

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER ef Wil-

Chuls ball playing r youn

III-As outcome and f engaged by governmen Yazimoto, n

CHAPTER IV-Brockett falls into Yazi-noto's trap, a fight follows, Brockett oming out on top; Messenger McKane

CHAPTER V-McKane was bearer on mysterious cipher; is also a ball play

in the cipher to Baron

### (Continged)

(Continued) tercepten oy a mage man of rather more than middle age—a gigantic German, white of mustache and abarry as to brows—a Bismarck come to His, and doubled in his bulky power. The immense German came loiter-ing down the street, almost deserted at this early hour, and almost collided with Solano. The Cuban respectfully eldestenized to permit the old gentleepjed to permit the old gentle and a passage, and the massive Ger-an, walking painfully, uncertainly, though troubled with rebellious et, staggered almost into the gut-r, Regaining his balance, he beamed ter, R on the youngsters, who had ad-moved with ready hands to aid him, a leaned for an instant upon Brockett's shoulder.

"I tank you, young man, for de help," spoke the German. "Ach, but it is bad ven you grow oldt, und de abbroach of age tells on de bones! Son, I belief mein tie iss disarranched. atchust it?"

kett promptly began a process first aid to the injured tie, when huge German, seizing him with a ad whose grip showed no trace of ble age, emitted a loud bellow of blice! Bolice! Robbers, robbers!" The astounded Brockett strove to The se from the old man's grasp, German's clutch was one of

Strong men, athletes of re-had tried that deadly wrestle ays in the Fatherland. The ollern had been a man of Prussia, and round the campthe German army they still les of his tremendous deeds. was a powerful youngster,

'ete in good training, but ike clutch he was like a to rushed to the assist-

aptured friend: the baron a away with the open palm ngaged hand, and once more

.rse yell of "Bolice, Bolice!" at upon the morning air. Authorithe blew in the distance, and

the clattering sound of coming upon the rapid run. officer rushed up, took in

ation at a glance, ing hand on Brock taining

## THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1916.

Newark, to the intense delight of Harry Brockett, drew ahead and won but, while Solano, after declaring that his friend was a base-born idiot, that

"You're young Brockett, the college

queried Brockett, astounded and some, what jarred. The Cuban smiled de-risively.

"You should know better, Harry, at the Iron Man and the boys. The

astray."

away.

pocket.

have remembered me. I wish he had fanned me three trips on nine pitched balls."

# Kelly." CHAPTER IX.

"Outside the gentleman mentioned in the song, and a number of good ball-players," said Solano, "I never heard of any Kellys. There appears to be something doing, Harry." "That is evident at first sight," re-sponded Brockett. "It looks as if both our friends and our enemies were hanging to our track. As far as tracing us is concerned, I'd have thought it rather harder for our friends to keep close watch over us than eith-er the Japanese or the big German." "I can figure out," commented So hano, "just how sheer luck would help anyone to locate us in Jersey City. Anybody who knew our tastes and proclivities would most naturally take

proclivities would most naturally take a chance of finding us at the ball park, and the Iron Man's call of your name might just happen to reach the ears of whatever person was trying to keep in touch."

Brockett, with a good-sized map in hand, drew out a pencil, and began marking down a few lines of connec-tion, when the Cuban, with one quick jerk, wrested the pencil from his hand. "Harry, you need a guardian. Your "Harry, you need a guardian. Your "Why, whit's agitating you?" "Why, whit's agitating you?" "ather expected you'd take up the "I don't wish Joe McGinnity any harm," growled Brockett, "but I won't suicide if his club gets shut out twenin eighth position. What business has be got with such a memory? Still, that's all over now. This Kelly prop-osition is what's worrying little Harry." "You should know better, Harry, than to mark out our real route on any map or sheet of paper. We don't believe, of course, that there is any one on this train who is on our track hadn't heard him that person must

"Possibly," suggested the Cuban, "Possibly," suggested the Cuban, "the chief isn't taking such long chances as we imagined, especially when it's a case of entrusting im-portant messages to a couple of boys. His arm is long, his eye is pretty nearly everywhere, and he has the best operatives of both the big de-tective agencies at his call. In all probability, he has men detailed to watch out for us, and see that we don't run our heads into any special danger. That would account for the Kelly warning and the use of your own cipher." own cipher."

