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Principals

HALIBURTON MARATHON.

Haliburton, May 1 .- There is to be a ten-mile race here on May 24. A night for a short walk over town he ring will be staked in the grounds. Local and outsiders may heart, if Graydon Bansemer would enter the contest. Tom Walling will turn from Jane when he heard the be the imaginary Tom Longboat and | truth concerning her. one or two others are entering the contest which will be for a stake fifty dollars.



Conveight, 1906, by Dodd. Mead @ Company

McCutcheon

Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

"I'm not so sure of it. She's worthy of any man's love, and we must know that Graydon loves her. I'll trust to that. But, first of all, we must put it beyond the power of James Bansemer to injure her in any shape or form. Then, when I go after him-Graydon or no Graydon-he'll know that there is such a place as hell."

"Be rational, David. Let us take our time and think well, dear. I can't bear the thought of the story that will go out concerning me-how I deceived you about Jane for years and years. What will people think of me? What will they say?" she almost wailed.

"Frances," said he, his voice tense and earnest, "that is between you and me. I intend to say to the world, if occasion demands, that I have known from the first that Jane was not our child. That will be"-

"Oh, David, you can't say that," she cried joyously. "I shall say it, dear old partner.

shall say that you took her from the only James Bansemer to call me s lar, and he will not dare!" "That old man Droom, David-his

clerk. The man who saved me-he "He is in the boat with his master He did save you, though. I'll spare him much for that. And I have more

Frances, I am sure he saw me night before last down there at the ses wall. He knows, I am morally certain, that you were not attacked by # "But, David, I was robbed, My

rings and my pendant were taken by some one. If Droom was the first mar at my side-after you-then he musi have taken them.'

"I can't charge him with the theft," groaned Cable. "He saved your life and he might ruin mine. I would give anything I have to know just how much he saw of the affair. I can't account for his presence there. It seems like fate."

"It is impossible for him to accuse you, David."

"It is not impossible, I'm afraid. He may have seen me plainly." "But I have described my assailant to the police. You do not answer the

description in any particular." In the next ten minutes the nurse came in twice to caution him against overtaxing her nerves, politely hinting that he should depart at once. There was no medicine, no nursing, no care that could have done her so much

good as this hour with her husband. "It hurt me more than I can tell you, David, when I saw that you were jealous of him. I could see it growing in you day after day, and yet I could not find the courage to make everything clear to you. Oh, how could you

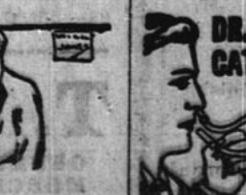
have suspected me of that?" "Because I am a man and because I love you enough to care what becomes of you. I was wrong, I am happy to confess. Forgive me, dear. I can't tell | here." you how terrible the last month has been to me. I can't tell you of the bitter thoughts I have had nor the vicious deeds I have planned. I was almost insane. I was not accountable.

I have much to pay to you in the rest of the years that I live; I have much to pay to my own conscience, and I also owe something to James Bansemer. I shall try to pay all these different debts in the coin that they call

"We owe something, you and I, to Jane," said she as he arose to leave

"A confession and more love than ever, Frances. I love her with all my heart. When you are stronger we will tell her that she is not our child. We have loved her so long and so well that she can't ask for better proof of our devotion. That terrible thing the sea wall must remain our secret dear. Tomorrow I shall begin pulling James Bansemer's fangs."

He found Graydon downstairs with Jane. A sharp look into the young man's eyes convinced him that hi questions concerning Mrs. Cable and the latest news concerning the effort to take the bandit were sincere. Cable held his hand for a long time; the firm, warm grasp was that of an honest man. As he stepped out into the fair wondered, with a great pain in hi



CHAPTER XVIII.

T'S Harbert," said Elias Droom. "Why didn't you say to him that I am busy? I don't want to see him," said his employer in a sharp undertone. Droom's long finger was on his lips, enjoining silence.

"He said that you wouldn't want to see him, but that it didn't make any difference. He'll wait, he says." They were in the private office, with

the door closed. Bansemer's face was whiter and more firmly set than ever. The ugly fighting light was in his eyes again. "If he has come here to threaten me

I'll kill him." he said savagely. "You'll do nothing of the kind," said the clerk, with what was meant to be a conciliatory smile. "Meet him square ly and hear what he has to say."

"Do you suppose she has told Cable? He may have sent Harbert here. "Cable's hands are tied. I know too much. If I were to tell the police what I know he'd have a devil of time getting the presidency of his road. Besides, they both owe me a vote of thanks. Didn't I have sense enoug to make it look like robbery?"

