asked.

pocket-book?

nation on your part."

the rhyme for it.'

will help any."

a bad way. Not a jury in the country

would stand out against the stains,

"Then you think Sullivan did it?" I

"Of course," said McKnight con-

fidently. "Unless you did it in your

sleep. Look at the stains on his pil-

dien't he have the man Harrington's

"But why did he go off without the

"Search me," McKnight retorted flip-

"Then there is the piece of tele-

putting out his eigarette against the

"But listen to this," I contended, as

than to us. We could have the case

"You'd better go home," I said firm-

necktie to dream over if you think it

Mrs. Klopton's voice came drowsily

pantly. "Inflammation of the imagi-

money?" I persisted. "And where

does the bronze-haired girl come in?'

the stiletto, and the murdered man's

pocket-book in your possession."

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Fronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's he is attracted by the picture a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stuper in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. awakens in lower seven and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blake-ley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Cir cumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from burning car by the girl in blue. His arm Together they go to the Carter farm for breakfast. The girl proves to be Allson West, his partner's sweet heart. Alison's peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley, unnoticed, puts it in his pocket, landlady of strange happenings.

CHAPTER XI-Continued.

"Is she talking still? or again?" he asked, just before the door closed. There was a second's indecision with the knob, then, judging discretion the better part, Mrs. Klopton went away.

"Now, then," McKnight said, setand set a watch on him." tling bimself in a chair beside the bed, "spit it out. Not the wreck-I ed "It's a family heirloom." know all I want about that. But the theft. I can tell you beforehand that ly. "Go home and go to bed. You're sleepy. You can have Sullivan's red it was a woman."

I had crawled painfully out of bed, and was in the act of pouring the eggnog down the pipe of the washstand I paused, with the glass in the air. 'A woman!" I repeated, startled.

"What makes you think that?" "You don't know the first principles of a good detective yarn," he said scornfully. "Of course, it was the woman in the empty house next door. You said it was brass pipes, you will remember. Well-on with the dance;

let joy be unconfined."

So-I told the story; I had told it so many times that day that I did it automatically. And I told about the girl with the bronze hair, and my suspicions. But I did not mention Alison West. McKnight listened to the end without interruption. When I had finished he drew a long breath.

"Well!" he said. "That's something of a mess, isn't it? If you can only prove your mild and childlike disposition, they couldn't hold you for the murder-which is a regular ten-twentthirt crime, anyhow. But the notesthat's different. They are not burned, anyhow. Your man wasn't on the train-therefore, he wasn't in the wreck. If he didn't know what he was taking, as you seem to think, he probably reads the papers, and unless he is a fathead, he's awake by this time to what he's got. He'll try to sell them to Bronson, probably."

"Or to us," I put in. We said nothing for a few minutes. McKnight smoked a cigarette and stared at a photograph of Candida over the mantel. Candida is the best pony for a heavy mount in seven states.

"I didn't go to Richmond," he observed finally. The remark followed my own thoughts so closely that I started. "Miss West is not home yet from Seal Harbor."

Receiving no response, he lapsed again into thoughtful silence. Mrs. Klopton came in just as the clock struck one, and made preparation for the night by putting a large gaudy comfortable into an arm chair in the dressing room, with a smaller, stiffbacked chair for her feet. She was characterizes her at night, "somebody quoted unctuously. "It's pure reacwonderfully attired in a dressing gown called up about noon, Mr. Lawrence. | tion, Lollie. Yesterday the sky was that was reminiscent, in parts, of all It was long distance, and he said he the ones she had given me for a half would call again. The name was"dozen Christmases, and she had a purple veil wrapped around her head, to hide heaven knows what deficiency. She examined the empty egg-nog glass, inquired what the evening paper had said about the weather, and then stalked into the dressing room, and preparmed, with much ostentatious creaking, to sit up all night.

