

SMOKE TUCKETTS ORINOCO

CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES - CUT COARSE FOR PIPE



THE ALIBI

BY

Geo. Allan England

Author of "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Empire in the Air," "The Golden Blight," "The After-Glow," "The Crime-Detector," etc.

"No finger-prints, evidence for me!" he muttered. "That little detail is worth looking out for. Well, now—surveying himself in the mirror of the hat-rack—" "I think I'll do!"

As an elderly, rather shabby but still respectable citizen he stood there smiling at himself. Then he returned to the library, took the memorandum of the safe-combination that was written on the little slip of paper and pocketed his keys and a bottle of machine-oil which he found in the drawer of his wife's sewing-machine.

Lastly, he put on a pair of old, well-worn rubbers, and buttoned the shabby overcoat tightly up about his throat. One last look in the mirror convinced him that all was perfect. He was about to extinguish the electric lights when an idea struck him. Hesitant he debated in his mind; then once more the drawer into which he had thrown Mansfield's pistol, and took out the blunt-nosed, brutal weapon. Critically he weighed it in his hand a moment.

It was, he saw, a large calibre—forty-something at least. Had Mansfield carried out his intention with such a gun he must inevitably have mutilated himself in a shocking manner. Cool as Slayton was, he shuddered at the thought of what might have happened there in the library; and a sense of fear assailed him as the new idea flashed to his mind that under those circumstances he might easily have been convicted of murder.

In any event, Mansfield's suicide would have forever destroyed all hopes of his clearing himself from the financial web that now enmeshed him. It would have fatally delayed him, and he realized how closely he had verged ruin and cursed the boy under his breath.

An ugly set of the jaw betrayed Slayton's inner character. "Hell pay for this later, confound him!" the cashier muttered. "Hell pay. But now—enough of this. Time's up. I must be going."

Swiftly he extinguished all lights, left the house, made certain the door was locked, and then struck into a brisk walk toward the station, a quarter-mile distant. Already off to southward he could hear the piping whistle of the locomotive. Everything has been figured to a nicety. He would arrive exactly on time. There would be no delay, no lurking in the roadside bushes to wait for the train; no enervating suspense on the station

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."

—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years' experience is at your service.

platform, should he venture there. Slayton smiled again. "It's all fitting together like a Chinese puzzle, bit by bit," said he. "A few hours more and this burden, the intolerable horror of this menace, will be lifted from my shoulders forever."

Exultant, he strode along, breathing deeply the frosty air of late November. A magnificent night that was to be abroad—a night that should have turned his thoughts to better things; to wonder at the beauty and majesty of nature; to thoughts of uprightness and honor; a night after the like of which only a few each year brood over earth and sky.

No snow as yet had powdered the world with fairy jewels. The light from a convex moon, now and then obscured by a vagrant cloud through which it seemed swiftly to stoop, shined with surprising clarity each house and wall and tree. The tang of approaching winter vivified the air. Never had Slayton sensed a greater fullness of life, of power. He pulsed with a plenitude of energy, with purpose, with keen and conscientious strength.

To him the night seemed one fitting to witness this act of liberation. He

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felt that freedom now lay close ahead, it seemed inevitable. His will, his purpose would make it so.

Scornfully he thought that only weaklings bow before threats of disaster. Real men, strong men with capable hands and brains, he reflected, know how to meet each peril and weather every storm.

Initiated with a sense of his own power, the cashier strode on and on. Of a sudden the train slid into view, a long checker of bright spots running swiftly through the patch of oak forest. Far across the night were flung raucous echoes from the screaming locomotive as it signaled the next stop. Slayton quickened his pace a trifle.

As the train ground to a stop, with brake-shoes shouting cascades of fire-works, he mounted the steps of the platform. A figure in a balmacean and an olive-green felt hat was moving toward the smoker, directly toward Slayton.

Firm as a rock the cashier stood there. Mansfield, he clearly saw, was suffering from an extreme attack of nerves. The boy's sidelong glance was furtive. Ordinarily his blue eyes held steady, clear and unafraid. Now they shuddered uncertainly. The clasp of his teeth on the pipe he had forgotten to light supplemented the silver that racked his body. Plainly Arthur was about "all in."

