

THE BLUE BUCKLE

A BAFFLING MYSTERY AND BREATHLESS TALE OF ADVENTURE

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc.

(Copyright, 1914, McBride, East & Co.)

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

"What Miami bonds do you mean, Mr. Rutherford?" he asked, his old arrogance coming to the front to chastise this young man's insolence.

"The bonds belonging to the Ballantyne estate," replied Craig in the most casual manner in the world. "I have been informed that they are now in your possession."

"And who was your informer, pray?" "That makes no difference, at present. I am simply trying to trace the history of these bonds. Are they the same ones that you brought from the bank?"

"Mr. Rutherford, this is idle. You know—or the public knows—that I have not been out of the city. The Ballantyne bonds are intact, and even if there were any, I would have a perfect right to dispose of them, as representing my client's interests."

"You admit that these are the Ballantyne bonds?" persisted Craig, still holding a faint smile. "I admit nothing—and I deny you the right to cross-examine me! What do you know about the Ballantyne bonds—and the Peninsula Bank?"

"I was the Peninsula Bank, then? Glad to know it!" said Rutherford. "Helderman looked nettled at his slight slip, and took refuge in silence. This self-possessed young man was more than his match, today."

"Mr. Ferguson," said Craig, after the silence had grown perceptible. "I have reason to believe that these bonds have been offered for sale, without the right of your consent. I make no charges against Mr. Helderman here, of course, but I ask you to hold these bonds in our custody until we can investigate them."

"You will do nothing of the kind," retorted Helderman, calmly. "They are negotiable bonds payable to bearer. I am that bearer. I came to negotiate a sale. You will give them back to me or buy them from me."

"I may do neither," Rutherford asserted. "You will do one or the other," Helderman said as positively.

"Ferguson grew uneasy. "Mr. Rutherford, I am not sure but that Mr. Helderman is right. The bonds have come to us through him, and he has offered to sell them to us at a very satisfactory figure. Now, we must either buy them at his price or refuse to buy them."

"Correct!" agreed Helderman; while Craig was checked by a warning glance from the cashier.

"Mr. Helderman," continued Ferguson, "I will give you a receipt for the bonds, and give you an early decision about them, say, tomorrow morning."

"Till tomorrow, then," agreed Helderman not altogether pleased with the turn of events, though evidently thinking it best not to make any show of distrust. But as he went out the door he could not resist this parting shot. "Your suppositions are idle, Mr. Rutherford, and you have no proof. If you try any monkey business with me I'll break your bank!"

"Craig merely smiled at the vain threat and Helderman left abruptly. "Ferguson, have you heard—any tales—about Helderman these days?" asked Craig.

"Why he is all the time involved in risky financial speculations—things that the rest of us would not dare tackle—but he always manages to win out with them. What do you mean, Mr. Rutherford?"

"I mean just this, Helderman will be watching you and, mark my words, he won't last long down here. As for these bonds—did you notice how he changed color when I told him where they came from?"

"Yes! How did you know?" "I didn't—not for sure. I merely guessed—and I made him tell me some of it," replied Craig, with a gleam of triumph. "Before I get through he is going to tell me some more!"

"Ferguson grinned appreciatively, but the look was quickly replaced by one of apprehension. "You did some good detective work, Mr. Rutherford," he said, "but you still haven't evidence enough to hold these bonds."

"Nevertheless, I'm going to hold them!" responded Craig, determinedly. "Understand, Ferguson, you are not to deliver them back under any circumstances without my consent. I, personally, will be responsible. Put him off pleasantly—but don't give them up!"

"Ferguson assented, but obviously ill at ease. He picked up the bonds and began to examine them again. Suddenly he gave a little exclamation and, without word of excuse, ran out of the office. In a few moments he was back again with a printed list, and again scanned the bonds.

"By George! I believe you are right about those Borderline Fives!" he shouted. "A big issue of those bonds utterly disappeared some years ago. No one has ever been able to account for them. No coupons, even, were ever presented. These are the missing bonds, and they look as though they had been stuck away in some safe deposit box and forgotten all this time!"

