THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1915



(Correight, 192 of WGCRAMMEN Correspondent of Contacts and Gest Cabrins) CHAPTER 1. "No use, Mr. Pinkwell, no use at all. I am beginning to believe what Von Schimmel, the German expert, said in this room two weeks ago. He maintained that there was never yet a cipher formulated that the genius of deductive energy could not solve, ment to accuse. All I know is that maintained that there was never yet a cipher formulated that the genus of deductive energy could not solve. nor a cipher so guarded that it could

of deductive energy could not solve, nor a cipher so guarded that it could not fall into hostile hands." The able head of the sceret service bureau almost snarled with vexation as he spoke, while the gray-mustached veteran in the huge leather chair up and down the border of a Pueblo up and down the border of a Pueblo in rug, Chief Wilkins tore up a few fragrug, Chief Wilkins tore up a few frag-ments of note-paper, and resumed his monologue.

"I don't know where the leak is, but I do know that there's a leak large enough to let 60 per cent. of the war department's pet secrets go trickling through. That's why I am working with every bit of energy and every available man to help in the time of available man to help in the time of need—doing things that the secret service hasn't concerned itself with since 1865. That's why I am asking you to come into the hunt, you and the best men of your agency. I don't mind telling you that I shall commandeer the Bearse secret to Mr. Plankweil to grasp every chance of keeping close need-doing things that the secret service hasn't concerned itself with since 1865. That's why I am asking the Barnes agency, too, Mr. Pinkwell, and I think that when it is a problem that concerns the policies and destinies of the whole nation there will be no professional jealousies between

"Emphatically none." growled old Pinkweil, setting his square jaw. "Bring Barnes right into this room, and Camera-Eye Sherraton too, if you can get him. I'll confer with them like an older brother; I'll lend them the best men on my payroll, and I know that they will do as much for me if the good old U. S. A. can be helped in any way."

Chief Wilkins' angry face relaxed its frown. He crossed to the big chair and shook the old detective's hand with cordial vigor. "Spoken as I thought you'd say it," he chuckled. Spoken as old Billy Pinkwell would always speak when time and circum-stances called for real men to stick together. Barnes will be here tomor-row. He'll bring his bloodhound Sher-raton along with him, and we can thrash things out during the morning. This afternoon, Billy, I'll have a



THEY SAW A FLRON CF

WILLTE PRISSING FROM THE CIA INTO THAT OF MER MEWMET

men or wooden shocs?

"Yellow men or wooden sh- oh blazes!" snapped the chief. "I am a slow thinker today. Probably at all times, or I could have ended this whole business without calling for outside help. As you are perfectly aware to grasp every chance of keeping close watch upon our troops, our naval movements and our general dealings with all other nations. I can't fix it rightly—I an't definitely assert that there is a cordon of Japanese sples from here to Los Angeles, with an in-telligence bureau which can both obtain and interpret every cipher we have ever constructed. Neither can I say that there is a German system of the same pattern—I am, as yet, beau-tifully checked at all points. I have only this moral certainty: Nothing goes out of Washington concerning

the movements of fleets or armies without heavy risk of transcription and interpretation by our enemies There are only two avenues open-you can easily guess them both." "Either find the leak-or devise a

cipher that even a Japanese or Ger-man scientist cannot take apart and reassemble

The chief nodded emphatically "If we found the leak, we we "If we found the leak, we would stop the source of information-for a little while. If we devised an unde-cipherable cipher, we could make monkeys of either kalser or mikado until our plans had matured, and our hands could not be forced on either the Atlantic or Pacific. After that, we could ferret out the leak at lei-"Exactly," assented Pinkwell. "Then

you think it would be best for my oflice to make some sort of bluff at sibly a Cuban." digging up the guilty parties, while you devote your energies to the con-struction of a cipher that not even such a man as-well, we will say Von Schimmel-could possibly disen-

The chief's nod was more emphatic

"I have thought of asking the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy to join us in formulating a new cipher. Among us, we might possibly turn out something that would be too cipher. Among us, we might possibly turn out something that would be too much for the wisest fellow that ever combined or subtracted words and letters." "Something like the Dancing Men in the Sherlock Holmes story?" quer. ied the de'soutive, with a reminiscent "Brockett was opening: the door, when Pinkwell reached out a detain-office. Probably, in thirty-six or forty-

asked, respectfully halted him The chief looked him over rapidly. asked the old detective, "what do you call this chart of "Are you the only clerk remaining this afternoon?" "Yes, sir. Everyone else went away "The Diamond Cipher. sir." at four." "Uh huh. Gene to the ball park CHAPTER II. us usual, I presume?" "Yes, sir. Good game today. The White Sox are here, and—" "Never mind about the White Sox. or the Pink Ear-Mufis either," growled

