The Girl and the Bill

By Bannister Merwin

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CHAPTER VII.

A Japanese at Large.

What was the girl doing out there in mid-lake in the company of her enemy? Orme had seen her enter the house of her friends in Evanston; had bidden her good-night with the understanding that she was to make no further move in the game before the coming morning. She must have left the house soon after he walked away.

Had she known all the time where the Japanese was? Had she hunted him out to make terms with him? If that were the case, her action indicated a new and unsuspected distrust of Orme himself. Her failure to call for help when Orme and Porter came up in their launch seemed to show that her presence in the other boat was voluntary. And yet Orme could not believe that there was not some simple explanation which she would welcome the first chance to make. He could not doubt her.

The immediate thing to do, however, was to find out just what she desired. Suppressing his excitement, he called out:

"Girl!"

At the same time he turned the lantern so that his own face was illuminated.

"Mr. Orme!" she cried, rising from her seat. "You here?"

"At your service."

He smiled, and turned his eyes for an instant on her companion. The face of the Japanese was a study. His eyes were narrowed to thin slits, and his mouth was formed into a meaningless grin.

Orme spoke to the Japanese in French. "Maku has confessed," he said. "He is under arrest."

The face of the Japanese did not change.

"Do you understand?" asked Orme, still in French.

There was no answer, and Orme turned to the girl and said, in French:

"I don't think he understands this language."

"Apparently not," she replied, in the same tongue.

"Tell me," he went on, "are you there of your own will?"

"No."

"Has he the papers?"

"I think so. I don't know."

"See if you can manage to get past him, and I will help you into our boat."

"I'll try." She nodded, with a brave flirt to show reassurance.

Orme frowned at the Japanese. "What are you doing with this young lady?" he demanded.

"No understand."

"Yes, you do understand. You understood well enough when you robbed me this evening."

"No understand," the Japanese repeated.

The girl, meantime, had moved slowly from her position. The two boats were close together. Suddenly, after a swift glance from Orme, the girl stepped to the gunwale and leaped across the gap. Orme reached forward and caught her, drawing her for a brief instant close into his arms before she found her footing in the cockpit.

"Splendid;" he whispered, and she tossed her head with a pretty smile of relief.

Porter had been standing close by, the boathook in his hands. "Is there anything more to be done?" he asked of Orme.

"Yes, wait a moment."

The Japanese had made no move to prevent the girl's escape. Indeed, while she was leaping to the other boat, he balanced himself and turned to his motor, as though to continue the work of repair.

"Now, then," called Orme, "you must give me those papers."

"No understand." The Japanese did not even look up from his task.

Orme turned to Porter. "Give me the boathook," he said, and, taking it, he hooked it to the gunwale of the other boat, drawing the two crafts together. His intention was to use the boathook to bring the Japanese to terms. But the Oriental was too quick. His apparent indifference vanished, and with a cat-like pounce, he seized the boathook and snatched it from Orme's grasp.

The action was so unexpected that Orme was completely taken by surprise. He made ready, however, to leap in unarmed, but the Japanese thrust the blunt end of the boathook at him, and the blow, which struck him in the chest, sent him toppling backward. He was saved from tumbling into the cockpit by Porter, who caught him by the shoulders and helped him to right himself. The two boats tossed for a moment like corks in the water.

When Orme again leaped to the gunwale, the Japanese was using the boathook to push the craft apart. A final shove widened the distance to six or eight feet. The jump was impossible. Even if the boats had been nearer together it would have been folly to attempt an attack.

Stepping down into the cockpit, Orme bent over the girl, who had sunk down upon a cushion. She seemed to be content that he should play the game for her.

"What is wrong with his motor?" he said. "Do you know?"

She answered in an undertone: "I shut off the gasoline-supply. He wasn't looking. He didn't see."

"Good for you, Girl!" he exclaimed. "Where did you do it? At the tank?"

"No. Unfortunately the valve is at the carbureter. Oh," she continued, "we must get the papers!"

Orme turned to Porter. "Are you willing to take a risk?" he asked.

"Anything in reason." The life-saver grinned. "Of course, I don't understand what's going on, but I'll back you."

