THE BEACON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918

man and the second The Secret Lonesome Gove By Samuel Hopkins Adams Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill *******************************

"Why the caged lion effect?" inquired the scientist.

"Some one has been having a little fun with me," growled Sedgwick. "Apparently it was one sided.

What's this on the easel?" "What would you take it to be?"

"Let's have a closer look." Walking across the room Kent plant-

ed himself in front of the drawing board, upon which had been fixed, by means of thumb tacks, a square of rather soft white paper, exhibiting evidence of having been crumpled up and subsequently smoothed out. On the paper was a three-quarter drawing of a woman's head, the delicate face beneath waves of short curly nair, turned a little from the left houlder, which was barely indicated. Setting his useful monocle in his eye. Kent examined the work carefully. "I should take it." he pronounced at

length, "to be a sort of a second hand attempt at a portrait." "You recognize it. though?"

"It bears a resemblance to the face of the corpse at Lonesome Cove. Where did that precious work of art come from?"

"Heaven knows! Ching Lung found the sketch lying on the doorstep with a cobblestone holding it down." "It isn't a sketch."

"What would you call it, then?"

"A copy. If you had used your eyes on it instead of your temper, you might have seen at once that it is a tracing. Look for yourself, now." Taking the magnifying monocle that Kent held out, the artist scrutinized

the lines of the picture. "By Jove! You're right," said he. "It's been transferred through tracing

paper and touched up afterward. Rather roughly too. You can see where the copyist has borne down too hard on the lead." "What's your opinion of the likeness

-if it is the likeness which you suppose?" inquired Kent.

"Why, as I remember the woman this picture is a good deal idealized.

"First let me thank you," said Sedg-wick. "for the curious work of art you left at my place." soon. So come on and materialize this promised activity." "If you regard a trip to the Martinleft at my dale Public library as activity I can "Hay-ee?" inquired the elder, with a rising inflection. furnish that much excitement."

"Don't take the trouble to lie about it," put in Kent. "Just show us the original of the drawing which you traced so handily."

The town gossip shifted uneasily from foot to foot. "How'd you know I got the picture?" he giggled. "I didn't find it myself till I got back from the auction.' "Never mind the process. Have you

the original here? "Yes." said Elder Dennett; and, go ing to his desk, he brought back a

square of heavy bluish paper. slightly discolored at the edges. "That's a very good bit of drawing,"

said Sedgwick as he and Kent bent over the paper. "But unsigned." said his companion. "Now, Mr. Dennett, whom do you sup-

pose this to be?' "Why, the lady that stopped to talk with Mr. Sedgwick and was killed in Lonesome Cove."

"Then why did you leave out this earring in copying the picture?" "Aw-well." explained the other in

some confusion, "she didn't have no earrings on when I seen her, and it looks a lot more like without it." "How much money would you take

for this?" "About \$5, 1 guess," replied the other in a bold expulsion of breath. At this moment Sedgwick, who had

been studying the picture in the light, made a slight signal with his hand, which did not escape Kent.

"Five dollars is a big price for a rough pencil sketch," said, the scientist. "I'd have to know more of the picture to pay that for it. Where did

you find it?" "In this book. I bought the book at Dimmock's rummage auction." He produced a decrepit, loosely bound edition of the Massachusetts Agricultural Reports. "The picture was stuck in between the leaves." "No name in the book," said Kent. "The flyleaf is gone. But here's the

date of publication--1830."

"That would be just about right," said Sedgwick, with lively interest. "Right for what?" demanded Dennett.

Before there was time for reply Kent had pressed a five dollar bill into his hand, with the words:

"You've made a trade." "Wait," protested the elder .- But the sketch was already in Sedgwick's posnoise

"It's an Elliott." said that gentleman. "I'm sure of it. I've seen his sketches before, though they're very rare, and there's an unmistakable touch about his pencil work."

"In that case," said Kent suavely, "Mr. Dennett will be gratified to know

desire to tempt. Shortly Gansett Jim came to the grave. Hastily and care lessly he pitched in the earth, tramp ed it down and returned. Carriages "What are you going to do there?" rolled to the door of Hedgerow house "Consult the files of the newspapers

and pick out a likely high class astrologer from the advertisements." "That has a mild nutty flavor, but it doesn't excite any profound emotion in take the road. me except concern for your sanity."

