

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER
 BY RANDALL PARRISH
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"A MILLION!"

Synopsis.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clue to a revolutionary movement in this country ostensibly seeking to overthrow the Chilean government but evidently international in character. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate. Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry. At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who appears to recognize him.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

He pressed something in the side-wall, sliding back a panel, and disappeared. The rough boards returning instantly into place. I was left alone, staring at the spot where he had disappeared. Beyond doubt the entrance awaiting me lay straight ahead, concealed by the hanging curtain. I stepped cautiously forward, listening for some guiding sound from beyond that barrier, afraid to draw it aside and take a blind plunge into the unknown. I could detect the murmur of voices, several of them speaking Spanish, yet in such low tones I could distinguish only an occasional emphasized word. There was no door between us; only that thick, hanging curtain, and I ventured far enough to draw this aside sufficient to peer through with one eye. Beyond was a reasonably large room, but so dimly lighted as to be scarcely visible from end to end. I could discern men present, a number of them, lounging about on chairs, their outlines being fairly revealed, but the light was not sufficient to give me any impression of their faces. It seemed quite possible that I might slip in unobserved, and pass among them unrecognized except through accident. But the risk of discovery was too great. I must find some other point of entrance.

The private doorway through which Wine had disappeared gave me the thought that there might also be others. I dare not follow after him, but if there was another opening to be found I was perfectly willing to explore into its mysteries. The search was brief, yet the very nature of the rough board wall made concealment impossible. Behind the dangling coats I uncovered what I sought, and not a moment too soon. Even as my hand touched the exposed latch, a murmur of voices in the outer entry reached my ears—there were new arrivals being questioned, and admitted.

The panel slid back silently in its grooves, and I peered through the revealed opening into absolute darkness. All I could be sure of, as exhibited by the dim light of the passage, was a single step downward, and then apparently a strip of earth floor. I dare not wait and meet those entering; there was but one choice of action. I pressed through the orifice, forced the panel back into place, and stood erect in the intense darkness and silence, listening for the slightest sound.

I was still motionless, my heart beating fiercely, when several men entered the passage I had just left. Pressing my ear against the thin crack I distinguished words so as to piece together scraps of conversation. It seemed to me there were three voices—one speaking Spanish entirely, the others using English. One of the latter spoke first.

"This a dirty night out, but good for our purpose. You came by motor, Alonzo?"
 "No. Wine said that was too risky. I walked from the car line. What's up? Do you know, Captain?"
 The fellow addressed exploded in Spanish.
 "Why you call me that? I tell you my name!"
 "It's safe enough in here, but I'll be careful outside. What was this meeting called for?"
 "It was a message from Washington, orders maybe, that we act soon. I hope it."

much, but I do not know. They trust her—is it not enough? 'Tis my guess she come special for to do this."

"She is a Chilean then?"
 "Maybe; maybe American, Spanish. What difference if she be in our service? They know what she is; tonight she is Marie Gessler—it has the sound of Switzerland. Beyond this I care nothing."

"But you have seen her, perhaps?"
 "Not a sight; none of the boys here. She was to meet Alva at Times square this noon. I went with him, but no girl—just a messenger boy there with a note in code. Something had frightened the lady, and she made a night appointment over here."

"Here! How did she know the way out?"
 "She didn't, for the matter of that; but she had been piped off on Jan's place, and agreed to be there as soon as it was dark. I'm wondering if she showed up; let's go in and see."

The three moved off down the passage, still conversing in subdued tones, the sharp accent of the Spaniard most prominent, and I became acutely aware of the black silence in which I stood. There was no occasion for me to risk my life farther in an effort to learn more. I had located the secret rendezvous of this gang of revolutionary plotters. I was aware of their connection with the Chilean Junta at Washington, and it would be a comparatively easy matter now to capture them red-handed. I saw therefore no reason why I should venture further, or endeavor to learn in detail the nature of this message entrusted to the girl for delivery. My duty now was



So Tightly Grasped at the Throat as to Be Nearly Strangled.

to report what I had discovered, when the prompt arrest of Alva, and a few others, would end the whole scheme. It seemed simple enough, if I could only find my way out safely.

But escape unobserved was far from being assured. Any retreat by way of the lighted passage was impossible; there were guards there at both ends; the only hope lay in a blind effort forward.

I accepted the only course possible, and began to feel my way to the left, skirting the wall of rough boarding, until it widened out into what was apparently the larger room beyond. No sound reached me from any direction, the silence and darkness oppressing me, as though they had weight.

Yet one fact became more and more clear—the deliberate purpose with which this deserted iron factory had been prepared for a secret rendezvous. Apparently, from without, it stood grim, desolate and deserted, yet the interior arrangements were such that conspirators could meet securely inside, protected from observation, in rooms through whose walls no gleam of light might be visible from either street or alley. Only an accident, or constant vigilance without, could reveal the true use to which the building was now being devoted. This knowledge rendered the peril of my own position the more intense. I could be killed, murdered, and no man would ever be the wiser. I would simply disappear, vanish, and that would be the end.