"You are mighty near right!" exclaimed Craig, sharing his excitement. He had made a long shot in accusing Helderman of having taken these bonds from the Florida bank, but the shot was evidently a bull's-eye.

"A Tale of Red Roses," George Randolph Chester's sparkling story of love and a traction company, will begin in The Evening Ledger next Saturday, April 3. It is a story of a big man, who happens to be a ward boss, and of a dashing girl, who happens to be the daughter of the traction company's president. There are, besides, a lot of people you will recognize at once—the sort that live right around the corner from you, and there is a promoter who is worthy of being a brother to Wallingford himself. The story is full of humor—the good American sort, and full of action. Read it every day in the Evening Ledger, beginning April 3.

to this awe-inspiring place; but not that she feared for herself, but her constant thought was of her father and his safety, and it seemed to her that they would be thrusting their necks into a noose to venture thus into the law's domain.

Craig, however, had assured them that their identity would be absolutely secret for the present. They were again to be Mr. and Mrs. Talcott. Mr. Talcott, in fact, was the only name by which Ballantyne was known up at his hotel.

"Mr. Brookfield," said Craig, after he had introduced his companions to the Assistant District Attorney, "I have come to consult you about a matter of considerable importance, relates to an estate consisting of a large amount of negotiable bonds left by will to this lady. She has been defrauded of them by a man high up in financial circles—so you may appreciate the delicacy and importance of our mission."

"Who is the man accused?" asked Brookfield promptly. "Do not be astonished when I reply that he is J. Baron Helderman."

"Billie saw the hands resting on the attorney's chair suddenly grip the wood. "What do you suspect—what do you know about Helderman, Craig?" asked Brookfield, during the few moments of the interview, and revealing himself a friend of Rutherford's as well as a person who suspected something of J. Baron Helderman's own activities.

Rutherford recalled to his memory the episode of the diamond necklace, on which case Crowder was still working and striving to contact Helderman, but thus far unsuccessfully. Then he narrated the salient points in regard to the flying visit to the Peninsula Bank, and how successfully Helderman had worked his skill to clear the bonds and other contents of the box, intended for some one else.

"I don't know how much or how little you may know about Helderman," he concluded; "but our chief difficulty is to discover the exact contents of that box he rifled, and our next is to overcome the most perfect alibi a mortal man ever invented. They are now sure but that is the biggest difficulty, after all!"

"I quite agree with your last remark—quite!" rejoined Brookfield slowly. "We have already had some experience with this alibi of Helderman's. What have you already done in this last episode?"

"Craig rapidly outlined the events of the last few days, beginning his own experience in the South, and telling of Helderman's visit to the downtown bank, that morning, in an endeavor to dispose of the bonds. He dwelt also upon Helderman's arrogant self-possession.

"But you are not sure that these are the same bonds?" asked Monty. "Not positive; but I practically made him admit that they were. I haven't the shadow of a doubt in my mind."

"Are you sure that Helderman went South at all?" "I wish I were!" said Craig ruefully. "But while I am positive I saw him down there—and there are as positive—but not quite—that they saw him up here!"

"And there you are!" commented Brookfield. He had evidently heard this sort of thing before. "Only," went on Craig reluctantly, "on the same night Crowder posted himself, gave him—or fancied he saw him—in his home on Riverside Drive."

"Who?" "Crowder," growled Brookfield. "Well, what do you think?" asked Craig. "Only this, that Crowder or some one so near him that he could touch them, is always the one to see Helderman—innocent."

