

could go through them and reach the age of forty-five without his hair turning gray. He will have a high, broad forehead, because that indicates high intelligence. Only a man of high intelligence will discover that you have hidden the jewels in that tobacco-jar. Only men of high intelligence are familiar with Poe and his theory of safely hiding a thing in the most conspicuous place possible. Only a man with long, tapering fingers could manage to extract them while you and your friend were here watching. But brush the tobacco off your sleeve. It is significant, when none of the pipes have been smoked today. It is not well to make it too easy for him."

He stopped abruptly, and peered at Dudley through his thick lenses. There was an odd quality in the look. It reminded me curiously of a child that has spoken its piece, and is waiting to be praised. Dudley stared back at him in silence. The other's discovery of the hiding-place of the jewels had disconcerted him. Finally Herr Schmalz spoke again:

"Do I get my fee?" he asked pathetically.

"But, my dear man," protested Dudley, "why should you get it? All you have said is, I admit, logical; but it is all imagination. We do not know that there is any such person as you have described. Indeed, it is almost certain that there is not."

"Imagination?" fumed Herr Schmalz. "Imagination? No! It is facts—absolute facts. Here you are with a pistol

across the bottom of the back of his coat there was a huge stain of iron-rust!

For a moment I stood there, white and sick; then I turned toward Herr Schmalz. His head was on his breast, and he was peacefully snoring. He had fallen asleep again. His secretary sat silently beside him. Even as I looked upon them, the strange man entered the room. He crossed directly to where Dudley stood with his hand on the pistol in the pocket of his coat.

"Well?" asked the stranger gruffly. "What do you want?"

"If it comes to that," retorted Dudley sharply, "what do you want?" The man gave him a keen, shrewd glance.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," replied Dudley, "that I did not like the way you were watching this house, and I want to know why you were doing so?"

The man reddened, and glanced about him as if seeking for some means of escape. In doing so, his eyes fell upon Herr Schmalz.

"Well," he said at last, "if you must know, I was watching to see what that old swindler's game was."

As he spoke, he raised his hand and pointed to Schmalz. His answer astonished both Dudley and myself. Before either of us could speak, the secretary, with a cry like a maddened beast, sprang at the stranger.

"Swindler!" he screamed. "Swindler! You swine, I'll teach you!"

The sudden onslaught took the man by surprise, but in an instant he had

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in your pocket—I can see the outline of it—waiting for a burglar, and suspecting every man you can see. I tell you the one man to watch for. He may not exist at all, but if he does, he is the one man to fear. I prove that I am right, and you say it is nothing but imagination. Bah!"

Dudley was about to answer him, but a cry that was wrung from my lips made him pause. I had g need idly out the window, and seen there a man standing and gazing intently at the house. He was a middle-aged man, about five feet seven inches tall, with a sunburnt face and a scar on his right cheek. His eyes were blue-gray, and piercing. His hat was pushed back on his head, revealing the fact that his hair was gray and that his forehead was high and broad. His clothes were shabby. At every point he tallied with the imaginary description of Herr Schmalz.

At my cry, Dudley sprang to my side. Silently I pointed to the man. One glance showed him what I had seen. For a moment he stood looking at the stranger, his face white as paper, his hands trembling. Then suddenly, he raised his hand and tapped upon the window-pane.

The sound attracted the man's attention. He looked up at us, and Dudley beckoned him to enter. With a nod, he turned and started to mount the steps. As he did so, I cried aloud again, for he limped with his left foot, and

recovered, and was fighting like a madman. Before Dudley or I could prevent it, the two had made a circle of the room, turning over chairs, knocking down pictures, creating endless havoc. At last, however, the stranger's strength proved too much for the little man, and he managed to bend him back over the table, where he proceeded calmly to choke him. It was not until Dudley drew his revolver that he could be forced to desist. Then, suddenly, he released his hold on the well-nigh unconscious secretary.

While I helped the unfortunate combatant over to the side of the employer whom he had so strenuously defended, and who was still, despite all the noise, peacefully sleeping, I heard the man say to Dudley:

"What would you have me to do? Didn't he attack me?"

"Get out of here, you brute!" cried Dudley through his clenched teeth, his revolver still pointed at the man. "Get out of here, quick, do you hear?"

The man shrugged his shoulders, and turning, left without a word. Dudley and I gazed at each other.

"Nice party I've given you, Dick," he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

Then he stopped short, while his eyes grew wide with fear as he looked at the table. I followed the direction of his gaze, and started in alarm. The tobacco-jar had vanished!

Everything went black before me, and

Shipping Grain to Duluth

Owing to the impossibility of the Can. Pac. Ry. with only one single track running east from Fort William and Port Arthur, moving eastward for export more than a moderate portion of the grain which has been accumulating on the western railways and at the lake port terminals since the close of lake navigation, arrangements have been made to carry Western Canadian grain from country points to Duluth, where there is an abundance of unused elevator capacity, at the same freight rate as to Fort William and Port Arthur. This arrangement will remain in force if necessary to April 30th. For the present the Can. Nor. and the Grand Trunk Pacific will not bill any cars to Fort William or Port Arthur but only to Duluth, but the Can. Pac. will continue to bill cars to Fort William as usual.

The principal advantage to the farmer in shipping to Duluth will be the advantage of getting a car to move his grain away to a position where it can be sold to the highest advantage for him. There will be very little difference between Fort William and Duluth prices, but for a time prices in store Duluth for the lower grades may be 1/2c. or more over Fort William owing to the better facilities for getting quicker shipment to the Atlantic seaboard for export.

We continue to act as agents for farmers and we handle cars shipped to Duluth the same as when shipped to Fort William and Port Arthur. Write at once to us for shipping instructions and market information.

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