put up in a package."

citement.

vault for the huge remainder. This

was the crucial moment of peril for

the robber, and the president, stealing

a glance at the face of his persecutor.

saw the blue eyes blazing with ex-

braith," said the spoiler in low tones.

But the signal had not been given.

The teller was re-entering the cage

with a bulky packet of money paper.

young man at the president's elbow.

passed out, he stuffed the loose bills

Then it was that Mr. Andrew Gal

hue and cry; and New Orleans the un-

CHAPTER III.

to Triumphe!

easily broken; and presto! the hungry

proletary had become himself a power

This was the prompting to exulta-

tion as it might have been set in

words; but in Griswold's thought it

instantly by another which was much

more to the immediate purpose. He

was hungry; there was a restaurant

next door to the bank. Without think-

ing overmuch of the risk he ran, and

perhaps not at all of the audacious

a critical moment, he went in, sat

subtlety of such an expedient at such

down at one of the small marble-

Since hunger is a lusty special

pleader, making itself heard above

any pulpit drum of the higher facul-

ties, it is quite probable that Gris-

wold dwelt less upon what he had

done than upon what he was about to

eat, until the bue and cry in

the waiter concerning the uproar.

It was very evident that the pluto-

cratic dragon did not intend to accept

"It's a little queer that I hadn't

need not hasten until the race is actu-

ured himself safely out of it-or would

the break. Since I did not, I've got to

do it now, and there isn't much time

to throw away. Let me see-" he shut

keynote must be originality; I must

ventured to order a third cup of cof-

questioning of the Gascon waiter.

There had been but one man con-

cerned in the robbery, and the side-

walk gossip was beginning to describe

Griswold paid his score and went

out boldly and with studied noncha-

lance. He reasoned that, notwith-

diate danger so long as he remained

in such close proximity to the bank.

"strong-arm man" would not do. But

Griswold smiled when he remem-

bered how, in fiction of the felon-catch-

practically that it was quite as pos-

Canal street, and thence diagonally

him with discomforting accuracy.

never think of doing."

while he listened

problem of escape.

"You needn't open it," said the

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER I.

At Chaudlere's. t Chandiere's that Griswold section his first breakfast in the ere's again that he was sharing a ewell supper with Bainbridge of the misianian. Six weeks lay between and this; forty-odd days of disnt and failure superadded on other similar days and weeks

Vithout meaning to, Bainbridge had a strewing the path with fresh for the defeated one. He had been billeted to write up the ba-s trade for his paper. Boyishly juover the assignment, he had the New Yorker around to haudiere's to a small parting feast. that it had required much per-Griswold had fasted for 24 and if Bainbridge were not a in a purist's definition of the term he was at least a friendly ac-

The burden of the table talk fell m Bainbridge, and it occurred to host that his guest was less than ally responsive, a fault not to be tly condoned under the joyous cirwherefore he protested. what's the matter with you todeht Kenneth, old man? You're more and that's needless."

wold looked up with a smile was almost ill-natured, and quotd cynically: "Unto everyone that h shall be given, and he shall have bundance; but from him that hath shall be taken away even that lish he hath."

abridge's laugh was tolerant igh to take the edge from his re-

That's a pretty thing to fling at a who never knifed you or pistoled or tried to potson you! An innont bystander might say you envied

"I do," rejoined Griswold gravely. any any man who can earn enough oney to pay for three meals a day and a place to sleep in."

"Oh cat's foot!-anybody can do asserted Bainbridge, with the r of one to whom the struggle for ristence has been a mere athlete's

"I know! that is your theory. But facts disprove it, I can't, for one." Oriewold was a fair man, with redhair and beard and the quick and dities skin of the type. A red flush anger crept up under the closely beard, and his eyes were

Bathbridge scoffed openly; but he good natured enough to make ads when he saw that Griswold into comradely place for him.

tion in the magazines or the ther wapapers. You haven't had that; far as I know, you haven't tried

m't in me to do the salable thing. sountry who doesn't know it by is time. I fell you, Bainbridge, the ms are all wrong when a man a vital message to his kind can't

ant to hear it."

