

THE CASH INTRIGUE

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quickly as if not quicker than his ears, for they stopped rigidly upon the instant. Blagg now looked at the dial, then consulted a small card which he held in his left hand, and a look of intense satisfaction, amounting almost to serenity, flashed into his bony eyes.

"Cash!" he whispered. "Millions of cash, all gathered into one place!"

He changed the combination, marked it carefully upon his card and started once more, with averted eyes and intent ears, to turn the knob.

In an office on the second floor Philip Kelvin stood over a large hand drawn map, on which every mile of every railroad in the United States was carefully set down in strong lines, though in tints of six different colors, indicating the six main financial groups.

"To make these all one color," he mused; "that will be one step. Then, with millions of cash—"

In his deep subterranean vault, dynamite proof, electric drill proof, army proof, old Henry Breed stood before his rows upon rows of iron drawers. One of them was open, and the electric light glistened upon gold.

"Cash!" he gloated. "Millions of cash and millions more to come!"

There was the sound of a bell in the big two story hall. Blagg hastily stopped his practice, restored his combination lock to its strong box, turned triple keys upon it and double locked his trunk.

Down into the vault tripped Lillian Breed, her dark cheeks red from her brisk morning walk, her dark eyes bright, her scarlet lips parted over her white teeth.

"With the haste of a boy Breed followed her out through the four vestibules, closing the heavy doors of each one behind him, throwing off the combination of its lock and turning out the lights beyond.

"And in all this world only we two know," he said.

"Mr. Kelvin knows," she reminded him.

"But not the combinations," he hastened to assure her. "Do you know how I have won my supremacy? It is by finding big men to do both my planning and my executing; by knowing such men when I see them."

Kevin is one of these, and to such a man as he the greatest incentive that can be given him is to show him the tools with which he may work.

"Dr. Zephan will be hunting you," she reminded him.

Aroused from his momentary forgetfulness of his one bugbear, the shrewd specialist whom he had employed to look after his health and who, in that capacity, had become a necessary oppressively burden, he hurried up through the one room in his house to which Zephan had been denied access, and with Lillian passed into the hall where Dr. Zephan stood awaiting them.

"You promised when I left you here at the house this morning to join me at the head of Big lake," he charged Breed. "If I cannot take your word for a longer morning walk, I shall have to stay by you until you do. Put on your hat and heavy coat."

"But breakfast is ready," protested Lillian.

The doctor peered at her with such open contempt that she flushed and straightened her shoulders. It was evident that there was something deeply antagonistic between these two.

"If I employ a man to make me do things I suppose I ought to do them," Breed laughed and, securing his hat and coat, went out with the Spartan doctor just as Philip came down the stairway.

Lillian waited for Philip and tucked her arm playfully into his as he stepped from the bottom stair. "I almost had the honor of going in to breakfast with my grandfather," she said gaily, "but see how much greater honor my disappointment brings me."

"I admit it," said Philip, with a smile, "only you are not expressing my merit strongly enough to do me justice."

In the dining room they found only Mrs. Kenseleer and her nephew. Mrs. Kenseleer bowed stiffly to Philip. "How charming you are looking this morning, child!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever see such a picture of health, Herbert?"

"She is the goddess of the morning," he stated, "the very liquor of life, the very spirit of spring, the very quintessence of what you may call 'em. Howdy, Miss Lillian?"

CHAPTER VIII

AFTER breakfast Philip slipped away by himself for a few moments against the time when Breed should call upon him or send for him to take up the heavy projects they had under way. He walked back toward the kitchen

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DELINQUENT TAXES.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Table with columns: Name, Description of Lands, Sec., Tp., R., Acres Total. Lists various land parcels and owners such as John Cole, West Pensacola Land Co., Packard Land Co., etc.

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Table with columns: Name, Description of Lands, Sec., Tp., R., Acres Total. Lists various land parcels and owners such as Ed. Spark, D. and H. Harrison, G. W. Gonzalez, etc.