

old New York cabman w off his laws of drink tils motheries daughter old Friend, Paul Voriza up without knowledge o until he can redeem bu coming his weakness and with Twenty years later Francisco Vouceate Francisco Vouceate Permission hone to real a parsman hone to to a parsman hone to to a pain Francisco. telle of touching the s a vain effort to foll s lura of chance. Se outh has no criminal i tous massenger draws act. whereby " pawn himself. ervice. (Sube of the America The younge with nativ action of the ing out the atmosf of the sambling fruce visite as a secret the plays till he is broke, the management is given a wen come valuables. The a marvelously beau. bling houses. in his signature w requiring the act er to bring old. Bruce. In the Bruce visits a s plays till be

AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

CHAPTER III

TTHE car started off. It turned the that the traveling nawnshop was drawn before him—and the vender. It is blood alighted and was entering the same spot from which he had entered the car. He had been driven around the block, that was all. **He caught his breath.** Was it real? **He caught his breath.** Almost as **He caught his breath.**

ackness! His blood, affre, was leaping brough his veins again. That face! He ran to the corner and peered own the street. The car was perhaps a indred yards, swar-and suddenly suddenly and was lost to sight. It is write the taxi swept past the car at the swing the next corner, and was slow-ing down. John Bruce introd to the Bruce.

He ran to the corner and peered down the street. The car was perhaps a hundred yards, away—and suddenly John Bruce started to run again, fol-lowing the car. Madness! His lips had set grim and heard. Who was she that provided the night in that bizarre travel-ing pawn-shop? Where did she live? Was it actually the Arabian Nights hack again? He haughed at himself— net mirthfully. But still he ran on. The traveling pawnshop had turned

For a woman's face! Even though it were a divine symphony of beauty fool? Love smitten idiot? Not at all! It was his job! Nice sound to there all it has been and sound to the street. He smitted half grant

memory of loveliness-job! The traveling pawn-shop turned into The traveling pawn-shop turned into Fourth avenue, and hended downtown. John Bruce caught the sound of a memory of loveliness-job! Lavergne had perhaps counted on-t tavergne ha street car gong, spurted and swung in his life lived, or, at least, was to breathlessly to the platform of a car be found again. No, it wasn't the going in the same direction. going in the same direction. Of course, it was his job! The ex- And he had not seen her for the last Of course, it was his job! The ex- And he had not seen her for the last time, either! That was what he was Of course, it was his jobi the was quisite Monsieur Henri de Lavergne was here for, though he wasn't so mad as here for, though he wasn't so mad us

"Hell !"

"Hell?" The street car conductor stared at begin with by so hald an act as to go to the front door, say, and ring the beil him. John Bruce scowled He swore him but this time under his breath. —which would be tantamount to inagain—but this time under his breath. It brought a sudden wild, unreasonable rage and rebellion, the thought that there should be anything, even of the remotest nature, between the glorious egain-but this time under his breath. remotest nature, between the glorious rision in that ear and the mincing. silkan-tongued manager of Larmon's mambling hell. But there was, for all that, wasn't there? How else had sho come there? It was the usual thing, wasn't it? And-beware of the conduc-tor! The warning now appeared to be very apt! And how well he had profited by it! A fool chasing a sirch's beauty? His face arew warr white.

very apt! And how went he has the auty! by it! A fool chasing a siren's beauty! His face grew very white. "John Bruce," he whispered to him-"John Bruce," he whispered to him-self. "if I could get at you, I'd pound your face to pulp for that!" He was passing the house now, his scruting pawn-shop had increased its speed and was steadily leaving the street car behind. He looked back in the opposite direction. The street was al-most entirely deserted as far as traffic most entirely deserted as far as traffic alone separated the house from the cor-went. The only vehicle in sight was a ter he was approaching. Not a light



It was not easy to keep them in front of him, to keep his back free. He caught the glint of knife blades now

on its way, trailing fifty yards in the A bearded, snarling face in pursuit rear of the traveling pawn-shop. At the end of the block the car alread struck, struck as he had once struck turned the corner. As the taxt, in turn, before on a white moon-flooded deck rounded the corner, John Bruce saw when a man, a brute beast, had gone

about the clamor of voices:

"He kill-a Pietre! Kill-a da dude!" It was a fire-brand. John Bruce backed away a little-up against the door of Signor Palasco Ratti's wine shop. A glance showed bim that, with the blow he had struck,

his light overcoat had become loosened, and that he was flaunting an immaculate and gleaming shirt-front in the And between their faces of the crowd.

mob. The fire-brand took. "Kill-a da dude!" It was echoed room.