I supposed I was moving with the utmost caution, every nerve on edge, feeling a way forward with hands and feet. Once I stepped upon a shell of some kind which crunched beneath the weight, and again my groping hand dislodged a small block of wood, which fell with a slight clatter. I halted both times, my heart in my mouth, yet nothing happened, and I moved forward again confident of not being overheard.

I could not have told what it was that halted me. I remember I stopped as though shot, my very breath suspended, one foot still uplifted in a step forward, my eyes staring helplessly into the black void. The silence was that of a tomb. I could feel the perspiration flow down my face in a stream; it was an instant of torture. Then an unseen hand gripped me and an electric flash-light glared into my eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

I Become a Well-Known Thief.

The sudden, unanticipated attack, the burst of dazzling light in my eyes, rendered me for the moment utterly helpless. I was blinded, and so tightly grasped at the throat as to be nearly strangled. I only dimly realized that my assailant was a man, his grip that of a giant. Then, to my surprise, the fellow laughed oddly, snapping out his light, and releasing his grip.

"Well, if this don't beat h—h," he said, in the tone of cheerful disgust. "Come in here and let me look you over."

His hand closed on the sleeve of my coat, and before I scarcely found time to catch my breath again I had been dragged through a narrow opening and became aware that a door shut silently behind me.

The fellow gave me little opportunity to either act, or think. A match flared, and was held aloft to a gas jet which instantly broke into a dull flame, sufficient to render visible the full extent of the small room in which we stood. In some semi-conscious way I was aware of bare walls, of a small table opposite with some writing materials on it, and a short bench covered by a blanket. I suppose I saw these things, yet all that I seemed to perceive was the man facing me, who stared in my face, a quizzical smile on his lips, as though still half uncertain of the reality of my presence. He was tall, a trifle angular, but exceedingly well-dressed, with closely trimmed iron-gray beard and peculiar eyes deeply set in a rather chalky face. He broke the silence, evidently inclined to look upon this meeting as a joke.

"Don't recognize me, I reckon? Well, that ain't to be wondered at, for likely enough you never saw me before. Beats the devil though why you should drift in here; now I suppose it will have to be fifty-fifty."

His words and manner gave me a new lease on life. Whoever the fellow might be he was seemingly friendly. I must meet the fellow in that same spirit and endeavor to extract from him some knowledge of whom he supposed me to be.

"I do not quite get the drift of all this," I ventured. "You imply that you know me."

"H—h, yes. Over in Bow Street, on the other side, the Hartlebury robbery case. I'd been hearing about you for years, and when that came on, I took a chance and drifted into court one day just to see what you looked like. You've shaved your mustache, and look ten years younger, but I knew you, all right. I never forget a face. Say, who put you onto this game—Waldron?"

I nodded, taking a chance. "I'd have bet my life he was the guy. I might have known he would double-cross me some way. Of course a tip's a tip in this game, and I don't blame you for horning in. Naturally you never knew this was my game—how could you? Waldron never said a word about me, did he?"

"Not once."

"That is how I had it sized up, so I don't hold any grudge against you. Now listen," and he bent forward confidentially, lowering his voice, so I could barely distinguish the words. "We'll talk it all over later, when we're alone. Tain't exactly safe here, for these walls are thin, and there is quite a bunch around tonight. There's plenty for the two of us, if we play the cards right, and we'll let Waldron hold the bag. What do you say, Daly?"

So my name was "Daly." Well, that was interesting at least, although it gave me no new light. However, nothing remained for me to do except agree to his blind proposition.

"That's mighty handsome of you. What's the figure?"
 "A million!" enthusiastically. "Wait until I get a chance to explain the plan; it looks like Providence had just handed us out the money."

"Why not explain the scheme to me?"
 "Not now; there ain't time." He glanced at his watch, "and besides, for all I know, some guy might be listening in to what we say. You see there is a bunch of hell-cats in there waiting for me to give them a song and dance. I'm the big end right now, but I've got to sing low until I'm sure what word these guys have got from Washington. After that I'll know how to trim sail. You wait until I come back, Daly, and then we'll plan this thing out. You think I'm aiming to play fair, don't you?"

"Gentleman George."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
 Courage may be largely callousness; but that kind is valuable, too.

The Tunic Blouse

Garment in "Casaquin" Style
 Beautiful and Useful.

AN OUTFIT FOR THE BRIDE

Gives Long Waist Line and Corsage Can Be Made Gorgeous or Simple.

One of the most important novelties of the present season is the highly decorative tunic blouse which is fashioned in "casaquin" style but which forms in itself a very beautiful and useful garment. The casaquin outline, according to a Paris fashion writer, has become an established favorite.

