The King of Diamonds

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"Revenge is Mine; I Will Repay."

"Can't I have a light?" said Phi- girl where deeds of bloodshed were lip, with head screwed round to ascer- concerned. While Mason obeyed his tain if the doctor was following him. Some sense, whether of sight or hearing he knew not, warned him of a man laboring under extreme but repressed excitement.

He paid little heed to it. All the surroundings in this weird dwelling were so greatly at variance with his anticiaptions that he partly expected to find further surprises.

Dr. Williams did not answer. Philip advanced a halting foot, a hesitating hand groping for a door.

Instantly a stout rope fell over his shoulders, a noose was tightly awn, and he was jerked violently to stained." the stone floor of the passage. . He fell prone on his face, hurting his nose and mouth. The shock jarred own." him greatly, but his hands, if not his

on his back.

"Philip Anson," hissed a man's but he persevered. voice, "do you remember Jocky Ma-

ningly prepared by what fiendish all buttons. Now, I'm ready: combination of fact and artifice he wil lnot funk any more." had yet to learn. Jocky Mason, the Was he in that man's power?

this difficulty, if all other means fore he touched any other article.

"You hit me once from behind. hell itself. You are dying-dying- | clothing, donned these portions

Philip felt a terrible blow descend were produced. Grenier, facing fear, no poignant emotion at leaving Philip, began to remodel his

Now, in falling, the hard, felt hat strikingly different. he wore dropped in front of his face.

have stunned an ox; it must have was an adept. killed any man, be he the hardest skulled aborigne that ever breathed. | certain. But the stout rim of the hat, though little of the leaden instrument's tre- "bring a lamp quickly." mendous impact. Philip, though

Mason rose, panting with excite- instant. ment, glutted with satisfied hate. He lifted his victim's inert form with hat" the ease of his great strength. oward a door, which he kicked op- the passage.

is more callous associate. Uncon- chair. He chanced to hold it by an Mously he kicked Philip's hat to one uninjured part of the rim, and never side. He entered the room, an ap- thought of examining it.

artment with a boundless view of the kitchen. The windows faced to- about so that the other could see and the northwest, and the last ra- both Anson and himself.

a wall on the right.

mair; his face—I must see his face!" outer door. Mason, still clasping his inanimate arden, laughed with a snarl.

urs, let me finish it."

Bind it round his neck. His spellbound with surprise.

clothes They wil lbe saturated. And wipe his face. I must see his face." Grenier was hysterical; he had the highly strung nervous system of a

instructions he pressed his hands over his eyes.

"Bring same brandy, white-liver movement near at hand, an impal- Do you want me to do everything?" pable effort, a physical tension as of This gruff voice awoke Grenier to ly summon me if necessary. trembling action. He went to a cup- | quick!" board and procured a bottle. Mason having placed Anson in a chair and steadied his head against the wall, seized half a tumblerful of the neat spirit and drank it with gusto. The other ,gradually recovering his self-

tential draught.

"Rot! He must go into the water naked in any case. The idea is your

arms, were free, and with the instinct right. Besides, I knew I should be

with brutal force, and some one knelt glanced at a closely written page. ment: The words danced before his vision,

"Yes. His coat first. Then his telegram. boots. Clothes or linen stained with So he had fallen into a trap, cun- blood to be burned, after cutting off

His temperament linked the artskulking criminal of Johnson's Mews. istic and criminal faculties in sinster combination, and he soon recovered Under such conditions a man his domination in a guilty partnerthinks quickly. Philip's first order- ship. It must have been the instinct ed thought was one of relief. He had of the pickpocket that led him to apfallen into the clutches of an Eng- propriate Philip's silver watch, with lish brigand. Money would settle its quaint shoe-lace attachment, be-

"Queer thing," he commented, "A "Yes, yes," he gurgled, half-stran- rich man might afford a better timegled by the fierce pressure on his keeper. But there's no accounting grinned and cursed. for tastes."