one on this train who is on our track —and yet our best policy is to believe it up to the minute we reach Jersey City. Just for an experiment, we'll say, I have an idea." "Why not have it toasted, with mayonnaise on the side? I'm hungry enough to eat it." "Well, the African brother just an-nounced that 'lunch am now sehved in de dining cah ahad.' Let's go in and punish the provender. And now. "That seems the only logical explanation," admitted Brockett. "It's "It's some comfort, then, to know that we



are under powerful protection, but it makes me feel rather small just the same.

The youngsters wandered around Jersey City for a brief period, doub-ling on their tracks several times. They glanced behind and around them ever and anon, and were unable to discover any trailers or pursuers, but "Plenty of time yet," philosophized the Latin. "We will have all the adventures on our own hook, and with out any protection, that are coming to us. Wait and see."

discover any trailers or pursuers, but a vague sense of worry and uneasi-ness, an indefinable dread, seemed to be uppermost in their minds. Finally, when it had grown amply dark, they hurried to the row of ferries that fringe the shore of the North river, and slipped aboard in the swarm of Jerseyites seeking Manhattan for their evening's pleasure. The boys left the subway two sta-tions further on, doubled up a short, slanting street, turned into another, running at almost a V-shaped angle, and landed in a tiny triangle of va-The you happen to have an Eastern ague schedule about you?" he de anded.
Think I have. Got one with sched-ics of wenty leagues in it—this note-ock. What's the idea?"
This Jersey City playing at home to ay?".
The you may be the pick pocket in the jostling crowd.
The you may be the pick pocket in the jostling crowd.
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sure to happen—something that I can't describe or even imagine. I hope I'm wrong—a few more hours and we shall see." They disembarked at Forty-second

and paced rapidly east in that strang thoroughfare-the leading annex to Broadway. A foreigner wandering westward from the station halted them to ask the name of some street whereof neither lad had ever heard;

a storm of automobiles seemed to burst upon them at Fifth avenue, and burst upon them at Film avenue, and, to the supreme disgust of Solano, a little, chocolate-colored man, with a twisted mustache and beady black eyes, halled him in effusive Spanish, delaying their progress for a minute or so. "Venezuelan" Solano explained as "Venezuelan," Solano explained, as

venezueian," Solano explained, aa they hurried on. "Confirmed revolu tionist. Used to make headquarters in Havana when the revoluting trade

was slack, and called several times on my father. Wish he hadn't recognized me—he called out my name almost as loudly as your friend McGinnity called yours" yours.

In the great station of the subway the boys adopted the same tactic they had practiced at the "L" roadthey had practiced at the "L" road-permitting several trains to go by, and then bolting aboard the next one just in time to escape jamming in the gate. They were whizzed downtown rapidly enough, and crossed eastward in Canal-a thoroughfare that is full of life and bizarre transactions through the day, but dark and well-nigh empty in the night

nigh empty in the night. "Fine, lonesome region this, Ra-mon," muttered Brockett, keeping a vigilant eye to right and left as they paced along. "I forget which of the great New

York gangs is in charge of this par-ticular section," said the Cuban-"whether the Five Points or the Eastmans."

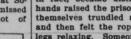
mans." "According to the magazines," Brockett responded, "this must be the very heart of the territory where the Apaches of New York hold forth. In case of a hold-up, don't stop to argue— shoot, and keep right on running." The Eastmans and the Five Points, however, did not seem to have even outlying sentinels in Canal street, and no one even naid any special atten-

no one even paid any special atten-tion to the adventurers as they crossed over into the Bowery. That famous old street, fountain-head of song and story, and in no actual manner any different from any other street which is the main avenue of the poor and lowly, was traversed at a steady gait. The boys mingled with the swarming crowd of Hebrews and Italians, walked southward, and, when the garish lights of Chinatown burst upon them, turned into Doyers street -a short, oddly angled alley that forms one boundary of the Celestial ony.

