Bellefonte, Pa., September 21, 1928.

## THE SHIP.

A King, a Pope, and a Kaiser, And a Queen-most fair was she-Went sailing, sailing, sailing, Over a sunny sea, And amid them sat a beggar-A churl of low degree; And they all went sailing, sailing,

Over a sunny sea. And the King said to the Kaiser, And his comrades fair and free, "Let us turn adrift this beggar, This churl of low degree;

For he taints the balmy odors That blows to you and me; As we travel-sailing, sailing,

Over the sunny sea.

"The ship is mine," said the beggar-That churl of low degree; "And we're all of us sailing, sailing, To the grave, o'er the sunny sea. And you may not, and you cannot. Get rid of mine or me;

No, not for your crown and scepters-And my name is Death!" quoth he. -Charles Mackey

## LADY AMONG THIEVES.

Benskin, although he had been in many tight corners, faced death now few feet away from his chest, and he -death, instant and unpleasant-for the first time in his life. He could see into the barrel of the automatic, held with unswerving fingers only a was physiognomist enough to realize that in the face of the man who held it there was little mercy or consideration. The light blue eyes were hard almost to stoniness, the hand as steady as a rock.

"The name! Out with it!" the man with the gun demanded harshly. "I don't know what you're talking about," Benskin assured him quietly, almost indifferently. "I came in to borrow a can of gasoline. No one directed me and I haven't the least idea

what your name is or who you are." As though speech had in some way relieved the tension, Benskin found time for a swift but comprehensive ed smiling, but his expression changed as he realized the presence of a glance around the little room into stranger. which he had made so unfortunate an cupant seemed to be—the prettily he's pretty useful when he moves. A furnished drawing-room of a country cottage, with French windows, through which Benskin had entered, tor fellow takes some starting, but he's pretty useful when he moves. A stream of cars, a police station near at hand, and safety. Benskin pushed in his second speed an careened gaily on his way. gave the place a homely appearance. different person. The geniality faded written telephone message. Lounging in a chair in the back-round was a very attractive young a rat trap.

In gemanty laded if suppose you're sure, Benskin," he queried, "that everything last ground was a very attractive young a rat trap. woman of the modern type, in golfing clothes, short skirts, and a tam-o'shanter which she had just thrown away, disclosing an Eton bob. She had been binding up the handle of a bressy and had the six of one listers.

"Paying us a Friendly little visit, of the sheet of my visit seems to have been a mistake," Benskin confessed. "I came in to borrow a can of gasobressy and had the six of one listers."

would have looked distinctly more in there is a certain amount of corrobor-

aren't you?" 'I am," was the prompt admission, tunate." "but I can assure you that this afternoon, at any rate, I am not professionally occupied. I meant to take my car out for an hour or so-sometimes even a detective has a holiday! -stopped down the lane opposite your cottage, realized that I was out of gasoline, saw that you had a garage and that you and your sister were seated here, and came to beg for the learn of a came of gasoline."

Indee to take omicial cognizance.

Uncle Jo's corpulent frame barred tim of a practical joke."

"I don't think so, sir," was the firm though respectful reply. "In any case let me beg. You have thrust a very let me beg. You have the very let me beg. You have thrust a very let me beg. You have the very let me beg. You have thrust a very let me beg. You have the very let me beg. You have thrust a very let me beg. You have thru

which she had just brought to its neat conclusion. "It is possible, Alan," she suggested, "that the man is telling the truth

go and see," she announced.

She walked lightly out of the room and crossed the lawn with flying foot- he asked cheerfully. steps. The young man was unbending; his tone remained full of the "I don't believe in miracles," he "I don't believe in man I expected his tone remained full of menace. scoffed. "You're the man I expected if he would. I'm afraidwould get on our tracks, and to tell much. Come, Benskin, why don't you ed. He drew his nephew to one side. own up? There are only two people The girl listened to their whispering,

quisitor. "I have no doubt that the Benskin at once understood. business of crime and its detection | He braced himself for the enterprise continues as usual in my temporary rose quietly to his feet, poised himcovering from an attack of influenza. man made a flying leap to intercept

making an idiot of yourself, Alan. then that the girl's gesture had con-His car it out there, and the gasoline veyed to him the truth. There was tank is as dry as a bone."

