## The Protector of Finance Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure

By WELDON J. COBB

## WITHOUT BENEFIT OF WAYBILL

tained-a watch.

of the prisoner.

where you can?

to the street.

The officer had taken; from

"I'll keep that to count the few

the cases. I saw him gaze searchingly

Maryel, with one movement ripping

the back case from the watch and

handing the denuded timepiece to its

a subdued tone. "Not that you have

one chance in a thousand of locating

"Think things over, Dan," said my

friend, turning to leave the room, "You

shall have good nursing. To make it

still better, suppose you help me out

But Derby Dan shrugged his hatchet-

like shoulders and was dumb. Marvel

spoke an order to the officer respect-

ing the disposition of the prisoner.

Then he went to the teler's cage,

made somememoranda of the informa-

tion received there, and walked brisk-

ly towards the broad stairway leading

"I suppose you read the pracle?" he

the watch case. Pasted over its inner

woman as one would expect a man of

Still, a woman; and to Derby Dan

the picture seemed so dear, that I

doubted not for her sake he had risked

"So I shall find her," said Marvel

missed, a grab, the weighted loot, and

a close calculation that did not miss,

and I dare say a landing directly in

the automobile, where his pals were

My triend had drawn the right ple-

when we reached the street. The

crossing policeman told of the crash

of glass, a flying object, the whir of

the auto and a flash to the corner

ahead with a mounted officer in pur-

suit, who lost the trail amid the con-

fusion of too many vehicles, with less

than one-half a mile accomplished.

men appeared leading Derby Dan be-

tween them, he gave a slight start of

"Saw him before, that's all," was

"Right at this letter box. About

twenty minutes ago. I saw him leas

on it and watch the big clock up in

the Board of Trade. Then he looked

up and down the street. Then he

kept his eyes fixed on it for a few

minutes as if thinking deeply. Then

he lifted the cover of the slot, shot it

Marvel whipped about He was scan-

"Phone from the bank," he directed

It was not fifteen minutes before a

post office inspector arrived. He

twenty minutes of ten o'clock.

One, a plain envelope, bore crude

"42 Markham St.,

"This is what I am after." declared

His rapid eye took in the contents

of a single sheet covered with pen-

My friend was busy telephoning po-

"Dear Nance," it ran, "If I was ever

true blue it's now. Luck has been

Marvel. "To make sure-wes." At a

nod from the inspector he ripped oper

"Nancy Wands,

Leslie to foin me at once."

"Know him?" inquired Marvel.

to neck and waist adornment.

life behind steel bars.

make for sooner or later."

rendy for the word 'Go,' "

recognition.

"Where?"

"So you must find her."

"Only you," admitted the prisoner in

CRY, a crash, a general commo- soon sink," he said with a slight laugh. tion, and echo and stir brought Resilius Marvel to his feet as pocket the one article his clothes conthough set on springs. Such s do not transpire in a well regubank save for some potent reaand the quick mind of the head United Bankers' Protective ashe had crossed the threshold the private office of the presi of our institution, a peculiarly yy crash had told him that one of immense plate glass windows of the currency pen had suf a; that the cry was that of a man ne of the cages; that the commowas the mingled shuffling of the of the house officers drawn to an

istible focus by some extraordioccurrence. was in the wake of Marvel instantly, impelled by curiand wonder. The president he bank had been going over of average balances weed some clients whose busiffairs showing symptoms rot, was planning to have rot somewhere else, and ing a package to hand to some brother banker. So far as of ethics would permit, he peered sh the open doorway at the gatt crowd about the currency pen. of had parted the ranks in his effective way. I was close at

eels. A picturesque spectacle shind the railing a clerk wi scing up and down in a frenzy of incontrollable excitement, one hand indicating a man crowded close to the outer counter slab of marble, the oth or waving towards a wrecked window. e he kept shouting wildly:

stared, undisguisedly puzzled, at man upon whom the gathering ng were massing. He was thin to point of attenuation, his eyes hed from nervousness or weakand his face was very pale. Howhis colorless lips framed a e-a smile apologetic, gentle. pissive, slightly cynical and trihant. It was the smile of a man and out morally, physically and cially, but that also of a person ing a desperate cast of fate, and ting what might hinge upon the rd of the die. He challenged the d pressing about him, not unpered, but with no alarm visible in meer And than Are made a prward movement as Marvel him. It was a gesture recog

