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SYNOPSIS

Miss Edith Brown, pretty stenographer, whose life has held little beyond the dull routine of everyday typing, sits down on a quiet doorstep to get her bearings when she finds herself lost in a dense fog. Suddenly the door opens and a man, evidently a house servant, confronts her and, as he catches sight of her portable typewriter case, asks her whether she will come in and take some dictation, and his manner indicates that the job is one not without adventure—probably risk. Eagerly welcoming a peep into the world of romance for which her whole life has been starving, Miss Brown steps across the threshold and within finds a man suffering from a serious wound, who turns out to be Colonel Dessiter, renowned explorer. He dictates an extraordinary story to her—but only after a warning that her whole life may be affected by her taking down these notes—a story of world adventure, intrigue and conspiracy, the portions of which hardly penetrate her consciousness before the last note is set down. Then he discloses to her gaze the body of a dead man lying behind a screen, the man Dessiter has killed as his arch enemy and by a mortal wound from which he himself says he will not recover. With detailed instructions and caution on what she shall do with her notes and other papers he entrusts to her, he dismisses her in the care of the servant, Mergen, and a strong bodyguard mysteriously conducts her to her home and sees that she is looked safely in her room for the night.

The next morning when she starts to the bank to place her precious documents in a safe-deposit box as instructed, she is attacked by ruffians and saves her bag only because she had strapped it to her wrist and by the timely intervention of a stranger. She safely deposits her papers and then, glancing through the newspapers, sees a short account of the discovery of a dead man in Lomberton Square—and a two-line notice of Colonel Dessiter's death.

INSTALLMENT SEVEN

The trades unions were to be defied, the new party—as they called themselves—of the people were to issue the challenge and their leaders were already loud-voiced in their confident predictions of success. It was all generalization, of course, but Miss Brown wished very much that she had some one to explain the whole thing to her.

She turned to the personal column, knowing full well, however, that it was too soon to expect her message. Afterward, still searching for any mention of the tragedy of Lomberton Square, she came upon an item which she read curiously from beginning to end. It was headed:

MAN FOUND SHOT IN LOMBERTON SQUARE

Early this morning the police constable on duty in Lomberton Square discovered the body of a man lying against the railings of the gardens, shot through the forehead. He was apparently a middle-aged foreigner, without papers or any marks of identification, nor was there any trace of a weapon in the neighborhood. The body was removed to the nearest mortuary pending identification.

Miss Brown shivered a little, but passed on in her eager yet apprehensive search. She found at last what she had been looking

for. In a remote corner there was a paragraph consisting of four lines:

We regret to announce the death at his residence in Lomberton Square of Colonel Dessiter, D.S.Q., the well-known traveler.

There was not another line, no obituary notice, no journalistic acknowledgment of the fact that a famous man had given his life for his country. There were long paragraphs about people of whom she had never heard. A rich tradesman's gifts to charity were expatiated upon at length, but the man who had saved his country at least two wars and given his life in the struggle to avert still greater disaster was dismissed in those four scanty lines. She threw the newspaper down indignantly.

An Imposter

The woman to whom the house belonged, a shadowy sort of person, seldom seen or heard, made a brief appearance.

"A young gentleman has called twice to see you from some newspaper," she announced.

"Some newspaper?" Miss Brown repeated.

The woman looked over her shoulder.

"He is here again. I thought I'd let you know."

A young man with his hat in his hand stood upon the threshold and bowed. He was a very harmless looking person indeed, and a complete stranger to Miss Brown. He wore old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles, carried the familiar notebook and his manner was not only apologetic but a little nervous.

"Could you favor me with a five minutes' interview, Miss Brown?" he begged.

The lady of the house had already disappeared. Miss Brown rose to her feet in some perplexity.

"I think that there must be a mistake," she said.

The young man ventured to take a step forward. He pushed the door to behind him but did not close it.

"Perhaps I have been misinformed he began. "My people heard that you had been doing work for Colonel Dessiter, who died in the night. We understand that you were there only yesterday. He was engaged, as is everywhere known, upon a book of memoirs. My editor would be greatly obliged if you would give us any information."

Miss Brown waved her visitor to a seat. She looked at him for a moment thoughtfully. Was this, she wondered, to be the beginning of a new epoch in her life, during which she would have to weigh every word she uttered, be all the time in a state of suspicion and doubt? The young man appeared entirely harmless, and there was nothing in his manner in any way offensive. She much preferred him to the young man on the bus.

"What newspaper do you represent?" she asked.

"The Daily Dispatch."

"You have a card?"

"Not with me," he regretted. "I am fairly well known, as is my paper. My name is Philip Jackson. I often sign my articles."