"Then," the young man declared sult. curtly, "you are the most unlucky I ever knew, Benskin. You have blundered into the most dangerous spot for one of your profession in lawn he heard the sound of swift this part of the world."

"Under the circumstances," Ben- time to turn his head. He made for skin remarked, "I lmagine it would the gate, listening intently. not be tactful to ask your name, but at the same time I should like to remind that he was holding his own, but it

your finger doesn't seem to me to be

It more agreeable conditions?"

The girl smiled faintly. "For a detective," she observed, "I rather like him, don't you, Alan? I think he's right about that automatic too.

The girl smiled faintly. "For a detective," she observed, "I rather like him, don't you, Alan? I think he's right about that automatic too.

The girl smiled faintly. "For a detect of his car—in the right-hand pocket! No need to save his strength now.

He dashed forward, braced himself for the spring and took the low white for the spring and the spring a Take his parole not to go until we have decided what can be done."

"I never give my parole," Benskin interrupted quickly. "I am not a free agent. Under certain conditions it would be my duty to Scotland Yard to break it.

himself.

"See whether he has." The girl came over and made a rief examination. "Not a sign of brief examination. one," she announced.

"Cross the room," the young man the latter invited. "I want to talk to enjoined, "and sit in that easy chair you." with your face to the light. That's right. Lock the door, Hilda." The girl obeyed. Her companion

lowered his gun, placed it on the table by his side, and took a seat within easy reach of the French windows. "Now, Hilda," he said, "let us hear what you have to suggest. You know please. the situation. What can we do with Mr. Benskin?"

She threw herself into a low chair, and considered the matter.

"I don't want to leave here," she admitted. "I've just got my Golf Union handicap, and there's a competition next week. The place suits us by the hood of his car, stood a can of gasoline. "Confounded luck!" the young man

muttered. "There isn't one of you men on the force would have had wit enough to track us down here, and you come and blunder into it." "You must remember," Benskin ventured, "that I still haven't the

faintest idea who you are."
"Perhaps not," the young man retorted "but when you get back to your job—if you ever do get back to it—you won't be long finding out." There was the sound of a cheery

cry from outside.
"Uncle Jo!" the girl exclaimed. "Now we're in for it," the young

man muttered grimly. There entered, in tennis flannels, a plump, elderly gentleman. He enter-

"What a set!" he exclaimed, eying

"It might be," the young man in-Uncle Jo seemed suddenly a very

had been binding up the handle of a brassy and had the air of one listening to a conversation in which she ing to a conversation in which she never seen one of you before, yet our of paper by his side.

"This is the telephone message this morning," he con-

panion of a man who appeared to carry an automatic even in the pocket of his flannel trousers. The latter spoke "Dear, dear me!" the elderly gen-"You are Benskin, the detective, for his racket, but all the time watching Benskin. "This is most unfor-"You must remer

have to take official cognizance."

to deal with it."

"Crudely," the girl observed. have only just managed to persuade him to put his gun away."

"Possible but not very likely," the other replied.
"My car is out there in the lane if you doubt my word," Benskin intervened. "You will find further proof in the fact that my tank is amount?"

"A natural instinct," Uncle Jo commented, taking out his handkerchief and dabbing his forehead. "Postpone the seance, if you please, while I mix myself a drink." He made his way in the fact that my tank is empty." out into the hall and reentered in a The girl rose to her feet. I will moment or two carrying a tumbler from which there came as he walked a pleasant clink of ice. "Any ideas?"