by power and protection. A fair ending," he said, looking my od squarely in the eyes,

arvel placed a hand on the man's , but scarcely with force. The · wretch, beside the husky off :: re iping about him, appeared like e scarecrow bird in the net of the ers. Even then he was taken a violent fit of coughing that ted his frame so that he was ed to hold swaying to the brass ng. He pressed a handkerchief ils lips. As he lowered it I no that it was streaked with blood | And then as two of the bank policebuick! What was it?" spoke Mar authoritatively to the clerk behind

to threw red pepper!" spluttered teller. "I dodged. See-where it he slab. A little went in my eyes. ore I could get my revolver he ned an arm over to the window

What did he get?" pecial package-\$80,000." Where is it?"

the window—the street!" rambled | drew an envelope from his pocket. He he clerk. "He must have weightfor it went through that window a cannon ball, and-"

a flash Marvel, both feet on the into the letter box and walked swung over the wire netting. briskly into the bank." ng to the ledge of the window and scanning the street. All that he ning the printed schedule for collecwas a gathering, Liping crowd tion of mail on the front of the box. two pelicemen pointing to a He glanced at his watch. His face exnted officer down the roadway. pressed satisfaction. I knew it be tokened that no collection had been utomobile, I suppose," commentmy friend, and was back at the made since Derby Dan had deposited a of the culprit by the route he letter in the box. Marvel took a pencil left him. "Get us out of this and a card from his pocket and scribd." he directed me, and I made bled a name and a telephone num ith for him through the mob to the her

he prisoner needed no urging to me. "I will have to remain here. Tell w the pressure of Marvel's urging Our cashier had come up, and foot closed on the foot of us. that did you expect to make out opened the box after a few words of its foolish break, Dan?" inquired, conversation with Marvel. It lacked

friend, not unkindly. very few letters were mailed in Not ten years," responded the felwith a ghostly shadow of a smile business section as early as that in iere will be no trial, for the doctor the morning. Some twelve or four given me just ten days. I'm doped teen were all the dropping shelf dish strychnine, or I couldn't hold up played. Most of them bore return Get me where I can lie down, addresses on the corner, and clearly to be seen were business documents.

rou'll have to carry me." he man looked all he indicatedoor wretch in the last stages of bandwriting and the direction: sumption. He had partially coled, and lay rather than sat in the arm chair. All the time, how-

there was a certain contented lle on his face. You know me, Mr. Marvel," he ob-

ved weakly-"not yet obituarized, the envelope. rough the records had it so. m't pull this off for myself." Rather not," replied Marvel, "Then | ciled words. He glanded at me and ! foined him. We crossed the street and

shook his bony head slowing Bankers' Protective association. I'm through," he said. "There were men outside in an automobile lice headquarters for a few minutes. d aim, ch?" and he looked towards me. window, a glint of professional

somewhere out of range of the old life. The boys will bring you the share soon as they feel they're safe. I've done this for you and the kid. Kiss her for me. Good-by. Dan."

Marvel beckoned to me from the doorway of the next room. He had two wardrobes open, and throws across a table a part of their contents. noted two suits of coarse common clothes and caps to match.

"We may have some rough work, at

least an experience among rough people," he advised me, and proceeded to exchange his attire for one extremely unbecoming. I know that the ments I donned were ill fitting and smelled musty. The suggestion of rough people was fully carried out as we reached the vicinity of Markham street. No. 42 turned out to be a ramshackly two-story house. It backed on hours left me, if you don't mind," said Dan, but Marvel was giving the timeextensive freight yards and its rear piece a close inspection. He opened fence was in ruins—used up for fuelits shed kitchen ready to fall over. We at the inside of the back case, then at passed it on the other side of street, and made a complete circle of the outstretched hand of Derky Dan, and then into Derby Dan's eyes. The it several times before Marvel deter mined on a decisive course of proced mocking smile drifted from the face ure. He halted in the shelter of "Have I hit 't, Dan?" challenged

freight car. "I am going to visit this Nance of our friend, Derby Dan," he said, "Whe go around to that side door, slip across the yard and get into that old there now, may have been there and gone, may arrive at any moment.