"You are as bad as the

CHAPTER II. Brockett, cager to conclude his er-ime on the road. By five o'clock the tall youngster was busily engaged in an argument, accompanied by pra-tical demonstrations pro and con, as to the utility of the Lange steal. Some twenty of Brockett's friends—cleils like himself, collegians home on vaca-tica, and even the two sons of a Siam-ese legation official—debuted the pra-ticability of the trick by which Big Bill Lange, the great star of the long ago, was wont to annex the midder station. Brockett and half the crowd maintained that the steal was not only possible but almost unstoppable; the biance of a cloud of wandering besa-singuiringly at the grim face of the station. Brockett and half the crowd maintained that the steal was not only possible but almost unstoppable; the biance of a cloud of wandering besa-sof the little gathering declared that an alert battery, backed by quick-thinking infielders, would make the play a certain loser. "You have a catcher with any head an asy arm at all," declaimed Chuita Lan Kon of Siam and Princeton, "and fast to the bag, and you can't put over. No chance excepting on a mutor or a wild throw."

over. No chance excepting on a muff

The boy grinned, and flicked a red cap against his knee, in some little capfusion "Fact is, Mr. Wilkins, I expected to meet a few friends, and have a little begins to return the ball to the pitch-

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meet a few friends, and have a little begins to return the ball to the pitch-practice of cur own this afternoon." er, you go down. It's three to one, "Uh hub. I might have known there was some earth-shaking reason for your not disappearing with the rest. Well, can you forego a few minutes of your valuable time, even if it is after office hours?" "A pitcher who keeps his wits about him," negatived Ramon Solano, the uniour cashing of the Othern to

of your valuable time, even if it is after office hours?" The boy bobbed an assenting head, tried to thrust the red cap into a pocket, and dislodged some folded pa-pers, which fell rustling to the floor. As he bent for the papers, Pinkwell anticipated his hurried grasp, and caught them up. The detective calmly unfolded the papers, finding them cov-ered with some freakish letterings, while the boy turned red, and the chief looked quizzically on. "I beg your pardon,"spoke up Pink-well. "I carnestly beg your pardon-for such rudeness, Mr.-Mr.-" "Brockett, sir. Harry Brockett," an-swered the youngster. "I apologize once more, Mr. Brock-ett. I have grown so suspicious of everything and everyone in my old age that I really imagined these pa-pers were plans of a Pacific fort, or the details of the new rifle. Transla-tor the details of the new rifle. Transla-

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the details of the new rifle. Transla-tion of an Aztec scroll, son?" on of an Aztec soroll, son?" "Well, hardly, sir," laughed young rockett, self-confidence returning. "I confidant, and linked in comradeship Brockett, self-confidence returning. "I was amusing myself with building a cipher-something that would be rath-

er hard for anyone who wasn't en-gaged in the building of it to make The grim face of the chief relaxed into a semi-smile. "How did the experiment work out?"

Brockett grinned frankly. "I'm no expert practitioner in such subjects, Mr. Wilkins. Still, I think it would take a pretty capable scientist to pick it apart and put it together again. He'd have to be an American, too-or pos-

"Why so?" questioned Pinkwell. 1s "Why so?" questioned Pinkwell. 1s the cipher written in Spanish?" "No, sir. Plain English. Would you like to go over it, some time when you have a little leisure?" "Always glad to encourage youth-ful talent," smilingly responded Pink-e well. "Let me look through it to-us acquaintance, while Brockett classed the Cuban as his most loyal friend.

you have a little leisure?" "Always glad to encourage youth-ful talent," smilingly responded Pink-well. "Let me look through it to-night, son? Thank you. And now, I believe, Mr. Wilkins would address "We "We go for a vacation to the Yel-

you.' "Just a small errand, Mr. Brockett.