t chorus-and then a rush. It flung John Bruce heavily against

the wine shop door, and the door crashed inward-and for a moment he was down, and the crowd, like a snarling wolf pack, was upon him. And then the massive shoulders heaved, and he to risk, or, rather, invite an affront to shook them off and was on his feet

the man was dominant, the mad glorying in strife upon him, and he struck right and left with blows before which, again and again, a man went down. But the rush still bore him backward

chairs were overturned. Out of corner of his eye he saw a white mustached Italian leap upon the counter and alternately wave his arms and wring his hands together frantically

space widening as he retreated from the

upon him at the same time. A knife blade lunged at him. He evaded it—but another glittering ini the ceiling light at the same instant, flashing a murderous are in its downward plunge, chught him, and, before he could turn, sank A knife

An Unusual Romance of People Whose Very Being is Pledged to Do the Bidding of Others By FRANK L. PACKARD

Author of "The Miracle Man," "From Now On," etc. Copyright, 1913, by Public Ledger Company

A yell of triumph, went up. He felt o pain. Only a sudden sickening of is brain, a sudden weakness that rob. One was at the h his brain, a sudden weakness that rob-bed his limbs of strength, and he reeled and staggered, fighting blindly now. And then his brain cleared. He fung a quick glance over his shoulder. Yes, there was one chance. Only one! And in another minute, with another knife thrust, it would be too late. He whirled suddenly and raced down the length of the cafe. In the moment's grace earned through surprise at his sudden action. be gained a door be had seen there, and throw himself upon it. It was not fastened, thoough there was a key and threw himself upon it. It was not fastened, though there was a key in the lock. He whipped out the key, plunged through, locked the door on the outside with the fraction of a second to spare before they came battering upon it—and stumbled and fell headlong out inte the second

out into the open. It was as though he were lashing his Bruce brain into action and virility. It kept struck wobbling and fogging. Didn't the deck befogged thing understand that his life was at stake. He lurched to his feet. He was in a lane.

In front of him, like great looming shadows, shadows that wobbled, too, he saw the shapes of two tenements, and, like an inset between them, a small house with a light gleaming in the lower window.

That was where the vision lived. Only there was a fence between. Sanctuary! He lunged toward the fence. He had not meant to-to make a call tonight-she-she might have misunderstood. But in a second now they

would come sweeping around into the lane after him from the street. He clawed his way to the top of the fence, and because his strength was almost gone, fell from, the top of the fence to the ground on the other side.

And now he crawled, crawled with what frantic haste he would, because he heard the uproar from the street. And he laughed. The kid was probably munching her hunk of candy now. Queer things-kids! Got her candyhappy-He reached up to the sill of an open

Pietro with a broken jaw and an in-truder far too well dressed to please their fancy, the psychology of the crowd became the psychology of a at nothingness to save himself, and toppled inward to the floor of the

> A yell from the head of the lane, a ery from the other end of the room spurred him into final effort. He gained his feet, and swept his hand, wet with blood, across his eyes. That was the vision there running toward him, wasn't it?--the wonderful, glorious vision! "Pardon me!" said John Bruce in a sing-song voice, and with a desperate effort reached up and pulled down the window shade. He tried to smile "Queer-queer things - kids - aren't the? She-she just ducked out from

The girl was staring at him wildly,

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and all that was primal, elemental in under

and the doorway was black and jammed with re-enforcements constantly pour-ing in. Tables crashed to the floor.

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To be continued tomorrow

a light door, giving room for more to come

went The only vehicle in sight was a ter he was approaching. Not a light that bowling along a block in the rear. He laughed out again harshly. The conducter eyed him suspiciously.
John Bruce dropped off the car, and planted himself in the path of the on-coming taxi. Call it his job, then, if it pleased him? He owed it to Larmon to get to the bottom of this.
How extremely logical he was? The transaction in the traveling pawn-shop had been so fair-minded as almost to concerate Monsleur Henri de Lavergue on the face of it, and if it had not been for a certain vision therein, and a fire

on the face of it, and it it had not been torenes again. The skirted the side of for a certain vision therein, and a fare in his own velos, and a fary at the thought that even her acquaintance with the gambling manager was profanity, he could have heartily applauded Mon-sieur Henri de Lavergne for a unique of the little house that was now so tituly interesting to him-and balted

ateur Henri de Lavergne for a unique and original—
The taxi bellowed at him, hoarsely indignant.
John Bruce stepped neatly to ene ide—and jumped on the footboard.
Here, you! What do you mean?"
abouted the chauffeur. "You—""
abouted the chauffeur. "You—""
"Puth your foot on it a little." said John Bruce calmly. "And don't lose tantifeur. "I've got a fare, an'—"
"Lose sight of nothin'!" yelled the chauffeur. "I've got a fare, an'—"
"Thear him." said John Bruce composed y. He edgel in beside the chauffeur and one of the crisp new fifty- possession. "Keep that case in sight of nake it hopelessly obvious that you are following it. I'll attend to that you are following it, 1'll attend to

He screwed around in his seat. An identy, gray-whiskered gentleman, a patently irate gentleman, was pounding furiously on the glass panel. "We should be turnin' down this "We should be turnin' down this furiously on the glass panel. "We should be turnin' down this street we're just passin'," grinned the chauffeur. The Bruce lowered the panel

John Bruce lowered the panel. "What's the meaning of this?"

