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In Search of Fenby

He Led Them a Chase

By ADELAIDE BURNHAM

Sackett's cablegram had summoned Roy Bardwell to the Little Central American republic, where were situated the 10,000 acres of mahogany forest belonging to the Bardwell syndicate of New York.

Roy found Cyrus Sackett at his desk in the consular office at Lontigua, and after the preliminary greetings were over the consul pushed a box of cigars across the table and lighted a cigarette for himself.

"You sent for me. I am here. I suppose there is something wrong," began Roy nervously as he scratched a match. "What's the matter?"

Sackett looked at the glowing end of his cigarette, while he answered the question by asking another.

"Know this Fenby chap very long?"

"Oh, a few months before he came down here. Why?"

"Ever do business with him before?"

"No, but he came highly recommended from your predecessor on this job. Seems he used to be secretary to old Kerfoot when he was in Lontigua some fifteen years ago. I have perfect confidence in him."

"Then maybe I'm mistaken in calling you down here, but his head man, the one in charge of the native help, came to me a short time ago and said Fenby had disappeared."

"Disappeared?" echoed Roy blankly.

"Impossible," Sackett said. "Why, he has \$10,000 of our money in his pockets. I sent him a draft on the 1st of the month. It was for running expenses in getting out the timber, his salary, etc."

"He has cashed the draft," said the consul.

Roy was pacing the floor now, his brow meeting in a black frown and his hands clinched in his pockets. Suddenly he turned and faced the consul.

"Tell me what to do, Sackett," he pleaded. "Why, we've got orders for timber enough to clear expenses and

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DOSE

Sackett consulted a small book. "A fruit steamer should be at the wharf now, clearing for New Orleans early tomorrow morning. I can get you passage on her if you wish."

Two days later Roy Bardwell was in Galveston in company with a New Orleans detective.

"Man named Fenby? Stammer?"

No, sir; never heard of him. Had a fellow here named Jacobs. He stammered some. Cards? Well, yes; he did play a mighty lot when he was here. Don't know where he went, but he did say he aimed to go to New York."

That was a sample of the information that Roy and Fox, the detective, gathered in their search for a clue to Fenby's present whereabouts. At last there came a day when a definite clue was obtained.

Fenby, or Jacobs, as he now called himself, if he was the late superintendent and manager of the Bardwell Lumber syndicate, was at the Hot Springs. So Roy and Dan Fox journeyed north to the famous health resort.

Two days' search of the city failed to result in finding the absconder.

Then Roy developed a touch of his old enemy, rheumatism, and he resorted to the baths in earnest.

"I will go on to Richmond," said Fox. "A man named Fenby has just cleaned \$5,000 out of one of the gambling houses there, and I believe he's the man. You stay here, Mr. Bardwell; it is possible that he may come back again, for it is my belief that he has been here and left."

"I'd go in a minute if I didn't have a feeling that he'd be around here," said Roy. "I've got to get him, Fox, with the money if I can. There are a couple of hundred small stockholders in New England that must be protected. He's got the money, the cur!"

The third morning after Fox's departure Roy Bardwell went down to the bathhouse for his morning dip. His rheumatism was yielding to the treatment.

Pete, the black attendant, prepared Roy's bath, and the president of the Bardwell Lumber syndicate entered the compartment and prepared to endure the suffocating atmosphere prescribed for his ailment.

From outside came the sound of voices in conversation.

"B-bath ready, Pete?" asked a southern voice, mellow in its drawing accents.

"Yes, sah; jes' a minute, sah."

That was all. But it was quite enough for Roy Bardwell. Without pausing to use the towel, he hopped out of the steaming tub and into his bathrobe with nervous haste.

When he heard the stammerer enter the adjoining compartment and heard the splash of water Roy stepped outside where Pete was hanging the newcomer's clothing in the checking room.

"Why, sah, you done kotch yore deff!" gasped Pete as he beheld Roy's flushed face, moist with the steaming vapor. "Whiter en cotton out disaway. De doc say you have to stay in dere an hour and!"

