EARL DERR BIGGERS

Author of

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE Copyright, 1914, the Bobbs-Merrill

He had hoped-and nowa corner a negro gave him a hand He read:

WHO HAS KIDNAPED THE REAL THE REAL
LORD HARROWBY?
AT THE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT!
Mr. Henry Trimmer Will Appear In Place
of His Unfortunate Friend, Lord Harrowby, and Will Make a Few
WARM AND SIZZLING
REMARKS
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
Mr. Minot tossed the bill into the
street. Into his eyes came the ghostlike semblance of a smile. After all,
the famous Harrowby wedding had not

famous Harrowby wedding had no

the famous Harrowby wedding had not yet taken place.

The next day the Galety girl left town. Her cheerful mood was explained when Lord Harcourt, in great distress, told Minot that she had sold her love letters to the owner of the Mail who threatened to publish them

if he wasn't paid \$10,000. Minot hunted up Jack Paddock and told him the whole story of his mission in San Marco. Together they went to the

CHAPTER XI.

Hard Lines For Gonzale.

NEILL sat behind a desk, the encyclopedia before him, seeking lively material for the mornow's issue. Mr. Howe hammered at a typewriter. Both of the newspaper men looked up at the intru-

Mon.

"Ah, gentlemen," said O'Neill, coming forward. "What can I do for you?"

"Who are you?" Minot asked.

"What? Can it be? Is my name not a household word in San Marco? 'I am managing editor of the Mail." His eyes lighted on Mr. Paddock's giddyattire. "We can't possibly let you give a ball here tonight, if that's what you want."

want."
"Very humorous," said Minot. "But
our wants are far different. I woult
beat around the bush. You have some
letters here written by a friend of mine



a lady he adored-at the me Tou are going to print them in tomor-row's Mail unless my friend is easy enough to pay you \$10,000. He isn't going to pay you anything. We've come for those letters, and we'll get them or run you and your boss out of town in twenty-four hours, you raw

ittle blackmailers!"
"Blackmailers!" Mr. O'Neill's eyes
seemed to catch fire from his hair. His face paled. "I've been in the newspa-per business seventeen years, and no-body ever called m a blackmailer and away with it. I'm in a generous d. I'll give you one chance to take

put in Paddock

put in Paddock.
"I'm talking to your friend here."
O'Neill's breath came fast. "I'll attend
to you, you lily of the field, in a minsate. You—you lilat—are you going to

"No!" cried Minot.

He saw a wild Irishman coming for him, breathing fire. He squared himself to meet the attack. But the man at the typewriter leaped up and seized O'Nell from behind.

"Steady, Bob!" he shouted. "How do you know this fellow isn't right?"
Unaccountably the warlike one collapsed into a chair.

"I'ld you ger my emphasis on the word and finally he was dragged and pushing. The squared him and got behind a desk.

"Now, boys," he pleaded, "I didn't mean anything. I'll be frank with you. I have been a little indiscreet here. But that's all over now. It would be dangerous to try any more would be dangerous to try any more er—deals at present. And I want you to stay on here until I can get new and finally he was dragged and pushed into the launch. Paddock started the engine, and that odd boat load drew away from the Lileth. Hours passed and no red light from the Lileth. It rained in torrents.

"I'd you ger my emphasis on the word and finally he was dragged and pushed into the launch. Paddock started the engine, and that odd boat load drew away from the Lileth. Hours passed and no red light from the Lileth. Hours passed and no red light from the Lileth. Hours passed and no red light from the Lileth. Hours passed and no red light from the launch. Paddock started the engine, and that odd boat load from anything. I'll be frank with you. I have been a little indiscreet here. But that's all over now. It would be dangerous to treat warpen and finally he was dragged and pushed into the launch. Paddock started the engine, and that odd boat load from anything. I'll be frank with you. I have been a little indiscreet here. But that's all over now. It would be dangerous to treat warpen and finally he was dragged and pushed into the launch. Paddock started the engine, and that odd boat load from the lileth. Hours passed and no red light from the Lileth.