hen Pinkwell reached out a detain-

ome small lactor or ner typewriter Brockett returned the smile, knocked lightly on the frosted glass, and heard a loud "Come in." Chief Wilkins sat at his desk,

flanked by the burly Mr. Pinkwell. Three big leather chairs nearby were

MISS LAWSON. back again to us-just to show that

back again to us—just to show that the cipher is clearly intelligible to you yourself. After that—if you so wish —explain the key of the cipher." Brockett had shaken himself to-gether, and the group of dignitaries

pencil ready, he waited for the gen-eral's words, and the soldier, slowly, ntentiously, dictated. "Send Eighth cavalry, 385 men, to

by that strongest of youthful ties-the brotherhood of the ball field. Brockett was an underpaid clerk, do-ing his best to care for a widowed mother and a younger sister. Solano's father was the lord of broad acres in Mataness and Havana and the union Laredo. Support with First infantry by Friday. No guns at present." Brockett penciled briskly, and hand-

ed the general a sheet scribbled be-wilderingly in this fashion: L SH E BH BOSTON R Pos T pos Matanzas and Havana, and the junior Solano had an independent income, aside from his liberal salary, that would have turned the brain of the average American boy. As far as the PO W WP COBB TO TC PO pos W SH BH TC L fin FA FA TC W TO B5 HR TO 3BH CUBS HR E SB Pos E TO W WP AB WP SB W HR BH pos WP UMP 2BH fin E L pos TO FA W SH L SH E TO.

Friendship went between Cuban and American, however, Solano's wealth counted exactly as much in the scale W SH L SH E TO. The sheet of paper went around the circle, and then back to Brockett, who promptly read off the general's orig-inal dictation. Silence followed for a as Brockett's poverty: nothing what-ever. The alliance cemented when both played on a team of ten-year-olds nt, and then the general, slap ping his hand sharply on his knee, exclaimed: "By blazes! Gentlemen, it's too much for me!" A general burst of laughter followed, and Brockett felt the last traces of embarrassment melt

rapidly away. "Mr. Brockett," interrogated the chief, after the merriment died down, "how old are you?" "Nineteen, sir." "What education, if I may ask?"

"High school, sir. Then one year at Columbia. Had to leave when my father died." "Yes, I see-making it essential for you to support the family, I suppose?"

"Very well," the chief assented "Bring me the copies, and then go to army headquarters. General Cole will

army headquarters. General Cole will be awaiting you at three o'clock. If possible, get your friend, Solano, and take him with you. General Cole will explain to you both just what he wishes you to do." Brockett bowed respectfully to the group of notables, and walked out. Go-ing to his desk, he attended to a few matters of routine duty, and then, with hard pencil and carbon papers, becan laboriously conving the key to

the top sheet with the words of an old Columbia college song, mangling and jumbling words, lines and rhythm. When Miss Lawson returned, the boy was still laboriously sinking the hard pencil into the topmost sheet. When the boy went out for lunch, Miss Lawined, absorbed in earnest efforts at her typewriter.

CHAPTER III.

Brockett returned at one o'clock accompanied by Ramon Solano. He lifted the sheets on which he had been last working from the desk drawer, and quickly looked them over. All five of the sheets were in proper place, but the third carbon from the top had been removed, and a fresh car-bon substituted.

General Cole, kindly and affable had the boys feeling thoroughly at home before they had been in his office for five minutes. The old soldier was in cheery spirits, and his genial mood communicated itself to his among visitors, who-long counted among the most ardent admirers of the general—were at first inclined to bashfulness when actually in the pres-their ideal fighter. Solano, ence of their ideal fighter. Solano, whose father had often spoken of Gen-

eral Cole and his prowess as shown in eral Cole and his prowess as snown in the rush up San Juan Hill, was almost in raptures over the unexpected in-terview, while Brockett, wondering much over the events of the past four-hours, was trying to figure out what on earth would happen next. He was not long left in suspense, for the old warrior plunged into his reasons for requiring their attendance in his of

eral, pleasantly enough, but with ance eral, pleasantly enough, but with something governing the tone of the calm, even voice—something that seemed to electrify both young men like the current of a mighty battery —"I believe that I can make you—and your young friend—quite useful in the immediate future."

immediate future." Solano gasped, astounded, and fixed his big black eyes upon the general's face. Brockett nodded, and leaned forward, expectantly. "I have had considerable experience with government and military stable

"I have had considerable experience with government and military ciph ers," the soldier continued, "and I must say that yours is the most ex-traordinary jumble and most weirdly mangled collection of hieroglyphics I ever looked upon. For that very rea-son, my boy, I am forced to believe that you have stumbled upon some-thing of real value to the army, the nation-and your own personal future. department—yes, and the navy, too— can transmit certain important mes-

stammered a vague sentence which h in all probability meant to signify ac-ceptance of the proffered honor. The general smiled, reassuringly.

