

# The QUARRY

By JOHN A. MOROSO

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## SYNOPSIS

James Montgomery, an innocent country lad, is arrested for killing a bank watchman. His finger prints are taken by the New York police.

His old mother pleads in vain for him with Detective Michael Kearney. Montgomery is placed on trial for his life, charged with murder.

Convicted of murder in the second degree, he is sent to Sing Sing as a life prisoner and enters the machine shop.

His cellmate, Bill Hawkins, a burglar, plans to aid Montgomery in escaping from the prison.

Bill makes Montgomery a suit of clothes, but it is seized. Montgomery crawls into a box of machinery that is to leave the prison.

Escaping, he hides in the New Jersey marshes and changes his clothing for that of a drowned man.

Detective Kearney vainly questions Bill Hawkins concerning Montgomery's whereabouts. Montgomery becomes a tinker and travels nights.

As "John Nelson," Montgomery enters a cotton mill and invents very valuable machinery. He meets Molly Bryan, a beautiful girl.

They fall in love with each other. "Nelson" learns that Detective Kearney is still hunting for him. He notifies Bill of his whereabouts.

Bill is released from Sing Sing as that Kearney has abandoned him and find Montgomery. Hawkins cleverly gives Kearney the slip.

Hawkins finds his wife and decides to start again in life as an honest man after he finds Montgomery.

They meet at "Nelson's" house, and "Nelson" commissions Bill to find the real murderer of the bank watchman and supplies him with money.

(Continued from last week)

eyes of his quarry and in the cast of his countenance that one could easily have mistaken him for a preacher of the word of God. His carriage was dignified, and he was dressed soberly and without ornament.

The people on the steps of the post-office had drawn back respectfully before him, touching their hats. It was evident that he was widely known and that he was revered.

Kearney had not determined what step to take next when the man whose shadow he was to become was stopped by another.

"Oh, Mr. Nelson," cried the citizen accosting him, "I would like to wish you all the happiness in the world the day before your marriage."

Nelson's face broke into a smile of pleasure.

"Thank you, sir," he replied. "I could never hope to deserve all the good wishes that have been offered me." He looked embarrassed and returned to his machine outside.

Kearney had studied him from the crown of his head to his heels. If that man was Jim Montgomery the change was remarkable. He made no attempt to follow him. He felt sure that Nelson had not seen him. A man so prominent in the community as Nelson was could be easily found at any hour of the day or night, and then, too, the morrow was his wedding day.

Kearney took the letter from the postal employee inside and went to his hotel room.

He asked the clerk for his large envelope from the safe, and when his door was closed behind him he drew forth the pictures from the gallery of rogues. He studied them carefully. The man hunter felt that there was some faint, intangible hint about the eyes in the photographs which connected them with the man who had mailed the letter to Nyack.

Two weeks of seclusion in their mountain home, two weeks with every hour of day and night filled with golden romance, and John Nelson and his bride brought an end to their honeymoon.

The castle of the one time hermit contained his workshop. From it had gone his latest invention. His improved knitting machines were already installed in a plant built for them. His company had been capitalized and set in motion. He was its president and chief stockholder.

Scores of women and girls from the mill country around and even from the backwoods were waiting for employment.

Although his knitting mills could produce the same amount of finished product at half the operating expenses of any other mill, Nelson did not look forward to the accumulation of large profits. He and Molly decided that they would make the plant a model one, a place where labor would be paid its highest figure. It would be an industry in which the profits would find a way to the workers as much as to the directors.

The day was at hand for the opening of the new plant, and the two motored to Greenville to select their workers, instruct them in their tasks and start the machinery of a new industry.

Mr. Bryan, his wife and his son were description, the mill to witness the start of the bills have a venture which promised so high money

ly. June roses and nasturtiums were piled in a great bank on Nelson's desk. Mr. Bryan had arranged another desk opposite for Molly, knowing her interest in the mill people who would be chosen as operatives. There were many little gifts of gold and silver office utensils hidden under flowers for the bride and bridegroom.