"Hang it, I know he's right," he groaned. "That's what makes me rave. Why didn't you let me punch him? It would have been some satisfaction. Of course he's right. I had a hunch this was a blackmailing sheet from the moment my hot fingers closed on Gongale's money. But so long as nobody

moment my not ingers closed on Gonzale's money. But so long as nobody told us, we were all right."

He glared angrily at Minot.

"You—you killjoy," he cried. "You selecton at the feast. You've put us in a lovel."

a lovely fix."
"Well, I'm sorry," said Minot, "but I don't understand these heroics.'
"Its all up now, Harry," moaned O'Neill. "The free trial is over and we've got to send the mattress back to the factory. Here in this hollow lotus land, ever to live and lie reclined—I was putting welcome on the mat for a fate like that. Back to the road for the human fish over in the

land, ever to live and he recimeatives putting welcome on the mat for a fate like that. Back to the road for us. That human fish over in the Chronicle office was a prophet-'You look unlucky—maybe they'll give you jobs on the Mail,' Remember.'' "Cool off, Bob." Howe said. He turned to Minot and Paddock. "Of course you don't understand. You see, we're strangers here. Drifted in last night broke and hungry, looking for jobs. We got them—under rather unused circumstan es. Things looked suspicous—the proprietor parted with money without screaming for help, and no regular newspaper is run like that. But—when you're down and out, you know"—

know"—
"I understand," said Minot, smiling "I understand." said Minot, smlling.
"And I'm sorry I called you what I
did. I adologize. And I hate to be
a—er—a killjoy. But as a matter of
fact, your employer is a blackmailer.
and it's best you should know it."
"Yes." put in Paddock. "Do you
gentlemen happen to have heard where
the editor of Mr. Gonzale's late newspaper, published in Havana, is now?"
"We'do not." said O'Neill, "but may
be you'll tell us."
"I will. He's in prison doing ten

"I will. He's in prison doing ten years for blackmail. I understand that Mr. Gonz: prefers to involve his editors, rather than himself." O'Neill came over and held out his

O'Neill calle o'tel and hand to Minot.

"Shake, son," he said. "Thank God I didn't waste my strength on you, Gonzale will be in here in a minute."

"About those letters?" Howe in-

quired.
"Yes." said Minot. "They were writ-

quired.

"Yes," said Minot. "They were written to a Galety actress by a man who is in San Marco for his wedding next Tuesday—Lord Harrowby."

"His ludship again," O'Neill remarked. "Say, I always thought the south was democratic."

"Well," said Howe, "we owe you fellows something for putting us wise. We've stood for a good deal, but never for blackmailing. As a matter of fact, Gonzale hasn't brought the letters in yet, but he's due at any minute. When he comes, take the letters away from him. I shan't interfere. How about you, Bob?"

"Til interfere," said O'Neill, "and I'll interfere strong, if I think you fellows ain't leaving enough of little Manuel for me to caress"—

The door opened, and the immaculate proprietor of the kiail came noiselessly into the room. His eyes narrowed when they fell on the strangers there.

"Yes."

"The gentleman who visited Lord Harrowby an hour back?"

"Man, man! You're wasting time,"

"Excuse me." smiled Minot. "Unintentional, I ars re you." He seized the little Spaniard saidenly by the collar. "We're here for Lord Harrowby's letters." he said. His other hand began a rapid search of Manuel Gonzale's pockets.

"Let me go, you thief!" server.

ets.

"Let me go, you thief!" screamed the proprietor of the Mail. He squirmed and fought. "Let me go!" He writhed about to face his editors. "You fools! What are you doing, standing there? Help me—help!"—
"Walle, mailing!" Help me—help"—
"We're waiting," said O'Neill.
"Waiting for our turn. Remember your promise, son. Enough of him left for

Minot and his captive slid back and

Minot and his captive slid back and forth across the floor. The three others watched, O'Nelli in high glee.

"Go to it!" he cried. "That's Mme. On Dit you're waltzing with I speak for the next dance, madame."