"Here" was a weapon-compact deadly looking and ready for use. accepted it with some temerity. yet it gave me an uncanny shiver. Eighty thousand is no bagatelle, re-

speculatively spoke the woman "I didn't say so," observer Marve "My good woman, do not disturb your self with arriving at any conclusions until our friends arrive.

The woman was on her guard, but did not venture to commit herself by asking any leading questions. parently she accepted the situation as it presented. The instructions Derby Dan influenced her to set as a lay figure in the case. finally and busied herself washing out tattered red neck scarf. Then she went out into the yard an hung it across a bit of clothes line.

Marvel told me afterwards that he was certain this was a signal for prospective visitors. At least it probably was a notification that some one was in the house-a stranger. Still, woman acted natural, although expectant and restive during another hour. Then something happened. I had

meanwhile kept at my post in the shed, peering from its darkest corner through the many gaps in the broad, warped boards of which the rattletrap was constructed. I was nervous about the weapon Marvel had given me. did not wish to keep it in my hand, had less desire to stow it in my clothing. So I placed it on a cobwebbed shelf, and tried to be patient, and hoped to be useful somewhere along the line.

I crouched back, feeling the crisis had arrived, as the door by the shed possession certified to a promotion as facing the alley moved sharply on its friend and counsel of Resilius Marvel, one creaking binge. Then a voicelow, imperative:

"Hold on-don't go in."



BUT STONY FACE. ANON SHE LIFTED A TEAR-STAINED AND FELL TO STUDYING MARVEL.

member, observed Marvel "Fump it dry, if the crisis warrants

ture of an actual happening we found | 11 " I watched Marvel get around to the front of the house, walk to its side en trance and knock on the door. caught the outlines but no clear sight of the face of a woman who answered his summons. There was a parley and my friend was admitted past the door way. He later told me of his recep-At a glance the Nance of the letter and the photograph was vealed. Her reception of Marvel was chary and suspicious. He had removed the letter from the envelope, and as he seated himself on a chair in the poor foom he handed this to the wom-

an without any immediate word of ex-Marvel watched her eyes dilate, he throat throb, the hand holding brief scrawl grow shaky with excitement. Then the woman stood looking at the floor and evidently trying to digest the contents of the missive. She raised her eyes next, boring Marvel

through and through. "ls that all?" she challenged Until the boys come," replied friend succincily. "I'm to say nothing only to look on." "What for!"

"To see that the ple is cut in three equal pieces. It's a hig one."

Nance sat down 'n a chair and let the little one toddle about the floor. but stony face, and fell to studying on the ground with both feet.

ing where he was until the men he expected should arrive. Marvel experienced no uneasiness as to Derby Dan sending his wife a warning, for he had given the police explicit in-

struction respecting their prisoner. The little child had roved about the room. She was quite friendly with Marvel. She hung about his knee and he paid her some attention. She played with the buttons of his coat repaired to the office of the United ding across the room to her mother, crowing triumphantly. In one hand the child had Marvel's handkerchief. in the other the envelope that had contained the letter he had just deting that played me out. It was a placed the intercepted missive before livered to its mother. The mother his confused head with a wiry grimace had a keen eye. Marvel dared not of pain. manifest any particular interest in the recovering of the envelope. He simhard with me, not fit to work. You've ply smiled, tracing the incipient picka so the cashier. "Search him," stuck by me, you and the kid, half pocket in this progeny of crime as the tered, as a man in uniform ap ment or no ment. There was only one mother anatched the envelope from saw the woman Nance come out your the hand of her child.

Why not?" "Look at that red scarf."

I could not view the speakers, but the sunlight silhouetted two figures in shadow, their attitude strained and found what I was looking for. Again full of caution.

"That's right, but it's not the stay away call. Go slow, that's all." "We'll take the roof route, to play

safe. The window's open. Me firstfollow or wait, suit yourself." "I'll follow-go ahead."

The crazy roof of the tottering shed creaked ominously. The shallow slid the kitchen shed roof and his final ing democrats or autocrats, to make boards bent until I could see a pair capture. As the chase had lasted a for brains and brawn, further proof of nimble feet scudding for safety to full half hour and had covered nearly must be forthcoming. It is more than a window sill on the second story a mile of territory, I glimpsed a diffi- probable the dominating stomach will The flight was made with apparent cult task before my friend. success. Then the rubbery roof again rebounded. Number two tried to follow | find the house locked up and deserted | woods where fungi love to spring forth his leader. There was a sharp snap. Marvel walked through the rear yard in a night are more life-producing and A board crashed in two, and, with the | and was going over his own tracks. He | life-preserving than the finest mushparted timbers the man came hurtling proceeded leisurely, and I had ample rooms which appear every market day downward, struck the ground with a time to reason or test the play of my in beautiful snowy pyramid at the Halgroan, and lay there inert.