The younger man shook his head. "He refuses to give his parole. I don't know that we could accept it

Uncle Jo. nodded. That air of beme you wandered into the one place nevolence, which doubtless made him a in England where we ought to have welcome guest at some of the local been safe, by accident, is a trifle too households, had altogether disappearin the world could have given away and as she listened, she lost entirely the secret of this little refuge. Out her air of god-natured indifference. with the name, and if I can think of She looked steadily across at Benskin. any scheme to save your life, I will." With her left hand she gripped some-"I have told you the simple and pre- thing imaginary; with her right she cise truth," Benskin assured his in- went through a little pantomime which

absence, but I am finishing today a self for a moment upon his toes, and week's vacation and incidentally re- dashed for the window. The young That is why my knees are beginning him but Benskin stooped under his outstretched arm. The former hesi-The girl reappeared. "The man's story is true," she reported. "You're ed into the sunlight. Benskin knew the click of the trigger-and no re-

Breathless moments followed. Benskin was no mean runner, but before he had cleared the corner of the footsteps behind him. He had no

you that I am getting very stiff standing in this unnatural attitude, and his car was useless. He remem-

quite as steady as it was. Couldn't for a moment his heart sank. Then with all the folks around. The young me your name?" we discuss the situation under slight- came a wave of wonderful recollection people were always up at the Hall, "Certainly," she acquiesced, looking tion. In the pocket of his car-in the

gate almost in his stride, dashed round to the back of his car, felt eagerly, almost in terrified fashion, lest his memory had failed him, in the loose pocket. It was there—charged -a turn of the wrist, loaded.

He stood out in the open just as the "A sportsman, at any rate," the girl approved. "Alan, you don't need a gun so long as he hasn't got one sprang into the lane. The positions young man, full of confidence but sprang into the lane. The positions now were reversed. His pursuer looked into the barrell of Benskin's automatic, and Benskin's hand was as steady as his own.

"Just a yard or two nearer, please,"

The young man came on stealthily. Benskin jerked his gun upwards and pulled the trigger. The bullet flew skyward with a sharp little spit. "Just to prove to you that I keep my gun loaded," Benskin observed. "Now stand just where you are,

The other obeyed sullenly. "And now what?" he demanded, his blue eyes rebellious, a mirror of menacing thought.

Benskin opened his lips to answer and suddenly paused. His heart gave a little jump. Upon the foot-board,

"I see that the gasoline I sent for has arrived," he pointed out. "I think you and I have had enough of each other for the afternoon. Supposing you do me the last service of pouring that gasoline into my tank?" "I'm darned if I will!" the young

man refused. "Blast!" A very handsome limousine turned a little dazed. the corner and glided down the hill. Benskin cautiously concealed his gun and moved a little nearer to the hedge. The limousine pulled up. A girl leaped

"Alan, you lazy person!" she ex-claimed. "Why haven't you been near the links today?"

The young man moved towards the limousine. Benskin calmy poured in ed smiling, but his expression chang- the gasoline, started his engine and thrust in the gear. From half-way up the hill he looked back through the rear window. His late antagonist entrance. No apartment in the world Benskin inquisitively. "Six all, and was still talking to the occupant of could have seemed less like the abode three deuce and vantages. That docof such a desperate person as its oc-

was simple but comfortable; a case of tennis rackets, a shotgun and a bag skin, Uncle Jo, from Scotland Yard."

It might be, the young man intervened gloomily. "This is Mr. Bend of a cigaret upon the table and lighted it. The fingers of his other skin, Uncle Jo, from Scotland Yard." The Sub-Commissioner tapped the hand were toying with a roughly

"Paying us a friendly little visit, night was pretty well as you've reported it?"

Benskin smiled reminiscently.

was essentially of the country type, healthy-looking, pleasantly sunburnt, "Yes, I can imagine that," Uncle fided. "It is from Sergeant Alston, who is a very intelligent man: 'Have with a complexion that was innocent of any form of cosmetics.

Jo acknowledged thoughtfully.

