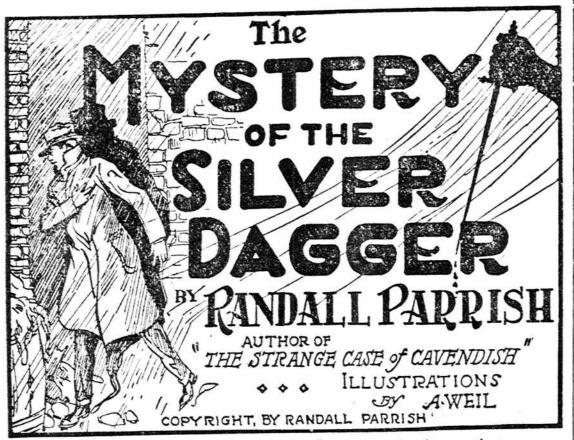
THE BAMBERG HERALD, BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1921.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I .- In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clew to a revolutionary movement in this country seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate.

CHAPTER II .- Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry.

CHAPTER III .- At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who appears to recognize him.

UNAFTER IV .- The stranger addresses Severn as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Concealed, Severn hears the girl he had followed address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution.



A Strange Appointment. I must have failed to grasp the full meaning of what she said, or else it never occurred to me that her retire-

"Did I merely dream that you appeared somewhat interested in me at the time, or was it true?"

"It was true." I answered honestly. "You did interest me. You didn't ap-



so? Because I am such a womanly woman, perhaps."

"Rather because you have no reason to so act. I may denounce your connection with this affair, believing it no fit work for any true woman to he engaged in, and yet myself be no traitor to the cause."

"You still hold me a true woman then?"

"Yes: I may be blind, but I retain faith.

"That is good-yet do not trust too much in any woman. What is your name?"

"D-Daly, Harry Daly."

"You seem to have some difficulty tonight in remembering names. Does this mean you also possess a variety?"

She stopped, listening intently, her head tilted back so as to better hear what was occurring behind the closed door.

"Be quiet," she whispered. one hand held forth in swift warning. "They are through in there, I think, and Alva will be out in a moment. Now listen! Don't ask any questions, but listen. Will you pledge yourself to do whatever I say?"

"Within any reasonable limitsves."

"Limits! Don't talk limits," impatiently. "You say you are blind, but retain faith. Act on that faith blindly. I cannot speak here; there is no time, no opportunity. Tomorrow at two o'clock, come to 247 Le Compte street. Will you?"

for Miss Conrad. Now go back there and wait for Horner. Quick-they are coming."

I plunged hastily into the passage, and groped my way back between the narrow walls to the secluded room in the rear. I was too confused, too startled, to even think clearly. My conception of this woman, her nature and her purpose, had been changed a dozen times during this brief conversation. Even now I was utterly in the dark. Did the woman know me? or suspect the reason of my presence? That was manifestly impossible. She was utterly strange to me, and she was not one to be easily forgotten. Why, then, did she trust me--if it was trust? playing with me, leading me on.

It must be either that, or treachery of the foulest type. "247 Le Compte street"-I could not recall the neighborhood, only a vague conception of red brick buildings of exactly the same general style-probably fairly respectable boarding houses. And I was to ask for "Miss Conrad." Who might she be? Not the lady I had just left, surely, for she was scheduled to take the midnight train for Washington. "Miss Cozrad" might be anything-a strange woman, an accomplice, even a disguised policeman. It masked some trick surely, of which I was quite hable to be the victim; be hind my lady's smiling eyes, and cheerfulness, there was surely some marked purpose. This was the impression with which I ended-that for some end unknown she was coldly

was it he told you?" "Not very much," I said, wondering how far I had better go, yet feeling it necessary to relate enough to convince him that I was really conversant with the situation, and endeavoring to imitate his style of speech. "According to his story there was a gang of conspirators here-birds from South America mostly-who had been rounded up by this fellow Alva to pull off some frightfulness, or other. I didn't catch on to just what it was, and perhaps Waldron himself didn't know, or care. Some revolution, I took it to be. Waldron explained how he got hold of the scheme. It seems he's in with the bunch to some extent; that is, they use him whenever they need to, and occasionally hand him a bunch of money-it's never too dirty for him to touch. Anyhow, he knew enough to put me wise to this dump, gave me the pass-word, and all that. It looked as though there might be something in it, so I blew over here tonight just

to take a look. I was merely prowling around when I ran into you." "I see." he muttered, as I came to an end, chewing savagely on his cigar. "Did the Russian say anything about

me?" "Not a whisper. I supposed I had a clear run for the money, except his rakeoff."

"The dirty dog. Because I didn't show up on the dot, he was ready to ditch me. Now listen, and I'll tell you the straight story. I'm going to need you, and we'll divide fifty-fifty, leaving this guy to suck his thumbs. Is that a go?"

"He's sure nothing to me-shoot." Harris poured out a stiff drink, and put it down; then touched a match to the extinguished cigar.