"And what is it you want to know from me?"

"In the first place, whether it is true that Colonel Dessiter up to a late hour yesterday evening was dictating to you a chapter of his reminiscences?"

"I have nothing to say about that," she answered, after a moment's reflection.

"Can you tell me," he went on, a sudden little gleam in his eyes, "whether you have in your possession any notes taken down from him in the nature of unfinished work. My people would very much like to produce anything he wrote, or even said, during his last few hours."

"I have nothing of that sort available," Miss Brown declared.

Her visitor coughed.

"You will understand, madam," he continued, "that I am not here as a beggar. My paper is a rich one. We pay very highly for material we can use. We will pay you very highly indeed for any notes which Colonel Dessiter may have given you during the last few days."

"The Daily Dispatch, you said your paper was," she murmured, after a moment's silence.

The young man inclined his head. Miss Brown took up the telephone book. A telephone was the one joint extravagance which she and her friend permitted themselves, and this cost them little, as it was taken over from a previous tenant. She turned over the pages, and unhooked the receiver, asked for a number.

"May I ask to whom you are telephoning?" the young man ventured.

"I am telephoning to the office of the Daily Dispatch," Miss Brown replied. "You have no card, and I wish to be sure of your bonafides before I enter into conversations with you."

He smiled. It was meant to be a pleasant smile, but somehow or



He secured the sachel, but he secured at the same time Miss Brown herself—Miss Brown lying upon her side on the pavement, with an intolerable pain in her wrist to which she had strapped her precious burden.

other there was a sour little twist at the corners of the lips.

"Don't forget my name," he begged—"Philip Jackson."

And Then—a Bribe

Miss Brown secured her connection and requested a word with a sub-editor or some one in authority.

"I am ringing up to know," she said, "whether you have a journalist in your employ by the name of Philip Jackson, and whether you have sent him round to interview a Miss Edith Brown in Shepherds' Market, a stenographer?"

"We have a Philip Jackson on our staff," was the prompt reply, "but we have not sent him to interview anybody, and he is at present writing an article in his office."

"I am very much obliged to you," Miss Brown replied, and rang off.

"So you are an imposter!" she added, turning to her visitor. "Somehow or other I thought so."

The young man made no direct reply.

"We can arrive, perhaps, now," he suggested, "at a more satisfactory understanding. You were at Colonel Dessiter's house for two or three hours last night, during which time he dictated an account to you of his recent travels on the Continent, and I believe intrusted you with several documents. What are you going to do with the result of your work?"

Miss Brown looked at him steadily.

"You must be a very foolish person," she said, "to come here and ask me such questions—that is, if you seriously expect to be answered."

"Will you sell me your notes," the young man asked, "for £500?"

"I certainly will not," she told him.

"Will you sell them to me for £1000?"

"You are wasting time."

The pseudo-journalist reflected.

"Supposing I offered you £3000 in cash for them?"

"If I were a man, Miss Brown said, "you would have been in the street by now. As it is, will you please go away. You don't seem to be aware of the fact that you are insulting me."

"I wouldn't take it like that if I were you," the young man advised quietly. "Three thousand pounds is a great deal of money and if you preserve your present attitude you are interfering, even though passively, with matters of which you know nothing. Believe me, you are going to bring down upon yourself a great deal of trouble. You will have very little peace left in life, perhaps even, if you are obstinate, in the end, very little life."

"Do you think I am afraid?" Miss Brown asked, with a flash in her blue eyes.

"Unfortunately, I can see that you are not," he admitted promptly. "It would be better for you if you were—much better in the long run."

She pointed to the door.

"If you go quickly," she said, "it will be all right. Otherwise I am going to wave my hand to the policeman who is standing on the opposite side of the pavement."

The young man took up his hat. "You have nothing to fear from me in the way of physical violence," he assured her. "I do not belong to the department which exercises such—shall I say, pressure. I wish you good afternoon, Miss Brown. I warn you that before you are through with this business you will either change your mind or regret it bitterly."

She made no reply, content to be rid of him. He let himself out by the front door, closing it carefully behind him. She watched him thread his way among the people in the crooked little street until he disappeared in the alley. No more harmless looking person could be imagined, yet somehow or other as she looked after him she gave a shiver. There was something about the very restraint of his manner, the monotonous lack of emotion in his tone, even the way he walked, which seemed to her sinister. When at last he had disappeared she went over to the looking glass and indulged in an angry grimace at her own reflection; she hated to admit that antics were creeping into her life.

