



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The brilliant member of the English Secret Service and the courageous rescuer of MME. DE SEVENIE and her guests from robbery by Paris Apaches had preferred to be known as ANDRE DUCHEMIN.

It was under this name that he had met, in battle with highwaymen, the beautiful American widow, EVE DE MONTALAIS. Then, in the chateau de Montalais, where Duchemin was a dinner guest, there came that strange motoring party seeking refuge from the storm, the American, WHITAKER MONK; his secretary, PHINUIT, the latter's brother, JULES, and the COUNTESS DE LORGNES.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

The Apache Strikes Back.

Duchemin took back with him to Fant, that night, food in plenty or thought, together with a notion that he had better resign himself to stop on indefinitely at the Grand Hotel de l'Ulivers and see what he should see.

That fatality on which he had so bitterly reflected had him now fairly by the heels. Impossible—and the more so the longer he pondered it—to credit to mere coincidence the coincidences uttered at the chateau by Mr. Monk and his party.

No, there had been malice in that, Duchemin was satisfied, if not some darker purpose which perplexed the most patient scrutiny.

Now malice without incentive is unthinkable. But Duchemin searched his memory in vain for anything he could have said or done to make anybody desire to discredit him in the sight of the ladies of the Chateau de Montalais. Still the attempt so to do had been unmistakable: the Lone Wolf had been lugged into the conversation literally by his legendary ears.

Surely one would think, that nocturnal prowler of pre-war Paris had been so long dead and buried even the most ghoulish gossip should respect his poor remains and not disinter them merely to demonstrate that the past can never wholly die!

Had he then, some enemy of old hidden under one of those sleek surfaces?

An excellent visual memory reviewed successively the physical characteristics of Messieurs Monk, Phinuit and de Lorgnes, and their chauffeur Jules; with the upshot that Duchemin could have sworn that he had never before known any of these.

And Madame la Comtesse? In respect of that one memory again drew a blank, but remained satisfied. When one thought of her some remote, faint chord of reminiscence thrilled and hummed, but never recognizably.

Setting aside then the theory of positive personal animus, what other reason could there be for the effort to fasten upon Duchemin the suspicion of identity with the late Lone Wolf?

A sinister consideration, if any, and one Duchemin suspected not, unconnected with the much-talked-about jewels of Madame de Montalais.

And then, partly to kill time, he resumed his character as the pedestrian tourist.

He took the road in the heart

of a day even more oppressive than its yesterday. In the valley of the Dourbie the air was stagnant, lifeless. After eight miles of it Duchemin was guilty of two mistakes of desperation.

In the first instance he paused in La Roque-Sainte-Marguerite and, tormented by thirst, refreshed himself at the auberge where the barouche and guide had been hired to convey the party from Montalais on to Montpellier. The landlord remembered Duchemin and made believe he didn't, serving the wayfarer with a surly grace.

Duchemin drank sitting on a bench outside the door of the auberge. He could hear the voice of the landlord inside, grumbling and growling, to what purpose he couldn't determine. Before Duchemin was finished he found himself the cynosure of more than a few pair of eyes set in the ill-favored faces of natives of La Roque.

One gathered that the dead guide had enjoyed a fair amount of local popularity.

While Duchemin drank, a lout of a lad shambled out of the auberge, caught and saddled a dreary animal, mounted and rode off in the direction of Nant.

Then Duchemin committed his second error of judgment, which consisted in thinking to find better and cooler air on the heights across the river.

Accordingly, he crossed the Dourbie, reaching the top in a bath of sweat, and sat down to cool and breathe himself.

The view was splendid, almost worth the climb. Duchemin could see for miles up and down the valley. Across the way Duchemin identified the figure of the landlord, standing in the door of the auberge with arms raised and elbows thrust out on a level with his eyes: the pose of a man using field-glasses.

Having rested he picked himself up, found his road, a mere trail of wagon tracks, and mindful of the cooling drinks to be had in the Cafe de l'Ulivers, put his best foot foremost.

After a time something, call it instinct, impelled him to look back the way he had come. Half a mile distant he saw the figure of a peasant following the same road. Duchemin stopped and waited for the other to come up. But when he stopped the man stopped, sat him down upon a rock, filled a pipe, and conspicuously rested.

Duchemin gave an impatient gesture and moved on. After another mile he glanced over shoulder again. The same peasant occupied the same relative distance from him.

In dusk of evening he stumbled down into the valley again and struck the river road about midway between the Chateau de Montalais and Nant. At this junction several dwellings clustered. Duchemin noticed a few shadowy shapes loitering about, but was too far gone in fatigue and thirst to pay them any heed. He had no thought but to stop at the first house and beg a cup of water. As he lifted a hand to knock the door he was attacked.

