was terrible it frighten d tween their Pietre with a broken law cause, intuitively, she knew that it and an intruder tar too well dressed as beyond any inexperienced aid to to please their lancy, the psychology that she could give. But she must

She turned and ran into the adi ing room to the telephone, but even ma "Kill-a de dude!" It was echoed in from the hook she hesitated. Doctor It flung Jean Bruce heavily against Crang! A little shudder of aversion bag he was carrying, and began to crashed inward and for a moment even pleading with central to hurry,

he was down and the crowd, like a she asked for the connection. It w snarling wolf pack, was upon him. not a matter of choice, or aversion, And then the massive shoulders heav- or any other consideration in the ed, and he shook them off and was world save a question of minutes on his feet; and all that primal, ele- The life of that man in there on the and fell on the floor." mercal in the man was dominant, the floor hung by a thread. Doctor Crang mad glorying in strife upon him, and was nearby enough to respond al-he struck right and left with blows most instantly and there was no one before which, again and again, a man else she knew of who she could hope But the rush still bere him backshe stared frantically at the instru-

"Doctor Crang, this is Claire Ven-"For the mercy of God!" the man ed. There isn't a second to lose, so the corner he was approaching. Not ltalian. It was Signor Pascalo Ratti, you can save several by telling me hestating—"he—he met with an what kind of a wound it' is, and an accident."

John Bruce stepped neatly to one him—and halted on the opposite side reeled and staggered, fighting blindly ing she heard a footstep at the front steps away. "No, not tonight," he door, she glanced in that direction, said, speaking again into the trans-And then his brain cleared. He half in relief, and yet, too, in curmitter. "Yes, a slight accident . . . er. Yes, there was one chance. Only there was no one there yet. She had Doctor Sydney Angus Crang hung

late. He whirled suddenly and rac- a little gasp, as though startled. Doc- that suddenly brought life into his ed down the length of the cafe. In tor Crang was clever; but faith in dulled eyes, advanced toward the the moment's grace earned through Doctor Crang professionally was one girl. She stepped backward quickly surprise at his sudden action, he thing and faith in him in other reinto the other room, retreating as gained a door he had seen there and spects was quite another. Why hadn't far as the motionless form that lay threw himself upon it. It was not she thought of it before? It wasn't upon the floor. Doctor Crang follow-

the lock. He whipped out the ke. She began to search hastily through plunged through, locked the door on John Bruce's pockets. Doctor Crang grown stony, her small hands clenchthe puside with the fraction of a would almost certainly suggest re- ed, found her voice again. second to spare before they came moving the man from the sitting fell headlong cut into the open. stairs to a bedroom and then he is he to die there before your eyes?"

It was as though he were lashing would undress his patient, and—and she cried.

an insect between them, a small ed, were in her hand. She ran across house with a light gleaming in the corner, placed the money and the corner, placed the money and the "And you will do nothing. So That was where the vision lived. ticket inside, locked the safe again was facing him again. "The can be

call tonight—she she might have was no tremor, no movement in the your taxi. It will be only for a mat- way upward behind the vendor's they would come sweeping around feel his heartbeat. Yes, she wanted "It's preposterous!" spluttered the fare. "Outrageous! I—I'll—"
"Yes, sir" said John Bruce. "But there was nothing else I could do. You can report it to headquarters, of immoral, of course, but his sympath-immoral, of course, but his sympath-immoral with the child. It was a side in the ground on the other was had he come here, climbing in thru back, its objective being, obviously, into the lane after him from the Doctor Crang now, passionately, had he come here, climbing in thru

bably munching her hunk of candy gain. A footstep came quickly for abainst her best m. She glanced arnow. Queer things kids! Got her ward through the outer room— and ound her. If she could only reach the paused on the threshold.

Claire Veniza rose to her feet, and DLOR

The quarry, in the shape of the travelling pawnshop, directed its way into the heart of the East Side. Present, agreemen and probably a will-by thempty against their pushing the heart of the East Side. Present, agreemen and probably a will-by thempty against their pushing the heart of the East Side. Present, agreemen and probably a will-by thempty against their pushing the heart of the East Side. Present, agreemen and probably a will-by thempty against their pushing the paper that covered the room, agreed him into find offer case. Pushsys the paper that covered the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the heart of the case. Pushing that the story was also as the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the heart of the case and the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were that surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were displayed rationally because the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were the story were the man's clothing that we you were the surface of the push-cart and on which the ways were that the story with a surface of the push-cart and on the cart alous the surface of the push-cart and on the cart alous the cloth to the surface of the push-cart and on the cart alous the cloth of the cart a

one of the greatest American univer-sities, brilliant far beyond his fellows with additional degrees from

"Hello!" he exclaimed and glanced with suddenly darkening face from Claire Veniza to the form of John again.

"Oh, will you hurry!" she implor-"I am m re interested in the man that in the wound" said Doctor in his voice. "Quite a gentleman rts! I had expected—let me see I had expected—well, say, one he common knife-sticking breed

curses this neighborhood. nire Veniza stamped her foot. h hurry!" she burst out wildly. 't stand there talking while the is dying! Do something!"

ctor Crang advanced to John nine the wound.

repeated. His lips had thinn d. "How did he get here?" i do not know' she answered. "He cane in through that window there

"How peculiar!" observed Doctor Crang. "A gentleman down nere m locality, who is-yes-I win ve it as a professional fact, in a

The telephone in the other room rang. Claire Veniza ran to it. Doctor Crang's fingers nestled on John Bruce's pulse; he made no other move ment save to cock his head in a listening attitude in the girl's direction; he made no effort either to ex-There's a man here frightfuly wound- amine further or to dress the wound.

other knife thrust, it would be too Suddenly she caught her breath in smile at variance with the gatter

battering upon it—and stumbled and room down here and getting him up—Aren't you going to do something?

Doctor Crang shrugged his should-

"What can I do?" he inquired with velvet softness. "I am helpless. How

I will try and get some one else." She stepped forward abruptly. Doctor Crang barred the way.

"I don't think you will, Claire, my dear!" His voice was monotonous, the placid smile was vanishing. "You see, having spoken to that d ar little doll of a man, Monsieur He ri de avergae, I'm very much incrested in hearing your side of the story." "Story!" the girl echoed wildly. "Story-while that man's life is lost! Are you mad-or a murderer-or-"Another lover," said Doctor Crang and threw back his head and laugh-

She shrank away; her hands tight ound her. If she could only reach the telephone and lock the connecting door! No! She did not dare leave him

with the wounded man. "What-what are you going to do?" hispered.