

# The Day of Days

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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## CHAPTER XII. The Brooch.

**S**HOULDER to shoulder, the target of two score grinning or surprised stares, they strode across the lobby and through the office.

It was immediately closed and the key, turned in the lock, was removed and pocketed by the detective.

In this room, a small interior apartment plainly furnished as a private office, two people were waiting, a stout, smooth little man with a mustache of foreign extraction who, on better acquaintance, proved to be the manager of the establishment; the other Bayard Shaynon, stationed with considerable caution on the far side of the room.

"Well?" P. Sybarite demanded of his captor the moment they were private. "Take it calm, son; take it calm," counseled the man, his manner not altogether lacking in good nature. "There seems to be some question as to your right to attend that party upstairs; we got to investigate you for the sake of the rep. of the house. Get me?"

P. Sybarite drew a long breath. If this were all!

"I freely admit I have no card of invitation."

"Mr. Shaynon," went on the detective, "says he saw you lift a diamond brooch off'n Mrs. Addison Strone while you was comin' down in the elevator." And while P. Sybarite gaped the detective looked to Shaynon for confirmation.

"I stood behind him in the elevator coming down, ten minutes or so ago," the latter stated heavily. "Mrs. Addison Strone was immediately in front of him. The cage was badly crowded—no one could move."

"As I got in I noticed that Mrs. Strone's brooch, a gold bar set with several large diamonds, was apparently loose—pin had parted from the catch, you know—and meant to warn her she was in danger of losing it, but I couldn't without shouting over this fellow's head, so waited until we got out, and then, when I managed to get to her, the brooch was gone. Later I remembered this fellow—and, looking round the lobby, saw him in a corner, apparently concealing something about his person. Then I spoke to you about it."

P. Sybarite's face settled into grim lines.

"Shaynon," he said slowly, without visible temper. "This won't get you anything but trouble. Remember that, when I come to pay you out—unless you'll have the grace to retract here and now."

"To save time," Shaynon suggested dispassionately, "you might explore his coat pockets first. It was there that I saw him secrete the brooch."

Nervously in his indignation P. Sybarite caught his coatfalls from beneath his Inverness, dragged them round in front of him, and, fumbling, found a pocket.

Groping therein, his fingers brushed something strange to him—a small, hard, irregular body which, escaping his clutches, fell with a soft thud to the carpet at his feet. It was the brooch.

With a noncommittal grunt, the detective stooped and retrieved this



"Search his pockets," suggested Shaynon.

damning bit of evidence, while the manager moved excitedly to his side to inspect the find. And P. Sybarite looked up with blank eyes in a pallid, wizened face in time to see Shaynon bare his teeth, his lips curling back in a manner peculiarly wolfish and irritating, and snarl a mirthless laugh. It was something inopportune. The

man could have done no better than keep his peace. Left to himself, P. Sybarite would in all probability have floundered and blustered and committed himself inextricably.

But that laugh was as good as a douche of cold water in his face. He came abruptly to his senses, saw clearly how this thing had come to pass, the temptation of the loose brooch to Shaynon's fingers itching for revenge while

they stood near together in the crowded elevator.

P. Sybarite smiled sunnily in the face of the detective.

"Caught with the goods on, eh?" he chirped. "Come, now, be fair to me. Own up. You didn't expect to see that, did you?"

The detective hesitated. "Well," he grumbled, "you did have me going for a minute, you were so cocksure, and it's pretty slick work for an amateur."

"It looks bad, eh—not?" the manager questioned, his predacious eyes fixed greedily upon the trinket.

"You think so?" P. Sybarite purposefully misinterpreted. "Let me see."

Before the detective could withdraw P. Sybarite caught the brooch from his fingers.

"Bad?" he mused aloud, examining it closely. "Phoney? Perhaps it is. Looks like article de Paris to me. See what you think."

He handled the trinket indifferently. "Nonsense!" Shaynon interposed incisively. "Mrs. Strone's not that kind. Besides, it makes no difference. Theft's theft."

"It makes a deal of difference whether it's grand or petit larceny," P. Sybarite flashed—"a difference as wide and deep as that which yawns between attempted and successful wife murder, Mr. Shaynon."

His jaw dropping, a look of stupefying terror stamped itself upon Shaynon's face. He strove to speak, but for the time could not.