For a second or two Mansfield's look rested full on the cashier's face there under the gleaming lamps of the station. But no sign of recognition appeared. Slayton knew that his disguise was absolutely perfect. He had not been detected, and he would not be.

"Bo—ard! All a—board!" chanted a brakeman, swinging his lantern. Slayton smiled very grimly to himself.

"Perfect alibi," thought he, as he entered the train. "He and I are the only passengers to get on here. He'll swear if need be that I was at home when he started for the city, and that nobody got on the train here except a nondescript old man. Perfect!"

Mansfield went into the dim-lit smoker. Slayton followed, and sat down two seats behind him to watch his actions. The boy's nervousness did not decrease. It seemed rather to grow more and more acute. Half a dozen times he lighted his pipe before they reached the municipal ferry, and half a dozen times it went out. He shifted in his seat, picked up a discarded paper, tried in vain to read, threw it down, took off his hat, and replaced it.

The cashier, almost alone with Mansfield in the car—for only one other passenger sat there, drowsing at the extreme rear—buried his chin deep in the upturned collar of his old coat, pulled down his formless hat,

and feigned sleep. But under the hat-brim his slit-closed eyes kept gleaming watch. And hidden in the big false beard his lips were moving ominously.

Mansfield ventured a glance behind him, saw only a gold-spectacled man asleep and felt relieved. Presently, as the train away ricketing through Stapleton, the cashier saw him take a photograph in his pocket, gaze at it with rapt intentness and passionate fervor, then press it to his lips.

"The young fool!" thought Slayton. "All that he could see in Mansfield's love was that it bound shackles on the young chap's wrist. An impediment such folly was—a giving of vast hostage into fortune's keeping."

On and on clashed the almost empty train, over switches, through sleeping suburban towns, past red-eyed lights that glowered in swift trapezoids, away, away! Finally a long screech of the whistle blared its announcement that the terminal was near, at the ferry.

Mansfield slid the photograph of Enid Chamberlain back into his pocket and buttoned his coat tight. Again he glanced around. Slayton saw that the boy's eyes were gleaming—wet with tears.

A sneer rose to the cashier's lips. "Idiot!" he muttered.

And of a sudden deeper and more ominous thoughts began to cluster—birds of evil omen—in his brain. "Perhaps it might be done," he whispered, fixing his hard eyes on the boy. "Perhaps it might be done, after all. Who knows?"

CHAPTER V.

Noislessly the flat key, which Slayton had carefully oiled so that it should not squeak, turned in the lock. Silently the grillework door of steel, likewise treated to a few drops of oil, swung inward. And in the silence Slayton entered the enclosure, listened a tense moment, holding his breath, then soundlessly closed the door behind him.

Temptation whispered: "Leave it open! In case of trouble you'll need to have it open for a quick getaway!"

But with superior intelligence he resisted. It was essential, he knew, that he should leave everything in normal condition as he passed. An open grille, if discovered, would precipitate disaster.

He listened eagerly, there in the gloom of the bank office, lighted only by the glaring incandescent that hung

MAKING YOURSELF WELL AND STRONG

You Can Improve Your Physical Condition by Keeping the Blood Pure.

People with strong constitutions escape most of the minor ills that make life miserable for others. Don't you envy the friend who does not know what a headache is, whose digestion is perfect, and who sleeps soundly at night? How far do you come from this description? Have you ever made an earnest effort to strengthen your constitution, to build up your system, to ward off discomfort and disease? Unless you have an organic disease it is generally possible to so improve your physical condition that perfect health will be yours. The first thing to be done is to build up your blood, as poor blood is the source of physical weakness. To build up the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is just the medicine you need. Every dose helps to make new blood, which reaches every nerve and every part of the body, bringing color to the cheeks, brightness to the eyes, steadiness to the hands, a good appetite and splendid energy. Thousands throughout the country whose condition once made them despair, owe their present good health to this medicine. If you are one of the weak and ailing give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and note the daily gain in new health and abounding vitality. Among those who have proved the truth of these statements is Mrs. Fred. Goslin, R. R. No. 2, Ruthven, Ont., who says: "A few years ago I underwent an operation for a fibroid tumor. I had been ailing so long that I did not gain as the doctors said I should. I was in such a rundown condition that they said it would take me a very long time to recover. But instead of gaining, I was growing weaker, and one doctor said I must go back to the hospital. I did not want to do that, and having often heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a strength builder I decided to try them. I was greatly surprised at the help I received from them. In three months I was able to go about, and our home doctor expressed his astonishment, as he had not expected me to recover, believing pernicious anemia had set in. It took me about a year to recover my full strength, but ever since I have been doing my own housework, and have no more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the praise for my present state of good health."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