"Waldron sent me a cable in England about a month ago," he explained briefly. "He didn't make the thing very clear, only that he had a big deal on, and wanted me in on it. I had made enough to get back on, and took a second-class passage on the Vulcan. It was not a big boat, and, to escape close inspection, I went aboard at Queenstown. At that time I had no more notion what was up than a blind rat. I was just desperate enough to take a chance."

He paused and relit his stub, with an oath at finding it again useless. "Then things begun to happen. I

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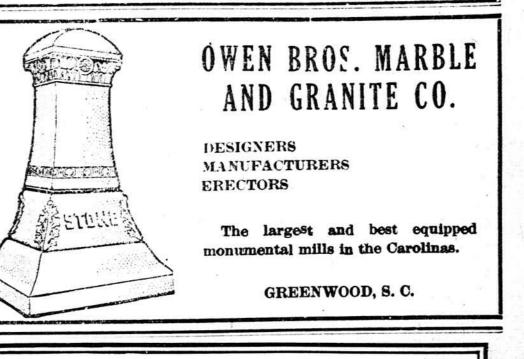
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"Yes." "Do not mistake the number. Ask

ment would be made through this parfcular door. At least she had pushed

it wide open before I realized the necessity of retreat, and I was hemmed in behind its barrier, fortunately securely hidden from the eyes of those in the larger apartment. Some one-Alva, no doubt, from his words and voice-was beside her as she emerged, and, indeed, it might have been his hand that swung the door back against me. I stood there startled, unable to move, afraid that my very breathing might be overheard.

"You leave at midnight, you say, senorita." he protested in Spanish; "but surely you intend to remain at present?"

"Until you reach some final decision -yes; that is my mission."

"I shall see to that at once; we will draw lots. You can wait either in this room, or another just beyond. Promise you will not go until I see and talk with you again."

"I promise that—so you are not too long. I must make that train."

"You shall make it. My car is only two blocks away, and I pledge myself to have you there on time. All this business can be attended to in half an hour."

He stepped back, partially closing the door, while she turned, her own hand on the latch, facing me. Her eyes stared directly into mine, her face whitening under the light, her teeth shutting down close against the red lips as though to repress a scream. She was startled almost beyond control, yet mastered the fright instantly. She glanced about at the partially open door, and silently closed it tightly.

"What-what are you doing here?" she gasped in English, her voice trembling, "Listening?"

"No," I lied, seeing but one possible means of escape, and hoping thus to prevent her sounding an immediate alarm. "I was waiting for a friend who is inside. I just came into this room."

"You actually belong here, then? You are one of these men?"

"Not exactly," I had to admit. "I know one of them very well, and he stationed me out here."

She appeared puzzled, doubtful, yet to my surprise still held the door tightly closed, her eyes searching my face. "Who is the man you know-your

particular friend?" I hesitated an instant, the name es-

caping me. "Horner."

"Oh, indeed; you were not very prompt to answer." "Well," I said, and managed to

SUM B

"You Did Interest Me."

pear the sort to be making a rendezvous out of a saloon, however respectable it might be. The proprietor even volunteered the information that you were his niece."

"Did he, indeed? That was very nice of him, wasn't it? Rather odd, is it not, that you should later drop in here, and find me again. What do you think of me now?"

I looked at her for a moment before I answered, unable to frame my words to any satisfaction. What did she mean? What exactly was she driving at? Her whole manner puzzled me exceedingly. Was she playing me for a fool? Was she attempting to lead me on for some secret purpose of her own? Did she believe my explanation? and if not, why did she fail to throw even that door, and denounce me at once as a spy? . There, in that

soft light, she appeared more attractive than ever, and so peculiarly womanly as to seem utterly out of place in this scene of plot and crime. It was a cigars. young face, bright, animated, which fronted me, the dark eyes smiling and unafraid, gazing straight into mine, with a challenge in their depths. Her very attitude piqued me, aroused me to defense. I desired to hold her respect, her interest: nothing she might say, or do, served to lower her in my estimation to the hideous level of a political conspirator. Yet what else could she be? How could I account for her presence in this place on any other theory except that she came as a representative of Chilean intrigue? As the trusted messenger of that secret conspiracy at Santiago, under orders of the revolutionary junta at Washington? I had heard her words spoken boldly to this band of plotters, words of authority-demands they dare not ignore. No, there was no doubt as to who she was, or what she was. In spite of her face, her pleasing manner, her attractiveness of person, she was a dangerous enemy to this government which protected her, a despicable snake crawling through the dark to strike down a victim-a thing to be crushed without mercy. The very softness, womanliness, only made her the more to be feared. She should cast no spell over me. I would

harden my heart, and forget all except the duty I owed my country, and that neutral nation to the south with whom we were at peace.

"Frankly. I do not know what to think," I answered at last. "Your mission here tonight, as I understand it,

I began to thin! Harris had gone away with the others, and left me there alone. I heard voices speaking earnestly in the distance, but without

venturing forth from my hiding place. Then he appeared suddenly, bringing in his arms a bottle and a box of

"Touch a match to the gas-jet, Daly," he said, feeling for the table in the dark. "That's better. I hung around until the gang all got out, so as to be sure we were safely alone. Have a drink, and light up, old man. We are as secure here as we would be at the bottom of the sea. This is Alva's whisky, but good-I sampled it before."