"This is a good, stout tub we are in." Orme hesitated. "I want you to ram her nose into that other boat."

Porter shook his head.

"That's going pretty far," he said. "I don't know that there is warrant for it."

"It won't need to be a hard bump," Orme explained. "I don't want to hurt the fellow."

"Then why—?"

"To frighten him into giving up some papers."

Porter looked straight into Orme's eyes. "Do the papers belong to you?" he demanded.

"No." Orme spoke quietly. "They belong to this young lady—or, rather,

It Looked as Though the Collision Could Not Be Prevented.

to her father. This Japanese, and the other one, there on the shore, stole them."

"What is the lady's name?"

"I can't tell you that."

"But the police—"

"It isn't a matter for the police. Please trust me, Mr. Porter."

The life-saver stood irresolute.

"If this boat is damaged, I'll make it good five times over," continued Orme.

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt the boat. A few scratches, perhaps. It's the other boat I'm thinking of."

"It's pretty grim business, I know," remarked Orme.

The younger man again studied Orme's face. "Can you give me your word that the circumstances would justify us in ramming that boat?"

It flashed over Orme that he had no idea what those circumstances were. He knew only what little the girl had told him. Yet she had assured him again and again that the papers were of the greatest importance. True, throughout the affair, thus far, with the exception of the blow he had given Maku, the persons concerned had offered no dangerous violence. The mysterious papers might contain information about South American mines—as little Poriol had suggested; they might hold the secrets of an international syndicate. Whatever they were, it was really doubtful whether the necessity of their recovery would justify the possibility of slaying another man.

Perhaps the girl had unconsciously exaggerated their value. Women who took a hand in business often lost the sense of relative importance. And yet, she had been so sure; she had herself gone to such lengths. Then, too, the South Americans had hired a burglar to break into her father's house, and now this Japanese had abducted her. Yes, it was a serious game.

Orme answered Porter. "I give you my word," he said.

Porter nodded and tightened his lips.

"At the very least, that fellow has tried to abduct this young lady," added Orme.

"All right," said Porter. "Let her go."

The other boat had drifted about 50 feet away. Orme called out:

"Hello, there, Japanese. Will you give up the papers?"

No answer came.

"If you won't," cried Orme, "we are going to ram you."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the girl suddenly. "We mustn't drown him."

"We shan't," said Orme. "But we will give him a scare." Then, in a louder voice: "Do you hear?"

The only reply was the tapping of metal on metal. The Japanese, it seemed, was still trying to find out what was wrong with his motor.

"Well, then," Orme said to Porter, "we'll have to try it. But use low speed, and be ready to veer off at the last minute."

"He'll try to fend with the boat hook," said Porter.

"If he does, I'll get him."

"How?"

"Lasso." Orme picked up a spare painter that was stored under the seat, and began to tie a slip-noose.

The girl now spoke. "I suppose we shall have to do it," she said. "But I wish there were a less dangerous, a less tragic way."

Hardly knowing what he did, Orme laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "It will be all right, dear," he whispered.

If the word embarrassed her, the darkness covered her confusion.

Porter had started the motor, setting it at a low speed, and now he was steering the boat in a circle to gain distance for the charge.

"I've lost the other boat," exclaimed Orme, peering into the darkness.

"She's off there," said Porter. "You can't see her, but I know the direction."

He swung the launch around and headed straight through the night.

"Hold on tight," Orme cautioned the girl, and coiling his lasso, he went to the bow.

The launch moved steadily forward. Orme, straining his eyes in the endeavor to distinguish the other boat, saw it at last. It lay a few points to starboard, and Porter altered the course of the launch accordingly.

"Make for the stern," called Orme, "and cripple her propeller, if you can."

Another slight change in the course showed that Porter understood.

As the lessening of the distance between the two boats made it possible to distinguish the disabled speeder more clearly, Orme saw that the Japanese was still tinkering with the motor. He was busying himself as though he realized that he had no hope of escape unless he could start his boat.

