"I want to see you do it," cried Car-ran. "If you think I've come up here

on a pleasure trip, I got a chart and

"The more reason," replied Hayden,

"I ain't," sneered the mayor. "But no

"You won't wait?" Bland begged.

Mr. Magee opened the card-room door

farther, and saw the figure of the stran-

ger Hayden confronting the mayor. Mr. Cargan's title of exquisite best described

The newcomer was tall, fair, fastidious in dress and manner. A revolver

"Joe," he said firmly, "take me to that

"It's out here," replied Bland. He and

Hayden disappeared through the dining-room door into the darkness. Cargan and Max followed close behind.

Hot with excitement, Mr. Magee slipped

Mountain.
"I got to talk to you, Mr. Magee,

whispered in a frightened tremolo. "I got to have a word with you this minute."

"Not now," cried Magee, pushing him aside. "Later."

aside. "Later."

The hermit wildly seized his arm.

"No, now," he said. "There's strange goings-on here, Mr. Magee. I got something to tell you—about a package of

CHAPTER XIV

CHAPTER XIV.
The Sign of the Open Window.
Undecided, Mr. Magee looked toward
the kitchen door, from behind which came
the sound of men's voices. Then he
smiled, turned and led Mr. Peters back
into the office. The Hermit of Baldpate
fairly trembled with news

"Since I broke in on you yesterday orning," he said in a low tone, as he

took a seat on the edge of a chair.

fairly trembled with news.

I found in the kitchen.

money at once."

cited breathing.

norning,"

either.

"for getting the money and leaving at I'm not afraid of you, Cargan. I'm



SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE The New Sensational Comedy With a Laugh in Every Line Earl Derr Biggers

She threw open the card-room door.

"An English officer," she remarked loudly, stepping out into the other room, "taught the admiral the game. At least, so he said. It added to which becomes purpose and apoplectic at the mention of Colonel Roosevelt's name. so he said. It added so much romance to it in the eyes of the rocking-chair fleet. Can't you see—India—the hot sun—the handsome man eternally playing solitaire on the porch of the barracks? Has the barracks a porch?"
Roused, humiliated, baffled, Mr. Magee feit his cheeks burn.
"We shall see what we shall see," he

doubt already made?

And then Mr. Magee saw coming down the stairs another figure—one he had forgotten—Professor Thaddeus Bolton, he of the stairs another figure—one he had forgotten—Professor Thaddeus Bolton, he of the mysterious dialogue by the annex door. On the professor's forehead was a surprising red scratch, and his eyes, no longer hidden by the double convex lenses, stood revealed a washed-out gray in the light of reon.

The could hardly do that now.

"You ask me not to tell you?" repeated the girl slowly.

"That demands an explanation," replied Billy Magee. "I want you to understand—to be certain that I would delight to help you if I could. But the fact is, that before you came I gave my word in the property of the grant of the girl slowly. stood revealed a light of noon.

"A most unfortunate accident," explained the old man. "Most distressing. I have broken my glasses. I am almost unit without them?"

"How'd it happen, Dee?" asked Mr.

Cargan easily. came into unexpected juxtaposition with an open door," returned Professor Bolton. stupid of me, but I'm always doing it. Really, the agility displayed by in getting in my path is surpris-

"You and Mr. Max can sympathize with each other," said Magee. "I thought for a moment your injuries might have been received in the same cause."
"Don't worry, Doc," Mr. Bland soothed him, "we'll all keep a weather eye out for reporters that want to connect you with the peroxide blondes. The professor turned his ineffectual gaze on the haberdasher, and there was a startlingly ironic smile on his face.
"I know, Mr. Bland," he said, "that my safety is your dearest wish."
The Hermit of Baldpate announced that unch was ready, and with the others Mr. Magee took his place at the table. Food for thought was also his. The spectacles of Professor Thaddeus Bolton were broken. Somewhere in the scheme

CHAPTER XIII.

of things those smashed lenses must fit

The Exquisite Mr. Hayden. It was past three o'clock. The early wilight crept up the mountain, and the shadows began to lengthen in the great pare office of Baldpate Inn. In the red licker of firelight Mr. Magee sat and condered: the interval since luncheon had passed lazily; he was no nearer to guess-ng which of Baldpate's winter guests nugged close the precious package. Exasperated, angry, he waited for he knew not what, restless all the while to act, but naving not the glimmer of an inspiration is to what his course ought to be.

