

Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By EARLDERR BIGGERS

Copyright, 1915, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

"Nothing," replied Kendrick wildly. "There's nothing the matter. Let me by—please." He crossed the swaying platform and disappeared into the other car.

"You got to get me out of this. You got to stand by me." "Why, what's the matter, Lou?" asked the mayor in surprise. "Matter enough," whined Max. "Do you know what's happened? Well, I'll tell."

A horrible parody of a man's real fear was in his face. The mayor shook himself as though he would be rid forever of the coward banging on the arm.

"Hush up, can't you?" he said. "I'll see you through." "You got to," Lou Max wailed. Miss Rhodes' story went on to tell how Hayden refused to phone the combination; how the mayor and Max examined the safe and secured the precious package, only to lose it in another moment to a still different contingent at the inn; how Hayden had come of his suicide when he found that his actions were in danger of exposure.

"I'm an amusing feature," reflected Magee. "Mr. Magee," continued Miss Rhodes, "will doubtless be one of the state's chief witnesses when the case against Cargan comes to trial, as will also Professor Thaddeus Bolton, holder of the Crandall chair of comparative literature at Repton university, and David Kendrick, formerly of the Suburban, but who retired six years ago to take up his residence abroad. The latter two went to the inn to represent Prosecutor Drayton and made every effort in their power to secure the package of money from the reporter for the Star, not knowing her connection with the affair."

"All the morning papers, gents," proclaimed the boy. "Get the Repton Star. All about the bribery," he read. He held up the paper. It's huge black headlines looked dull and old and soggy. But the story they told was new and live and startling.

"The Mayor Trapped," shrieked the headlines. "Attempt to Pass Big Bribe at Baldpate Inn Foiled by Star Reporter. Hayden of the Suburban Commits Suicide to Avoid Disgrace."

"Give me a paper, boy," said the mayor. "Yes—a Star." His voice was even, his face unmoved. He took the sheet and studied it, with an easy smile. Clinging in fear to his side, Max read too. At length Mr. Cargan spoke, looking up at Magee.

"So," he remarked, "so—reporters—eh—you and your lady friend? Reporters for this lying sheet—the Star?" Mr. Magee smiled up from his own copy of the paper.

"Not I," he answered, "but my lady friend—yes. It seems to me just that. A Star reporter you can call her and tell no lie, Mr. Mayor."

"It was a good story—the story which the mayor, Max, the professor and Magee read with varying emotions there in the smoking car. The girl had served her employers well, and Mr. Magee, as he read, felt a thrill of pride in her. Evidently the employers had felt that same thrill. For in the captions under the pictures, in the headlines and in a first page editorial, none of which the girl had written, the Star spoke admiringly of its woman reporter who had done a man's work—who had gone to Baldpate inn and had brought back a gigantic bribe fund—alone and unaided."

"Indeed?" smiled Mr. Magee to himself.

"I told you so. It was all right in the summer, when the bands played and the warm wind was whistling on the mountain top. But in the fall it's always been hard, and I've heard the white lights calling, calling—why, I've even heard her, when I was here. This fall you came, and there was something doing on Baldpate—and I know that when you went I'd just naturally go to go. So—I'm going."

"Splendid!" commented the girl. "I'll be somewhat delicate," continued the hermit, "bursting in on Ellen after all these years. As I told Mr. Magee I wish I had an inaugural address or something like that."

"I have it," responded Evelyn Rhodes. "I'll write a story about you for tomorrow morning's paper—all about how the Christmas spirit has overcome the hermit of Baldpate and how he's going back to his wife with his heart filled with love for her. It is filled, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," agreed Mr. Peters. "I reckon you might call it that." "And then you can send her a copy of the paper and follow it up in person."

"A good idea," commented Billy Magee. "At first glance, yes," stammered Peters; "but, on the other hand, it would be the death knell of my postcard business, and I'm calculating to go back to Baldpate next summer and take it up again. No, I'm afraid I can't let it be generally known that I've quit living in a shack on the mountain for love of somebody or other."

"Once more," smiled Magee, "big business muzzles the press." "Not that I shouldn't oblige you for the offer," added the hermit.

"Miss—Miss Rhodes and I will see you again," predicted Mr. Magee, "next summer at Baldpate inn."

"The hermit looked at the girl, who turned her face away. "I hope it'll turn out that way, I'm sure," he said. "I'll let you have a reduction on all postcards, just for old times' sake. Now, I must find out about the New York trains."

"He melted into the crowd, an odd figure still, his garb in a fashion long forgotten, his stummie backed, hair brushing the collar of his ancient coat. Magee and the girl found the check room and, after he had been relieved of the burden of his baggage, set out up the main street of Repton. It was a typical up state town, deep in the throes of the holiday season. The windows of the stores were green with holly. The faces of the passers-by reflected the exuberance of Christmas and of the upheaval in civic politics which were upon them almost together.