With no more warning than a cry, the signal for the onslaught, and the sudden scuffling noise of several pair of feet, he wheeled, found himself already closely pressed by a number of men, and struck out at random. His stick struck on somebody's head with a resounding thump followed by a yell of pain. Then three men were grappling with him, two more seek-

ing to add them, and another lay in the roadway clutching a fractured skull and spitting oats and gobs.

His stick was seized and wrenched away. He was overwhelmed by numbers. The knot of struggling figures toppled and went to the dust, Duchemin underneath, so weighed down that he could not for the moment move a hand toward his pistol.

Half-stiffed by the reek of unwashed flesh, he heard broken phrases growled in voices hoarse with effort and excitement:

"The knife!" "Hold him!" "Stand clear and let me—!" "The knife!"

Struggling madly, he worked a leg free and kicked with all his might. One of his assailants



A VOICE CRIED: "QUICKLY, MONSIEUR, QUICKLY!"

howled aloud and fell back to nurse a broken shin. Two others scrambled out of the way, leaving one to pin him down with knees upon his chest, another to wield the knife.

Staring eyes caught a warning gleam on descending steel. Duchemin squirmed frantically to one side, and felt cold metal kiss the skin over his ribs as the blade penetrated his clothing, close under the armpit.

Before the man with the knife

could strike again, Duchemin roused to a mighty effort, threw off the ruffian on his chest, got on his knees and raining blows right and left as the others closed in again, somehow managed to scramble to his feet.

First-work told. For an instant he stood quite free, the center of a circle of uncertain assassins whose cowardice gave him time to whip out his pistol. But before he could level it a man was on his back, his wrist was seized and the weapon twisted from his grasp.

A cry of triumph was echoed by exclamations of alarm as, disarmed, Duchemin was again left free, the thugs standing back to let the pistol do its work. In that instant a broad sword of light swung round a nearby corner and smote the group; the twin, glaring eyes of a motor car flooded with blue-white radiance that tabelau of one man at bay in the middle of the road, in a ring of merciless enemies.

Duchemin's cry for help was uttered only an instant before his pistol exploded in alien hands. The headlights showed him distinctly the face of the man who fired, the same face of fat features black with soot that he had seen by moon light at Montpellier-de-Vieux.

But the bullet went wild, and the automobile did not stop, but drove directly at the group and so swiftly that the flash of the shot was still vivid in Duchemin's vision when the car swept between him and those others, scattering them like chickens.

Simultaneously the brakes were set, the dark bulk began to slide with locked wheels to a stop, and a voice cried: "Quickly, monsieur, quickly!"—the voice of Eve de Montalais.

In two bounds Duchemin overtook the car and before it had come to a standstill leaped upon the running board and grasped the side. He had one glimpse of the set white face of Eve as she bent forward, manipulating the gear-shift. Then the pistol spat again, its bullet struck him a blow of sickening agony in the side.

Aware that he was dangerously wounded, he put all that he had left of strength and will into one final effort, throwing his body across the door. As he fell sprawl-

ing into the tounneau consciousness departed like a light withdrawn. (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

NO STILLS CAPTURED.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Sept. 15.—During the month of August not a single moonshine still was captured in Monongalia County, according to the report of the Morgantown detachment of state police submitted by Sergeant Olin R. Ruth, in charge of the station. This is the first month to attain the record since the station was established, Sergeant Ruth declared. Members of the detachment made 45 arrests during the month, on various charges, in cases in which a total of \$645 in fines and \$185 in costs were collected.

TO HOLD CONVENTION.

BUCKHANNON, W. Va., Sept. 15.—The annual state convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held here October 3, 4 and 5, and Mrs. J. Walter Barnes, state president, has just completed a tour of central West Virginia, getting the organizations lined up for the state gathering. Many important issues are to be brought before the convention, those in charge of the plans have announced.

"111"

cigarettes

They are GOOD! 10¢

Guyandotte Club

COFFEE

A COMBINATION OF THE FINEST COFFEES GROWN, MELLOW AROMATIC, DELICIOUS

SAVING PRICES!

On New Fall Apparel & Right When You Want Them Most

Increasing our service to our customers by offering them new Fall Merchandise right at the very beginning of the season at sacrifice prices. The items in this Advertisement are just a few of the many awaiting you.

Wonderful Values in Women's New Fall Dresses

\$6.50 up

Materials are Serges, Silks, Satin, Crepe-de-Chine, Canton Crepe, Poret Twill, Tricotine, etc., and fashioned in the newest and most beautiful styles to please the most particular dressers. You certainly don't want to miss seeing this good looking selection of wool and silk dresses.

New Fall Suits

\$19.75 to \$45.00

Developed in all the newest and most wanted styles in Tricotine, Velour and Poret Twill—And you have your choice of either plain tailored or fur trimmed models.