He heard the rustle of skirts on the stair landing, and looked up. Down the

broad stairway, so well designed to serve as a show window for the sartorial triumphs of Baldpate's gay summer people, came the tall, handsome girl who had he night before set all his plans awry. In the swift-moving atmosphere of the nn she had hitherto been to Mr. Magee but a puppet of the shadows, a figure fictitious than real. Now for first time he looked upon her as a flesh-and-blood girl, noted the red in her olive heeks, the fire in her dark eyes, and that her interest in that package of money might be something more

f events. She smiled a friendly smile at Maged nd took the chair he offered. One small er beat a discreet tattoo on the polshed floor of Baldpate's office. uggested to Billy Magee a house of realth and warmth and luxury, a house

No Remedy Like Old "Nerviline" to Cure Pain or Soreness.

That terrible headache how you 'airly reel with it - that stabbing, jurning neuralgia-what misery they oth cause. Never mind, you don't ave to suffer-use Nerviline, it's a are cure. Not an experiment, beifferent nations. "There is nothing peedler to end Neuralgic headache han old time 'Nerviline,'" write Mr.

C. Dalgleish from Evanston. "It's so powerful and penetrating that it cems to eat up any pain in a minde. My family couldn't get along lithout Nerviline. We always keep it 50c family size bottle handy on the shelf, and use it to end chest olds, sore throat, coughs, earache, cothache and pain in the back. My ife swears by Nerviline whether for ain internal or external. For cramps and disordered stomach its effect is itonishing and we believe it is betarned speedler than any other house-old family remedy."

would rejoice in its length; dusty, perhaps, but her smile through the dust would make it all worth while. He stooped to her.

"Give me, please," he said, "the benefit of the doubt." It was a poor speech compared to what was in his heart, but Billy Magee was rapidly learning that most of the pretty speeches went with puppets who could not feel.

"Bland and Max came in from a brisk walk on the verandah. The mayor of desk, stirred.

"Great air up her?," remarked Mr. Max, rubbing his hands before the fire. "Ought to be pumped down into the region of the white lights. It sure would stir things up."

"It would put out the lights at ten p.m.," answered Mr. Magee, "and incul-

Roosevelt's name.

"Last night, Mr. Magee," she said, "I told you frankly why I had come to Baldpate Inn. You were good enough to say that you would help me if you could. The time has come when you can, I "Yes?" answered Magee. His heart

muttered.

"Why coin the inevitable into a bromide?" she asked.

Mr. Magee joined the group by the fire.

Never before in his life had he been so determined on anything as he was now that the package of money should return to his keeping. But how? How trace through this maze of humans the present holder of that precious bundle of collateral? He looked at Mr. Max, sneering his lemon-colored sneer at the mayor's side; at the mayor himself, nonchalant as the admiral being photographed; at Bland, author of the Arabella fiction, sprawling at ease before the fire; at the tawdry Mrs. Norton, and at Many Thorn. sank. What now?
"I must confess that I spied this morn ed the snow-capped heights of the eternal hills. But at sight of those feminine heights Billy Magee had always been one Bland, author of the Arabella fiction, sprawling at ease before the fire; at the tawdry Mrs. Norton, and at Myra Thorn-hill, who had by her pleading the night before made him ridiculous. Who of these had the money now, Who but Cargan and Max, their faces serene, their eyes eagerly on the preparations for lunch, their plans for leaving Baldpate Inn no doubt already made? gentleman, who was glad to trust in him. Should he transfer his allegiance? No. his allegiance? No, he could hardly do that now.

> to secure the package you speak of for another woman. I cannot break my promise to her.