Mr. Minot's eager hand came away from the Spaniard's Inner waistcoat pocket, and in it was a packet of perfumed letters, tied with a cute blue ribbon. He released his victim. "Sorry to be so impolite," he said. "But I had to have these tonight."

Gonzale turned on him with an evil glare.

"Thief!" he cried. "I'll have the law

on you for this."
"I doubt that," smiled Minot. "Jack, I guess that about concludes our business with the Mail." He turned to Howe and O'Neill. "You boys look me up at the De la Pax. I want to wish you bon voyage when you start when you start when you start when you start was the weather would by "

wish you bon voyage when you start north. For the present—goodby."
And he and Paddock departed.
"You're a fine pair," snarled Gonzale when the door had closed. "A fine pair to take my salary money and then stand by and see me strangled.
"You're not strangled yet." said O'Neill. He came slowly toward his employer, like a cat stalking a bird. "Did you get my emphasis on the word yet?"

"Save your breath," said O' through his teeth.
"Your work has been excellent cellent." went on Gonzale hastily-feel I am now paying you enough.



on with the unit you were you go. I will give you \$100 each when you go. I will give you my word I'll attempt nothing dangerous while you are here. He retreated farther from O'Neill.

"Wait a minute, Bob," said Howe.
"No blackmailing stunts while we

"No-I promise."
"Harry," wailed the militant O'Neill.
"What's the matter with you? We ought to thrash him-now-and"—

"Go back on the road?" Howe in-quired. "A hundred dollars each, Bob. It means New York in a parlor car."
"Then you will stay?" cried Gonzale.
"Yes, we'll stay," said Howe firmly.
"See here"— pleaded O'Neill. "Oh, what's the use? This dole far niente has cot us."

"See here"— pleaded O'Nell. "Oh, what's the use? This dolce far niente has got us."

"We stay only on the terms you name," stipulated Howe.
"It is agreed," said Gouzale, smiling wanly. "The loss of those letters cost me a thousand dollars—and you stood by. However, let us forgive and forget. Here—Mme. On Dit's copy for tomorrow." Timidly he held out a roll of paper toward O'Neill.
"All right." O'Neill snatched it. "But I'm going to edit it from now on. For instance, there's a comma I don't like. And I'm going to keep an eye on you, my hearty."
"As you wish," said Gonza's humbly, "I—I am going out for a moment." The door closed noiselessiy behind him. Howe and O'Neill stood looking at each other.

"Well, you had your way," said

ench other.

"Well, you had your way," said O'Neill, shamefacedly. "I don't seem to be the man I was. It must be the sunshine and the posies. And the thought of the road again."

"A hundred each," said Howe grimly. "We had to have it, Bob. It means New York."

"Yes." O'Neill purpless!

there. "Yes." O'Neill pondered. "But that good looking young fellow, Harry—the one who apologized to us for calling us blackmatlers"—

"Thanks," said Lord Harrowby wildly. "Thanks a thousand times. My
dear Minot, we need you. My man has
been to the theater. Trimmer is organizing a mob to board the Lileth!"
"Board the Lileth!"
"Yes—to search for that creature who
calls himself Lord Harrowby."
"Come on, Jack," Minot said to Paddock. They ran down several flights
of stairs, through the lobby and out
into the street.

into the street.

"Where to?" panted Paddock.

"The harbor!" Minot cried.

As they passed the opera house they saw a crowd forming and heard the buzz of many voice.

saw a crowd forming and heard the buzz of many voices.

Mr. Paddock knew of a man on the water front who had a gasoline launch to rent, and fortunately it happened to be in commission. The two young men leaped into it, Paddock started the engine, and they zipped with reassuring speed over the dark waters toward the lights of the Lileth.