He sat on the table, nursing his knee, rather pleased with himself, I thought, a cigar thrust between his lips, the blue smoke curling up before his face. I ignored the invitation to drink, but helped myself to a weed, waiting for him to open conversation. "Well," he said finally, "everything is going according to Hoyle, but there



was room-mate with a bird named Horner, who claimed to live in Detroit. He must have cottoned to me, for we got a bit chummy, and in that way I picked odds and ends out of him which set me thinking. He was quite a foxy bird-one of these tall, rawboned, secretive cusses. who talk a lot, but never say nothing, and he came near getting my goat. I went through his baggage, of course, but that was just ordinary stuff-he only had one grip, which he left unlocked; but I did get onto a pocket belt the fellow wore around his waist. He never let that get away from him night or day. I studied every d-n way I could think up to get a peep at it, but nothing gave me a chance. I came near going bugs over the thing."

He laughed, exhibiting a row of rather ugly teeth behind his this lips. "The devil must have helped

me. One night-five days out, for we were a slow boat-we ran into a h-l of a storm. We both of us tumbled out, and began hustling on our duds. He was trying to get a shoe on, and went plunging head-on into the side of the ship. I reckon it nearly brained him, but, to make things sure, I handed him one to the jaw before ne got his senses, and he went out for the count. Then, believe me. I didn't lose no time in frisking the guy-and, say, what do you think I found?"

I shook my head, unwilling to interrupt, fascinated with his description. "The fellow was a revolutionary

agent. I didn't get onto all of it then -I didn't have time, but I found a letter of credit for a million dollars, and a memoranda of how it was to be delivered. The d-n thing wasn't any good to me-it was to be paid to this fellow by a banker in New York named Krantz-but it sure made my mouth water just to see it-a million dollars, good old U. S. currency. Can you beat it?"

"Looked easy-you had it, and you didn't have it."

"You said it, Daly. I didn't dare keep the thing, and it wouldn't have done me any good if I had; there was no way of my cashing the paper. What the h-l could I do? If I denounced him, the game was all off; if I held on to the stuff he'd report his loss soon as he landed in New York, and that letter of credit wouldn't be worth the paper it was written on . . . Say, I was in some boat; but, believe me, I had no notion of giving up that million-it looked darned good."

"I should say yes," and I leaffed forward to show my interest. "And from what I know of you, Harris, that guy had no show on earth. Did you croak ness of every woman, becomes



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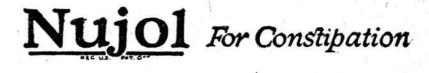
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smile, as though it was of little conse- somehow does not fit in with my natoccasionally."

"True," she admitted soberly. "Do might be?"

quence, "you see I have not always ural conception of you as a woman." known him by that name. There are | She laughed, but so low as to be intimes when names need to be changed audible to those beyond the closed door.

"You amuse me. Cannot a woman you mind gratifying the curiosity of a -even a womanly woman, if you woman as to what his real name please-love her country and be willing to sacrifice in its behalf?"

"I could not, if I so desired. Ever "Not to the extent of treachery and since I knew him he has been called deceit; not to the end that innocent men and women suffer," I returned "Harris! Then he is not Chilean, hotly, forgetting caution.

"Is it not? This is a neutral land.

and never before pretended to be. I "And is that my purpose here, you thought that from the first. Is the think?" man American, English or Irish?"

Harris. That is all I can say."

yet what else can this conspiracy con-I shook my head. "You won't answer. That may be template but cowardly destruction?" ignorance or it may be pretense. Never "I refuse to answer-here and now, mind. I recognize your face now. You at least. Nor do I know why you were the man eating in the saloon an should ask. Why are you here, and hour or so ago. Were you waiting for how? Do you realize the ease with this Horner-alias Harris-then?" which I could open this door, and give you over to the mercy of those men "We met later." Her lips smiled a little, and her in there? After what you have just said, why do you suppose I fail to do eyes.

"There is a Knot or Two Yet to Be Untied."

is a knot or two yet to be untied before we squeeze that million. Did you hear what was said in there?" "No: you told me to stick here." "Still in a way you're on-Waldron must have spilled part of the scheme to you, that's what got your foot in the mess. H-l! I know Ivan Waldron, the d-d Russian Jew; he'd double-cross his best friend. What

him?" He grinned, evidently pleased at the note of admiration in my voice, and tossed down another drink. "That never ain't been in my line. Of course I was tempted to-a cool million would tempt any guy. But I just shoved everything back exactly where it come from, and fetched the steward. Between us we hoisted Horner back into the bunk and doused

him with water till he came to. First thing he did was to feel for that belt, and he never got wise that it had ever been touched. Anyhow, he never let on to no suspicion."

CHAPTER VI.

The Deserted Automobile. I was impatient for him to continue, but he sat there chuckling to himself, and toying with a fresh cigar. "Well, what did you do?" (Continued on page 7, culomn 1.)

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