

THE STORY

CHAPTER L-Returning to London

nathering of "business men," of wide's Navarro is one, discusses the possibility of stealing the pay roll, which has all along been Navarro's objective. The matter is left to him. Hoberta takes Sir George to the bank and later introduces him to her circle. She arranges for a diamer and dance in his honor, for a diamer and dance in his honor, for the following Saturday.

CHAPTER IN.—Alone, Sir George
Tass to the bank gets the purport of the bank gets the purport of the sense at tempt to haid up the bank gets the person. Three ten attempt to haid up the bank gets above from the bank gets above from the bank gets of the theress being wounded at the blind excapture on like years to have get to be sufficiently and turned to leave her, "Or anything?" Roberta called after him, challengingly—and when she saw him safely up the stairs she went was the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of the could only get there and tell Jack or go away before Sir George came

(Continued from last week.) out again on the terrace!

Lady Sandison went toward the door with some of Robert's guests, saying in a low voice to her stepson, as she passed him: "Dance with Roberta, inddie. She's missed you."

"I can't flatter myself so much as to believe that, Asgy. I advise you-as they say over here—to 'lay off us.'

You can't drive us together."

"Dear me, dear!" said Lady Sandison and hurried after her guests.

MacBeth looked up at Sir George as

the others left the room.

"I couldn't eatch him."

"The man who was listening at the window."

You're crazy!"

"I chased him along the terrace and down to the water's edge and then-" "Well?"

"Then I lost him." "Why?"

"Because a girl got between us. I had to avoid knocking her down. The fellow got away."

"Who was the girl?"

"Rather not tell, sir." "Then you think she knew something?"

"I could not say."

Robert MacBeth gazed at him puzzled. "What would be want under my window?"

"Again I don't know, sir. But there are a lot of your men here tonight. They—I mean the gang after your payroll—may have thought you would discuss some of your plans. Some one was there—and he was listening."

bert MacBeth leaned back to study the facts again. While he did

"If you're worried about the payroll," MacBeth, who had been smoking and thinking, suddenly said aloud, "the spy went empty away. Nothing said to anyone tonight about our plans." "Good! Then we'll sleep on it. I have a scheme which I would like to

tell you about tomorrow." A voice from the door made them look up. "Tired, Dad?" Roberta asked. She glanced quickly at the wo men, "Has Sir George been scaring you with his imaginary men-be-



"Has Sir George Been Scaring You With His Imaginary Men-Behind-Window-Curtains?"

hind-window-curtains? He's so deter mined to find us infested with wild men shooting pistols that he sees ban-dits everywhere. Better send him to Mexico, Father, and let his dreams

look from one to the other.

"Oh, Sir George, of course," Roberta hughed. "I met him when he was het on his wild goose chase,"

the armore state police the rascals.
"But you

MacBeth stared. "Did you? He thinking." Edn't tell me that. What were you The you

ing when you stopped him?" "Nothing," said Roberta, and bit her lip. What a fool she was! Sir George lip. What a fool she was! Sir George anged that Roberta drive Siz of a boak in a rearry village, to the and next day take the park workers. Sir George sees to workers. Sir George sees to workers. Sir George sees to be considered to the workers. Sir George sees to be considered to the workers of the constant of the workers of the constant of the workers of the work would have been to have said she was looking at the water or waiting for

chim as the adventurer armed for the girl's welfare.

CHAPTER V—In Philadelphia a thering of "business men," of which avarro is one, discusses the possibility and was not satisfied, though he said in a level voice to both of a well, tomerrow or today.

dining room door, and after a moment Roberta joined him. She did not armin's speak until Sir George moved toward some the stairway.

"Decent of you not to "
see it wasn't necessary."
"I don't know," he answered slowly.
"I am sorry you spoke."
"Why?" she challenged him.
"Uset have an

He shook his head, "Just have an idea that it is the last straw—to your father. I don't think he will sleep tonight."

"How about you?"

"Oh, I won't sleep, either. I'm going up to get a club, or, as it's America, maybe a revolver, and watch his door." Roberta laughed, "How melodra-matic and how unreal! Look out on this soft countryside, still and quiet.

