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A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris
By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)

Mr. Arendsen at length raised his eyes, and so suddenly that Seager was startled. But nevertheless he met them with a successful enough assumption of coolness.

"So!" hissed Mr. Arendsen, with slowly rising infection, and in the monosyllabic there was more purposeful menace than might have been expressed in many words.

"You don't get hot," Seager advised, controlling his own premonitions of coming trouble and speaking steadily now that he was face to face with its probable source.

"I've come to settle about that shipment, and I want you to hear me out in a national spirit."

"You know nothing that will do me the least harm now," his enemy replied imperturbably. "All it will cost me to wipe out old scores I'll stand here with money anyhow. You've come here with another cock and bull story, and wanting more money. More money, my God! I know you too well, to think any other thread would tempt you to cross my threshold. It will cost no less to lock you up than to listen."

Seager was disconcerted by the intuition with which his former friend had hit the mark, and showed that by his next move.

"It's a sure thing this time," he said, "a cold-drawn chink. I have full proof with me," he fumbled in a pocket and produced a bulky package which he held up before the other, "all signed and sealed, all safe and certain. You're not going to be such a fool!"

"I have been a fool—once," asserted Arendsen, with dreary fixity of purpose. "And once is far too often," he added viciously. "You're clever, far too clever to be outside of Sing-Sing."

Seager said that the man meant what he said, and was about to rise, with some faint hope that he might yet make his escape, when he heard hasty footsteps on the stairway. He thrust the papers back into his pocket, and when his hand came forth again it held a pistol. He dropped his wrist, so that it lay levelly in line with Arendsen's low forehead.

"If I go to Sing-Sing," he said in a tense voice, head forward, one unwinking eye behind the sights, with a murderous gleam in it, "I'll go for a good reason, damn you! If you value your life, pick up that telephone and send the cop away. I'm talking straight, I tell you. Don't drive me too far. Pick the phone up with one hand and hold the other over your head."

Arendsen's dull eyes had dilated slightly, and his teeth showed, snarling through his beard, but otherwise he had not moved. Now he slowly unclasped his hands, disposed of them as ordered, and once more spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Well!" he said quietly. "Well! Oh, yes. Is that you, Oscar? Run upstairs and tell Wull to give the cop a half a dollar and send him away."

The steps outside had almost reached the door, and Seager was in agony. Arendsen, watching him, could not repress a sardonic grin.

"It's locked," the latter whispered. "Don't fire."

"I will, so help me God, if it isn't," Seager replied.

Someone knocked. He laid a finger on his lips in signal that the other should keep silence, and thus they waited. The handle turned, and there was almost pressure on the trigger to slip its spring. Arendsen's life hung on a slender thread until there came a renewed clatter on the stairway, the footsteps retreated in that direction, and they could hear the policeman grumbling peevishly over his bootless errand.

The two men in the small square room drew deep breaths of relief. That minute had been pregnant with grave possibilities for both, but they recovered from its influence with an ease which proved that they were well used to facing chances of that sort.

"Draw your chair back, clear of the desk," Seager commanded briskly, "and don't get grabbing for any gun. I have the drop on you, and I'll keep it until we've adjusted this unpleasantness—although I wish you hadn't forced me to employ harsh measures."

"You're bold," commented Arendsen as he complied.

"Oh, yes, you're bold. If you were also honest to your friends I could have done good things with you and for you. I can make use of bold men in my business—but only if they're also honest."

"Well, quit that line of talk now," said Seager sourly. While he was master of the situation he would be treated with respect. He knew, of course, that all he had gained was a respite, but felt quite

confident that he could turn that into a free pardon.

"Well, quit that line of talk and get to business. If you hadn't wasted so much time we might be half way through with it now. I've got a proposition to put before you which beats the gun-running business by more blocks than there are in Manhattan. You've got to hear it whether you want to or not, and you may just as well listen willingly. I wouldn't have come here at all if I hadn't been certain sure that it's sound."

"I'll listen," assented his victim, "but tell me first—What did you do with the money they paid you for those cartridges you took to St. Thomas for me?"