We fell silent again, while Mc-Knight traced a rough outline of the berths on the white tablecover, and puzzled it out slowly. It was something like this:

12	10 *	8
	AISLE	
11	9	7

"You think he changed the tags on seven and nine, so that when you went back to bed you thought you were crawling into nine, when it was really seven, ch?"

"Probably-yes." "Then toward morning, when everybody was asleep, your theory is that he changed the numbers again and

left the train." "I can't think of any thing else," I

replied wearily.

"Jove, what a game of bridge that fellow would play! It was like finessing an eight-spot and winning out. They would scarcely have doubted you had the tags been reversed in the morning. He certainly left you in reled and made it up, fussed together years; men don't need to be told, and one but Rich! Some things were mine, however,

tween two men who have gone to-

and I would hold them: The halcyon breakfast, the queer hat, the pebble in her small shoe, the gold bag with the broken chain-the bag! Why, it was in my pocket at that moment. I got up painfully and found my

cost. Yes, there was the purse, bulging with an opulent suggestion of wealth inside. I went back to bed again, somewhat dizzy, between effort and the touch of the trinket, so lately hers. I held it up by its broken chain and gloated over it. By careful attention to orders, I ought to be out in a day or so. Then-I could return it to her. I really ought to do that; it was low, and the dirk stuck into it. And valuable, and I wouldn't care to trust it to the mail. I could run down to Richmond, and see her once-there

was no disloyalty to Rich in that. I had no intention of opening the little bag. I put it under my pillowwhich was my reason for refusing to have the linen slips changed, to Mrs. Klopton's dismay. And sometimes during the morning, while I lay under a gram. It said lower ten, car seven. virgin field of white, ornamented with It's extremely likely that she had it. strange flowers, my cigarettes hidden That telegram was about me, Richey." beyond discovery, and Science and "I'm getting a headache," he said, Health on a table by my elbow, as if by the merest accident, I slip my hand sole of his shoe. "All I'm certain of under my pillow and touch it revjust now is that if there hadn't been erently.

a wreck, by this time you'd be sitting McKnight came in about 11. I heard in an eight by ten cell, and feeling like his car at the curb, followed almost immediately by his slam at the front new awe. door, and his usual clamor on the he picked up his hat, "this fellow Sul- stairs. He had a bottle under his livan is a fugitive, and he's a lot more arm, rightly surmising that I had been likely to make advances to Bronson forbidden stimulant, and a large box she should die." of cigarettes in his pocket, suspecting

continued, release Bronson on bail my deprivation. "Well," he said cheerfully. "How 'Not my watch," McKnight protestdid you sleep after keeping me up half the night?"

I slipped my hand around; the purse was well covered.

"Have it now, or wait till I get the cork out?" he rattled on. "I don't want anything," I protested "I wish you wouldn't be so darned

from the next room, punctuated by a cheerful, Richey." He stopped whityawn. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," she tling to stare at me.



I Knew That Bit of Chain,

she yawned-"Sullivan."

CHAPTER XII.

The Gold Bag.

I have always smiled at those cases of spontaneous combustion which, like fusing the component parts of a seidlitz powder, unite two people in a bubbling ephermeral ecstasy. But suresurely there is possible, with but a single meeting, an attraction so great, a community of mind and interest so strong, that between that first meeting and the next the bond may grow into something stronger. This is especially true, I fancy, of people with temperament, the modern substitute pose?" for imagination. It is a nice question whether lovers begin to love when they are together, or when they are apart.