"My plan is this," said Minot when they got to the ship. "Turn George over to us. We'll bundle him into our launch and run off out of sight behind Tarragona island. Then let Trimmer

launch and run or out or sight beama Tarragona island. Then let Trimmer search to his heart's content. When he gets tired and quits signal us by hanging a red lantern in the bow." Martin Wall smiled broadly. "Not bad for an amateur kidnaper," he said. you? W "Will I turn George over to Will a duck swim? A good

In the kidnaping George put In the kinning deerge put up a lively fight. Once he slipped and fell, his three captors on top of him, and at that moment Minot felt a terrific tugging at his coat. But the odds were three to one against George Harrowby, and finally he was dragged and push-

Wall Puts to Sea. HE knowledge would bardly have been worth the price he offered. Aboard the Lileth, on offered. Aboard the Lileth, on the forward deck under a protecting awning, Mr. Trimmer sat firmly planted in a chair. Beside him, in other chairs, sat three prominent citizens of Sen Marco—one of them the chief of police. Mr. Martin Wall was madly walking the deck near by. "Going to stay here all night?" he demanded at last.

"All night and all day tomorrow," replied Mr. Trimmer, "if necessary.

piled Mr. Trimmer, "if necessary. We're going to stay here until that boat that's carrying Lord Harrowby comes back. You can't fool Henry

"There isn't any such boat!" flared "Tell it to the marines," remarked

"Tell it to the marines," remarked Trimmer, ligating a fresh cigar.

Just as well that the three shivering figures huddled in the launch on the heaving bosom of the waters could not see this picture. Mr. Wall looked out at the rain and shivered himself.

Eleven-thirty came. And 12. Two matches from Mr. Paddock's store went to the discovery of these sad facts. Soaked to the skin, glum, silent, the three on the waters sat staring at the unresponsive Lileth. The rain was falling now in a fine drizzle.

"I suppose." Paddock remarked, "we stay here until morning."

falling now in a fine drizzle.

"I suppose." Paddock remarked, "we stay here until morning."

"We might try landing on Tarragona," said Minot.

"We might try jumping into the ocean, too," responded Pactock through chattering teeth.

"Murder," droned poor old George.

"that's what it'll be."

At 1 o'clock the three wet watchers beheld unusual things. Smoke began to belch from the Lileth's funnels. Her siren sounded.

"She's steaming out!" cried Minot.

"She's steaming out!" cried Minot.

"She's steaming out?" cried' Minot.
"She's steaming out to sea!"
And sure enough the graceful yacht began to move—out past Tarragona island, out toward the open sea.
Once more Paddock started his faithful engine, and, hallooing madly, the three set out in pursuit. Not yet had the Lileth struck its gait, and in fifteen, minutes they were alongside. Martin Wall, beholding them from the deck, had a rather unexpected attack of pity and stopped his engines. The three limp watchers were taken aboard.
"Wha—what does this mean?" chattered Minot.

"You poor devils!" said Martin Wall.
"Come and have a drink. Mean?" He



aused. "It means that the only way "For New York?" cried Minot, stand-

ing glass in hand.
"Yes. Came on board, Trimmer did,
searched the boat and then declared
searched the boat and then declared searched the boat and then decarded I'd shipped George away until his visit should be over. So he and his friends—one of them the chief of police, by the way—sat down to wait for your return. Gad! I thought of you out in that rain—sat and sat and sat. What could I do?"

"To Trimmer, the brute!" said Paddock, raising his glass.

"Finally I had an idea. I had the bors pull up anchor and start the en-

boys pull up anchor and start the engines. Trimmer wanted to know the gines. Trimmer wanted to know the answer. 'Leaving for New York to-night,' I said. 'Want to come along?' He wasn't sure whether he would go er not, but his friends were sure they wouldn't. Put up an awful how, and just before we got under way Mr. Trimmer and party crawled into their rowboat and splashed back to San Marco."

Marco."
"Well, what now?" asked Minot.
"Tve made up my mind," said Wall.
"Been intending to go back north for some time, and now that I've started I guess T'll keep on going."
"Splendid," cried Minot. "And you'll take Mr. George Harrowby with you?"
Mr. Wall seemed in excellent spirits. rie slapped Minot on the back.
"If you say so, of course. Don't

"if you say so, of course. Don't know exactly what they can do to us, but I think George needs the sea air. How about it, your lordship?"

