AND HERE IT CONTINUES TER first duty was to save the man In the next room from her father's treachery, and she was here now to do that: but she was here, too, to do something else. She could, and would, stand between Dave Henderson and the personal harm that threatened him through the trust he had reposed in Nicolo Capriano, and she would in Nicolo Capriano, and she would do this at any cost and at any sacrifice to herse'f; but she could not, and she would not, connive at anything that would tend to keep the stolen money from the possession of its rightful

Her hands lifted now and pressed hard against her temples, which had begun to throb. Yes, and she must do even more than that. There had been not only treachery on her father's part toward Dave Henderson, there had been treachery and trickery toward the police in an effort to cover up the stolen money; and, tacitly at least, she had been an accomplice in that, and there-fore morally she was as much a thick as that man next door, as much a thiel as her father had intended to be—unless now, with all her strength, with all her might, she strove to undo and make restitution for a crime in which she had had a part. If it lay within her power, not adventitiously, not through haphazard, but through the employment toward that end of every faculty of brain and wit and courage she possessed, she had no choice now but to get possession of that money and return it to the authorities. Her con-science was brutally frank on that point, and brutal'y direct; there was no room to temporize, no halfway course-and here was the final, ulti mate and supreme test. Her face in the darkness whitened. Her hips moved silently. It was

any living soul, except those strange. incongruous bonds between herse'f and that man in the next room whom she was, in the same breath, both trying to sat man in the same breath, both save and trying to outwit. Why was save and trying to outwit. They could to that he was a thief? They could been so glad been so glad of a friend now, and she had liked him, and he did not look like a thief. Perhaps her mother had liked Nicolo Capriano in the early days, and perhaps Nicolo Capriano then had not looked like a thief, and perhaps her mother had a thief, and perhaps her other had counted on turning Nicolo Capriano into an honest man, and---

side some that she had bad with him—and sudden y drew herself up tensely. Why, at the last moment as he had left the reom, had he reverted to her father's death, and why had he waited until then, when it should naturally have been one of his first questions. to in.

By opened the correction of the results of the chauffeur reached around and dexterously opened the door.

There you are!" he announced triefly. been one of his first questions, to in-quire—so plausibly—when her father's death had taken place?

Her lips grew suddenly hard. Nine days! She had told nine days. Was there any significance in that—to Dage George, or to besself? She had been

George, or to herself? She had been de ayed in leaving San Francisco by her father's funeral. Dave Henderson had left there several days earlier, but he had only arrived here at Dago George's tonight. True, the difference in time might be accounted for through Daye might be accounted for through Dave Henderson's presumed necessity of Henderson's presumed necessity of traveling under cover; but, equally, it might not. Had Dago George thought of that—as she was thinking of it now? Was it possible that Dave Henderson had already got that money, and had come here for refuge with it; that it was now, at this negree, in that it was now, at this negree, it is that it was now, at this moment, in that next from there, and that, below stairs Dago George, too, was sitting, waiting for the hours to pass, and sleep to come to all but himself!

to all but himself!

She went mechanically to the window, and stood for a moment staring out upon a victa of dark, shadowy buildings that made jagged, ill-defined points against the sky-dne—and then, with a sudden start, she raised the window cautiously, soundlessly, inch by inch, and leaned out. Yes, she was right! The iron platform of a fire-escape was common to her room and to

right! The iron platform of a fire-tecape was common to her room and to the room next door.

For another moment she stood there, and then returned softly across the room to her chair.

"It is too early yet!" she whispered and, with her above in her breach end, with her chin in her hands, setted back in her chair, and stared iate the blackness.

XVII

The Third Guest Bookie Skarvan, alian the fat man the taxicab who chewed on the butt th the taxicab who chewed on the butter of his cigar, leaned back in his sent, and rubbed his pudgy hands together in a sort of gratified self-applause.

"Haggage and all," repeated Bookle himself, "I guess that's



The guide halted and opened a door

Her lips moved silently. It was strength and he'p she asked now. Her mind was already made up. She would fight for, and, in any way or by any means that offered, get that money, and return it. And that meant that she must watch Dave Henderson, too. There was no other way of getting it. He alone knew where it was, and since it was not to be expected that he would voluntarily give it up, there seemed left but one alternative—to take it from him.

Her mind was almost overpoweringly swift now in its flow of tormenting thoughts. It seemed an impossible situation that she should warn him of danger from one source, only to do to him again what—no! His life was not in danger with her; that was the difference. But—but it was not easy to bring herself to this. She was alone now, with no bonds between herself and any living soul, except those strange.

The guide halted and opened a door the ten in the door at the bond, if you ask me, Nicolo pened a door that be don't have to. See?' "All right?" said the barkeeper abruptly. "But I'm tellin' youse straight I ain't sayln' he's to be found, or that he's stickin' around here anywhere." "I'll wait," said Bookie Skarvan pleasantly. The barkeeper walked down the leave me! What did she do it for—the well. I'll tell you, Bookie—on the danger from one source, only to do to did the bond had not be described by the said without him taking a crack at it. If you ask me, Nicolo pulled Dave Henderson being herself to this. She was alone as mow, with no bonds between herself and any living soul, except those strange. self. Mabbe I'm wrong—but I guess, I'm not. And I guess the odds weren't too rotten to stake a ride on across the country, I guess they weren't!"