What could happen between now and

o go away before Sir George came

he moonlight on the tiny beach, was not so easy to send away. He had something to find out before he went, and something to tell the girl which could make his own position stronger.

It took him some moments and much tact to get the information. When he thew at last that tomorrow MacBeth and planned to send his secretary to the bank, he reluctantly released the nervous girl after a burst of furious jenlousy, which terrified Roberta. Vehemently he had told her that it was because of her father's other cuest—the cursed Englishman—that he had refused to come to the dance tonight. To meet Sir George was to denounce him publicly as a scoundrel.
Then had followed a long bitter tale Sir George's meeting with, conquest and destruction of a certain Senorita

What Roberta finally gathered, was that Sir George had met this Senorita Mercedes on the steamer, bound for New York, had heartlessly singled her out and as heartlessly thrown her over when he found how little money she had. The tale was cunningly told. made Sir George seem cheap indeed. yet somehow the story also cheapened

the story teller.
Roberta was glad when Jack Navarro finally paddled noiselessly away. She was inwardly raging at him, at Sir George, at the whole world, and she was half-sick with lack of sleep, fatigue and the fear that Sir George

might find her there. The gods were kind to her. She discovered that her father and his secretary were on the other side of the terrace. Guiltily, and vowing she would never do this again for Jack

so the band played a riotous fox trot. or any other man, Roberta crept up-

. "What's wrong with you, lad?" Mac-Beth asked sharply, "The last thing you said had no sense."
"I beg pardon." His secretary turned from the window, "I forgot for a moment, because," he hesitated, "be-

cause I am trying to put a scheme into words that will make you see how feasible it is."
"Well, let me have it and I'll sort

out the wheat from the chaff."

The secretary looked at his chief with a cool eye, "It's almost all wheat." He drew a long breath and sat down beside MacBeth's chair. The men you have reason to fear are after the payroll will be looking for two things: First, that the cash will travel from New York and pass through long stretches of lonely country in Jersey, before it crosses the river here."

MacBeth nodded.

"Or second, they will have gotten Yor second, they will have gotten wind, through some source, of the fact that you have an account at the local bank, and although it may be given out that it's merely a household account, they will have their suspicions. If so, they will be looking for a car coming from the bank in the village to the construction camp."

Again MacBeth nodded, "Well," he said, "Sense so far, What's your plant"
"Send an armored car from New

York at the usual time only there won't be any money in that car and the men will be armed."

MacBeth merely raised an expres-

"And in the meantime," finished his assistant, his eyes snapping, "I will walk up the towpath with the money in my pocket and deliver it to Ray Browne on time.

MacBeth whistled and stared at him.

"I don't want to expose—"
"You will not be exposing any of your men," Sir George said hastily. I wouldn't for a moment propose that, "Who told you about it?" MacBeth
it would be well worth the expense of
the armored car, sir, if we notified the state police and they caught some of

"But you? It is of you I was

The younger man laughed, "Who would believe that 'Beauty' Sandison was doing anything but strolling along to meet a girl. Or if they met me higher up the river, I am, of course, indulging in the British passion for walking."

"The river road or the towpath?" "The towpath, of course."

"That has long lonely stretches." "Yes, but they can't be traveled by motor. Their motor would have to be left on the road."

MacBeth looked at him jealously "It's what I would like to do myself, But, thinking of Aggy-I hesitate to allow you to-"

Aggy's stepson frowned. "Of course, fatal. Roberta's not to know, either, She's not to know even the smallest detail, if it's to be a successful trip," "What do you mean?" MacBeth

"What I said." and Sir George forgot his customary respectful attitude and unconsciously assumed a dogmatic "Nothing can or will be done unless both of the women in this house are kept absolutely ignorant of what is going on, and especially your

MacBeth lay back on his pillows and surveyed the determined young face. The young fellow thinks Roberta will get excited about him, he thought,
Aloud he said, "Roberta's not the

Thermal and the said to get excited about your dangers."