"Assuming his story to be true,"

Lane usually called the Small House. It occurred to Benskin that she the younger man propounded, "and Lane usually called the Small House, place swinging a golf-club on the first ation in the fact that his car is out- McDougal, an elderly gentleman, this morning. I found the owner, Mr. tee at Sunningdale than as the com- side, without any gasoline—assuming mowing the lawn. The young lady

of the modern archives here have we any trio such as you describe on eith-"I think," Benskin suggested, ris- er 'Suspected' or the 'Wanted' list. ing to his feet, "that the best thing Run down and have another look at I can do is to clear out before one of the place, of course, if you want to, you says something of which I might but on the face of it, it really looks

like to hear how my nephew proposes another man-in-plain clothes-just a little holiday jaunt?"

ers. "You don't usually make mistakes, Benskin," he admitted. "Cer-

tainly, go and clear the matter up." The small house basked still in the sunshine of a perfect spring day. The neatly trimmed flower-beds filled the air with perfume. Early butterflies were floating about. There was the hum of bees from the herbaceous borders. Yet there was somehow a changed look about the place. Benskin was conscious of it directly he approached the low French windows. phone, Mr. McDougal?" he asked. He was more than ever sure of it when an elderly gentleman, who was a complete stranger to him, rose from a wicker chair up on the portico.
"Mr. McDougal?" Benskin inquir-

"My name, sir." "Are you the owner of this cot-tage?"
"I am."

"Can you tell me where your ten-ants are?"

"Just what I'm asking myself," was the puzzled reply. "Queer kettle of fish altogether. They've gone."

"What, for good?"

"Seems so. I come up to do a bit ing ab

of gardening once or twice a week. The young people generally go off to golf, but the old gentleman's usually around. This morning I've seen no one and what do you make of this? I found it in the tool-shed when I took

the lawn-mower back." "This" was a plain sheet of paper to which were pinned several banknotes. There were a few words, written in a bold feminine hand:

Dear Mr. McDougal. So sorry to have to leave your charming cottage before our time. Notes attached. Please distribute

from the village.
Hilda-Craven-Stewart. "How long have they been here?" and the uncle played tennis with the at him in surprise. "My name is She's gidoctor every afternoon. What might Strathers—Lady Helen Strathers. I morrow."

you be wanting with them, sir?"
"Our business," Benskin confided, after a moment's hesitation, "is rather private. If you don't mind, we'll leave it for the moment. I'll tell you later on. In the meantime may my friends and I see over the place?" Mr. McDougal removed from his mouth the pipe which he had been smoking and struggled to his feet.

"Don't know as there's any harm about that," he assented. "Were you thinking of taking it?"

"Well, I might consider the mat-

and rubber treated me badly, so I'm glad to let it for a month or two in the spring or summer and to take a room down in the village. This way, these people, delightful though they shot before he replaced it in his

They went from room to room of the very attractive little abode, withlingered for some time.

"Do you mind looking round very carefully," he asked their guide, "and ture. telling me if you recognize any articles, however trivial, which do not be-

he demanded, "who are you chaps work and with whom we are not in eyes were clear and sleepless. His "We're from Scotland Yard," Ben- your description."

skin told him. "Look around this room carefully, and tell me whether there are any articles left not belong
"That's quite true, sir," Benskin acknowledged, "yet we can't get away from the fact that the young man was ing to you.'

"Can't see a thing," he announced, "or anything missing either. Paid ed, picking up a snap-shot and look-ing at it. "We often make mistakes. "Over six fee

covered about my late tenants, I'll eat my hat," Mr. McDougal declared ferociously. made a clean sweep of of their own belongings, but had displayed, as the "if she knew that the young man was landlord again pointed out, the most up against it so hard that the chances induced him to take a seat on the

portico. "Tell me the names of these ten-ants of yours, please," he begged. "Mr. and Miss Craven-Stewart, the

Major Houlden turned to the slip "Never asked for them. They called round here one day in a car, saw a few moments a list on the table bethe sign 'To let,' looked over the place fore him.

been hard at it ever since." left the place?"

'I want you, if you can," his companion urged, "to remember those dates. This is very important."

