

THE RETURN OF ANTHONY TRENT

CHAPTER VIII

WYNDHAM MARTYN

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Pierre Redlich Meets a Master

Mr. Yeatman was consulting the barometer as Trent passed him in the water hall. The glass was falling.

"Blowing for a storm," said Trent, reading the instrument.

"I wish fear it," returned the other.

"Why should a storm bother you?" Trent demanded.

"I get a headache when thunder comes."

Pierre Redlich was not in a mood to talk.

His head already ached from his experiences of last night.

The barometer reading was most unsatisfactory.

If a storm sprang up his steamer dare not lie in close to the shore; also he would not be able to get to her with his little launch.

He did not like to think about last night.

Redlich was convinced that it was some member of the gang controlled by the "Countess" who had rescued her.

It was disturbing to know that men as brave and determined as he were also after the Strauss diamonds and the Fishel pearls, and already suspected him of a similar errand.

How would they set about the task?

He had a list of the invited guests for tonight's dance.

It was not a complete one.

Some of the more important visitors had permission to bring with them certain of their own house guests.

Of these added names he nor his employers had any knowledge.

Such blanket invitations could be turned to dangerous uses.

Mademoiselle Dupin's former associates had been of the kind who could pass in any society.

It was such a gang on the Riviera he remembered.

They had not been crooks who masqueraded as men and women of position; they had been men and women of birth and breeding who had elected to follow criminal paths.

A dangerous set, and difficult to unmask.

He did not think anyone else would choose the marine path to safety.

They would work, he supposed, with high-powered automobiles.

They would be many, and be hit one. Yet he had the tremendous advantage of being an unsuspected and free of the house.

His actual zone of danger was that which lay between the mansion and the edge of the sea.

It was exactly a quarter of a mile. He would need to take five hundred paces in the dark with his precious loot.

There was a man who watched for his signals on the steamer who could be useful in an emergency.

He was a sailor and as strong and active as a gorilla.

But Pierre had found that participation in a crime of this sort invariably led to a demand for too large a division of the spoils.

All the help that Redlich needed was an armed escort from the house to the boat.

The steamer was undermanned. The fewer the crew the less danger.

Once at sea Redlich would take his spool with the rest.

So far only Gilbert had seen his launch; and he had explained it satisfactorily.

It was a nine-foot boat fitted with one of the removable engines which may be affixed to any small boat.

In the surf it would have little chance, but the big sailor would be waiting just outside the surf line to pick him up.

When he saw Anthony Trent coming toward him he assumed his coarsest and most policeman-like pose.

"The glass is going up," said Trent.

"I don't think we shall have a storm tonight. I'm mighty glad of it. I'm afraid of lightning. I don't suppose a bold accountant like you is afraid of anything, eh?"

"I fear only dyspepsia," Redlich said.

He turned away to greet Mr. Gilbert.

"Better tuck all your valuables away carefully," said the indiscreet old man.

"We may have a visitation tonight."

Trent noticed that Redlich found it difficult to answer.

"I do not understand," he said at last.

"We think," Gilbert said, "that to night's night, I'm laying for you."

Grant wanted me to sleep all the afternoon so as to be ready to keep watch when the ladies have gone to bed and the burglars get busy.

I don't have to have more than four hours' sleep any night."

"This may be very serious," Mr. Yeatman remarked.

"Nothing to it," Trent declared.

"I'm going to have a swim while the tide's right."

He strolled away with elaborate unconcern.

"He don't know that I know you're a detective," Gilbert remarked.

"What I want to do is to help you any way I can. Do these fellows hunt in couples?"

"They have various methods. At ways they employ a man outside who watches. Sometimes two men to guard their getaway."

"That's Trent's job to look after them. Grant bluffed him into it."

"Explain, if you please," Mr. Yeatman spoke very deliberately.

Gilbert told him of the talk at luncheon.

It was all vastly disturbing to Pierre Redlich.

He could send this old man on a wild goose chase as he had, last night, sent the butler.

But to have this active younger man prowling around the premises promised him a great deal of trouble.

He cursed Mademoiselle Dupin under his breath.

If he had foregone his boasting and put all thoughts of her aside he might by now be steaming south in safety.

He was walking slowly past the garage when Trent's big car backed out.

"Do you not swim here?" Redlich asked.

"Sure," Trent grinned amiably. "I'm going to get a new bathing suit first at Asbury. Want to come along?"

"I have my work," Yeatman answered.

He verified Trent's words when, a hour later, he walked down to the Grant bathing pavilion at the end of the garden.

Anthony Trent was disporting himself in the water and his bathing suit was new.

Redlich watched his antics scornfully. He himself had swum professionally, and he was looking at a man who dared not go out of his depth.

"A fierce undertow," Trent shouted.

Pierre Redlich granted some reply and then turned toward the house.

He would have been surprised to see what a changed swimmer Trent became when he found himself alone.