"You don't say it very clearly, son, but your meaning is easily under-stood. Now, then, something along the same lines. If you had a com-panion on this journey, a man who spoke Spanish by right of birth and spoke Spanish by right of birth and blood, and who could be trusted as ab-solutely as yourself, the chances of success would be more than doubled. Ramon Solano, I knew your father. I have heard good reports of you. If you are even half the man your father you are even nair the man your tather was a dozen years ago, you are al-ready selected for this commission." The Cuban gazed straight into the eyes of the fighting man, and the gen-

eral understood.

eral understood. "Now, boys," the veteran continued, "let's get busy without delay. You will please make arrangements with the folks at home for a somewhat pro-longed absence. While you are gone, Mr. Brockett, your mother will receive your salary—and perhaps a little more. Mr. Solano, you are not in gov-ernment employ—" The Cuban wared a supple hand

The Cuban waved a supple hand. "I have ample resources of my own, general, and shall consider it a pleasure to expend them on such a mission.

"Nevertheless," answered General Cole, "the government will take the liberty of supplying you both with the funds needed in the completion of the enterprise. Enough money to cover all probable expenses will be advanced you, and when you reach the frontier arms, horses, general equipments, and trustworthy guides will be found. To night, Mr. Brockett, you will receive full instructions at your home. Read them over carefully—you also, Mr. Solano. Be ready to start tomorrow afternoon. I need hardly remark that you are not supposed to speak of the commission with which you are en-trusted—not even to your most inti-mate friends. As to your parents— that, of course, is a different question. I think that is all, boys—go home and bid your good-byes. You will know all further details in the evening."

Brockett hurried home to break the strange news to his mother, while So lano agreed to notify his father that, he had decided to preface his vacation, by a few extra weeks of travel, and made all possible speed to the nearest Western Union office. The Cuban picked up a pad of cable blanks. and reached for a pen. It was broken. An other pen proved equally useless, and Solano fumbled in his pocket for a pencil. A little man seated on the next stool turned quickly, and proffered him an ink-pencil, one of those annoying contrivances which were invented a few years ago to displace both lead pencils and fountain pensand which are now a memory, and nothing more

"Very annoying, the unpleasant de lay," said the little man, amiably. "Per-"Brockett, my boy," said the gen mit me that I am of a little assist

thoroughly feminine, but thoroughly sensible woman, did not offer any seritrang or real value to the army, the nation—and your own personal future. I can't figure where any expert in tho world could read that cipher without a key, and an untranslatable cipher, right now, is imperatively needed. If, during the next thirty days, the war denastment_wee and the news term cleverness of her boy-a belief that he could take care of himself under alsages, without danger of their being transcribed by hostile influences, a service of the most notable kind will dangers of the journey than either her most any circumstances. Bertha dangers of the journey than either her mother or the young athlete himself. She forecasted terrors of the road and hobgoblins of the passes. In her sixteen-year-old imagination, Mexico teemed with bandits, Yaqui savages, and ferocious insurrectos. As Misa Brockett was not only eloquent, but extremely pretty, her arguments might have dissuaded almost any young ad-venturer—unless the adventurer hap-pened to be her brother. Sisterly counsels and entreaties have been wasted on the wandering winds for many centuries, and, presumably, always will be. Young Brockett had dined, had received some excellent advice from his mother, and had rebuffed the imploring sister with much humor. He was glancing over the evening paper, and waiting the arrival of Ramon Solano or of the messenger who should bring him his instructions, when the door-bell tinkled lightly. Dertha, answer-ing the bell, admitted a stocky, well-dressed man of middle ago-a swarthy, little fellow, with one check crossed by a broad, indented scar. The boy at once remembered, the Jungaeso at once remembered the Japanese whom he had seen stop Miss Lawson on the previous night, but gave no sign of recognition as he looked in-quiringly at his Oriental visitor. There was Old World politeness in the courtly bow with which the stran-ger prefaced his self-introduction. "I speak to Mr. Harry Brockett?