"Do you mean that you suspect Crowder—of—well, of what?" demanded Rutherford, astounded by the implied doubt in Brookfield's words. "This Helderman always proves his alibi—how? Crowder and his companion or companions always see him somewhere else. Personally, I don't mind telling you that I believe J. Baron Helderman to be quite capable of all the mischief attributed to him. He is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. His business methods even are so questionable that he is liable to get in serious trouble on that score one of these days; but I leave that aside. He is apparently capable of petty

meanesses that you wouldn't believe possible in a man of his high pretensions. I'll give you just one example. "Not long ago, an old broker, Mr. Braine, was knocked down in the narrow corridor of a building in Broad street. He was carrying an envelope—a big brown one containing negotiable securities worth many thousand dollars. The man who knocked him down helped him to get up, handed him his brown envelope, apologized and dashed on. It was rather dark in the corridor, and the man's face couldn't be seen. Mr. Braine hurried on the bank to deposit his securities in the safety vault. The next day, he had occasion to take them out and examine them. His brown envelope contained nothing but blank papers. The man who knocked him down, he thought, had changed envelope with him. That man seems to have been—J. Baron Helderman!"

"Billie gave a little exclamation of surprise and horror. The other two listeners sat spellbound. Much as they had distrusted Helderman, they had not conceived him guilty of—just this!" "What makes you think so?" finally asked Craig.

"It was late, after dusk. Two men were trailing Helderman, on another matter. They saw him, and him only, enter and leave the corridor. The safety vault had been kept open a few minutes over-time to accommodate Mr. Braine; so these two men knew exactly the time. They are positive that only Helderman went into the place; and no one else either entered or left it. At that time, Braine came staggering by, and explained his mishap, about two minutes after Helderman had disappeared."

"Then it's clear that Helderman did it!" cried Rutherford, excitedly. "By George, that's where he got the cash to buy the bank at Miami!" "It's clear to the two men who saw Helderman in Broad Street; but it's not clear to Crowder, and that's my view. I saw Helderman at the same identical time—on Riverside Drive!"

Rutherford almost groaned. "Brookfield, we aren't any nearer to catching Helderman than we are. If you are always encountering his double," Brookfield did not immediately reply. "Billie cast a look of womanly sympathy at Craig, who, in a mood of abstraction, and she had a sudden, unbelievable, inexcusable desire to put both her arms around his head, and smooth the wrinkles out of his brow. She blushed at the amazing boldness of her thought.

"So you think that Crowder is his accomplice?" asked Craig. "Brookfield nodded, Rutherford looked at his friend with an expression that said as plainly as words, that he thought him mildly deranged. "If you think I'm crazy now, Craig," said Monty, interpreting the look, "you'll be sure of it when I explain my theory. Crowder is a hypnotist—that's my view. He makes the person with him see Helderman—where he isn't!"

"It's not impossible," Rutherford agreed, seriously. "He was mentally reviewing his own last experience up on the Drive, and the lame explanations the two detectives had given of the banker's sudden disappearance. Again, that is, however, he was banking his own judgment of people—a pet habit of his—and he could not distrust Crowder, however much this novel theory of Brookfield's might have to commend it."

"But I'll bank on Crowder," he said aloud. "Meanwhile, we will keep each other informed, Brookfield." "The attorney agreed, as he bade them good-day. "The three callers rode uptown in the same cab; but to Craig's surprise, Ballantyne refused to go with them to the West Tenth Street house."

"Why keep up this elaborate hide-and-seek air?" Rutherford questioned, carefully disguising his impatience. "I know that you do live with your daughter, and you have reported to me about occurrences there, in her absence. It seems absurd to suppose that I can be deceived now. It's rather an insult to my intelligence, and somewhat of a—er—well, it would seem to indicate that although you are ready to avail yourself of my services you are not ready to trust me. I am

commander-in-chief only in name! Pardon my bluntness, but— "Mr. Rutherford! Mr. Rutherford!" exclaimed Ballantyne, "surely you cannot think so little of us as that!" "Surely you cannot have so little confidence in me as that!" retorted Craig. "Really, Mr. Ballantyne, what difference does it make, now? The fortune is yours—you can get it away from Helderman. It is no longer necessary for you to carry out the stipulations of that crazy will—even if you ever did it—and I'm sure I'd be the last to blame you."

