roing down hit. Ebe is in with the wrong lot here. She can't seem to keep away from them. They are on the very frings of Bohemia, a great deal nearer the aym of the law than makes for respeciable society. The man to whom I saw yeu introduced is a millionaire one day and a thief the next. They're none of them any good. Did you notice, too, that she is wearing sham jewelry? That always looks bad."

"No. I didn't notice." Towaraka and

"No. I didn't notice," Tavernake an

"I wonder," he asked, "do you know anything about her sister?" Pritchard finished his wine and knocked

Pritchard finished his wine and knocked the ash from his cigar.

"Not much," he replied. "I believe she had a very hard time. She took on the father, you know, the old professor, and did her best to keep him straight. He died about a year ago and Miss Beatrice tried to get back into the theatre, but she'd missed her chance. Theatrical business has been shocking in London.

she is she keeps right away from that sort of set," he wound up, moving his head toward Elizabeth's friends. "I wonder if she is in New York." Tavernake said, with a strange thrill at

Pritchard made no reply. His eyes were fixed upon the little group at the next table. Elizabeth was leaning back

n her chair. She seemed to have aban-

doned the conversation. Her eyes were always seeking Tavernake's. Pritchard rose to his feet abruptly. "It's time we were in bed," he de-clared. "Remember the meeting tomor-

Taverbake rose to his feect. As they passed the next table, Elizabeth leaned over to him. Her eyes pleaded with his almost passionately.
"Dear Leonard," she whispered, "you must—you must come and see me. I shall stay in between 4 and 6 every evening this way.

The Delvedore remember."

week. The Delvedere, remember."
"Thank you very much," Tavernake answered. "I shall not forget."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

He was ellent for a moment, he leaned a little forward.

heard she'd come out here.

her hend to his and her eyes called him

He pointed over the roofs of the houses. His back was to the river and he pointed

"Haven't you gut over that quixoticism a little, Leonard?"
He drew a deep eigh.
"I am thankful to say." he declared, carnestly, "that I have not got over it:

that, if anything, my prejudices are stronger than ever."

She sat for a moment quits still and her face had become hard and expressionless. She was looking past him, past

he line of lights, out into the blue dark-"Somehow," she said, softly, "I always

prayed that you might remember. You were the one true thing I had ever met, you were in earnest. It is past, then?"
"It is past," Tavernake answered, bravely.
The music of a Hungarian walts came

bowed and returned to Pritchard,

He bowed and returned to Pricesso, who welcomed him with a quiet smile. You're wise, Tavernake," he said, softly. "I could hear no words, but I know that you have been wise. Between you and me," he added, in a lower tone, "she is

ou at home."

westward.

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc. pyright, 1914, McBride, Nact & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER VI-(Continued) otherford had no relatives in this part the continent. Traveling alone, he had a a cable to Henri, his man. Now he ced about for the well-known face, Lit was nowhere to be seen. Henri, an out superfluous presence as personal istant, would never have looked so tion

ed nor seemed so necessary as now if had appeared. tutherford called a cab and started to by the cabby load his leathers, includgelfbag and guncases; then seeing man was willing to do it alone, he into the cab and waited until the ogs were stowed aboard. He was stardly out the opposite window, watchthe throng of hurrying vehicles and ople, and wondering if he would ever ain take an interest in it all, when the by thrust an inquisitive head in at the

Where to, sir"

setore Craig could reply the man stood
soldy aside to make way for a lady
se sprang into the taxl.

No. — West 10th street," she in-

ucted calmly. man promptly pulled down the shade.

driver, assuming the two to be tother, climbed into his seat and whirled

my from the pier. intruder. It was Mrs. Talcott, She light at him and he lifted his hat po-ig. He could not have uttered a word dy. He could not have it. He was ut-

s. Talcott, however, betrayed no con ich, Her gloved hand reached across frent of him and lowered the other ade. They were shut together in the midarkness of the taxi. For several case they traveled thus without a word ng spoken. The girl's only apparent often was that of impatience. When cab was forced to go slowly because the traffic she would glance quickly through the little back window and n lean forward as if urging haste, resently she seemed to notice her com-lon's taciturnity and looked timidly at

once or twice, as if waiting for him neak. Seeing he was not disposed to so, she said timidly: I-I cannot tell you-at least not now-

I have to do this!"