Mason ,satiated and stupefied, obeved his instructions like a minister-You sent me to a living hell for ten ing ghoul. They undressed Philip years - not your fault that it wasn't | wholly, and Grenier, rapidly denud forever. I am judge and jury, and ing himself of his boots and outer the victim's attire.

And with the final words drawled Then the paint tubes and the other into his cars with bitter intensity, accessories of an actor's make-up There was no pain, no mirro relaced on a table close all the world held so dear to him. plastic features in close similitude to A thunderbolt seemed to burst in his to those of the unconscious man. He brain and he sank into the void with- was greatly assisted by the fact that in general contour they were not

The first wild movement of his head | cal type; Grenier, whose nose, mouth tilted it outward, but the savage and chin were regular and pleasing, jerk given by his assailant brought found the greatest difficulty in conthe rim slightly over his skull again. trolling the shifty, ferert-like expres-In the almost complete darkness of sion of his eyes. Again, Philip had the passage, Mason could not see the no mustache. The only costume he slight protection afforded to his vic- really liked to wear wa shis yachting tim, and the sledge-hammer blow he uniform, and here he conformed to delivered with a life-preserver -that the standard of the navy. The murderous implement named so ut- shaven lip, of course, was helpful to terly at variance with its purpose - his imitator. All that was needed did not reveal the presence of an was an artistic eye for the chief effect, combined with a skilled use of He struck with a force that would his materials. And herein Grenier

But the light was growing very un-

"A lamp," he said, querulously, for crushed like an eggshell, took of a time sped and he had much to do;

Mason went toward the front kitquite insensible, was not dead. His chen. Grenier did not care about sentiment faculties were annimilated being left alone, face to face with the or the time but his head continued pallid and naked form in the chair, its life-giving functions, and he but he set his teeth and repressed breathed with imperceptible flutter- the tendency to rush after his confed-

The latter, in returning, halted an "Hello!" he cried. "Here's his

After placing the lamp on the table "Come on he shouted, and strode beside the mirror, he went back to

Grenier was so busy with the mak-A step sounded halting in the pas- ing-up process that he did not notice age. Grenier, the soi-disant doctor, what his companion was doing. His avid now and shaking with the ague bent form shrouded the light, and Ma d irretrievable crime, stumbled after son placed the hat carelessly on

At last Grenier declared himself satisfied. "What do you think of Here there was more light than in the result?" he demanded, facing

dance of a setting sun illuminated "First-rate. It would deceive his

own mother." "Not there!" he gasped. "In this A terrific rat-tat sounded on the

A direct summons to the infernal regions could not have startled both Stop that," he roared. "Pull men more thoroughly. Grenier, ourself together. Get some brandy, with the protecting make-up on fore-We done m ywork. If you can't do head and cheeks, only shoved his terror in his glistening eyes and he quietly retorted, "you would be Oh, just a moment! Give me time! palsied frame. Mason, whom noth- afraid sixty times in every hour. certained that Green has quitted the the sight o follood. Get a ing could daunt, was, nevertheless, Your job has nearly ended; mine has Fox and Hounds Inn in time to catch

What intruder was this who knocked so imperatively? They were a mile and a half from the nearest habitation ,four miles from a village. What fearful chance had brought to their door one who thus boldly demanded admission? Had their plans miscarried at this vital moment? Had Anson suspected something and arranged that he should be fololwed by recuers-avengers?

The sheer agony of fear restored Grenier's wits. He was not Grenier now, but Philip Anson, a very shaky and unnerved Philip Anson, it was true, but sufficiently likelife to choke off doubting inquiries.

He clutched Mason's arm and pointed a quivering finger toward Philip. "Out with him! This instant! The Grenier, with a smile-when he smil-

tide is high!" "But his face! If he is found-" Mason reached for the life-preserver with horrible purpose.