"Yes, but curse your stupidity, the may charge you with the job. Nobody would believe that Cable would at tempt to rob his own wife," "But they would in any event decid

that he had taken the rings to make it appear like robbery." There was hard rap on the glass panel. "He's bound to see you, sir." "Well, then, show him in!" snarled

Bansemer. "Mr. Bansemer will see you, sir said Droom suavely, opening the door

suddenly. "Thanks," said Harbert shortly. He entered the private office and faced the lawyer, who was standing near his desk. "I've taken advantage of your

invitation to drop in and see you." "This is one of my busy days, Mr. Harbert," said Bansemer, determined to come to the point at once. "However, I hardly expected a social cal from you, so it must be of a business

nature. What is it?" "It concerns your son, Mr. Bansemer. I'm here in the capacity of a physician. You must go away for his health." Harbert smiled as though he thought it a good joke. Bansemer turned red and then white.

"I don't quite appreciate your wit,

"My humor, I'd suggest as a substitute. Well, to be perfectly plain, sir, your son does not know the true nature of the malady. He"-

"Do I understand you to say that he really has an ailment?" exclaimed Bansemer seriously.

"It isn't hopeless, my dear sir. My only desire is to keep him from ever finding out that he has a malady. He is sure to learn the truth if you remain

"Harbert, I understand you now, and want to say this to you: I'll not flaying you until death ends my endrag that boy away from this city. He's successful here, and he's one of the most promising young men town. I'm not going to have him hounded from town to town by"-

"You don't quite understand me, sir. On the contrary, he should remain here. What I do mean to say is this: He won't feel like staying here if the truth about his father is uttered. That's the brutal way to put it, Bansemer, but you've got to get out."

The two glared at each other for a full minute. Bansemer was as white as a sheet, but not with fear. "Harbert," he said in low tones,

"I've half a mind to kill you." "Don't. You'd hang for it. There are at least a dozen members of the bar who know that I have come here to see you, and they know why too. See here, Bansemer, you're a scoundrei to begin with. You've always been a knave. How you happen to have a son like Graydon I can't imagine. Dansemer, I believe that I drove out of New York. You escaped wi out exposure simply because the witnesses lost their nerve. That won't be the consultation room.

the case here. You think you've covered your tracks nicely. You haven't. You've tripped into half a dozen traps. I don't know what your game is with

take advantage of your son's position in that home. Don't interrupt! I'll soon be through. I'm a man of few words. If & were not for your son I'd swear out the warrants for you today on five different charges. For his sake I'm going to give you a chance. I've worked on you for three years. swore I'd get you some time. Well, I've got you, and I'm going to cheat myself out of a whole lot of pleasure.

I'm not going to smash you as I intended. Your son's friends have pre-

"To show you that I am not bluffing, have every bit of evidence in the Burkenday case, the Flossie Bellamy job, the Widow Hensmith affair-and it was a damnable one, too-with two or three more. You broke that woman's heart. I don't suppose you know | with sudden alarm. A glance of apthat she died last month. You never prehension passed between the two noticed it, eh? Her precious coach- men. man is living like a lord on the money you and he took from her. Old Burkenday's housemaid has bought a little home in Edgewater-but not from her wages. The two jobs you now have on hand never will be pulled off. The girl in the Banker Watts case has been cornered and has confessed. She is ready to appear against you. McLennan's wife has had the courage to defy your accomplice-that dastardly butler of theirs, and he has left town, frightcome. The jig is up. It won't be as it was in New York, because we have the | For a long time he stood there, his un-

seeing eyes focused on the hurrying proof. There is a committee of three masses, his ears alert for unusual down in Rigby's office now waiting for me to report. If I take word to them that you expect to sail for Europe next week, never to return to this country, all well and good. It is for your son's good health, bear in

mind. If you go, the public may never learn the truth about you. If you stay, you will be in jail before you are the hink week older. And, Mr. Bansemer, played the hero up in the fashionable you've got to decide quick." Bansemer looked his accuser straight

in the eye, a faint smile of derision

touching his lips, but not his eyes. "Mr. Harbert, the first thing you have to learn in connection with your patient's father is that he is not a coward. I refuse to run, sir. I am innocent of any intentional wrong, and I'll stand my ground. My son will stand beside me, too. He is that sort. Go back to your committee and tell ever said anything incriminating to the them that Bansemer will not go to boy. Europe for his son's health. Good

day, sir!" "Nonsense, Bansemer!" exploded exploded Harbert, "You know we've got you fast enough. Why be a fool as | three days ago, and I've really forgot-

good turn." "A good turn? Mr. Harbert, I am fool. I'd kill you where you stand. who represents a crowd of blackmailers. That's what you are, sir. I refuse almost whispered this. to pay your price. If I were a knave, I'd pay it. I want you to understand one thing. I shall stand my ground here. If you persecute me I'll not stop deavors. We'll see what justice can give me in exchange for your buildozing. I will have restitution, remember that, Now, you've nothing more to say to me. Get out!"

"Get out!"