Chinamen in their native costumes Chinamen in natty black clothes of civilization, drawn-faced dope fiends, civilization, drawn-taced dope nends, heavily treading policemen, rubber-neck wagons bearing pop-eyed tour-ists—all the usual throng that go to make up the evening life of China-town—passed back and forth. Slum-ming parties swarmed up the stairs of the chon sucr restaurants easer to the chop suey restaurants, eager to taste Chinese dishes, the like of which were never seen or heard of in the Yellow Kingdom, and the spell of an excitement that is nine-tenths artifi-cial and created seemed to overhang the little crocked street. Brockett and Solano pushed through the swarm, jostling good-naturedly or avoiding collisions wherear possible. They

collisions wherever possible. They had traversed perhaps half the length of Doyers street when there was a cry, a shrill chorus of Oriental jargon and half a dozen struggling Chinamen, their faces convulsed with frenzy, their hands brandishing hatchets and knives, came weaving out of a little

store. A thrown hatchet of most erratic aim clanged on the pavement at So-lano's feet; a knife scarce missed Brockett's shoulder. The knot of



as fiights of stairs, and, stin in the blinding darkness of the bags, were laid upon a stony floor. And as the blin their captors set them down they heard, a little distance off, a voice that they knew well, saying, in soft, purring tones: "That commission was executed amply efficient. I much thank the honorable Mr. Kelly."

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CHAPTER X.

The voices died away, and the cap-tives, heads muffled and bodies wrap-ped in many turns of rope, were left upon the floor. They could not move hands or feet; the bags over their heads kept them from judging even the light or darkness of their prison, and, while they could have rolled around like a couple of barrels, the inducements for such actions were de



# THEY WERE LEFT LYING UPON THE FLOOR.

cidedly small. A man in pitch blackness, with hands and feet strapped, is not likely to roll into what might be a bottomless abyss at his side, or wriggle upon what is in all probabil-ity a most uncleanly floor. They could breathe through the bag-

ging, though particles of lint and dust came into mouth and nose, and no attempt had been made to gag them. Judging from the long time it had tak-en their captors to lug them down into the depths of their prison, they were far below the surface of the street, and equally far from any chance to bring rescue by using their volces. No attempt had been made to search them—the crafty Mr. Yazi-moto evidently figured that he had an moto evidently figured that he had an amplitude of time. Beyond a doubt he would scon return to rob and pre-sumably to interrogate them, but at the present moment no sound could be heard except the heavy breathing of the prisoners. A half-mufiled, half-sputtering noise reached Brockett's ears, and even in the, darkness of his own trouble he felt almost inclined to laughter as he

felt almost inclined to laughter as he realized that Solano was trying des perately to talk against painful handi caps. Brockett strained his ears, and managed to catch the Cuban's accents as Solano tried bravely to express his opinions

"We are—pair of blamed fools— utchook, achoo!" came through the

Worse than that. Boneheads for

fair," Brockett responded. "Bag-heads you mean—atchak, at-choo!" gurgled Solano. "Easy marks. Softer than pillows."

Sotter than pillows." "Up against it—katchi, katchoo—" sneezed Brockett, a tiny cloud of dust getting in his nostrils. "Don't you, hear feet? Our friends—coming back." The tempole of second pairs of feed

The trample of several pairs of feet, in fact, became distinct, and rough hands raised the prisoners. They felt themselves trundled across the floor and then felt the ropes around their legs relaxing. Someone pushed them down into chairs, and someone lifted

marked Brockett. "That bump will keep him in bed a week, if it doesn't cripple him for life. It's a viclous trick, a devil's own bit of work, but I couldn't see any other chance. What

heavily upon him. The grunt with which the baron hailed the advent of the officer upon his stomach was a

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BOLICE!

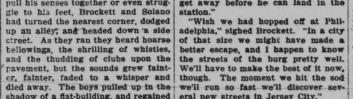
BOLICE! ROBBERS.

ROBBERS!"

fitting anti-climax to the thud of his



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"Think I have. Got one with sched-ules of twenty leagues in it—this note-book. What's the idea?"

day?"

there. nity's team."

rauroad station.

risively.