The older man's face paled a trifle at the younger one's implied accusation. He had opened his lips as if about to make an explanation; now he compressed them firmly. He was a Southerner and not accustomed to being called a liar. "Mr. Rutherford," he said stiffly, "I live now, as I have lived ever since I landed, at the Monolith. Good afternoon, Good-by, little daughter!"

Rutherford climbed back into the cab and shut the door with a bang. He didn't relish being told that black is white. "Well, I'll be— "Oh! I shouldn't want you to!" Billie protested, her eyes laughing, while her lips puckered into a pout. "Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to shake you—hard—and punch the nonsense out of your father's handsome head!" Craig fumed.

"Isn't father who has the nonsense in his—handsome head?" she replied, automatically. "I should have told you long ago, but I have been waiting for you to find out. And father has been over-cautious on my account—just as I have been, on his. Until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will."

"But he has been in the 16th street house," Craig asserted. "He has not. And if you don't take my word for it, and stop bothering about what is no, your affair, I'll never speak to you again!" "I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure."

They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will. "But he has been in the 16th street house," Craig asserted. "He has not. And if you don't take my word for it, and stop bothering about what is no, your affair, I'll never speak to you again!"

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"I realize that I have bothered a good deal about what is not my affair," said Craig bitterly. "I beg your pardon, I am sure." They were both silent for a moment; then the girl, with what Craig inwardly called the perversity of her sex—she had been, on his, until this muddle is entirely settled, he will not cease to live absolutely according to the dictates of the will.

"How could I show you?" she asked artlessly. "Craig's heart—his own member—thumped furiously at this, but he resolutely kept his face turned away, and preserved a semblance of his vanished humor. He didn't want to lose any of this hard-earned advantage!"

"If you really had any heart for me, you know, it would suggest ways of revealing itself. The mere asking of the question proves conclusively that you haven't!"

"Why, Craig!" she said reproachfully. "It was the first time she had ever used his first name, and he had never realized until now how good a name it was. He turned toward her quickly, a world of yearning in his eyes—and just at that moment the cab drew up in front of her home."

"I would ask you to come in, but—" she began shyly. "I'm coming in anyway!" he announced determinedly. "Miss Olmstead is a friend of mine. She's not like your former friend, Sophie. Perhaps she'll ask me to tea."

"If she doesn't, I shall," replied Billie, dimly. "The only reason I hesitated was because you were—so horrid!" "Why horrid?" protested Craig. "I only asked a few natural questions!"

"Which you ought just as naturally to have guessed for yourself!" she retorted. "Do you mean about your father, or about your heart?" asked Rutherford. "Of course, about father and the house!" she said, confused. "But here we stand talking it all over on the sidewalk. The driver hasn't been paid his fare, and Miss Olmstead is peeping out of the window. Come in, and I'll show you all the secrets of this wonderfully mysterious house—then maybe you'll be satisfied!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Drexel Estate Property Sold
Property belonging to the estate of Joseph W. Drexel, formerly of this city, at 102 Madison avenue and at 25 South 29th street, New York, has been sold to the George Backer Realty Company, including Artstein and Levy. The purchasers who acquired the property from the heirs, Mrs. Catharine Drexel Penrose, Mrs. Lucy Drexel Dahlger, Mrs. Elizabeth Drexel Lebe and Josephine W. Drexel, intend to erect a 12-story loft building on the site.

Student Hurt When Hit by Auto
Weaver Marston, of Haverford, member of a prominent Main Line family and student at the University of Pennsylvania, was badly cut and bruised when his bicycle collided with an automobile, said to belong to J. J. Leedom, of Newtown Square, at Lancaster avenue and College Circle, yesterday.

Assault Victim Seriously Hurt
A brick in the hands of one of two assailants fractured the skull of John Wilson, of Front street, in a fight last night at Passunk avenue and Fitzwater street. The two assailants escaped. Wilson was taken to Mount Sinai Hospital in a serious condition.

50TH ANNIVERSARY OF RICHMOND'S FALL

Grand Army Men Who Took Part in Decisive Action of War Celebrate.