Until 7 o'clock Miss Brown was busy working for the young author in Hampstead. As soon as she had finished her task she pinned the sheets together carefully, glanced them through with an approving little movement of the head, put them safely away in a drawer and prepared to make a modest toilet. Just as she was putting on her hat there was the click of the front door being opened by a latchkey, a familiar step in the passage, the door of her room was thrown open and a tall girl in sport clothes, carrying a suitcase, appeared on the threshold.

"Frances!"

In the flesh and rather too much of it. Glad I caught you."

The two girls embraced. Perhaps Miss Brown had never before in her life been so glad to see her friend.

"What a welcome!" the latter exclaimed, laughing, as she sealed herself upon the edge of the bed. "What's the matter, Edith? Lonely?"

"Not exactly. But what brings you up? I thought you weren't going to be here until next week."

The girl threw off her hat disclosing a neatly shingled head of fair hair and swung a shapely silk-clad leg.

"I got absolutely fed up with the chickens," she confided. "So I put a few things into a suitcase and left Mollie in charge. We'll go out and dine somewhere—where there's some music, if we can run to it."

Miss Brown endeavored to look severe.

"How on earth, Frances," she answered, "can you expect to make chicken farming pay if you keep on leaving the place to look after itself?"

"I don't! There's Molly."

"Mollie doesn't count. Besides, there's the expense."

"The chicken farm never will pay," Frances confided, "not anything that's worth while. Perhaps by the time I'm 45 and don't care a damn about anything, there'll be just enough to keep me from sponging on my relations, and by

the time I'm 50 or 55 I may be able to get rid of it and live as an elderly spinster at a cheap boarding-house. Horrible! Don't preach, Edith. Get into your best clothes and we'll go out and have some fun."

Miss Brown, endeavoring to conceal her satisfaction, took off her habby little hat and slipped off her gown, while Frances unfastened her bag. They compared notes as to their toilets and Miss Brown, notwithstanding a faint protest as she thought of the rain-splashed streets, was persuaded to change into silk stockings and patent shoes. When at last they were ready, they presented the picture of two simply clad but very pleasant-looking young women; Frances, with her added

height, her more regular features and greater vivacity, perhaps the more attractive, but Miss Brown, in her neat black dress, her trim figure and her air of complete composure, also in her way pleasing to look upon. They locked up the room, passed out into the street and through the alley to Curzon Street, where, to Frances's amusement, Miss Brown summoned a taxicab.

"Heavens—Edith, what are you up to?" she exclaimed. "We could have had a cocktail each for the price of this taxi."

Her friend smiled.

"I have had a very lucrative commission," she confided. "Nothing in the world could have been more fortunate than your coming up. It's my treat."

"Bless the child!" Frances exclaimed. "It isn't going to be anything of the sort, and you know it, but what's happened to you? You're changed somehow."

Miss Brown smiled a little sadly. "You're clever," she acknowledged. "How am I changed?"

Frances looked at her long and thoughtfully out of her gray eyes. "Edith," she confided, "I scarcely know. You look somehow as though something serious had happened, as though there were suddenly a background of unhappiness in your life, and—something else."

"Go on, please."

"I can't," Frances replied. "Give me a little time. Perhaps I'll be able to tell you before the evening's over."

Miss Brown leaned back in the cab and for a moment the light died out of her blue eyes. She was back in that fog-hung room with its strange odor and atmosphere of tragedy, listening to that wonderful voice, back in the throes of hero-worship. She was unconscious of her friend's curious scrutiny. Then a twinge of pain came back to her heart, and her eyes moistened. Subconsciously she felt herself grateful for the flood of idle chatter in which Frances had chosen suddenly to indulge.

(To Be Continued)

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Details of Last Month's Weather

Following is the weather summary for the past month which was issued on Friday by H. D. Tee, Digby Island, Dominion meteorologist:

Highest barometer reading at sea level, 30.43 on October 6.

Lowest barometer reading, 29.41 on October 15.

Maximum temperature, 62 on October 22.

Minimum temperature, 36 on October 28.

Mean temperature, 49.5.

Total precipitation, 12.24 inches.

Greatest daily rainfall, 2.91 inches on October 12.

Total sunshine, 43.8 hours.

