

Pawned

Frank L. Packard

Not pawned things but pawned people!

By a curious turn of fate each character in this story finds himself pawned to another. None can act as he himself desires, but only as another dictates.

The strange developments which arise from this circumstance are of absorbing interest, swinging the reader from New York to the South Seas and back again to New York's lower East Side, in a story of adventure, love and rapid-fire incident.

Now On With The Story,

THE JARVIS RECORD

Published every Thursday morning at its office in The Record Building, Main Street, Jarvis, Ontario.

THE RECORD PUBLISHING HOUSE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Arrell & Arrell

HAMILTON—Sun Life Building
CALEDONIA—Reapers Block
HARRISON ARRELL, K.C.
County Crown Attorney
S. Cameron Arrell

Kelly, Porter & Kelly

SIMCOE, ONTARIO.
Solicitors for Norfolk County Council
DAVID E. KELLY
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
W. E. Kelly, K.C. J. Porter
County Crown Attorney County Treasurer
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates

PHYSICIANS

I. J. Leatherdale, M.D.

OFFICE HOURS
10 to 12 a.m. 2 to 5 p.m.
7 to 9 p.m.
JARVIS ONTARIO

DR. E. M. JONES

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Hours: 9 to 10 a.m.
2 to 4 p.m.
PHONE 74
OFFICE—in the late Bryce Allen
Residence Jarvis, Ont.

DENTISTS

Dr. R. G. Hyde

DENTIST
Office Hours: 9 to 12 a.m.; 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.
Office above Shields's Hardware
Phone 121
MAIN ST. Hagersville, Ont.

NANTICOKE C. O. F.

NO. 1273

Meets on the last Monday of each month.

Insurance at Cost
ASETON EVANS - Secretary

CAPITOL THEATRE SIMCOE

Friday and Saturday
MATINEE 2-3-30

Ken Maynard in
SONG OF THE CABALERO
Mickey Mouse Cartoon

Mon. 24 - Tues. 25
Matinee, Mon. - 2:30

FOR THE DEFENCE
William Powell, Kay Francis
A great criminal lawyer
culled this story from actual
experience.

Approved "U"

Comedy and News Reel

Wednesday 26 - Thurs 27
Matinee - Wed. 2:30

MELODY MAN
Wm. Collier and Alice Day
Hodge Podge and Color Reel

Friday 28 - Saturday 29
VENGEANCE
with Jack Holt.

HER STORY

A handsome cab, a mewhat woe-borne in appearance, threaded its way in a curiously dejected manner thru the heart of New York's East Side. A fine drizzle fell, through which the street lamps showed as through a mist; and, with the pavement slippery, the emaciated horse, the shafts jerking and lifting up at intervals around its ears, appeared hard put to it to preserve its footing.

The cabman on his perch drove with his collar turned up and his chin on his breast. He held the reins listlessly permitting the horse to choose its own gait. At times he lifted the little trap door in the roof of the cab and peered into the interior; occasionally his hand, tentatively, hesitantly, edged toward a bulge in his coat pocket—only to be drawn back again in a sort of panic haste.

The cab turned into a street where, in spite of the drizzle, hawkers with their push-carts under flaring spitting gasoline banjos were doing a thriving business. The horse went more slowly. There was very little room. With the push-carts lining the curbs on both sides, and the overflow of pedestrians from the sidewalks in to the street, it was perhaps over-taxing the horse's instinct to steer a safe course through for the vehicle it dragged behind it. Halfway along the block a wheel of the cab bumped none too gently into one of the push-carts, nearly upsetting the latter. The hawker, with a frantic grab, saved his wares from disaster by an uncomfortable narrow margin and this done hurried an impassioned flood of lurid oratory at the two-wheeler.

The cabman lifted his chin from his breast, stared stonily at the hawker, slapped the reins mechanically on the roof of the cab as an intimation to proceed, and the cab wended its way along again.

At the end of the block it turned the corner and drew up before a small building nestled between two tenements. The cabman climbed down from his perch, and stood for a moment surveying the three gilded balls that hung over the dingy doorway, and the lettering—"Paul Veniz Pawnbroker"—that showed on the dully-lighted windows that confronted him.

He drew his hand across his eyes; then, reaching suddenly inside the cab lifted a bundle in his arms and entered the shop. A man behind the counter stared at him and uttered a quick ejaculation. The cabman went on into a rear room. The man from behind the counter followed. In the rear room, a woman rose from a table where she had been sewing and took the bundle quickly from the cabman's arms as it uttered a querulous little cry.

The cabman spoke for the first time. "She's dead," he said heavily. The woman, buxom, middle-aged, stared at him, white-faced, her eyes filling suddenly with tears. "She died an hour ago," said the cabman, in the same monotonous voice. "I thought maybe you'd look after the baby girl for a bit, Mrs. Veniz—you and Paul."