Grand Army veterans in this city celebrated today the 50th anniversary of the evacuation of Richmond, Va., April 2, 1865. Seven days later General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House.

Of the Union army which entered Richmond the day following its abandonment only a few hundred men survive. Some of these veterans are in Philadelphia. Other soldiers who were mustered out a short time before the turning point at the Southern capital, and those who were

serving their country in other parts of the campaign, speak now with regret because they were not "in at the finish." The fall of Richmond was the sequel to the piercing of the defenses of Petersburg, 22 miles south, where for nearly ten months General Lee had stubbornly held the key to the capital. The fatal break in the Confederate lines was the result which Grant had been anticipating day after day for a year.

Fifty years ago this morning, at 1 o'clock, the assault was made which sealed the fate of the Confederacy. The men in blue, with irresistible force, swept over the outer intrenchments and swarmed into two of the inner forts. General Lee telegraphed to Jefferson Davis that the two cities must be abandoned at once. Richmond was set on fire by the retiring inhabitants. On the following morning, April 3, the Union army marched into the blighted and panic-stricken capital of the Confederate States.

Nothing to do but rest all the afternoon when you let

FELS-NAPHTHA soap

do the hard part of your work. It gets right at the dirt and makes it disappear. Be sure to use cool or lukewarm water.

We've solved the problem—**Fels-Soap Powder** A wonder worker that won't hurt hands.

We Can Furnish Everyone the Exact Typewriter He Needs

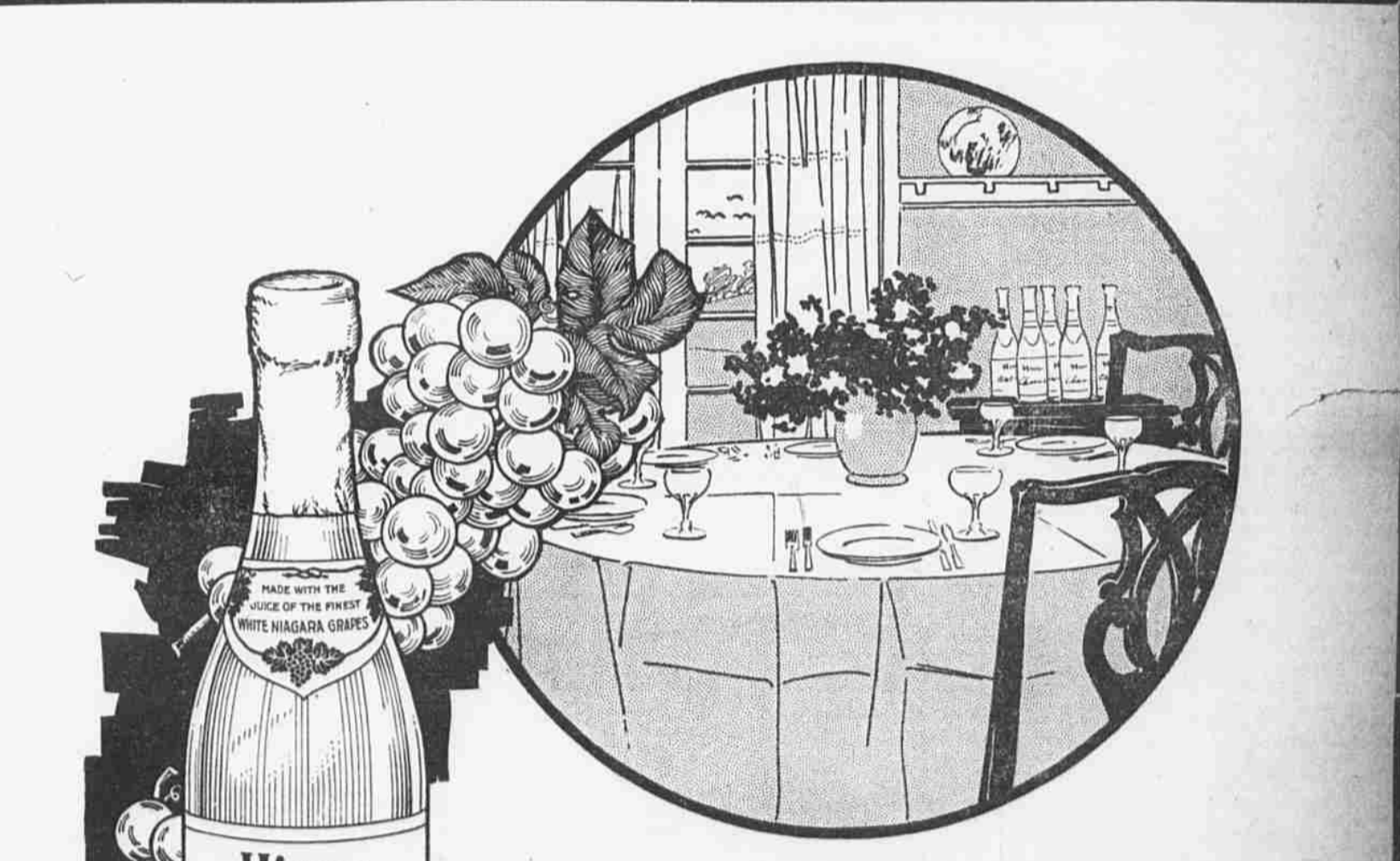
We alone can do this—because the one Universal Typewriter Line is the Remington Line