"You've said that before," retorted Kent. "However, I'm not sure I shall take you with me anyway."

"Then that isn't the coming adventure?"

"No: nothing so mild and innocuous." "Are you asking me to run some danger? Is it to see her?" said Sedgwick eagerly.

"Leave her out of it for the present There is no question of seeing ber There's an enterprise forward won which, if it fails, means the utter damning of reputation. What do you sav?"

"What's the inducement?"

"The probable clearing up of the ase we're on. When I come to tackle it I may find that one man could do it lone. But"-"Wait. You're going into it, are

vou ?' "Oh. certainly!"

"With or without me?"

"Yes." "Why couldn't you have said so first and saved this discussion? cried hill.' his host. "Of course if you're in for it, so am I. But what about your reputation?"

"It's worth a good deal to me," con fessed the scientist. "And I can t deny I'm staking it all on my theory of this case. If I'm, wrong-well, it's about the finis of my career." "See here, Chet." broke out his

friend. "Do you think I'm going to let you take that kind of a chance for me?"

with irritation. "It's for myself. Can't you understand that this is my case? Do you care to run over to the library? No? Well, for the rest of the evening I can be found-no; I cannot be found though I'll be there-in room 571."

"All right," said Sedgwick, "You needn't fear any further intrusion. But when is our venture?"

"Tomorrow night," replied Kent, "Wilfrid Blair having officially died, as per specifications, today."

* . . * Trout are a tradition rather than a prospect in Sundayman's creek. Some, indeed, consider them a myth. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. however, and a fisherman, duly equipped. might have been observed testing ground back of the court. the upper reaches of the stream on the morning of July 10. Although his manded Sedgwick in amazement. the morning of July 10. Arthough is, "That is Gansett Jill's apology rou and tackle were of the best, his, "That is Gansett Jill's apology and the set of the best, his, suspecting you," explained Kent. "He apparel was rough, not to say, scrub. suspecting you," explained Kent. "He by. An old slouch hat was drawn down is our ally now, and this is his first in-

aid, Lawyer Adam Bain, who seemed

questing flies explored unresponsive

nooks and corners. At the end of that

"Handling the whole business him-

self," commented Kent. "I like his

men heavily veiled followed.

to the house.

courage anyway."

vent of one keener eyed than the ourners, whose scruting he did not Blairs' estate the funeral?"

and rolled away again, carrying the mourners to their train. Not until then did Kent snug up his tackle and said Kent.

No sooner had he reached the hotel and changed into dry clothes than be made haste to the Nook and thus addressed Sedgwick, "Now I'm your man for that tennis match." Kent played as he worked, with con-

centration and tenacity, backing up technical skill. Against his dogged attack Sedgwick's characteristically more brilliant game was unavailing, though the contest was not so uneven but that both were sweating hard as at the conclusion of the third set they sought a breathing space on the terraced bank back of the court

"That's certainly a good nerve sedative," said the artist, breathing hard, "and not such rotten tennis for two aged relics of better days like our-"Not so bad by any means," agreed his opponent cheerfully, "If you had

stuck to lobbing I think you'd have had me in the second set. Wonder how our spectator enjoyed it?" he added, lowering his voice. "Don't be abrupt about it, but just take a look

at that lilac copse on the crest of the "Can't see any one there." said

"No more can I. Look at the bird on that young willow. You can see for

"I see a grasshopper sparrow in a state of some nervousness. But grasshopper sparrows are always fidgety." This particular one has reason to She has a nest in that lilac patch. A few minutes ago she went toward with a worm in her beak, hastily

dropped the worm and came out in a great state of mind; hence I judge there is some intruder near her home.' "Any guess who it is?" "Why, it might be Gansett Jim." re-

olied Kent in a louder voice. "Though it's rather stupid of him to pick out a bird inhabited bush as a hiding place." The lilac bush shook a little, and Gansett Jim, came forth.

"He went to Carr's Junction." said the half breed curtly. "You found his trail?" asked Kent. The other nodded. "This morning," he said.

"Find anything else?" "No. I kill him if I get him!" He

turned and vanished over the rise of "Now what does that mean?"

me."

"In a private burying ground on the "Wilfrid Blair's grave? When w "This morning. 1 was among those -ning.

present, though I don't think my name will be mentioned in the papers." Why should you have been there?" "Oh, set it down to vulgar curiosity."

