The THOUSAN Author of The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc. ILUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

"He used to complain that he was never left in peace on Saturdays and Sundays, which of course were his only quiet times for writing," said the son, elaborating his tale with fillal So once when I'd been trying to die of scarlet fever, and my mother brought me back from Hastings after the'd had me there some time, the sld governor told us he'd got a place where he could disappear from the district at a moment's notice and yet be back in another moment if we rang the gong. I fancy he'd got to tell her where it was, pretty quick; but I only found out for myself by accident Years afterward he told me he'd got the idea from Jean Ingelow's place in Italy somewhere."

"It's in Florence," said Blanche. laughting. T've been there and seen it, and it's the exact same thing. But you mean Michael Angelo, Sweep! "Oh, do i?" he said serenely. "Well,

I shall never forget how I found out its existence? "No more shall I You told me all

about it at the time, as a terrific secret, and I may tell you that I've kept it from that day to this!" "You would," he said simply. "But

think of having the nerve to pull up the governor's floor! It only shows what a boy will do. I wonder if the hole's there still!" Now all the time the planetary de

tective had been watching his satellite engaged in an attempt to render the damage done to the mahogany doors a little less conspicuous. Neither appeared to be taking any further interest in the cigar cupboard, or pay ing the slightest attention to Cazalet's reminiscences. But Mr. Drinkwater happened to have heard every word, and in the last sentence there was one that caused him to prick up his expert ears instinctively

"What's that about a hole?" said he, turning round. "I was reminding Miss Macnair how

the place first came to be-"Yes, yes But what about some hole in the floor?"

I made one myself with one of those knives that contain all sorts of of things, including a saw. It was one

Balurday afternoon in the summer hol idays. I came in here from the garden as my father went out by that these mahogany doors open by mistake It was the chance of my life; in I slipped to have a look. He came back for something, saw the very door you've broken standing ajar, and shut askin't It without looking in. So there I was in a nice old trap! I simply daren't call out and give myself away. There was a bit of loose oilcloth on the

"There is still," said the satellite, pausing in his task

"I moved the offcloth, in the end; hawked up one end of the board clockily they weren't groove and tongue). sawed through the next one to it, had Blanche, as they passed the yard. it up, too, and got through into the foundations, leaving everything much as I had found it. The place is so small that the oilcloth was obliged to fall in place if it fell anywhere. But I had plenty of time, because my people had gone in to dinner."

"You ought to have been a burgiar. sir," said Mr. Drinkwater ironically. 'So you covered up a sin with a crime, like half the gentlemen who go through my hands for the first and But how did you get out of the foundations?"

"Oh, that was as easy as ple; I'd often explored them. Do you remember the row I got into, Blanche, for taking you with me once and simply

ruining your frock?" remember the frock!" said Blanche

It was her last contribution to the conversation; immediate developments not only put an end to the fur ther exchange of ancient memories, but rendered it presently impossible removing Cazalet from the scene with the two detectives. Almost with out warning all three disappeared one of them as a schoolboy in his

father's floor. She hardly even knew how it happened. The little place was so small that she never saw the hole until it had engulfed two of the trio; the third explorer, Mr. Drinkwater himself, had very courteously turned her out of the Hbrary before following the others genuous duplicity. And he had said so very little beforehand for her to hear, and so quickly think what any of them were doing

under the floor. Under her very feet she heard them moving as she walted a bit in the hall; then she left the house by way of the servants' quarters, of course without mutineers, and only indignant that her not to do so.

It was a long half hour that followed for Blanche Macnair, but she passed it she had let fall to soften her first recharacteristically.

better and trusted further than men.

the back door, which was at the top of the cellar steps and at the bot tom of two or three leading into the scullery; but Blanche, of course, went poor old dog quite disconsolate in a one that was really worthy of the more formidable carnivora. There was

every sign of his being treated as the dangerous dog that Blanche, indeed, had heard he was; the outer hars were further protected by wire netting. which stretched like a canopy over



You Ought to Have Been a Burglar, Sir," Said Mr. Drinkwater.

self in with as little hesitation as she proceeded to beard the poor brute his inner lair. And he never even barked at her; he just lay whimpering with his tearful nose between his two front pawe as though his dead master. had not left him to the servants all his life.

