

"S'Matter, Pop?"

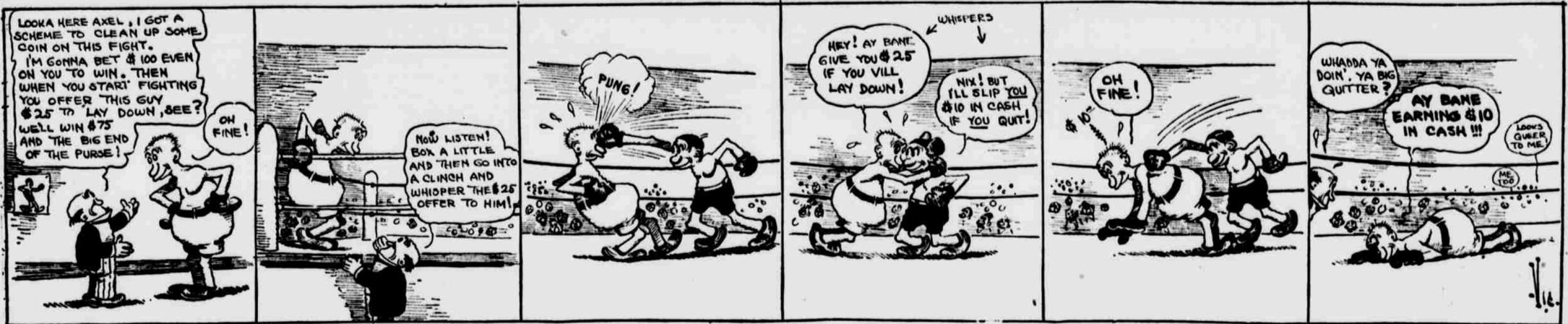
By C. M. Payne



That Word, "Cash," Means Everything to Axel!

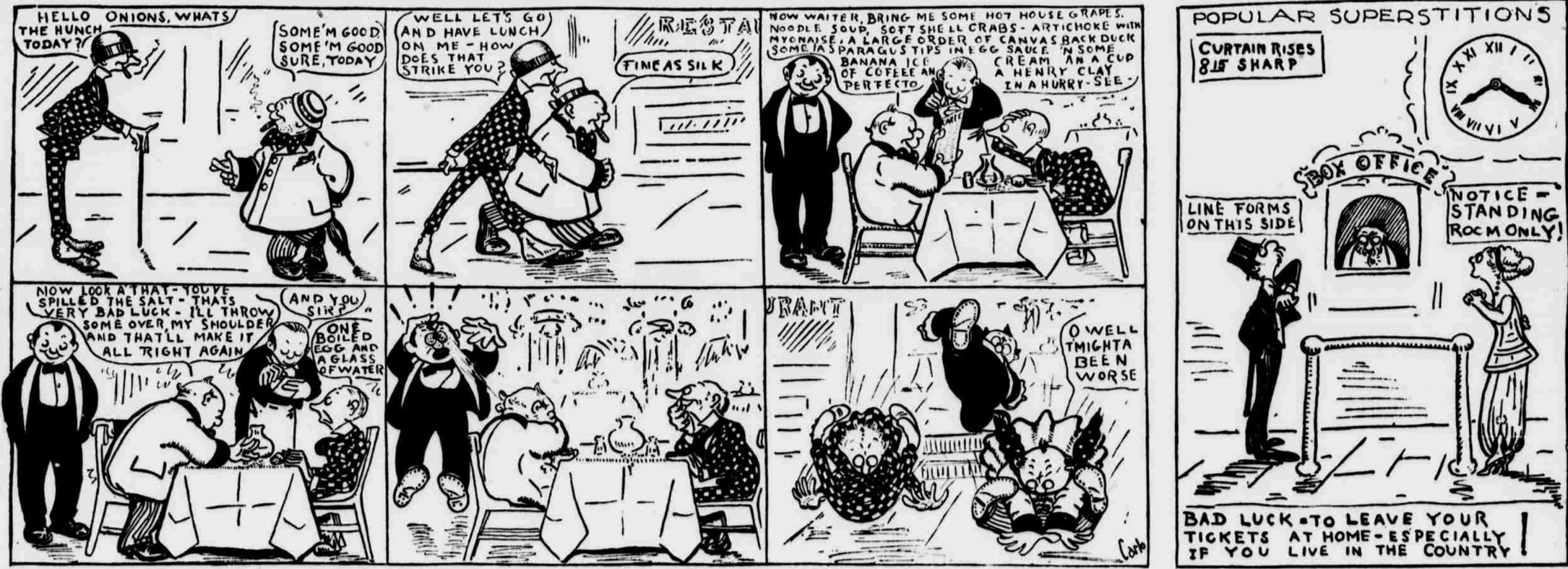
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By Vic



Do You Believe in Signs?

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The Confessions of Arsene Lupin

The Latest, Most Startling Adventures of the Immortal French Thief Genius

By Maurice Leblanc

CHAPTER IV. The Infernal Trap. The widow leaned forward and said: "Are you prepared to answer my questions?" "Why not?" "Then listen to me. How did you know that Dugrival carried all his money in his pocket?" "Servants gossip." "A young man-servant whom we had in our employ: was that it?" "Yes." "And did you steal Dugrival's watch in order to give it back to him and inspire him with confidence?" "Yes." "She suppressed a movement of fury: "You fool! You fool!" "What? You rob my man, you drive him to kill himself and, instead of making tracks to the uttermost ends of the earth and hiding yourself, you go on playing Lupin in the heart of Paris!" "Did you forget that I swore, on my dead husband's head, to find his murderer?" "That's what staggers me," said Lupin. "How did you come to suspect me?" "How? Why, you gave yourself away!" "I did?" "Of course. . . . The fifty thousand francs." "Well, what about it? A present." "Yes, a present which you gave called instructions to have sent to me, so as to make believe that you were in America on the day of the races. A present, indeed! What humbug! The fact is, you didn't like to think of the poor fellow whom you had murdered."