"By George, you're a wonderful bluff-

of heart in the last minute, Mr. Banse- at me for taking Miss Throckmorton mer. I withdraw my proposition. By to Mam' Galli's the other night. all that's hely, I intend to go after you low stood on the piane and sang the now without pity. Hang your son's derndest song I've ever heard. But. feelings! You won't take my advice. I didn't give it as a friend, because detest you. It was done in a weak on the dead, do you think you could spirit of fairness toward your son and toward the girl he is to marry. Now, I put them out of my consideration. They"-

Harbert, very red in the face, slammed the door after him and strode angrily through the outer office into the corridor. Droom immediately entered

"Well? What is it?" demanded Ban-

"What did he want?" "He invited me to go to Europe for the Cables, but you're base enough to an indefinite stay. I refused. We'll fight it out, Droom. We have covered can't convict me. I'm sure of that They have nothing but conjectures

and they won't go in court.' "I'm afraid of him, just the same

tell too. By the Lord Harry, Elias

high life.' "You don't mean that you'll tell a there is to tell about the girl?" "No, that's just it! That is one thing I won't tell. If you tell whose blood she has in her veins, I'll kill you like a dog. But I'll see that Miss Cable is dropped by Chicago society inside of

derstand?" "But Graydon loves her. "He won't love her long. I was a fool to let him go this far-a blind. loving fool. But I'll end it now. He shan't marry her. He has no"-

a week. I'm mad, Droom-do you un-

"I haven't much of a heart to boast of, Bansemer, but I beg of you not to do this thing. I love Graydon. He doesn't deserve any pain or disgrace. Take my advice and leave the city. Let me call Harbert back." "No! They can't drive me out! Tel-

ephone over and ask Graydon to stop here on his way up this afternoon." The opening and closing of the outer

door attracted their attention. Droom peeped forth. In spite of himself, Bansemer started and his eyes widened

"It's that Deever boy from Judge Smith's," reported Droom. "Tell him to get out," said Bansemer, with a breath of relief.

"I thought it might have been"- be gan Droom with awry grin. "Nonsense!"

"It is a bit too soon. They haven't had time." As Droom left the room Bansemer crossed to the window and looked down into the seething street far be ened out of his wits. Your time has low. He saw that his hand trembled and he tried to laugh at his weakness

> sounds from the outer office. "If it were not for Graydon," he was muttering between set teeth. "God, how I hate to have him know!"

Droom had told Eddie Deever to "get out," but Eddie was there to talk and be talked to, so he failed to take "Say, I haven't seen you since you

part of town. Gee, that was a startler! I'll bet old man Cable rewards you in some way. What's your theory about the holdup?" Droom looked up sharply. For the first time there shot into his mind the

thought that the breezy boy might be "I haven't any," he replied shortly. He was trying to remember if he had

"How'd you happen to be over there

just at that time?" "I haven't time to talk about it. Please don't bother me. It happened

well as a knave? You haven't a ghost | ten about it. Don't throw that cigarette of a chance. I'm trying to do you a into the wastebasket. Haven't you any sense?" "Gee! You don't suppose I'm going

neither a fool nor a knave. If I were a to throw it away, do you? There's half an inch of it left. Not me! Say would be justified in killing the man I've heard your boss has quite a case The Baker on Mrs. Cable. How about it?" He "You shouldn't talk like that."

"Oh, you mean that gag about people living in glass houses? Gee! Don't worry about that. Chicago is a city of glass houses. A blind man could throw rocks all day and smash a hole somebody's house every crack. I be lieve the holdup man was one of thos strikers who have been out of jobs all winter. Smith thinks so." "Who?" "Judge Smith."

"Did you see his face?" "What are you, bub-a detective?" "Rosie Keating says I'd make a bet-"It isn't necessary. I've had a change | ter policeman than lawyer. She's sore gee! I don't think Miss Throck was on She didn't seem to notice, I mean, Say,

"That's better."

identify that fellow?"

"Look here, boy; if any one ever asks you whether I'd know that man's face if I saw it again you just say that I'd know it in a thousand. I saw it

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Word comes from Omemee that Mr. William Fitzpatrick, who with family was burned out of house and home, the report appearing in The our trail better than he thinks. They Warder last night, was badly burned in endeavoring to rescue his little child. Mrs. Fitzpatrick got with two of the children, scantily clad. Mr. Fitzpatrick went up- The Russian Duma passed criminal thinks his tracks are covered stairs for the other child, and fell third reading of the agrarian bill.

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FARM FOR SALE .- EAST HALF of lot 16, con. 9, Ops, containing 100 acres, 95 of which are cleared and tillable. The soil is rich, clay loam. There are on the premises a 9-room frame dwelling, barn 30x60 feet and stabling for ten cattle There is an orchard, one real good well and one fairly good. The farm is located five and one-half miles from Lindsay. For price and terms apply to Fred Hooey, 154 Garden-ave., Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE .- 8-ROOMED BRICK house and half acre of land, the property of Mrs. Grant, Woodville. Has also cellar in full with cement floor, good furnace and storm windows and doors, woodshed good supply of water. Stable and driving shed. Well fenced. This is a very choice residence; everything being complete, and is opposite residence of Mr. Weeks. Apply C. Chittick, Lindsay.

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