

What had become of all his confi-dence of only a few hours previously? Whereas the night before in the dark-ness he had felt absolute confidence. In his astute plans and clever ruses, now all at once-under daylight and amid all these hurrying thousands of his fellow-men-he found himself stripped bare of courage. For a second it seemed to him as if all the dykes of self-control were oreaking before that flood of unreas-oning terror; as if he must run amuck, flinging his arms wildly, screaming: "Look, all you people; 1-I am the muderet!"

"Look, all you people; 1-I sin the murderct" But by an offort that wrenched his soul he lashed his routed forces into discipline again. His panic, having reached its climax, now began to subside. After all, nobody had noticed him to any sorious degree. Nobody knew him; nobody had understood. He turned askac from the morning throng, all so busy and so cager; he put his foot upon an iron rail in front of a steamship company's office and retied his shoe lace. This little act, this small respite from facing the eyes of human beings, gave his stam-peded resolutions time once more to torm in battle line. And as he stood up again, again looked men in the face and drew a deep breath, he knew that he had con-quered. Once more he had whipped his wavering soul back to the firing line. He still weak though with returning

his wavering soul back to the firing line. He still was master in his own house. Still weak, though with returning strength and self-confidence, he re-sumed his course up Broadway, Jar-hoe's office lay close at hand, in Tri-hiy Place. Thither he now directed bis steps. The note must be met at once: moreover, to carry eighty-five thousand dollars bills back to the bank itself would be the acme of rashness. At all hazards he must rid himself of those bills immediately. Jarbee had just got in when Slay-for, disfigured by a large wen on the orchead, showed him into an inner-office, a veritable spider web of in-quity and extortion, when bu few files ever escaped with whole wings. Rubbing his hands together and leer-ing with disgusting insinuation, the old Shylock awaited his morey. Slayton made no words with him, but counted out the cash, took the note and without even a "Good morn-ing!" started to leave. "Awful, indeed!" the old man mumbled. "But firs an til wind that blows nobogy good."

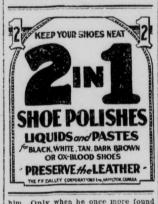
Could Not Lift Stick of Wood

Would Almost Faint From Severe Pain in Back—Doctors Could Not Get the Kidneys Set Right.

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<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> the ada. Tommy-Poy, what is meant by an aching void? Tommy's Pop-You vait till you have to go to the dentiat, my son, and you'll find out.

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him. Only when he once more found himself in the street did he recover his full wits. But with the return of entire rationality he found all his residue of fear was gone. The inter-view with Jarboe had—for a time at least—banished it. And, too, the feel-ing that atter all these weary months and years of dickering and bargain-ing and begring and usury he once more was a free man—out of Ja-boes gnaried clutches, filled him with a vast, assuaging sense of relie. In vain now news-stands and shout-ing urchins assailed him with their visuai and auditory shocks. Tal head-tions and strident crees nad lost their power to dismay him. S.ayton feit as if en had been inoculaied against emo-tion. His first severe pance, caused by his tirst hearing oi the shout, "Bank Murder!" had now, in subsid-ing, leit his emotions a scirile me-anim. The first sof fear had purged away



the 'vortex of his erime, a resistless force seemed to be drawing him on-ward, downward, as into a wilripool. All he desired now was to reach the bank and with his own eyes see again ars hear the infammy discussed; with his own mouth speak the vords that should seen an innocent boy to the electric chair. Hastering his steps, he presed on toward the bank. Tverwhere, he telt positive, people were taiking of the tragedy. His exageration of its importance had become almest an obsession with him, in knote on curbs and corners men were gathered. What else could they be discussing mave that? He saw open newspapers in office windows with between the on the set positive of the resugeration of the tragedy. His exageration of the tragedy. His exageration of the tragedy of the headed the set of the tragedy of the headed the dift of traffic was been wand the bank. A polleman william street was obviously headed that way. An all roads head to Rome so now all Singion's thoughts and sense-impressions drew toward that fail spot where old man Mac-ging into the street itself where the moment was almost upon him, an ley of fitter rip on his resolution, and wung into the street itself where the moment was almost upon him, an ley of headed the man and posses-a by hymograph would nardly have normal.