Do not trouble yourself. It isn't neceshe replied. erford's nerves were on raw edge spite of what his own eyes had seen moment he was with this charming as person he could feet nothing save all-pervading charm. She was so gen-dy winsome; and in the new role of ting his protection, of relying upon n, her attraction increased tenfold! But alg was still too near to the precipica-er which he had looked, to wish to be at back. He was determined not to ought back. He was determined not the ten te any explanation whatever, true otherwise, which would only reveal ore fully how desperately different she is from the woman he had stubbornly posed her to be.

is words, while courteous, only added her embarrassment. Thank you," she stammered. "I would r have presumed-but you were

each to effer to help me at any time— I I thought—well, no one ever knows." No one ever knows," Craig agreed, non-If you don't mind, I'll raise this cur

now," observed Rutherford, er close in here." Certainly," she replied in a low voice. bright with tears. She flushed as his

w-you are not-oh, I am afraid I offended you!" she exclaimed softly. at there was no other way!"

Craig had never before known how

ring can be the embarrassment of a majly poised woman he learned it. It seemed to him that a charm as ler as the mist brooding over the sing summer landscape now enhanced singular perfection in feature and wing. Craig steeled his emotion, his

tive generosity, with an effort.
I understand. I offered you my serves, and I am glad you could avail yourf of them," he replied with studied

mank back against the cushions and le no further effort to talk to him. Talg fancied he could picture the events th led up to her abrupt entrance into ab. Her husband had been arrested, had escaped, probably with Helder-'s sid; and, just as before, she was ig to hoodwink him-to make a catsof him, in a clever escape! derman he had seen only for a mo-before landing. He had not gone

to keep that tragic appointment in royal suite and had studiously avoided

upant up to the time of docking. en, in the throng awaiting to disem-h, he had felt a firm, familiar clasp on shoulder, and had turned to see Helman beaming cordially upon him-ig had nodded curtly and shaken the n's hand away as he hurried toward gangway. Just as he started down harrow plank he had glanced back suntarily to see the other smiling with cal amusement. He was avidently sized amusement. He was evidently gibing at Cralg's boylah resentment of lact that a man had overreached him, a played with him!

I the elderly husband had been caught his wickedness and the pretty young in had escaped. Rutherford could only side that Helderman was still operate he machinery to his own ends. It sucher wild thought now leaped o Craig's brain—in that very event, a not the financier playing right into

Crag's brain-in that very event, not the financier playing right into usen hands, by allowing the girl to pe his protection?

wee his protection? I was evident that, whether he chose nos. Fate had linked his fortunes in me way with these people; and he insuly resolved to right-about face. He wild aid this lady to the best of his way he would trust her if he could; to as for loving her—ah, could be help that, he wondered? he had drew up to a curb in a side and the door. Rutherford glamced at the unfamiliar heighborhood, and ared why they had stopped.

This is Number —, West 10th, sir," the cabby, therford got out and extended a

the cably, the form of the form of the form of the form of the said, smiling. I four commonplace words: yet his said manner catased her to glance at him, as if to make sure that as saily a friend again. She placed land in his, and he perceived that was frembling. Poor little woman! and bean given the hardest task of the form of the forether of the form de performance to perform, he and now she seemed more for-lonely than he had ever seen spoke a few more words of summonclace, while the man got

were being pulled down to make room alone?" he asked again, wondering if she for the ever-present business block and had resigned her husband to the care of the Government for a protracted for the ever-present business block and apartment house. Furnished-room and boarding-house signs dangled dejectedly, as if they knew that their days of usefulness were numbered the moment the drifting lime-and-brick dust settled over them. Altogether, it was not the neigh-borhood which Rutherford would have expected a woman like Mrs. Talcott to

to find agreeable. She was looking intently at the house in front of them.

