The Shield

By FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private office and escapes with $100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him, and sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train. Griswold falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for by Miss Farnham on her home in Wahaska by Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska. Margery finds the stolen money in Griswold's suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her brother to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it. Griswold recovers, to find the stolen money gone. He meets Margery's social circle and forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacture. Broffin comes to Wahaska in search of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter to Galbraith. Margery takes Griswold to the safety deposit vault and turns the stolen money over to him. Charlotte blurts out Broffin's name and Margery begins to watch him. Griswold puts his money in Raymer's plant and commences to rewrite his book. Griswold goes to dinner at Doctor Farnham's and is not sure that Charlotte has not recognized him.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"It was a man—he was looking in at the window!" she returned in low tones. "I thought I saw him once before; but this time I am certain!"

Griswold sprang from his chair, and a moment later was letting himself out noiselessly through the hall door. There was nothing stirring on the porch. He was still groping among the bushes, and Miss Farnham had come to the front door, when the doctor's buggy appeared under the street lights and was halted at the home hitching post.

"Hello, Mr. Griswold; is that you?" called the cheery one, when he saw a bareheaded man beating the covers in his front yard.

Griswold met his host at the gate and walked up the path with him.

"Miss Charlotte thought she saw someone at one of the front windows," he explained; and a moment afterward the daughter was telling it for herself.

"I saw him twice," she insisted; "once while we were at dinner, and again just now. The first time I thought I might be mistaken, but this time—"

Griswold was laughing silently and inwardly deriding his gifts when, under cover of the doctor's return, he made decent acknowledgments for benefits bestowed and took his departure. On the pleasant summer night walk to Upper Shawnee street he was congratulating himself upon

"It Was a Man—He Was Looking in at the Window."

the now quite complete fulfillment of the wishing prophecy. Miss Farnham was going to prove to be all that the most critical maker of studies from life could ask in a model; a supremely perfect original for the character of Fidelia in the book. Moreover, she would be his touchstone for the truth and verities; even as Margery Grierson might, if she were forgiving enough to let bygones be bygones, hold the mirror up to nature and the pure humanities. Moreover, again, whatever slight danger there might have been in a possibility of recognition was a danger outlived. If the first meeting had not stirred the sleeping memories in Miss Farnham, subsequent ones would serve only to widen the gulf between forgetfulness and recollection by just such distances as the Wahaska Griswold should traverse in leaving behind him the deckhand of the Belle Julie.

How much this might have been modified if he had known that the man whose face Miss Farnham had seen at the window was silently tracking him through the tree-shadowed streets is a matter for conjecture. Also, it is to be presumed that much, if not all, of the complacency would have vanished if he could have been an unseen listener in the Farnham sitting-room, during the time when little Miss Gilman pattered off to bed, leaving the father and daughter sitting together under the reading lamp.

At first their talk was entirely of the window apparition, the daughter insisting upon its reality, and the father trying to push it over into the limbo of things imagined. Driven finally to give all the reasons for her belief in the realities, Charlotte related the incident of the afternoon.

By this time the good Doctor Bertie had become the indignant Doctor Bertie.

"We can't have that at all!" he said incisively. "You did your whole duty in that bank matter; and it was a good deal more than most young women would have done. I'm not going to have you persecuted and harassed—not one minute! Where is this fellow stopping?"

The daughter shook her head. "I don't know. He gave me his card, but it has the New Orleans address only."

"Give it to me and I'll look him up, tomorrow."

The card changed hands, and for a few minutes neither of them spoke. Then the daughter began again.

"I've had another shock this evening, too," she said, speaking this time in low tones and with eyes downcast. "This Mr. Griswold—did I understand you to say that he had lost all of his money?"

"Yes; practically all of it," said the father, without losing his hold upon what a certain great London physician was saying through the columns of the English medical journal.

But afterward, long after Charlotte had gone up to her room, he remembered, with a curious little start of half-awakened puzzlement, that someone, no longer ago than yesterday, had told him that young Griswold was rich—or if not rich, at least "well fixed."

CHAPTER XIX.

Pitfalls.