"I see," she answered. Her tone was "I'm very sorry," Magee went on. "But as a matter of fact, I seem to be of very little service to anyone. Just now I would give a great deal to have the information it." you were about to give me. But since I could not use it helping you, you will readily see that I must not listen. I'm

"I'm sory, too," replied the girl. "Thank you very much—for telling me. Now must go forward alone." She smiled un happily.
"I'm afraid you must," answered Billy Magee.
On the stairs appeared the slim figure of the other girl. Her great eyes were wistful, her face was pale. She came toward them through the red firelight.

Mr. Magee saw what a fool he had been to in his allegiance even for a mo-For he loved her, wanted her, The snow-capped heights are inment. surely. spiring, but far more companionable is the brook that sparkles in the valley. "It's rather dull, isn't it?" asked Miss Norton of the Thornhill girl. By the side of the taller woman she seemed slight, almost childish. "Have you seen the pic of the admiral, Miss Thornhill? Looking at them is our one diversion. "I do not care to see them, thank you, Thornhill replied, moving toward the . "He is a very dear friend of my She passed up and out of sight, Miss Norton turned away from the fire, and Mr. Magee rose hastily to follow. He stood close behind her, gazing down at her golden hair shimmering in the dark "I've just been thinking," he said light ly, "what an absolutely ridiculous figure I must be in your eyes, buzzing round and round like a bee in a bottle, and getting nowhere at all. Listen—no one has left the inn. While they stay there's hope. Am I not to have one more chancechance to prove to you how much I care? She turned, and even in the dusk he saw that her eyes were wet.
"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," she

whispered. "I'm not angry any more. I'm just—at sea. I don't know what to think—what to do. Why try any longer? I think I'll go away—and give up."
"You mustn't do that," urged Magee.
They came back into the firelight. 'Miss Phornhill has just informed me that she knows who has the package! "I didn't let her tell me, of course."
"Why not?" Oh. how madde. "Indeed," said the girl calmly, but her

Oh, how maddening women could be! "Why not?" Magee's tone was hurt.
"Because I couldn't use her information
in getting the money for you."
"You are still 'going to' get the money

Maddening, certainly, as a rough-edged

"Of—" Magee began, but caught himself. No, he would prate no more of "going to." "I'll not ask you to believe it," he said, "until I bring it to you and slace it in your hand."
She turned her face slowly to his and

selfish bachelorhood was at an end. Hitherto, marriage had been to him the picture drawn by the pathetic exiled master. "There are no more pleasant by-paths down which you may wander, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave." What if it were so? With the hand of a girl like this in his, what if

turned.
"You shall have your final chance," she said. "The mayor, Max and Bland are alone in the office. I don't approve of eavesdropping at Baldpate in summerit has spoiled a lot of perfectly adorable engagements. But in winter it is different. Whether you really want to help me or not I'm sure I don't know, but if you do the conversation below now might

me or not I'm sure I don't know, but if you do, the conversation below now might prove of interest."

"I'm sure it would," Magee replied.

"Well, I have a scheme. Listen. Baldpate Inn is located in a temperance county. That doesn't mean that people don't drink here—it simply means that there's a lot of mystery and romance connected with the drinking. Sometimes those who follow the god of chance in the card-room late at night grow thirsty. Now, it happens that there is a trap-door in the floor of the card-room, up which drinks are frequently passed from the cellar. Isn't that exciting? A hotel clerk who became human once in my presence told me all about it. If you went into the cellar and hunted about, you might find that door and climb up into the card-room."

"A bully idea," agreed Mr. Magee. "I'll hurry down there this minute. I'm more grateful than you can guess for this chance. And this time—but you'll see."

He found the back stairs and descended. In the kitchen the hermit got in his Bland's voice was shaky.
"No. We'll take it and get out," an-"No. We'll to swered Hayden.