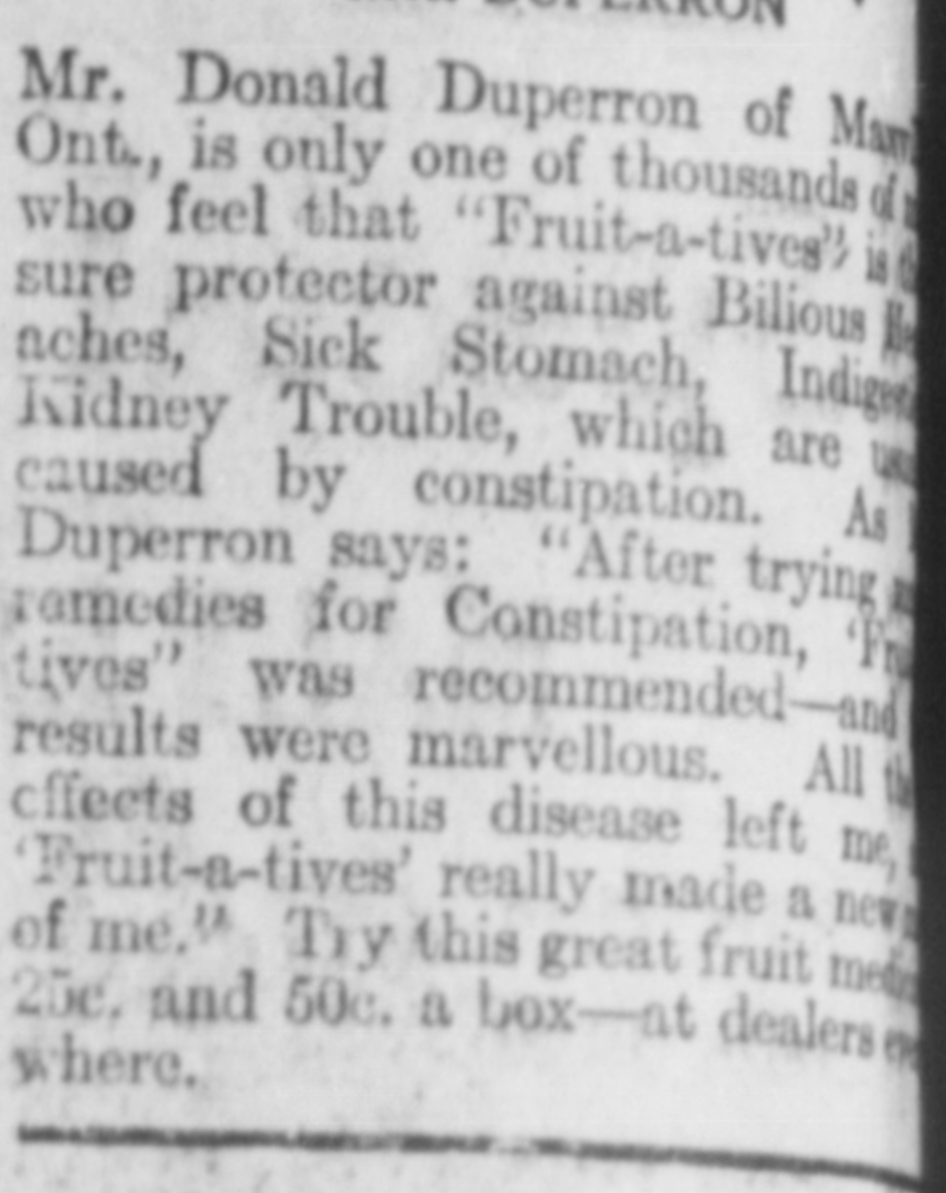
Daily News' classified advertisements bring quick results.

Head Colds Vapors inhaled quickly clear head VICKS VAPORUB

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MAKE THIS YOUR LAST DAY OF CONSTIPATION

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CRONIN TO SHIP

Twenty-three Men at Present Employed on Babine Bonanza Big Plans Being Made

Development work on the Babine Bonanza (Cronin) mine, the Babine continues to make the known ore reserves of property, the most recent being that of high grade ore, the extent of which has not been determined. Ore is being sacked for shipment as soon as the winter freeze-up permits transportation.

During the past week a lot of mining machinery, including portable compressor, mine and other equipment, arrived at Telkwa and is to be taken to the existing road. The maintenance of machinery will be later from the east.

At the mine a large house has been erected and several men are engaged in ore from more recent development. Plans are to ship tons of tons of ore during the winter.

A large horse stable has been built at the mine, with capacity for eighteen teams working force at present of twenty-three men.

The shipping program will include the establishment of a concentrating plant on the property.

This afternoon's train, due at 3:30, was reported morning to be on time.

—and I like them because they are blended right.

Twenty for 25c

Winchester CIGARETTES

SAVE THE "POKER HANDS"

Oxo

My Office Lunch

In 6-oz. Flasks and Tins of 4 and 10 cubes.

MAKE it a habit to have a steaming cup of "OXO" with your lunch. You can prepare it in a moment—it is delicious, wholesome, invigorating. Just what busy workers want!

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