"What's the meaning of this?" thundered the fare. "I'm very sorry, sir," said John Bruce respectfully. "A little detective business." He coughed. It was really quite true. His voice became confi-in under the push-cart, was stealthily feeling its way upward behind the ven-der's back, its objective being, ob-viously, a generous piece of candy that reposed on the edge of the push-cart. There was a certain fascination in watching developments. It was quite immoral, of course, but his sympathies were with the child. It was a gamble whether the griny little hand would close on the covered prize and disappear again victorious, or whether the vender

""Is's preposterous!" spluttered the ""Des dir," said John Bruce. "But the was nothing else I could do. You would turn in time to frustrate the raid.

closed the panel. The tot's hand crept nearer and pear-traid. of that ever got his mitt on a on exhibition before them. The small affity-dollar bill all at one time and dirty fingers touched the candy.

the pried loose from it with the pried loose from it with lets you out, doesn't it?" in-John Bruce pleasantly. "Now so you earn it." Lets you out, doesn't it?" in-John Bruce pleasantly. "Now so you earn it." Let at upset a tish vender's his cheecks. Still chutching the candy in her hand, the child was running bliadly and in terror straight toward him. The man struck again, and the child staggered, and, resiling, sought

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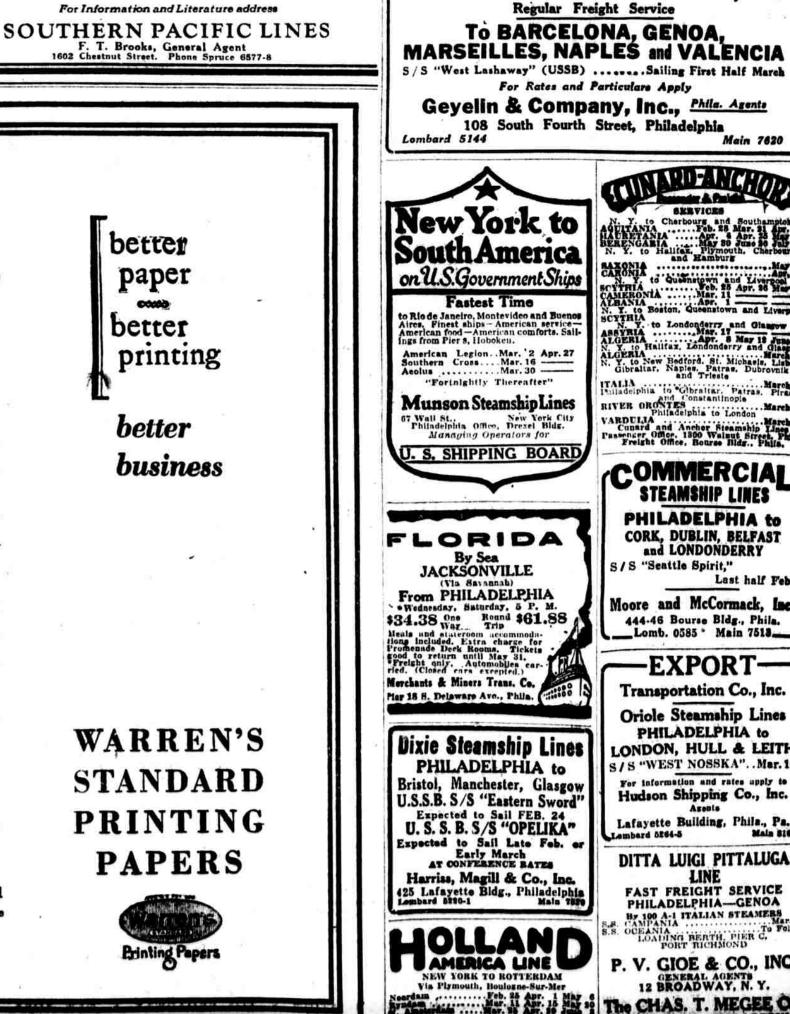
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designation "foreign," as far as she was concerned, must certainly apply in par-

ticularly full measure? It was strange

John Bruce's mental soliloquy came to an abrupt end. Huif humorously,

favor on the East Side-a great slab of candy from which, as occasion re-

that she-