

**SHERIFF'S SALE**

Saturday, April 19, 1930, at 10 A. M.

By virtue of a writ of Fi Fa, No. 17, May Term, 1930, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale by vendue to the highest and best bidders, for cash, at the Sheriff's Sales Room, Court House, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 19th day of April, 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, all the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of land, viz:

All that certain piece of land situate in the Township of Lake, County of Luzerne, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

**BEGINNING** at the rear corner between lots numbers four (4) and five (5) and a sixteen (16) foot driveway as designated on plot of lots known as "Sandy Beach Park;" thence north thirty-four degrees forty-five minutes east two hundred thirty-one (231) feet to a corner; thence south fifty-five degrees fifteen minutes east about fifteen (15) feet to rear line of lot number seven (7); thence north thirty-four degrees forty-five minutes east along the rear line of lots numbers seven (7) and eight (8) one hundred ten (110) feet to a corner of lot number (9); thence along lot number nine (9) south fifty-five degrees fifteen minutes east one hundred ninety-one and sixty-eight one-hundredths (191.68) feet to Sandy Beach Park; thence along said Sandy Beach Parkway in a southwesterly direction three hundred forty-six and sixty-five one hundredths (346.65) feet to corner of lot number four (4); thence along lot number four (4) north fifty-five degrees fifteen minutes west one hundred sixty-seven (167) feet to the place of beginning.

BEING lots numbers five (5), six (6), seven (7) and eight (8) and the land lying between lots numbers six (6) and seven (7) on plot of lots known as Sandy Beach Park, and recorded in Luzerne County in Map Book No. 2, page 187.

Improved with a two and one-half story frame building, together with the outbuildings and improvements erected thereon.

Seized and taken into execution at the suit of Dime Bank Title and Trust Company vs. Charles E. Stegmaier and May D. Stegmaier, and will be sold by

JOHN MACLUSKIE, Sheriff.

John R. Hessel, Attorney.

**SHERIFF'S SALE**

Saturday, April 19, 1930, at 10 A. M.

By virtue of a writ of Fi Fa, No. 31, May Term, 1930, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale by vendue to the highest and best bidders, for cash, at the Sheriff's Sales Room, Court House, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 19th day of April, 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, all the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of land, viz:

All that certain piece of land situate in the City of Wilkes-Barre, County of Luzerne, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the northerly side of Charles street, the intersection of lots Nos. 26 and 27; thence north forty-seven (47) degrees forty-seven (47) minutes west, one hundred and twenty-six and 93-100 (126.93) feet along the line of lot No. 126 to land now or formerly of Edward Gunster, Jr., et. al.; thence north forty-six (46) degrees five (5) minutes east seventy-five (75) feet along the line of lot No. 29; thence south forty-seven (47) degrees forty-seven (47) minutes east, one hundred and twenty-four and 67-100 (124.67) feet to lot No. 29 to Charles street aforesaid; thence south forty-four (44) degrees two (2) minutes west seventy-five (75) feet along the line of Charles street to the place of beginning. Being lots Nos. 27 and 28 and fifteen (15) feet of the westerly portion of lot No. 29 on plot of August W. Grebe, recorded in the Recorder's Office of Luzerne County in Map Book No. 2, page 92. Being the same land conveyed to the said Martin Y. Smulyan by Peter Bomboy by deed dated fifteenth day of February, 1923, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of Luzerne County in Deed Book No. 575, page 483.

Improved with a two-story frame double dwelling house, garage, fences and fruit trees, and known as Nos. 169 and 171 Charles street.

Seized and taken into execution at the suit of Heights Deposit Bank of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., vs. Martin Y. Smulyan, and will be sold by

JOHN MACLUSKIE, Sheriff.

John S. Lopatto, Attorney.

**SHERIFF'S SALE**

Saturday, April 19, 1930, at 10 A. M.

By virtue of a writ of Fi Fa, No. 32, May Term, 1930, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale by vendue to the highest and best bidders, for cash, at the Sheriff's Sales Room, Court House, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 19th day of April, 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, all the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of land, viz:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Hanover, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, being lot Nos. 311 on the revised plot known and Lynd-Wood, recorded in the Recorder's Office of Luzerne County in Map Book 2, page 150. Said lot of land having a frontage of twenty-five (25) feet on Colley street and a depth of one hundred (100) feet as shown on said revised Lynd-Wood plot. The land herein is conveyed subject to a building line of fifteen (15)

feet, which building line is fixed and established on all lots on said street. No building or part of the same shall be erected or maintained between the street line and the said building line. All buildings erected for use as dwellings shall have the external appearance of a structure costing at least three thousand (\$3,000) dollars.

