F. THE RED CIRCLI Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF THE "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M RITCHEY.

financially.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One in each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted are the only known living of the Bordens. Max Lamar, a delective, is detailed to keep an eye on Jim. June Travis and her mother meet Jim as he is released. Jim and Ted are killed. Next pab day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June, marked with the Red Circle, robs den Grant, a loan shark. Mary, June's nurse, discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lamar. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old crime partner. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Alma La Salie robs the Suests at a ball. Mary points her out to Lamar, who follows her back to town, out of the sumar compat. Gordon, a fugitive, rescues Lamar, and June in turn saves Gordon from arrest. Smiling Sam sees the Red Circle on June's hand, tells her be knows her arrest. Smiling Sam sees the Red Circles on June's hand, tells her be knows he secret and follows her to the city.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT SEEDS OF SUSPICION

In Lamar's office, Gordon stood with his back to the locked door; whitefaced, gasping. For the moment, at left the face of the girl.

"Now," cried June under her breath, "tell me everything-won't you?" Gordon shook his head.

"I can't," he said. "I'm more grate ful to you than I can ever make you know-you've saved my life; or rather. -honestly, I mustn't tell you why they're after me-not now, anyway!

"But why not?" interrupted June. Every minute is precious. Mr. Lamar is my friend-he calls me his first ascan help you-if you'll tell me everywhen you keep me in the dark like

Her earnest eyes were full of plead ing, and reluctantly Gordon found him-

terested in me at all, and I'm terribly grateful-"Then do as I say-begin at the be-

ginning and tell me." "How do we know but that some-

one is in that next room? Do you know where the other door leads to?" "Wait a minute," said June quickly. "I'll look in the outer office. Mr. Lamar's confidential clerk may be there. Don't move till I come back"

On her way to the door. June hurriedly laid her gloves and wrist bag , at the same time, a pair of handcuffs that lay there. With a little shudder she passed them by, and, slowly opening the office door, peered cautiously out.

There, with his back to her, sat Gage, the confidential clerk, busily writing and serenely unconscious that anyone was looking at him. June soft ly closed and locked the door.

Gordon gave a nervous glance around, then began: "The whole thing, in a nutshell, is

"The Farwell corporation retained me so that they might 'legally' defraud their employees of co-operative profits. When I found what they were up



Deftly Snapped on the Handcuffs.

crooked deal-so of course they've had it in for me ever since.

There was only one thing to do-to tell the workers about it-the men who had expected to be profit-sharers that the sound of retreating footsteps. and were dupes instead. So I got a crowd of them in the courtyard one day and told them the whole thing.

"Some of 'em believed me, most of bem didn't-or at least, were doubtful. In the middle of it, the watchman and a patrolmen or two came to see what it was all about, broke up the Before the words were fairly out of With a quick look up and down, she clerks from other offices, hearing his

me off, threatening me with arrest for 'starting a riot.' You see, I was helpless. The corporation blocked me," muttered Gordon, bitterly. "Then, not content with that, they ruined me

"One day, I was in my office, when Farwell rang me up. 'I want to see you at once,' he said. 'We are wrong and we'll surrender.'

"It didn't take me long to hang up the receiver, get my hat and hurry over to his office. There he was, the grinning hypocrite, greeting me as if I were a long lost friend. He waved me to a chair, and then took cut a paper and placed it airily on a desk leaf. and told me to read it. All the time he kept one hand on the thing, but I.

like a fool, thought nothing of that-I

was idiot enough to believe he was act-

ing in good faith! "This is what the hound told me to read," went on Gordon: 'The Farwell corporation, through its attorney, Charles Gordon, hereby rescinds its recent action of withholding co-operative profits."

"There was a blank space left for me to sign, and, like a dub, I signed it. Farwell picked it up and looked at it. least, he was safe-and his eyes never | Then the smiling mask dropped from his face. It grew all hard and cold.

"For a minute, I didn't understand the change. Then I saw the trick. Farwell had two pieces of paper, cleverly fastened, one above the other, just leaving room at the foot of the under one for my signature. While I thought my liberty, that counts for more; but I was signing the upper one, it was really the lower paper I was pinning my name to-irrevocably!

Farwell crumpled the upper paperthe one I had thought I was signingput it in his ash tray, and set fire to it. He held the other paper out for me to sistant.' I'm anxious to help you-I read and at the same time he demanded that I produce the 'securities inthing; but how can I be of use at all trusted to me!' This is what I had signed my name to:

"'July 1. Received from the Farwell corporation this date, \$75,000 of said corporation's bonds, to be held in trust by the undersigned until called for by "You're a brick," he said, "to be inthe said corporation. Signed Charles Gordon. Witnessed by Silas Farwell!' "For a minute I was too dazed to do anything. But Farwell wasn't. He rang his bell, and in came a plainclothes man and a policeman.

"Farwell promptly ordered them to arrest me, on an embezzlement charge.

"I think I went mad. I snatched at the paper, but I couldn't get it for Farwell jammed it into the inside pocket of his coat. I grabbed him. I was bound I would get the paper or on Lamar's desk, half-subconsciously choke him. We had it hot and heavy hadn't a show-three against one-I was a rat in a trap, nothing more."