before the door of the huge safe, fifty-eight feet to his left. Slayton knew it was just fifty-eight feet. There was no major measurement of the building he had not familiarized himself with. Not that any very definite idea of robbing the vaults had ever been borne in on him till that night, but rather on general principles. His methodical mind, coldly impersonal, had a passion for information of every sort. No telling when it might come useful!

So there he stood and listened. Not a sound. Already he had penetrated close to his goal without a sign or signal of discovery. A few minutes more without interruption and success—golden success—would fall to his lot.

Just a few minutes more—a few terrible, nerve-racking minutes—each an eternity of possibilities! How precious every second was! Yet Slayton did not hurry. Calmly, deliberately, with perfect self-control and careful thought, he was executing each move precisely as he had planned it.

In this supreme moment, as in all the moments of his life, system and calculation ruled him. Through all his nervous tension he realized the prime necessity of coolness. One false step now would mean—What would it not mean? Everything in life now summed itself just this: Ten minutes more of undetected work.

"Ten minutes!" thought the cashier, harkening with terrible intentness. "Just give me ten minutes without that old fool of a Mackenzie butting in and I'm safe!"

So far everything had gone with perfect success. Slayton had watched Mansfield descend into the subway entrance at South Ferry; then, sure that the young fellow was safely on his homeward way, had walked briskly up Broadway to Cedar, down which he had turned.

A few minutes later, quite positive that no patrolman had observed him and that old man Mackenzie was down in the safe-deposit vaults, he had let himself in at the side door of the bank.

This door he had noiselessly closed after him. Quickly he had removed his disguise and had thrust the glasses, wig, beard and moustache into his overcoat pocket. In his own like-

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ness now he stood there within the enclosure. Nobody in the world had seen him, as Walter Slayton, in the city. His plan was working to perfection.

Once the job should be done, he knew, two or three minutes would suffice to put the disguise back again. He would return to Staten Island as he had come, an old man. And meantime, if Mackenzie should just happen to discover him, what could be simpler than to make him believe—believe—

An uncomfortable doubt assailed the cashier. Right well he knew how hard-headed, srowd and suspicious the old Scot was, with all the canny wisdom of his nationality. Here, had lay the weak link in the chain—the possibility of Mackenzie's inopportune arrival on the scene.

Still the cashier lulled his anxiety to sleep with the belief that on a pinch he could convince the old man that all was well. And really what was there to fear? Not one chance in a thousand existed that Mackenzie would discover him.

The old man, he knew well, was down-stairs in the safe deposit vaults, where he had a comfortable chair with a well-padded cushion to ease his aching bones. From long years of studying Mackenzie's habits Slayton possessed absolutely unimpeachable data on them. Mackenzie acted with the fixed precision of an automaton.

With the oncoming of age he had fallen, like many old men, into precise, mechanical ways. Now Slayton could have taken an oath as to the exact man's position. At 1:30 p.m. the hour was 1:37, vouched for his presence in the vault. From 1:35 to 1:39 a.m. it was his inviolable custom to make a round of the offices, the big barred enclosure guarding the safe-deposit, the rear rooms—those of the bank directors, officers, and one or two others—and then finally to descend the steel stairs to the sub-terranean chambers.

