



He had not forgotten the testimony of Montgomery that he was an apprentice machinist, and he remembered the story of the boy's anxiety for his kit of tools. He drifted among the men who handled the machinery of the cotton mills with a story that he wanted to start up a small foundry with a partner who was an expert. All the while his keen little eyes studied closely the face of every man he met.

After several days of preliminary scouting he visited the office of the United States district attorney for the Greenville district. He explained his mission and showed his credentials. He asked the district attorney to extend to the police of New York his aid in intercepting a letter that would be mailed in Greenville to a certain address in Nyack, N. Y.

Letters from one man had been mailed quarterly to Nyack from the mountain city. One should be mailed during the first days of June. If possible he desired to see the man who mailed it. If he could find nothing more than the point at which the letter was mailed that would help, for it would narrow his field of inquiry.

The United States district attorney knew only that a search was being made for an escaped convict. The police of the great cities and the United States secret service generally work in harmony, so the district attorney turned over the detective to a postal inspector.

Kearney determined to give his personal attention to the people who came and went from the postoffice building. He was back on the trail after eleven years. Indeed, eleven years were as eleven days to him. If his natural span of life had been seventy decades instead of seven he would have been patient through the whole 700 years.

He had not been able to pick up the lost tracks of Hawkins, but Hawkins was skilled in the tricks of the underworld. The real man he was after had been sent up for life. In dodging the law he had big chances against him because of his inexperience. He would make many mistakes. He had made one—sending money to Nyack. It is a police axiom that even the most careful of criminals sometimes overlooks an important detail in covering himself.

Kearney watched and waited, keeping his ears open all the time to catch the gossip of a small city. There was one big topic that seemed to hold the attention of the people who flocked to the postoffice at intervals during the day. It was the marriage of John Nelson to Molly Bryan, the daughter of the president of the Reedy River Cotton Mill company.

From fragments of conversation Kearney learned that these two people were much beloved, the girl because of her beauty and her earnest work among the poor of the mill settlements and the man because of a saintly life.

At sunset on the evening of the third day in June, just as the postoffice was about to close and as the last of the idlers began to depart a man of serious mien, wearing a beard touched with gray, stepped from an automobile in front of the building. He entered and went to one of the mail slots, dropping a letter therein.

It had hardly touched the bottom of the little chute when three distinct knocks sounded on the glass window pane behind the detective. It was the signal agreed upon between the clerk within and the man on watch outside.

A thrill of exultation that was worth waiting eleven years to experience shot through Kearney. His hands itched to close on the arm of this person. The mastering of this one emotion of which his nature was capable left him astonished, for he had not expected to come upon a man of the type before him. There was something so grave in the eyes of his quarry and in the cast of his countenance that one could easily have mistaken him for a preacher of the word of God. His carriage was dignified, and he was dressed soberly and without ornament.

The people on the steps of the postoffice had drawn back respectfully before him, touching their hats. It was evident that he was widely known and that he was revered.

Kearney had not determined what step to take next when the man whose shadow he was to become was stopped by another.

"Oh, Mr. Nelson," cried the citizen accosting him, "I would like to wish you all the happiness in the world the day before your marriage."

Nelson's face broke into a smile of pleasure.

"Thank you, sir," he replied. "I could never hope to deserve all the good wishes that have been offered me." He looked embarrassed and returned to his machine outside.

velope from the safe, and when his door was closed behind him he drew forth the pictures from the gallery of rogues. He studied them carefully. The man hunter felt that there was some faint, intangible hint about the eyes in the photographs which connected them with the man who had mailed the letter to Nyack.

Two weeks of seclusion in their mountain home, two weeks with every hour of day and night filled with golden romance, and John Nelson and his bride brought an end to their honeymoon.

The castle of the one time hermit contained his workshop. From it had gone his latest invention. His improved knitting machines were already installed in a plant built for them. His company had been capitalized and set in motion. He was its president and chief stockholder.

Scores of women and girls from the mill country around and even from the backwoods were waiting for employment.

Although his knitting mills could produce the same amount of finished product at half the operating expenses of any other mill, Nelson did not look forward to the accumulation of large profits. He and Molly decided that they would make the plant a model one, a place where labor would be paid its highest figure. It would be an industry in which the profits would find a way to the workers as much as to the directors.

The day was at hand for the opening of the new plant, and the two motored to Greenville to select their workers, instruct them in their tasks and start the machinery of a new industry.

Mr. Bryan, his wife and his son were at the mill to witness the start of the new venture which promised so highly. June roses and nasturtiums were piled in a great bank on Nelson's desk. Mr. Bryan had arranged another desk opposite for Molly, knowing her interest in the mill people who would be chosen as operatives. There were many little gifts of gold and silver of office utensils hidden under flowers for the bride and bridegroom.

Nelson had already instructed Molly in the handling of the machines he had built, and the two worked with the girls patiently and taught them their simple duties.

The first payrolls were drawn, the first day's work was under way. Through the wide, open windows of the building came the heavy fragrance of early summer in the country. The grounds about the plant were bright with geraniums and beds of pansies, nasturtiums and peonies.

The pretty mountain girls, all in their freshest gingham and muslins, all happy in the possession of well paid tasks, stood by the knitting machines watching the flashing needles and the steady flow of the raw material that fed them. Molly Nelson paced the aisles, glad in her task as forewoman for a day.