Narrower, narrower, grew the intervening gap of dark water. Orme braced himself for the shock. In his left hand was the coiled painter; in his right, the end of the ready noose, which trailed behind him on the decking. It was long since he had thrown a lariat. In a vivid gleam of memory he saw at that moment the hot, dusty New Mexico corral, the low adobe buildings, the lumbering cattle and the galloping horses of the ranch. There he had spent one summer vacation of his college life. It was ten years past, but this pose, the rope in his hand, flashed it back to him.

Now they were almost on the Japanese. For the moment he seemed to waver. He glanced at the approaching launch, and reached uncertainly for the boat hook. Yet it did not seem to occur to him to yield.

And then, as for the hundredth time he laid his hands on the motor, he uttered a cry. It was plain to Orme that the cause of the supposed breakdown had been discovered. But was there time for the Japanese to get away? It was doubtful. He opened the feed pipe and let the gasoline again flow in. The launch was now so near that Orme could almost have leaped the gap, but the Japanese bent his energy to the heavy fly wheel, tugging at it hurriedly.

The motor started. The boat began to move.

Even now it looked as though the collision could not be prevented, but the Japanese, seizing the steering wheel, turned the boat so quickly to starboard that the stern fell away from the bow of the approaching launch. There was no crash, no hard bump; merely a glancing blow so slight that in that calm water it scarcely made the boats careen.

Then Orme threw his noose. The distance was less than ten feet, and the loop spread, quick and true, over the head of the Japanese. But, swift though the action was, the Japanese had an instant to prepare himself. His right arm shot up. As Orme, jerking at the rope, tried to tighten the noose, the hand of the Japanese pushed it over his head and it slid over the side into the water. In a few seconds the swift boat had disappeared in the night.

Tightening his lips grimly, Orme drew the wet rope in and mechanically coiled it. There was nothing to say. He had failed. So good an opportunity to recover the papers would hardly return.

Silently he turned back to the others. Porter had swung the launch around and was heading toward the distant lights of Evanston. The girl was peering in the direction whence came the sound of the receding boat. Thus, for some time they remained silent.

At last the girl broke into a laugh. It was a rippling, silvery laugh, expressing an infectious appreciation of the humor of their situation. Orme chuckled in spite of himself. If she could laugh like that, he need not stay in the dumps. And yet in his mind rankled the sense of failure. He had made a poor showing before her—and she was laughing. Again the corners of his mouth drew down.

"I suppose the notion is amusing," he said—"a cowboy at sea."

"Oh, I was not laughing at you." She had sobered quickly at his words.

"I shouldn't blame you, if you did."

"It is the whole situation," she went on. "And it wouldn't be so funny, if it weren't so serious."

"I appreciate it," he said.

she went on. "But truly, Mr. Orme, I am glad that we did not damage that boat. It might have been terrible. If he had been drowned—" her voice trailed off in a faint shudder, and Orme remembered how tired she must be, and how deeply disappointed.

"Now, Girl," he said, bending over her and speaking in a low voice, "try to forget it. Tomorrow I am going after the papers. I will get them."

She looked up at him. Her eyes were softly confident. "I believe you," she whispered. "You never give up, do you?"

"No," he said, "I never give up—when I am striving for something which I greatly want." There was meaning in his voice, though he had struggled to conceal it. She lowered her eyes, and said no more.

Slowly the lights of shore grew brighter. After a time Orme could distinguish the masses of trees and buildings, grayly illuminated by the arc lamps of the streets. He spoke to Porter in an undertone.

"Can you land us some distance south of the life-saving station?" he asked.

"Sure. I'll run in by the Davis street pier."

"I'll be obliged to you," Orme sighed. "I made a bad mess of it, didn't I?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the life saver. "We got the lady."

Orme started. "Yes," he said, "we got the lady—and that's more important than all the rest of it."

Porter grinned a noncommittal grin and devoted himself to the wheel.

They had saved the girl! In his disappointment over the escape of the Japanese Orme had forgotten, but now he silently thanked God that Porter and he had come out on the water. The girl had not yet explained her presence in the boat. In her own good time she would tell him. But she had been there under compulsion; and Orme shuddered to think what might have happened.

He stole a glance at her. She was leaning back on the seat. Her eyes were closed and her pose indicated complete relaxation, though it was evident from her breathing that she was not asleep. Orme marveled at her ability to push the nervous excitement of the evening away and snatch the brief chance of rest.