I acted on impulse. There was not a doubt in my mind that the two men were the persons for whom Marvel when we came to a little telegraph was waiting. Through the open roof shanty in the center of the great I could see the first man clinging to switch yards. The man in charge sat the sill of window, wavering as if in at his table, his feet crossed upon it. doubt as to what course he should Marvel entered unceremoniously. pursue. I hastened his decision Reaching out for the weapon Marvel my man," he announced, "If you have had given me, I 'pumped it dry" the time, but just then there came a against the ground in'a corner of the call on the ticker.

out harder than ever. She spelled her not open his eyes. The man over take. Will you sit down and wait for and from under whose feet a sweet eyes and smiling, dimpled cheeks to way laboriously a second time through head must have seen me. With an me ten minutes?" the scrawl. Then she pressed it to exclamation of manifest dismay he let her lips, threw her apren over her go of the window support. He made chairs. Marvel sat thinking deeply. I proud to own was borne by the king face and sobbed as if her heart would a smooth, splendid slide the length of noted that his eyes were fixed on the break. Anon she lifted a tear-stained the roof and landed with a dead clump open window, his senses mechanically

My friend had so placed nimself at the open doorway of the shed. A that he had as complete a view from glance revealed the condition of his present outside of the unsolved probthe window of the room of the street comrade, the same glance took me in, lem of the missing bank money. and the yard as was possible. His empty weapon extended. He backed senses were on the alert, to ward off away with a scowl, flitted across the denly that I stared strangely at him. yard and cleared about all that was His eyes sought the ticking instruto be afforded the privilege of remain- left of the fence, the top stringer, on ment. His hand made an involuntary the fly.

I heard a door in the house slam. It was Marvel, coming out. It was Mar- feet eagerly, I fancied, and stood nearvel, his eye fixed on the flying fugitive, | er to the operator's table. The man to whom I shouted, rather incoherent- in charge was receiving the message

The two men-I've got one here. unconscious."

Then I saw, first the fugitive disappear a und the corner of a long line the man on the shoulder. of freight cars, then Marvel in purand climbed up on the rounds of the suit, vanishing in turn. I took it upon the wandering operator. "Checking off chair he sat in. My friend experi- myself to stand not two feet away a train, weren't you?" enced some unrest and considerable from my captive. I leaned over and chagrin as he saw the little one tod- prodded his clothing, dreaming of sure glory should I find the \$80,000 package abound of him.

under my rather clumsy handling. He got it-interested?" rolled over and finally sat up, rubbing

"Sit still," I ordered full valigativ, the empty weapon extended, and fi served as a quieting menace. As I glanced towards the house

my superior. His fall had clearly crippled his normal activity, and the

leveled weapon did the rest. It was nearly half an hour before Marvel reappeared. One hand was in Crew - instructed. Command a side coat pocket. In front of him, James - B. - Rappelye - D. S. two paces ahead, was the man who this was chopped up into fragments had slid the roof. As soon as my cap- by the operator verbally as it came tive could get onto his feet and steady himself there was a group of four. Marvel made his prisoner pilot the way. A street corner was reached, a its jolting novelty. We found police officer summoned and we were soon at Central station.

Marvel showed no self-glorification, but was very particular as to the disposition of the prisoners. After they had been searched and were removed to separate cells below stairs, almost feet from the floor base, immediately the turnkey came to the door of the stairway and beckoned to my friend, who joined him after word to me to await his return.

At the end of an hour Marvel returned. The cloud of thought was not yet dispelled fom his face. He had a card in his hand, and he came and sat down beside me with the air of a person a good deal tired and somewhat disturbed "It results in this," he said, and re-

versed the card so I could yiew what he had penciled upon it: "E. N.-16791."

I looked over the initials and num ber vaguely. "What does it mean?" l asked.

