

# CHAPTER XXII

has lacked a practical rheumatic e time began. Fortunes are spent tot apprings, electric bath spent obtain relief, yet better a and obtain relief, yet better a dresults of T.R.C's with any ent and you will be convinced. interesting and cost you not tons, 142 King W. Total you not so anywhere on receipt of 100 s for Aylmer, E. A Cancel everal days later Vittoria Fabrizi Bernie Dreux into the room where rvm lay. The little man walked s for Aylmer, E. A. Caughtiptoe and wore an expression of h gloomy sympathy that Blake

Please don't look so blamed pious; makes me hurt all over." Bernie's features lighted faintly; smiled in a manner bordering upon assing away of Mr. Henry ole Grove loses a good man, natural. "They wouldn't let me see you be-

bor and friend and the trong pillar. 115 !" ter McRoberts, of Browns-My nurse won't let me talk." Blake's eyes rested with puzzled terrogation upon the girl, who ssed a good crowd of earnwho thoroughly enjoyed so full of earnest appeal. Mrs. Milton Hatch, of St. isited Mr. and Mrs. Pro. Sunday. nished him not to overtax him-

of the chestnut tree has st bountiful one this year ppened? How is Myra Nell?" p harvested unprecedented ong years and enjoyed by Berlin, Wisconsin, broth-e High, of this place, is Mr. High intends going ell of drugs makes her sick." "I suppose Maruffi got away?" Dreux straightened in his chair;

very shortly. Godby has moved upon acated by Clayton Godby,

### ABE COVERS INTO **ELVET RUGS**

street, Aylmer.

BAYHAM

way to use old-fashioned e covers or draperies folbu're a hero, of course, but-thereothers." and sew ends neatly to-nd in balls and with a

"Who caught him?" "I did.

th his little friends.

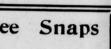
"Why-I'm astonished.

How in the world-

ng my attentions-

ppened through the woman-

wooden hook or large crochet into rugs, using rochet stitch. Make any "That's what I said. I-be-Mr. steps of the guillotine. ed. They work up very pecially if two shades of used. If care is taken in ernard Effingwell Dreux, the prominent cottilion leader, the second-hand dealer, the art critic and amatthey will closely resemble ar detective. I unearthed the noous and dreaded Sicilian desper-



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#### and couldn't let go. When I didn't follow her around, she followed me. A Misunderstanding

When I didn't make love, she did. She learned about Felicite, and there was-Excuse me!" Bernie rose and put his head cautiously outside the door to find the coast clear, then said: "Hell to pay." I tried to back out; but you can't back away from

some women any more than you can back away from a prairie fire." He shook his head gloomily. "It seems she wasn't satisfied with Poggi; she atural. tey wouldn't let me see you be-Lord! How you have fright-had ambitions. She'd caught a glimpse of the life that went on around her and wanted to take part in it. She thought I was rich, toomy name had something to do with

the detectives brow.

money I'd have left town.

sed by a divinity without a tonwhile Poggi was away-it was the est looking weapon I ever saw. Well, I went along, about dark, determined to have it out with her once for all; but those aristocrats during the "You!" Norvin stared in open- French revolution had nothing on me. I know how it feels to mount the

I sat on the edge of a chair, one eye on her and the other taking in my surroundings. There's a fine crayin his lair, and now he's cooling on enlargement of Joe with his uni-form, in a gold frame with blue moss heels in the parish prison along quito netting over it to disappoint the flies-four ninety-eight and we sup-'Naturally! I found him in Joe ply the frame-done by an old master of the County Fair school. There's

> "She seemed quite subdued and coy at first, so I took heart, never dream-ing she'd wear her dirk in the house. But say, that women was raised on raw beef. Before I could wink she had it out; it has an ivory hilt, and you could split a silk thread with it. I suppose she didn't want to spoil the parlor furniture with me, although I'd never have showed against that upholstery, or else she's in the habit of preparing herself for manslaugh-

ter by a system of vocal calisthen. ics. At any rate we were having it hot and heavy, and I was trying to think of some good and unselfish actions I had done, when we heard the back door of the cottage open and close, then somebody moving in ly that he didn't have a chance to resist. If I'd known who he was at first I'd have tried to take him singlehanded.

