



**CHAPTER XII.**  
**PALISADE AVENUE.**

"Good morning, Mr. Westcott. How will you have this?"  
"In large bills, if you please."  
"Hundreds?"  
"Thousands, if convenient."  
The cashier passed out ten crisp bills of the denomination named. I thanked him, and, walking to the row of desks outside, carefully placed them, without crease or crinkle, within the folds of my large pocketbook, which was shoved into my inner coat pocket and the three buttons fastened over my chest. Then, came in hand, I stepped out into the street and once more walked toward Broadway.  
But I changed my mind, wheeled and came back.  
At the moment of turning someone dodged into a saloon down the street, as if seized with a sudden thirst. I caught only a glimpse of the small, well-shaped leg, clothed in business gray, as it whisked through the door. "I gave Covey Cone the slip once, and he doesn't mean I shall do it again."  
Not wishing him to think I suspected anything, I passed up the street, turned at the next block, and continued my walk in the direction of Broadway.

made some changes in his personal appearance. There are circumstances, such as at night, when the light is



Smilingly extended his hand.

scant, where disguises of that nature are effective, but the boasts of officers that they can so change their looks as to deceive in the glare of sunlight is humbug. The thing is impossible.

Covey Cone might have called into play the utmost resources of his art; but, having sat face to face with him and looked into his bright eyes, it would have been impossible for him to hoodwink me. If he were on the same train, he was in the smoker, and I was so sure that he was not a fellow-traveller that I did not take the trouble to look into the other cars.  
The run on the Northern road, with one or two exceptions, is less than 80 miles, and since there are no western connections, the trains almost invariably make exact time. As a consequence our local line drew up at Englewood at 12:18, which was one minute in advance of schedule time.  
Taking every man and woman scrutinized every man and woman who stepped off and went either to the waiting cabs, which whirled them away to their homes, or who made their way thither on foot. Covey Cone was not among them.  
And yet had I glanced at the other side of the train I could not have failed to see that gentleman, who, observing me on the watch, had plenty of time in which to disappear behind the buildings to the left, so that when the cars moved off he was invisible to me.  
Convinced that I had given the detective the slip and that he was to wear no hand in the momentous events of the evening, I sauntered to the hotel, there to await the time for my first move in the business.

Meanwhile the officer, lingering until I was out of the way, passed by a roundabout course to Palisade avenue, the main street of Englewood, and entered the telegraph office, from which he sent a message in cipher to New York. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went to the hotel across the street, where he, too, awaited the events of the evening.  
Two letters had come during my absence. One was a begging missive, from a young man in the West, which I tore up and flung aside. The other was from Jeanette Lawrence. With strange feelings I tremblingly opened it and read:

Dearest Harold,—It was sensible and good of you to follow the advice of Dr. Shippen. I address this to your city home, not knowing whether you have gone, but I suppose it will be forwarded. I pray that you may soon be fully yourself and will drive all the queer fancies from your head. I am sure that such will be the case. Mother and I are well, and she sends her love and best wishes, but we are taking no more carriage rides in Central Park.  
If you feel like writing a few lines to me, I need not tell you how grateful they will be received. But follow the counsel of the doctor, and believe me, as ever, yours, JEANETTE.

After holding this in my hand for some minutes, studying the beautifully-formed characters and tracing the sweet sentiments, I took up my pen to answer.  
But what should I say? What was there for me to say? I could not attempt to deceive her, for she would accept the effort as another proof of my distressing delusion and probably insist that I should see the physician without delay.  
If I should write as Harold would have written, breathing love and devotion, it would be still more cruel deception on my part and pile up sin against the day of reckoning which I felt was close at hand.  
Not to reply to the tender communication would be cold and neglectful.

But that was easier to bear than either of the other courses. The time would come when she would respect my motive.  
"And, whatever the outcome, she shall yield me that respect, for was man ever placed in a more trying situation than I?"  
And so the missive was tenderly folded up and placed in my pocket alongside the package of money. I could not tell why I preserved it with so much care, but it was more precious in my eyes than the ten bills of large denomination nesting close beside the letter of one of the best and fairest of women.  
The early evening mail brought a missive, forwarded from New York, which was of the most annoying nature. It was from Harold Westcott, or, as he insisted upon signing himself, "H. O. Walcott," and was written from Paris. It merely said that he had just reached that city, but would not remain more than two or three days, and warned me not to send him any mail or telegram, as neither would find him. "In fact," he added, "I am on the wing, and until you receive definite instructions from me consider yours truly as non est."  
"Confound him!" I muttered. "How

long is this farce to go on? If he would name a point where he could be reached by telegraph, I would have him start at once for home. But I am convinced that Harold is a coward. He is certain that this counterfeiting business means the most serious trouble for him, and he intends not only to keep beyond reach, but beyond all communication, until assured that it has blown over. It will save him right if he suffers some mental distress because of his poltroonery. But, all the same, I would like to telegraph him that not a shadow of peril remains, and I hope to do so to-morrow morning.  
"He must be on the hunt for Miss Lawrence. Not suspecting that she has left for America, he has failed to take the course which would tell him the truth. But that cannot be kept back much longer. Probably by this time he has made the discovery, and is on his way to Liverpool, or perhaps has started across the ocean."  
My speculations and musings might run on forever in this fashion without any definite result, but it was now night, and my energies must be given in another direction.

Palisade avenue is the name of the road which runs due east for two miles from Englewood to the magnificent bluffs of the Hudson. Most of the way is a tiresome climb, the latter portion being a beautiful level stretch, which is a favourite wheel-way for parties, some of whom cross from the upper portion of New York Handsome residences line the highway for some distance from the young city, beyond which the woods come down to the road on both sides.  
Although from what I had learned the neighbourhood was familiar to Harold, it was little known to me. Fortunately on the first Sunday afternoon spent in Englewood I took the walk to the river and thus gained a general knowledge of the route, which now stood me well.

The night was cool, with a gentle breeze and a few clouds in the sky, which, drifting across the face of the full moon, made the light treacherous and uncertain. It was about half-past eight that I left the hotel, and, turning up Palisade avenue, was soon climbing the hills, which follow one another for a mile or so.  
Since I had no weapons with me, I depended mainly upon my eyes, and had not gone far beyond the limits of the town when I made a disquieting discovery.

George W. Vanderbilt.  
A North Carolina man is quoted in the Washington Post as saying that George W. Vanderbilt is one of the most popular men in that state. "And now," he adds, "he has increased his popularity by proposing to build in Asheville a hospital for the treatment of consumptives and persons suffering with contagious diseases. He will donate \$100,000 as a starter for the institution, which will be, when completed, one of the finest in the south. Mr. Vanderbilt is not selfish with his immense fortune, and if there were more wealthy men after his pattern the world would be better off."

(To be Continued.)  
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