He found the back stairs and descend-"Mr. Magee," he pleaded, "I consider that, in a way, I work for you here. I've got something important to tell you. Just a minute—"

Mr. Peters protested that his need of talk was urgent, but to no avail. Magee hurried to the cellar, and with the aid of a box of matches found a ladder leading to a door cut in the floor above. He climbed through dust and cobwebs, unfastened the catch and pushed cautiously upward. In another minute he was standhe opened the door about half an inch and put his ear to it.

exquisite from your set with his little airgun ever scared me. You try to get away from here with that bundle and you'll find yourself all tangled up in the worst scrap that ever happened." The three men were grouped very close at hand, and he heard Mr. Bland speakng in low tones: that ever happened."
"Where's the money, Joe?" asked Hay-

clean collars and a square meal."

"If you think I'm going to be shook off by any fairy story like that," said the mayor of Reuton, "you're a child with all a child's touching faith."

"Now won't want! Bland degg "Wait to get my own money—not. Show me where it is."

"Remember," put in Cargar money's mine. And don't have a money's mine. And don't have a money shout the law of the law mayor of Reuton, "you're a child with all a child's touching faith."

"All right," replied Mr. Bland, "I thought I'd pass you the tip, that's all. It ain't nothing to me what you do. But it's all over, and you've lost out. I'm sorry you have—but I take Havden's orders."

"Remember," put in Cargan, "that money's mine. And don't have any pipe dreams about the law—the law ain't called into things of this sort as a rule. I guess you'd be the last to call it. You'll never get away from here with my silly trip to Baldpate. we've been acting for-he let us in for "I know," said Bland. "But you can't gleamed in his hand.

deny that Baldpate Inn looked like the ideal spot at first. Secluded, off the beaten path, you know, and all that." "Yes," sneered the mayor, "as secluded as a Sunday school the Sunday before Christmas.' "Well, who could have guessed it?"

went on Mr. Bland. "As I say, I don't care what you do. I just passed you the tip. I've got that nice little package of the long green—I've got it where you'll never find it. Yes, sir, it's returned to the loving hands of little Joe Bland, that brought it here first. It ain't going to roam no more. So what's the use of your sticking around?"

"How did you get held of the "translated" here. He with excitement, Mr. Magee slipped from his place of concealment. A battle from his place of concealment. Ab battle from his place of concealment. Ab battle for the gods was in the air. He must be in the midst of it—perhaps again in a three-cornered fight it would be the third party that would emerge victorious. In the darkness of the dining-room he bumped into a limp, clinging figure. It proved to be the Hermit of Baldpate Mountain.

"How did you get held of the" translated." It got to talk to you. Mr. Magee." he "How did you get hold of it?" inquired Mr. Lou Max.

got the bundle, all right, all right. I wonder what the little fossil wants with

Max, evidently to the mayor of Reuton. "Um-m!" came Cargan's voice. "Bland, how much do you make working for this nice, kind gentleman, Mr. Hayden?" pickings," replied Bland. no Charles Dana Gibson with words. My talk's a little rough and sketchy, I guess. But here's the outline, plain as I can make it. Two thousand a year from est—after a fashion. I can't quite stand for that. I'm working for Hayden." "Don't be a fool," sneered Max.

ife. You did your best."
"No," said Bland, but his tone was less

"Twenty thousand," repeated Cargan. some day, the way he's thrown me."
"I—I—don't know——" wavered Bland.
Mr. Magee, in the card-room, knew that

Hayden's emissary was tottering on the You could set up in business," whined Mr. Max. "Why, if I'd had that much money at your age, I'd be a milionaire

this affair will go up on the housetops and shout about it when we get back to Reuton."
"Well—" began Bland. He was lost.

"There's Hayden now," cried Mr. Bland.
"It ain't too late," came the mayor's olce. "You can do it yet. It ain't too

That's my answer. I'm going to let

There came to Magee's ears the sound of opening doors and of returning footsteps.
"How do you do, Mr. Cargan," said a
voice new to Baldpate.

