

## In a Mysterious Way

answered admiringly, shaking the other's hand. "But I told you that I would make a hero of you—that is," he corrected himself, "that I would make these people realise what a hero you are. Gleason won't open his mouth. He's too wise for that. He knows that he's licked. I dropped in to see him this morning, and tried to get some statement out of him. All he did was to sidestep, and say that there were certain iniquities which God must deal with direct. His time here is up tomorrow, and I guess he'll be glad to move on to another town. He's made his little pile, anyway; and that's all that interests him."

He looked up at Bradshaw with a touch of embarrassment, and smiled.

"Where's Bess?" he asked. "May I see her?"

"Of course, you may," the older man said pleasantly. He started to ring for Otto.

"Just a minute, Mr. Bradshaw," Bellamy said. "There's a question I want to ask you first. . . . Now do you feel about this whole Tenderloin question?"

The other frowned and thought for a moment.

"I don't know exactly," he answered, after a slight pause. "One thing is sure, however:—that statement I was writing for your paper is never going to be published. I have come to the conclusion that this is a matter which can't be settled as simply as Gleason imagines."

"Then you have changed your mind somewhat, I presume," Bellamy commented, in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Yes, you might say that I have," Bradshaw agreed.

The reporter beamed.

"Remember your promise, Mr. Bradshaw!" he exclaimed.