Poor old George, drooping as he had never drooped before, looked wearlly

never drooped belove, looked wearny into Wall's eyes.

"What's the use?" he said. "Fight's all gone out of me. Losing interest in what's next. Three hours on that blooming ocean with the rain soaking in—I'm going to bed. I don't care

what becomes of me."

And he sloshed away to his cabin.

"Well, boys, I'm afraid we'll have to
put you of," said Martin Wall. "Glad
to have met both of you. Some time
in New York we may run into each
other again."

ther again."

He shook hands genially, and the two young men dropped once more into that unhappy launch. As they sped toward the shore the Lileth, behind them, was heading for the open

"Sorry if I've seemed to have a grouch tonight," said Paddock as they walked up the deserted avenue toward the hotel. "But these Florida rainstorms aren't the pleasantest things to wear next to one's skin. I apologize, Dick."

"Nonsense." Minot answered. "Old Job himself would have frowned a bit if he'd been through what you have tonight. It was my fault for getting you into it"—

tonight. It you into it" "Forget it

tonight. It was my fault for getting you into it"—
"Forget it," Paddock said. "Well, it looks like a wedding, old man. The letters home again and George Harrowby headed for New York—a three days' trip. Nothing to hinder now. Have you thought of that?"
"I don't want to think," said Minot gloomly. "Good night, old man."
Paddock sped up the stairs to his room, which was on the second floor, and Minot turned toward the elevator. At that moment he saw approaching him through the deserted lobby Mr. Jim O'Malley, the house detective of the De la Pax.
"Can we see you a minute in the of-

the De la Pax.

"Can we see you a minute in the office, Mr. Minot?" he asked.

"Certainly." Minot answered. "But

"I'm soaked through—was out in all
that rain."

"Too bad," said O'Malley, with a sympathetic glance. "We won't keep you but a minute"—

He led, the way, and, wondering, Minot followed. In the tiny office of

the hotel manager a bullet headed man

Minet followed. In the tiny office of the hotel manager a builet headed man stood waiting

"My friend, Mr. Huntley of the secret service," ('Malley explained. "Aw, ful sorry that this should happen, Mr. Minot, but we got to search you."

"Search me! For what?" Minot cried. And in a fash he knew. Through that wild night he had not once thought of it. But it was still in his inside coat pocket, of course. Chain Lightning's collar!

"What does this mean?" he asked. "That's what they all say," grunted Huntley. "Come here, my boy. Say, you're pretty wet. And shivering! Better have a warm bath and a drink. Turn around, please. Ah".

With practiced fingers the detective explored rapidly Mr. Minot's person and pockets. The victim of the search stood limp, helpless. What could he do? There was no escape. It was all up now. For whatever reason they desired Chain Lightning's collar they could not fail to have it in another minute.

minute.
Side pockets—trousers pockets—now! The inner coat pocket! Its contents were in the detective's hand. Minot stared down. A little gasp escaped him.
The envelope that held Chain Lightning's collar was not among them!

ning's collar was not among them!
Two minutes longer Huntley pur-

Two minutes longer Huntey pursued; then, with an eath of disappointment, he turned to O'Al fley. "Hasn't got it!" he a mounced. Minot swept aside the profuse apologies of the hotel detective and somehow got out of the room. In a daze, he sought 389. He didn't have it—didn't have Chain Lightning's collar!

Who did?

It was while he sat steaming in a hot bath that an idea came to him. The struggle on the deck of the Lileth, with Martin Wall panting at his side! The tug on his coat as they all went down together. The genial sprits of Wall thereafter. The sudden start for New York

New York.

No question about it—Chain Lightning's collar was well out at sea now.

And yet why had Wall stopped to
take the occupants of the launch As completely at sea as he had been

As completely at sea as he had been that night, which was more or less at sea. Minot returned to his room. It was after 3 o'clock. He turned out his lights and sought his bed.

The sun was bright outside his windows when he was aroused by a knock.

"What is it?" he cried.