"Of course!" said the woman in a choked voice. "I wanted to before, but—your wife wouldn't let the wee mite out of her sight."
"She's dead now," said the cabman.
"An hour ago."
Paul Veniz, the pawnbroker, crossed to the cabman's side and placing his hands on the other's shoulders, drew the man into a chair. "Hawkins," he said slowly. "we're

"God—God bless you both," he whispered. "It's all finished now for good, as I told you, but you are right. I'll stand by the bargain." He moved blindly toward the door.

The pawnbroker interposed. "Wait, Hawkins, old friend," he said. "I'll look there into the moment. Some one to long after the things that are to be done."

The cabman shook his head. "Not to-night," he said in a choked way. "Leave me alone to-night."
He moved again toward the door, and this time Paul Veniz stopped aside, but following, stood hunched in the doorway as the cabman clambered to his perch on the hansom.

Hawkins slapped his reins on the roof of the cab. The horse started slowly forward. The drizzle had ceased, but the moon, left to his own initiative, was still very low in the sky. The cabman moved at a greater pace than a walk. Hawkins drove with his coat collar still turned up and his chin on his breast.

The horse and man went aimlessly from street to street and the night grew silt. And the cabman's hand reached tentatively, hesitantly, a great many times, towards a bulge in his coat pocket, and for a great many times was withdrawn as empty as it had set forth. And then, once, his fingers touched a glass bottle neck.

And then, not his fingers, but his lips, and for a great many times. It had begun to rain again. The horse, as if conscious of the futility of its own movements, had stopped, and, with head hanging, seemed to cower down as though seeking over the slender protection of the shafts whose ends now made half circles above his ears.

Something slipped from the cabman's fingers and fell with a crash to the pavement. The cabman leaned out from his perch and stared down at the shattered glass.

"Broken," he said vacantly.

"God—God bless you both," he whispered. "It's all finished now for good, as I told you, but you are right. I'll stand by the bargain." He moved blindly toward the door.

The pawnbroker interposed. "Wait, Hawkins, old friend," he said. "I'll look there into the moment. Some one to long after the things that are to be done."

The cabman shook his head. "Not to-night," he said in a choked way. "Leave me alone to-night."
He moved again toward the door, and this time Paul Veniz stopped aside, but following, stood hunched in the doorway as the cabman clambered to his perch on the hansom.

Hawkins slapped his reins on the roof of the cab. The horse started slowly forward. The drizzle had ceased, but the moon, left to his own initiative, was still very low in the sky. The cabman moved at a greater pace than a walk. Hawkins drove with his coat collar still turned up and his chin on his breast.

The horse and man went aimlessly from street to street and the night grew silt. And the cabman's hand reached tentatively, hesitantly, a great many times, towards a bulge in his coat pocket, and for a great many times was withdrawn as empty as it had set forth. And then, once, his fingers touched a glass bottle neck.

And then, not his fingers, but his lips, and for a great many times. It had begun to rain again. The horse, as if conscious of the futility of its own movements, had stopped, and, with head hanging, seemed to cower down as though seeking over the slender protection of the shafts whose ends now made half circles above his ears.

Something slipped from the cabman's fingers and fell with a crash to the pavement. The cabman leaned out from his perch and stared down at the shattered glass.

"Broken," he said vacantly.

HIS STORY

Twenty Years Later.

It was silver light. Inside the reef the water lay placid and still, mirroring in a long shimmering line the reflection of a full tropic moon; beyond, even and anon, it splashed against its coral barriers in little crystal showers. It was a soundless night. No breeze stirred the palms that, fringing white stretches of beach around the bay, stood out in serene beauty, their irregular tops etched with divine artistry into the skyline of the night.

Out from the shore, in that harbor which holds no sanctuary in storm, the mail boat, dark save for her riding lights, wauged at her moorings; shoreward, the perspective altered in the moonlight until it seemed that Mount Veniz had lowered its sturdy guardship over the little town, Apia, straggled in white patches along the road. And from these little white patches, which were dwellings and stores, there issued no light.

From a point on the shore nearest the mail boat, a figure in neon drawers and undershirt, slipped silently into the water and disappeared. Thereafter, at intervals, a slight ripple disturbed the surface as the man, coming up to breathe, turned upon his back and lay with his face exposed; for the rest he swam under water. It was as though he were in his natural element. He swam superbly even where, there in the Islands, all the natives were born to the sea, but his face, when visible on the few occasions that it floated above the surface, was the face, not of a native, but of a white man.