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LORD BALLYROT



chap, when, after taking pity ragged fell Mr. Magee stood very still. Beside him marks of a beggar, he returned to me in the darkness he heard the hermit's exthe 5-cent piece I had placed in his palm. While I stammered for an explanation he replied:

> WILL SETTLE IN WEST. [Canadian Press.]
>
> Montreal Dec. 24. — The Canadian
> Pacific Railway head office here has received word that a German settlement in Nebraska, consisting of 50 families, has purchased 1,300 acres near Penticnas purchased 1,300 acres hear there ton, B. C., and will move en masse there next spring to take up fruit farming.

[Canadian Press.]
Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—Charles Francis
Osborne, professor of the history of
architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, died here today. He was 59

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-use 3-in-One oil on your sewing machine

SALTS AND SENNA

first, and if our guests get to chasing untold wealth up and down the place, we ought to let each other in on it."

"Correct," answered Magee. "You are a valuable man, Peters. I want you to know that I appreciate the way you have acted in this affair." Four shadowy figures tramped in through the dining-room door. "I should say," he continued, "that the menu you propose for dinner will prove most gratifying."

"What—oh—yes, sir," said Peters. "Is that all?"

"Quite," smiled Magee. "Unless—just a minute, this may concern you—on my word, there's another new face at Baldpate."

(To Pe Continued.)

"Can you forget the horror of it? Oh, how it clings to memory, the one blot on an otherwise happy childhood. Now you have become a woman; same old billous attacks, head splitting and those awful your physician examine you for gall stones, because there is no doubt but that is the cause of it all Sanol treatment should be taken at once. Sanol will dissolve the stones and permanently cure you. Sold by all druggists. Manufactured by the Sanol Minfg. Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

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Hooke, W. Fulton or R. E. Ruse, ticket
agents, London. Quebec Steamship Company, Limited, Quebec.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—*2:52 a.m.,
10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:28 a.m.,
*6:30 p.m., *7:55 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*12:14 a.m.,
1:43 a.m., *11:55 a.m., 1.10 p.m., *4:10
p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—*12:19 a.m.,
*8:48 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m., *12:05
p.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m.

Depart for the West—*3:57 a.m., 7:40
a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m.,
*2:20 p.m. BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

LONDON AND WINDSOR. Arrive-11:30 a.m., 4:00 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m. Depart—6:35 a m., *11:43 a.m., 2:05 p.m., *8:05 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH. Arrive-11:15 a.m., 1:89 p.m. 6:45 m., 11:30 p.m., Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 22:30 b.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m. LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p m.
Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Trains marked • run daily. The ot marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Arrive from the East—*11:42 a.m., 6:55 p.m., *7:50 p.m., *11:15 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*4:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., *12:31 p.m., *5:35 p.m., \$:55 p.m.
Depart for the East—*4:38 a.m., 8:00
a.m. *12:40 p.m., *5:43 p.m.
Depart for the Wast—8:15 a.m.,
*11:50 a.m., 7:05 p.m., *8:00 p.m., *11:28

p.m. Trains marked • run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. Trains Arrive—7:05 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 4:50 p.m., 9:40 p.m. Trains Leave—7:22 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5:27 p.m., 10:15 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY. Trains Depart-5:30 a.m., *7:00 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:10 p.m., *4:20 p.m., *6:30 p.m. Trains Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:50 p.m., 1:40 p.m., 5:10 p.m., *10:10 p.m.

Trains marked with * are through trains, to and from Walkerville. Train marked with † is mixed, to St. Thomas

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SINGLE ONE-THIRD. Good Going Dec. 24, 25. Good Going Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25.

Return Limit,
Dec. 27, 1913.

Also Going Dec.
29, 30, 31, Jan. 1.

Return Limit, Return Limit, Dec. 26, 1913. Also Going Dec. 31, Jan 1. Return Limit, Jan. 2, 1914. 2, 1914. Jan. 3, 1914.
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Jan. 22—ASCANIA Feb.
Feb. 12—AUSONIA Feb.
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a.m., 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.
Sunday cars to Port, 9:00 a.m., and
every two hours to 7:00 p.m.; to St.
Thomas, 9:00 p.m. Time table No. 4 at

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lifted her blue eyes.
"I wonder," she said. "I wonder."
The firelight fell on her lips, her hair,
her eyes, and Mr. Magee knew that his ause nearly forty years of wonderil success has made a name for Neriline among the people of many
ifferent nations. "There is nothing
peedler to end Neuralgic headache
would make it all worth while. He

cate other wholesome habits of living ais-astrous to the restaurant impresarios."