Bookie lifted a fat hand, pushed back his hat, and scratched ruminatively at the bair over his right temple.

"Dave must have had a pal, or he must have slipped it to some one that ime liably chased him in the car. It is that have been that—be the car. It is the country of the bar.

"Cunny'll see youse," he announced, stepping aside from the doorway to allow Bookie Skarvan to pass. "De Chink'll show youse de way." He grinned suddenly. "I guess youse are on de level all right, or youse wouldn't be goin' where youse are!"

The door closed behind him and Bookie Skarvan found himself in a narrow, dimiy lighted passage. A small, wizened Chinaman is small, wizened Chinaman in the car.

some one during them days the bulls was chasing him, and whoever it was nubbe has been keeping it for him here

capriano into an honest man, and—
Teresa rose abruptly to her feet. She felt the hot color flood her face. She saw the man as he had stood that first room, and he had looked at her so long and steadily—and there had been no offense in his look. She caught her breath sharply. Her mind was running riot! It must not do that! She had many things to accomplish tonight, and she would need al her wits.

She forced her thoughts violently into another channel. How long would it be before this Iron Tavern closed for the night, and Dago George was in bed and asleep? She did not trust Dago George! She knew him as one utterly without scraples, and one who was insidiously crafty and dangerously coning. She began to rehearse again the scene that she had had with him—and sadden y drew herself up tensely. Why,

"So she beats it for New York—where and get it from hims been keeping it for him here had been no humbe has been keeping it for him her had been had been had been and smiled to himself in complacent satisfaction. Cunny Smeeks, alias the Scorpion, was, if surroundings were any criterion, livation that he go on where and get it after he got out of prison, I know that. She had been no himself, and goes and puts his he didn't have it then. Sure, Capriano bumped him off! Sure, my hunch is good for the limit! Dave fell for the Lomazzi talk, and goes and puts his head on Nicolo's bosom so's to give the police the go-by, and Nicolo sucks the orange dry and heaves away the pip! And then the old geozer cashes in himself, and the girl files the coop. Mabbe she don't know nothing about it."—Bookle Skarvan stuck his tongular to could just harely make out the flutter of the himself, and the girl flies the coop. Mabbe she don't! And I guess there ain't any family results to be such as the had had with him—and sadden y drew herself up tensely. Why,

The tast stopped and was proved to himself. The was deviced to himself a steep flight of stairs warily into what

"Mabbe I would—if I knew him at all," said the barkeep noncommittally. "Wot's your lay? Flycop?"
"You're talking now." said Bookie Skarvan, with a grin. He pulled a letter from his pocket, and pushed it nerosa the bar. "You can let the Scorpion figure out for himself how much of a fly-cop I am when he gets his lamps on that. And it's kind of important! Get me—friend?"

The barkeeper picked up the plain. sealed envelope and twirled it meditatively in his hands for a moment, while his eyes again searched Bookie Skar-

his eyes again searched Bookie Skar-"Youse seem to know yer way about!" he admitted finally, as though ot unfavorably impressed by this later

Bookie Skarvan shoved a cigar across the bar.

"It's straight goods, colonel," he said. "I'm all the way from Frisco, and everything's on the level. I didn't blow in here on a guess. Start the letter on its way and let the Scorpion call the turn. If he don't want to see me

"You filend of Scorpy's-that alleesame belly glood. You come," invited

the man, and scuffled off along the hall.

a steep flight of stairs warily into what was obviously, though it was too dark to see, a cellar. Ahead of him, how-ever, there appeared, as through an opening of some sort, a faint glow of "Here you are." he announced briefly.

Backie Skarvan looked out—upon a very shabby perspective. With the sole exception of a frankly dirty and discontinuous and a strange, sweetish

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a variety of odd pieces.

the passage, and into another room, and closed the door. The furnishings here were meager, and evidently restricted entirely to the votaries of poppy. There was a couch, and beside it a small tabouret for the opium smoker's paraphernalis.

The bet is that a nice, sweet, little Italian girl, that's, just piked faster'n hell across the continent, knows where there's a hundred though the small tabouret for the opium smoker's paraphernalis.

The bet is that a nice, sweet, little Italian girl, that's, just piked faster'n hell across the continent, knows where there's a hundred thought and dollars in cold cash, that was pinched and hidden five years ago by a Tellow named Dave Henderson—see?

Who Killed Him?

At 10 o'clock at night Kirby Lane, cowbey, found his rich and

any chances by blowing in there will after her. I wasn't afraid of her, but I had my fingers crossed on whostic ran the place, and I guess, after what you've said, that my hunch was right. It was a queer place for her to go right off the bat the minute she landed in New York, and she didn't go there instead of to a decent hotel just by luck—get me? I figured she might atand in there pretty thick—and if she did, and I blew in right on top of her, the betting odds were about \$1,000,000 to a peanut that I'd be a sucker. I'm sure of it now that you say the fellow who runs it is a Dago in the same old line of business that her father was in. What?"

The Scorpion's pale blue eyes seru-



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