Within a week from the day when Raymer, angrily jubilant, had rescued his imperiled stock, it was pretty generally known that Kenneth Griswold, the writing man, had become the fourth member in the close corporation of the Raymer Foundry and Machine works, and Wahaska was eagerly discussing the business affair in all its possible and probable bearings upon the Raymers, the Griersons and and the newly elected directory of the Pineboro railroad.

Of all this buzzing of the gossip bees the person most acutely concerned heard little or nothing. Digging deeply in the inspiration field, Griswold speedily became oblivious to most of his encompassments; to all of them, indeed, save those which bore directly upon the beloved task. Among these, he counted the frequent afternoon visits to Mereside, and the scarcely less frequent evenings spent in the Farnham home. He was using each of the young women as a foil for the other in the outworking of his plot; and he welcomed it as a sign of growth that the story in its new form was acquiring verisimilitude and becoming gratefully, and at times, he persuaded himself, quite vividly, human.

When he got well into the swing of it and was turning out a chapter every three or four days, he fell easily into the habit of slipping the last installment into his pocket when he went to Mereside. Margery Grierson was adding generously to his immense obligation to her; hoping only to find a friendly listener, he found a helpful collaborator. More than once, when his own imagination was at fault, she was able to open new vistas in the humanities for him, apparently drawing upon a reserve of intuitive conclusions compared with which his own hard-bought store of experimental knowledge was an almost puerile.

"I wish you would tell me the secret of your marvelous cleverness," he exclaimed, on one of the June afternoons when he had been reading to her in the cool half-shadows of the Mereside library. "You are only a child in years; how can you know with such miraculous certainty what other people would think and do under conditions about which you can't possibly know anything experimentally? It's beyond me!"

"There are many things beyond you yet, dear boy; many, many things," was her laughing rejoinder, from which it will be inferred that the epithet so in the Farmers' and Merchants' burglar-proof had become an episode forgotten—or at least forgiven. "You know men—a little; but when it comes to the women . . . well, if I didn't keep continually nagging at you, your two heroines—with neither of whom you are really in love—would degenerate into rag dolls. They would, actually."

"That's true; I can see it clearly enough when you point it out," he admitted, putting his craftsman pride underfoot, as he was always obliged to do in these talks with her. "I should be discouraged if you didn't keep on telling me that the story, as a story, is good."

"It is good; it is a big story," she asserted, with kindling enthusiasm. "The plot, so far as you have gone with it, is fine; and that is where you leave me away behind. I don't see how you could ever think it out. And the character drawing is fine, too, some of it. Your Fleming is as far beyond me as your Fidelia seems to be beyond you."

"You don't know Fleming yet. Have you ever met Fidelia?"

"Not as you have drawn her—no. She is too unutterably fine. If she had a single shred of humanity about her, I should suspect you of meaning to fall in love with her, farther along—to the humiliation and despair of poor Joan, who, as you say, is a mere daughter of men."

"But how about Joan?" he fretted. "Is she out of drawing, too?"

"Yes; you are distorting her the other way—making her too inhumanly worldly and insincere." Then, with an abruptness that was like a slap in the face: "If you didn't spend so many evenings at Doctor Bertie's, you would get on better."

He flushed and drew himself up, with stabbed amour propre prompting him to make some stinging retort contrasting the wells of truth with the

Instantly the Primitive Instinct of Self-Preservation Sprang Alert.

brackish waters of sheer worldliness. Then he saw how inadequate it would be; how utterly impossible it was to meet this charmingly vindictive young person upon any grounds save those of her own choosing.

"That is the first really unkind thing I have ever heard you say," was the mild reproach which was all that the reactionary second thought would sanction.

"Unkind to whom?—to you, or to Miss Farnham?"

"Ask yourself," he countered weakly, and she laughed at him.

Griswold did not reply to the laugh. He was gathering up the scattered pages of his manuscript and replacing them in order. When he spoke again it was of a matter entirely irrelevant.

"I had an odd experience the other evening," he said. "I had been chatting with the Raymers and was walking back to Shawnee street. A little newsboy named Johnnie Fergus turned up from somewhere at one of the street crossings and tried to sell me a paper—at eleven o'clock at night! I bought one and joked him about being out so late; and from that on I couldn't get rid of him. He went all the way home with me, talking a blue streak and acting as if he were afraid of something or somebody. I remembered afterward that he is the boy who takes care of your boat. Is there anything wrong with him?"