Nelson's secretary brought him his first batch of mail in his new business. He trimmed the edges of the envelopes as he mused over his happiness and the rosiness of the future. He had nothing to fear. Molly knew his secret, and there was no skeleton in their closet.

Nothing could cheat them of the taste of heaven that they had had. Whatever disaster—

A shadow fell athwart the room. A stranger was on the threshold.

Nelson's secretary went to the visitor and inquired his business. He said that he would like to talk to Mr. Nelson and was offered a seat.

Nelson glanced at the man and opened a letter.

Fate was not playing any petty game with him. At the moment that the man hunter seated himself in his presence he received word from his old probationer friend.

The letter miserably scrawled and blotted, read:

Dear Kid—I ain't lovin' that's why you didn't hear from me. I got a chance to do things. Dont count on it to much but if the guy is living I'm going to take him to the D. A. office or die trying.

BILL.

The "D. A." office meant the office of the district attorney of the county and city of New York.

CHAPTER XV. The Sacrifice.

NELSON did not know the face of the man who sat waiting to address him. His visitor had resorted to the old trick of sitting with his back to the light.

"Well, sir?" asked Nelson.

The visitor half rose in his chair.

"I'd like to talk with you in private," he said.

"There is nothing that my secretary should not hear," Nelson informed him, surprised.

"Maybe there is, Mr. Nelson," the visitor said, with a suggestion of warning in his voice.

"What is your business, please?" the visitor approached the desk and moved the right lapel of his coat as he did so.

[To be continued.]

When God wants to educate a man, He does not send him to school to the graces, but to the necessities.—Anon.

Store Closes at Noon Friday

LOWEST PRICES OF THE WEEK

15 to 30 Yard Remnants

Baby Coaches, Porch and Lawn Furniture

98c White Swiss Curtains

98c Roman Stripe Linens

300 Pair Cross Stripe Curtains

Agents' Samples

16c Bleached Muslin

16c, 20c and 25c Pillow Tubing

Sheeting

60c Sheets

12 1-2c and 15c Cretonnes

20c, 25c and 30c Pillow Cases

75c Silk Gloves

\$1.25 to \$1.75 Combinations

Friday Half Holiday

LOOK FOR THE GREEN SIGNS

35c White Voile

25c and 12 1-2c Cord and Tassels

18c to \$1.50 Remnants

25c to 50c Galloons

White Batiste Dress Patterns

\$1.00 Embroidery

10c Galloons

15c Rippelette

50c White Voile

\$1.00 Imported Rice Cloth

25c White Crepe

85c Linen Sheeting

\$1.25 Embroidered Rice Cloth

Inlaid Linoleum Remnants

Women's 25c Vests

Friday Bargain Sale of Notions

Women's \$2.50 Shoes

Women's \$3.00 Shoes

39c German China

\$1.50 Cut Glass

\$1.50 Cut Glass

\$2.98 Vases

Table Oilcloth Remnants

China Matting Samples

10c Egg Beater

\$1.19 and \$1.39 Screen Doors

98c Knife and Fork Sets

75c Silk Gloves

25c Curtain Swiss

Men's Clothing

Men's \$1.00 and \$1.50 Straw Hats, rough straw, all this season's styles. Special 69c

Youths' \$7.90 and \$9.90 Suits, \$5.00

Boys' Clothing At End-of-the-Month Prices

Tennis Oxfords

Wall Paper

25c Wall Papers

\$4.98 Oil Stoves

25c Crepes

25c Poppins

25c Crepe Suitings

25c Mercerized Crepe

39c Tussahs

50c Rompers

50c Children's Dresses

Women's 10c Vests

Blanco

50c Scarfs

Men's 50c Lunch Cloths

Men's 50c Working Shirts

Men's 50c Underwear

Men's 10c Shield Bosws

Men's 15c Hose

Women's 50c Hosiery

Women's 25c Hosiery

Boys' 19c Hose

\$1.98 to \$2.25 Princess Slips

Women's 50c Union Suits

39c Library Scarfs

Have Plan to Finance C. V. Telephone Company

A plan of financing the Cumberland Valley Telephone Company, now in receivership, has been proposed by a committee of bondholders. This protective committee, according to the plan as outlined, believes that it has a way to place the company on an independent basis again. The committee consists of James Brady, Charles A. Kunkel, W. J. Lesure, John E. Fox, Henry M. Tracy and A. E. Pendergast.

News Items of Central Pennsylvania

Milton.—In a fight in which eight traps participated near West Milton last night Patrick Collier was shot three times below the heart. He was sent to the Williamsport Hospital.

PLASTER STATUES

Plaster statues can be cleaned by making an ordinary cooked starch, as if for the laundry, only not quite so stiff. While it is still hot, cover the whole of the cast with it; set aside for a day or so then peel off the starch. If the statue is badly soiled, it may need a second application. —"Home Department," National Magazine for July

THE KING AND THE MILITANTS

The King was in the drawingroom, talking to detectives. The Queen was in the parlor hearing all about defectives; The Maids were in the cellar looking out for Suffragettes. But otherwise the palace life gave small cause for regret! —Public Ledger.

