

Centremoreland

Mrs. J. Geist was taken to the General hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Sunday night and underwent a very serious operation Monday morning. At last report she was improving.

Gale Clark and family of Beaumont spent Sunday with George Montross.

A reception was given eRv. Herbert Munyon and wife Tuesday evening at the M. E. Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ferris, formerly Miss Elgie Gable, have gone to keeping house in the Sheffer house.

Robert Baird and wife of Kingston spent Sunday with Mrs. Baird's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Winter.

Henry Wells has moved on Hor-ton Bell's property.

We don't think anyone got their limit the first day of trout season in this vicinity, although some had pretty good luck. Caddie Besteder came in with eight nice ones.

Mrs. Lena Wilbur of Binghamton is visiting relatives in this place.

Mrs. Fannie Evans is on the sick list. She is reported to be somewhat improved.

Dr. C. L. Boston of Noxen made professional calls on Mrs. J. D. Frantz and Miss Mary Besteder on Monday evening.

The Canary Bird division of the Ladies' Aid Society will soon give the play, "Go Slow, Mary." Watch for further notice. Some of the famed actors and actresses of the old Grange dramatic club will be in this play, along with some good new ones.

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 Monday, April 23, at 11 a. m. for construction of EXTENSION TO BRIDGE No. 733, Lake Township, Luzerne County, in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the County Engineer.

Copies of plans and specifications can be obtained from the County Engineer upon deposit of ten (\$10.00) dollars.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of two hundred and fifty (\$250.00) dollars, made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County. Check of successful bidder will be retained by the County Controller as a guarantee that bidder will enter into contract and furnish surety bond within (10) days from date of award.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Extension of Bridge No. 733." The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

LEONARD D. MORGAN,
County Controller.

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 Monday, April 23, at 11 a. m. for construction of Bridge No. 5, Dorrance Township, Luzerne County, in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the County Engineer.

Copies of plans and specifications can be obtained from the County Engineer upon deposit of ten (\$10.00) dollars.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County. Check of successful bidder will be retained by the County Controller as a guarantee that bidder will enter into contract and furnish surety bond within (10) days from date of award.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Construction of Bridge No. 5." The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

LEONARD D. MORGAN,
County Controller.

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 23, for furnishing Luzerne County with ONE LEATHER BELT FOR USE ON ELEVATOR PUMP, in accordance with specifications and instructions to bidders on file in the office of the County Commissioners.

Proposals must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars, made payable to the Treasurer of Luzerne County.

Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Leather Belt." The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the County Commissioners.

LEONARD D. MORGAN,
County Controller.

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 23, 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.

LEONARD D. MORGAN,
County Controller.



GUNMAN'S BLUFF

BY Edger Wallace

COPYRIGHT BY EDGAR WALLACE

(Continued From Last Week)

He stopped long enough in the city to discover many unpleasant truths. Shares which he held in considerable quantities were sliding steadily down the list. He met his broker, a cold-blooded man, who laid before him a statement of account which made Danton Morell go cold.

Danty left the city in a state of desperation and arrived at his flat at the same time as the lawyer's Clerk who served him with a writ for 140 pounds from his tailor—the tenth writ Danty had received in the past month. Pi Coles, his so-called valet, took his coat and hat.

"Any luck?" asked the little man with the east and familiarity of one who was addressing a friend.

"No luck, Pi," said Danty with a twisted smile. "But every cloud has its silver lining."

He did not realize that the silver lining in this case radiated from one called Connor. To do him justice, Mr. Connor was unaware of the fact that he was destined to assist the head of a rival gang.

CHAPTER XXIII Counterplot

Gunner Haynes and his guest sat in conference. Luke was still feeling the effect of the drug. His head throbbed at the slightest noise, and during the day he had consumed uncountable quantities of tea.

"There's the situation," said Haynes. "Connor knows who you are. Naturally, I am not blaming you for telling him, though you could not have expected him to believe you were a man of substance."

"Not so very substantial," smiled Luke. "You wired to my wife, you say?"

The Gunner nodded. "I sent a telegram in Connor's name, putting off the appointment," he said. "I should imagine it was not till night, because Connor would not risk detectives seeing Mrs. Maddison go into his wharf. If she doesn't turn up, Connor will naturally make a call on her tomorrow; but a lot of things might happen before then."