Blanche coaxed and petted him en til she almost west herself, then sud denly and without warning the dog from wooden sanctuary, almost knock topic ing her down, and barking howribly but not at Blanche. She followed his infurlated eyes; and the back door way framed a dusty and grimy figure just climbing into full length on the your face' cellar stairs, which Blanche had some difficulty in identifying with that of Cazalet.

'Well you really are a Sweep!" she cried when she had slipped out just in time, and the now savage dog war him by!" His stage voice fell a sepulchral semitone. "But I see him again door into the hall, leaving one of at the station this very afternoon I these mahogany doors open by mis did! I promised not to talk about that-you'll keep that a secret if I tell 'e somethin'?—but I picked him out of half a dozen at the first time of

Savage said this with a pleased and vacuous grin, looking Cazalet full in the face; his rheumy eyes were red as the sunset they faced, and Cazalet drew a deep breath as Blanche and he

turned back toward the river. "First time of prompting, I expect! Savage is their strongest witness. "Only listen to that dog," said

CHAPTER VIII.

Finger-Prints.

Hilton Toye was the kind of American who knew London as well as most Londoners, and some other capitals a good deal better than their respective citizens of corresponding intelligence His travels were mysteriously but en viably interwoven with business; he had an air of enjoying himself, and at the same time making money to pay for his enjoyment, wherever he went, His hotel days were much the same all over Europe: many appointments, but abundant letsure. As, however, he never spoke about his own affairs unless they were also those of the listener-and not always then-half his acquaintances had no idea how he made his money, and the other half wondered how he spent his time. Of his mere interests, which were many. Toye made no such secret but it was cheen that killed him. But they tound quite impossible to deduce a main industry from the byproducts of his level-headed versatility.

Criminology, for example, was an down the makeshift trap-door cut by obvious by product; it was no morbid taste in Hilton Toye, but a scientific hobby that appealed to his mental subtlety. And subtle he was yet with strange simplicities; grave and dignified, yet addicted to the expres sive phrascology of his tess entight ened countrymen; naturally since,e and yet always capable of some in-

The appeal of a Blanche Macnair to such a soul needs no analysis. She prevented Cazalet from saying any- had struck through all complexitles to thing at all, that she simply could not the core, such as it was or as she might make it. As yet she could only admire the character the man had shown though it had upset her none the less At Engelberg he had proposed to her "inside of two weeks as he had admitted without compune holding any communication with those tion at the time. It had taken him he said, about two minutes to make Mr. Drinkwater should have requested up his mind; but the following sum mer he had fald more deliberate slege in accordance with some old idea that funal. The result had been the same

She turned her wholesome mind to only more explicit on both sides. She dogs which in some ways she knew had denied him the least particle of hope and he had warned her that she There was a dog at Uplands, and as had not heard the last of him by any yet she had seen nothing of him, he means, and never would till she marlived in a large kennel in the yard. ried another man. This had incensed for he was a large deg and rather her at the time, but a great deal less friendless. But Blanche knew him by on subsequent reflection; and such sight, and had felt always sorry for was the position between that pair

when Toye and Cazalet landed in Eng-The large kennel was just outside land from the same steamer.

On this second day ashore, as Caralet sat over a late breakfast in Jermyn street. Toye sent in his card and was permitted to follow it, rather to round by the garden. She found the his surprise. He found his man frank more canine kennel in a corner of the and the morning paper, but in a hearty ly divided between kidneys and bacon

still outiling and clawing at his bars How did you come out, and where be'd just've laid those things right are the enemy?

down, he'd have left the print of his

hand as large as life for Scotland

hearsay and stray paragraphs in the papers. I never knew you could leave

placed it face downward on the table

down," he said, "and don't move it

before complying; then his fine, shape

ly, sunburnt hand lay still as plaster

under their eves until Toye told him

was no mark whatever, and Cazalet

"You should have caught me when

"Your ortuts, sir! I don't say I'm

Scotland Yard at the game, but I can

do it well enough to show you how

prints ready for you. I'd like aw

Cazalet excused himself with deci-

sion. He had a full morning in front

of his father's old firm of solicitors

themselves, or else to recommend a

firm perhaps more accustomed to

future tense; but he was more so

than usual in explaining his consid-

ered intentions in this matter that

self on Scruton in the prison, but he

"It's a perfect scandal that he should

be there at all," said Caralet, as he

rose first and ushered Toye out into

Angelo cupboard, wondering how the

"Then you think old man Craven-

begging his poor pardon—was getting out some cigars when the man, who-

ever he was, came in and knocked

Caralet nodded vigorously. "That's

every inch like a rat in a trap, you

the cigar that Cazalet had given him

dragged his man before the beak

Which you mean to prevent?"