'Then it's well you didn't know." Blake smiled.

"What bothers me most," Dreux confessed, "is how Mrs. Poggi re-gards my action. I-I hate to appear a cad. I'd apologize if I dared." Vittoria appeared to warn Dreux that his visit must end. When the little man had gone Norvin inquired: "You knew of Maruffi's arrest?" "Oh yes!" "Why didn't you tell me?"

You were in no condition to hear the news of importance." "Is that why you have been so sil-

ent? "Hush! You have talked quite en-

ough for the present." "You act strangely-differently," he insisted.

"I am your nurse. I am responsible for your recovery, so I do as I am ordered." "And you haven't changed?" he in-

quired wistfully.

"Not at all, I am quite the same-quite the same girl you knew in Sicily!" He did not relish her undertone, and wondered if illness had quickened his imagination, if he was forever seeing more in her manner, hearing more in her words than she meant. There was something intangibly cold and distant about her, or seemed to be. During the first feverish hours after his return to consciousness he had seen her hanging over him with a wonderful loving tenderness-it was that which closed his wounds and brought him back towards health so quickly; but as his brain had cleared and he had grown more rational this vision had disappeared

He wondered whether knowledge of his pseudo-engagement to Myra Nell had anything to do with her manner. He knew that she was in the girl's confidence. Naturally, he himself was not at his ease in re-

gard to Miss Warren. The rumor about his advancing the money for her Carnival expenses had been quieted through Bernie's efforts, and the "Maruffi was captured that very night. Sure! Why, the whole coun-try knows about it." Again a look of mellow satisfaction glowed on the little man's face. "My dear boy, wr're a hero, of course, but—there— est looking was away—it was the du through Bernie's erforts, and the she made such a scene I had to agree or be arrested for blocking traffic. She carries a dagger, Norvin, in her er than your finger, but it's the mean-est looking was away—it was the du through Bernie's erforts, and the knowledge of it restricted to a nec-essary few. Although Myra Nell had treated the matter lightly, he could not help feeling that his attitude was er than your finger, but it's the mean-est looking was away—it was the source a source of the second his humiliation-or was it somehting deeper? It would be terrible if she really cared for him in earnest. Her own character protected her from scandal. The breaking-off of his supposed engagement with her could not hurt her-unless she really loved him. He closed his eyes cursing Ber-

nie inwardly. After a time he again addressed Vittoria. "Tell me," he said "how Maruffi

ame to spare you. My last vision vas of him aiming "He had but four shots."

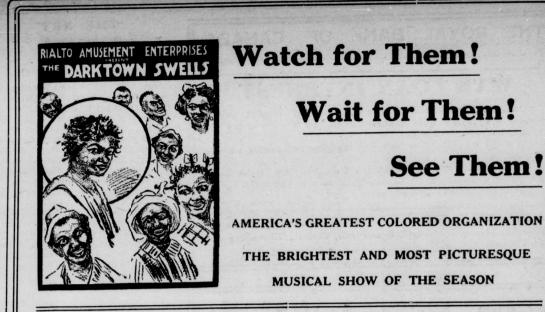
"Four?

"Yes, he had used two in his escape from the officers before he came here." "I see! It was horrible. I felt as

if I had failed you at the critical mo-

"Martel!" The word sounded in his ears with a terrible significance; ne could hardly realize that he had spoken it. He had always meant to tell her, of course, but the moment had taken him unawares. His conscience, his inmost feelings, had ound a voice apart from his own voli ion. There was a silence. At length she said in a low-constrained tone:

"Did you fail-him?" "I-I did," he said chokingly; and, the way once opened he made a full and free confession of his craven fear that night on the road to Ter-ranova, told her of the inherit cowand shamed him, and of his efforts to reconstruct his whole being.



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atural result.

