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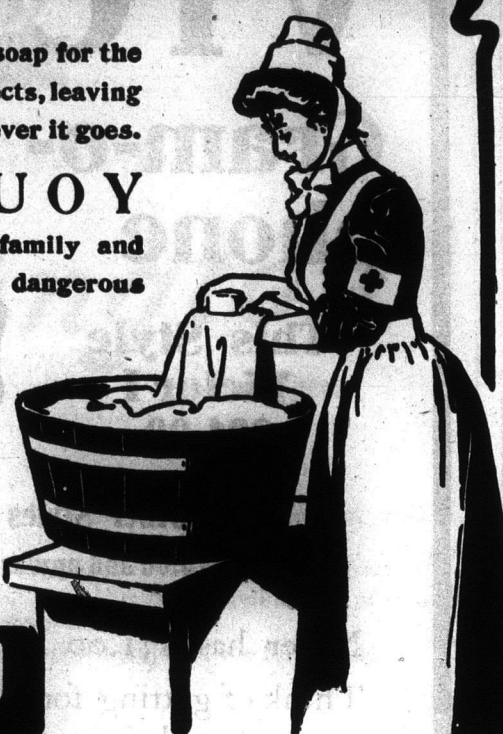
USE LIFEBUOY

and protect yourself, your family and your surroundings from dangerous germs. It prevents infection where ordinary disinfectants fail.

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SOAP



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in which, about an hour before, he himself had placed Mrs. de Peyton's jewels, and which she herself had carried from the store.

"Do you recognize this?" said John. "Yes, sir, I do," replied the jeweler, wondering.

"Will you please open it and see whether anything is missing?" asked John.

"Has Mrs. de Peyton been hurt?" asked the jeweler. "How did you get it?"

"Never mind. Examine it," ordered John.

The jeweler complied, and one by one removed a necklace of pearls, several

but suddenly he saw that the man had his hand extended, apparently in cordial greeting.

"You're about the gamest guy I ever saw," said the stranger. "I want to shake hands with you."

John passively allowed his hand to be shaken.

"Here's my card," the friendly stranger went on.

John read: "Hicks Hithering—Hudson's Detective Agency."

"I got both those fellows," continued the detective. "I turned them over to a policeman. Got one in the leg. They're bad men. One of them had his gun out, too. If you hadn't got the



Across the street he saw the flash of a revolver.

rings, and two watches with long gold chains.

"Is everything there all right?" asked John.

"Yes, sir," replied the jeweler, where is Mrs. de Peyton? How did you get it? Who—"

"Please put the whole thing in your safe and notify the lady that you have it," said John, interrupting, as he turned toward the door.

But the door opened before Shannon could reach it, and in walked one of the trio of men who had helped to furnish the evening's excitement. It was the man who had taken the car a block farther up-town than the rest, the man who had gone across the dark street, the man who had fired the revolver at the other two.

With all his experience, the mystery was too great for John, and he wondering looked toward the stranger. Was the man going to make a desperate attempt to take the grip and its jewels from the store?

John turned toward the jeweler and saw that he was working at the combination of his safe.

"Hurry up!" shouted John. "Put the grip away!"

He prepared to jump on the stranger,

grip with the jewels, I don't believe I could have saved it."

"That's the way I figured it, too," said John simply.

"I followed them all the afternoon," continued the detective. "Wanted to wait till I caught them with the goods on. No use arresting a bad man just for vagrancy."

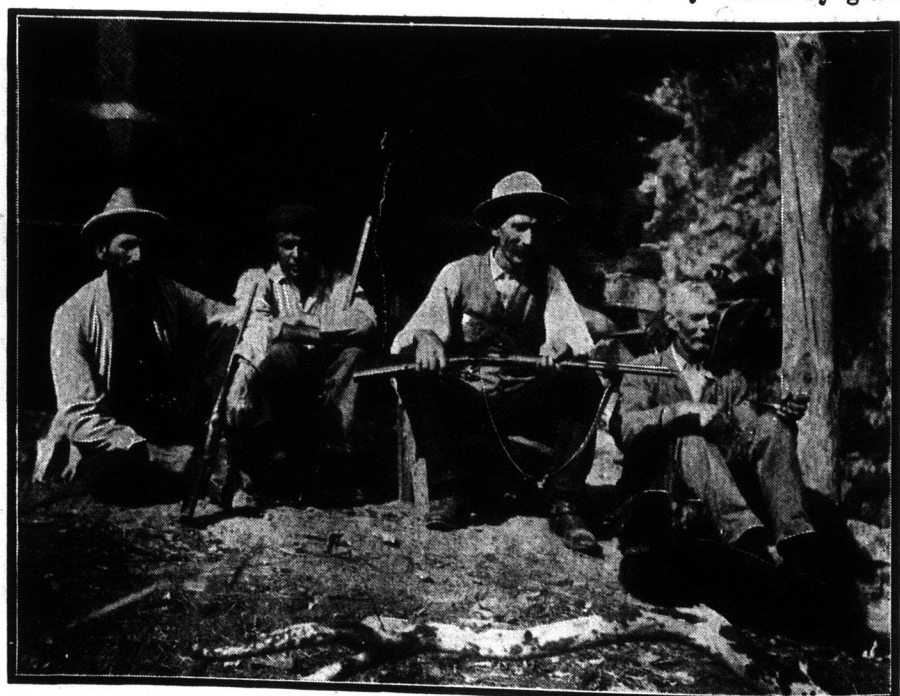
"No," said John. Then he remembered that he ought to introduce himself. As they started for the door, leaving the jeweler looking on in amazement, he said: "I'm John Shannon, from the Bowery Mission."

"I know," said the detective. "If I hadn't known you, I'd have fired at you instead of at the other two fellows. I've heard you sing at the meetings on the streets. What's that song they all like so well?"

"Oh, that must be 'Saved by Grace,'" suggested John.

That night John's face glowed with happiness and peace and hope as he gave out his message to humanity, under the gleam of the Bowery arcs:

"Then I shall see Him, face to face
And tell the story—saved by grace.
Then I shall see Him, face to face,
And tell the story—saved by grace!"



A Hunting Party.