Here, his duty done and all the recording clocks duly punched, he was wont to sit and read for an hour or more. He rather leaned to theology and mathematics in his reading. Once he had dreamed of being a clergyman or a professor with letters after his name, but fate had been unkind and had amused herself by making a night-watchman of him—an exemplary night-watchman, be it said; a paragon or a night-watchman. A harmless old man without, though sternly devoted to duty with incorruptible zeal. Sturdy, too, rude of fist if need were, and keen of eye, with an accurate trigger-finger. No man, this Caledonian, to play tricky upon.

Slayton, however, still felt perfectly secure. He knew he possessed the old fellow's great good-will. The gift of many a second-hand book had long since won his heart. And, further more, Slayton felt positive that at this precise moment Mackenzie was as-serted below stairs in his beloved reading.

"He won't be up for half an hour at the inside," muttered the cashier, advancing with extreme and noiseless caution through the passageway between grilles, toward the door of bars

Now there is just one WALKER HOUSE in ONE TOWN where I stay. And, say, you ought to see me grin When my trip heads that way.

The only other time I was so happy, Goodness knows, Was when a kid Dad bought me Red topped boots with copper toes.

When other travelers tell that town, They, too, don't want to roam. For they say, "At that WALKER HOUSE It's just like stayin' home." Where is the ONE TOWN where that WALKER HOUSE is? Don't you know? Why, it's that good old burg spelled T-O-R-O-N-T-O.

The House of Plenty
The Walker House
Toronto
Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

guarding the safe. And half an hour would far, more than suffice. Fifteen minutes, even ten, would bring success.

Slayton paused again to listen, then again crept forward, crouching, furtive, ominous. Making a slight detour to the right along a side passageway past the bookkeeper's cage, he pulled down the shades in front of two windows through which the safe-door could be seen from the street in the glare of the sixty-four candle-power incandescent dangling before it.

A certain risk, by no means small, was involved in this act, but it had to be done. Only the patronage on the boat would ever notice that the shades were down, if he should chance to pass; and Slayton knew he was not due yet for more than thirty minutes. With the shades up, however, any chance pedestrian might see him at work and raise the alarm. By all means those shades must be lowered. This, too, was part of his elaborate plan. Though Slayton's definite decision to carry out this coup had been formed only a couple of hours previously, the major outlines of it had long been taking shape in his brain. All he had had to do was fill in those outlines. And this his keen intelligence had readily accomplished, even in the limited time at his disposal.

He smiled again shrewdly. Another step had been accomplished. All that the job needed was system, a level head, and steady nerves. Once more he advanced to the attack of the safe, his rubber-shod feet perfectly soundless on the tiling. Through the bars of the enclosure that guarded the vault of concrete and steel, with its massive laminated door that carried an intricate machinery of wheels, levers, spindles and pinions, he could now clearly see the goal of his salvation.

He chose a key from the bunch he carried. A moment, and he had unlocked and swung wide the doors of massy bars. This he passed through and closed again, but left unattached, so that at an instant's notice the way of retreat would be open.

And now, tense with excitement in spite of all that he could do to hold his aplomb, with narrowed eyes and gloved hands that trembled a little, with uncertain breath and hammering pulses, he stood close beside the safe itself.

(To be continued.)

AWAITING A TEST.

(The Peoples' Home Journal)

"If I come in your yard with your dog bite me," asked Weary Willie. "I'm not certain, mister," replied the lady of the house, "but the man who sold him to us says that he'll chase a tramp ten miles without stopping. But I'm not going to believe it till I see it done."

COLDS, CATARRH RELIEVED

IN FIVE MINUTES

Consumption can be traced back in most instances to a bad cold or catarrh that was neglected. Don't court this white plague—ensure yourself at once against it by inhaling Catarrhose, a pleasant antiseptic medication that is inhaled into the lungs, nasal passages, throat and bronchial tubes, where it kills disease germs and prevents their development. Catarrhose heals inflamed surfaces, relieves congestion, clears the head and throat, aids expectoration and absolutely cures Catarrh and Bronchitis. Quick relief and cure guaranteed. Pleasant to use. Get the \$1.00 outfit of Catarrhose, it lasts two months; small size 50c. All dealers of the Catarrhose Company, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