"Probably you'd say the same if I asked you the motive for this present expedition. I suppose you fully appreciate the chance we are taking?" "Didn't I tell you that it was rather more than a life and death risk?" Something cold touched Sedgwick's and in the darkness. His fingers

closed around a flask. "No; no Dutch courage for me. Where is this place?" "On Sundayman's creek, some fourteen miles from the Nook as the motorcar flies."

"Fourteen miles," repeated Sedgwick musingly, following a train of thought that suddenly glowed, a beacon light of hope. "And these Blairs have some connection with the dead woman of the Cove, the woman who wore her jewels." His fingers gripped and sank into Kent's hard fibered arm. "Chet, for the love of heaven tell me! Is she one of these Blairs?"

"No. nonsense, Sedgwick," returned the other sternly. "You're to act-yes, and think-under orders till the night's iob is done."

There was silence for nearly half an hour, while the car slipped, ghostlike, along the wet roadway. Presently it turned aside and stopped.

"Footwork now," said Kent. "Take the spades and follow."

He himself, leading the way, carried coil of rope on his shoulders. For what Sedgwick reckoned to be half a mile they wallowed across soaked meadows, until the whisper of rain upon water came to his ears.

"Keep close," directed his guide and preceded him down a steep bank.

The stream was soon forded. Emerging on the farther side they scrambled up the other bank into a thicker darkness, where Sedgwick, colliding with a gnarled tree trunk, stood lost and waiting. A tiny bar of light appeared. It came to a rest upon a fresh garish ridge of earth, all pasty and yellow in the rain, and abruptly died.

"Too dangerous to use the lantern." murmured Kent. "Take the near end and dig."

Both men, fortunately, were in hard training. The heavy soil flew steadily and fast. Soon they were waist deep. Kent in a low voice bade his fellow toiler stop.

"Mustn't wear ouselves out at the start," he said. "Take five minutes' rest.'

At the end of three minutes Sedgwick was groping for his spade. "I've got to go on, Chet," he gasped. "The silence and idleness are too much for

'Of what use is my gun? We're in the ight and he is in the shadow" "So you've got a gun on you, eh?" emarked the sheriff, his chuckle deep-

"I didn't say so. "No, but you gave yourself away. Hands up, please. Both of you. Four hands went up in the air. Kent's face, in the light, was very lowncast, but from the far corner of his mouth came the faintest ghost of whistled melody-all in a minor key. It died away on the night air and the

musician spoke in rapid French. "Attention! La ruse gagne. Quandie ini donnerai le coup de pied, battez-le

a terre.' ("Listen! A trick wins, When I kick him, strike him to 'the ground.") "What's that gibberish?" demanded Schlager

"Very well," said Sedgwick quickly, in the tone of one who accepts instructions. "I'll be still enough. Go ahead and do the talking."

"Better both keep still," advised the deceived sheriff. "Anything you say can be used against you at the trial. And the penalty for body snatching in twenty years in this state." "Yes, but what constitutes body

snatching?" murmured Kent. "You do. I guess." retorted the ha morous sheriff. "Steady with those hands. Which pocket, please, profile

sor? "Right hand coat if you want my money." answered the scientist milenly.

"Nothing like that," laughed the offcer. "Your gun will do at present." "I haven't got any gun."

"I hear you say it! Remember, min is pointed at your stomach."

"Correct place," approved Kent, quietshifting his weight to his left foot. 'It's the seat of human courage. Well!" as Schfager tapped pocket after pocket without result, "you can't say I didn't warn you. Now, Frank!"

With the word there was a sharp spat as the heel of Kent's heavy boot, lying up in the kick of his own devising, caught the sheriff full on the wrist, breaking the bones and sending the revolver a-spin into the darkness. As instantly Sedgwick struck, swinging full armed, and Schlager went down, half stunned.

"Pin him. Frank." ordered Kent in a low tone.

But Sedgwick needed no directions, now that resolute action was the order of the moment. His elbow was already pressed into the sheriff's bull neck. Schlager lay still, moaning a little.

"Good work, my boy," approved Kent, who had retrieved the revolver. "Who clubbed me?" groaned the fail-

en man. "I didn't see no third feller. And what good's it going to do you anyway? There you are, and there's the robbed grave. Exaggerated by assault on an officer of the law," he add ed technically.