Miss Grierson had left her chair and had gone to stand at one of the windows.

"Nothing that I know of," she said. "He is a bright boy—too bright for his own good, I'm afraid. But I can explain—a little. Johnnie has taken a violent fancy to you for some reason, and he has fallen into the boyish habit of weaving all sorts of romances around you. I think he reads too many exciting stories and tries to make you the hero of them. He told me the other day that he was sure somebody was 'spotting' you."

Griswold looked up quickly. Miss Grierson was still facing the window, and he was glad that she had not seen his nervous start.

"'Spotting' me?" he laughed. "Where did he get that idea?"

"How should I know? But he had made himself believe it; he even went so far as to describe the man. Oh, I can assure you Johnnie has an imagination; I've tested it in other ways."

"I should think so!" said the man who also had an imagination, and shortly afterward he took his leave.

An hour later the same afternoon, Broffin, from his post of observation on the Winnebago porch, saw the writing man cross the street and enter a hardware shop. Having nothing better to do, he, too, crossed the street and, in passing, looked into the open door of Simmons & Kleifurt's. What he saw brought him back at the end of a reflective stroll around the public square. When he entered the shop the clerk was putting a formidable array of weapons back into their showcase niches. Broffin lounged up and began to handle the pistols.

"If I knew enough about guns to be able to tell 'em apart, I might buy one," he said, half humorously. And then: "You must 've been having a mighty particular customer—to get so many of 'em out."

"It was Mr. Griswold, Mr. Ed Raymer's new partner," said the clerk. And he was pretty particular; wouldn't have anything but these new-fashioned automatics. Said he wanted something that would be quick and sure, and I guess he's got it—I sold him two of 'em."

Broffin played with the stock long enough to convince the clerk that he was only a counter lounger with no intention of buying. "Took two of 'em, did he?—for fear one might make him sick, I reckon," he said, with the half-humorous grin still lurking under the drooping mustaches. "Automatic thirty-twos, eh? Well, I ain't goin' to try to hold your Mr. Griscom, did you call him?—up none after this. He might git me."

Whereupon, having found out what he wanted to know, he lounged out again and went back to the hotel to smoke another of the reflective cigars in the porch chair which had come to be his by right of frequent and long-continued occupancy.

* * * * * *

Griswold had left the Mereside library considerably shaken, not in his convictions, to be sure, but in his confidence in his own powers of imaginative analysis. For this cause it required a longer after-dinner stay at the Farnhams than he had been allowing himself, to re-establish the norm of self-assurance. Charlotte Farnham was never enthusiastic; that, perhaps, would be asking too much of an ideal; but what she lacked in warmth was made up in cool sanity, backed by a moral sense that seemed never to waver. Unerringly she placed her finger upon the human weaknesses in his book people, and unfalteringly she bade him reform them.

For his Fidelia, as he described her, she exhibited a gentle affection, tempered by a compassionate pity for her weaknesses and waverings; an attitude, he fatuously told himself, forced upon her because her own standards were so much higher than any he could delineate or conceive. For Joan there was also compassion, but it was mildly contemptuous.

"If I did not know that you are incapable of doing such a thing, I might wonder if you are not drawing your Joan from life, Mr. Griswold," she said, a little coldly, on this same evening of rehabilitations. "Since such characters are to be found in real life, I suppose they may have a place in a book. But you must not commit the unpardonable sin of making your readers condone the evil in her for the sake of the good. Please forget what I have said about your Fidelia and—and your Joan. You are trying to make them human, and that is it should be."

Griswold could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. He told himself fiercely that he would never believe, without the convincement of fact, that the ideal could step down from its pedestal.

"You are meaning to be kind to me now, at the expense of your convictions, Miss Charlotte," he protested warmly.