Terhaps not," said his secretary, grimly, "but she's not to know for more reasons than one. Not," he added, as he saw MacBeth's expression, "that the girl herself may not be perfectly loyal and trustworthy, but," and he said it with due emphasis, "I am not trusting some of her quaint

companions." MacBeth found he could get nothing more from him then and finally:

Mind, I don't agree with you about Roberta," he said emphatically, "She's high-strung and determined, but she's my girl and I know I can trust her."

That may be, but after all she is young, and she picks her friends rather carefessly to my way of thinking. Is it on, with Roberta in the dark completely? Or is it aff, and you tell

the girl the whole scheme?" MacBeth thought awhile, and then held out his band. "It's a good busi-ness-like, workable scheme, so we'll

sar it's on and all females barred."
"Done!" said Sir George. "R Browne will meet me half way, and I'vl get the money up there or be found in the canal."

CHAPTER IX

The sun shope brightly on the towpath as Sir George crossed the bridge on his way to the bank. He had the small car Roberta usually drove. had refused, emphatically, Sir George's invitation to join him, saying:

"No thanks. I've more interesting things to do than drive to that rotten old village this beautiful morning, with nothing more exciting at the end than the bank and post office."

He looked at her tranquilly. He knew that behind the brusque refusal lurked a determination not to accompany him anywhere, ever. Evidently whatever tale Roberta had been told down by the landing had been black. find your village and post office quite interesting. Anything I can bring you, Aggy?"

She shook her head, "Be careful of vourself, laddle. Mind thon awful

turning at the bridge and don't be Roberta laughed.

Sir George regarded her gravely.
"What's the joke?" He was always careful of Lady Sandison's dignity and feelings.

Roberta realized this and, despite her prejudice, liked it. She turned quickly to her aunt now: "I wasn't laughing at you, Aunt Aggy, but merely at the thought of any chance to be reckless in this place. What danger could lurk between this island and the post office?"

"You would be surprised," Sir George said levelly, with a glance at his stepmother, "how full of adventure a countryside can be. I shall be home late today," he observed casually as he rose. "I have several matters to look after for Mr. MacBeth. I may even be too late for dinner, Aggy."

Aggy looked at him as he went toward the door and her expression was such as to cause her stepson to wonder if Robert MacBeth had not, after all, confided something to his shrewd little sister.

"Keep yourself out of mischief if it's a possible thing, laddie," was all hat she said, however, As for Roberta, she allowed a slender eye-brow to raise itself ever so slightly.

He was irked by that eyebrow, how-ever, as he went down the steps to the car. Everything that he was about to do seemed somehow silly and melodramatic, in view of that lifted eye-brow. What a danger signal the girl was anyway. There her out of mischief. There was no keeping

Sir George went down the river road toward the bank, going over and over in his mird his carefully laid plans, which, despite his sober thoughtfulness, still seemed somehow theatrical and a bit unreal in this setting. How Roger would laugh if he ever knew

He parked his car near the bank. It was early and there were few cars about. After a careful look about him, Sir George went into the bank. He had seen nothing unusual when he entered. Two cars only were parked in front of the bank. When he went inside, business was going on as usual. He went directly to the bank manager's room. It was divided off from the front and the rest of the bank offices by a partition of wood and glass. The upper part of this partition did not reach all the way up to the old-fashioned ceiling. It was only about eight feet high.

The bank manager was ready for Sir George when he entered. payroll money was on the desk. though the ordinary observer would not have known it, as it was in a flat oilskin package. Sir George roughly counted over the money, and then proceeded to put it in a safety belt about his waist, securing the package by safety pins. The putting of the money in the belt was accomplished, without fear of observation, by the simple expedient of going behind the desk and pulling open the door of an old-fasisioned supboard so that it formed a screen between him, the windows, and the door to the private office. At the other side of this screen was a heavy steel filing case. Sir George finished stowing the money away and was just about to step out of his retreat, when he heard a curious sound from the manager and immediately afterward the words; "Hands up!"

He could scarcely believe, at first, that he had heard the long-dreaded words. He thought his imagination had tricked him. Screened as he was, he stood motionless and peered out of the crack of the door. He saw the manager deadly pale, his hands in the air. Slowly approaching him was a man with a pistol in one hand.