My have had someting to with Blake's eyes rested with puzzled it. I presume at any rate, she began to talk of divorce, elopement, and other schemes that terrorized me. She was quite willing that I murder

ber husband, poison her relatives, or adopt any little expedient of that kind which would clear the path for our which would clear the path for our "Well, you needn't put a rose in my hand yet awhile. Tell me what has hand yet awhile. Wure Null?" appened? How is Myra Nell?" "She's heartbroken, of course. She ame here that first night; but the ame here that first night; but the

really care for her-only once." The memory brought beads of sweat to

s face flushed proudly; he put on least an inch of stature. "Haven't a dog's life. "If I'd have had the money I'd have left town. "I'd been meeting her on street cor-

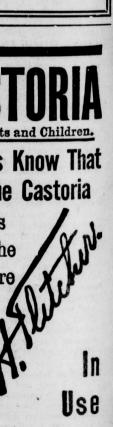
How could I hear anything when ners up to that point; but she findoctored by a deaf-mute and ally told me to come to the house

The Poggi's parlor furniture is upholstered in red and smells musty.

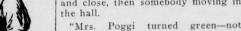
oggi's house. Mr. Poggi also lang-shes in the bastille." an organ in the parlor too, with a stuffed fish-hawk on it. "Well-it's quite a story, and it all

ernie flushed a bit as he met his mpanion's eye. "When I told you out Mrs. Poggi I didn't exactly go to all the intimate—er—details. The th is she became deeply interested - Heavens, no! ate 'em up! Before I knew it I nd myself entangled in an intrigue

along with his other fancies.







white-green! And I began to picture the headlines in the morning papers! 'The Bachelor and the Policeman's Wife,' they seemed to say. It wasn't Poggi, however, as I discovered when the fellow called to her. He was breathing heavily, as if he had been running. She signalled me to keep quiet, then went out; and I heard them talking but couldn't inderstand what was said. When she came back, she was greener than ever and told me to go, which I did, realizing that the day of miracles is not done. I fell down three times and ran over a child, getting out of the neighborhood.'

Blake who had listened eagrely, inquired:

"The man was Maruffi?"

"Exactly! I got back to the club n time to hear about his arrest and escape and your fight here. The town was ringing with it; everybody was horrified and amazed. What particularly stunned me most was the news that Maruffi, not Poggi, was head of the Mafia; but my experience in criminal work has taught me to be guided by circumstances, and not theory, so when I learned more about Caesar's escape I fell to wondering where he could hide. Then I recalled his secret meetings with Joe Poggi and that scalding volcano of emo-tion from whom I had just been delivered. Her fright, when she let me out, something familiar in the voice which called to her came back, andwell, I couldn't help guessing the truth. Maruffi was in the house of one of the officers who was supposed to be hunting him." 'But his capture?"

"Simple enough. I went to O'Neil and told him. We got a posse together and went after him. We descended in such force and so sudden-



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wanted to expiate my sin," he finished, "and, above all, I have longed to brove myself a man in your sight." She listened with white, set face, slightly averted. When she turned to him at last, he saw that her eyes were wet with tears.

"I cannot judge of these matters," she said. "You-were no coward the other night, amico mio. You were the bravest of the brave. You saved my life. As for that other time do not ask me to turn back and judge. ou perhaps blame yourself too much. It was not as if you could have saved Martel. It is rather that you should have at least tried-that is how you feel, is it not? You had to reckon with your own sense of honor. Well, you have won the fight; you have become a new person, and you are not to be held responsible for any action of that Norvin Blake I knew in Sicily, who, indeed, did not know his own weakness and could not guard against it. Ever since I met you here in New Orleans I have known you for a brave, strong man. It is splendid the way in which have conquered yourself-splendid! Few men have done it. Be comforted," she added with a note of tenderness that answered the pleading in his eyes—"there is no bitterness in my heart."

"Margherita," he cried desparately, "can't you-won't you-

"Ah," she interposed, peremptorily, do not say it. I forbid you to speak." Then as he fell silent, she continued in a manner she strove to make na tural. "That dear girl, Myra Nell Warren, has inquired about you (Continued on page four)

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