Miss Norton rose and ascended the stairs. Still the protesting Magee was at her heels. At the head of the stairs she

"Cut the society howdydoes," replied the mayor hotly. "There's a little score to be settled between me and you, Hayden. I ain't quite wise to your orchid-inthe-buttonhole ways. I don't quite follow them. I ain't been bred in the club you hang around—they blackballed me when I tried to get in. You know that. I'm a rough, rude man. I don't understand your system. When I give my word, I keep it. Has that gone out of style up on the avenue where you live?"

"There are conditions—" began Hayden.

den.

"The h— there are!" roared Cargan.

"A man's word's his word, and he keeps it to me, or I know the reason why. You can't come down to the city hall with any new deal like this. I was to have two hundred thousand. Why didn't I get it?"

"Because," replied Hayden smoothly, "the—er—little favor you were to grant me in return is to be made useless by the courts."

"Can I help that?" demanded the "Can I help that?" demanded the mayor. "Was there anything about that in the agreement? I did my work. I want my pay. I'll have it, Mister Hayden". Hayden's voice was cool and even he spoke to Bland
"Got the money, Joe?"
"Yes," Bland answered. "Where?" "Well-we'd better wait, hadn't we?"

In the kitchen the hermit got in his

pointer all ready for your next lesson. And let me put you wise—this nobby little idea of yours about Baldpate is the worst ever. The place is as foll of people as if a minute—
"Sorry," answered Magee, "but I can't
possibly stop now. In an hour I'll talk to
you. Show me the cellar door, and don't
mention where I've gone, there's a good the regular summer rates were being charged."
"What!" cried Hayden. His voice be-"What!" cried Hayden. His voice betrayed a startled annoyance,
"It hasn't worried me none," went on
the mayor. "They can't touch me. I own
the prosecutor, and you know it. But it
ain't going to do you any good on the
avenue if you're seen here with me. Is
it, Mr. Hayden?"

"The more reason" replied Hayden ng in the chill little card-room. Softly once.

"I'm talking to you boys as a friend.
The show is over. There ain't no use hanging round for the concert—there won't be none. Go home and get some clean collars and a square meal."
"If you think I'm going to be shook off it's all over, and you've lost out. I'm sorry you have—but I take Hayden's orders." "D- Hayden!" snarled the toayor. "It was his idea to make a three-act play out of this thing. He's responsible for this This audience

"I had my eye on this little professor erson," explained Mr. Bland. "This person," explained Mr. Bland. morning when Magee went up the mountain I trailed the highbrow to Magee's room. When I busted in, unannounced by stand—to be certain that I would delight to help you if I could. But the fact is, that before you came I gave my word the secure the package you speak of for to break his glasses, nor scratch his dome of thought. There's ideas in that dome go back to the time of Anthony J. Chauliterature chair of his-why couldn't he stay at home and sit in it? Anyhow, I

> "The Doc's glasses was broke." said Oh, about two thousand a year, with went on Mr. Cargan. "I ain't Hayden. Twenty thousand in two seconds if you hand that package to me." ' objected Bland. "I've been hon-

"Of course," said the mayor, "I appreciate your scruples, having had a few in my day myself, though you'd never think so to read the Star. But look at it sensible. The money belongs to me. If you was to hand it over you'd be just doing plain justice. What right has Hay-den on his side? I did what was agreed -do I get my pay? No. Who are you to defeat the ends of justice this way? defeat the ends of justice this way? That's how you ought to look at it. Your give me what's my due—and you put twenty thousand in your pocket by an nonest act. Hayden comes. the hundle. You point to the dynamited

"I can't go back on Hayden. No-"Ten years' salary the way you're going ahead at present. A lot of money for a young man. If I was you I wouldn't hesitate a minute. Think. What's Hayden ever done for you? He'll throw you down

"You get the package," suggested the mayor, "take twenty thousand out, and slip the rest to me. No questions asked. I guess there ain't nobody mixed up in this efficie will go up on the housetons.