Dainbridge ordered the small cof dryly. and found his cigar case.

"That is about what I suspected." ammented impatiently. "You Trees your peculiar views nested even when you were writing bit of a pot boiler on sugar plant You drop your fool socialistic and write a book that a reputable you?"

The "Call it what you please; names

an's change facts. Listen"-Griswold (ned upon the table; his eyes grew and the blue in them became me-For more than a mouth tramped the streets of this of city begging—yes, that is the begging for work of any kind would suffice to keep body and together, and for more than half Home I have lived on one meal tay what is what we have come of the submerged majority. that fun't all. The wage worker hen he is fortunate enough

Batharidge glanced at his watch

hours longer, thanks to your hospital- esses were all serious, and whose ity. For that length of time I presume I shall continue to conform to what we have been taught to believe is the immutable order of things. After that-"

He paused, and Bainbridge put the "Well, after that; what question.

"Then, if the chance to earn is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and

take what I need." Bainbridge fished in his pocket and took out a ten-dollar banknote. "Do that first," he said, offering Griswold

the money. The proletary smiled and shook his

The fruit steamer Adelantado, out ward bound, was shuddering to the first slow revolutions of her propeller when Bainbridge turned the key in the door of the stuffy little stateroom to which he had been directed, and

"Why, hello, Broffin! How are you, old man? Where the dickens did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the trite narrowness of the



"You Couldn't Keep Your Peculiar Views Muzzled."

world, and Bainbridge kicked a chair

Broffin heavy browed and clean shaven save for a thick mustache that the book-chicken has come home hid the bard-bitted mouth, replaced the chair to suit himself and sat down. In appearance he was a cross between Br. Kenneth, you ought to get a steamboat captain on a vacation and own to bed-rock facts. Nobody but an up-river plantation overseer recovnenon can find a pub- ering from his annual pleasure trip for his first book, nowadays, to the city. But his reply to Bainhe has had some sort of an bridge's query proved that he was net-

"I didn't drop; I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd "Oh, yes, I have tried and falled. be dead easy game for an amateur." "You'll get yourself disliked, the

d there fan't a magazine editor in first thing you know," said Bainbridge, laughing. "Can't you ever forget that you are in the man-hunting business? Where are you headed for, Broffin?" The man who might have passed for

to deliver it to the people who a steamboat captain or a plantation overseer, and was neither, chuckled

"You don't expect me to give it away to you, and you a newspaper man, do you? But I will-seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The Crescent bank defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have

The detective nodded. "I've been fitting commercial suicide, and you'll two years, off and on, trying to locate Mortsen; and now that I've found him. he is where he can't be extradited All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me in the next steamer-what?"

CHAPTER II.

The Right of Might.

Two days after the supper at Chaudiere's the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

To shatter at a single blow the most venerable of the routine precedents, the sensational thing chose for its cola chattel among the other liding point with orderly system one of some fellow man who of the oldest and most conservative sequired him in the platocratic of the city's banks—the Bayou State don't do you the injustice to believe of the earth and the Security. At ten o'clock, following that you hold your life so cheaply; the precise habit of half a lifetime, you who have so much money and, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, president of at best, so few years to live." the Bayou State, entered his private tade drops down the river at room in the rear of the main banking of coins on the desk, but he did not How are you fixed for the apartment, opened his desk, and ad- abandon the struggle for delay. day. At half-past the hour the prest- manded, as one who may possibly then at his superior; not too inquisi- to conceive an infallible detective. back to his cash book without a word. what are you going to do | dressed himself to the business of the as not pleasant dent was left alone to read his cor-

Being a man whose mental proc cash."