(To Be Continued.)

Great Temptation.

"That boy of your is a straightforward, truthful lad."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He's got mighty admirable qualities. But I guess I'll have to send him away some place where folks looking for summer board can't ask him whether the mosquitoes is bad or the fishin's good."

A Long Pursuit.

A clergyman noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, decided to give them a few words of advice.

He explained to the young man his duties as a husband, and then told the young lady how she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything, and, forsaking father and mother follow him wherever he went.

The bride appeared very much troubled at this, and faltered out:

"Must I follow him every place he goes?"

"Yes," said the clergyman, "you must follow him everywhere until death doth you part."

"Gracious!" cried the cried. "If I had known that before I would never have married a postman."

National Dailygraphs.

Many a disappointed swain will vociferously applaud Dr. Anna Shaw's declaration in favor of compulsory marriage.

Watered stocks and salted mines go well together.

Many a man misses his calling when he thinks he is called from the country to the city.

Don't deceive yourself by wasting your sympathy. The police maiden lady has never married, it is true, but it is because she would allow no one to propose. We have her word for it.

As a means of protection, wouldn't it be advisable to issue a bulletin occasionally on the condition of the lemon crop? F. L. P.

Mrs. Jacob Wilmert, Lincoln, Ill., found her way back to perfect health. She writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble and backache and my appetite was very poor at times. A few weeks ago I got Foley Kidney Pills and gave them a fair trial. They gave me great relief, so continued till now I am again in perfect health." McBride & Will Drug Company.

How Easy.

Wife—Mother says she refuses to pay us a visit unless we let her pay her board.

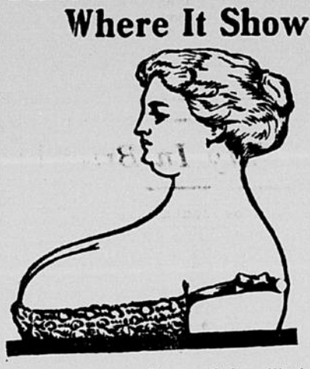
Hubby—Tell her we couldn't think of of such a thing.

Deferred Pleasure.

"When are you going on your vacation?"

"I don't know. I've got to wait until the neighbors get thru using my suit case."

Take Off the Fat Where It Shows



Most women suffer much humiliation because of great quantities of fat, so located that, no matter how they dress everybody sees that they are abnormal. This is the day of the slender figure, and fat women are simply not tolerated either in business or social affairs. Women may not know it, but men when they see a fat woman pass them on the street make all manner of sympathetic remarks about her. They do not mean to be unkind or to seem unmanly, but it is natural for a man to dislike fat on a woman. Where fat shows the most there is where it must be removed, and as quickly as possible. The hot weather dresses seem to be made for the fat woman's misery and the slender woman's delight. They expose all the charms of woman and her ugliness as well. Exercise and diet will not remove fat. This has been proved. The famous Marmola prescription which has met with such phenomenal success and has so many of our society women as its sponsors, is now being sold in tablet form to meet the demand of the public for this style of treatment. These little tablets go into your system just like food. They stop the stomach and digestive apparatus from producing fat and reduce the fat upon the body at the rate of from 12 to 15 ounces a day. They are harmless and can be carried in your purse and taken even after you have indulged in a hearty meal away from home. They are sold at all drug stores at 75 cents a case, or if you prefer you may write the Marmola Company, 381, Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Best Proposition in Franklin County

240 acre farm, 4 miles from thrifty small town; 10 miles from Iowa Falls, 2 miles from church and creamery and 70 rods to schools. Splendid 10 room house, besides closets and pantry, cistern, sink, well on porch. Fine barn 48x64x16, driveway thru center. Grain bins 4,000 bu. Stalls for 16 horses, 19 cows, 75 tons of hay. Double crib 24x64x10, plank driveway. Hog house 20x40. Chicken house, machine shed 16x36x18, cattle shed 30x48x8. Reservoir 26x26x8, stone and cement. Farm scales, all equipments for large feeding operation. Buildings are in excellent condition and recently painted. Good orchard, fine evergreen and mixed grove all around buildings. Thoroughly tiled, under high state of cultivation. One of the best improved and producing farms in this section of the state. Price $127.50 per acre. Reasonable terms. We can not recommend this farm too highly. Crops and soil will speak for themselves, and farm is well worth $150 per acre, but on account of poor health owner wishes to sell and go west. We can rent this farm for 1911 for $5 per acre.