"You tell me," replied Marvel, and then his chin sank into his hand in his old thoughtful way, and I did not disturb him, for I knew he was wrestling with some intricate prob-

"The two fellows we have caged. he volunteered finally, "are kings in their crooked profession. The one chased down had carried the booty. "When he reached that woman's house?" "Yes. We found the notation strip

of the stolen package in his pocket. He led me a stern chase-over tracks. under cars, through them, over their tops, and finally threw up his hands when he knew I would shoot. When ran him down he had planted the package, for it was not upon him "Where?"

"Somewhere while momentarily out of my sight among that interminable network of tracks. When they put him below I had him locked next to the village constable one day, bitting the inspection cell."

"What is that?" "An adjoining compartment whence prisoner can be closely observed with no knowledge of the fact. The first thing my man did was to laughit was cunning triumph, or nothing. Then I noticed his lips move constantly as though he was memorizing something. He searched his pockets as if for a pencil stub, found none, and then, taking the pin in his tie, scratched something on one of the bricks of the whitewashed wall. I at once had him removed to another cell. I visited his first place of abode. He had scratched on the brick what you see there-'E. N.-16791.

"A few minutes later I had him moved back to the old cell and inspect- hend was there!"-London Tit-Bits, ed cell No. 2. After some trouble E. N.-16791,' scratched on the wall. Something to be remembered, don't

you see?" I saw partly, and Marvel did not just then enlighten me any further. "stuffing" under the manipulation of According to the way be had figured it an admirable chef, can't be denied; out, the money package had been but as an article of distinctive diet, a three minutes later he had the planted between the time his man had dish for gods and men, for discriminat- before Charlie Zepp.

We went back to Markham street to which are intimate in the fields and imagination. I am not inventive, and les Centrales in Paris, the paradise of no suggestions came to my mind.

It must have been an hour later

taking in the busy drone of the ticker. The next instant he swung into view for he was expert in that direction, although very little interested him at

Suddenly my friend started so sudmovement as if to halt its progress at some specific point. He arose to his and checking off on a typewritten list. The "N. M." of the code, announcing the end of the message, had scarcely sounded before Marvel was touching

"Look at your "list," he directed to "Empty out freights over the south-

ern branch, yes."

"Half way down: 'E. N .- 16791.'" "Oh, you read me, ch?" spoke the It was not, she the man reused up operator with a fraternal smile. "I've Slightly. What's the car?"

"Rastern Nebraska railroad empty grain special 16791," "Going or gone?" The operator wheeled in his chair and darted a quick glance at the

We reached Junction B. after a free

and easy dash that was inspiring for trackmen in charge of freight 16791 of the Eastern Nebraska line. It was "special" for carrying thirty per cent. bulk of millet and fine grain seeds, and had a double damp proof

sheathing, open at the top about four Resilius Marvel got a piece of heavy wire from the flagman and began to prod for the package the clever bank thief had dropped into what he had

considered a safe nest. At twenty minutes of three, precisely five hours after Derby Dan had stolen the \$80,000 package of treasury notes from the bank, that goodly sum once more rested within the vaults of that institution.

Importance of Discipline.

There is not that thing in the world of more grave and urgent importance throughout the life of man, than is discipline. What need I instance? that bath read with judgment of nations and commonwealths, of cities and camps, of peace and war, sea and fand, will readily agree that the flourishing and decaying of all civil societies, all the movements and turnings of human occasions, are moved to and fro as on an axie of discipline. So that whatsoever power and sway in mortal things weaker men have attributed to fortune, I durst with more confidence ascribe either to the vigor or the slackness of discipline. And certainly discipline is not only the removal of disorder . . . but the very visible shape and image of virtues; whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly peace as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears .- Milton.

Laughter in Court. A certain lad threw a large stone at

him heavily on his beimet. The perpetrator of the outrage escaped detection until, on examining closely the missile which had struck him, the constable remembering having seen it lying on the window-sitt of a house, whose youthful occupant

he forthwith charged with the assault. "I experimented with the stone, your worship," the policement explained in court, "and found that when I threw it at an old helmet of mine it made on exactly similar mark." "But what good was that when your

'end wasn't inside the 'elmet?" asked the suspect. "Ah," retorted the triumphant of cer, "I thought of that, and put a block of wood inside, just the same as if my

How About the Mushroom? That the excellently cultivated mushroom is a most palatable relish, a most tempting association for luscious steaks, chops and other meats, and for whisper that many of the wild weeds the cultivated mushroom,-Exchange.