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons) hobby was method, Mr. Galbraith had established a custom of giving himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion in which to read and consider

his mail. During this sacred interval the stenographer, standing guard in the outer office, had instructions to deny his chief to callers of any and every degree. Wherefore, when, at 20 minutes to 11, the door of the private office opened to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir; what now?" he demanded, impatiently, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The unannounced visitor was young man of rather prepossessing appearance, a trifle tall for his breadth of shoulder, fair, with blue eyes and a curling, reddish beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to note in the appraisive glance-and to remember afterward.

question. He had turned and was closing the door. There was a quiet insistence in the act that was like the flick of a whip to Mr. Galbraith's irri-

"If you have business with me, you'll have to excuse me for a few minutes," he protested, still more impatiently. "Be good enough to take a seat in the antercom until I ring! MacFarland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had falled to hear it. Ordinarily Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was equable enough; the age-cooled temper of a methodical gentleman whose long upper lip was in itself an advertisement of self-control. But such a deliberate infraction of his rules. coupled with the stony impudence of the visitor, made him spring up angrily to ring for the watchman.

The intruder was too quick for him. When his hand sought the bell push he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping. "Ab-h-h!" he stammered. And when the words could be managed: "So

that's it, is it?-you're a robber!" "No," said the invader of the presidential privacy calmly, speaking for the first time since his incoming. not a robber, save in your own very limited definition of the word. am merely a poor man, Mr. Galbraith-one of the uncounted thousands—and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason-

"If I'm-but I'm not amenable to your reasons!" blustered the presideat, recovering a little from the first shock of terrified astoundment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away!"

The young man's smile showed his teeth, but it also proved that he was not wholly devoid of the sense of

he advised coofly. "The moment is the bank and to himself. But on the mine, and I say you shall listen first and obey afterward. Otherwise you Which is it to be? Choose

quickly-time is precious." president yielded the first point, that of the receptive ear; but grudgingly and as one under strict

"Well, well, then; out with it, What have you to say for yourself?"

"This: You are rich; you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity. which is higher than any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you can possibly use in any legitimate personal channels; I have not the price of the next meal, already twenty-four hours overdue. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours chiefly by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good; if not, there will be a new president of the Bayou State Security. Do I make myself sufficiently explicit?"

Andrew Galbraith glanced furtively at the paper-weight clock on his desk. It was nearly eleven, and MacFarland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only fend off the catastrophe for a few minutes, until help should come. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a hand-

The invader of privacies glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his

"You are merely trying to gain time. and you know it, Mr. Galbraith. My stake in this game is much more than a handful of charity silver; and I

The president put the little heap

consider a compromise. "One hundred thousand dollars-in 

"But man! ye're clean daft! Do ye think I have-"

In the midst of his vehement protests the stranger sprang out of his chair, stepped back a pace and raised his weapon.

"Mr. Galbraith, you are juggling with your life! Write a check while there is yet time!"

The hammer of the leveled pistol clicked. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and checkbook. His hands were shaking as with a palsy, but the fear of death steadled them suddenly when he to the street door and vanished. came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased beyond the partition, and the dead silence was relieved only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the adjacent antercom.

The check was written and indorsed. made. and under the menace of the revolver Andrew Galbraith was trying to give The caller made no reply to the curt | it to the robber. But the robber would

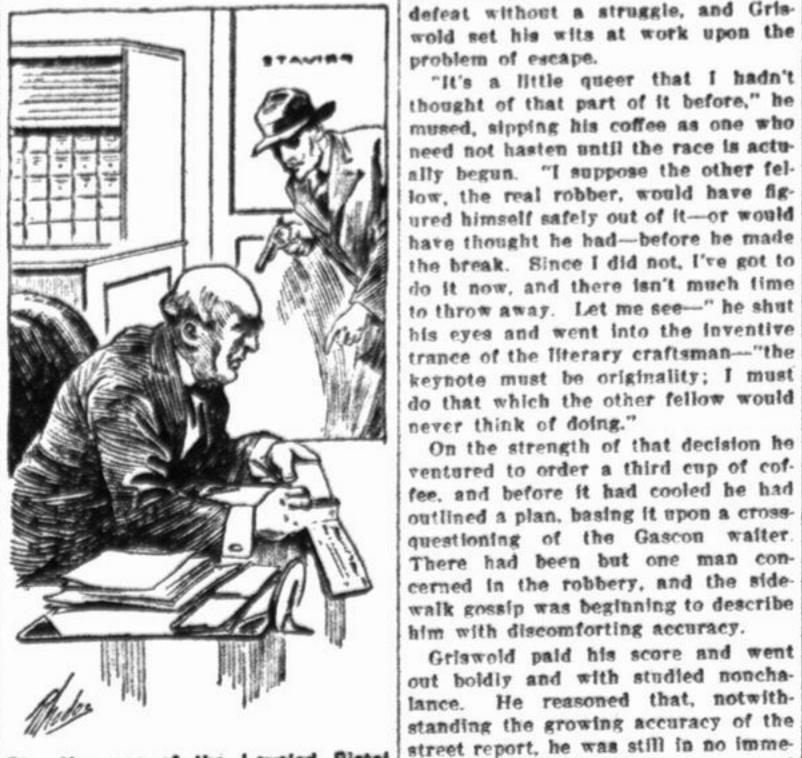
"No, I don't want your paper; come with me to your paying teller and get Griswold, with a thousand dollars in me the money. Make what explana- his pocket and the packet of banktion you see fit; but remember-if he notes under his arm, was seized by an impulse to do some extravagant thing hesitates, you die." to celebrate his success. It had proved

