

"No." "Good-night." Peter didn't even reply. And when the man had gone he opened the door

Coast paused while he filled his glass and windows to let in the night air

The room had been defiled by the man's very presence. Ben Cameron? Beth's again. "It wasn't until I reached New York that I found out McGuire was alive. It was just a chance while I was plan-but every fact in Peter's but every fact in Peter's knowledge It was just a chance while I was plan-in' another deal. I took it. I hunted around the brokers' offices where they sell copper stocks. It didn't take me long to find that my mine was the 'Ta-rantula.' McGuire had developed it with capital from Denver, built a nar-row gauge in. Then after a while tad sold out his share for more than half a million clear.'' Peter was studying Const keenly these two men, which held the success-ful one in terror, and the other in silence? Something unspeakably vile.

Peter was studying Const keenly, silence? Something thinking hard. But the story held with A hideous pactwhat he already knew of the man's

The telephone bell jangled again. Peter rose and went to it. But he was

what he already knew of the man's history. "That's when Mike McGuire tacked the 'Jonathan K.' onto his name.' "Coast went on. "And that money's mine, the good half of it. Figure it out for yourself. Say five hundred thou, 8 per cent, fifteen years—I reckon t could worry along on that even if he wouldn't do better—which he will. "Well, Pete—to shorten up—I found McGuire was here—in New York—and I laid for him. I watched for a while "The telephone bell jangled again. Peter rose and went to it. But he was in no humor to talk to McGuire. "Hello." he growled. "Yes—he's gone. I let him go. You told me while. • No. He won't be back for a month. • We'll talk that over later. • No. Not tonight. "I'm going to bed. • • No. Not until tomorrow. I've had about enough of this. • All right. Good-night." And Peter hung up the receiver, un-

McGuire was here—in New York—and I laid for him. I watched for a while and then one day I got my nerve up and tackled him on the street. You ought to of meen his face when I told him who I was and what I'd come for. We when in the street are breadway and And Peter hung up the receiver, un-dressed and went to bed.

CHAPTER XII Confession

Wate in the crowd at Broadway and Wall, people all about us. He started the high and mighty' stuff for a min-ute until I crumpled him up with a few facts. I thought he was goin' to have stroke for a minute when I made my In spite of his perplexities Peter slept soundly and was only awakened by the jangling of the telephone bell. But Peter wanted to do a little thinking before he atroke for a minute, when I made my brace for the five thou-then he turned tail and ran into the crowd pale as death. I lost him then. But it didn't saw McGuire, and he wanted to ask the housekeeper a few questions, so he told McGuire that he would see him before 10 o'clock. The curious part of the telesatter. I'd find him again. I knew where his office was-and his hotel. It phone conversation was that McGuire made no mention of the shooting. "H'm," said Peter to himself as he was dead easy. But he beat it down here. It took me awhile to pick up the trail. But here I am. Petc-here I am-aafe in harbor at last." Const took the bills out of his pocket hung up, "going to ignore that triffing incident altogether, is he? Well, we'll and slowly counted them again.

"And when you come back from the West, what will you do?" asked Peter. "Oh, now you're talkin'. Pete. I'm

matter.

came from Jersey, you know, in rest place. I might build a nice place —keep a few horses and automobiles and enjoy my old age—run over to gay Parce once a year—down to Monte Carlo in the season. Oh, I'd know how to live now. You bet you. I've seen 'em do it—those swells. They won't have anything on me. I'll live the a prince—''' snid Peter. " snid Peter.

won't have anything on me. I'll live "We a prince_____" snid Peter. "See here, Pete____"" and Peter. "T meant it." Peter thad risen and faced Coast coolly. "Blackmail! You can't tell me that if you had any legal claim on McGuire you couldn't prove it." Stress on the probability that the the How was Ben Cameron, Beth's father. How otherwise could Mrs. Bergen's terror be accounted for? And yet why had Coast been so perturbed at the mere mention of Ben Cameron's name? That was really strange. For a moment the man had stared at Peter as though he were seeing a ghost.

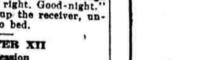
"I mightn't be able to----," he

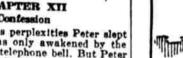
"Right you are," sneered the other.



The young lady across the way says we mustn't get the idea from the divorce news, etc., that all the actors and musicians are immoral and the fact is that there are a

great many virtuosos among them. **MOVIE FAN—Much Enjoyment**







see about that. It doesn't pay to be too clever, old cock." His pity for Mc-Guire was no more. At the present mo-ment Peter felt nothing for him except an abiding contempt which could hardly

"Oh, now you're talkin'. Pete. I m foin' to settle down and live respecta-ble. I like this country around here. I came from Jersey, you know, in the Brat place. I might build a nice place keep a few horses and automobiles

seeing a ghost.

"Right you are," sneered the other. "It's dirty money. I tell you-bloody yeu are, Jim Coast." Coast started up and thrust the roll forwied don't know anything." he Reter got up too. His mind had fol-way in the source of the were the fact. Coast would have a father's right to claim her, to drag her down, a prey to his vile tongue and drunken humors as she had once been when a child. Her Aunt Tillie did not know as Peter got up too. His mind had fol-way is it had gons, believed at the base of the source of the head for the source of the base of the source of the base at it had gons, believed to the base of the source of the forwied for the source of the source of the source of the base at it had gons, believed to the base of the source of the sourc

CONTINUED TOMORROW