Sedgwick. yourself it's trying to impart some information."

be. "It isn't for you," declared the other

The hair and the eves are much the that he has sold for same. But the lines of the face in the fifty times that." picture are finer. The chin and mouth are more delicate, and the whole effect softer and of a higher type." "Do you see anything strange about

the neck on the left side?" "Badly drawn; that's all."

"Just below the ear there is a sort of blankness, isn't there?'

"Why, yes. It seems curiously un-

finished just there." "If you were touching it up how would you correct that?"

With a slight shading just there where the neck muscle should be thrown up a bit by the turn of the head."

"Or by introducing a large pendant earring which the copier has left out?" "Kent, you're a wonder! That would do it exactly. But why in the name of all that's marvelous should the tracer of this drawing leave out the earring?"

"Obviously to keep the picture as near like as possible to the body on the beach."

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"Then you don't think it is the woman of the beach?"

"No; I don't."

"Who else could it possibly be?" "Perhaps we can best find that out by discovering who left the drawing

here." "That looks like something of a job." "Not very formidable, I think. Suppose we run up to the village and ask to Alexander Blair and the Boston the local stationer who has bought any tracing paper there within a day or.

two.' As the demand for tracing paper in Martindale Center was small, the stamer upon being called on had no difficulty in recalling that Elder Dennett had been in that afternoon and made uch a purchase.

"Then he must have discovered something after I left him." said Kent to Sedgwick. "for he never could have ept his secret if he'd had it then.' "But what motive could he have?"

cried the artist. That's "Just mischlef probably. to the storekeeper, Kent added, "Do you happen to know how Mr. Dennett spent the early part of this afternoon?"

"I surely do. He was up to Dimmock's rummage auction, an' he got feather. But he wouldn't let on what it was."

"The original?" said Sedgwick. "What does Dimmock deal in?"

"All hinds of odds and ends. He crapes the country for bankrupt sales an' has a big auction once a year. Everybody goes. You can find anything from a plow handle to a second and marriage certificate at his place." "We new call on Elder Dennett," said Kent.

That worthy was about closing up shop when they entered.

"Don't your lamp work right yet. or Kent?' he inquired. "Perfectly." responded the scientist.

We have come to see you on another stter. Mr. Sedgwick and L

CHAPTER XIII. The Aid of the Stars. SHEY left the elder groaning at

his door and went to look up Dimmock, the rummage man. But he was wholly unable to throw any light on the former owner of the reports in which the drawing gler looked away again and turned to had been tucked away. There the incontinue his hopeful progress toward the bend. Not until he had rounded vestigation seemed to be up against a the curve did he pause for rest. He blank wall.

was waiting for the funeral service of "Isn't it astounding!" said Sedgwick. "Here's a portrait antedating 1830 of Wilfrid Blair. a woman who has just died, young. What was the woman I saw-a revenant in the flesh?" burial as "Private." That invaluable

"If you ask me," said Kent slowly, "I should say, rather, an imitation." to have his fingers on the pulse of all the county's activities, had informed Further he would not say, but insisted on returning to the Nook. As Kent that telegraphic summonses had gone out to a few near relatives and they arrived the telephone bell was ringing with the weary persistence of that the relatives. together with a clergyman, were expected that morning. For a patient hour longer Kent's the long unanswered. To Kent's query Lawyer Bain's voice announced:

"I've been trying to get you for an our."

"Sorry," said Kent. "Is it about the

time he sighted a figure coming from Hedgerow house and dodged into a covert of sumac. The glass brought newspapers?" "Yes," said the lawyer. "I've got out clearly the features of Alexander the information." And he stated that four newspapers went regularly to Blair, set, stern and pale. Blair walk-Hedgerow house-the New York Star and Messenger and the Boston Eagle ed swiftly to the willow thicket where lay Captain Hogg and his unnamed victims, looked down into the raw Free Press to Wilfrid Blair. fresh excavation and turned away. Sedgwick set the Elliott sketch be-Another man, issuing from the house, side the copy and compared them for joined him. From his gestures Alexander Blair seemed to be explaining

a time. Then he fell to wandering desolately about the studio. Suddenly and directing. Finally both returned he turned, walked over to his friend and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Kent, for the love of heaven, can't you do something for me?"

"You mean about the girl?"