"No, no. No more noise. Quick, mie arranged matters with Sharpe. man. You must go to the door. On-He rushed to another door and op-

ened it. There was a balcony beyond. It overhung the very lip of The bait took. By jove! I'm in the the rock. Far beneath, the deep, way of luck!' blue sea shone, and naught else. Mason caught up Anson's limp

control , was satisfied with a less po- form and ran with him to the balcony. With a mighty swing he threw "It will be dark soon," growled him outward, clear off the cliff's Mason. "We must undress him first edge. For a few seconds they listened. They thought they heard "Yes. If his clothes are not blood- splash; then Mason turned cooly to fire all ready for writing, and burn-Grenier: "Is there any blood on my coat?"

"I can see none. Now, the door! Keep inside!"

"Ah! I forgot. It will soon be all With quaking heart he listened to Mason's heavy tread along the kitof self-preseration that replaces all upset, so I have everything written chen. He clinched the back of a other sensations in moments of ex- down here-all fully thought out. chair in the effort to calm himself by treme peril, he strove valiantly to There can be no mistake made then." forcible means. Then he heard the the valet. He procured a little note book and unbolting of the door and the tele-Bue he was grasped by the neck opened it with uncertain fingers. He graph messenger's prompt announce-

"Philip Anson, Esquire." Mason came to him carrying the

Grenier subsided inta the chair he held. This time he was prostrated. bag. He could scare open the flimpsy en-

there is some mistake. Much love. EVELYN." That was all but it was a good

"Abingdon counsels caution. Says

deal. Grenier looked up with lackluster eyes. He was almost fainting. "Send him away," he murmured. "There is nothing to be done. In the morning---' Mason saw that his ally was nearly

exhausted by the reaction. He "Of all the chicken-hearted-"

But he went and dismissed the boy. Grenier threw himself at full here!" length on the sofa. "What's up now?" demanded Ma- by the secretary.

son, finding him prone. "Wait-just a little while-until my heart stops galloping. That confounded knock! It jarred my spine."

"Take some more brandy." "How can I? It is impossible. haven't got an ox-head, like you." Mason placed the lamp on a central table. Its rays fell on Philip's hat. Something in its appearance caught the man's eye. He picked up the hat

and examined it critically. Philip's face was of a fine, classi- lence broken only by Grenier's deep happen to meet somebody.". breathing, "I fancy I didn't kill him, after all."

"Not-kill him? Why- he was dead-in that chair-for an hour." "Perhaps. I hit hard enough, but this hat must have taken some of it. When you were busy, I thought his chest heaved slightly. And just now, when I carried him outside, he seem- ly. ed to move."

"It may be. I struck very hard." Grenier sat up.

"Even if you are right," he mutter- He halted the policeman, and quesed, "it does not matter. He fell three | tioned him about the locality, the dihundred feet. The fall alone would rection of the roads, the villages on kill him. And, if he is drowned, the coast. He explained pleasantly and the body is picked up, it is bett- that he was a Londoner, and an uter so. Don't you see! Even if he ter stranger in these parts. were recognized he would be drowned, not-not- Well, his death would be due to natural causes."

He could not bring himself to say "murdered"-an ugly word. "I fyou were not such a milksop,

there would be no fear of his being recognized."

But Grenier laughed a hollow and unconvincing laugh; nevertheless, it was a sign of recovery.

"What nonsense we are talking. A naked man, floating, dead, in the North Sea. Who is he? Not Philip hours ago. Anson surely! Philip Anson is gayly gadding about England on his private affairs. Where is Green? Hunter, go and tell Green to bring my traps here instantly. I wish him to return to town on an urgent errand."

There was a glint of admiration in Mason's eyes. Here was one with Anson's face, wearing Anson's clothes | cigar. Sorry I cant' ask you to go and addressing him in Anson's voice. up and have a drink, but there is "That's better," he chuckled. "By G d, you're clever when your head

is clear." "Now be off for Green. You know gloomy outlines of the farm. "How he said to the official, at the same clear. Am feeling so lonely. what to say." "You will be alone. Will you be who's you dark-lookin' chap, I won-

The sneer was the last stimulant | clock!"

Grenier needed. "If you were called on to stand in Philip Anson's boots during the next week or ten days, my good friend," barely commenced. Now, leave me." the first train.