"I lost it on the way back, in New Orleans," Seager answered rather shamefacedly.

"At cards?"

"Cards—and—dice—and the rest. The cursedest run of luck!"

"Eight thousand dollars of my good money! And two years ago, I could have turned it into eighty by now. You must pay me those eight thousand dollars you owe me."

"All right, all right. That's a mere trifle. I tell you, to what we're going to make out of this, I'm on the square with you. Arendsen, if you'd only listen to me. You lose a lot through being impatient."

"I'm impatient," asserted Arendsen. "I'm really a very patient man. Go on. I'm listening."

CHAPTER VIII

The Story of the Second Discard

"After I left your employment," said Seager, and although Arendsen scowled at this method of describing his delinquency and flight, the renegade adventurer was not abashed. "I went south as far as the River Plate, to see whether there might be anything doing in my line there. But, what with some conferences and Pan-American meetings, everything was dull as ditchwater. So I took a Lambert and Holt boat over to Cape Town, and had a look in at the little war Germany was carrying on in Namaqualand. But the diggers there wanted me to take cattle and such truck for my good guns, and that was too dangerous. I sold a few repeating pistols I had picked up here and there to the Boers—there's quite a good retail trade going on again, right under the British noses—and drifted north by degrees as far as the French Congo."

"Business was brisker there, but by bad luck the Progies got wind of me while I was selling off a consignment of Long Danes I had bought wholesale from a caravan further north. They have three 'hardware dealers,' and are death on 'hardware dealers.' And just when I had the goods humming, down they dropped on me in a bunch, I got away by the skin of my teeth, and with no more than I could carry about with me, which was chiefly food."

"They got all my guns of course, and I thought that would surely satisfy them, but they came chasing gaily along in my wake, and I slipped into German territory never doubting that they would stop on their own side of the fence, for William the Second doesn't favor armed trespassers in his yard."

"But not a bit of it. They trailed clear across the Cameroons after me, and my nigger spies brought me word that they meant to bag me even if they had to infringe on British possessions as well."

"I've been hard pushed in my time, but those fellows broke all records as hunters. Whatever way I turned they headed me off, and I was so closely hunted that even my guides gave up, and abandoned me. I had staked my very last chip on I was ready and willing to cash in my checks when the luck turned."

"You don't know Darkest Africa, Arendsen, but I do, and I tell you I felt times when I found myself stranded there in a mangrove swamp on the edge of an impassable river, with bloodhounds hard at my heels. I won't say I didn't feel sorry then that I had left your employment. But, anyway, there I was, at the end of my tether, with no prospects but a drum-head court martial, a firing-party, and a shallow trench in the mud where the land-crabs burrow."

He shrugged his shoulders in creeping distaste of the picture he had recalled to memory.

"I had calculated that I had about an hour more to live, and was filling in the time with a few reflections to fit the occasion, when I saw a fellow come calmly sailing down river out of the heathaze in a canoe. Think of what that meant to me then, Arendsen!"

"He seemed to be pretty jack-easy in his own mind. He didn't hurry at all when I hailed him although the sound of a voice might have meant all sorts of horrors ahead of him. He simply sat still, and came oozing along with the current."

"When he was nearly abreast of me I saw from his dress that he was a white man, and hailed him again, but he took no notice. It gave me a sickish feeling to think that he might pass by on the other side, like the Levite of scripture, when all I wanted of him was a lift across, which meant everything in the world to me at that moment."

"I felt pretty desperate then, I tell you, or I wouldn't have done what I did. The back-creeks of the Benue aren't like swimming baths. But I dived into the moving mud and struck out at top speed after that dead man, crying on him for God's sake to wait for me. He didn't—because he was also dead."

(To Be Continued.)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



SPRING SUIT WITH BRAID TRIMMINGS.

Short lengths of silk braid in the form of loops and flat bows are stitched to smart tailored coat suits. In this case the braid trimmings are intended to suggest exaggerated buttonholes, and each braid loop is tipped with a flat button. A satin collar and cuffs to match are hand-embroidered in color, giving a striking touch to this simple gray suit. The hat is a flower toque of geranium clusters which repeat the vivid red color note introduced in the embroidery.