Sedgwick nodded. "I can't get my mind to stay on anything else. Even this infernal puzzle of the pictures doesn't interest me for more than the minute. The longing for her is eating strangers to Kent, and their clothes

the heart out of me." enough metive for his sort." Turning | "My dear Frank," said the other quietly, "if there were anything I could do, don't you think I'd be doing

it? It's a very dark tangle." do!" fretted the artist. "It's this something there that tickled him like a cursed inaction that is getting my

> "If that's all," returned Kent slowly. "I'll give you something to do. And I fancy," he added grimly, "Is will be sufficiently absorbing to take your mind from your troubles for a time at least." ed a little, grin, wry suite

"Bring it on. I'm ready." "All in good time. Meantime I am

seriously thinking. my dear young said Kent solemnly, "of confriend." iting an astrologer."

wish I were for a few hours." said Kent, with entire seriousness. "It

might help." "Well, that's where I'll be if you den't find something for me to do

group drifted away. The member paused to mane with errosity at the roughly chall angler multime his war up stream, for Kent Judged If wise to

"You're crazy!" retorted Sedgwick. absent hinself now, foreseeing the ad-

Try a Beacon Adv. [for him. "Grave robbery? It is."

over his forehead and staring blue formation. What a marvelous thing glasses sheltered his eyes against the the bulldog strain in a race is! Nosun, which was sufficiently obscured- body but an Indian would have kept for most tastes-by a blanket of gray/ to an almost hopeless trail as he has cloud, promising rain. done.'

"The trail of the real murderer?" The rumble of a vehicle distracted his attention, and he looked up to obcried Sedgwick.

Kent shook his head. "You're still serve with curiosity a carriage full of 1 obsessed with dubious evidence," he strangers pass across the bridge. The remarked. "Let me see your timestrangers were all in black. The antable.'

Having studied the schedules that the artist produced for him, he nodded consideringly. "Boston it is, then." he said. "As I thought. Sedgwick, I'm off for two or three days of travel-if we get through this night without dis-

Notices in the Boston and New York aster.' papers had formally designated the

> CHAPTER XIV. Digging.

TIGHT came on in murk and mist. As the clouds gathered thicker. Chester Kent's face took on a more and more atisfied expression. Sedgwick, on the contrary, gloomed sorely at the suspense. From time to time Kent thrust a hand out of the window. Shortly after midnight there was a plutter of rain on the roof.

"The time has come for action," said "Be thankful. Get on your Kent. oat." Sedgwick brightened at once. "Right

o!" he said. "Get your lamps lighted and I'll be with you." "No lights. Ours is a deep, dark,

lesperate, devilish, dime novel design. Got a spade and a pick? If you haven't a pick, two spades will do. In fact, they'll be better." Sedgwick's heart froze. He visioned

the wet soil of Annalaka burying ground, heaped above a loose hasped bine box. "Good God! "Is it that?" he mut-

Half an hour afterward the littles funeral procession moved from the tered. He went out into the dark; house. There was no hearse. Six presently returning with the tools. men carried the coffin. They were all Kent took them out and disposed them in the car.

"Get in," he directed.

"If we had to do this, Kent," said gave obvious testimony of city origin. Sedgwick, shuddering in his seat, "why Haif a dozen other men and three wohaven't we done it before?" Kent The other turned on the power.

thrust his glass into his pocket and "You're on the wrong track, as usual," lifted his rod again. By the time the he remarked. "It couldn't be done beclergyman had begun the service Kent was close to the obstructing fence. fore.4 "Well, it can't be done now," cried He could hear the faint, solemn mur-

the artist in sudden sharp excitement. mur of the words. Then came the "Annalaka burying ground is watched. lowering of the casket. The onlooker Lawyer Bain said as much. Don't marked the black and silver sumptuyou remember? He told us that the ousness of it and thought of the rough house next door is occupied by an old bemlock box that inclosed the anonymous body in Annataka churchyard. sleepless asthmatic, who spends half her nights in her window overlooking And as his fly met the water he suil-

the graves." The car shot forward again. "Is It was over soon. The black could that all?" asked Kent.

for him.

"Isn't it enough?" "Hardly. We're not going within miles of Annulaka."

"Then our night's work is not" Kent could feel his companion's revolt lously. at the unuttered word and supplied it

a gun!" "Where?"

"It's just as well," assented his commander. "The clouds are breaking. Sedgwick, with shaking voice. "Whatworse luck. And some one might possibly be up and about in the house. Go to it!"