Nevertheless, he quitted that chamber of death, carrying with him all Scarsdale with his luggage, consist- row?" that he needed, and hurrying over the ing of Philip's portmanteau and his task while he could yet hear the dogcart rattling down the hill.

of Philip's pockets.

penciled memorandum:

shire."

cards, a small collection of letters,

and other odds and ends. Among

Philip's books was Evelyn's hurried

note of that morning, and on it a

ing a man of affairs, Anson went at

A check book in another pocket

"The last rock out of the path," he

There was no need to write to Phi-

He seated himself at a table and

wrote Pihlp's signature several times

He was quietly smoking a cigar,

suit, a light overcoat, a tweed suit, a

tiny dressing case fitted into a spe-

Grenier opened it. Mason looked

Mason coarsely cursed both the

And he pointed to an indorsement

"For signatuer if approved of."

"I will sign and return it, with a

for a little stroll. Now, don't for-

They went down the hill and ent-

ered the rough country road that

wound up from Scarsdale to the cliff.

Through the faint light of a sum-

mer's night they saw a man approach-

"Absit omen," said Grenier, soft-

"Latin for a cop. You complained

of my want of nerve. Watch me

"You are staying at the Grange

House ,sir ?" said the man in re-

"Yes. Come here to-day, in fact."

"I saw you, sir. Is the gentleman

who drove you from Scarsdale stay-

ing there, too? I met him on the

Grenier silently anathematized his

carelessness. Policemen in rural

Yorkshire were not as common as po-

licemen in Oxford Street. It was the

same man whom he had encountered

"Oh, he's a doctor. Yes, he re-

"You won't find much room for

party there, sir," persisted the con-

stable. 'I don't remember the gen-

tleman at all. What is his name?"

of fellow-nods to anybody. Take a

"Dr. Williams. He is a genial sort

"Illness!" he said, glancing at the

der? My, but his face would stop a

CHAPTER XIX.

Philip Anson Redivivus.

sides in the Grange House."

illness in the place."

The policeman passed on.

road, and he seemed to know me."

over his shoulder. It was headed.

small supply of boots and linen.

reposed a folded document.

Home for Destitute Boys."

laughed pleasantly.

from York.

them rarely."

you a bit, then ?"

"Nothing better.

It was a policeman.

"What's that ?"

lip's bank for a fresh book, which

was his first daring expedient.

cried aloud. "That saves two days.

once to the Moralnds' solicitors.

I will know to-morow at York."

added to his joy.

own, together with a hatbox. He touched his cap to Grenier, He commenced with an inventory His eyes sparkled at the sight of a from the luxury of a first-class car- need a much larger sum, but I will

pounds in notes stuffed therein, grin.

and the station master was urbanity the moment." itself as he explained the junctions

Left to himself Mason handed over "Sharpe left for Devonshire yesterday. Lady M. wrote from York- the dogcart to the hostler at the inn, check book, after writing a check on paid for his hire, and again walked to London before the other man's eyes. "That was a neat stroke," thought the deserted farm. He surveyed every inch of the ground floor, careful- tion would have been necessary. In ly raked over the ashes in the grate, the case o' Philip Anson, the mil ed he least resembled Philip. "Bescrubbed the passage with a hard ionaire, who handed thousands so fluently It was high priced, a joy, broom and water, packed some few readily, it was needless. Moreover, alone in solitary glory. What could personal belongings in a small bag, his procedure was unexceptionable— it be? was sure of it. I wonder how Jimdoor securely, for a long tramp over to London, and travel straight the same maneuver. through, arriving at the capita' late est attempt to communicate with wrote to Philip's bankers .: Grenier en route.