CHAPTER VIII.

their wind. "Tm'sorry for the big German," re-marked Brockett. "That bump will keep him in bed a week, if it doesn't cripple him for life. It's a victous "The big Serman," re-marked Brockett. "That bump will the big Serman," re-"Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-"The big Serman," re-"Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-"The big Serman," re-"Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-"The big Serman," re-"Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-"The big Serman," re-"Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-"The big Serman," re-"Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-"The big Serman," re-"Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he de-

supplement to our first idea, then; go right out to the ball park, buy bleach-er seats, and mix in with the crowd.

It's hard, awfully hard, to locate any-body in a ball park, and the task would

denote almost human intelligence. It listens good to me. But, say—we are

just rolling into Jersey City now. Wait

and bolted down the aisle. An as-

-she'll slacken a little-NOW!" e boys sprang from their chairs

"Good stuff. Well, how's this for a

a bit-

In de dining cah ahaid.' Let's go in and punish the provender. And now-watch, please, without appearing to do so. Notice the way I lay these maps upon the seat. Notice, also, that I take this little postage stam, fold it, and gum it with one-hair on each page of this time-table. Any-one who opens the time-table tears the postage stamp. Now, let's go and attend to the rations." The boys did full justice to thear hunch, and sauntered back to their seats. Their maps and papers lay apparently undisturbed, but Solano contracted his black eyebrows signifi-canty as he examined the time-table It had been opened, and the Dinding

fitting anti-climax to the thud of his earlier fail. Solano dashed after his friend, but the second policeman sprang eagerly to intercept him. Brockett, glancing back in full flight, saw the predica-ment of the Cuban, and, halting for an instant, shouted, "Slide, Ramon, slide!" Solano went to the pavement in a compact, moving mass, and shot along the stones, feet first. The oncoming shoes caught the policeman on the legs. He rose like some light and joy-ous bird, shot through the air with a howl of dismay, and joined the popu-lar assembly on the stony ground. Be-fore cny of the three fallen men could pull his senses together or even strug-gle to his feet, Brockett and Solano astray." "Baseball luck is a queer thing," said Brockett, half angrily. "I was lucky enough to hit McGinnity for two singles and a three-bagger the afternoon we played the Newark team —and he didn't forget it. If he had struck me out three times he'd never have remembered me. I wish he had

wered Baron Zollern, "dis adempted to rob me. He ize de diamond pin in my snatched a bocketbook aron's hand shot lightning ockett's inside pocket, and itching a small, thin wal-Zollern was not only a and an able general, but s of a master in the art of

iss my bocketbook, officer. I vas not mistaken, he has n from me some bapers—an vich gontains documents of bortance. Vill you hold him, oudt for his frent, vile I

was already moving fora vague notion of an atthe policeman, when there her clatter of feet from the

Hecond police man was com ting about twenty feet acer took stock of the and, grinning cheerfully, call of his partner.

had to do the fastest this life. An explanation comen—who seemed a zeal-ficularly thick-headed pair worse than useless. They arrest the boys and, un

permit the baron to go up-with whatever plunder he upon his captives. The

hing hand was again my into his inside coat-a, as it chanced, con-but a few letters and "This was a different occasion, Har-ry. I felt more as if I were sliding at an umpire this time. Somehow or other I never could bear the idea of spiking an infielder, and that's why I s objects. He would here, but his search slowed up so often when I should have hit the grit." an at his side

"This time, though," Brockett chuckled, "you slid for keeps. I shud-der to think what would have hap-pened to that policeman if you had risoner. "Will you let ind them over?" henevolently. only had your spikes on."

Solano stopped, and lifted one foot. Something flashed keenly, venomous-ly, from the sole and heel. "Still, I yould if de gase efer game to les my bapers?"