"The man's crazy," he muttered sickly, rising. "I don't know what he's talking about. Arrest him—take him to the station house."

"Who'll make the charge?" asked the detective, eying Shaynon curiously.

"Not Bayard Shaynon!" P. Sybarite asserted with conviction.

"It's not my brooch," Shaynon asserted defensively.

"You saw him take it," the detective persisted.

"No, I didn't; I suspected him. It's you who found the brooch on him, and it's your duty to make the charge."

"You're one grand little lightning change of heart artist—gotta slip it to you for that," the detective observed truculently. "Now, his'n; I don't make no charge."

"Any employee of the establishment will do as well, for my purpose," P. Sybarite cut in. "Come, Mr. Manager! How about you? So long as I get my grounds for a suit against the Bizarre!"

The manager spread out expostulatory palms. "Me, I have nosing whatever to do with the matter," he protested. "To me it would seem Mrs. Strone should make the charge."

"Well," mumbled the detective of Shaynon, "how about cha?"

"Wait," mumbled Shaynon, moving toward the door. "I'll fetch Mrs. Strone."

"Don't go without saying goodby," P. Sybarite admonished him severely. "It isn't pretty manners."

The door slammed tempestuously, and the little man chuckled with an affectation of ease to which he was entirely a stranger.

His head buzzed with doubts and suspicions, and with misgivings on Marian's behalf, but indifferently mitigated by the reflection that by now she would be at the Plaza.

"He won't be back," P. Sybarite observed generally to detective and manager and sat him down serenely.

"You feel pretty sure about that?" the detective asked.

"Wait and see."

Bending forward, the little man examined the gilt clock on the manager's desk. "Twenty minutes after 4," he announced. "I give you ten minutes to find some one to make a charge against me."

The detective took a chair, crossed his legs and produced a cigar, which he began to trim with loving care. The manager, anxiously pacing the floor, after another moment or so paused at the door, fidgeted, jerked it open and with a muffled "Pardon!" disappeared, presumably in search of Shaynon.

Four minutes passed by the clock; no sign of the manager, Shaynon or Mrs. Strone.

"Story?" the detective suggested at length.

"Plant," retorted P. Sybarite as tersely.

"Salted you?"

"In the elevator, of course."

"It came to me that was the way of it when he sprung that bunk stuff about you coarsely loading said loot into your coat tail," admitted the detective. "That didn't sound sensible, even if you did have a skirt to fuss into a cab. That was one swell piece of goods you bundled into No. 230."

"What?" cried P. Sybarite.

The detective started.

"Wasn't that the number of the lady's cab—two-thirty?"

"Good God!" ejaculated P. Sybarite, jumping up.

"What's hit you?" said the detective.

His words were addressed to his own conscience and to the horizontal folds of the shoulders of P. Sybarite as he bolted unhindered through the Fifth avenue entrance. The little man was exclaiming:

"Dolt! Blockhead! Imbecile! Idiot! Numskull! Ass! Simpleton! Loon!" The chill air of early morning wiped the blistering epithets from his lips as

he fled like a madman down Fifth avenue.

Deliberately had he permitted himself to be duped, circumvented, over-reached.

Why had he never for an instant dreamed that the words "two-thirty" could indicate anything but the hour of some otherwise undesignated appointment? Of course it had signified the number of Marian's carriage check, "230."

If he had ere this entertained any

doubts whatever of the ugly grounds for his fears, they were now resolved, by recognition of Bayard's clumsy ruse, to keep him both out of the cab and out of the way while November and his lieutenants executed their infamous commission.

And all that was now ten-fifteen-twenty minutes old! Marian's car was gone, and if it had not reached the Plaza the girl was lost, irrevocably lost.

On the way to the Bizarre from Peter Kenny's rooms, some freak of a mind superficially preoccupied had caused him to remark, on the south side of Forty-third street, immediately east of Sixth avenue, a long rank of buildings.

Of these, one building boasted the blazing electric announcement, "All Night Garage."

Into this last P. Sybarite pelted at the top of his speed and pulled up puffing, to stare nervously round a place gloomy, cavernous and pungent with fragrance of oil, rubber and gasoline. Out of the shadows behind him, presently, came a voice, drawing:

"You certainly do take on like you'd lost a power of trouble."

"Taxi!" the little man panted vociferously.