"Suppose I saw Bird—" began Luke. The Gunner shook his head.

"I've no great love for the police, although I've a mighty respect for the Sparrow," he said. "But I can tell you this, that if you were the Duke of Ooojah they would have to pinch you for that raid on Tiffany's. You see, your fatal mistake was to give the shop assistant a punch on the jaw. That made you a willing agent in the matter. If you'd stepped out of the car and given the lady into custody, and then explained your position there would have been no harm except a few flaring headlines in the evening newspapers. But you didn't. You became an accessory the moment you gave the shop assistant a punch and assisted your lady friend to escape. Anyway, whatever happens you couldn't escape a lot of unpleasant publicity—or your wife either. That seems to me the one thing you do not wish. No, I've got to find another way of getting you back into society."

His lips curled at the word; he was evidently secretly amused.

"But if Connor sees my wife tomorrow, what then?" asked Luke. The Gunner considered this question for a little time.

"He mustn't see her. I think that can be managed. It is a pity that Sparrow arrived when he did—otherwise, I should have had the solution in both hands. As it is, I don't think we shall have a great deal of difficulty."

He knelt down by the side of Luke's bed, groped beneath and pulled out the case of a portable typewriter. This he unfastened, and putting the little machine on the table, he took a sheet of paper and began to type laboriously.

Connor, striding impatiently up and down his room, looking from time to time at his watch, heard a knock at the gate and ran eagerly to open the wicket. It was a small boy with a letter. Connor snatched it from the boy, slammed the wicket in his face and went back to his room.

The letter was typewritten and began without preamble.

I'm afraid I can't come to see you tonight. The neighborhood is so dreadfully squalid that I fear my presence would be noticed by the police. Can you meet me by the edge of the Serpentine at ten o'clock tonight (about a hundred paces from the bridge; there will be nobody there at that time)? But you must supply me with proof that my husband is the man about whom you are speaking.

It bore no signature, but there was a postscript.

P. S. I do hope you have not told a man named Haynes this story

about Mr. Maddison. He called today, but I would not see him.

Margaret was dressing in preparation for her interview when the telegram came. It was brief.

Cannot see you tonight. Same time to-morrow night. Connor.

In a sense she was relieved though she would have been glad to have ended the state of suspense in which she was living. She had a wild idea of taking with her a large sum of money, and with that intention had drawn a thousand pounds from the bank. She had revised this plan, however, and the money was now in her safe. If it was blackmail, and these people wanted paying they could wait a few hours. She did not know the neighborhood into which she was going, but she guessed from its locality that it was not the place where an unprotected woman would carry a large sum of money with impunity.

As she put the money away she caught a glimpse of an envelope which gave her a little headache. It contained poor Rex's last scrawled message. Several times she had been on the point of putting that envelope into the fire, but something had prevented her. There was a time when she needed the stimulation to her hatred which that pitiable note supplied. But that time had passed. The boy's dead hand still lay on her, had wrecked Luke's life and might yet bring her to disaster. Now she must wait another twenty-four hours before she resolved her doubts.

She heard the doorknob ring, and presently came a tap on the door and her footman came in.

"A man wishes to see you, madam. I think he's been here before—a Mr. Haynes."

At first she did not grasp who was meant, and then in a flash she recalled the earlier visit. Here at any rate was a man who was friendly disposed toward Luke.

"Bring him up, please," she said. Now she recalled more vividly the previous interview she had had with him. He had told her that Danty Morell was a man whom no decent woman should know, and she had rung for the servant and had him shown out. But he was friendly to Luke, had spoken of some service which he had rendered to him, and here she would find an ally.

Haynes was not prepared for the kindness of the welcome. In a sense it was a little embarrassing. He had come not to give but to seek information. It was vitally necessary that he should not betray the fact that he had any communication with Luke.

"I'm afraid I was very rude to you the last time you came, Mr. Haynes," she said as she sat down behind her little desk and signalled him to sit. "You rather hurt my feelings about a—," she hesitated—"a friend of mine, who isn't so much of a friend as he was," she smiled.

The Gunner nodded. "That's the best news I've heard for a long time," he said. "I was a little impertinent. I remember I asked you why your husband left you. I wonder you didn't send for the police."

She laughed at this. "Do you know where my husband is now?" she asked, and when he shook his head he heart sank.