"It hasn't changed, except to grow uglier, perhaps," she observed.

At this moment, a spick-and-span young man, who had perched on the stone railing of the stone, came down the steps. "Is this —"" he began.
"You are Mr. Maxwell?" she interpupted, before he could finish his question.

"I'm his son." the young man acknowledged, with a buoyant breeziness which Craig keenly enjoyed as a pure product of the homeland to which he was returning. "The governor sent me down with the keys, and wanted me to say that if everything wasn't all right he

would do anything necessary."

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell," she said, smiling at him, "Now will you so in with us and see?" She included Rutherford in the invitation, with a look which begged him to accept as plainly as words could have done. Urged by his curiosity, by the hope that something would transpire to give him a chance to believe her what she so attractively looked to be, Craig followed

I hate to go alone into an unoccupied house," she said, half in apology. Craig entered the high-cellinged, quaintelaborate parlor with a set of thoughts ad feelings curiously confused. To every little appeal on her part, he instantly reponded with a thrill. He loved her; and he doubted her. He believed that she was playing with him; and he could not dis-guise the keen happiness he felt at her

dependence upon him, real or simulated. Her next words, when they were scarce inside the house, gave Rutherford a slight shock.

"Mr. Maxwell—the pistol, please!"
"Oh, of course!" said that young man, producing a box from his pocket, and taking from it a hammerless revolver. "You are accustomed to firearms, Miss-Mrs-7

"Oh, yes!" she interrupted quickly, with Maxwell explained the mechanism of the gun, and she followed him with a ready grasp which indicated that she was.

indeed, familiar with weapons. Rutherford wondered what it all meant.

Laying the gun on the table, she took three rectangular boxes from the small

pigskin bag, which she had carried con-stantly in her hand. "You know what these are, Mr. Max-"Of course!" replied Maxwell, with his

usual enthusiasm; "they are the-"
The girl again interrupted him.
"Will you kindly adjust them according to the instructions you have received?"
Without another word, Maxwell took the three boxes, and left the room. Ruther-ford heard him ascend to the next floor, where he was occupied for about five

minutes; then he rejoined them.
"Now if there's anything more I can
do, just call on me," he announced hearti-. And he produced a card and handed with a flourish to Rutherford.

Craig saw the blush with mantled the girl's cheeks, as the significance of the action struck her. Maxwell had taken him for her husband. He glanced at him for her husband. He glanced at the card, finding some sly amusement in the situation.
"Sprawlins' American Sporting Goods

House! You represent them, Mr. Max-

You bet I do! But I do side jobs for the governor, when he's rushed. He's real estate, you know. I guess I must Mrs. Talcott thanked him again, and dismissed him.

"I think that will be all at present. Mr. Rutherford will look about—"
"Rutherford!" exclaimed Maxwell, lookmiration given by all sport-enthusiasts to their heroes. "I thought your face

looked familiar. You're old Craig Ruther-ford!" "I am that!" Craig nesented. Maxwell seized his hand and wrung it with unbounded and slightly-painful de-

light.
"By George, sir, I'm giad to see you looking so fit! So that's why you've been so long on the other side-getting over the effects of that last spill! I thought, after your horse landed you on top of that cobble-fence and then fell on top of you. out there on Long Island-why, I thought out there on Long island—why, I thought you were done for! We all did. Sprawlins nearly wept! I'll tell him you look fit as a fiddle. It's great!"

Craig smiled at his boyish enthusiasm, and promised to call in to see Sprawlins

"Going in for pole again this year, sir, or do you intend to recapture that golf trophy?" Maxwell persisted.
Rutherford said he really didn't knew; and the boy turned with this parting shot;

"Well, anything I can do for you here, command me at any time-you, or Mrs. Rutherford!" The girl crimsoned at this appellation.
"This is Mrs. Talcott," said Rutherford,

"Beg parden! I know that was the name the governor said—but I—well, you see, I just did a little bit of original thinking and got mixed, that's all!"
Then he made a hasty adieu and dis

Rutherford knew that he was alone in the house with this girl. He stepped to the window, pulled back the shade which was drawn down, saw that the cab piled with his possessions was still waiting, and then turned to make his excuses.
"I'll say good-by now, Mrs. Talcott—"
he began, somewhat awkwardly.