Coal and other minerals excepted and reserved as the same have been excepted and reserved in previous deeds in the chain of title.

Being the same lot of land conveyed to Joseph Baronofski et. ux. by deed from Dominick Suback et. ux. dated the day of December, A. D. 1924, and recorded in Luzerne County.

Being known as No. 13 Colley street. Improved with a two-story frame dwelling, fences and outbuildings.

Seized and taken into execution at the suit of Dominick Laskowski vs. Joseph Baronofski and Anna Baronofski, and will be sold by

JOHN MACLUSKIE, Sheriff.

John S. Lopatto, Attorney.

**SHERIFF'S SALE**

Saturday, April 19, 1930, at 10 A. M.

By virtue of a writ of Fi Fa, No. 33, May Term, 1930, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale by vendue to the highest and best bidders, for cash, at the Sheriff's Sales Room, Court House, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 19th day of April, 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, all the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of land, viz:

All that certain piece of land in the City of Wilkes-Barre, County of Luzerne and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the southerly side of Gregory street at a point 25 feet distant in a westerly direction from the intersection of Gregory and Brook street, said point also being the dividing line between lots Nos. 12 and 13 on plot of lots as hereinafter referred to; thence south 60 degrees 50 minutes west along the line between lots Nos. 12 and 13, one hundred (100) feet to a corner; thence north 29 degrees 10 minutes west, 25 feet to a corner; thence north 60 degrees 50 minutes east, 100 feet to Gregory street; thence along Gregory street south 29 degrees 10 minutes east 25 feet to the place of beginning. Being all of lot No. 13 on J. K. Wetzendorf plot of lots, said plot being recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for Luzerne County in Map Book No. 1, page 217; being No. 6 Gregory street. Improved with two-story frame dwelling.

Being the same premises conveyed to the said Arthur Dietz and Leroy Weldow by Harry F. Goeringer et. ux. by deed bearing even date herewith and about to be recorded.

Seized and taken into execution at the suit of Rev. Andrew Fedetz vs. Arthur Dietz and Leroy L. Weldow, and will be sold by

JOHN MACLUSKIE, Sheriff.

John S. Lopatto, Attorney.

**SHERIFF'S SALE**

Saturday, April 19, 1930, at 10 A. M.

By virtue of a writ of Fi Fa, No. 49, May Term, 1930, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale by vendue to the highest and best bidders, for cash, at the Sheriff's Sales Room, Court House, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 19th day of April, 1930, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, all the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of land, viz:

All that certain lot of land situate in the Township of Dallas, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the line of right of way of the Wilkes-Barre, Dallas and Harvey's Lake Railway on the south side of the public or county road to Wilkes-Barre; thence along said public road one hundred seven (107) feet to a point in the township road leading to Dr. Buckman's; thence along said road a westerly course about seventy-six (76) feet to the right-of-way of the Wilkes-Barre, Dallas and Harvey's Lake Railway; thence along said railway in a northerly direction one hundred fifteen (115) feet to the place of beginning. Being all of the land lying east of said railway between the public roads aforesaid. Improved with a single frame dwelling, garage and stores and together with outbuildings.

Seized and taken into execution at the suit of Thomas J. Brennan vs. George L. Kane and Patrick Joseph Kane, and will be sold by

JOHN MACLUSKIE, Sheriff.

John T. J. Brennan, Attorney.

**LUZERNE COUNTY SEALED PROPOSALS**

Sealed proposals will be received by the Controller of Luzerne County at his office in the Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., (and no other place) until 11 o'clock a. m., Monday, April 21st, for furnishing Luzerne County with one **LOADER OF THE BELT CONVEYOR TYPE** in accordance with specifications and instructions to bidders on file in the office of the County Engineer.

Proposals must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of fifty (\$50.00) dollars, made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Loader."

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

County Controller,  
LEONARD D. MORGAN,



(Continued From Last Week)

**CHAPTER XXI  
The Hawk and the Crow**

Gunner Haynes looked at his companion oddly.