She had had a vague idea that this man might have come into touch with his benefactor.

"I can tell you where Mr. Morell is now," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "but that's not going to help you very much. I've come to repeat my impertinence, Mrs. Maddison. At the back of my mind I've got a notion I can help you and your husband, who, I have reason to believe, is in Spain."

He said this deliberately, his eyes challenging hers.

"But—" she began. "I believe he's in Spain. If a man's in Spain he can't be in London, can he? And if he's a gentleman at large in Spain, taking long hikes through the country, he can't be burbling Tiffany's or getting himself mixed up with Connor."

"You know, then?" she interrupted quickly. "I was seeing that man tonight, but he sent me a wire—"

"I sent you the wire," said Gunner Haynes coolly. "That engagement of yours has got to be put off indefinitely."

"How did you know?" she demanded.

The Gunner smiled cryptically. "I've got a whole lot of sources of information that I am not making public," he said. "The point I want to make with you is this—your husband is in Spain. You've had letters from him, which unfortunately you've destroyed."

She understood now. Did he come from Luke? There could be no other explanation for his knowledge, and she put the question bluntly.

"I haven't been to Ronda for years," said the Gunner calmly. "And if I had been, and met your husband, he wouldn't know that I was coming to see you. Now, Mrs. Maddison, I'm going to ask you that impertinent question all over again: exactly why did your husband leave you? No, no, I don't mean that. I know why he left you. But why did you suddenly leave him flat? I don't know that; I'll bet your husband doesn't know that only you know—and Danty. I guess Danty knows."

She was silent; but she realized that that moment just why she had not destroyed Rex's last note. She had kept it to show Luke some day, and demand from him the explanation she should have asked for when it came to her. It was her justification—the only one she could have for her conduct.

"That is an extraordinary request for a stranger to make, Mr. Haynes, and I don't know whether to enlighten you or not."

She stood for a moment silent, and then, turning abruptly, walked out of the room. Haynes picked up his hat from the floor and rose, thinking the interview was at an end. But in three minutes she was back again with a little envelope in her hand.

"I'm telling you something that nobody knows but me and Mr. Morell," she said. "When my poor brother shot himself this note was found in his room."

She took from the envelope two telephone slips and passed them to him. Gunner Haynes read:

Margaret, darling, I have lost. For months I have been gambling. Today I took a desperate step on the advice of Luke Maddison. He has led me to ruin—money is his god. I beg of you not to trust him. He has led me from one act of folly to another. God bless you.

He read it twice and then looked up. "Is this your brother's handwriting?"

She nodded.

"Could you swear to it?"

"Yes, I'm sure it's his. I've hundreds of pencilled notes from him, and I couldn't possibly be mistaken."

"Who found it?"

"Mr. Morell found it in Rex's room. Poor, dear Rex had a servant, a very trustworthy man, and he saw the note before Mr. Morell put it in his pocket."

"He didn't read it, of course?" suggested the Gunner. "The servant, I mean?"

"I don't think so. He only saw the note, and Mr. Morell hid it."

The Gunner had an amazing memory. He could from that moment repeat every word in the letter—there was no need for him to take a copy, and he handed it back to the girl.

"Naturally, you thought that your husband was responsible for the death of your brother, and that was why you acted as you did."

"He told you?" she challenged.

The Gunner neither denied nor agreed. He stood frowning down at the carpet, his hands pushed into his pockets, his underlip protruding.

"Queen bird, Danty," he said after a while, and she realized that he was speaking as much to himself as to her. "He used to be a great hoarder of trifles—I wonder if he's got over it. There's something of a miser about Danty, though he could never keep money and never will. All crooks die poor."

"Will—" she began, and stopped in natural confusion.

She saw a smile dawn slowly in his face.

"You were going to ask me, shall I? No, Mrs. Maddison, I shall not die poor, unless I go mad. I'll never have to work again—I'm a reformed character. That doesn't mean," he said quickly "that I've got any notions that I have been following the wrong track. I've known that all my life. Five years ago a brother swindler traded me a block of shares in a copper mine. They looked to be worth about the value of the paper they were printed on, but luckily I didn't throw them into the fire. Copper was found on the property whilst I was on remand the other day, and I've sold at a big profit. I shall only commit one more crime."

She would have smiled at this, but she saw something in his eyes which froze the smile on her lips.