"Don't go-yet," she said.
"There is something I can do?"
"Lots of things!" she affirmed, smiling

shyly at him; "and I've just been learning about others!" about others!"

"From my admirer?" laughed Craig.
"Well, it's good to have one friend at court, anyway! And perhaps he will take a personal interest in making things habitable for you over here."

"Thank you. And now, if you don't mind, could you take time to look over the house with me?"

Craig readily assented. The spirit of this adventure had long since taken com-

this adventure had long since taken com-plete possession of him. As they reached the empty hall of the big, gloomy house, he quite appreciated how she might find much cause for anxiety in this echolog 'Do you mean to live here-alone?" he

ventured to inquirs.
"Why not?" she parried; and it seemed
to him that she waited a trifle anxiously

fancied you might be afraid." he re-

"Oh. is that sill" she exclaimed in apparent relief. "I—I fancied it did not seem quite the proper thing to you."

For a second he felt tempted to tail her that he had dispensed with all the conventional points of view, in regard to her. He did not consider smuggling the "proper thing"—but he had not let it overcome the magnetism with which she attracted him. Indeed, he might have said, if he had inten to frankness, that he was unable to oppose her charm with any of the well-regulated and entirgiversper likes he had alwars entertained. r liens be hid always entertated. groups them all on you will be abled entirely

Quite slone," she answered frankly; "unless my former mail comes back to me. That is the reason I am so grate-ful to you for coming in. If you will be good snough to go over the house with me, so that I shall be quite sure I am entirely alone, I shall be twice grateful." She spoke with studied case. Ruther-ford, how-ver, noticed that now as they approached the third floor, where the shades at the windows were so jealously lowered, she seemed pale and fatigued, and there were slight circles of worry visible below her axes.

visible below her eyes.
"It will be a considerable nervous strain for you to live here without company,

he remarked.
"I'm afraid it will," she surprised him by acknowledging; "but I must! It is the only way I can help him! It is the

only way that we can prove—"
She stopped suddenly and bit her lip.
Rutherford respected her secret and asked no more questions. He could feel only admiration for the resolute young spirit who could dare any danger and the peril of loneliness for the sake of aiding one she loved.

Already regretting her outburst the girl hurried from one room to another. When they returned to the lower floor Ruther-ford noticed that there were niches in the wall from whence statues had once over looked the stairs. They were curtained but he had reached the front room on the second floor before it occurred to him to explore them. He turned back, "I meant to glance into those niches,"

he said. "I was a better detective than you; I did so," she replied hastily.

"I didn't notice the fact," said Craig. inwardly sure that no action of hers had

"You aren't very observant, are you?"
she asked, smilingly.
Craig noticed that her lips did not straighten; they curved actily into the Cupid's bow, of which he had read, but which he had doubted until now. He marveled invarily of the comparation of the compar which he had doubted until now. He mar-veled inwardly at this new charm which had escaped him hitherto; and marveling he forgot that his eyes had not left her for an instant on their journey up and down the stairway, and the curtained niches could not have been examined without his observing it.

The room to which she now led him occupied the width of the house, on the second floor, and was desired existing.

occupied the width of the house, on the second floor, and was designed evidently as a study. A flat-topped desk stood in the middle of the floor, a graceless thought perhaps convenient piece of furniture with two tiers of drawers. Its only ornament was the finely-mounted head of a Rocky Mountain goat.

"George, what a bully speciment"

"George, what a bully specimen!" ex-claimed Craig, his hunting instinct aroused. "Who got him? Where did he "Mr. Talcott shot him-in the Rockies,

believe.

The Belleve."

"A beauty—but look at this—it's a down-right shame! He's such an unusually fine fellow, it's a pity he isn't perfect!"

Rutherford was looking with lively regret at the tip end of one of the long, curved horns. It was broken off. He reached out and touched the blemish. Mrs. Talcott, who had been standing be-side him, moved away uneasily.
"It was probably broken in some wicked

fight he had with another mountain beast," she said hastily. beist. She said hastily.