"I had them on," confessed the Cu-an, "and that officer must have the teta

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on earth was the idea in that big fellow's head, I'd like to know?

tonished negro tried to intercept them with a cry of "Hold on boss—we ain't in de station yet!" but only received In de station yet." but only received a shoulder and an elbow as reward. Solano unhesitatingly leaped, struck on a gravelly spot, went to his knees, and then shot forward on his paims. Brockett swung off a shade more care "If your top-piece isn't solid ivory," turned Solano, "you know wel It's a dollar to a crushed enough. lemon that our Japanese friend was waiting round the next corner to grab the papers, and I'd risk a little somefully, landed fairly on his feet, and, after staggering a dozen yards, re-gained his balance. were they

thing that those policemen planted ahead of time where could come forward in a hurry." "You slid beautifully, Ramon, aughed Brockett as they resume

"Any bones broken, Ramon?" "Nothing but a suspender and my pet pipe. Little gravel in my knees and hands. Til bet they think we are a pair of escaped crooks, but they can't back up the train. Hurry-let's set a viscrous move on" their march, jogging along at a fairly rapid gait. "If you had only slid home that way when we needed it on about ten afternoons L could mention, we could have saved a flock of games." The Cuban flushed, and then laughed back at his friend.

can't back up the train. Hurry-let's get a vigorous move on!" Twenty minutes later the messen-gers of state were buried in a mass of howing fans at the Jersey City ball park, where ancient rivalries with the Newark team were being settled. They picked a position halfway from the front of the bleachers, and the swarm of fanalics all around them the front of the bleachers, and the swarm of fanatics all around them formed a veil that would have baf-fied a Vidocq and an X-ray to pierce through. Here, safe from pursuit or treachery, they gave themselves up to their favorite delight, and enjoyed the battle to their hearts' content. Both, of course, were absolutely non-par-tisan when they entered the park-the troubles of Newark and Jersey. City were nothing to them. Before the game was half an inning old, however,

City were nothing to them. Before the game was half an inning old, however, they had become rabid "bugs," and were abusing each other in the glori-ous fashion that only lovers of the game can know. Solano became an ardent admirer of the Jersey City looking pair of shins that were taken to a hospital. Honestly, like a brute ff it wasn't

he felt the outlines of an envelope, and clutched it tightly. A moment later he stepped ashore and walked rapidly to cause annoyance

"I believed, when we started," said Brockett, "that we could wander around New York till some time toaway. "I've something with me that I didn't have when we went on the ferry," spoke Brockett in an under-tone, continuing to pace along. morrow night, and make so many turn morrow night, and make so many turn-ings that no one without a flock of bloodhounds could ever find us. I think differently now, though-I can hardly say why. For my part, I think we should lose ourselves in the mazes bed whice as hard for some foreigner, who wouldn't even know how to find his way around the stands. We want ed to kill time in Jersey City till even ning—where could we kill it more pleasantly or more safely?" "Some of your ideas, dear Ramon, of this burg for a few hours only, then recross to Jersey and be on our way by a midnight train. How about it,

"Subway train might be a good place to look at that, whatever it is," said Ramon, and they walked sturdly across town till the klosks of a sub-Ramon?" "Fully agreeable," replied the Cuban. "In fact, I was just planning out a route that won't consume much time, but ought to tangle-foot anyone way station met their view. As they way station met their view. As they descended the stairs the clangor of an approaching train was heard. Putting on a burst of speed they scurried for-ward, slapped their coins upon the ticket-window, and leaped upon a car without the fraction of a second to who is exhibiting a loving interest in us. How is this: Walk to Sixth ave-nue and Twenty-third street. Take Trot the subway, on Forty-second, and ride

spare. Once seated and their breath recovto the downtown district, getting off, we will say, at Canal. Walk over to the Bowery, mix in with the crowd, turn into Mott or Doyers street—in Chinatown—and travel fast to the litered, they bent over the strangely delivered letter. Inside the envelope

R.

tle park at Mulberry Bend. Cut through the park, and keep on west to Broadway. Ride up Broadway to Twenty-third again, then cross over on Twenty-third to the ferries. How does that seem for a course that will bother anybody to follow?"