tsed not to talk, however, and I'm

sure you won't You knew so much

the rest this week as well as next, if

you don't mind keeping it to your

Nobody could have minded this par-

ticular embargo less than Hilton Toye

He saw Cazalet off with a smile that

was as yet merely puzzled, and not

unfriendly until he had time to recall

nifair of the previous afternoon

Miss Blanche's part in the strange

Say, weren't they rather intimate,

those two, even if they had known

each other all their lives? He had it

from Blanche (with her second re-

fusal) that she was not, and never

had been, engaged. And a fellow who

still, they must have been darned in-

timate, and this funny affair would

bring them together again quicker

Say, what a funny affair it was when

you came to thing of it! Funny all

through, it now struck Toye; begin-

Caralet's about the murdered man.

leading to all that talk of the old

grievance against him, and culminat-

ing in his actually finding the imple

ments of the crime in his inspired ef-

forts to save the man of whose inno-

cence he was so positive Say, if

that Cazalet had not been on his way

Like many deliberate speakers. Toye

thought like lightning, and had reached

this point before he was a hundred yards from the hotel; then he thought

of something else, and retraced his

steps. He retraced them even to the

table at which he had sat with Cazalet

not very many minutes ago; the walt-

home from Australia at the time!

in board ship with that dream of

than anything

wrote to her once in a year

"If only I can! I more or less prom-

would see.

again.

him on the head?"

have been made for him?"

twenty years before."

Caralet tooked at him a moment

your mark so easily as all that'

for a minute"

laughed.

"What !"

them down there."

voice for that infernal dog." The dreadful barking followed them out into the yard, and round to the these things by the vaguest kind of right, past the tradesmen's door, to the verge of the drive. Here they mot an elderly man in a tremendous hurry an unstable dotard who instantly abandoned whatever purpose he had forwed, and came to anchor in front cloth. "Lay your hand on that, palm of them with rheumy eyes and twitching wrinkles

"Why, if that isn't Miss Blanche! he quavered "Do you hear our Roy, relas? I ha'n't heard that go on like that since the night that happened? Then Cazalet introduced himself to be might take it up. Of course there the whole cage; but Blanche let here the old gardener whom he had known all his life, and by rights the man should have wept outright, or else emitted a rustic epigram laden with I came up from those foundations. wise humor. But old Savage halfed not fresh from my tub!" said he. from silly Suffolk, and all his life he had belied his surname, but never the taking the menu gincerly by the edge, alliterative libel on his native county He took the wanderer's return very much as a matter of course, very anything now, but if you come round over for their superior quality. much as though he had never been to the Savay I'll show you something away at all, and was demonstrative only in his further use of the East

Anglian pronoun. "That's a long time since we fared to see you, Mus Walter," said he. It's done You havon't left your mark 'That's a right long time' And now seen the paper but a guess you've left here's a nice kettle of fish for you to find! But I seen the man, Mus' Walter, and we'll bring that home to stick where your hand did, and blow him, never you fear!"

"Are you sure that you saw him?" off easily everywhere else. Say, come asked Blanche, already under Caza- round to lunch and ill have your let's influence on this point.

Savage looked cautiously toward fully to show you how it's done." the house before replying; then he lowered his voice dramatically "Sure." Miss Blanche. Why, I see him that of him. He was going to see Miss night as plain as I fare to see Mus' Macnair's brother, son of the late head Walter now!"

"I should have thought it was too and now one of the partners, to get dark to see anybody properly," said them either to take up Scruton's case Blanche, and Cazalet nodded vigorous ly to himseif.