Then, as if unwilling to continue the subject, she sat down at the desk, opened a drawer, and laid the pistol in it. Rutherford realized for the first time that she had carried the weapon with her during the exploring tour. The knowledge placed him.

piqued him, "I'ld you carry that with you to pro-tect us both, in case there should be any-one in the house?" he asked, with a trace

of sarcasm in his voice. She glanced at him before replying. She had a trick of reading all his moods by the tone of his voice, and her own mood

eemed instantly to respond.
"No-I-perhaps I am becoming too much a victim of my own fears," she said hesitatingly.

"Do you not trust me?" he demanded

trusting you here—when I have trusted you all along!" she breathed.
Hardly knowing what he did, Craig reached out and took both of her hands in his. He was not an anchorite: he was nly human; and the life of her droop-ng lips, the nearness of her hands, the serfume of her hair, the fired look in her yes, were too much for him. He only tnew that he wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her—this lonely, brave, elpless, misguided little woman! She lushed, and struggled to free her bands.

"Let me try the telephone," she pleaded breathlessly.
"Will you listen to me, then?" he asked. She nodded, without raising her eyes to his. He released her hands. He had made up his mind to tell her that he cared for her so much he would guard her from all the rest of the world, and he would also guard her from-himself. He would make it perfectly clear to her that, although he could not longer conceal his love, it would be devoted to silent service for her, and would ask nothing in return. "Let me try the telephone," she pleaded for her, and would ask nothing in return. His love was something of which he was not ashamed—something which she need not fear—something she could lean upon

She reached for the receiver of the cak-telephone; then, instead of taking, her free hand shot out and pressed one f the three buttons that were imbedded

at any time of stress.

of the three buttons that were imbedded in the desk.

Again Craig experienced a quick revulsion of feeling. This girl, while pretending to trust him, was letting him make a fool of himself. He had meant to reassure her, and she would not listen to him—she was aummoning aid:

"By heaven, I will speak!" he cried, selaing her hand again.

She did not seem to hear him, and for the moment did not try to disengage her hand. She sat listening, poised, expectant.

At the same instant a voice, angry, ex-ultant, was heard in the lower hall: "Trapped! Caught like a rat in a trap!" (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

COMING ON SATURDAY! The Seven Darlings

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

LETTER'S Best Coal

OWEN LETTER'S SONS

closer to hers—"have you forgotten every-THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER VI.

BACK TO CIVILIZATION When, after a long stay in the wilds, where health of body and mind had come back to him, and a lucky find of oil had made him a wealthy man, Tavernake returned to New York. He wired Pritch-

ard to meet him. Pritchard laughed softly as he passed

his arm through his friend's. "Come, my Briton," he said, "my primitive man, I have rooms for you in a hotel close here. A bath and a mint julep, then I'll take you to a tailor's. What about the big country? It's better than your salt marshes, eh? Better than your little fishing village? Better than build-

ing boats?" ing boats?"
"You know it." Tavernake answered.
"I feel as though I'd been drawing in
life for month after month. Have I got
to wear boots like yours—patent?"
"Got to be done." Pritchard declared.
"And the hat—oh, my heavens!" Tav-

ernake groaned. "I'll never become civil-

"We'll see," Pritchard laughed. "Say Tavernake, it was a great trip of ours. Everything's turning out marvelously. The oil and the copper are big, manbig, I tell you. I recken your five thousand dollars will be well on the way to

half a million. I'm pretty near there It was not until later on, when he was alone, that Tavernake realized with how little interest he listened to his com-panion's talk of their success. It was so short a time ago since the building up of a fortune had been the one aim upon which every nerve of his body was cen-tered. Curiously enough, now he seemed

to take it as a matter of course.
"On second thought, I'll send a tailor round to the hotel," Pritchard declared. "I've rooms myself next yours. We can go out and buy boots and the other things

By nightfall, Tavernake's wardrobe was complete. Even Pritchard regarded him with a certain surprise. He seemed, somehow, to have gained a new dignity. "Say, but you look great!" he exclaimed. "They won't believe it at the meeting to-morrow that you are the man who crossed the Yolite Mountains and swam crossed the folite adoutating and swam the Ferancek River. That's a wonderful country you were in. Tavernake, after you left the tracks."