This is easy to understand. A well cut casaquin blouse makes the figure look slender and eminently graceful. It gives the long waist line now so fashionable and corsages of this order can be made as gorgeous, or as simple, as individual taste suggests.

Now that it is again the fashion to have the skirt of one color—and material—and the corsage of quite another, an opportunity is given for picturesque combinations of all kinds, and the Parisiennes have not been slow to make the most of an agreeable situation.

Individual women have done this, but far more important is the example set by some of our leading dress designers. One of the latest models had a draped skirt made of a new black crepe which has a slightly rough surface and a casaquin corsage in dull rose mousseline de sole embroidered in soft shades of rose, copper and dark gray.

The corsage, which was severely plain save for the embroideries, came down a few inches below the normal waist, and at the hem it was slightly draped. The sleeves were quite short, the neck was cut round, and at the left side, just over the hip, there was a waterfall of black ribbons.

Another Douillet model of similar design had a draped skirt in black lace mounted over silver tulle and a

KIDDIE FROCK, LIKE MOTHER'S



Linen, in French blue and white, is combined into a charming frock for a kiddie. It is almost like mother's and yet adorably youthful.

Ever Popular Tub Dress

Fabrics of Washable Variety Are No Longer in Class With High-Priced Luxuries.

There seems to be no reason whatever why every woman should not be daintily gowned at comparatively small cost this summer. Fabrics of the washable variety, whether cotton or linen, are no longer in the luxury class, and certainly style designers have offered a splendid range of attractive styles.

A frock of two materials is one of the excellent examples of smart simplicity offered this season. It may be white or plain color linen with cretonne. This type of dress is cut on the simplest of lines, buttons sensible and comfortably in the center back, and is of the one-piece variety. The cretonne is used for collar and cuffs and to form a girde effect at either side.

White organdie and gingham in a half-inch check in blue and white, red and white or yellow and white, are frequently combined in dainty summer frocks. This combination is also worked out in some very pleasing blouses for wear with white tub skirts. The major portion of the blouse is usually of the organdie with pipings, belt or girde and collar, of gingham, instead of using the sheer material as trimming for the heavier fabric.

Foulard, either plain of figured, makes a great number of the most effective imported gowns. Pongee—they call it "tussor" over there—will be another popular summer fabric. It is already used a great deal in Paris in



Gorgeous, to say the least, is this offering to the June bride. The gown is sleeveless, in keeping with Dame Fashion's decree. The tiny shower bouquet is one of the newest of the season's bridal bouquets.

casaquin corsage of jade-green taffeta, the latter curiously embroidered—here and there—in silver thread, with tiny cut jet beads in the interstices.

This gown had a wonderful girde—which fell over the hips—of cut jet and silver. Just at the waist there was an obviously unreal camellia made of pure colored organdie mullin.

Here and there sensational models are exhibited to catch the attention of those foreign buyers who insistently demand "something different," but the fact remains that all the best dressed women—Parisiennes and Americans alike—are wearing dainty frocks which still display a straight outline even though a good deal of supple material may be crushed into the composition of a robe.

LONG BLOUSE OUT OF DATE

Hip Length Is Favorite; Many Reach Point Just Below the Normal Waistline.

Waist length blouses, except in models of the distinctly sport type, have gained no headway this season, but the extremely long blouses seem to have been entirely abandoned. Few are seen that are more than hip length. A great many reach a point just below the normal waistline. This is especially true of the handsome lingerie blouses being brought out for summer. A lovely blouse of this type recently seen combined a very fine voile real fillet lace and an equally beautiful embroidery insertion. The blouse was as straight as a little shirt, just covered the belt of the skirt, and was caught to the figure rather loosely at either side by inch-wide navy blue plect-edge faille ribbon.

New Sweaters.

Many of the new sweaters are of jade-green silk, some of soft jade-green wool. One is made with short sleeves with wide turn-back cuffs of soft white angora and a wide rolling collar of the same color and material. Another shows shaggy cuffs of wool—a silk sweater—of white and green. There is a look of those atrocious worsted work ornaments of mid-Victorian parlors about the cuffs.

Help That Aching Back!



Is your back giving out? Are you tired, miserable, all run down; tortured with nagging back-ache, lameness and sudden, stabbing pains? If so, look to your kidneys. Overwork, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache and an all worn out feeling is often the first warning. Get back your health while you can. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy thousands recommend. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case
 J. M. Carter, 210 Spruce St., Covington, Va., says: "I had a weak and lame back. There was a throbbing ache in the small of my back and the kidney secretions were highly colored and irregular in action. One of my neighbors told me to get Doan's Kidney Pills and I used a couple of boxes and they cured me and I haven't had any trouble since."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
 50c a Box at All Store Pills
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Law Violators.

Hoover found that polar bears were under the department of commerce, grizzly bears under the department of the interior and brown bears under the department of agriculture.

Obviously they should all be under the department of prohibition enforcement.

They're all bruin.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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