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ively stole into the side-pocket of his short jacket. As it appeared again, Mr. Screed, who was watching him closely, caught him by the wrist, giving the latter a jerk and a twist which caused the weapon held to describe a circle in the air before falling to the ground at some yards distance.

"Kindly pick up that plaything, Mr. Alston," he said drily. "I think you are sufficiently level-headed to be trusted with it, which is more than can be said of your friend at this present crisis of affairs."

"You are breaking my arm, you brute! Let me go!" exclaimed Dick, fiercely.

"Gently, gently," replied the detective soothingly, "you will do neither yourself nor your cause any good by violence. I have come here in a friendly spirit."

"A friendly spirit?" jeered young Emberson, scornfully; "you have come to spy on me, as you have done all along."

"Well, put it that way if you like," replied the little man quite unruffled. Then, seeing that Ted Alston, who feared his friend's rashness, had raised the revolver from the ground and slipped in out of sight, he loosed his hold on his antagonist's arm and added quietly: "I came here, anyway, in the execution of my duty, to see the contents of the box you are hiding."

"That you will never do whilst I have the strength to prevent it!" cried Dick passionately. "You will reach it only over my senseless body. We are two to one, Mr. Screed—remember that."

"Tut-tut; don't be childish, Mr. Emberson!" said the detective good-naturedly. "I have only to blow my whistle, and the odds will be quickly on my side—or, at all events, on the side of the law, for I frankly acknowledge that you would probably have time to do for me before aid came. I don't quite see, however, how my murder would improve your position. You would only defeat your own aims and bring about the very exposure you are anxious to avoid."

The truth of the argument came home to both young men. Alston, catching his friend by the elbow, whispered hurriedly—

"For God's sake, Dick, don't do anything rash! Conciliate the fellow! We are at his mercy."

A wave of irresolution passed over the other's face. Mr. Screed perceiving it, pressed the point home.

"Can't you see," he said persuasively, "isn't it abundantly plain, that if my sympathies had not been enlisted to a certain extent on your side, I should never have placed myself at such a disadvantage? Why, I had only to wait patiently until you had finished your job and departed; then I could have done what was necessary, and satisfied myself without running any risks. It is a mere matter of form, after all, for I know beforehand what we shall find." He bent forward and whispered a few words in young Emberson's ear.

The latter fell back a step and stared him blankly in the face. Amazement literally robbed him of speech.

"How—how—?" he stammered.

"How did I obtain my information? From the same source that you did yours—your father's papers."

"Impossible."

"You think so; nevertheless, it is a fact. A few words will explain to you, Mr. Emberson, how my suspicions arose; how they were verified. You remember your first visit to Peckham Rye?"

The young man, now on his guard, set his teeth hard and made no reply. It was a very old trick, he said to himself scornfully, that of affecting a complete knowledge when chance has put in your hand a trifling clue. The fellow should get nothing out of him in that fashion.

A slight smile played round Mr. Screed's lips, the smile of one who sees his way to checkmate his antagonist.

"You remember," he continued, "that after your long interview with Dr. Aram Kalfian (the details of which are not known to me, although I can make a pretty shrewd guess as to its general trend and character), you were set upon in the street and handled pretty roughly? You were tripped up, and would have been robbed but for the timely intervention of a police-constable. It

A Commonsense Message of Cheer

To People With Bad Complexions

All too many people try to cure pimples, skin blotches, and bad complexions without stopping to think what really is the cause of their affliction. In the majority of cases the reason lies in the fact that their systems do not get properly rid of the waste that accumulates in the human body. This waste accumulates and clogs in the lower intestines and generates poisonous matter, which is absorbed into the system, permeates the blood, and displays itself not only on the surface of the skin, but in various ways that cause illness more or less serious.

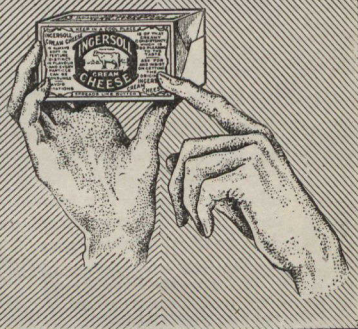
There is one common sense way to cure this, and it is not by the aid of drugs. Drugs give only temporary relief, and have to be constantly taken in increasing doses, and in the end make us slaves to the drug habit.

The scientific way, approved by physicians everywhere, and used by hundreds of people, is the internal bath, the simple treatment calling only for pure water. Does this not appeal to your common sense? If you are a sufferer from any of these tortures, profit by the experience of Wm. DeVoy, 703 Seventh Avenue, Lethbridge, Alberta, who tells his experience as follows:

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