Nelson had already instructed Molly in the handling of the machines he had built, and the two worked with the girls patiently and taught them their simple duties.

The first payrolls were drawn, the first day's work was under way. Through the wide, open windows of the building came the heavy fragrance of early summer in the country. The grounds about the plant were bright with geraniums and beds of pansies, nasturtiums and peonies.

The pretty mountain girls, all in their freshest gingham and muslins, all happy in the possession of well paid tasks, stood by the knitting machines watching the flashing needles and the steady flow of the raw material that fed them. Molly Nelson paced the aisles, glad in her task as forewoman for a day.

Nelson's secretary brought him his first batch of mail in his new business. He trimmed the edges of the envelopes as he mused over his happiness and the rosiest of the future. He had nothing to fear. Molly knew his secret, and there was no skeleton in their closet.

Nothing could cheat them of the taste of heaven that they had had. Whatever disaster—

A shadow fell athwart the room. A stranger was on the threshold.

Nelson's secretary went to the visitor and inquired his business. He said that he would like to talk to Mr. Nelson and was offered a seat.

Nelson glanced at the man and opened a letter.

Fate was not playing any petty game with him. At the moment that the man hunter seated himself in his presence he received word from his old probationary friend.

The letter miserably scrawled and blotted, read:

Dear Kid—I ain't lovin' that's why you did: here from me. I got a chance to do things. Dont count on it to much but if the guy is living I'm going to take him to the D. A. office or die tryin'.

BILL.

The "D. A." office meant the office of the district attorney of the county and city of New York.

CHAPTER XV. The Sacrifice.

NELSON did not know the face of the man who sat waiting to address him. His visitor had red hair, sorted to the old trick of sitting with his back to the light.

"Well, sir?" asked Nelson.

The visitor half rose in his chair.

"I'd like to talk with you in private," he said.

"There is nothing that my secretary should not hear," Nelson informed him, surprised.

"Maybe there is, Mr. Nelson," the visitor said, with a suggestion of warning in his voice.

"What is your business, please?"

The visitor approached the desk and moved the right lapel of his coat as he did so.

Nelson saw on the man's breast a gold badge. After the first curious glance he studied it and from the inscription in blue enamel learned that his caller was a captain of detectives of New York city.

For the fraction of a second Nelson felt as though his blood had turned to ice water.

Molly entered the office, and her bright face brought him in fuller realization of the tragedy that was at hand. But his years of self denial, his whole life of splendid control of himself, were to stand him in good stead.

"What is it now, dear?" he asked calmly, smiling as she came to him.

"I just came in to tell you that the print test would prove it beyond a shadow of a doubt. But he did not buy his delight as would the real bound when his quarry was run down. He realized that the task before him was going to smack of danger. Nelson was fairly idolized by the people among whom he had found refuge from the law. These people were more or less primitive and had a sense of justice not built upon statutes reeled off yearly by corrupt legislators. If the news spread that Nelson had been made a prisoner and was to be taken from the community he had made better and happier for his existence there, at least the rough country people would protest. These people he had fed when hungry, had succored from distress and had sheltered when shelterless.

But he was still the implacable law officer, the machine-like product of machine government, and he would run no chance of his man slipping from him after all these years. He followed Nelson into the operating room and saw him greet his wife.

Upper and nether files of bright new needles gushed away steadily at their work as the girls fed them with material, and the finished product flowed into large wicker baskets.

A number of the young women, interested as young women are in a bride and groom, turned at their work to watch with many smiles and not the greeting between Nelson and Molly. One of the girls, with a heavy mass of black hair, had dropped her tresses because of the heat of the day. Nelson saw her turn with a smile to speak to another operative several feet away. In a second he realized her danger. A strand of her hair in one of the cogs of the machinery and she would meet a frightful death.

He forgot his own terrible predicament, although his own fate, trembling in the balance, was even worse than death.

A braid of the girl's hair swept into the steel cogs of the machine she had

system makes it impossible for an operator of the law to make a mistake in identification. I got his pictures."

He reached into his inside coat pocket and pulled out the two rogues' photographs.



