

"The Shadow"

By ARTHUR STRINGER

(Continued from yesterday.)

"It will be worth what it costs," he said.

"Of course," said Copeland, "they'll have to honor your drafts—in reason."

"There will be no difficulty on the expense side," quietly interposed the Commissioner. "The city wants him. And they will be willing to pay for it."

Blake rose heavily to his feet. His massive bulk was momentarily stirred by the prospect of the task before him. For one brief moment the anticipation of that clamor of approval which would soon be his stirred his lethargic pulse. Then his cynic calmness again came back to him.

"Then what are we waiting about?" he demanded. "You want Binhart and I'll get him for you."

The Commissioner, tapping the top of his desk with his gold-headed fountain pen, smiled. It was almost a smile of indulgence.

"You know you will get him?" he inquired.

The inquiry seemed to anger Blake. He was still dimly conscious of the operation of forces which he could not fathom. There were things vague and insubstantial, which he could not understand. But he nursed to his heavy-breathing bosom the consciousness that he himself was not without his own undivided powers, his own private tricks, his own inner reserves. "I say I'll get him!" he calmly proclaimed. "And I guess that ought to be enough!"

CHAPTER IV.

The unpretentious, brownstone-fronted home of Deputy Copeland was visited, late that night, by a woman. She was dressed in black, and heavily veiled. She walked with the stoop of a sorrowful and middle-aged widow. She came in a taxi, which she dismissed at the corner. From the house steps she looked first eastward and then westward, as though to make sure she was not being followed. Then she rang the bell.

She gave no name; yet she was at once admitted. Her visit, in fact, seemed to be expected, for without hesitation she was ushered upstairs and into the library of the First Deputy.

He was waiting for her in a room more intimate, more personal, more companionably crowded than his office, for the simple reason that it was not a room of his own fashioning. He stood in the midst of its warm hangings, in fact, as cold and neutral as the marble Diana behind him. He did not even smile, as she closed the door and motioned the visitor into a chair, that he had been waiting for her.

The woman, still standing, looked carefully about the room. From side to side, as she was alone, she noted the two closed doors, and then with a high lifted black gloved hand, she began to remove the widow's cap from her head. She sighed again as she tossed the black crepe on the dark-wooded table beside her. As she sank into the upholstered chair, the electric light fell on her shoulders and on the carefully coiled and banded hair, so laboriously built up into a crown that glittered with above the pale face she turned to the man watching her.

"Well," she said, and under her level brows she shined at Copeland, serene in her consciousness of power. It was plain that she neither liked him nor disliked him. It was equally plain that he, too, had his ends remote from her own being.

"You saw Blake again?" he had asked, half-challenged.

"No," she answered.

"Why?"

"I was afraid to."

"Didn't I tell you we'd take care of your end?"

"I've had promises like that before. They weren't always remembered."

"But our office never made you that promise before, Miss Verrier."

The woman let her eyes rest on his impassive face.

"That's true, I admit. But I must also admit I know Jim Blake. We'd better not come together again, Blake and me, after this week."

She was pulling off her gloves as she spoke. She suddenly threw them down on the table. "There's just one thing I want to know, and know for certain. I want to know if this is a plan to shoot."

The First Deputy smiled. It was not altogether at the mere calmness with which she could suggest such an atrocity.

"Hardly," he said.

"Then what is it?" she demanded.

He was both patient and painstaking in his reply. His tone was almost paternal in its placateness.

"It's merely a phase of departmental business," he answered her. "And we're anxious to see Blake round up some Binhart."

"That's not true," she answered with neither heat nor resentment, "for you would never have started him off on the blind lead. You've never had me go to him with that King Edward note and had it work out to fit a street in Montreal. You've got a wooden decoy up there in Canada, and when Blake gets there he'll be told his man slipped away the day before. Then another decoy will bob up, and Blake will go after that. And when you've fooled him two or three times he'll sail back to New York and break me for giving him a false tip."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No," he hammered it out of me. But you knew he was going to do that. She sat studying her thin white hands for several seconds. Then she looked up at the calm-eyed Copeland.

"How are you going to protect me, Blake comes back? How are you going to keep your promise?"

The First Deputy sat back in his chair and crossed his thin legs.

"Blake will not come back," he announced. She frowned suddenly round on him again.

"Then it is a plan!" she proclaimed.

"You misunderstand me, Miss Verrier. Blake will not come back as an official. There will be changes in the Department. I imagine; changes for the better which even he and his Tammany Hall friends can't stop, by the time he gets back with Binhart."

The woman gave a little hand gesture of impatience.

"But don't you see," she protested, "supposing he gives up Binhart? Supposing he suspects something and..."

hurries back to hold down his place?"

