

ATHLETIC WINS A SERIES OF TEN STORIES BY JOAN T. MCINTYRE COPYRIGHT 1912 BY THE NORTH AMERICAN CO.

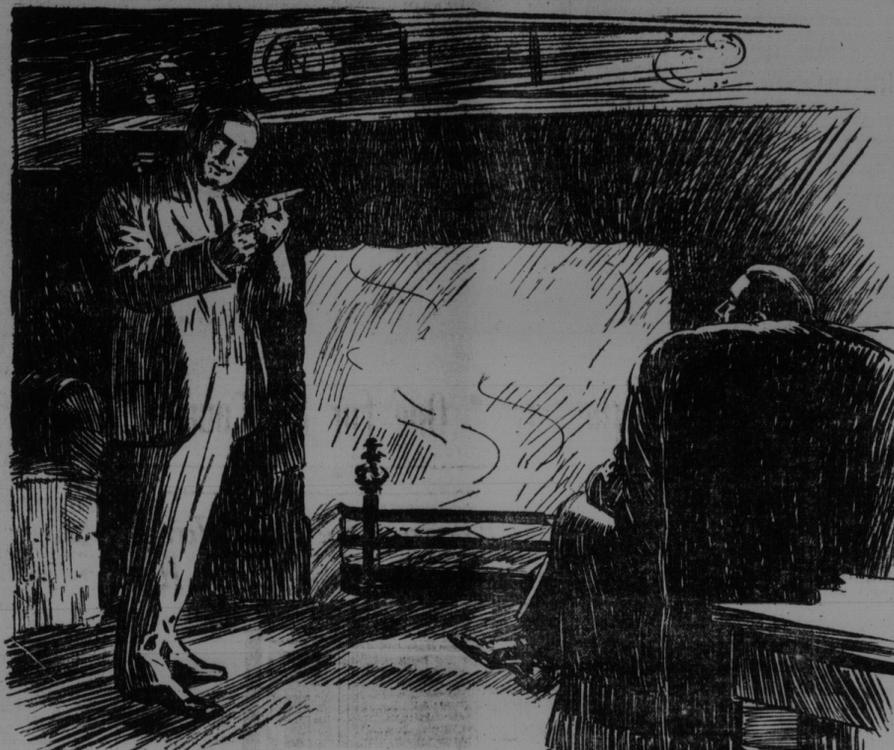


SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING STORIES

Cravath is an athletic young fellow in search of \$1000. His quest for the coin leads him to a glider case, where he discovers a valuable diamond necklace...

V.—The Adventure of the Swedish Butler

Called at Cravath's that night and was admitted by a stout, solid blue-eyed young man. A butler, explained Cravath as he handed me a cigar in the library...



"Glancing up from the fire, I saw Cravath examining an automatic pistol"

"You show your good sense," said I, putting the remnant of my cigar in an ashtray. "Subdued voices, mysterious fittings, strangers in short coats, other strangers in long ones, only mean one thing to me."

"Gumshoe work!" I declared, smacking the table with my palm. "The playboys are not yet willing to acknowledge defeat, they have still another little job on the fire steaming away for dear life. Where is the betterton flintlock?"

swinging low in the sky, the suburban street lights had been, for the most part, switched off at midnight; the lights of the house were all out save that in the library. Every half dozen steps or so I would pause and listen. The noise peculiar to the night would sound here and there, sometimes so startlingly loud that I gathered myself to resist the rush of an unseen enemy. But my such things happened. I gained the window, and tapping lowly, was admitted.

suppression of the voice never noted the difference. Though I felt that the whispered mode of speech would protect me from recognition, still it made no sound. For a time he said nothing more, and as I waited I fell to speculating as to which of the two he was. First I pictured the tall man, or at least I recreated the impression he had made upon me, for I had had but a glimpse of him and the picture was faint. But the impression was buttoned into a coat grotesquely scant as to length, and this so roused my feelings that I just caught myself in the act of reaching forward to deprive him of the offensive garment, when he said:

"Stay here and watch. If you hear anything that indicates danger, give the signal. You remember it, don't you?"

"I began to whisper what I knew, but he stopped me. 'I know' he said. 'I was within six feet of you both while you talked.'"

Again a door creaked; this time it was far up the hall, and there was a dim light burning in the room into which it opened, for the beams faintly illumined that portion of the passage. At the same instant we got a glimpse of a short man in a long coat entering the room.

"Hub!" I recall saying to myself. "It wasn't the other fellow after all."

"Cravath said nothing, but began to advance; ahead, the hall was still dimly illumined. With my eyes upon the lighted spot I caught a glimpse of a second figure. As I came in I had touched some large articles of furniture, my hand now felt for this, and when found, I sank down behind it."

Then the light went suddenly up, and I saw the Swedish butler standing in a doorway. Not a word did he utter, but he started at sight of Cravath, his stolid face and light-colored eyes were almost without expression. "Oh, yes," said Cravath, "you are along with your other man, sir, and you are, along with your other man, sir, and you are, along with your other man, sir."

"The light went suddenly up, and I saw the Swedish butler standing in the doorway."

carried a shining revolver of small caliber; his step was cautious, his face was set and intent. Peering into the room, we saw him crawl as though for a rush, then he disappeared into the room like a flash; instantly there came the sound of a struggle.

"After him," he cried, "that way, pointing to an open window. 'Quick, or you'll lose him.' Without an instant's pause we went bounding out upon the lawn. The sound of feet upon a walk near by attracted me."

"There he is," I cried. "Away we raced after the fleeing man, but he had not gone fifty yards when Cravath caught me by the arm."

"That will do," said he, quietly. "Let us go back." "If we don't get back he'll escape," said Cravath; and dragging me after him over the soundless turf he headed for the house.

"So it would seem," said I. "But," rather bewilderedly, "I don't think I quite grasp those last developments. I don't myself until a moment before we stopped our pursuit," said Cravath, as he helped me in one of the rooms. "There were two parties of conspirators, or only one?"

"I think there was but one," he answered. "And as I figure it, it was their plan to have the Swede submit the others by leaving something unfinished. Then they were to proceed to work. What became of the third man I don't pretend to know, but the other two were in the hall there when you upset that something or other. They were quick thinkers, for instantly their plans changed. They arranged a little scene of desperate housebreaker and faithful servant. The servant, surely stricken by said desperate housebreaker, cries out to his excited master and friend to pursue the villain. And while master and friend are vigorously doing so, the faithful servant quickly gets up and goes through the safe."



"We came to the lighted window just in time to see the Swede swing open the safe door"

Cravath shook his head. "I don't know, but I will, no doubt, see you some time during tomorrow."

"Good night," he returned. "I will, no doubt, see you some time during tomorrow."

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