His Caller Was a Captain of Detectives.

lery photographs of James Montgomery, handing them to the man standing at the window. Nelson's hand trembled ever so slightly as he looked at the photographs.

"He does not look like a murderer or a criminal," he said, as if speaking to himself. "This looks to be the face of some poor boy, some country youth who might have made one mistake in life or who might have been unjustly accused. If he committed any crime there must have been some reason other than sheer criminal instinct. I could hardly believe this boy a murderer."

He handed back the pictures to the detective.

"I have his finger prints," said Kearney. He drew the Bertillon record from his pocket. His uneasiness increased. He mopped his brow and felt as if some strange, insidious influence was at work within him to sidetrack him from the path of duty.

"Now, if a man was suspected wrongly of being Montgomery," he suggested, "that man would only have to give his finger prints and his true identity would be shown."

"I know nothing of such matters," replied Nelson.

He was prepared to meet any demand of the law save that of showing the little whorls, circles, islands and parabolas in the cuticle of his fingers.

Kearney had taken a little box filled with charcoal dust from his waistcoat pocket and was spreading some of it on a sheet of white paper.

He was ready to make the demand for proof from John Nelson that he was not James Montgomery.

John Nelson stood watching the sleuth as he made ready for this single simple but awful test.

He determined to play for time. Why, he did not know, for a few seconds, minutes or even days would mean little to him now.

"If there is anything further you wish to say," he told Kearney, "I must ask you to excuse me. This mill has just been opened and I am anxious about the new operatives. I would not have one of my girls hurt for all the money that might be made with machinery."

He went to a wide door which opened directly into the operating room. Kearney heard the purring of the machinery increase in volume as Nelson passed through the open door.

He now felt sure that Nelson was James Montgomery and that the finger print test would prove it beyond a shadow of a doubt. But he did not buy his delight as would the real bound when his quarry was run down. He realized that the task before him was going to smack of danger. Nelson was fairly idolized by the people among whom he had found refuge from the law. These people were more or less primitive and had a sense of justice not built upon statutes reeled off yearly by corrupt legislators. If the news spread that Nelson had been made a prisoner and was to be taken from the community he had made better and happier for his existence there, at least the rough country people would protest. These people he had fed when hungry, had succored from distress and had sheltered when shelterless.

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A braid of the girl's hair swept into the steel cogs of the machine she had

been operating. At the pull on her scalp she uttered a shriek that rang through the building. The tireless double row of needles worked away within a few inches of the head of the unfortunate girl.

Her cry was echoed by a roar from Nelson to the man in charge of the switch controlling the current.

In two bounds he reached the girl and caught the fastened braid of hair with both hands. Her head fell under his right arm. He gave a mighty, twisting pull as the current was cut off and the machine began to slow down. The hair was torn free of the cogs and the girl dropped in a dead faint to the floor. The needles still flashed, but slowly.

Kearney had run toward Nelson to help in the rescue of the girl if he could. He saw the mill president stagger as if faint. His face was whiter than the sheet of paper he had used to hold his charcoal dust.

The detective saw Nelson's lips come together in a firm, blue line. The blood had left them. He spread forth his hands and in one terrible, ghastly moment made his sacrifice.

The two hands fell between the bright needles, and the upper and nether files sunk into them, tearing through every fiber, destroying completely the one strange stamp of absolute human individuality that nature has provided—the record of the flesh itself.

No cry escaped Nelson's lips. The agony was keen. But what was such agony compared to that which would be his if the man from New York police headquarters slipped handcuffs upon him and took him from his wife, from the people he had worked with and for, to be taken away and be buried alive?

Molly had started toward her husband, but her woman's nature was not equal to the horror of the moment. She fell face downward to the floor.

The machinery came to a full stop, but the steel jaws had closed over Nelson's hands.

Kearney was the nearest man to him.

"Just move that iron rod to the right there," he heard Nelson say. "Move it slowly just an inch backward."

Kearney obeyed, and the jaws released their hold.

"There is a physician in the Reedy mills," called Nelson to one of the white faced girls. "Telephone him quickly."