Not that I followed any such line of reasoning at the time. I would not even admit my folly to myself. But ly. "Because a man reaches the age during the restless hours of that first of 30 without making maudlin love to night after the accident, when my every-" back ached with lying on it, and any "I've taken to long country rides, other position was torture, I found my he went on reflectively, without listenthoughts constantly going back to Ali- ing to me, "and yesterday I ran over son West. I dropped into a doze, to a sheep; nearly went into the ditch. dream of touching her singers again But there's a Providence that watches to comfort her, and awoke to find I over fools and lovers, and just now I had patted a teaspoonful of medicine know darned well that I'm one, and out of Mrs. Klopton's indignant hand. have a sneaking idea I'm both." What was it McKnight had said about making an egregious ass of myself?

low; I was digging for my best friend. To-day-he lies before me, his prevish self. Yesterday I thought the notes at it. It was an imbecile thing to do were burned; to-day-I look forward to a good cross-country chase, and what you wish. I brought it out, one with luck we will draw." His voice changed suddenly. "Yesterday—she a ready eye and a noiseless shoe. But was in Seal Harbor. To-day-she is the house was quiet. Downstairs Mchere."

"Here in Washington?" I asked, as naturally as I could.

"Yes. Going to stay a week or two. 'Oh, I had a little hen and she had a wooden leg And nearly every morning she used

to lay an egg-"Will you stop that racket, Rich!

It's the real thing this time, I sup-"Well," he said judicially, "since you drag it from me, I think perhaps

it is. You-you're such a confirmed woman-hater that I hardly knew how you would take it." "Nothing of the sort," I denied testi-

"You are both," I said with disgust. "If you can be rational for one mo-And that brought me back to Richey, ment, I wish you would tell me why

and I fancy I groaned. There is no that man Sullivan called ac over the use expatiating on the friendship betelephone yesterday morning."

"Probably hadn't yet discovered the gether through college, have quar- Bronson notes-providing you hold to your theory that the theft was inover politics and debated creeds for cidental to the murder. May have wanted his own clothes again, or to women cannot understand. Neverthe- thank you for yours. Search me; I less, I groaned. If it had been any can't think of anything else." The doctor came in just then.

"Pretty good shape," he said. "How did you sleep?"

"Oh, occasionally," I replied. would like to sit up, doctor."

"Nonsense. Take a rest while you have an excuse for it. I wish to thunder I could stay in bed for a day or so. I was up all night."

"Have a drink," McKnight said, pushing over the bottle.

"Twins!" The doctor grinned.

"Have two drinks." But the medical man refused

"I wouldn't even wear a champagnecolored necktle during business hours," he explained. "By the way, I had another case from your accident, Mr. Blakeley, last yesterday afternoon. Under the tongue, please." He stuck a thermometer in my mouth,

I had a sudden terrible vision of the amateur detective coming to light. note-book, cheerful impertinence and incriminating data. "A small man?" I demanded, "gray hair-"

"Keep your mouth closed," the doctor said peremptorily, "No. A woman, with a fractured skull. Beautiful case. Van Kirk was up to his eyes and sent for me. Hemorrhage, rightsided paralysis, irregular pupils-all the trimmings. Worked for two

"Did she recover?" McKnight put in, He was examining the doctor with a

"She lifted her right arm before I left," the doctor finished cheerily, "so the operation was a success, even if

"Good heavens," McKnight broke in, "and I thought you were just an ordinary mortal, like the rest of us! Let me touch you for luck. Was she pretty?"

"Yes, and young. Had a wealth of bronze-colored hair. Upon my soul, hated to cut it."

McKnight and I exchanged glances. "Do you know her name, doctor?" I ssked

"No. The nurses said her clothes came from a Pittsburg tailor."

"She is not conscious, I suppose?" "No; she may be to-morrow-or in week."

He looked at the thermometer, murmured something about liquid diet, avoiding my eye-Mrs. Klopton was broiling a chop at the time-and took his departure, humming cheerfully as he went downstairs. McKnight looked after him wistfully.

"Jove, I wish I had his constitution," he exclaimed. "Neither nerves nor heart! What a chauffeur he would ntake!"

But I was serious.

"I have an idea," I said grimly, your uncle will be in the deuce of a fix if it does. If that woman is going to die, somebody ought to be around to take her deposition. She knows a lot, if she didn't do it herself. I wish you would go down to the telephone and get the hospital. Find out her name, and if she is conscious."