"Tell me," said the girl, "are you glad—the way it has turned out? Are you glad I was no lady Captain Kidd?"

"The train began to move. "Get off yourself, you coward!" sneered Cargan. "Oh, I know you! It doesn't take much to make your stomach shrink. Get off!"

"Max eagerly seized his hat and bag. "I will if you don't mind," he said. "See you later at Charlie's." And in a flash of tawdry attire he was gone. The mayor of Repton no longer sat limp in his seat. That brief moment of seeming surrender was put behind him forever. He walked the aisle of the car, fire in his eyes, battle in his heart.

"So they're waiting for me, eh?" he said aloud. "Waiting for Jim Cargan. Now, ain't it nice of them to come and meet their mayor?"

"Your words," said Mr. Magee, "are engraved on my heart." He proceeded to gather up his baggage with his own hands and was thus engaged when Kendrick came up. The shadow of his discovery in the smoking car an hour before still haunted his sunken eyes, but his lips were half smiling with the new joy of living that had come to him.

"Mr. Magee," he began, "I hardly need mention that the terrible thing which happened—in there—between you and me—and the man whose dead, No one must know. Least of all, the girl who is to become my wife—it would embitter her whole life—as it has mine."

"Don't say that," Magee pleaded. "You will forget in time, I'm sure. And you will forget in time, I'm sure already." And indeed he had, on the instant when his eyes fell upon the Repton Star.

"Miss Thornhill approached, her dark smiling eyes on Magee. Kendrick looked at her proudly and spoke suddenly, determinedly. "You're right, I will forget. She shall be me."

"A shadow had fallen upon the train—the shadow of the huge Repton station. In the half light on the platform Mr. Magee encountered the mayor of Repton.

"Hello, Mr. Holdup Man!" The girl seized Mr. Magee's proffered hand and leaped down from the truck to his side.

"Bless the gods of the mountains," said Magee; "they have given me back my accomplice, safe and sound!"

"The officer of the Star," explained the girl, "the crowd is looking for new excitement. Do you know? For two whole hours this morning we had on exhibition in the window a certain package—a package of money!"

"I think," smiled Magee, "I've seen it somewhere." "I think you have. Drayton came and took it from us as soon as he heard. But it was the very best proof we could have offered the people. They like to see for themselves. It's a passion with them. We've done for Cargan forever."

"Cargan says he will fight." "Of course he will," she replied. "But this will prove Napoleon's Waterloo. Whether or not he is sent to prison—and perhaps he can escape that; he's very clever—his power in Repton is broken. He can't possibly win at the next election. It comes very soon. I'm so glad! For years our editor has been fighting corruption, in the face of terrible odds and temptations. I'm glad it's over now—and the Star has won!"

"Through you," said Magee softly. "With—some one to help," she smiled. "I must go upstairs now and find out what new task is set for me."

"As Mr. Magee and the girl turned they beheld the hermit of Baldpate sitting with undisguised exultation at the tall buildings of Repton.

"Why, it's Mr. Peters!" the girl cried. "Yes," replied Magee. "His prediction has come true. We and our excitement proved too much for him. He's going back to Brooklyn and to her."

"I'm so glad!" she cried. She stretched out her hand to the hermit. He took it, somewhat embarrassed. "Glad to see you," he said. "You certainly appear to have stirred things up, miss. But women are good at that. I've always said—"

"Mr. Magee tells me you're going back, after all?" she broke in. "I told you so. It was all right in the summer, when the bands played and the warm wind was whistling on the mountain top. But in the fall it's always been hard, and I've heard the white lights calling, calling—why, I've even heard her, when I was here. This fall you came, and there was something doing on Baldpate—and I know that when you went I'd just naturally go to go. So—I'm going."

"Splendid!" commented the girl. "I'll be somewhat delicate," continued the hermit, "bursting in on Ellen after all these years. As I told Mr. Magee I wish I had an inaugural address or something like that."

"I have it," responded Evelyn Rhodes. "I'll write a story about you for tomorrow morning's paper—all about how the Christmas spirit has overcome the hermit of Baldpate and how he's going back to his wife with his heart filled with love for her. It is filled, isn't it?"

"What's the matter with Evelyn Rhodes?" suggested Magee. "Nothing. It's a perfectly good name. But it isn't mine. I just write under it."

"I prefer Mary, anyhow," smiled Billy Magee. "She called you that. It's Mary."

"Mary what?" "You have no idea," said he, "how immaterial that is. It is a perfectly good name. But it isn't mine. I just write under it."

"The office of the Star," explained the girl, "the crowd is looking for new excitement. Do you know? For two whole hours this morning we had on exhibition in the window a certain package—a package of money!"