LIEUT.-COL. MERRITT ON CANADA'S MILITARY SERVICE

Says We Are Livng in a Fool's Paradise—Advocates Patriotic Military Service and Gives Facts and Figures.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Lieut.-Col. W. Hamilton Merritt, in stirring up Canada's patriotic and military spirit, at the Canadian Military Institute last night said:

"The last matter which I shall venture to touch on, in connection with this very important subject, is, to my mind, the crux of the whole position, and that is nothing more or less than popular indifference in Canada. Had our people been alive to the true position in which we are, from a military point of view—a veritable fool's paradise—they would long ago have discarded our present military system in favor of 'Patriotic Military Service.' When I say the people of Canada, I mean of course those of our own time. For our forefathers were wiser and indeed knew better what fighting for their country meant, after their hard lessons in 1812-13 and '14."

Col. W. H. Merritt, R. O., late commanding the G. G. B. G., delivered this lecture at the Military Institute. It was on "Patriotic Military Service."

LEAF THE STARS.

In his opening remarks the lecturer said a leading military authority recently said: "In ten years' time we will not need any military in Canada." On being asked "why," a very conclusive answer: "Because we will be under the Stars and Stripes," came the reply.

"This opinion was, as it were, the despairing cry of a staunch Canadian and ardent Imperialist, who is simply disheartened beyond measure at the hopeless difference of our people's matters concerning the safety of our flag and country."

For consolation we may turn to the following extract from an authoritative publication, concerning the war of 1812-14 a review of the past to give us hope for the future—when the militia and Indians, with a handful of regulars, saved Canada to the British crown. It reads:

"But Canada possessed a source of strength, the existence of which was unknown in London, was scoffed at in Washington, and was only half understood in Montreal itself. The people of Canada were loyal to the military took the field, and where there were no regulars the militia fought alone. Every call to arms met with a ready response, every hostile force that crossed the frontier found resolute Canadians to dispute its passage. Even the old settlers, who were exempt from militia service, turned out to defend their homes. The Indians, too, especially those under the celebrated Shawnee Indian Chief Tecumseh, bore an important part in many affairs."

CANADA'S UNIQUE POSITION.

After referring to the approval expressed by the Canadian press on compulsory military training, the lecturer went on to say:

"The only countries worthy of consideration in all the world today which adhere

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Suffered 10 Months with Kidney Complaint. Gin Pills Cured.

Dunvegan, Inverness Co. I am perfectly cured of Kidney complaint after using Gin Pills. Six hours after taking the first Pill I obtained relief, and now after three months I feel as well as ever.

I suffered ten months and the Physician attending me advised me to go to the Victoria Hospital at Halifax, as he could do nothing more for me. I may add that I used a great deal of medicine, and strictly followed my physician's directions regarding diet, etc., but without avail, until providentially I learned of your most excellent remedy. I am recommending Gin Pills.

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HARBOR BRIDGE BILL WILL PASS

In Fact it is as Good as Passed Now—No Toils will be Charged Except for Railway and Street Car Companies

Fredericton, N. B., April 15.—Routine business only was considered by the house of assembly today. Six new bills were introduced, including the new St. John assessment act. It is expected that by the end of the present week all the legislation that is to be considered this session will have been introduced.

There are still some important private bills to be considered. These include practically all the St. John bills. Many of these will go through without discussion, but the St. John assessment act and medical act, if the latter is pressed, will take



ALD. W. E. SCULLY, Who Pioneered the St. John Harbor Bridge Project.

up some time but the members are hopeful that the legislation can all be disposed of by the end of the present month, if not earlier.

Of the government measures the one that is likely to take up the most time is the highway act. This bill is to be introduced tomorrow and may be discussed on Saturday.

The rumor is current that the house will sit this Saturday, though the necessity for such a session is not now apparent.

It is supposed that some agricultural legislation along the lines suggested by the commission, will be introduced early next week.

The judicature act and the arbitration act, both government measures, are to be considered. Preliminary sections of the game law were considered this afternoon and tomorrow this bill will have passed the committee stage.