He turned to another girl, ignoring Kearney.

"Quick," he instructed her. "The some of this material tightly about my wrists."

He held forth his dripping hands.

The sleuth, his mind for a moment blank with horror at this deliberate sacrifice, grabbed up a piece of knitted material and made a tourniquet, first for one wrist and then for the other.

The mill physician arrived as this first aid work was accomplished. He quickly cleaned and made aseptic the myriad little wounds in the hands of Nelson.

"The bones of four fingers in the right hand and of three in the left seem to be broken," he said as he began bandaging. "They will mend easily; in a month, only the scars will be left."

Molly had come from her swoon and was holding her husband's bandaged hands lightly in her own, her tears wetting them. She was fully cognizant of all that had happened. She knew who the stranger was standing stupidly, but with an ashen face, near her.

(Continued Next Week.)

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## Legal Notices

STATE OF MICHIGAN County of Gratiot. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT: In Chancery.

William E. Hendricks, Complainant, vs. William Finley, Jr. or his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, Thomas G. H. Henderson, or his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns of James Fraser, deceased, and the wife, if any, of Ephraim S. Williams, Defendants.

At a regular session of said court held in the Court House in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 8th day of April A. D. 1915:

PRESENT THE HON. KELLY S. SEARL, Circuit Judge. William E. Hendricks, the above named complainant, having filed in said court a duly verified bill of complaint against the above named and unnamed defendants, and which said bill contains a copy thereof to be served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time prescribed herein for their appearance.

It is further ordered that within twenty days after the date of this order the complainant cause a copy thereof to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time described herein for their appearance.

THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT. Estate of Henry C. Worden Hearing Claims At a session of said court, held at the Probate office in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 12th day of April 1915.

Present, J. Lee Potts, Judge. In the matter of the estate of Henry C. Worden, deceased. The above estate having been admitted to probate and Mary A. Bilsby of Temple, Michigan, being the only creditor claiming against said estate, it is ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN County of Gratiot. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT: In Chancery.

Jothan Allen and Marshall R. Allen, Complainants, vs. Luther Smith or his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, Charles R. Done, or his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, Roger N. Butterfield, or his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, Lenora I. Butterfield, or her unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, Defendants.

At a regular session of said court held at the Court House in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 10th day of April A. D. 1915:

PRESENT THE HON. KELLY S. SEARL, Circuit Judge. Jothan Allen and Marshall R. Allen, the above named complainants, having filed in said court a bill of complaint against the above named and unnamed and unascertained defendants, and which said bill contains a copy thereof to be served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time prescribed herein for their appearance.

It is further ordered that within twenty days after the date of this order the complainant cause a copy thereof to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time described herein for their appearance.

STATE OF MICHIGAN County of Gratiot. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT: In Chancery.

J. LEE POTTS, Judge of Probate. BELLE JENNE, Clerk of Probate. A true copy

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STATE OF MICHIGAN County of Gratiot. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT: In Chancery.

Jefferson P. Gulick, Complainant, vs. The unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, of John Deeter, deceased, Defendants.

At a regular session of said court held in the Court House in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 10th day of April A. D. 1915:

PRESENT THE HON. KELLY S. SEARL, Circuit Judge. Jefferson P. Gulick, the above named complainant, having filed in said court a duly verified bill of complaint against the above named and unnamed defendants, and which said bill contains a copy thereof to be served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time prescribed herein for their appearance.

It is further ordered that within twenty days after the date of this order the complainant cause a copy thereof to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time described herein for their appearance.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN County of Gratiot. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT: In Chancery.

ESTATE OF MARY MORSE--PROBATE OF WILL--State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate office in the Village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1915.

Present, J. LEE POTTS, Judge. In the matter of the estate of Mary A. Morse, deceased, S. Wilson Keefer, having filed his petition, praying that an instrument filed in said court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased and that administration of said estate be granted to James C. Kress or some other suitable person.

It is hereby ordered that the 1st day of May, A. D. 1915, at ten a. m., at said Probate Office is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is hereby further ordered that publication of a copy hereof for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

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