"A package for you, sir," said a bell-boy's voice.

boy's voice.

He slipped one arm outside his door to receive it, a neat little bundle, securely tied, with his name written on the wrappings. Sleepily he undid the cord and took out—an envelope.

He was no longer sleepy. He held

He was no longer sleepy. He held the envelope open over his bed. Chain Lightning's collar tumbled, gleaming, upon the white sheet!

Lightning's collar tumbled, gleamingupon the white sheet!

Also in the package was a note,
which Minot: read breathlessly:
Dear Mr. Minot:
I have decided not to go north after all,
and am back in the harbor with the Lileth.
As I expect Trimmer at any moment I
have sent George over to Tarragona island
in charge of two sallormen for the day
Cordially,
MARTIN WALL.
P. B.—You dropped the inclosed in the
souffle on the boat last night.

At 10 o'clock that Saturday morning
Lord Harrowby was engrossed in the
ceremony of breakfast in his rooms.
For the occasion he wore an orange
and purple dressing gown with a foral
design no botanist could have sanctioned—the sort of dressing gown that
Arnold Bennett, had he seen it, would
have made a leading character in a have made a leading character in a novel. He was cheerful, was Harrow-by, and as he glanced through an old copy of the London Times he made

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

strange noises in his throat, under the impression that he was humming a musical comedy chorus.



ried, "Come in." Mr. Minot, fresh as he morning and nowhere near so hot,

cried, "Come in." Mr. Minot, fresh as the morning and nowhere near so hot, entered.

"Feeling pretty satisfied with life, I'll wager," Minot suggested.

"My dear chap, gay as—as—a robin," Harrowby replied.

"Snatch your last giggle," said Minot. "Have one final laugh and make it a good one. Then wake up."

"Wake up? Why, I am awake"—
"Oh, no, you're dreaming on a bed of roses. Listen! Martin Wall didn't go north with the impostor after all. Changed his mind. Look!"

Changed his mind. Look!"

And Minot tossed something on the table just abart his lordship's eggs.

"The devil! Chain Lighting's collar" cried Harrowby.

"Back to its original storage vault," said Minot. "What is this, Harrowby—a Drury Lane melodrama?"

"My word! I can't make it out."

"Can't you? Got the necklace back this morning with a note from Martin Wall saving I dropped it last night in the scrap on the deck of the Lileth."

"Confound the thing!" sighed Harrowby, staring morosely at the diamonds.

"My first impulse," said Minot, "is to hand the becklace there to you and gracefully withdraw. But of course I'm here to dook after Jephson's interests"—

"Naturally," put in Harrowby questly, "And let me tell you that should
this necklace be found before the wedding Jephson is practically certain to
pay that policy I think you'd better
keep it. They're not likely to search
you again. If I took it, dear old chap,

a delicate tive. "It belones in our family—has for years Everybody knows that."
"Well, whist is the trouble?"
"Til explain it ull later. There's really nothing dishonorable as men of



"Why did you kidnap—Mr. Trimmer's

the world look at such things. I give you my word that you can serve Mr. Jephson best by keeping the necklace for the present and seeing to it that it does not face into the hands of the men who are looking for it."

Minot sat staring gloomity ahead of

him. Ther he reached out, took up the necklace 3: d restored it to his pocket.

"Oh, very we!!." he said. "If I'm "Oh, very we!!" he said. "If I'm sent to jail tell Thacker I went sing ing an epithalamium." He rose. "By the way," Harrowby remarked "By the way," Harrowby remarked,
"I'm giving a little dinner tonight at

(To be continued.)

Try a can of Fancy Seeded Raisins at Bittner's Grocery.

er and heart. V tract me The st ready to fects of my thou; if I'd sa odd? I snap for cheeks n well ove hadn't m brains, b lacked o Clarence

I saw a throwing

10

thing it i ables our beautiful quite da bonate o orange y to illumi all distin or black

a veritab except h took him banknote cap was owed hir ed to im

may be for five a mixed w ume of a 70 degree filter pap

versation but for o that she