There was a most uncommon and a deadly silence in the main office.

Instantly and noiselessly Sir George lowered himself. He had remembered he was six feet-three. He gradually let himself down on the floor, still hidden by the desk. He slowly stretched himself out. The paralyzed bank manager was standing motion-less while the intruder gathered in what small amount of money lay upon



Sir George Crawled Noiselessly and Slawly Behind the Desk.

the deck. Sir George crawled noise-lessly and slowly behind the desk? Re-joicing for once in his height, he Joicing for once in his height, he stretched out a long arm and caught

the thief, whose back was turned to him, by his ankles.

He came down with a crash. His head struck the desk and his pistol fell from his hand and went bounding along the floor toward the closet. The man lay stunned and still. Sir George, as the bank manager turned, put his finger to his \s and indicated that he was to sit on the fallen

bandit and tie him up.
Still keeping himself below the glass of the partition and away from the doorway. Sir George picked up the pistol and crawled on the desk nearest the main office. Again thanking his stars for his height he stood erect and

peered over the partition. Paralyzed by the sudden appearance of three men without warning, the clerks had been backed up against the wall by one robber, while the second thief, who also had a pistol, was rapidly sweeping the money, stacked near the teller's window, into his pocket.

This man turned swiftly as though he had eyes in the back of his head. As he turned he fired. The shot struck the partition a very little to one side, as Sir George ducked and fired. His bullet hit the man's pistol hand and as the pistol dropped and the man reached for it. Sir George winged him again, this time in the leg. The third man near the door swung his pistol away from the clerks and clients he was holding at bay, but Sir George fired first. The fellow yelled and dashed outside to a waiting machine, Sir George jumped down from the ran through the doorway into the main bank and burried toward the deorway. But the men in the car had started, and as he emerged, one of them The bullet went through Sir George's coat sieeve.

The car started across the bridge, racing dangerously, despite the shouts of the few people on the street. From the back of the car came a succession of shots that discouraged pursuit,

Sir George hurried back into the bank. The manager and the assistants were still dazed—hardly able to be-lieve that what happened had happened—despite the wounded men and the blood on the floor.

He managed to caution the manager: "Not a work to the police or anyone else about the payroll," before a small crowd came in. Presently the wounded men, still theonscious, were in a heavily guarded motor, going to the nearest hospital, while Sir George was making his way up the river road at top speed.

Once across the bridge, he whistled, and as arranged, August, MacBeth's chauffeur, came and took the car.

"I'm not coming in yet, I'm going for walk up the towpath, Tell Mr. MacBeth that."

"Yes, Sir George," said August, and gazed after him so intently that Sir George had to check his inclination to feel his waist and see whether the belt was bulging. What was wrong with August? He could not possibly guess his errand.

Angust, who had been instructed early that morning by MacBeth that he was to take the ear at once, and say and do nothing to delay Sir George, was too a westruck to tell him that a wild tale or adventure had come over the telephone, An excited neigh-bor, who had been down at the drug store and had seen the police arrive, had called up to assure Lady Sandison that her stepson was all right and described the fight as reported in the village. As it lost nothing in the re-porting and nothing from Aggy's indignant recita!, Robert MacBeth had listened with some anxiety and Roberta

with open amusement.
"Think shame, Roberta," said her aunt, indignantly, "The lad might have been killed."

"But he wasn't." Roberta reminded her, "and if you think I believe anything like that happened in this sleepy place, you're mistaken. Somebody's 'having' you. There isn't the slightest doubt of that, Aunt Aggy. Sounds like one of Roger's romances, and we'll have 'Beauty' Sandison himself sauntering in to join in the laugh."

Her aunt glared at her. "It passes me, Roberta," she said, with a sudden sweetness that made her brother observe her carefully, "why you go so far out of your way to belittle the It's my private belief that you're as fond of him-as the rest of the

Roberta flushed, an ugly dull flush, out she looked steadily at her aunt "No auntie, you can take your longlegged laddie safely back to bonnie Scotland as soon as you like for

(To be Continued next week.)

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