He swam out a hundred yards and then dived to the bottom.

A score of times he dived in as many different spots.

When he returned, weary, to the hot sands, he had satisfied himself that a boat drawing fifteen feet of water would have no difficulty in coming within twenty yards of the shore.

In the house Thorpe and his staff were making elaborate preparations

for the entertainment. Only old Gilbert was to be seen.

Other men were lying in hammocks, resting. The ladies had gone to their rooms.

In his room, as he dressed for dinner, Trent took out the sheet of notes Sutton had written for him.

One seemed to give him especial pleasure, and he put it in his pocket.

None saw him go out of a side door onto the terrace.

From the center of a clump of rhododendrons where he was completely hidden from the house and unobserved from the gardens, now bare of workers, he could just see the open window of Grant's room through the leaves.

He wrapped the piece of paper around a pebble, tying it with common white string, and buried it with perfect aim.

It chanced to fall noiselessly on Grant's bed.

Payson Grant saw it just as he was ready to go downstairs.

The sight of it robbed him of the pleasant confidence he had tried so hard to cultivate.

Without touching the thing, he knew from whom it was. He could hardly bear to pick it up.

"No matter how you protect yourself, you are not safe from me. I shall choose my moment and strike it may be tonight. I may be behind any door you open or around the first corner you turn."

"F. W. S."

Naticia looked up crossly as he burst into her room. Her maid was frightened at the wild gestures with which he ordered her to go.

"Look at this," he said, his hand shaking. "It was on my bed. Some one must have thrown it through the window."

"Tell Regan to search the grounds at once," she commanded. "Have you done so?"

"No, ma'am."

"I think the reason is that you are strong and have a certain element of audaciousness about you."

"That's the character that might be long to any successful man of business."

"Like my husband, for instance," she laughed. "I suppose that's true. I didn't mean exactly that type. I think you would look well in those swashbuckling clothes men wore in Tudor times. I am giving a costume ball next month. I'll invite you only if you promise to wear a pumed hat and sword."

Naticia Grant would have given a great deal for such an opportunity, but Trent was not as gratified as he pretended to be.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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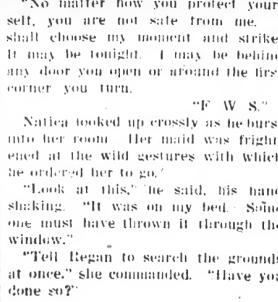
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U. S. GIRL TRIES TO WED VENDER

Coos in Him Ghost of Her Dead French Lover.

Cairo, Egypt.—An itinerant Egyptian lemonade vender, one of the class, who with their huge, gaudily decked jars slung on their backs, and incessantly tinkling brass cups, form one of Cairo's picturesque sights, appeared at the police station in the native quarter of Cairo. A well-dressed American girl tourist affectionately clung to his arm.

The peddler explained that the girl suddenly had pounced on him in the street, embraced him and refused to leave him. For hours he was unable to understand what it was all about, owing to his ignorance of English and the girl's inability to speak Hebrew or Arabic.

Eventually the lemonade vender discovered through a passerby, who was able to translate from the girl's speech into his tongue, that she insisted on marrying him instantly despite all his attempts to dissuade her. The girl remained with him until in the afternoon, when, in desperation, he took her to the police station.

In the presence of a police officer, she repeated her extravagant demonstration of affection as the unwilling object of her attentions stood in mute embarrassment. She declared the lemonade vender exactly resembled a deceased Frenchman she formerly had loved. She affirmed her belief that the Frenchman's spirit had entered the body of the peddler. She offered the immediate payment of \$4,000 if he would marry her and leave for America, where she said she would set him up in business.

The police got in touch with the American consul, who sent a representative for the girl. The consul's agent found she is stopping at one of Cairo's principal hotels, is amply supplied with money and apparently sane, except for her extraordinary obsession for the lemonade vender. Her parents in America have been advised. Meanwhile the girl is being watched by the consul, who has requested that her name be not published.

Much American Land

Once Part of Mexico

Nearly a third of the territory of the continental United States was once a part of Mexico. It was acquired by the United States in three annexations. The first was when Texas, which had rebelled from Mexico and set up a separate government, was annexed to this country in 1845.

The question of the Texas boundary led to the Mexican war, at the conclusion of which our southern neighbor ceded everything north of the Rio Grande and Gila rivers. In 1853 this country settled a number of questions of boundary, property and damages by purchasing an additional strip of southwestern land from Mexico—the Gadsden purchase.

Included in these three cessions were all of the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and California; more than half of Colorado, and parts of Oklahoma, Kansas and Wyoming.

Pigeons Trapped by Mirror

Pigeons which have infested St. Paul's cathedral in London are being caught by a mirror trap. More than 1,000 have already been captured by the method. The mirror is fitted in the back of the trap. When a pigeon sees what he believes is a pigeon in the trap he walks in. Other pigeons follow, and when 14 have entered the lid automatically closes.