"You are expecting Mrs. Maddison, are you? Who is she?"

Connor took up a half-smoked cigar from an ash tray on the table and lit it.

"A friend of mine," he said. "What have you done with her pal?"

"Who is Mrs. Maddison?" asked the Gunner again.

Connor tried to appear unconcerned. He had heard that steely tone before, and it was rather disconcerting.

"She's the wife of a friend of mine," he said.

"Sit down," said the Gunner, "and let's talk."

Reluctantly Connor pulled up a chair and sat. As he did so, Gunner Haynes walked to the door, closed and locked it.

"Let's talk," he said again, and sat opposite the gangster.

"Look here, Gunner, I don't want any trouble with you," suggested Connor. "If there's anything coming, you can take your corner. I don't know whether Maddison was making up that story he told me or not, but if he wasn't, then there's big money in this."

Naturally, I didn't take any notice of the yarn he told when we were reading him; but after you got him away Billy—that's the man who's working with me—said he'd seen something in the paper about Maddison's wedding. I had a chat with one of the busies who came to fan this place, and he told me that Maddison's flat was broken into last night by the man who drove the car. That tallied with all Maddison told me—and all I knew. This isn't the first time I've seen a swell playing crook, but I've never had the luck to catch one before. This man will be money for jam."

"You're sure it is he, eh?" asked the Gunner, and deceived by the mild inquiry, Connor went on with greater confidence.

"Sure! I sent a flash fellow up Maddison's office to see his manager—Stiles, I think his name is. There is a portrait of Maddison hanging up in the private room which my fellow saw. He got the name of the photographer and tried to buy a copy. He couldn't get that, but he was told where the picture had appeared in one of these illustrated weeklies and he got a copy of that."

Connor pulled open a drawer of the table and took out a periodical which had been folded over at a page. He pushed the paper to Gunner Haynes.

"That's him all right," said Connor, with a confident smile. "I'd have known him with or without his moustache. Maddison went away the day after he was married. There's a woman in it somewhere—"

"What a brain you've got!" interrupted the Gunner with mock admiration, and Connor scowled. Any reflection on his mentality infuriated him. It was his weakness that he believed himself to be the cleverest of his kind.

"Brain or no brain," he growled, "there's the picture, and that's the man. I could show him today and he knows it. Naturally, if I have ten minutes' talk with him I shall make him see sense, but if I can't get him I thought I'd send a note to his wife. She's got a bit of money—"

"What sort of a note?" asked the Gunner, and the man hesitated.

"Billy writes a better hand than me—I read in the paper the other day that all clever people write bad—"

"And some of the uncles ones, too," said the Gunner.

He watched the man groping the drawer, and presently his hand came out with two or three sheets of paper covered with penciled writing.

"I wrote down, and Billy copied it and did the spelling," said Connor. "As you're in on this, Gunner, you'd better see what I've said."

He pushed the note across, one hand still in the drawer, a fact which the Gunner did not fail to notice. As he stretched out and took the paper, his own hand came up and an automatic lay flat on the table, the barrel pointing at Connor's diaphragm.

"Take your hand out of the drawer. If there's any murder to be committed, I'd prefer to commit it myself," he said.

Connor's hand came up with great alacrity.

"I'm surprised at you, Gunner—you wouldn't trust your best friend."

"You're no friend of mine," said the Gunner.

He found some difficulty in reading the scrawled words. The note ran:

Dear Mrs. Maddison, I should like to give you some information about your husband. I am afraid he has got into serious trouble, but I can

get him out of it. He has fallen into bad hands, through no fault of his own—

The Gunner read the last sentence aloud and looked up.

"That's a bit of a smudge," said Connor coolly. "Naturally I want to wrap it up for him so that it looks as though I'm trying to help him."

"Strategist!" murmured the Gunner, and went on with his reading.

It will be very serious if the police know what I know re robbery at Tiffany's, but I think I can get him out of it, though it may cost a bit of money, which I'm sure you will not mind paying.

Haynes smiled sardonically as he came to this line.

Don't take this note to the police but bring it with you. If you go to the police, your husband will be in trouble. Come and see me after dark. . . .

Here followed elaborate directions as to how the wharf was to be reached.

"That's the letter, it is?" The Gunner pushed the paper across the table. "I thought you were a specialist, Connor. I've never known you to put the black before."