McKnight went under protest. "I haven't much time," he said, looking at his watch. "I'm to meet Mrs. West and Alison at one. I want you to know them, Lollie. You would like the mother."

"Why not the daughter?" I inquired. I touched the little gold bag under the pillow.

"Well," he said judicially, "you've always declared against the immaturity and romantic nonsense of very young women-

"I never said anything of the sort," I retorted furiously.

"There is more satisfaction to be had out of a good saddle horse!" he quoted me. "'More excitement out of a polo pony, and as for the eternal matrimonial chase, give me instead a good stubble, a fox, some decent dogs and a hunter, and I'll show you the real joys of the chase!""

"For heaven's sake, go down to the telephone, you make my head ache,'

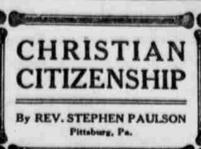
i said savagely.

I hardly know what prompted me to take out the gold purse and look -call it impulse, sentimentality, eye on the door, for Mrs. Klopton has Knight was flirting with the telephone central and there was an odor of boneset ten in the air. I think Mrs. Klopton was fascinated out of her theories by the "boneset" in connection with the fractured-arm.

Anyhow, I held up the bag and looked at it. It must have been unfastened, for the next instant there was an avalanche on the snowfield of the counterpane-some money, a wisp of a handkerchief, a tiny booklet with thin leaves, covered with a powdery substance-and a necklace. I drew myself up slowly and stared at the necklace.

It was one of the semi-barbaric affairs that women are wearing now, a heavy pendant of gold chains and carved cameos, swung from a thin neck chain of the same metal. The necklace was broken: In three places the links were pulled apart and the cameos swung loose and partly detached. But it was the supporting chain that held my eye and fascinated with its sinister suggestion. Three inches of it had been snapped off, and as weri as I knew anything on earth. I knew that the bit of chain that the amateur detective had found, bloodstain and all, belonged just there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Text: Our effizenship is in heaven.in founding this republic our fathers established five institutions that seemed necessary to the development of a high order of manhood. Since here the common people were to be rulers it was plainly necessary to educate the multitude. No inventor commits his invention into the hands of an ignorant man, and our fathers feared to trust those powerful political tools, the ballot and free speech, into the hands of ignorant and untrained men. So they

established the free school. Lucy also founded the free press; be-Heving that the citizen should be made acquainted with all that goes on in God's great world, that our people should not be ignorant peasants but citizens of the world. The result is the intelligent unity of a hundred million people and the breaking down of all sectional differences.

They also established liberty and political equality. Not that all men are equal in strength of body or quality of intellect or power of personality, but that each man has an equal right to justice and self-development. The grass, the lily, and the oak are not equal in station, and, perhaps, not equal in usefulness, but are equal in their right to claim from soil and rain and sun what they need for growth and sustenance.

Our fathers emphasized the family. recognizing that all subsequent relationships are made or marred in the family circle. They looked upon this home as a miniature republic and they looked to earnest mothers for the sturdy and honest citizenship of the future.

The founders of the republic also believed most emphatically in a free church. They decreed that the Lord's day should be a training day for the soul and conscience that men might grow fine and strong, and that great and true convictions might be developed. For the measure of power of a republic is not in its resources and wealth, but in the quality of manhood produced.

We have today many problems before us, as there always will be great problems before a growing and progressing nation; but our greatest need is a Christian citizenship. We need nien who live and act the principles of Jesus Christ in our high offices, in places of responsibility, in the great marts of business. That it will be so, it is not an idealist's dream, but will be a realization of the future to which present indications point.

in a despotism where one family rules, the task of educating the rulers is simple. It means the teaching of that this small matter of the murder the members of a single family. In a is going to come up again, and that monarchy it means the education of a few thousand of the upper classes. In a republic the great perti is moral ignorance among millions, many of them newly come to our shores. We have established our public schools for the training of the intellect, but unfortunately we have eliminated morals and spiritual knowledge from the class room. Five or six hours every week are given to mathematics for years, because we must count money, and weigh sugar and salt, compute coal and measure land. Years for the study of mathematics; not one minute for the training of a child's morals and character. The president of the National Equational association affirmed in his annual address that there are ten millions of young people under 17 who never cross the threshold of a church,