"Then the only other big thing we're up against," Houlden continued, "Well one were up against," his com-

Benskin asked. Mr. McDougal hesitated. they never had but one at a time-Major Houlden shrugged his should- there isn't room for more in the gar- one of them. You wouldn't like to age—but I noticed that twice they cross to Paris, would you, and have a drove away in one car and came back try for Lowenstein?"
in another. Made me think they must "I'd rather stay here for a week or "I'd rath

"You haven't had any address of theirs in London, I suppose?" "Can't say that I have. I had no

need for one.' Mr. McDougal's manner was almost hostile. Benskin made a few notes.

"You won't mind if I use your tele"You won't mind if I use your teleSquare, Park Lane, Berkeley Square,
"You won't mind if I use your tele-"You can use what you want to," tain you're on a wrong egg."

ble unless we had some cause for it; mind, however, he met with no sucneither would your tenants have dis- cess. The photograph which he had appeared without a word of warning, as they have done, just because I paid in the sitting-room of the Small

Mr. McDougal was momentarily He failed, however, to identify it. thoughtful. "What are you telephoning about?" he inquired.
"I'm telephoning," Benskin confid-

noticed that I locked the door as I place just as it is for twelve hours. Afterwards we shall have completed all the investigations that are neces-

Mr. McDougal nodded. "Can't go by his comparagainst the police," he admitted, "but God for him.

"You know much good may it do you! Look who's here!"

A girl in golf clothes leaned out of ty, athletic-looking girl?", the car. Notes attached. Flease distribute the car. the extra five pounds among the the car. "Where's Miss Craven-Stewart, Mr. face. "See and the two girls who come up" "Where's Miss Craven-Stewart, Mr. face. "See and the two girls who come up" "I've "See and the two girls who come up" "The car." "I've "See and the two girls who come up" "The car." "The car."

"All gone up to London," was the wealth of the Indies about her-she's respectful reply.

live in the village."

"May I ask whether you have Benskin inquired."

known Mr. and Miss Craven-Stewart long?"
"Is that any particular business of yours?" the girl rejoined coldly. "To some extent it is, Lady Helen."

She hesitated. Benskin's manner was sufficiently impressive. "I have only known them since they came to live here," she admitted.

Benskin raised his hat. "If you see them when they return, will you tell them I called," Lady ter," Benskin temporized. "Certain-Helen enjoined, turning to Mr. Mc-ly it's the most delightful place for Dougal, as she pressed down her Dougal, as she pressed down her self-starter. "I'm expecting them anyone who wanted to be quiet." self-starter. "I'm expecting "I built it for myself," Mr. McDougal confided, "but I lost my wife,

They remained silent until They remained silent until the car disappeared.

"You see," Benskin pointed out, gratified.
"none of you know a thing about He glar

Mr. McDougal rubbed his forehead. "It's a rum go!" he admitted. Curiously enough the Sub-Commisout finding anything in the least unsual. In the twin sitting-rooms, opwith regard to the three mysterious a round table in front of him, a box tenants of the Small House. He lis- of cigars and a pile of evening papers tened almost indifferently to Ben- at his side, sat Mr. Peter Bracknell,

"I dare say they're up to something," he admitted, "but you know Mr. McDougal was getting more and more inquisitive. "Look here," criminals who are doing dangerus touch-especially three answering to

g to you."

on the point of shooting me when I But outside the house, up that long Mr. McDougal obeyed, but he was blundered in. In fact he'd have done gray stretch of perpendicular stone, it if the girl hadn't taken the car-

ing at it. "We often make mistakes.
You see," he went on, turning over some magazines and papers, "if we were too afraid of making mistakes we should never discover nything."

"Over six feet, you say," Houlden mused, "of the gentlemanly type."
"Persona grata with Lady Helen Strathers and her household," Benskin added. "The same breeding, I should say without a doubt." should say, without a doubt."
"What about the girl?"