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I expect to discontinue farming is why I am offering to sell the place.

R. H. REHDER, Owner
HUDSON, IOWA

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One cent a word each insertion—No ad received for less than 15 cents.

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Wanted—Sewing by the day or at home, over 109 West Main, third floor.

Wanted—People to know I am still in the well business. 'Phone 1161 green.

Wanted—A $500 loan on three or five years at good rate of interest on a $1,300 city property. Address S-20, care of T.-R.

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Pearls Wanted—Send by registered mail. If my offer is not satisfactory, will return. Lathrop Produce Company, Belmond, Iowa.

Wanted—Leave your wants at the Marshalltown Employment Agency. 'Phone 788.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency. 'Phone 950.

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Wanted—A handy man as janitor. Hopkins.

Wanted—First class fireman. Address B-3, care this office.

Wanted—First-class barber. 102 East Main street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Wanted—Barber at once; must be a first class workman, no boozer need apply. Ernest A. Franklin, Traer, Iowa.

Postoffice clerks and carriers wanted—Examinations will be held in Marshalltown and many other cities in November. Uncle Sam is best employer; pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies every month; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no lay-offs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Ask for free booklet 1M 484, giving full particulars and explaining my offer of position or money back. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—A girl or woman to work on pants, at Hopkins.

Wanted—A good christian woman housekeeper, three in family. Permanent place. Address M-3, care T.-R.

Wanted—Good experienced dressmaker of good character in connection to millinery store. References required. Address P. O. Box 184, Union, Iowa.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. 704 West State street.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Mrs. C. C. St. Clair, 404 East Main street.

Wanted—Girl at Let's Eat restaurant.

Wanted—A lady cook at Hotel Dows at once. Address proprietor, George Hicks, Dows, Iowa.

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For Sale—Square piano cheap. 517 Bromley.

For sale—Thoroughbred Scotch Collie puppies. Dr. J. A. Walser, at Hynds' Dental Parlors.

For Sale—Single harness road wagon, blankets and cutter. Call 204 West Lincoln street.

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For Sale—Waste feed at canning factory. A No. 1 feed for dairy stock or hogs. Western Grocery Mills canning department.

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For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

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For Sale—Cheap to settle an estate, 320 acres. Best farm land in Franklin county, Iowa; improved; 1 mile from town. Iquire W. H. White, 3136 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

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For Sale—Quarter section Texas land, 8 miles south Canon City, 3 miles from station. Box 10, Liscomb, R. No. 2, Iowa.

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Wanted—We have 80 and 160 acres of Missouri land about 150 miles south of St. Louis, for trade. What have you to offer? Carl's Employment Agency.

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To Rent—Front room, furnished, strictly modern. 110 North Center street.

To Rent—A very desirable suite of furnished rooms, private bath. Inquire 209 East State.

To Rent—Furnished rooms, all modern. 311 West Church street.

To Rent—Fine modern, furnished house. 7 South Fifth avenue.

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To Rent—Rooms over 7 West Main street. W. A. Wasson.

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To Rent—My store room at feed yard, 110 East Church. Good location for grocery. G. A. Schick.

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Lost—Ladies' black leather hand bag, containing money, keys, watch, etc., at Northwestern depot or platform, Friday, Sept. 2, between 5 and 6. Reward. Address T.-R., B.

Lost—Between Marietta and Marshalltown, curved stem gold mounted briar pipe and case. Finder please return to the D. C. Wilbur store and receive reward.

Lost—Watch fob, elephant on medal. Reward to finder. W. E. Leech, Kibbey Bldg.

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Strayed—Gray mare and gray gelding. Weight about 1,200 each. Notify 905 South Center or 'phone 974 white.

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Stolen—Racycle bicycle taken Monday evening from front of Meeker Laundry building. Reward will be paid for return to George Willigrod.

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