Plain talk should never be plain to the point of coarseness. Lots of novelists don't know this.

Five Pesos Price for

Murders Gets Bu's notes

Mexico City.—A price of only five pesos for a murder, which modest figures attracted a considerable clientele, was charged by Gregorio Sanchez, a professional assassin, who has just been wounded and captured near Cholula in the state of Puebla.

A dispatch to El Excelsior says Sanchez had no occupation except assassination and was ready to kill anybody at any time provided the five pesos were forthcoming. He had enough customers to enable him to earn a good living. The police said they found in his pocket "a sheet of paper half filled with names of persons he had assassinated." The dispatch neglects to give any total.

Judge Orders Thrashing

for Eoy With Whisky

Ada, Okla.—Edgar Stillman, eighteen years old, stood before United States District Judge Robert L. Williams here and admitted the possession of three pints of whisky.

"Take him to the basement and thrash him," was the judgment of Judge Williams, pronounced to Stillman's father.

Accompanied by a bailiff the Stillmans repaired to the lower floor. The bailiff returned later to inform the court that the sentence had been well executed.

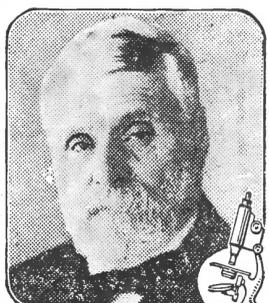
Yegg Leaves Sign

to Prevent Blast

Cottage Grove, Ore.—An unusually considerate yegg recently visited Cottage Grove.

"Danger, explosives!" was found scrawled on a sign on the door of a safe in a local bank when officers went to investigate suspicious noises. The safe was found to be already "souped" ready for the opening blast. The safe cracker had evidently been frightened away by the approach of the officers and had left the sign to prevent casualties.

What Dr. Caldwell Learned in 47 Years Practice



Dr. Caldwell
AT AGE 83

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time regardless of how much one tries to avoid it. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can't harm the most delicate system and is not a habit forming preparation. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it. It does not gripe. Thousands of mothers have written us to that effect.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when a medicine like Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly, more cleanly and gently, without griping and harm to the system.

Keep free from constipation! It robs your strength, hardens your arteries and brings on premature old age. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to a druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Take the proper dose that night and by morning you

will feel like a different person. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds. Always have a bottle in the house, and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open.

We would be glad to have you prove at our expense how much Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can mean to you and yours. Just write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, and we will send you prepaid a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

Brazilians Have Their

Own Idea of Business

That the Brazilian takes his business, and life in general, in a natural, easy-going stride, is pointed out by Rudyard Kipling, famous English author and poet, in an article (copyright, 1928, by Rudyard Kipling in the U. S. A.) in Liberty Magazine.

"The Brazilian has been used to the English trader for generations," explains Kipling, "and the old experienced mercantile firms send out the type of Englishman most likely to be accepted. For the Brazilian has not yet reached the impersonality of ideal 'business.' If he likes you as an individual, he will do more than anything for you. If he doesn't, he will do less than nothing. If he knows little about you, but perceives that you have manners and a few trifles of that sort, he will wait and see. And he has heaps of leisure."

Telephones Sample Toot

Among the novel uses made of the new transcontinental telephone between the United States and England was that by a middle-western manufacturer of automobile horns. To close a sale in London he mounted a new two-tone horn near the telephone and sent a sample toot across the Atlantic. The musical sound was clearly heard by the customer 4,000 miles away.

For Him to Find Out

Judge—Are you guilty?

Prisoner—Say, judge, what is your business here?

Relief at Last for

"Dry" Constipation

Here is good news for the man or woman who is troubled with that variety of constipation that is caused by a dryness or lack of intestinal juices. Dr. Hitchcock's Laxative Powder, composed entirely of vegetable laxative agents, has the peculiar property of making the "mouth water." It has the same effect upon the intestinal glands, thereby increasing the intestinal juices, making bowel movements easy and removing the cause of dry constipation.

A few doses of Hitchcock's Laxative Powder will quickly and pleasantly banish constipation, foul breath, coated tongue, sick headache, sour stomach, dizziness and indigestion by restoring the intestinal glands to their normal, healthy action. Gives joyous health to children and brightens the lives of old folks. Unlike other purgatives it has no constipating after effects. No pain nor griping. Twenty-five cents for a large box at any drug store.

Hitchcock's Laxative Powder

Bee Brand

INSECT POWDER

or LIQUID

CEDAR OIL

It Kills Them!

Non-poisonous.

Won't spot or stain.

The Bee on every package—is your guarantee.

Send for free insect booklet. If dealer cannot supply—write

McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 34, Malden, Mass."

25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Flappers Succumb to Lure of Camel Riding

Morocco means camels and sheiks to the shoals of American schoolgirls who invade the country each autumn