"No," she denied gravely. "Listen, and you shall judge. Once, only a short time ago, I was brought face to face with one of these terrible compromises. In a single instant, and by no fault of my own, the dreadful sheers of fate were thrust into my hands, and conscience—what I have been taught to call the Christian conscience—told me that with them I must snip the thread of a man's life. And then chance threw us together. A new world was opened to me in those few moments. I had thought that there could be no possible question between simple right and wrong, but almost in his first word the man convinced me that, whatever I might think or the world might say, his conscience had fully and freely acquitted him. And he proved it; proved it so that I can never doubt it as long as I live. He made me do what my conscience had been telling me I ought to do—just as your Fleming makes Fidelia do."

"And he was taken?" he said, and he strove desperately to make the saying completely colorless.

"He was; but he made his escape again, almost at once. He is still a free man."

Instantly the primitive instinct of self-preservation, the instinct of the hunted fugitive, sprang alert in the listener.

"How can you be sure of that?" he asked; and in his own ears his voice sounded like the clang of an alarm bell.

Again a silence fell, surcharged, this one, with all the old frightful possibilities. Once more the loathsome fever quickened the pulses of the man at bay, and the curious needlelike prickling of the skin came to signal the return of the homicidal fear-frenzy. The reaction to the normal racked him like the passing of a mortal sickness when his own angel said in her most matter-of-fact tone:

"I know he is free; I have it on the best possible authority. The detectives who are searching for him have been here to see me—or, at least, one of them has."

The hunted one laid hold of the partial reprieve with a mighty grip and drew himself out of the reactionary whirlpool.

"It is an outrage! I hope it is an annoyance past."

His companion leaned forward in her chair and cautiously parted the leafy vine screen.

"Look across the street—under those trees at the waiter's edge: do you see him?"

Griswold looked and was reasonably sure that he could make out the shadowy figure of a man leaning against one of the trees.

"That is my shadow," she said, lowering her voice; "Mr. Matthew Broffin of the Colburne Detective agency in New Orleans. He has a foolish idea that I am in communication with the man he is searching for, and he was brutal enough to tell me so. What he expects to accomplish by keeping an absurd watch upon our house and disgaining everybody who comes and goes, I can't imagine."

"You have told your father?" said Griswold, anxious to learn how far this new alarm fire had spread.

"Certainly; and he has made his protest. But it doesn't do any good: the man keeps on spying, as you see. But we have wandered a long way from your book. I've been trying to prove to you that I am not fit to criticize it."

"No; you mustn't mistake me. I haven't been coming to you for criticism," was Griswold's rather incoherent reply; and when the talk threatened to lapse into the commonplaces, he took his leave. Oddly enough, as he thought, when he was unlatching the gate and had shifted one of the newly purchased automatics from his hip pocket to an outside pocket of the light top-coat he was wearing, the shadowy figure under the lake-shading trees had disappeared.

It was only a few minutes after the lingering dinner guest had gone when the doctor came out on the porch, bringing his long-stemmed pipe for a bedtime whiff in the open air.

"You are losing your beauty sleep, little girl," he said, dropping into the chair lately occupied by the guest. "Did you find out anything more tonight?"

The daughter did not reply at once, and when she did there was a note of freshly summoned hardihood in her voice.

"We were both mistaken," she affirmed. "Coincidences are always likely to be misleading. I am sorry I told you about them. He has certainly been a present help in time of need to Edward."

As before, the good little doctor had recourse to his pipe, and it was not until his daughter got up to go in that he said gently: "One other word, Charlie, girl, before you altogether sure that the wish isn't father to the thought—about Griswold?"

"Don't be absurd, papa!" she said scornfully, passing swiftly behind his chair to reach the door; and with that answer he was obliged to be content.

CHAPTER XX.

Broken Links.

It was on the second day after the pistol-buying incident in Simmons & Kleifurt's that Broffin, wishful for solitude and a chance to think in perspective, took to the woods.

A letter from the New Orleans office had reopened the account of the Bayou State Security robbery. The mail communication was significant but inconclusive. One Patrick Sheehan, a St. Louis cab driver, dying, had made confession to his priest. For a bribe of two hundred dollars he had aided and abetted the escape of a criminal on a day and date corresponding to the mid-April arrival of the steamer Belle Julie at St. Louis. Afterward he had given the man to an up-town hotel (name not given). He could not recall the man's name. But the destination address, "Wahaska, Minnesota," was submitted with the confession.