Suddenly the quiet of Baldpate Mountain was assailed by a loud pounding at the door, and a voice crying, "Bland. Let

voice. "You can do it yet. It ain't too late."

"Do what?" cried Bland in a firm tone.
"You can't bribe me, Cargan." He raised his voice, "Go round to the east door, Mr. Hayden." Then he added to Cargan.

"Let him in," bellowed the mayor. "Let the hound in! I guess I've got something to say to Mr. Hayden."

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IN JLANGLAND



Imagine my utter confusion. "Here, here, mister! Keep your gitt!

Not that I don't need the kale seed, but this is my day off. Us moochers has got to take a little rest like other working folks, and this is the day I lay off the agony spiel and the boo-hoo brace. If I didn't get a little rest I'd be soon a benched panhandler. Besides, I need a little spare time to rake in the rent from my estate." MY WORD!

thing has followed another so fast that I'm a little dazed. I can't just get the full meaning of it all." "You have nothing on me there," Magee answered. "I can't, "Well." went on the hermit, "as I say hrough all this downpour of peopl cluding women, I've hung on to one idea. I'm working for you. You give me my wages. You're the boss. That's why I feel I ought to give what information I've

got to you."
"Yes, yes," Mr. Magee agreed impatiently. "Go ahead."
"Peters con PROF. OSBORNE DEAD. tiently. "Go ahead."

"Where you find women," Peters continued, "there you find things beyond understanding. History—" "Get to the point."
"Well—yes. This afternoon I was look

iny round through the kitchen, sort of reconnoitering, you might say, and find-ing out what I have to work with, for, ust between us, when some of this bunch oes, I'll easily be persuaded to come back and cook for you. I was hunting rour n the big refrigerator with a candle hinking maybe some little token of food had been left over from last summer' rush—something in a can that time can-not wither nor custom stale, as the poet says—and away up on the top shelf, in the darkest corner, I found a little pack-

'Quick Peters," cried Magee, "where is that package now?"
"I'm coming to that," went on the hermit, not to be hurried. me first about the thing was that it didn't have any dust on it. 'Aha,' I says, or words to that effect. I opened it. What do you think was in it?"
"I don't' have to think—I know," said Magee. "Money. In the name of heaven, Peters, tell me where you've got the

thing. "Just a minute, Mr. Magee. Let me tell it in my way. You're right. There was it in my way, You're right.

money in that package. Lots of it.

Enough to found a university or buy a

enough to found woman's gowns for a year. I was examining it careful-like when a shadow ame in the Joorway. I looked up—"
"Who?" asked Magee breathlessly.
"That little blinky-eyed Professor Bolon was standing there, most owlish and nterested. He came into the refrigera tor. 'That package you have in your hand, Peters,' he says, 'belongs to me, put it in cold storage so it would keep. I'll take it now.' Well, Mr. Magee, I'm a peaceful man. I could have battered that

rofessor into a learned sort of jelly if I'd

vanted to. But I'm a great admirer o

Carnegie, on account of the library and I go in for peace. I knew it wasn't exactly the thing, but—"
"You gave him the package?"
"That's hardly the way I would put it, Mr. Magee. I made no outcry or resist ance when he took it. 'I'm just a cook I says, 'in this house. I ain't the trusted old family retainer that retains its for-tunes like a safety deposit vault. So I let go the bundle. It was weak of me, I know, but I sort of got the habit of giving know, but I sort of got the habit of giving up money, being marriel so many years" "Peters," said Mr. Magee, "I'm sorry your grip was so insecure, but I'm mighty glad you came to me with this matter." "He told me I wasn't to mention it to anybody," replied the hermit, "but, as I say, I sort of look on it that we were here first, and if our guests get to chasing untold wealth up and down the place, we ought to let each other in on it." "Correct," answered Magee. "You are a