"I'll never keep away from it," he said,

"I'll have to go back."

Pritchard smiled. When your report's in shape and the dollars are being scooped in, they'll send you back fast enough—that is, if you still want to go," he remarked. "I tell you. Leonard Tavernake, our city men here are out for the dollars. Over on your side, a man makes a million or so and here had enough. One fortune here out he's had enough. One fortune here only seems to what the appetite of a New Yorker. By the way," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "does it interest you to know that an old friend of yours is in New York?"

Tavernake's head went round swiftly.

"Who is it?" he asked.
"Mrs. Wenham Gardner."

Tavernake set his teeth.
"Ne," he said, slowly, "I don't know that that interests me." that that interests me."
"Glad of it." Pritchard went on. "I
can tell you I don't think things have
been going extra well with the lady.
She's spent most of what she got from
the Gardner family, and she doesn't
seem to have had the best of luck with

it, either. I came across her by accident. She is staying at a flashy hotel, but it's in the wrong quarter-second rate-quite second-rate." second-rafe."
"I wonder whether we shall see anything of her." Tavernake remarked.
"Do you want to." Pritchard asked.
"She'll probably be at Martin's for lunch.

at the Plaza for tea, and Rector's for supper. She's not exactly the lady to emain hidden, you know. "We'll avoid those places, then, if you are taking me around," Tavernake said. 'You're cured, are you?" Pritchard in-

'Yes, I am cured," Tavernake answered, cured of that and a great many other things, thanks to you. You found me the right tonic."

tively. "That reminds me. This way for the best cocktail in New York." . . . The night was not to pass, however, without its own especial thrill for Taver-take. The two men dined together at Delmonico's and went afterwards to a roof garden, a new form of entertain-ment for Tavernake, and one which in-terested him vastly. They secured one

westward.

"I have been in a country where one forgote," he answered. "I think that I have thrown the knapsack of my folles away. I think that it is buried. There are some things which I do not forget, but are scarcely to be spoken of."

"You are a strange young man," she said. "Was I wrong or were you not once in love with roe?"

"I was terribly in love with you," of the outside tables near the parapets, and below them New York stretched, a flaming phantasmagoria of lights and crude buildings. Down the broad avenues with their towering blocks, their street cars striking fire all the time like toys below, the people streamed like insects away to the Hudson, where the great ferry boats, ablaze with lights, went screaming across the dark waters. Taver-nake leaded over and forgot. There was so much that was amazing in this marvelous city for a man who had only just begun to find blusself.

ones in love with me?"
"I was terribly in love with you,"
Tavernake confessed.
"Yet you tore up my check and flung
yourself away when you found out that
my standard of morals was not quits
what you had expected," she murmured.
"Haven't you go your that any staffelm." The orchestra, stationed within a few yards of him, commenced to play a popular waits, and Pritchard to talk. Tavernake turned his fascinated eyes from the prospect below.

"My young friend," Pritchard said, "you are up against it tonight. Take a drink of your wine and then brace yourself."

Tavernake did as he was told.

"What is this danger?" he asked.

"What's wrong, anyway?"

"Do you wish to go!" Pritchard asked.

Tavernake shook his head.

"Not I!" he answered. "This place is far too fascinating. Can't we have some The orchestra, stationed within a few

"Not I!" he answered. "This place is far too fascinating. Can't we have some more wine? This is my treat. And, Pritchard, why do you look at me like that? You are not supposing for a moment that I am espable of making an ass of myself again?"