Some Notable Dignataries. Somewhere in the wilds of Afghanistan there is an ameer who boasts of as many high dignities as there are days in the year, among them being: "I want to ask you a few questions. "The Sovereign of the Universe, whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plentitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star, a king "Fifty-seven out," spoke the opera- as spiritual as a hall is round, who, The fallen man stir ed, but he did tor rapidly. "I've got some details to when he rises, shades all his people, beautiful young girl whose a Marvel bowed assentingly. We took remarkable title any monarch was ever of Menomotapa, whose praises were sung by his court poets and musicians her." as "Lord of the Sun and Moon, Great Magician and Great Thief."

Beware the "Jack-of-All Trades." The "lack-of-all-trades" known familiarly as the handy man is a serious drawback to the industries of the United States, because his knowledge and training are not based on the fundamental rules of any craft. Such men are the bane of any industry and more especially of high-grade machine | Ronald, Nearly got strung las shops, for their work cannot be refied upon. Doubtless it is a good thing to know something about everything, but the perfect mechanic and high- Dwyer, in a whisper, grade foreman is the min who knows looked. everything about something. George W. Bowle, in Industrial Management.

Products of Genius. There is not a shit of routine, how-

ever cheap our unthinking mind may count it, that was not started by (Copyright, 1917, by the genius. The fundamental facilities of life, the things we use as carelessly as we trend the pavement—the very fire we light, the tools we handle at our work, the food we eat-each represents some early triumph of man's

This stock con old stuff-day in and 'me vindeville any day

Dwyer, sweetly, to find it." She gave him a on, "Ronald Cannoles hardly time to carry on his lecture Zepp bounded out of his ch aced her excitedly.

"What's 'is?" he demanded. "Lecture work? Where? What d'ye know?" Miss Dwyer regarded hims with a twinkle of amusement in

"You're right nice when you're she told him, and inward joiced at his scowl, "so I'll the off. Old Man Forrest Introduct to a good-looking girl who's ten a girls' school. Then Forrest an eye on the box-office, tips he that Cannoles only plays juvenile the love of it—that he's a regular on Shakespeare..."

"Help!" interrupted Zepp. peare? Shades of Braumeister! "So the girl coaxed him out to seminary," continued Miss D "Ronnie gave 'em an earful al meo and Juliet and Macbeth, then yanked him back to family He's due for Hamlet next Friday

boy!" gurgled Zepp trent-heart stuff-all that! what a spread-half a more." He shut his eyes in a di I'm going to romance Ronald up

Forrest was leaving his a following Saturday afternoon, an irate figure, brandishing a m per, loomed up to the doorway, "Who wrote this?" demanded ald Cannoles, heatedly, in the

"What?" queried Forrest ! "That I" And Cannoles pelm dirty bums. They've ruined me "Here, walt a minute till I re admonished Forrest, and he a the offensive article.

kick?" asked Forrest calmiy. "The whole thing's a kick." Ropald hotly. "Hight where I here, it says, Following his m esting lecture, Mr. Cannoles of the faculty. It is remored other alliance has been fo Cupid between stage and es pid, bah! I'm going to best Ch

Zepp to a jelly." "What---for giving you. boost in years? You've got the m ety. What do you care?"

"That's just it," cut in Ronald. do cure. Confound it, man-I-I like Miss Walters," "Oh!" whistled Forrest, in ment. "So that's the lay?"

After a few minutes Ronald left office and Forrest got busy, "Get busy and write your head of

Put in about Cannoles being o ed from English nobility-you slip a lord in the family some

hat's all bunk. It'll you ad ertising rates. That's

lang the expense!" and rest, impatiently. "I've made a up on him, and he's a fine young demanded Charlie of Hazel two hearsal. Charlie was pointing to

ald Capnoles on the stage. ed him and whispered eagerly; "The

"Her who?" echoed Charlia blanks "The teacher," she whispered, " poles' girl. They've made up. For brought 'em together, She's e about him. There's your chance. pretty teacher attends stock of rehearsals regularit. mony. Where's your orig

"Burled." answered Charlie "Never again for this re Now I'll wait till it's sure

Into the opposite box Co Walter's neck stole his two Oblivious to their and

and klased him.