House.

to test his hand. At last it was steady. Then he put a match to a ed Philip's hat, collar, shirt, underwear; also the blood-stained towel. When the mass of clothing was smouldering black and red he threw a fresh supply of coal on top of it. agent kept it on his books until some fer to realize some securities.". and practicing Philip's voice between one should claim it. the puffs, when Mason returned with

As the murderer walked and smok-"quits" with Philip Anson. with gratifying success. Purring

with satisfaction, the chief scoundrel of the pair left in the Grange House It held the ordinary outfit of a had committed Anson's body to the making arangements which will close deep in a moment of unreasoning a long-standing feud gentleman who does not expect to pay a protracted visit—an evening dress panic.

He might be found, and, even if kindly keep back all business cial receptacle, and on top of this igate the proceedings of the curious a week or perhaps ten days. visitors to Grange House.

mor, but Grenier refused to admit not be avoided, and I am sure you p.m. Yours truly, "Annual report of the Mary Anson

and he may never be found-has not closed annual report of home. Will duty to report himself under his tichome and its patron. But Grenier necessarily been thrown from a bal- you kindly forward it to the secre- ket-of-leave, but it was quite unusucony three hundred feet above sea tary? Yours sincerely, "The very thing," he cried. "Look level. The notion is grotesque. No constabulary brain could conceive it And who is he? Not Philip Anson. from a carefully composed copy. He all the officials looked after. Philip Anson is alive. Not Dr. Wil understood the very friendly relawould not take him for you.

nice typewritten letter, to-morrow, Abingdon is one of ter have buried the corpse on the ing the right key. the governors. Oh, I will bamboosle choice. Then they would know just Mary Anson Home was smart, he room, while he scanned the columns "This blooming charity will help where he was. The sea was too imagined, while the main body of the local evening papers for any Let us go out vague.

get. Address me as 'Mr . Anson', a jot. Had Philip Anson pitied him, conversation between the two men Get used to it, even if we are alone, or his wife or his two children. on this very topic a couple of months had not been recovered yet. "Do you know," he said, after si- And it will be no harm should we They, too, were dead, in all probab- earier. ility. While in London he had made But Langdon's ample confessions lip's watch. He examined it now every sort of inquiry, but always en- had clearly revealed Philip's attitude with greater interest than he had countered a blank wall of negation. and the unscrupuous scoundrel was bestowed on it hitherto. John and William Mason, even if willing to dare all in his attempt to Although silver, it appeared to be they lived, did not know he was gain a fortune. their father. They were lost to him While he was dining a telegram examine the works. Inside there was

Curse Philip Anson. Let him be forgotten anyway. Yet he contrived but Mr. Abingdon gave it to me. So fifteen years, by the officers and men to think fo him during the nine grieved you are detained. What of of the Whitechapel Division of the weary miles over the moor, during the the blue atom? long wait at the arilway station, and during the slow hours of the journey tailzing question than that conclud- assisting to arrest a notorious burg-

to London. ed a palatial suite at the Station Ho | blue atoms, as black ones and red tel, entering his name in the register ones. But why this reference to any as "Philip Anson."

"Grenier."

Yes. It read:

patched two telegrams.

The first to Evelyn.: "Will remain in the North for a few days. Too busy to write to-day. Full letter to-momrrow. Love.

The second, to Mr. Abingdon: erley noted. Please suspend all in- dared not put his skill as a forger news of Philip Anson dead, but the quiries. Affair quite unforseen. Will to the test of inditing a letter to her. local sheet chroniceld his arrival at explain later. Address to-day, Sta- no matter how brief. Finally he hit York. "ANSON." tion Hotel, York.

for the manager. many of 'em are in t' place. And time handing him his card.

the definite article. I am staying ner, but his appetite was gone. here some few days, and wish to carry In postal facilities, owing to its po- in letter." out certain transactions requiring sition on a main line, York is well large sums of money. I will be glad served from London. At 9 p.m. two to act through your bank, on special letters, one a bulky package and re-Next morinng Mason trudged off to terms, of course, for opening a short gistered, reached him. Scarsdale at an early hour. He as- account." It briefly acknowledged his telegram

"We will be delighted."

thousand pounds, which kindly place who knew Sir Philip Morland, had in-

formed him, in response to guarded He returned to Grange Houes with to my credit as soon as possible. the dogcart and drove Grenier to Shall we say the-day after to-mor- inquiries, that the baronet was exceedingly well off, and called at-

"That is quite possible. We will tention to some important leases inuse all expedition.