The other yawned and stretched. "It can't be done," he admitted fairly. "They ain't no such animal on the premises."

With a gesture P. Sybarite singled out the nearest car.

"What's that?" he demanded angrily.

"Ten dollars an hour"—

"I'll take it."

"But you asked for a taxi," grumbled the man, rising to press a button. Whereupon a bell shrilled somewhere in the dark backward of the establishment. "Deposit?" he suggested, turning back.

P. Sybarite disbursed a golden double eagle, and to the operator who, roused by the bell, presently drifted out of the shadows, gaping and rubbing his eyes, he promised a liberal tip for haste.

In two minutes he was rolling out of the garage enconced in the body of a luxurious and high powered touring machine which he strongly suspected to be somebody's private car lawlessly farmed out while its owner slept.

Self-conscious and ill at ease, he presented himself to the amused inspection of the night force in the office of the Plaza, made his halting inquiry and received the discounted assurance that Miss Blessington, although a known and valued patron of the house, was not then its guest. He turned away, sobered, baffled, outwitted and miserably at a loss to guess what next to do.

Gloomily he paused with a hand on the open door of his car, thoughts profoundly disturbed and unsettled, for so long that the operator grew restless.

"Where next, sir?" he asked.

"Wait," said P. Sybarite in a manner of abstraction that did him no injustice.

## CHAPTER XIII. Nemesis.

**S**UDDENLY it became plain to P. Sybarite that if in truth it was with her as he feared at least two persons knew what had become of the girl—two persons aside from himself and her hired kidnapers—Brian Shaynon and Bayard, his son.

He gave the operator the address of Shaynon's town house and as the car slipped away from the hotel was sensible of keen regret that he had left at Peter Kenny's at the time he changed his clothing the pistol given him by Mrs. Jefferson Inche, together with the greater part of his fortuitous fortune.

In five minutes the car drew up in front of one of those few old fashioned brownstone English basement residences which today survive on Fifth avenue below Fifty-ninth street, elbowed and frowned down upon by beeting hives of trade.

Laying hold of an obsolete bellpull, P. Sybarite yanked it with a spirit in tune with his temper. Immediately and considerably to his surprise the doors were thrown open, and on the threshold a butler showed a face gray with the strain of a sleepless night.

"Mr. Shaynon?" the little man demanded sharply.

"Mr. Bayard Shaynon 'as just gone, not five minutes ago, sir."

"Gone where?"

"To his apartments, I presume, sir."

"Then I'll see Mr. Brian Shaynon."

"I'm afraid, sir, Mr. Shaynon is 'ardly likely to see any one at this hour."

"He'll see me," replied P. Sybarite. "He hasn't gone to bed, I gather?"

"Not yet, sir, but 'e's goin' immedate."

"Very well. You may as well let me in."

Suspicious, but impressed, the servant shuffled aside, and P. Sybarite brushed past him into the hallway.

"Where is he?"

"If you'll give me your name, sir, I'll tell him you're 'ere."

P. Sybarite hesitated. He was in no mood for joking, yet a certain dour humor in the jest caught his fancy and persuaded him better judgment.

"Nemesis," he said briefly.

"Mr.—name—what? Beg pardon, sir."

"Nem-e-sis," P. Sybarite articulated

distinctly. "And don't mister it. He'll understand."

"Thank you," muttered the servant blankly and turned.

On impulse P. Sybarite strode after him.

"On second thoughts, you needn't announce me. I'll go up with you."

"I'm afraid I can't permit that, sir," observed the butler, horrified. "If I was to permit that, sir, it might cost me my position."

"Well"—

P. Sybarite drew back, relenting.

But at this juncture, from a point directly over their heads, the voice of Brian Shaynon interrupted them.

"Who is that, Soames?" he called impatiently, without making himself visible. "Has Mr. Bayard returned?"

"No, sir," the butler called, distressed. "It's—it's a person, sir—insists on seein' you—says 'is nime's Nemesis.'"

There was a sound of heavy, dragging footsteps on the upper landing, and Brian Shaynon showed himself at the head of the stairs; now without his furred great coat, but still in the evening clothes of Elder Respectability—Respectability sadly rumped and maltreated.

"I don't seem to know you," he said slowly, with a weary shake of his head. "And it's most inopportune—the hour. I fear you must excuse me."