They left the private office together. the younger man a short half-step in to be such a simple matter, after allthe rear, with his pistol-bearing hand one bold stroke; a tussle, happily thrust under his coat. The president bloodless, with the plutocratic dragon did not despair. In the public lobby whose hold upon his treasure was so there would be eyes to see, and perhaps some that would understand. Mr. Galbraith took a firmer hold upon his in the world, strong to do good or self-possession and trusted that some evil, as the gods might direct. happy chance might yet intervene to save him.

But chance did not intervene. There was a goodly number of customers in the public space, but not one of the half-dozen or more who nodded to the president or passed the time of day with him saw the eye-appeal which was the only one he dared to make. On the short walk around to the paying teller's window, the robber kept even step with his victim, and try as he would, Andrew Galbraith could not summon the courage to forget the pistol muzzle menacing him in its breakfast. coat-covered ambush.

At the paying wicket there was only one customer, instead of the group the president had hoped to find; a sweet-faced young woman in a modest traveling hat and a gray coat. She was getting a draft cashed, and when she saw them she would have stood aside. It was the robber who anticipated her intention and forbade it with a courteous gesture; whereat she turned again to the window to conclude her small transaction with the

The few moments which followed were terribly trying ones for the grayhaired president of the Bayon State Security. None the less, his brain was busy with the chanceful possibilities. Failing all else, he was detersignal, come what might. It was a of the robbery lost nothing in its sen-"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," duty owed to society no less than to sational features.



of the Leveled Pisto Clicked.

pinnacle of resolution, at the instant It was safe to assume that this was when, with the robber at his elbow, one of the things the professional his teeth. he stepped to the window and presented the check, Andrew Galbraith It was also evident that he must felt the gentle pressure of the pistol speedily lose his identity if he hoped muzzle against his side; nay, more- to escape; and the lost identity must he fancied he could feel the cold chill leave r clue to itself. of the metal strike through and

So it came about that the fine reso- ing sort, and in real life, for that matlution had quite evaporated when he ter, the law-breaker always did leave said, with what composure there was a clue for the pursuers. Thereupon in him: "You'll please give me cur- arose a determination to demonstrate rency for that, Johnson,'

The teller glanced at the check and sible to create an inerrant fugitive as to question the president's com- walk, he made his way leisurely to laugh when he reached the street.