"Thank you. You understand, was tender and loving, and containwhen the latter smiled affably on him this is merely a preliminary. I will ed a reference that added to the well-filled pocketbook, with a hundred riage, and he pocketed a tip with a pay in my check after hearing from mystification of her telegarm. London. I am not quite sure about A porter was also feed lavishly, the amount of my private balance at yesterday," she wrote, "we forgot to

> and the time London would be reach- there would be no difficulty whatever under such condition.

Grenier obtained his passbook and For a small amount, an intrdouc- to?

and set out again, after locking the strictly according to banking business Grenier rushed off to the station, the moor. Nine miles of mountain caught a train for Leeds, went to the form inspector. road would bring him to another line bank of a different company with of railway. Thence he would book different agents, and carried through you ever hear of anything called a

He returned to York and secured at night, and not making the slight- the services of the hotel typist. He er name for D. T's, sir?"

"I am transacting some very im-There was little fear of comment or portant private business in the North ing. inquiry caused by the disappearance of England, and have opened tempof the inhabitants of the Grange orary accounts with the - Bank in teau arrived. It was locked, and the York and the - Bank in Leeds, key reposed in the safe. Green, it He and "Dr. Williams" were the and I shall need a considerable sum ultimately transpired, solemnly openonly residents even slightly known to of ready money. Possibly I may al- ed the safe in the presence of the the distant village. Such stores as so open accounts in Bradford and housekeeper and butler, locking it they needed had been paid for. The Sheffield. To-day I have drawn two again without disturbing any of the house was hired for a month by an cheques for five thousand pounds other contents, and handed the key agent in the county town, and the each. Kindly let me know by return to the butler, who placed it in the rent paid in advance. It was not the current balance to my credit, as silver pantry. clear who owned the place. The I dislike overdrafts and would pre- In the solitude of his room, Gren-The next letter ran:

"My Dear Abingdon: Excuse The scene, carefully rehearsed by ed his reflections were not quite typewriter, but I am horribly busy. Grenier in all its details, passed off cheerful, now that he could cry The Morlands' affair is a purely fa- bed covering, a big, iron yek, the tatmily and personal one; it brings in- tered letters, and a variety of odds His experiences of the previous to activity circumstances dating far and ends that would have found no night were not pleasant. Neither he back in my life and in the lives of corner in a respectable rag shop. by the astonished servant, began to nor Grenier went to bed. They doz- my parents. Sir Philip is not dying overhaul the contents of Philip's ed uneasily in chairs until daylight, nor even dangerously ill. Lady laughter. and then they admitted that they Louisa is in Yorkshire, and I am

"Write me here if necessary, but were not identified, that confounded other communication, save those of policeman might be moved to invest- a very urgent character, for at least

"Sory for this enforced absence That was the weak part of the ar- absence from town. It simply canwill leave a detailed explanation un-"A naked man found in the sea - til we meet. I have signed the in

"PHILIP ANSON." this Grenier dictated that in adopting a semi-apologetic knowledge it at once." But Mason was not satisfied. Bet- frankly, reticent tone, he was strik-

lonely farm - in the garden for The concluding reference to the contents of a small bottle in his bedletter dealt in safe generalities.

Of pity for his victim he had not | Naturally, he knew nothing of the the Yorkshire coast.

was handed to him:

EVELYN.

ing one? What was a blue atom? lar." On arriving at York, Grenier secur- No doubt, creation's scheme included particular atom? He tried the mused He drove to the post office and words in every possible variety of He looked back through the soiled asked if there was any message for meaning. He gave them the dignity leaves of a sordid record, and found of capitals. BLUE ATOM. They that he was acting in a melodrama became more inexplicable.