"Looks good to me," briefly an-awered Brockett, rising. "Let's start in a hurry." And glancing over the little park and the adjacent streets without seeing any sign of inquisitive followers, the boys struck out on their devious journey. They reached Twen-ty-third street and Sixth avenue in a few minutes, seated themselves on the bench beside the uptown tracks, the bench beside the uptown tracks, and allowed two trains to pass with-out making a move to board either, one. A third train rolled up; the youngsters waited till the gate was shutting, and then dove through with a headlong plunge, earning the execra-tions of the guard. "Seems to me," laughed Brockett as they gazed at the glittering panorama of New York, spread below them, "that anyone who might have been trailing

they gazed at the gittering panorama of New York, spread below them, "that anyone who might have been trailing us this time had to come over a locked gate or lose out. That was the quick-est more we've made yet."

at more we've made yet." The Cuban shook his head. "I hope we are shaking ourselves free," he commented, "but, somehow, I'm wor-commented, "but, somehow, I'm wor-



fighting Chinamen them. Turning for a quick retreat, they were confronted by another strug-gling crew, yelping as they came, evidently intent on battle and destruc-tion. A hundred feet back the shouts of policemen and the rush of their heavy shoes could be heard, but be-fore "coppers" could arrive there would be time for three or four sub-icate of the ampentor to set their death jects of the emperor to get their death blow—and for the white men caught between the fighting lines to receive

half a dozen accidental wonds. A door opened and a shirt-sleeved man protruded head and shoulders. "In here, fellers—you'll get killed out there in one minute! Hurry, now!" Brockett and Solano needed no invitation. They fung themselves through the hospitable portal, and as the door slammed to behind them a tempest of squalls and howls told of the battle in full swing. A moment the battle in full swing. A moment later came the hoarse bellows of the big policemen, the sound of nightsticks falling on Celestial domes, and the scurry of the beaten ones to cover. The next instant a cloth bag, shut-

ting out the gas light as it fell, was deftly brought down upon Brockett's head, while a coll of rope was whipped

round and round his arms and body. Quick hands seized him and pu aim from his balance, and as

strove helpless in his lashings he heard sounds that told him his companion was receiving the same treat-ment. Off their feet, men at shoul-ders and heels, the boys felt thembeing borne down what seeme

the bags from their faces. The boys blinked in the flaring light of kerosene lamps, and then stared around their

They were seated beside a rough kitchen table, on the other side of which Mr. Yazimoto, with an almost benovelent smile, was fingering a few envelopes and bits of paper. At Mr. Yazimoto's right sat a broad-shouldered young man, with a swarthy face and a mass of curly black hair. To the left of the Japanese was a similar young man, equally swarthy, also adorned with a mass of curly black hair, but somewhat more slender and graceful in his supple figure. Another youth, of unmistakably Jewish origin, was looking after two lamps which had been placed upon shelves at the sides of the room. Both of the men with Mr. Yazimoto were unmistakably

The room itself had apparently brokers. The room itself had apparently been roughly dug as a sort of sub-cellar, or a retreat to which the clans of the Chinatown district could retreat in time of trouble. It was at least twenty feet square and perhaps ten feet high, with rough cement walls, a dirt floor, no furnishings except the table and a few chairs, and with no sign of an entrance or an exit, anywhere around its sides. As a pris-on, it was ideal—far below the level of the street, unknown, unmapped and unsuspected.

Mr. Yazimoto gave his captives a few minutes in which to get their bearings and become accustomed to their surroundings. Then, smiling sweetly into Brockett's eyes, he spoke in his soft, pleasing voice, with its curious idioms and use of English words.

"I must assure honorable Mr. Brockett," said the Japanese, "how I re-gret with much solicitude that I accomplish transactica so unpleasing to him and to his amicable friend. Not wealthifor anything, not even for ness, should this have to be uncomfortably so, except for the facts he is honorably acquainted in—with—of. Yes, yes, it is 'of' I should make usage. I saw, with much particular attention, that no injury was done to honorable Mr. Brockett or to honorable Mr. So-

"No special damage done, as yet," Brockett answered. "But why are we down in this little dungeon? What's all this trouble between you and me,

To be continued)

15th

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Ex?

was one small sheet of note-paper and across the sheet was written, in

ashion that but how became an index. Solano became an it admitser of the Jersey City and the series of the second WP TC Fin Pos 2BH HR E E HR E 2BH BB SH PO PO PO TC TC BA SB TC PO PO WP." "Which reads," translate