Pritchard smiled in a relieved fashion. "My young friend," he said, "I have lived in the word so long and seen so many strange things especially between men and women, that I am never surprised at anything. I thought you'd shed The music of a Hungarian wallz came floating down to them. She half closed her eyes. Her head moved slowly with the melody. Tavernake looked away. "Will you come and see me just once?" she asked, suddenly. "I am staying at the Delvedere, in 43d street."
"Thank you very much." Tavernake replied. "I do not know how long I shall be in New York. If I am here for a few days, I shall take my chance at finding you at home." prised at anything. I thought you'd shed your follies as your grip upon life had tightened, but one is never sure."

Tavernake sighed. Tavernake sighed.
"Oh, I have shed the worst of my follies." he answered. "I only wish—"
He never finished his sentence. Elizabeth had suddenly seen him. For a moment she leaned forward as though to assure herself that she was not mistaken. Then she half sprang to her feet and sat down again. Her lips were parted—she was once more bewilderingly beautiful.

"Mr. Tavernake," she cried, "come and

Tavernake, and tried, the speak to me at once."
Tavernake rose without hesitation, and walked firmly across the few yards which separated them. She held out both her separated them. She held out both her hands.

"This is wonderfull" she exclaimed.

"You in New York! And I have wondered so often what became of you."

Tavernake smiled.

"It is my first night here," he said.

"For two years I have been prospecting in the Far West."

In the Far West."

"Then I saw your name in the papers," she declared. "It was for the Manhattan Syndicate, wasn't it?"

Tavernake nedded, and one of the men of the party leaned forward with interest. "You're going to make millions and millions," she assured him, "You always knew you would, didn't you?"

"I am afraid that I was almost toe confident," he answered. "But certainly we have been quite fortunate."

One of Elizabeth's companions intervened—he was the one who had pricked up his ears at the mention of the Man.

up his ears at the mention of the Man hattan Syndicate.
"Say, Elizabeth," he remarked, "I'd like to meet your friend."
Elizabeth, with a frown, performed the

"Mr. Anthony Cruxhall-Mr. Taver-Mr. Cruxhall held out a fat white hand, on the little finger of which glittered

on the little finger of which glittered a big diamond ring.
"Say, are you the Mr. Tavernake that was surveyor to the prospecting party sent out by the Manhattan Syndicate?" he inquired.

he inquired.
"I was." Tavernake admitted, briefly.
"I still am, I hope."
"Then you're just the man I was hoping to meet." Mr. Cruxhail declared. "Won't you sit down with us right here? I'd like to talk some about that trip. I'm interested in the syndicate."
Tavernake shook his head.
"I've had enough of work for a time." he said. "Beside, I couldn't talk about it till after_my report to the meeting tomerrow."

"Just a few words," Mr. Cruxhall per-sisted, "We'll have a bettle of cham-pagne, ch?"

"You will excuse me, I am sure." Taver-nake replied, "when I tell you that it would not be correct on my part to dis-cuss my trip until after I have handed in my report to the company. I am very glad to have seen you again, Mrs.

claimed, in dismay.
"I have left Mr. Pritchard alone,

The remarks answered.

Elizabeth smiled and waved her hand to the solltary figure.

"Our friend Mr. Pritchard again," she remarked. "Well, it is really a curious meeting, isn't it? I wonder,"—she lifted

The

STOIC

A Breezy Spring

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for Fashionable Fellows

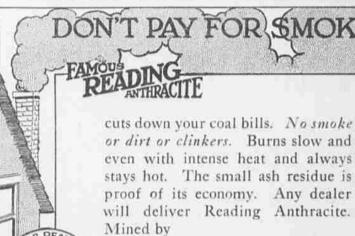
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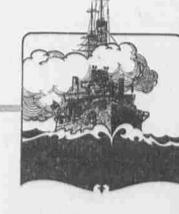
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The Most Remarkable Photo of a Battleship at Full Speed Ever Taken

The photographer stood in a launch, ENGINE STOPPED, just 75 feet in front of the onrushing giant! Then his motor wouldn't crank-and he barely escaped being run down. But he got it-a photo of the big super-dreadnought New York-28,000 tons of steel rushing through the water at over 26 miles per hour!

Be sure you get this great picture! It's well worth framing. Printed on the front page of the Intaglio Section, March 14th issue of the

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