"This isn't blackmail," said Connor indignantly, "this is compensation for money wasted. Besides, he pretended he was an Australian fellow called Smith."

"He pretended nothing of the kind. You jumped at the conclusion that he was Smith because he was in Lewing's company the night your crowd knifed him," said the Gunner quietly. "I'll interest you to know that Smith never arrived in England—he was turned back at Plymouth. He is now on his way to Australia."

He took a cigar from his pocket, bit off the end and lit the long brown smoke.

"Suppose Mrs. Maddison goes to the police—they'll catch you for ten years, Connor."

Connor smiled uneasily.

"Is that likely—," he began.

There was a tap at the door.

"Open it," ordered Haynes. Connor unlocked the door. One of his men was standing outside, and by his agitation he knew something was wrong.

"The Sparrow's here, with a lady," he whispered hoarsely, and watching him, the Gunner saw Connor's face go gray.

"Do you hear that?" asked Connor breathlessly. "The Sparrow—she's brought him."

He snatched the letter up from the table, made a ball of it and threw it into the little fire. At that moment they heard the heavy footsteps of Inspector Bird in the passage.

The big man came in, a benevolent smile upon his large face, and behind newspaper, and she wants to get acquainted with all the bad and nearly had met before.

"Why, Gunner, this is an unexpected pleasure!" rumbled the Sparrow. "Thirty-eight more of you, and you'd have a regular Ali Baba's cave!"

Haynes saw that the girl recognized him. He was already on his feet, and gave her a friendly nod.

"How are you, Miss Balford?" he said, and the sharp-eared Connor heard, as he intended he should hear. The last thing in the world he wanted was for the blackmailer to reveal the fact that he was expecting Margaret Maddison.

He saw the look of bewilderment and relief that came into Connor's face, and knew that he had taken the hint.

"I didn't know you were running with this crowd, Gunner," said the Sparrow. "Old friend of yours, Miss Balford." His finger shot out. "That's Connor. You ought to know Connor, Miss Balford." And then, to the discomfited man: "This lady is on a him a pretty girl whom the Gunner had men in London. Raided last night, weren't you?"

"They're always raiding me," grinned Connor, "and never finding anything, Mr. Bird."

The Sparrow's eyes roved from one to the other.

"How long have the crow and the hawk been living in the same nest?" That's puzzling me," he asked. "Coming down in the world, aren't you, Gunner? What are you doing here?"

"Slumming," said the Gunner, coolly. "I like now and again to establish contact with the underworld."

The detective's face was wreathed in a sudden smile.

"Hear him?" he asked admiringly. "Quite a classy line of conversation. There's nobody like him."

This was the Gunner's opportunity. He knew that Bird would keep occupied the discomfited owner of the wharf. He put on his hat carefully

and moved toward the door.

"I'll be getting along, Mr. Bird. I presume you don't wish to see me?"

And then he saw a malignant gleam in Connor's eye.

"So long, Gunner!" said the man loudly. "If you take my advice, give up carrying a gat. It will do you no good and get you a lagging if you're ever caught."

"Carrying a gat, is he?" The Sparrow became instantly alert. "That's a silly thing to do, Gunner. Got a license?"

Haynes smiled.

"I don't carry a license and you can search my clothing for a gat. You've no right to, but you can."

He spread out his arms, and Bird's hands passed over him quickly. Mary Balford watched the deadly byplay and was fascinated.

"No gat there," said the Sparrow. Then to Connor: "What's the idea?"

"I can tell you what the idea is:" The Gunner was at the door. "Our friends was anxious to do a trade in lethal firearms, and I wasn't buying any. The only gun you're likely to see today, Mr. Bird, is in that table drawer."

The detective pulled open the drawer near where the man had sat, and Mary Balford saw Connor's face go green, for there at the bottom of the drawer was a silver-plated revolver.

"I'll leave you to it," said the Gunner easily, and strolled out.

Before he passed through the little wicket gate leading to the street he took of his hat as carefully as he had put it on, and removed from its interior the automatic he had cached, and slipped it into his pocket.

**CHAPTER XXII  
Danton Pays a Call**

Margaret Maddison had spent a torturing two hours before the shabby messenger had brought her the note which told her at least that Luke was alive. At the bottom of the letter there was scrawled in a different hand—Connor's own—"Come around about eight."

