HOW FLYNN FOILED THE SICILIAN COUNTERFEITERS

A Dime Novel in Real Life Is the Story of the International Conspiracy Which Came to an End Last Week With the Suicide of the Head of the Plot.

"What you want?" came back in Italian.

The young man with the remote face stared through the glass of the little window in the front of the little building.

"I want to see the man who-" the man began, but he broke off suddenly and then went on: "I want to see the man who is in charge of the post-office here in this town.

"That man must know where I can get the address of a man who lives in another part of the country. I must have this address, and I will pay you for it."

"How much do you want?"

"I will pay you a dollar."

"Dollar?" the man repeated, and lent his head nearer to the window. "That's a lot of money. Where does this man live?"

"In California."

"California?" the man repeated in a dazed voice. "I don't know anything about California." Then the man's face grew grave and stern as he said: "I won't tell you where he lives."

"I'll give you two dollars!" the man offered, but he was answered only by the silence of the building.

"I'll give you three dollars!" the man offered, but the man still did not answer. Then the man drew his head back, and when he next spoke his voice was low and deadly. "I'll give you five dollars!" he said, and the man's head moved as if to wave the money away. But the man's voice was as clear as the ringing of a bell. "Will you take the money?"

"Will you take the money?"

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"I'll give you ten dollars!" the man offered, but he was answered by the sound of the door theatrically closing. Then the only sound that reached the ear was the distant metallic click of the latch on the door. But the man still stood there, staring out in the street until the silence of the town had once more settled down on him. Then he turned and walked away, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake. For the last time the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake."

"Well, how much money did you give him?"

"I gave him five dollars," the man answered, as if he were in no hurry to get off the subject.

"It was a lot of money."

"I know it was," the man answered, and then he added: "But I had to have it."

"What did the man say?"

"He said he would give me the address of the man who lived in California."

"Did he?"

"Did he?"

"Did he?"

"Well, I'll tell you what to do. You go into the post-office and you ask for the man who lives in California."

"That's what I'm going to do," the man answered, and then he turned and walked away, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake. For the last time the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake."

"Well, what happened?"

"He said he would give me the address of the man who lived in California."

"Did he?"

"Did he?"

"Did he?"

"Well, I'll tell you what to do. You go into the post-office and you ask for the man who lives in California."

"That's what I'm going to do," the man answered, and then he turned and walked away, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake. For the last time the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake, and the man who had been standing there in the post-office followed in his wake.