Figure 1 and 1 and

deed? As he approached the bank he saw the street was almost blocked by the crowd that, morbidly curious, had clot-ted round the door. A number of pollcemen were doing their besi to keep the traffic moving, but without any very marked success. A motor patrol stood backed up to the sidewalk. Slay-ton caught signt of the uniform of a pollce surgeon.

ton caught sight of the uniton of a police surgeon. In the bullding opposite, eager faces crowded at the open windows, faces wherein no sympathy showed, faces

A GOOD APPETITE A GREAT BLESSING

The Occasional Use of a Tonic Will Ensure a Good Appetite and

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"Any verdlet?" "Not yet there ain't. But it's a job



all right. Someonly croated him sure, and —— "Anderson found him? The janitor found him? Is that right?" "That's right. When he opothed the place the old man was lyin' there cold!" Slayton pushed on through the big revolving doors into the lobby of the bank. Now finally ne had reached the bank. Now finally ne had reached the forached yet the longed-for place whera lay his victim. Now his ordeal of solf-control was crowding close upon him. Now at last the moment of supreme perlives at hand. CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I. Warlly, yet with the boldness that now alone could save him, the mur-derer advanced, his every scase a erf for peril. A strange, unnatural tension reigned in the bank. None of the usual morn-ig activities had as yet begun. Paraly-sis lay upon its enfire life. Not a single one of its people could be seen in any of their accustomed eages. Here and there an officer in uniform or a pain-clothes man stood silently watch ful. At one of the glass shelves on the left a man was busily writing-scrawling hasy lines on cheap paper. Slayton recognized a reporter and shuddered:



Box Ointmont. Face never free from them for ever or three years. Were core and often became kays and hard. Left dark, not blockne that disfigured feet. Nothing did much good till tried Cuttours. Helped from first application and new sace is healed. From signed sustement of Misse-town, Ort., March 7, 1917. The Cutleurs Boap for tollet pur-poses, assisted by touches of Cutleurs Oinment to sooths and heal any ten-genes, assisted by touches of Cutleurs Oinment to sooths and heal any ten-genes, assisted by touches of Cutleurs Oinment to sooths and heal any ten-genes, By using these fragrant, super-poses you may prevent many skin and easip troubles becoming serious. For Free Sample Each by Mail ad-dress post-aard: "Cutleurs, Dept. A., Boaton, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

he not arrived? Slayton felt a burn-ing cagerness to have him arrive, to be at work on the plot against him, and see the meshes tightening about the boy. And yet the cashier knew that Mansfield's tardiness would help the oner was a medical-looking man. plot along. If by any chance the young chap should fail to come at all, that would be of treimendous import-ance. Every moment of delay now pos-sessed chormous possibilities. His mind whilling with the strain of the situation, yet dominated by the overmastering determination to play the game to a finish, he ap-proached the gateway in the grille. His reawakening emotions exceeded any-thing be had calculated on. He had believed himself now cold emough, caim and calculating enough, to pre-serve his polse even under these cir-comstances. But he had not reekoned on the reality. A glimpse of a still body, lying there under a blanket that hed been drawn over it, sent his heart planting downward in sick harron.

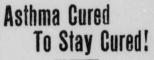
her been drawn over it, seit his near plaubling downward in sick harror. Sheridan, the paying-teller, glanced up as he approached, turned, and came toward him. One or two others in the group by the body looked at him. "Helio, here's Slayton! Slayton's come!" he heard voices. A hand fell on his arm. He started with a nervous shock. Heavens! Ar-rests were made in just that way! The touch of that hand left him shak-ing with terror. For a second he thought catastrophe had smilten. Staring, he faced the man beside him Another reporter! "Confound you, what are you do ing in here?" demanded Slayton with passionate anger, reflex of his ground-less fears. "What do you want, any-how?"

"Have you any opinion as to the identity of the murderer?" queries the reporter. "If I had, d'you think I'd tell

you

"If I had, dyou think id ten you?" "I corresent the Evening--" "I don't give a curse what you rep-resent! In a case of this kind, where the personnel of the bank itself may possibly be involved-- Get out! Not a word; you understand? I refuse to be quoted for a single word?" Slayton flouted the reporter and strede on. His confidence had sud-denly risen several degrees again. Those few words of his, he knew, had been a master-stroke. Already the reporter was scribbing. Inside an hour, Slayton feit confident, staring head-lines would filing to the world; (To be continued.)

(To be continued.)



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