And now he came up in the shadow of the steamer's hull where, near the stern, a rope dangled over the side almost touching the water's edge. And for a moment he hung to the rope, motionless, listening. Then he began to swarm upward with fine agility, without a sound, his bare feet clinging, silent purchase against the iron plates of the hull.

Halfway up he paused and listened intently again. It was the sound of some one astir, the soft movement of feet on the deck above. No, three was nothing now. Why should there be? It was very late, and Nannu, the man who swam, was no fool. The man who had been hanging from exactly that place above, or at others, on that place above, without attracting the attention of the watch.

He went on again, and finally raised his head above the rail. The deck above was unoccupied, but the watchman over, crumpled up the deck, and the next instant reached back at the rail as a rope-end, swung down, raising a welt from cheek to cheek. That swam, he was suit conscious that a form had sprung suddenly at him from out of the darkness of the after alleyway, that the form still swung a short figure-rope-end that was a more murderous weapon because it was little more flexible than iron and was an inch in thickness, and that, behind this form, other forms, big forms; tangans of the crew, pressed forward.

A voice roared out, hoarse, profane; the mate's voice: "Thought you'd try it again, did you, you damned heathen! I'll teach you! And when I find the dog that left that rope for you, I'll give him a leaf out of the same book! You bloody waster! I'll teach you! I'll—"

The rope hissed as it cut through the air again, aiming for the swimmer's face. But it missed its mark.

Perhaps it was an illusion of the white moonlight, leading somebody to the scene, exciting the imagination to exaggerate the details, but the swimmer seemed to move with incredible speed, with the like, terrible swiftness of a panther in its spring. The rope-end swished through the air, missing a sudden lowered head by the barest fraction of an inch, and then, driven home with lightning-like rapidity, so quick that the blow seemed as one, the swimmer's fists swung right and left, crashing with terrific impact to the point of the mate's jaw. And the mate's head jerked back, quivered grotesquely on his shoulders for an instant like a spinning top, sagged, and the great bulk of the man collapsed and sprawled inertly upon the deck.

There was a shuffle of feet from the alleyway, cries. The swimmer swung to face the expected rush and it halted, hesitant. It gave him time to spring and stand erect upon the steamer's rail. On the upper deck faces and forms began to appear. A man in pajamas leaned far out and peered at the scene.

There was a shout from out of the dark groped through in the alleyway; it was chorused. The rush came on again for the rail, with the first sound that stood the mate a laugh, half bitter, half of cool contempt—turned and with a leap, dove, took the water again and disappeared.

Presently he reached the shore. There were more than riding lights out there on the steamer now. He gave one glance in that direction, shrugged his shoulders, and started off along the road. At times he raised his hand to brush it across his face where the wet, raw and swollen now, was a dull red sear. He walked rather fast now.

The moonlight caught the dripping figure now and then in the open spaces, and seemed to peer inquisitively at the great breadth of shoulder and the rippling play of muscle under the thin cotton drawers and shirt, which, wet and clinging, almost transparent, hid the man's nakedness; and at the face, that of a young man, whose square jaw was beaked, whose gray eyes stared steadily along the road, and over whose forehead, from the drenched, untrimmed mass of fair hair, the brine trickled. "Little rivulets as though persistent in its efforts to torture with its salt caress the raw skin-broken flesh across the cheeks.

Then presently a point of land ran out, and the road ignoring this, the boy was shut out from view. And presently again farther on the road came to a long stretch of beach on the one hand, and foliage and trees on the other. And here the dripping figure halted and stood hesitant as though undecided between the moonlight stretch of sand and the darkness of a native hut that was dimly outlined among the trees on the other side of the road.

After a moment he made his way to the hut and, groping around, secured some matches and a box of cigarettes. He spoke into the empty darkness.

"You lose, Nannu," he muttered whimsically. "They wouldn't stand water and I left them for you. But you see, I'm back for them."
He lighted a cigarette and in the flame of the match stared speculatively at the small, broken pieces of coral that made the floor of the hut, and equally, by the addition of a thin piece of native matting, his bed.

"The sand is softer," he said with a grim drawl.
He bent out from the hut, crossed the road, flung himself upon his back on the beach, and clasped his hands behind his head. The smoke from his cigarette curled languidly upward in wavering spirals, and he stared for a long time at the moon.

"Moon madness," he said at last. "They say if you look long enough the old boy does you in."
The cigarette finished, he flung the stub away. After a time, he raised his head and listened. A moment later he lay back again full length on the sand. The sound of some one's footsteps coming rapidly along the road from the direction of the town was now unmistakably audible.

"The jug for mine, I guess" observed the young man to the moon. "Probably a file of native constabulary in bare feet that you can't hear bringing up in the rear."
The footsteps drew nearer, until, still some distance away, the white clad figure of a man showed upon the tre-fringed road. The sprawled figure on the beach made no effort toward flight, and less toward concealment. With a sort of studied insolence injected into his challenge, he stuck another cigarette between his lips and deliberately allowed full play to the flare of the match.