This time there was no respite until, with a thud which ran up his arm to his heart. Kent's iron struck upon wood. Both men stodd frozen into attitudes of attention. No sound came from the house.

"Easy now." warned Kent, after he judged it safe to continue. "I thought it's as good a way to go as any. An that Jim dug deeper than that. Spade it out gently. And feel for the handles.'

"I've got one," whispered Sedgwick. "Climb out, then, and pass me down the rope."

As Sedgwick gained the earth's level the moon, sailing from behind a cloud, poured a flood of radiance between the tree trunks. Kent's face, as he raised it from the grave, stretching out his hand for the cord, was ghastly, but his lips smiled encouragement.

"All right! One minute, now, and we're safe." "Safe!" repeated the other: "With that opened grave! I shall never feel

safe again." From between the earthen walls Kent's voice came, muffied. "Safe as a church," he averred, "from the minute that we have the coffin. Take this one. It's fast fore and aft. Here I of Hedgerow house. His hand grasped come.'

With a leap he clambered out of the excavation. He took one end of the in five yards of the willows he stopped, rope from Sedgwick's hand. "All ready to haul?" he inquired in matter of fact them had suggested to him that he tones.

"Wait. What are we going to do with this-this thing?" demanded his colaborer. "We can never get it to the car."

A low chuckle sounded from the shrubbery back of them. The resurrectionists stood, stricken.

"An owl," whispered Sedgwick at ength. "No," replied Kent in the same tone. Then in full voice and with vivid ur-

gency, "Haul!" Up came the heavy casket, bumping and grating. Even through the rope Sedgwick felt with borror the tumbling of the helpless sodden body within. With a powerful effort Kent swong his end up on the mound. The lantern flashed. By its gleam Sedgwick saw Kent striving to force, his spade edge under the coffin lid to pry it loose. The chuckle sounded again. "That's enough," said a heavy voice

with a suggestion of mirthful appreciation.

sheriff Len Schlager stepped from behind a tree. He held a revolver on Kent. Sedgwick made a swift motion and the muzzle swung accurately on

him. "Steady, Frank." warned Kent any

"I'm steady enough," returned the other. "What a fool I was not to bring

"Oh, no," contradicted the scientist.

"That is right, too, Kent," added ever we do, I don't see but what we are disgraced and ruined." "Unless," suggested Kent, with mild toned malice, "we rid ourselves of the

only witness to the affair." A little gasp issued from the thick lips of Len Schlager. But he spoke with courage and not without a certain lignity. "You got me," he admitted quietly. "If it's killin', why, I guess officer murdered in the discharge of his duty."

"Not so sure about the duty, Schlager," said Kent, with a change of tone. "But your life is safe enough in any event. Pity you're such a grafter, for you've got your decent 'points. Let bim up, Sedgwick."

Relieved of his assailant's weight, Schlager undertook to rise, set his hand on the ground and collapsed with a groan.

"Too bad about that wrist," said Kent. "I'll take you back in my car to have it looked after as soon as we've finished here."

"I s'pose you know I'll have to arrest you, just the same?"

"Don't bluff." retorted the other carelessly. "It wastes time. Steady! Here comes the rest of the party." Across the moonlit lawn moved briskend of the rope. Got it? Now this ly the spare, alert figure of the owner a long barreled pistol. He made straight for the grove of graves. With-

> because a voice from behind one of do so.

"I also am armed," the voice added menacingly.

Hesitancy flickered in Mr. Blair's face for a brief moment. Then, with set jaw, he came on.

"Two men of courage to deal with in a single night. That's all out of proportion," commented the voice with a slight langh. "Mr. Blair, I really

should dislike shooting you." "Who are you?" demanded Mr. Blair. "Chester Kent."

"What are you doing on my prop erty at this bour?"

"Digging." "Ab!" It was hardly an exclamation: rather, it was a contained commentary. Mr. Blair had noted the exhumed casket. "You might better have taken my offer." he continued after a pause of some seconds. ""I think, sir, you have dug the grave of

your own career." "That remains to be seen."

"Schlager! Are you there?" "Yes, Mr. Blair. They've broken my wrist and got my gun."

"Who are they?" "Francis Sedgwick is the other, at your service." answered the owner of

that name. An extraordinary convulsion of rame distorted the set features of the eld ly man.

"You!" he cried. "Haven't you de enough without this?"