We teach children that two and two make four, but not that it is wrong to falsify accounts. We teach them that fire burns in science, but not that the boy who tries to satisfy his desire for pleasure with sin, is like one who gats red-hot coals. We teach the girl that hot water scalds, but we do not tell her that there are passions which indulged in will blight her very soul. Look at the jails filled with boys whom we allow to grow up like vandals. Consider the prisons crowded with young criminals. Look at the moral insensibility among our rich men and legislators, to whom truth and justice should be sacred.

We breed our own dangers through neglect. We spend vast energy in the discussion of the tariff on pig iron, as if with it the republic would survive of perish; but we neglect the souls of nen. We spend hundreds of millions ligging mud out of the rivers, while he mouths of our children spout mud, and the tenement houses once disease and crime. Surely there never was a time in the history of the republic when the influence and work of the church was needed more than it is tolay. We have well known examples of how gladly people flock to the standard of any man who shows himself a sturdy, uncompromising Chriscian citizen. And on the other hand we see that a man who is not a Christian, though he may be exalted to a nigh place, is soon weighted and (ound wanting,

Our fathers laid well the foundations, but their work cannot be perfected without the fidelity of the sons We have a marvelous heritage; reap what we did not sow. But God forbid that we should prove faithless the principles of our fathers. So let us on this day call the roll of conviction which lie deep-rooted in true citizenship; and the first truth that meets us is that a man must be a citizen of the kingdom of God before he can be a true citizen of a Christian nation.

No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into thin



Didn't Want His Chewed. Bill-Don't you like to see a chewing a bone?

Jill-Yes, if it's not one of my own. -Yonkera Statesman

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive
About the size of your hoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Rass, the Antiseptic Fowder to saake into the shoes, it curre Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rast and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Soud everywhere, Me. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Summer Resort.

Noah disembarked. "A combination of the mountains and seashore!" he eried. Herewith he resolved to advertise

There is more Catarrii in this section of the cour than all other diseases put to whiter, and until the lew years was supposed to be incurable. For a gi many years doctors pronounced it a local disease; prescribed local remedies, and by constantly fal to cure with local treatment, pronounced it neural science has proven Catarrii to be a constitutional case, and therefore requires equatitutional treatmentality Catarrii Cure, manufactured by F. J. Chel & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure the market. It is taken internally in doses from drops to a teasmoorful. It acts directly on the bl and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer hundred dollars for any case it falls to cure. Be for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Soid by Drugnista, 756.

the tour.

Sold by Druggists. 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Something Dreadful. Wee Anita was listening to a story

of the Johnstown flood. "What made it?" she asked. "Oh, the dam broke," replied grand-

The next morning she ran into her brother's room and, climbing up on the bed, inquired anxiously: "Buvver, wasn't it just drefful 'bout that swear breaking and killing all dose people?"

Slightly Confused. All of us become confused and all of us mix our language sometimes, but the preparation of an old negro preacher's sermon was the greatest confusion of metaphors I ever heard, says a traveler. When the lengthy discourse was nearing its close and he had reached his "Twenty-third and lastly, brethren," he wound up by the

following elaborate figure: "Everywha, bredren, we see de almighty-all down de untrodden paths of time, we see de footprints of de Almighty hand."-Human Life.

LIKE CURES LIKE.



Smudge-He calls his new invention "noiseless automobile." Grudge-Noiseless? It makes an in-

fernal clatter. Smudge-He claims that the loudness of the smell drowns out the loudness of the noise, and vice versa.

"NO FRILLS" Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him

right. A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 10 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to

nauseate me. "My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffer-

Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man-a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A one appears from time to time. Tare genuine, true, and full of hurinterest.