Benskin was silent for a moment. "I should think she's outside it all," Apparently the late tenants had he said slowly.

ade a clean sweep of of their own "She can't be," Houlden objected,

one," Benskin declared.

what became of them?" young people, and Mr. Bellamy, the itself shows they're no ordinary trio," gentine millionaire. Down they elder gentleman," was the prompt re- he declared. "They probably went sparkled and glittered through the south, turned the car over to an ac- blackness. And once more they reach-"And did they give you bankers' south, turned the car over to an ac-blackness. And once more they wanted to go."

and slept here that night—gave me "Don't think I'm unsympathetic maid from town next day, and I sent there isn't a single undetected crime the poorer for the emeralds in the two girls and a boy up from the vil- which is worrying us just now that great pendant. Finished! lage. The two young ones joined the could be traced to any one of those golf club straight-away, and they've three, and the man we want more een hard at it ever since." than anyone else, as you know, is "Do you mean that they haven't Lowenstein. He's a vulgar savage brute, and we've definite information

"Well, one was a fortnight last eous succession of burglaries. Still, pling-iron, a crawl along a perilous Wednesday, another was the Wedneswe've got the description of the man cornice, a second's lingering on a balday before, and last Sunday they now, and things have been quiet for cony, another descent, a sprawl were up too. All three went together the last few weeks. You say your against the wall, a slow lowering

thing like five feet one," the Subslim left hand gripping the iron of Commissioner reminded his subordithe bottom balcony, the release of the nate. "No, I'm afraid I can't take hook, a light jump to the ground. "Well, much interest in your desperadoes,

have a house and garage somewhere ten days, if you don't mind, sir." "Go your own way, the Sub-Commissioner enjoined tonelessly.

peculiar fashion. He spent his afterand the other fashionable regions of the other replied, "but it's pretty cer-nate curiosity concerning any of the Benskin smiled at him ingratiat- which boasted a courtyard behind, and palatial edifices in these districts mass from the ground-her cloakingly. "Try and remember, Mr. Mche continually referred to a snapDougal," he begged, "that we shot which he carried in his pocket. shouldn't be giving you all this trou- Whatever may have been in his

them a chance visit yesterday, unless House was without a doubt a snapthere had been something queer about shot of the back quarters of a London mansion of very considerable size. The first progress on a quest which, even to his obstinate mind, seemed to

be becoming hopeless, came to him ed, "for our finger-print expert. You entirely by accident. He was having tea with an acquaintance after watchcame out. I want you to leave the ing the polo at Ranelagh one Saturday afternoon, when a middle-aged woman and a girl with a little train of followers passed across the lawn. Benskin, who had been bored to death by his companion, suddenly thanked

"You know everyone, Percy," he said. "Tell me who the woman is A two-seater of very sporting appearance swept in at the drive gates. with the wonderful pearls and French gown—the one with the rather pret-

McDougal?" she called out. "I've "Same thing," he declared, "when-been waiting for her up at the links." ever you see anyone carrying the American. That's Mrs. Husset Brown, "Seven weeks. And very good ten- Benskin stepped forward. "Ma- an American—just taken a house in

bered the physique of his pursuer, and ants too! Made friends in a minute dame," he said, "do you mind telling London. Millions and millions and Not bad-looking either. millions. They say she's had five husbands. She's giving an evening party to-

"Do you know the girl with her?"

"Know her by sight, but forget her name," the other acknowledged "Whereabouts is Mrs. Husset. Brown's house?"

"Number 14-B, Curzon Street— used to be the Millionaire's Nest. Want a card for her do' tomorrow night? Her secretary offered me a dozen.

"I'd like one," Benskin accepted. "Do you mind if I clear out. They seem to be drifting this way, and I'm not keen about being recognized." Benskin drove his little car back and pulled up at the corner of Shepherd Market. He plunged into the network of streets behind, and in a very few moments his curiosity was

He glanced once more at the snap-

pocketbook. Outside the gorgeous sleeping apartments of Mrs. Husset Brown, skin's account of their abrupt depart he famous detective from New York who was never more than fifty yards from his august mistress and whose boast it was that not for ten years, although she traveled about with millions of pounds' worth of jewels, had she lost a single safetypin. His dark

senses were fully awake. The stairs which led to the sacred apartment were lighted and visible. Upon the table, within easy reach, was a six-shooter, stale from disuse.

strange things were happening. . . tridges out."