Bargain Specials of Our Main Floor

SPECIAL SALE LADIES' SILK HOSE—Guaranteed pure silk hose in such wanted colors as black, white, cordovan, etc.—Also some with clox. Regular \$1.75 values. Special **\$1.19**

BOYS' SLIP-ON SWEATERS—All wool heavy slip-on sweaters in pretty color combinations. Sizes 26 to 34. Special at **\$2.95**

BOYS' AND GIRLS' RIBBED AND FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR—Good grade union suits of well known makes, offered at **69c to \$1.25**

MEN'S HEAVY BLUE CHAMBRAY AND POIROT SHIRTS—Well made, full cut work shirts. Sizes 14 to 17. Special at **\$1.49**

MEN'S NINE RIBBED WINTER WEIGHT UNION SUITS—White and Ecru colors—all sizes and regular \$2.00 values. Special at **\$1.49**

CHILDREN'S ALL-WOOL SWEATERS—Made in beautiful best effects and in all colors with sailor collars. Extra special at **\$2.95**

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL HOSE—Colors are black and brown. Extra good, fine ribbed hose. Sizes 6 to 10. Special at, per pair, **23c**

What You'll Find on our Second Floor

BOYS' TWO PANTS SUITS—Extra well made suits for boys, with an extra pair of trousers. Just what they need for school wear. Very special for Friday and Saturday at **\$4.95**

MEN'S 2-PANTS SUITS—In both sport and conservative models. Dandy good suits of worsteds and casimere, special at **\$18.00**

MEN'S DRESS SHOES—Tan and black dress shoes on both English and Blucher styles. Special at **\$3.95**

MEN'S NEW FALL HATS—All the newest colors and shapes, offered very special for today and Saturday at **\$2.95**

New Fall Sport and Dress Hats

\$2 to \$10

All the newest styles and shapes in every color a woman could possibly want. And best of all they are priced much lower than for many seasons.

Children's Serge School Dresses **\$3.95 up**

Extra well made, serviceable dresses, and just the right weight for school wearing. There are many different styles, too, to choose from.

Basement Specials

GOLDEN BLEND COFFEE, POUND **20c**

1 PT. BATTLESHIP MUSTARD **15c**

3 BOXES PANHANDLE MACARONI **25c**

1-2 POUND PARKER COCOA **15c**

VAN CAMP'S TOMATO SOUP 3 CANS FOR **25c**

3x6 WINDOW SHADES EACH **60c**

2 CANS RED KIDNEY BEANS **25c**

Silk and Wool Dresses

There's no question about these frocks taking a prominent place for both street and afternoon wear this fall, partly because they costume one so smartly and serviceably but also because they are just as good to look at.

Ask to See Our Special A Beautiful Dress Developed in Poret Twill at **\$16.50**

HOSIERY SPECIALS

With the thought in mind to supply the women of Fairmont with better hosiery at lower prices, we are giving the following special prices.

REGULAR \$2.00 SILK HOSE **\$1.65**

REGULAR \$2.50 SILK HOSE **\$1.95**

REGULAR \$3.00 SILK HOSE **\$2.25**

Millinery Special

For Saturday we are placing a group of new Fall Hats on sale at just about half their actual worth. Your choice for **\$5.00**

SCHOOLNIC'S

"Smart things to wear"

17 Main St

A Special Sale of Silk and Woolen Dresses

Embracing all the newest fall styles, materials and colors. The new shipments that have just arrived in our store make our selection of Silk and Wool Dresses for Fall fully complete.

Among the silk dresses are satin-back crepe, crepe-back satin, crepe-de-chine, canton crepe, etc., while the wool dresses, of course, consist of such heavier materials as serges, etc.

The Silk Dresses Are **\$21.75---\$24.75---\$29.50**

Woolen Dresses Are **\$14.75 to \$24.50**

Others Priced up to \$39.50

New Suits For Fall **\$25.00 to \$69.50**

All the newest and most desirable materials in the newest fashions. Many are plainly tailored, while others have trimmings of fur. Making your selection from our stocks will, indeed, be very easy.

Nobby Sport Suits **\$14.75 to \$24.50**

All the newest colors in Herringbone, Tweeds, etc. Of course, they're made on mannish lines, but there certainly isn't any coat more desirable for early fall wearing.

Attractive New Fall Skirts

We have just received a new shipment of Fall Skirts—offering one of the most complete and varied selections you will find anywhere. Prices are very moderate too. **\$5.95 TO \$9.50**

Fall Millinery

A complete showing of Pan and lined velour hats in all the newest Fall shapes and colors. Come early and have the advantage of larger selections.

Sport Hats **\$1.95 to \$4.95**

Dress Hats **\$5, \$7.50 & \$10**

Slip-over Sweaters

Materials are wool, mohair and silk and wool and in such a selection of colors that choosing the one you want is a pleasant task. Prices, too, are very moderate.

Several very exclusive models at **\$10.00 and \$15.00**

ROSEN'S FASHION SHOP

Fairmont Hotel Building Jefferson St.—Below Main

Golden Bros

On Golden Corner Fairmont