The postscript he had not communicated to the Gunner.

The letter confirmed all she had feared. She sat motionless at her desk for half an hour with the copper-plate communication before her, trying to formulate a working theory. Luke was in trouble—had trouble. She had accepted this fact as a starting point. In her mind she did not reproach him for the monstrous eccentricity which had brought him to his present position—rather she hated herself that in a moment of crisis she had deserted him and urged him into deeper folly.

A servant came into the room and spoke to her, but she was so absorbed that she did not notice his presence and he spoke again.

"Mr. Morell?" She came to reality with a start. She had not seen Danton for days, and her first inclination was to send a message that she was not well enough to be seen. And then a thought occurred to her, and she nodded.

"Ask him to come up, please."

Danton came in, a sprucely dressed man about town, and bore in his smiling face no evidence of his embarrassment.

"Any news of Luke?" he asked, almost jovially. "I was on my way to the city and I thought I'd call in."

She was regarding him curiously. Danton the friend, and Danton the gang leader, were indistinguishable. It came almost as a shock to her to realize that her confidence in him had already evaporated before Gorton had told her the truth about this adventure. In that moment she realized how complete had been his duplicity, yet in her desk was that fatal message from Rex. That at least must have been true. It was Danton who had arranged to send her the message from Paris which bore Luke's signature.

Yet she felt no indignation, no resentment—Danton was an ugly fact, no less or more a fact because of its ugliness.

"I heard from a friend of mine that Luke's flat was burgled last night. Did they get anything?"

"Nothing of any great consequence," she said.

He saw her fold in some haste a letter that was in front of her, and put it in a little handbag that lay on the table, and he wondered what there was in that epistle which brought the color into her cheeks.

"I expect Luke's having the time of his life. Have you heard from him?"

She shook her head.

"No, I haven't heard from him." And then, a little awkwardly: "Did you see that curious case in the paper this morning?"

He thought she was trying to turn the conversation into other channels.

It seemed a little gauche, but he did not suspect her object in asking the question—her embarrassment saved her from suspicion.

"There are hundreds of cases in the paper. Which is the one?"

"About the man who was living a double life: a respectable merchant by day and a burglar by night."

Danty smiled. He lived too near the criminal world to harbor any illusions about its romantic character.

"That's the sort of stuff you read in stories," he said, "but I have known such cases. I've read about them, of course," he added hastily. "There was a man in Liverpool who preached in a local chapel on Sundays and ran a forgery plant the rest of the week. I know another man—by hearsay, of course—who was the head of a prosperous shoe company in the Midlands, and one of the cleverest jewel thieves the police ever had through their hands."

She was looking out of the window, apparently uninterested.

"Why do men do that sort of thing?" Danty shrugged.

"I don't know. It's a sort of field of adventure—there are precious few fields left. I wanted to talk to you about my South American company, Margaret. I'm in rather serious trouble. I want seventy thousand pounds to finish the deal, to be exact seventy-six thousand pounds, and I've raised sixty-nine. I was thinking this morning that if Luke was here I could get all I wanted. He didn't like me, but he was a very good business man."

She was neither amused nor indignant at the cool request. For a moment she had a wild idea of supplying him with the money he required. He might prove a useful ally, if all Gorton had said was true. Then the danger of making a confidant of this unscrupulous creature became apparent. Danty was a parasite living on society; he would not fail to exact the fullest advantage from his knowledge.

She was confronted with the alternatives of seeking the aid of the society in which Luke had found a discreditable place, or of going to the police, who, she knew, were no spectators of persons, and would as lief send Luke to penal servitude as they would the jailbirds with whom he was in association.

"I'm afraid that is impossible, Danton," she said quietly. "Why don't you see Mr. Stiles?" He is a business man."

Danton shrugged his shoulders.

"Stiles! A servant—the man is without any initiative, and a word from you—"

She shook her head.

"That I can't give," she said.

There was a silence after this; then Danton Morell began to speak easily about trivialities, and in a short time took his leave. At least, he thought, as he went down the stairs, he had satisfied himself that she was not definitely antagonistic to him.

That he was on his way to the city was true. There was a little city office where he occasionally met his humble associates. Since Lewing's death the gang which bore his name had lain very quiet. It comprised a not inconsiderable number of men, old and young, who lived on