Broffin felt himself short-sighted from the very nearness of things. The single necessity now was for absolute and unshakable identification. To establish this, three witnesses, and three only, could be called upon. Of the three, two had failed signally—Miss Farnham because she had her own reasons for blocking the game, and President Galbraith—that was another chapter in the book of failure. Broffin had learned that the president was stopping at the De Soto Inn, and he had maneuvered to bring Mr. Galbraith face to face with Griswold in the Grierson bank on the day after the pistol-buying. To his astonishment and disgust the president had given his head irritably, adding a rebuke. "Na, na, man; your trade makes ye over-suspicious. That's Mr. Griswold, the writer-man and a friend of the Griersons. Miss Madge was telling me about him last week. He's no more like the robber than you are. Haven't I told ye the man was bearded like a tyke?"

With two of the three eye-witnesses refusing to testify, there remained only Johnson, the paying teller of the Bayou State bank. Broffin was considering the advisability of wiring for Johnson when he passed the last of the houses on the lakeside drive and struck into the country road which led by cool and shaded forest windings to the resort hotel at the head of the southern lake. Shortly afterward he overtook and passed him. It was Miss Grierson's trap, drawn by the big English trap-horse, with Miss Grierson herself holding the reins and Raymer lounging comfortably in the spare seat.

Half an hour later Broffin had followed the huge hoof-prints of the great English trap-horse to the driveway portal of the De Soto grounds where they were lost on the pebbled carriage approach. Strolling on through the grounds into the lake-fronting lobby of the inn, he wept in search of Miss Grierson. He found her on the broad veranda, alone, and for the moment unoccupied. How to make the attack so direct and so overwhelming that it could not be withstood was the only remaining question; and Broffin had answered it to his own satisfaction, and was advancing through an open French window directly behind Miss Grierson's chair to put the answer into effect, when the opportunity was snatched away. Raymer, his business apparently concluded, came down the veranda and took the chair next to Miss Grierson's.

Broffin dropped back into the writing-room alcove for which the open French window was the outlet and sat down to bide his time.

"It's a shame to make you wait this way, Miss Madge. McMurtry said he had an appointment with Mr. Galbraith for three o'clock, and he had to go to keep it. But he ought to be down again by this time. Don't wait for me if you want to go back to town. I can get a lift from somebody."

"That would be nice, wouldn't it?" was the good-natured retort. "To make you tie up your own horse in town and then leave you stranded away out here three miles from nowhere! I think I see myself doing such a thing! Besides, I haven't a thing to do but wait."

Broffin shifted the extinct cigar he was chewing from one corner of his mouth to the other and pulled his soft hat lower over his eyes. He, too, could wait. There was a little stir on the veranda; a rustling of silk petticoats and the click of small heels on the hardwood floor. Broffin could not forbear the peering peep around the sheltering window curtains. Miss Grierson had left her seat and was pacing a slow march up and down. That she had not seen him became a fact sufficiently well-assured when she sat down again and began to speak to Griswold.

"How is the new partnership going, by this time?" she asked, after the manner of one who rewinnows the chaff of the commonplaces in the hope of finding grain enough for the immediate need.

"So far as Griswold is concerned, you wouldn't notice that there is a partnership," laughed the irrepressible founder. "I can't make him galvanize an atom of interest in his investment. All I can get out of him is, 'Don't bother me; I'm busy.'"

"Mr. Griswold is in a class by himself, don't you think?" was the questioning comment.

"He is all kinds of a good fellow; that's all I know, and all I ask to know," answered Raymer loyally.

"I believe that—now," said his companion, with the faintest possible emphasis upon the time-word.

Broffin marked the emphasis and the pause that preceded it, and leaned forward to miss no word.

"Meaning that there was a time when you didn't believe it?" Raymer asked.

"Meaning that there was a time when he had me scared half to death," confessed the one who seemed always to say the confidential thing as if it were the most trivial. "Do you remember one day in the library, when you found me looking over the file of the newspapers for the story of the robbery of the Bayou State Security bank in New Orleans?"

Raymer remembered it very well, and admitted it.

"Yes; I remember it all very clearly. Also I recollect how the second newspaper notice told how the robber escaped from the officers at St. Louis. But you haven't told me how you were scared," Raymer suggested.