"Dark, Miss Blanche? Why, there criminal practice. Cazalet was always was broad daylight and if that wasn't apt to be elaborate in the first person there were the lodge lights on to see singular, either in the past or in the great heat in yesterday's argument A plainer indication was the downright yet sunny manner in which Cazashowed his worst side. Out he leaped let at once returned to the contentious lay no very near his heart.

> Well, my dear Toye, what do you think of it now?" "I was going to ask you what you thought, but I guess I can see from

"I think the police are rotters for not setting him free last night!"

"Yes. Of course, the case'll break down when it comes on next week, but they oughtn't to wait for that. They've no right to detain a man in custody when the bottom's out of their case already.

But-but the papers claim they've found the very things they were searching for." Toye looked nonplused, as well he might, by an apparently perverse jubilation over such in

They haven't found the missing crowed Cazalet. "What they



"They Haven't Found the Missing again Capt" Cried Cocalet.

kers, and the silver-mounted trun them in a place where they conton't already, you may just as well know possibly have been put by the man identified as Scruton!

"Say, where was that" asked Toye with great interest. "My paper only Says the things were found, not where.

"No more does mine, but I can tell you, because I belied to find em-

"You don't env?" "You'll never grasp where" continned Cacalet. In the Loundations under the house!"

Details followed in all fullness: the listener might have had a part in the Uplands not of vestorday's drama, might have played in the library scene with his a fored Miss Blanche, so viv was every minnie of that crowd idly ed hour brought home to him He was not so sure that he had any very denconception of the toundations of

an English house. "Ours were like over so many little tiny rooms," said Caracet, "where I couldn't stand hear; wortcht even as a small how without giving my head a crack against the ground floors. fed into one another by a lot of little monholes tight this even for a boy, but nearly faral to the bess police

man yesterday!" Hilton Toye, edging in his word, said he guessed he visualized -but just where had those missing things been

"Three or four compartments from the first one under the library," said

"Did you find thom?" "Well, I kicked against the truncheen, but Drinkwater dug it up. The watch and keys were with it "

"Say, were they buried." "Only in the loose rubble and brickdusty stuff that you get in founda-

"Say, that's bad! That murderer must have knewn semething, or else it's a bully fluke in his favor."

we rather wanted to keep. "I don't follow you, Toye."

away.

Continued on Page Four

CLARK & SHUTE

"And what did you find" "The devil he would" excluded Life, Fire, Tornado, Hail, Burglar, Botler, Till tell you tater. I can't hear my care for that internal dog." "remember I'm a wild mun Glass, Parcel Post and Registered Mail. from the woods, and only know of

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We are exclusive agents in You wait, replied Hilton Toye, this Township for the John T. Lewis products. These Leads and putting it out of havin's way in the empty teastrack. "You can't see and Oils are known the country

> M. A. Daniel Rosemary, N. C.

the sweet of your hand; if I snow a RUB-MY-TISM little French chalk over it, the chalk'll

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No Insurance

How often do you read those words in a newspaper in connection with a destructive fire and pass it over without giving it serious thought?

"NO INSURANCE"

"Going to see Scruton, too?" said It means total loss. The house-"Not necessarily," was the short re hold goods you have labored long ply. But it also was elaborated by to accumulate go up in smoke or Cazalet on a moment's consideration. The fact was that he wanted first to are ruined by water in a few know if it were not possible, by the moments, and you are forced to intervention of a really influential lawyer, to obtain the prisoner's immediate begin all over again without caprelease, at any rate on bail. If impossible, he might hesitate to force him

Wouldn't you rest more comfortably if you knew that should such a disaster come to you, the amount of your loss would be at the lounge, "Only think: our old your command, almost immedigardener saw him run out of the drive ately.

at half past seven, when the gong We represent the most reliable went, when the real murderer must have been shivering in the Michaelinsurance companies in America, whose policies guarantee absolute devil he was ever going to get out protection against loss.

Wyche & Ricks

"Then the gong went—there may even No. 666 the likeliest thing of all!" he cried.

have come a knock at the door-and there was that cupboard standing open for Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than "With a hole in the floor that might return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c "As it happens, yes; he'd search



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take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it.

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Hopetess. Greene Are there any really in-

This is a prescription prepared especially for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER. I know of except those that make an MASON, WORRELL & LONG infernal noise "-Judge



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