Pete's mouth opened so wide with astonishment that speech was utterly impossible, for Roy was holding a twenty dollar bill agreeably close to that black, toll worn hand.

"Pete," he whispered softly. "I'm hunting for the man that stutters. He's committed a crime. In the pockets of his clothes—you have 'em there, my man—should be a weapon, pistol probably. He is a dangerous man and might muss up your floor here with my blood. Sure thing, Pete, if he sees me first! This twenty is yours if you hand over the pistol to me. How many are there? Two? By Jove, Fenby isn't taking any chances! Now, bring me my own clothing. Oh, don't you worry, Pete, the police will be here in a jiffy and you'll be protected."

The scared but obedient Pete assisted Roy into his clothes and led him to the nearest telephone booth. There he washed his hands of the whole transaction and went back to his duties in the checking room.

Roy had a few moments' conversation with the chief of detectives and then sat down to wait for the arrival of the officers with the warrant for Fenby's arrest.

It was two hours before they heard Fenby's preliminary cough and then his stuttering call for the attendant.

Pete waited on him and obediently

carried in the pile of neatly arranged clothing.

Ten minutes afterward there stepped out of the compartment a tall, loosely built man with bright blue eyes staring from a sun tanned countenance. His eyes darted hither and thither and concentrated on Pete's frightened features.

"B-b-bring that g-g-gun back!" he commanded roughly.

"Wh-what gun, sah?" parried Pete, ashy white with terror.

"I'll show you, you black!" Fenby's form curved into snakelike litheness as he slouched toward the black man. His right hand suddenly darted down and the men watching from their hiding place in one of the compartments saw that now in his hand there was a keen two bladed knife.

"Hand it over!" snarled Fenby savagely.

"B-but, sah?" protested Pete.

Just then Fenby leaped, but the police officer was too much for him. He darted out, his foot dashed forward against Fenby's advance and the absconder measured his length on the tiled floor. For an instant he lay there stunned, and before he recovered sufficiently to rise Bardwell and his men were upon him and the handcuffs were slipped over his wrists.

"B-bardwell, b-b-by Jove!" he said dazedly. "They told me you had gone b-back to N-new York."

"I'm on the job," said Roy grimly.

"W-well, what do you w-want of me?" asked Fenby, with sudden bravado.

"About \$10,000," was Roy's cool reply.

Bardwell threw back his head and laughed. "I lost every p-penny last night," he asserted.

But the detectives were not so easily convinced. When Fenby was searched at headquarters it was found that he was possessed of \$15,000 in cash.

A week later Roy Bardwell started north with \$10,000 in his pockets and his copy of a contract signed by the new manager of the Bardwell Lumber syndicate in the Lontigua district. And the new manager was well known to Cyrus Sackett, a man to be trusted, but Bardwell did not tempt him with the possession of large sums of money.

As for Fenby, he served a term in prison for his offense and lived to attempt to cash upon Roy Bardwell's company. How he accomplished it and the result are part of another story.

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Lord Redesdale once gave a description of Whistler's methods to a meeting in London in support of a memorial to the great artist. The eccentric master was painting, he said, a portrait of a lady.

Whistler took up his position at one end of the room with his sitter and the canvas at the other end. For a long time he stood looking at his model, holding in his hand a huge brush full of color, such a brush as a man would use to whitewash a house. Then he rushed forward and smushed the brush full of color into the canvas. Then he ran back, and forty or fifty times he repeated this. At the end of that time there stood out on the canvas a space which exactly indicated the figure, the form and the expression of the sitter.

There was a pathetic story attached to the picture. The balliffs were in the house when the picture was finished. That was quite a common occurrence, and Whistler only laughed, but he went around his studio with a knife and deliberately destroyed all his canvases, including this picture, which was to have been his (Lord Redesdale's).—Dumfries Advertiser.

Banquets in Elizabeth's Time.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the first course of a banquet is given as wheat-cake, dumplings, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel or hotch pot. The second consisted of fish, among which are lampreys, poor John, stock-fish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaker puddings, black puddings, bag puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. Then came real, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden pies, suckets, siltbubs and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tuncy cakes for drinks, ale, beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin.

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