TOOK THIS SHEET FROM YOUR DESK PLACED A CARBON BENEATH IT AND TRACED YUR WRITING

little talk with you. We can exchange secrets of state without interruption-there won't be any cipher messages exchanged or stolen on the

Pinkwell carefully distributed the ash of his short, thin, pale yellow cigar upon a red design of the Pueblo

Suppose you tell me about the cipher messages, chief?" he suggested. "Inform me in full as to your troubles. Open confession is good for the soul, as I told the fellow who blew the outhwick bank." "Did he agree with you, Pink?"

"Not exactly. He said open safes were good for the wallet, and gave me the lightsome ha ha. Tell you about him some day-he was the fellow who opened safes with a surgeon's stetho-scope. Some class to him."

scope. Some class to him. "Tell me at dinner. Maybe he's the boy who has been pilfering our ci-phers. When did he get out?"

phers. When did the grand of the person who took this sheet from a strange conglomeration. pher," he responded, "but this lad has your desk, placed a carbon beneath it, and then traced your writing with a days still to go, allowing for good conduct. But come on—come through will find some one who can," duct. But come on—come through will find some one who can," the chief seized the paper, held it to the "light, and stared through a magnifying glass. Crumpling up the sleet, he flung it into the waste bas-sleet, he flung it into the waste bas-

"Emphatically yes. Two-thirds of ket, only to have the detective fish the orders to the troops in the field along the Mexican border have been into his pocketbook. The chief, alket, only to have the detective fish it out, smooth it neatly, and tuck it ted, either in transit or before most inarticulate with wrath, examleaving Washington. Telegraph, wire-less, sealed letter by trusted handsined the desk, the drawer, the keyhole, and finally sat down disgusted

and disgruntled. some one gets to the more important "Forget it, John," admonished Pinkmessages. The ciphers have been changed, reversed, revamped, invented

well. "Forget it absolutely. Don't let a clerk or stenographer in the office see you with as much as a scowl upon your lovely countenance. Send some one—some one you think you can talk brand new by the most scientific ex-"Who very probably sold out their

ocess inside of an hour after trans-ting business with the war depart-ent," Pinkwell interjected. "No. Hardly. Because—" and Wil-

snorted as he forced out "I personally invented the latest cipher used-cooked it up from ancient Greek, my old college trigo-nometry and sixty words of the Co-manche tongue, learned when I apent

ing hand. "Son," remarked the old "That idea," returned the chief-"a detective. "this cipher of yours is certiny dancing figure, in a different position to represent each letter, was original and clever. You will remem-

tainly bewildering. That is supposed to be the best point about successful ciphers, I believe. Tell me, my boy-can you read it yourself?" ber, though, that it was finally turned into plain English, without much dif-ficulty. I almost think Von Schimmel "Why, of course. It is so simple that I don't even need a written key. was right-that there is no cipher which cannot be read by the expert delver into such fascinating subjects. Still, something must be done, and "Indeed? Suppose you demonstrate it to us, just for a moment. Are you

'Go as far as you like, Billy," the Hurry is the proper word," assent. chief assented. "I'll confess-consided Pinkwell. "You will have to get busy as rapidly as your affairs will ering our conversation of a little while ago-that I'm interested too.

Mr. Brockett, suppose you write, in your cipher, a transcription of a few Wilkins turned, opened a desk drawer, and began to fumble inside words I will give you and then let us

"I was experimenting on a cipher this morning," he explained. "Noth-ing complete, and nothing elaborate. try to dissect it?" The young fellow took the chair at which the chief motioned, drew a pen-Penciled it out, for a half hour's diversion. Here-see if you can read

done in a hurry

which the chief motioned, drew a pen-cil from his pocket, and ripped the top sheet from a paper pad. Chief Wilkins studied for a moment, and then dictated, slowly and concisely: "Watch below Langtry till further Pinkwell took the sheet, inspected it for an instant, and then turned over. "I don't think I can read your orders. Reported force of 300 insur-

TO HR PO POS E ZEH TO W WP TO HR PO PO SB Fin W TO SBH SH W TC W BH SH W L W SH FA TC W TO SH BH SB TC;