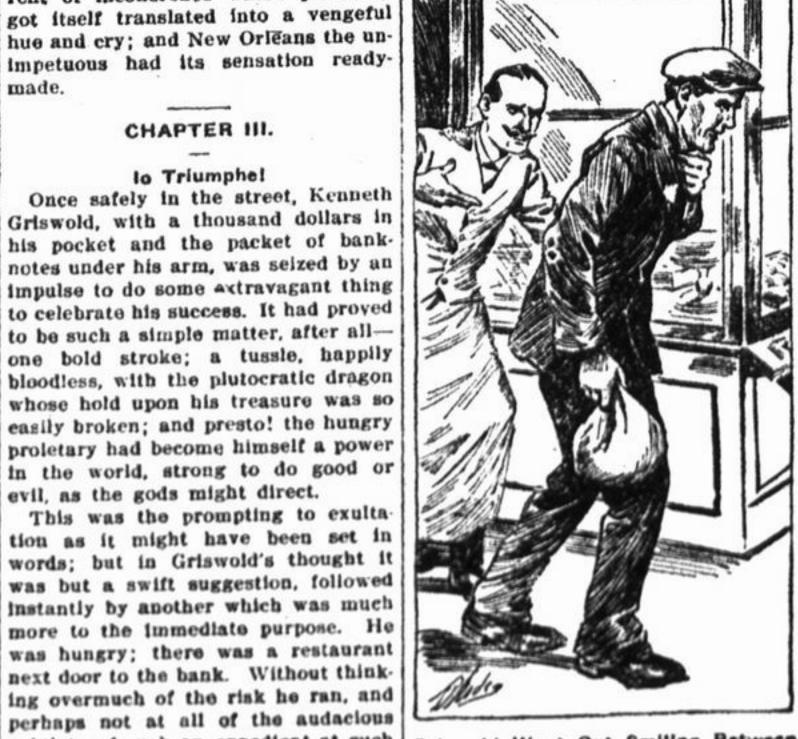
through the old French quarter summer "How will you have it?" he asked; the French market. In a narrow alley and it was the stranger at Mr. Galgiving upon the leves he finally found braith's elbow who answered. what he was looking for; a dingy sail-"One thousand in fives, tens and ors' barber's shop. The barber was twenties, loose, if you please; the rea negro, fat, unctuous and sleepy lookmainder in the largest denominations,

ing, and he was alone. "Yes, sah; shave, boss?" asked the The teller counted out the one thounegro, bowing and scraping a foot sand in small notes quickly; but he when Griswold entered. had to leave the cage and go to the

"No: a hair cut." The customer produced a silver half-dollar. "Go somewhere and get me a cigar to smoke while you are doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

"It is your time to pray, Mr. Gal-The fat negro shuffled out, scenting The moment he was out of "If you have given your man the sigsight Griswold took up the scissors and began to hack awkwardly at his beard and mustache: awawardly, but swiftly and with well-considered purpose. The result was a fairly complete metamorphosis easily wrought. In place of the trim beard and curling "The bank's count is good enough for mustache there was a rough stubble, me." And when the window wicket stiff and uneven, like that on the face had been unlatched and the money of a man who had neglected to shave for a week or two.

carelessly into his pocket, put the "There, I think that will answer." package containing the ninety-nine he told himself, standing back before thousand dollars under his arm, nodthe cracked looking-glass to get the ded to the president, backed swiftly general effect. "And it is decently original. The professional cracksman would probably have shaved, wherebraith suddenly found speech, opening upon the first amateur detective he his thin lips and pouring forth a torrent of incoherence which presently



Griswold Went Out Smiling Between His Teeth.

topped tables, and calmly ordered met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for a pawabroker; and the more avaricious he happens to be, the better he will serve

the purpose." He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and Griswold walked rapidly away in the direction opposite to that taken by the obliging barber.

street reminded him that the chase A pawnbroker's shop of the kind rewas begun. But at this, not to appear quired was not far to seek in that losuspiciously incurious, he put on the cality, and when it was found, Grismask of indifferent interest and asked wold drove a hard bargain with the Portuguese Jew behind the counter. The serving man did not know what The pledge he offered was the sait he had happened, but he would go and was wearing, and the bargaining confind out if M'sieu' so desired. "M'sieu' cluded in an exchange of the still servsaid breakfast first, by all means, and iceable business suit for a pair of butinformation afterward. Both came in ternut trousers, a second-hand coat too due season, and the hungry one ate cap, and a red handkerchief; these Transmuted into the broken English and a sum of ready money, the smallof the Gascon serving man, the story ness of which he deplored piteously before he would consent to accept it.