"Danty Morell has got to be punished one of these days—when I find proof," he said slowly.

He took his watch from his pocket. "I've got rather an important engagement, so, if you don't mind, Mrs.

Maddison, I'll go. Don't ask me to give any messages to your husband because I don't know where he is. If I did, I shouldn't tell you."

"Is he well?" she asked anxiously.

"Pretty well," said the Gunner.

He made no attempt to move, but stood twiddling his watch guard.

"He'll want money," he said suddenly, "and this sounds like the beginning of the confidence trick. I can let him have all he wants if there's any need, but I think you'd better provide it, just to show your confidence in me." He chuckled at this. "Sounds like Danty at his worst! If you have any hesitation, Mrs. Maddison, don't give it to me. I shall want about two hundred pounds, but three hundred would be better."

She went out of the room and returned with a small pad of notes.

"Four hundred will be better still," she said, and he thrust the money into his pocket without counting it.

"Seems a pretty easy game. Pity I didn't start earlier," he said. "Danty the lad! There isn't a finer tale teller in the world."

He jerked out his hand, and she took it.

"I'll be seeing you again, Mrs. Maddison—perhaps some day when you're going to Ronda you'll let me travel on the same train, in case some of the real con men get hold of you!"

(Continued Next Week)

First National Bank

DALLAS, PA

Members American Bankers' Association

DIRECTORS

R. L. Brickel, C. A. Frantz, D. P. Honeywell, W. B. Jeter, Sterling Machell, W. R. Neely, Clifford W. Space, Wm. Bulford, George R. Wright

OFFICERS

George R. Wright, President
D. P. Honeywell, 1st Vice-Pres.
C. A. Frantz, 2nd Vice-Pres.
W. B. Jeter, Cashier

Three Per Cent. on Savings Deposits

No account too small to assure careful attention

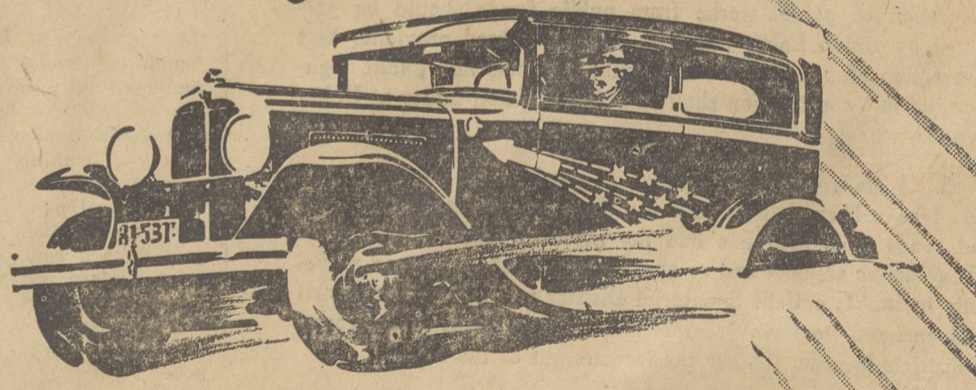
Deposits Payable on Demand

Vault Boxes for Rent

Self-Registering Saving Bank Free

The Red Rocket

a demonstrator of Pontiac's finer performance



BEGINNING today, the New Series Pontiac Big Six marked with a RED ROCKET will be on the streets of this city. Notice its speed, quick getaway, smoothness and easy handling. Ask for a demonstration—anytime, anywhere you see this car.

SPEED AND POWER. A 60 horsepower engine, the largest in any six of Pontiac's price, accounts for this car's great power, speed and acceleration.

SMOOTHNESS. The engine is very smooth due to spring type rubber mountings and the Harmonic Balancer which counteracts crankshaft vibration.

EASY HANDLING AND RIDING. A new roller bearing steering system and improved four-wheel brakes make the car delightfully easy to handle. And riding ease is increased by comfortable new Fisher bodies and improved Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

Ask to drive the car with the RED ROCKET. Or come to our salesroom and arrange to learn what splendid performance Pontiac now is offering at low cost.

Prices are f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Shock absorbers standard equipment. Bumpers and spring covers at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. Pontiac delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

THE NEW SERIES Pontiac big SIX \$745 AND UP

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS . . . BODY BY FISHER

Dealers Everywhere