Mr. Bracknell, in the corridor, "Bluff, perhaps," Major Houlden smiled. He was reading an account up everything to the nail. Gentle-folk if ever I knew any. You're on the wrong track, Mr. Scotland Yard."

"But I can assure you, sir, that it wasn't bluff," Benskin persisted. "He set Brown slept soundly. She heard drew on me for all he was worth. I nothing of the creaking window, purposely left also best left and process and the slight wasn't bluff," seems to be the set Brown slept soundly. She heard nothing of the creaking window, purposely left also best left also best left also between the set Brown slept soundly. She heard nothing of the creaking window, purposely left also best nothing of the creaking window, purposely left ajar, now a little more and a little more open. The increased current of cold air failed to wake her. A strangely clad black form crept into the room, a little slit of white where the face might have beennothing else—the costume of an acro-bat. Mrs. Husset Brown began o snore. Outisde, Mr. Bracknell chuckled. A wonderful home run, that! And up to the side of the bedstead stole the slim black figure.

There was the snip of a pair of meticulous crae to leave behind everything of his. They made a tour of
the outbuildings, after which Benskin
about Uncle Jo?"

"A gainst it so nard that the chances
were he meant to shoot you if she
a limp wrist, the swinging open of a
safe door. There they were! Emeralds which had graced the throne of "A criminal if ever I set eyes on a queen thrown out of the window, into the bowl of darkness. Silence! The "You haven't been able to trace aim had been good. Back again. Diamonds from the neck of the one wo-Benskin shook his head. "That in man who had conquered a great Ar-

"Never asked for them. They call- The Sub-Commissioner studied for great empress, shimmering ghostlike through the dimly lighted room. Out they went-again to their goal. handful next time-lightly treated, bank-notes for a month in advance, about your little adventure, Benskin," but the diamond bracelet had taken brought down a man servant and a he said, "but it just happens that years to match and a royal crown was

Outside, there was the faint sound of the striking of a match as Mr. Bracknell lighted another cigar. Mrs. Husset Brown groaned in her sleep. The safe door swung to on its well-"Dear, dear me!" the elderly gentleman murmured, taking up a press his surprise. Major Houlden coughter three times, I believe," Mr. McDoug-mitted. "He wouldn't fit in any-window was pushed gently to its former and a many-window was pushed gently to its former and a many-window was pushed gently to its former and a many-window was pushed gently to its former angle, never a moment's hesitation, over the veranda, hand over hand by the silken cord, a pause on leaning back in his chair, "is a hid- the next balcony to release the grap-

> brick by brick. Again the grappling hook. Another swing through the air, a pause, the "My cloak, Alan!" the breathless

figure whispered. But is was neither her cloak nor Alan's hand which held her. The light from a torch flashed out momentarily. The throb of the motor behind the wall was there, but it was a different note. In that spasmodic illumination she looked into the face For a week or more Benskin's ac- of the little man who had blundered tivities were directed in a somewhat through the French windows of the cottage at Cawston and whose life she had without doubt saved. "So you were hunting us after all,"

she whispered. "Sheer luck," he murmured. "Here!" He stooped down and picked up what was little more than a sodden and wrapped it around her. He pushed the torch into her hand and pointed to a postern gate at the end of the mews, which stood ajar. "We've got the jewels," he confided,

"we've got that brother of yours, we've got Uncle Jo. They're in the cells by this time. Take your chance if you want it."
"Benskin the detective!" she gasp-"You saved my life," he muttered namefacedly. "Im only a man."

shamefacedly. "Im only a man."
She laughed softly, leaned towards him, and he felt the light touch of her lips upon his cheek. Then she was gone, up the mews, like a flying bat. Benskin returned to headquarters 10 report his partial failure.-By E. Philips Oppenheim.

## 723 Arrests in Month.

Members of the Pensylvania State Police during July made 267 regular patrols, 2336 special patrols, 1486 investigations and 723 arrests. In the performance of such duty they traveled 136,903 miles. Stolen property valued at \$8605 was recovered. A large number of arrests were made during the month for petty thievery

in various counties. -Subscribe for the Watchman.