The effect of the haggling was exactly what Griswold had prefigured. defeat without a struggle, and Gris. The Portuguese, most suspicious of wold set his wits at work upon the his tribe, suspecting everything but the truth, flatly accused his customer of having stolen the pledge. And when Griswold departed without denymused, sipping his coffee as one who ing the charge, suspicion became conviction, and the pledged clothing, which might otherwise have given the police the needed clue, was carefully hidden away against a time when the

have thought he had-before he made Jew's apprehensions should be quieted. Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking a few his eyes and went into the inventive squares in the dust of a loaded cetton trance of the literary craftsman-"the float on the levee. Then he made a tramp's bundle of the manuscript of do that which the other fellow would the moribund book, the pistol, and the money in the red handkerchief; On the strength of that decision he and having surveyed himself with some satisfaction in the bar mirror of a riverside pot-house, a daring impulse to test his disguise by going back to the restaurant where he had breakfasted seized and bore him up-

The experiment was an unqualified success. The proprietor of the bankneighboring cafe not only failed to recognize him; he was driven forth with revilings in idiomatic French and brokstanding the growing accuracy of the en English.

"Bete! Go back on da levee w'ere you belong to go. I'll been kipping dis cafe for zhentlemen! Scelerat! Go!" Griswold went out, smiling between

"That settles the question of identification and present safety," he assured himself exultantly. Then: "I believe I could walk into the Bayou State Security and not be recognized."

As before, the daring impulse was irresistible, and he gave place to it on the spur of the moment. Fouling a five-dollar bill in the mud of the gutter, he went boldly into the bank and asked the paying teller to give him silver for it. The teller sniffed at the money, scowled at the man, and turned tively, since it was not his business Joining the passers-by on the side Griswold's smile grew to an inward

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I am very busy," said the inventor

Mrs. Baker So Weak-Con Not Do Her Work-Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich. -- "I suffered terribly

with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my

work. When washed my dishes had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got

so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway. So I took it for three months and got well and strong."-Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work. In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound & It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Make the Liver Do its Duty Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly comy pel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Conatipation, In-

digestion, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



WAS "TOO POOR TO BE HURT

Injured Street Sweeper Fatally Hurt Struggles to Return to His Work. But Death Claims Him.

Frederick Birkmer, a street sweeper of New Rochelle, N. Y., "too poor to be laid up by an accident," he said, was knocked unconscious when struck short in the sleeves, a fannel shirt, a in the back in the Pelham road by a motorcycle ridden by Frank Purdy of Port Chester. Birkmer, still unconscious, was being lifted into an ambulance, when he regained his senses, struggled to his feet and staggered toward his broom.

"Can't afford to be hurt." he mut-

Purdy and a hospital surgeon forced him into an ambulance. At the hospital his skull was found fractured. He was prepared for the operating table. A moment later he sprang from bed. tore off the bandages and, struggling with an interne, strove to reach a

"I must go back," he faltered. Then he fell unconscious and died.

An Insufficient Supply. "I want to buy a cow, Silas." "Well, Hi, I've's got one as is a he creature. She's got one pint-" "Thet ain't enough. I need at h a quart, Silas."

Minnesota averages 35 bushels

## Men Out

appreciate that bra nerves and muscles can kept up to par only right living and care selection of food.

Thousands of such me

because this food yields the maximum nourishment of prime wheat and barley of which it is made.

Grape-Nuts also retains the wonderful mineral elements of the grains so essential for the daily repair of brain and nerve th but which are so often a ing in the usual die

oing to end works to perfection peace was signed.

n applied to the last Napoleonic The same result

In fact the same rule which en gets the ninth day of the ninth month, oled him to find out when this war risk; September 9, the date when The same result is obtained in the and the France-Prussian war of Scase of the France-Prussian was, h

th) result is November 11. until 1916, then peace will be signed on April 11.

The soothsayer does not explain on

tongue are dead," Blitz explained, sas City Star. ers me to do my "and it never be

by past experience of former wars, equals 9, and 2 plus 7 equals 9, he equals 11 and 2 plus 9 equals 11, and | named Harry Blitz, and he lived in enjoy a cold glass or two on a hot Parsons thirty years ago. He was night after doing your stunts." Haba-Supposing, however, the war lasts identified by several old acquaint. Haba is fifty-four years old. He's ances in Parsons. "The nerves in my paid \$50 a week for his work.—Kan-