The present-day completeness of the Remington Line is a thing undreamed of in the typewriter world a few years ago. Machines of every standard design—shifting carriage (Remington), shifting type segment (Monarch), key for every character (Smith Premier), correspondence machines for regular uses, adding and subtracting machines for the billing and accounting uses, special machines for practically every kind of special use, and a new Junior machine for the lighter and simpler uses—all these are included in the Remington Typewriter Line of today.

"A Typewriter for Every Use and for Every User"

is no longer an aim or an ideal—it is an accomplished fact. And the Remington Typewriter Line is the answer. Call at our office and tell us your typewriter requirements. Whatever they may be, we are bound to have the machine you need.

Remington Typewriter Company
Incorporated
110 SOUTH NINTH ST., PHILA., PA.
Bell Tel. Walnut 5124
Key Stone Tel. Main 1264



Hires Champagne
HAVE a fresh delight this Easter-time! Here's a sunny, sweet beverage to welcome the glad some Spring. Its spicy deliciousness is different from any other. Its healthful fruit juices are stimulating. You'll be amazed at the wonderful new flavor of

Hires Champagne

The Unfermented Champagne

Let us impress you with the fact that CHAMPANALE is a new discovery—a new beverage. Its basis is rich, unfermented juice of full-ripe Niagara white grapes and grape fruit. With this is infused a trace of pure ginger. Then the beverage is highly carbonated. CHAMPANALE has been received enthusiastically by the finest hotels and clubs of the city. We recently were favored with letters of praise from the managers of the Ritz-Carlton, Adelphia, St. James and Bellevue-Stratford, as well as the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. The Manufacturers' Club, Union League and a host of others serve CHAMPANALE to their guests.

You can secure a supply in splits, pints or quarts from your own grocer. Serve in champagne glasses.
The Charles E. Hires Company
Bell Phone, Spruce 3043 210 S. 24th Street Keystone Phone, Race 1887

CHAPTER XXV.
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.
Rutherford met Miss Ballantyne and her father at the Criminal Court Building. It had required some persuasion on his part to make Billie consent to come

District Attorney's office? I wish to speak to Mr. Brookfield. Hello! Is that you, Monty? This is Craig talking. Then ensued a rapid-fire conversation, which resulted in an appointment for that afternoon for himself, another man and a lady. "I'm not going to drag you or the bank into this," he said to Ferguson, by way of relieving that cautious person's apprehension. "There are two or three matters I want to talk over with my friend Brookfield, and the bonds will be touched upon incidentally."

"Well, I'll punch the time-clock for you, and continue to send you your pay envelope—so long as you promise not to let the bank into trouble!" said Ferguson.