The corporations committee considered the Tobique Pulp & Paper Company's bill. This provides for the erection of a dam across the Tobique river at the Narrows. This bill was up last year and the committee recommended that plans of the proposed dam be prepared. This has been done, but has not lessened the opposition to the bill apparently. The fate of the bill will depend largely on the height of the dam to be erected.

The St. John delegation which interviewed the government respecting the Navy Island bridge, returned home this evening satisfied with the result of their mission. The bill has practically passed the house but is held until the arrival of the delegation next Thursday when the other St. John bills will be considered.

The members of the medical council arrived tonight from St. John and are at the Queen. They met later and discussed the bill before the house.

The government members had a caucus this evening to consider agricultural legislation and the highway act amendments.

Col. Sheridan, of Kent, arrived here today. He has been suffering from pleurisy and has not fully recovered.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. W. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

BIG PRICES FOR POTATOES

Spokane, Wash., April 15.—Buyers for Puget Sound and Spokane commission houses are paying record prices for potatoes in the Yakima valley, west of Spokane, in an effort to corner the market. From \$3.25 to \$3.50 a ton is being offered by the speculators with the available supply almost exhausted. The farmers are taking advantage of the flyers and are unloading rapidly. W. F. Hass, a farmer eight miles west of Sunnyside, Wash., who produced 10 tons of Russet potatoes on three quarters of an acre of land on his ranch last season, made a good clean-up with his crop. The tubers grown on the Hass ranch are the largest ever put on the market in the Yakima district. Ninety of them filled a wheat sack. Other growers also had good yields, averaging from eight to 10 tons the acre, according to location. Stevens county, Wash., holds the world's record for potato production, a single acre yielding 751 bushels last season. The Yakima valley holds the record for prices.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Col. Merritt, in a previous paper, "Switzerland's Citizen Soldier," pointed out that the annual mobilization of Canadian militia was on the dollar-a-day plan. The permanent corps number 4,854 and the volunteer and "dollar basis" men number 52,983.

He said for the same expenditure under the "Patriotic Military Service" system, Australia has 500,000, Hungary 381,000 and Switzerland 540,000, all trained, armed and equipped.

If Canada were working on the Swiss system we should have 600,000 armed men today and 1,000,000 men in time of war. The burden per capita to us would be no greater than the Swiss is bearing in his country today.

CREPE ON EVERY DAY

Ghastly Joke Perpetrated in Grand Rapids

Detroit, April 15.—A repulsive form of practical joking caused several women to faint and others experienced a shock which they will not soon get over, at Grand Rapids. The "joker" pinned a bunch of black crepe of the regulation style used by undertakers to almost every doorpost in two blocks. In one instance an aged lady, who was passing the home of her daughter, saw the crepe and fainted on the sidewalk, cutting her head in the fall. Another man with a weak heart saw the crepe pinned to the door of his brother's house and was overcome. He had to be taken to a hospital. The police were notified, and observed a man trying to pin the somber design to another house and give chase. The man made his escape.

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With summer "just around the corner"—Warm days already here its time to think of storing your furs.

In this connection it behooves us to say that our facilities for storing valuable furs are second to none.

You may still believe in the old method of Moth Balls, Cedar Chest etc., but you overlook the other potent factors—Fire and Burglary.

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Make sure that your painter on your property uses only Brandram's B.B. Genuine White Lead—the standard White Lead of the world for over one hundred years.

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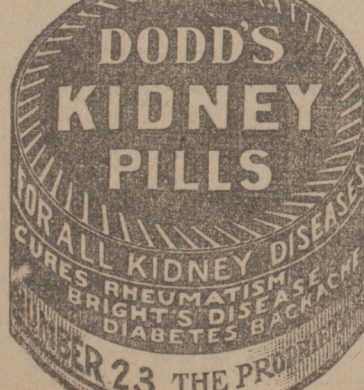
The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

At sixteen she wants soda and confection, "At eighteen she is hungry for affection, At twenty-two the maid begins to find that life is real, And marrying, her hunger then is mostly for a meal. Find the man.

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