"I think," smiled Magee, "I've seen it somewhere." "I think you have. Drayton came and took it from us as soon as he heard. But it was the very best proof we could have offered the people. They like to see for themselves. It's a passion with them. We've done for Cargan forever."

"Cargan says he will fight." "Of course he will," she replied. "But this will prove Napoleon's Waterloo. Whether or not he is sent to prison—and perhaps he can escape that; he's very clever—his power in Repton is broken. He can't possibly win at the next election. It comes very soon. I'm so glad! For years our editor has been fighting corruption, in the face of terrible odds and temptations. I'm glad it's over now—and the Star has won!"

"Through you," said Magee softly. "With—some one to help," she smiled. "I must go upstairs now and find out what new task is set for me."

"As Mr. Magee and the girl turned they beheld the hermit of Baldpate sitting with undisguised exultation at the tall buildings of Repton.

"Why, it's Mr. Peters!" the girl cried. "Yes," replied Magee. "His prediction has come true. We and our excitement proved too much for him. He's going back to Brooklyn and to her."

"I'm so glad!" she cried. She stretched out her hand to the hermit. He took it, somewhat embarrassed. "Glad to see you," he said. "You certainly appear to have stirred things up, miss. But women are good at that. I've always said—"

MONEY - Private money to loan on Mortgages on farm and city property at lowest rates of interest on terms to suit borrowers. F. S. WALLBRIDGE, Barrister, Corner Front and Bridge Sts., Belleville, over Dominion Bank.

We Have a very large stock of Mill Feeds and it will pay you to get our prices before buying elsewhere. Try Robin Hood Flour. HANLEY - NETTERVILLE CO., 320 Front Street.

Anticipating Your Oyster Supper. We would be glad to furnish you with the Oysters Ours are the solid meat, constant quality. You don't have to pay for any water—water is cheap, you can put that in your selves. These oysters have the tang of the sea. 70c a Quart, 35c a Pint. Special price in quantities. CHAS. S. CLAPP

Do you need a New Range? Sold on easy payments. New Empress and Sovereign Ranges, Oak Heaters, Sewing Machines and Kitchen Cabinets. THE NATIONAL MFG. CO., 333 Front St., W. K. Ferguson, Mgr.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF SIDNEY L. SHARPE, late of the Township of Sidney in the County of Hastings, Farmer, deceased.

Honor Roll of S.S. No. 16, Thurlow. For Nov. and Dec. Fifth Class: Evelyn Phillips 85%, Zenas Palmer 83%, Emm Sills 75.1%, Jack Shibley 69.3%. Fourth Class: Mary Wright 85.4%, Carman Montgomery 85%, Harold Ray 83.3%, Flora Gordon 79.7%, Leslie Gordon 78.3%, Mildred Sills 65.2%, Letitia Palmer 65%, Ralph Sills 53%. Junior Fourth Class: Annie Sills 74.1%, Grace Wright 69%. Senior Third Class: Susie Montgomery 78.8%, Edna Sills 69.3%, Mildred Marshall 65.4%, Samuel Marshall 64.5%. Junior Third Class: Grant Lot 77.4%, Gilbert Sills 61.2%. Second Class: Willie Sills, Frank Palmer, Hazel Ray. First Class: Ross Lot, Elveta Lane, Horace Palmer.

CARRYING PLACE. Mr. Ernest Wardworth, spent New Year's with his parents, Mr. R. Wardworth. Mr. Chas. Ferguson and family, New Year's with Mr. D. H. Rowe. The Rev. Anson Bronson is spending a few weeks at his home. Miss A. Parks is spending a few weeks at Eldorado. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, spent Monday evening at Mr. Marvin's. Mr. Thos. Wardsworth is visiting his son, Mr. Robt. Wardsworth. Miss S. Russell is spending a few days at Mr. Marvin's. Mr. George Denike is home from the West.

DIED. At Trenton, Jan. 6th, 1915, Isabel McDonald, wife of Jas. A. Polkey, and daughter of the late John McDonald, Belleville.

Useful in Camp—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.



"Did you hear what he said? A mob!"

ESTABLISHED GERMAN FOR... Bombs Fell Near Palace at Siderable RAIDE KING'S LY morning paved ing up pieces of with which the route and drop at Sandringham as well as at the and at the Grim YARMOU was estimated. ered that bom the grand stand Two unexplode play in a store weighed six po ABRE MELBOU wealth has be Minister of De troops the com cer has been a espionage. Pla Australia were TRANSFER OF LONDON, fer of the seat bourne to Syd High Commiss states he is un connected with Sydney is of the Common CONSIDER LONDON, that during the in the neighbor Germans the frontier, three MAY SHERING house here but of Yarmouth), ingham, Sandri GERMAN EFF