suaded friend that letter was only in- deed effctive. They had certainly drama insisted on the full measure tended to create unpleasantness with spoiled hai dinner. He had steeled of Biblical accuracy. Altogether, uncle. He took same view and re- himself against every possible form Grenier lay down to rest under unturned to town. Will say nothing." of surprise, but he was forced to ad- enviable conditions. Unsigned, it came from a town mit that during the next three days . He dreamed that he was falling near Beltham. Grenier was satis- he must succeed in persuading Ev- down precipices, and striking sheets fied. He lit a cigarette with the mes- elyn Atherley that Philip Anson was of blue water with appalling splashalive and engaged in important mat- es. Each time he was awakened by At a branch post office he dis ters in Yorkshire. That was imper- the shock .. ative-was his scheme to be wrecked But he was a hardy rogue where by a blue atom?

swered. His promise to write was, he must have. He must arise with of course, a mere device. It would steady head and clear brain. be manifestly absurd to send her a He was early alstir. His first act typewritten letter, and, excellently as | was to send for the Yorkshire morn-"Your message through Miss Ath- he could copy Philip's signature, he ing papers. They contained no upon a compromise. He wired: Then he entered a bank and asked "Stupid of me to omit address. would see it. A few printed lines Your concluding sentence mixed up carry weight in such matters.

"My name may be known to you," in transmission. Meaning not quita

"I suppose I can flatter myself with Then he tried to resume his dip-

The letter was from Mr. Abingdon.

"In the hurry of your departure mention Blue Atom. What is your The bank manager assured him opinion? The price is high certainly, but, then, picture the joy of itthe only one in the world!" And ,again, came another message: "I referred to Blue Atom, of course.

What did the post office make it in-Blue Atom was assuming spectral dimensions. He cursed the thing

closed which required his signature.

The other note was from Evelyn. It

He strolled into the station, and entered into converastion with a plat-

"By the way," he said, calmly, 'did blue atom ?"

The man grinned. "Is that anoth-

Grenier gave it up, and resolved to postpone a decision until next morn-

By a late train Philip's portman-

ier burst the lock. The rascal received one of the greatest shocks he a ever had .- a quantity of old clothing, some worn boots, a ball of twine, a

He burst into a fit of hysterical

At that moment Jock Mason, beetle-browed and resentful ,was reading a letter which reached his lodgings two hours before his arrival, in an envelope bearing the ominous initials-O. H. M. S. It was from the Southwark Police

Station. "Sir: Kindly make it convenient to attend here to-morrow evening at 8

T .BRADLEY, Inspector. The following day it was Mason's al for the police to give a preliminary warning in this respect. Failure epistle on his part means arrest. That was

"What's up, now?" he muttered. liams; any Scarsdale man will say tions that existed between Philip "Anyway, Grenier was right. This that. And your best friend, Mason, and his chief agent, and he thought gives me a cast iron alibi. 'I'll ac-

His accomplice, hoping to obtain sleep from champagne, consumed the reference to a Seaside Mystery" on

Anson's body There was none.

Before going to bed ,he wound Phi

a good one. He opened the case to an inscription: "You forgot to send your address | "Presented to Philip Anson, aged

Metropolitan Police as a token of Did ever woman invent more tan- their admiration for his bravery in Beneath was the date of Mason's

"Where was I ten years ago?" he

entitled "The Wages of Sin." "Family still at Penzance. Per- In one respect they were in- And the wages of sin is death! The

conscience was concerned, and he Moreover, her query must be an- swore himself to sleep again. Rest

This was excellent. The banker Then he signed the leases, dis

patched them in a typewritten envelope and telegraphed: "Documents forwarded this morning. Please meet wishes express i

"Surely," he reflected ,"Abingdon will not give another thought to my proceedings. Philip Anson is not a boy in leading strings." He wired to Evelyn:

"Sorry for misunderstanding. Blue "I will write a check now for five stated that a man in the Athenaeum, Atom must wait until my return." (Contined from page 3,)

lip tail St. hear

7th, 1909.

HT. ment after ontingencies This departcity at an and is now

uccess.

the Coun-

RE QUITE

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