The footsteps halted abruptly. Then in another moment, they crunched upon the sand, and a tall man, with thin swarthy face, a man of about forty or forty-five, who picked assiduously at his teeth with a quill tooth-pick, stood over the recumbent figure.

"Found you have!" he grunted complacently.
"If you like to put it that way" said the young man in a different tone. "I raised myself on my elbow and stared toward the road."
"Where's the army?" he inquired.

The tall man allowed the point of the quill toothpick to flex and strike back against his teeth. The sound was distinctive. Tch! He ignored the question.

"You've been the mate came out of the 'land' he said. He lowered the quill and came ashore to lay a complaint against you."
"I can't say I'm surprised" admitted the young man. "I suppose I am to go with you quietly and make no

more trouble or it will be the worse for me—I believe, that's the usual remark, isn't it?"

"The man with the quill toothpick put down on the sand. He appeared to be absorbed for a moment in a contemplation of his surroundings.

"These tropic nights are wonderful, aren't they? Kind of get you," he said the quill toothpick industriously. "I'm a passenger on the steamer, and I came ashore with the mate. He's gone back—without laying the complaint. There's always a way of fixing things—even injured feeling. One of the native boat's crew said he knew where you were to be found. He's over there." He jerked his head in the direction of the road.

"I don't get you," he said slowly, "except that you are evidently not personifying the majesty of the law. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the other, "I had three reasons for coming. The first was that I thought I recognized you yesterday when they threw you off the steamer. I'm sure of it to-night. I came ashore to see if I could see you. I saw you on the upper deck at the sound of the bell. I saw you take your second time."

"I had no idea," said the young man cautiously, "that I was so well known. You're sure you saw me yesterday?"

"Quite" asserted the other complacently. "Of course, I am not prepared to say what your present name is—you may have changed it. I am sure in that respect, but you are a man of very good appearance. I have no knowledge of you, except that I understand the name of your infancy. A few years ago your father died and left you a fortune, but quite a moderate amount of money. I believe the pupils designate it as a 'beetting sin.' You had gone gambling. The result was that you travelled the road a great many other young men have traveled; the only difference being that, in so far as I am competent to speak, you hold the belt for speed and all-round proficiency. You went utterly, completely and wholeheartedly to hell. The tall man became absorbed again in his surroundings. "And I take it," he said presently, "that in spite of the wonders of a tropic night, you are still there."

The young man shrugged his shoulders.
"You have put it very delicately" he said with a grim smile. "I'm sorry, but I am obliged to confess that the recognition isn't mutual. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"We'll get to that in due course," said the other. "My second reason in that it appeared to me that, having once been the boni fide article, you could readily disguise yourself as a gentleman again, and your interpretation of the role would be beyond suspicion or—"

"By God!" The well across the young man's face grew suddenly white, as though the blood had fled from it to surface his temples. He half rose, staring levelly into the other's eyes.

The tall man apparently was quite undisturbed.
"And the third reason is that I have been looking for just such a—there really isn't any other word—gentleman, providing he was characterized in a most marked degree. Your actions tonight are unmistakable evidence that you have nerve."

"It strikes me that you've got a little of it yourself!" observed the young man evenly.
The quill toothpick under the adroit guidance of his tongue traveled from the left to the right-hand side of the other's mouth.

"It is equally as essential to me" he said dryly. "You appear to fill the bill; but there is always the possibility of a fly in the ointment; complications—unpleasant complications, you know, that might have arisen since you left San Francisco, and that might—er—complicate matters."

The young man relaxed into a recumbent position upon the sand, his hands clasped under his head again, and in his turn appeared to be absorbed in the beauty of the night.

"Moon-madness!" he murmured pitifully.
"A myth!" said the tall man promptly. "Would you mind sketching in roughly the details of your interesting career since you left the haunts of the aristocracy?"

"I don't see any reason why I should." The young man yawned.
"Do you see any reason why you shouldn't?" inquired the other complacently.

"None," said the young man, "except that the steamer sails at day-break, and I should never forgive myself if you were left behind."
"Nor forgive yourself, perhaps, if you failed to show her as a first-class passenger," said the tall man quietly.
"What?" ejaculated the young man sharply.
The other shrugged his shoulders. "It depends on the story," he said. "I don't understand." The young man frowned. "There's a chance for me to rest aboard the mail boat?"

"It depends on the story" said the other again.
Continued on back page.
Let us supply you with Letterheads, Envelopes, Billheads, Auction sale Bills, Calling cards, Tickets, Business cards, etc. Most reasonable prices.