"There Wasn't the Littlest Thing."

"I'm coming to that. This escape we read about happened on a certain day in April. It was the very day on which papa met me on my way back from Florida, and we took the eleven-thirty train north that night. You haven't forgotten that Mr. Griswold was a passenger on that same train?"

"But, goodness gracious, Miss Margery! any number of people were passengers on that train. You surely wouldn't—"

"Hush!" she said, and through the lace window hangings Broffin saw her lift a warning finger. "What I am telling you, Mr. Raymer, is in the strictest confidence; we mustn't let a breath of it get out. But to start at all, Mr. Griswold was dreadfully sick and, of course, he couldn't tell us anything about himself. But while he was delirious he was always muttering something about money, money; money that he had lost and couldn't find, or money that he had found and couldn't lose. Then when we thought he couldn't possibly get well, Doctor Bertie and I ransacked his suitcases for cards or letters or something that would tell us who he was and where he came from. There wasn't the littlest thing!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Oh Look!"

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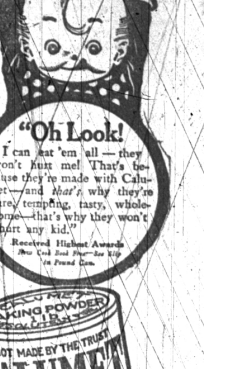

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House-Hunter—Seems to me this house isn't very well built. The floor shakes when we walk.

Agent—Um—yes; that's the new kind of spring floor for dancing, you know.

House-Hunter—And these stairs creak terribly.

Agent—Yes. We furnish this new patent burglar alarm staircase without extra charge.

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

Luring Him On.

Old Boarder—How does it happen that you gave that man the tenderloin and me the tough end?

Waiter Girl—He hasn't decided to stay yet.

Half a lie is no better than a whole one.

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HAD ITS ORIGIN IN AMERICA

British King's Royal Rifle Corps, Now in France, Raised in 1755 in the United States.

There is a keen rivalry among the various regiments of the British army in every way. Naturally the rivalry is greatest where fighting is concerned, and every regiment is only too eager to take part in the war, and so add more fighting honors to its name. The regiment with the greatest number of battle honors is one that has already been in the thick of the fighting in France, the King's Royal Rifle corps. Already in the great war it has acquired another Victoria Cross, that of Major Dimmer of the Second battalion.

In the Boer war the regiment carried into two V. C's, fourteen D. S. O.'s, and thirty-five D. C. M.'s. It has been through about forty battles, the names of the most important of which appear on the cap badge.

The King's Royal Rifle corps was originally raised in 1755 in the United States, when those states belonged to us, and was known then as the Sixtieth (Royal American) Regiment of Foot. It is supposed to have been the first regiment to be armed with the rifle.—Pearson's Magazine.

Wonder of Mechanism.

Half a century ago there was not a watch in existence capable of meeting the requirements of American railway time service today. Railway time inspection has set the limit of variation from true time, for its employees' watches at 30 seconds a week. This means that the balance wheel shall not vary in its motion to the extent of one vibration out of every 20,000. Taking into consideration the various causes of disturbance to which a railway engineer's watch is subjected, the jolts and jars, the changes of temperature and the magnetic influence incidental to the proximity of large masses of iron and steel, this performance is truly remarkable. That it is possible to secure such accuracy in such a tiny piece of mechanism subjected to those adverse influences is little short of marvelous, and justifies the claim that the watch of today is the most wonderful piece of mechanism that the ingenuity of man has ever produced.—Scientific American.

Confusion of Tongues.

Most people are so sparing of the use of languages other than their own that they have little idea that there are more than 4,000 languages in the world. There are six languages common in Austria-Hungary, and Emperor Franz Joseph is master of them all. It is said that there are 60 vocabularies in Brazil. In Mexico the Nahaa is spoken in 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo, while in Australia there is no classifying the complexities. According to the latest statistics, English is at present spoken by 120,000,000, German by 100,000,000, Russian by 70,000,000, French by 40,000,000, and Italian by 40,000,000, and it is constantly on the increase owing to the increase in commerce in Spain.