Wilkins and Pinkwell gazed at that strange document for several minutes, with faces which changed from good, natured raillery to perplexity, and then to keenest interest. Young

then to keenest interest. Young outlined. Brockett, hand upon the doorknob, waited for the verdict. The chief folded the slip of paper, and thrust it in a pocket. "Shall I leave you the key to the as yet appeared. Miss Lawson, how-"Shall I leave you the key to the cipher, Mr. Wilkins?" asked the ever, was already at her desk—it had long been her custom to come early and work late, with an intelligence, a

office. Probably, in thirty-six or forty and the right to take two months off whenever I feel inclined that way." "But I would on well we will the the

lowstone," said Solano, as the boys neared Brockett's home. "My father, brother, and two or three friends will

henever I feel inclined that way. "But I would—oh, well, we will talk more of it. I know you wouldn't "H-m, h-m. That accounts for you no more of it. I know you wouldn't accept even a Shylock loan from me. remark of yesterday-that a Cuban might understand this cipher. Have you shown it to your friend, Solano?" "Yes, sir. In fact, he suggested Harry. Oh—excuse me—one of the young ladies at your office, I believe?" A slim, neatly dressed young wom an, whose white shirtwaist showed ugh the gathering dusk, can read it as well as myself." aly thro trimly through the gathering dusk, can read it as well as myself." bad smiled recognition upon Brockett as they approached. The boys doffed their hats, and Brockett explained, as they stepped by, "Miss Lawson, the histore and the state of the state of

chief's stenographer. A wonder on a place, chief. I'll vouch for him every typewriter-fastest work I've ever time." The secretary of the pavy spoke ut

peered form, I "I think I know this young Solanc," Solano half-turned, and

through the twilight. "Rude form, I know," he spoke, half-apologetically, know," he spoke, half-apologetically. "to stare after a young lady. I was just wondering, though, where I had seen her lately—several times, in fact.

A.hem, Harry—she has met a friend." Chie Half a block up the street, a little man, his head scarcely up to the ste-"Mr Chief Wilkins resumed the interru

"Mr. Brockett, would you be willinographer's shoulder, had emerged from the shelter of a doorway. He chance that might involve risking you lifted his hat with ceremonious pre- life a dozen times, and which migh cision, and bowed over the young woman's extended hand. Miss Law-son checked her onward walk for the "I am willing to do anything I can

"I am willing to do anything I can fraction of an instant, and the young men, idly glancing towards the couple, possibly accomplish, if you give in the word, chief."

saw a flash of white passing from the "Good boy! I sized you up that way girl's hand into that of her new-met friend. The little man bowed again; Miss Lawson walked on, and the litthe first time I ever saw you in the of fice, son. Could you say as much for your friend Solano?

the man came down the street with a rapid, jaunty stride. As he passed the boys, his face was for an instant "Yes sir. I think Solano would g to any lengths to prove his love for the United States. in the dying light of the day, and the strong, brown features, with a wide scar across one cheek, were clearly "Very well. This afternoon, Mr Brockett, kindly make duplicate

ENLARGEMENT OF FORTUNE. copies of your cipher for General Cole secretary of war, the secretary whom we can unhesitatingly rely, to

the navy, Mr. Pinkwell, and myself. By the way, we might as well have it done now, and save the time. Mr. Brockett, will you call in Miss Law-By the way, we might as well have it by done now, and save the time. Mr. Brockett, will you call in Miss Lawson ?"

Brockett had half-opened the door

one—some one you think you can talk pleasantly to at this annoying mo-ment—to the esteemed secretaries. Don't use the phone." A push-button buzzed shrilly. The door of the private office opened, and a tall young fellow, with a much-brown hair, stepped in. "Thid you call ma. Mr. Wilkinst" he

have been performed for the country. Do you follow me?" Brockett nodded eagerly, but Solano

could not shift his great black eyes from the general's visage. The old warrior resumed his speech. "Mr. Brockett, a key of your cipher,

and a message, written in that cipher, must be carried, by a messenger on



Yes?

"At your service, sir. You are

"I am Mr. Yazimoto. Of Tokyo. Importer of Oriental goods." "Won't you sit down, Mr. Yazimo-

"I thank you, yes. May I speak of the business that brings me to you,

Brockett, wondering, nodded his as-sent, and the Japanese spoke suavely. "Mr. Brockett, I am a man who has much, very much, of business trouble. There are many who are competitors with me in the henorable occupation of importing Oriental wares, doubtless can comprehend it so?" "Partactly Mr Vazimoto" You

(To be continued)

ipher, and can instruct in the use f its key more rapidly, more success-