"They call him Never-Fail Blake," commented the unmoved and dry-eyed official. He met her wild stare with his gently satiric smile.

"I see," she finally said, "you're not going to shoot him up. You're merely going to wipe him out."

"You are quite wrong there," began the man across the table from her. Administration changes may happen, and in—

"In other words, you're getting Jim Blake out of the way, off on this hare trail, while you work him out of the Department."

"No competent officer is ever worked out of this Department," he said. "They were no longer needed. There was even something disconcerting in their luck and level stare."

"I think you are a very intelligent woman," Copeland finally confessed.

"I think I am, too," she retorted. "Although I haven't used that intelligence in the right way. Don't smile! I'm not going to turn mawkish. I'm not good. I don't know whether I want to be. But I know one thing: I've got to keep busy—I've got to be active. I've got to be busy."

"And?" prompted the First Deputy, as she came to a stop.

"We all know, now, exactly where we're at. We all know what we want each of us. We know what Blake wants. We know what you want. And I want something more than I'm getting. Just as you want something more than writing reports and rounding up push-cart peddlers. I want my end, as much as you want yours."

"And?" again prompted the First Deputy.

"I've got to the end of my ropes; and I want to swing around. It's no return bet, mind! It's not what other women like me think it is. But I can't go on. It doesn't lead to anything. It doesn't pay. I want to be safe. I've got to be safe. As though I'm not going to turn mawkish, I'm not good. I don't know whether I want to be. But I know one thing: I've got to keep busy—I've got to be active. I've got to be busy."

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"And?" again prompted the First Deputy.

CHAPTER V.

When Never-Fail Blake alighted from his sleeper in Montreal he found one of Teal's men awaiting him at Bonaventure Station. There had been a hitch or a leak somewhere, this man reported. Binhart, in some way, had slipped through their fingers.

All they knew was that the man they were tailing had bought a ticket for Winnipeg, that he was not in Montreal, and that, beyond the railway ticket, they had no trace of him.

Blake, at this news, had a moment when he saw red. He felt, during that moment, like a drum-major who had "muffed" his baton on parade. Then governing himself, he promptly confirmed the Teal operative's report by telephone, accepted its confirmation as authentic, consulted a timetable, and made a dash for Windsor Station. There he caught the Winnipeg express, took possession of a stateroom and indited carefully

worded-telegram to Trimble in Vancouver, that all outgoing Pacific steamers should be watched, and to Menzies in Chicago, that the American city might be covered in case of Binhart's doubling southward on him. Still another telegram he sent to New York, requesting the Police Department to send up to him at once a photograph of Binhart.

In Winnipeg, two days later, Blake found himself on a blind trail. When he had talked with a railway detective on whom he could rely, when he had visited certain offices and interviewed certain officials, when he had sought the man he was supposed to be shadowing.

(Continued tomorrow.)

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Dated this 15th day of February, 1914.

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Tenders will be received by the undersigned Assignee of the estate of Connell Bros., Limited, up to and including the 21st day of March Next, for the purchase of the plant and stock in trade of the said corporation, including the said both freehold and leasehold, with buildings, machinery, patterns and stock on hand, manufactured and unmanufactured. The plant and stock lists may be examined by intending purchasers by calling at the works.

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Dated at Woodstock, N. B., February 23rd, 1914.

W. S. SUTTON,
Assignee.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 24th April 1914 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on the proposed Contract for four years, 12 times per week each way, between Newburgh Junction and C. P. R. Station from the pleasure of Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Newburgh Junction and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, N. B., March 12, 1914.

A. R. COLTER,
Post Office Inspector.

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DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

for the District of Connecticut.
The Capewell Horse Nail Company vs. Maritime Nail Co., Limited.
Fred Enos, Collector of United States Customs for the District of Connecticut.

Upon motion of Alvan Waldo Hyde, counsel for The Capewell Horse Nail Company, and appearing to the court that the defendant, Maritime Nail Co., Limited, it not an inhabitant of, nor found within this district, now has voluntarily entered its appearance herein, and that personal service upon said defendant, Maritime Nail Co., Limited, is not practicable.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that said defendant, Maritime Nail Co., Limited, appear, plead, answer or admit the said bill filed by the plaintiff herein on the 8th day of March, 1914, and in default hereof, that the court will proceed to the hearing and adjudication of said matter; that this order together with a copy of the bill of complaint herein attested as correct by the Marshal of this district be mailed, posted by prepaid mail, addressed to Maritime Nail Co., Limited, St. John, New Brunswick, on or before the 16th day of March, 1914, and that a copy of this order shall be published once a week for six consecutive weeks in The Standard, a newspaper published in said St. John, unless said defendant, Maritime Nail Co., Limited, shall sooner appear and plead.

(Signed) EDWIN S. THOMAS,
U. S. District Judge.

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