His accents quavered querulously, and P. Sybarite, with a flash of scorn, put his condition down to drink.

"Far from it," he retorted ruthlessly. "What have you done with Marian Blessington?"

"Mar—Marian?" the old voice iterated. "Why, she"—the man pulled himself together with a determined effort—"she's in her room of course. Where should she be?"

"Is that true?" P. Sybarite demanded of the butler in a manner so peremptory that the answer slipped out before the fellow realized it.

"Miss Marian 'asn't returned as yet from the ball," he whispered. "E—e's not quite 'imself, sir. E's 'ad a bit of a shock, as one might s'y. I'd go easy on 'im, if you'll take a word from me."

But P. Sybarite traversed his advice without an instant's consideration.

"Brian Shaynon," he called, "you lie! The police have caught Red November. I'll worm the truth out of him within twenty minutes, if I don't get it from you now. The game's up. Come! What have you done with the girl?"

For all answer, a low cry, like the plaint of a broken hearted child, issued from the leaden, writhen lips of the old man. He seemed suddenly to lose the strength of his limbs. His legs shook beneath him as with a palsy; and then, knees buckling, he tottered and plunged headlong from top to bottom of the staircase.

Kneeling beside the body of Brian Shaynon, where it had lodged on a broad, low landing three steps from the bottom of the staircase, the butler turned up to P. Sybarite fishy, unemotional eyes in a pasty fat face.

"E's gone," he announced.

The little man said nothing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE EXPRESS IS IN THIS TOWN AND IN TO STAY

**F**OR seventy-five years—three-quarters of a century—the express has been the right-hand of the shippers of commercial America. The Express came to New Ulm in 1872 and it came to stay. For 42 years it has been the right-hand of commercial New Ulm.

It is here to stay. The other day when reports went out that the express companies might retire from business, a protest went

up. From whom this protest—the express companies? No! The merchants of the country—shippers everywhere—petitioned Congress that no action be taken that might have the effect of forcing the express companies to retire. Commercial organizations all over the land have joined in this appeal to Washington.

For seventy-five years in the past and for a good many more years in the future Express Service will mean

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## IF YOU WERE BORN IN JUNE

**Y**OU will have qualities which will enable you to lead in politics or religion; will have a love of the beautiful; will be unselfish, affectionate and self sacrificing, with a keen pride in all who belong to you. You will gather wealth and travel much before you are old. You should marry young if possible, preferably one born in February or November. Your most harmonious colors will be white and all shades of blue and red. You should wear any dark blue stone ornament, the aquamarine being the favorite and the one best suited to aid you in learning self control and moderation, qualities which will be essential to success.

Great persons born in June: John Godfrey Saxe, Brigham Young, Jefferson Davis, Nathan Hale, Harriet Beecher Stowe, John Wesley, Empress Josephine, Henry Ward Beecher, Peter Paul Rubens and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

1914		JUNE						1914	
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.			
	1	2	3	4	5	6			
7	8	9	10	11	12	13			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27			
28	29	30							

### JUNE ALMINAK

June, the month of roses, red rose, white rose negroes and watermelons. From the 1st to the 21st the sun is in the sign of Gemini, meanin' twins. Twins born in June will not need to be cradled nites as long as other children because thare shorter.

Widder weeds generally disappear in June and becum June brides.

To prevent milk from becuming sour in June, keep it in the Kow.

To kill the germs in milk fed to infants, boil the child until well done.

Never go to bed with yur boots on during a thunder storm. In Nebraska a new pair was injured that wa.

### PROVERBS

"Drink water out ov thine own sistern till

the sitty haz her new one done, a thing or beauty and a joy forever."

"He that loveth his son chasteneth him, bedtimes."

"Better iz a dinner ov herbs where lux iz, than a discushun about the fat and the lean."

"The lot iz cast in the lap," usually whe the old foaks retire.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother"—a \$.

"Debate thy cause with thy naber himself"—and not with hiz naber.

"Happy iz the man that feareth al-ways," and can sprint.

"A servant will not be corrected by words"—but he will take heed for more pa.

"He that has no rule over his own spirit generally has a muther-in-law."

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J. Keys arrived in the country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard, is now the owner of 320 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 300 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 68 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or Canadian Government Agent.

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Look years younger! Try Grandma's recipe of Sage and Sulphur and nobody will know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.