"The miserable sneak!" said June. "I was facing a charge of embezzlement through that double-paper trick of Farwell's, and I knew it. But the police were decent enough to let me go to my office for a moment. Luckily, they hadn't handcuffed me. I went to my desk, and the men stayed at the back of the room.

"While I was fussing about my desk I hit upon an idea. With one eye on the men, I slowly unscrewed the incandescent globe from my desk lamp, and tossed it against the rear walltheir backs were toward it. It to, I rebelled and tried to expose the smashed, of course, and at the smash they both turned to see what caused the noise. In that instant I leaped out of the open window, jammed it shut, and ran up the fire escape to the roof."

"Great!" applauded June, her right hand athrob.

"In a second, the men were after me, though, firing their guns, as they

"I cut across the roofs until I found an open scuttle door. I ran inside and closed it. From that on it was an easy matter to cover my tracks: until at last I got away clean and found a hiding place in the shack at Surfton." June said nothing, but her eyes were

luminous and thoughtful. Her fingers were toying with the pair of handcuffs on the desk, and suddenly she picked them up and looked at them. Then, as her gaze took in her own hand, her face was suffused with a rush of color. There was the dreaded Red Circle, burning all too clearly against the white flesh

At that moment someone turned the handle of the door leading to the outer office. At the sound Gordon raised his head

and met the frightened look in June's

eyes. "I'm going to give myself up, anyway," he said indifferently.

"No! NO!" whispered June vehemently. "You mustn't give yourself up now! I'm going to help you!"

Then the knock came a second time followed by a little pause, and after June moved quickly to the hall door and Gordon followed. June opened the door and looked out into the hall

-then suddenly drew back, shutting and locking the door. "It's Gage!" she whispered breathlessly. "And he's making for this

door, now!"

her mouth, the hall door was tobe A moment later there was a crash of splintered glass and Gage peered into the office through the jagged opening his determined elbow had made. He saw no one, however, for the very good reason that June and Gordon were flattening themselves against the

wall on the side nearest the door. Gage then decided to reach through the opening and unlock the door from the inside. June, catching a glimpse of his entering arm, slipped quickly to the desk and picked up the handcuffs, then tiptoed hurriedly to the door as Gage's hand groped for the key. An instant more and she had deftly snapped one of the handcuffs around Gage's wrist and with trembling fingers snapped the other on the door knob.

June caught her wrist bag and gloves from the desk and, signaling to Gordon to follow her, unlocked the outer office door and slipped into the corridor.

As they hurried on-with Gordon a bit in the rear-June nervously thrust her right hand into its glove; she didn't intend to have Gordon or anyone else see that throbbing Red Cir-

Outside the office building June halted and looked up and down the street in search of a taxicab. Presently one appeared and she held up her hand to stop it. As it drew alongside the curb she and Gordon got in and drove away

"All right, so far," said June. "Now for our next move."

"Look!" exclaimed Gordon, clutching June's hand, unconsciously pressing its Red Circle. "Look! There's Farwell! Farwell, just ahead of us! Good Lord! He's with Lamar!"

"Don't worry," whispered June, resuringly. "It's going to be all rightcouldn't have happened better! I'll you to stay in the cab and wait for together, talking excitedly. me a little way up the street. Or, no,

sation, did not notice the sound of dark corner of the hall. footsteps behind them, and so had no "Here's the bag, anyhow!"

tossed her wrist bag into the farthest cries for help, had not come running should turn to June, the girl who had corner on the hall floor. Then she hurried back to the antercom, tore her hat off and pulled her hair away. Next she overturned two chairs, one after the other with a bang, and staggered wildly into the private office,

gasping: "Mr. Lamar! Mr. Lamar! Quick!" Red Circle on the back of it." "What is it?" cried Lamar and Farwell in chorus, jumping up and runsharply:

ning toward her. "A man came in," panted June. "He snatched my handbag-threw me off! He's gene!"

Farwell was already in full pursuit of the imaginary thief, and at June's insistance Lamar promptly joined him. This was just what June was waiting for. She ran to the paper-strewn desk, seized the coveted receipt, gave it a quick, keen glance, and hid it in

her dress. Then her eyes on the door, she hurried to the safe. Its door was open, as Farwell had left it, when he took out the Gordon papers to show to Lamar. With trembling fingers she snatched up a bundle of bank notes. stuck those in her dress also, and

started back to her place. Then she was scourged on by still another mad impulse. Going to the table she picked up a couple of sheets of plain letter paper, folded them together and tore them into rude circles. Her eyes gleamed oddly as she picked up a pen and, sitting down, began to print something on one of the circles.

Looking over her shoulder at every other letter, she finished her printing. Then she put the plain white circle on the dark blotting pad, got up, ran to the safe and hung the printed circle on the knob. With a sigh of satisfaction, ever get the paper?" she went back to the anteroom and turning the pressure of his hand reas- collapsed into a chair, resuming her air of fright and exhaustion

During their wild-goose chase Lamar get them both, now! I'm going to and Farwell met the returning secrejump out and join them, and I want tary and they all came down the hall

While they were talking, Lamar, true to his trade, was looking; so it Lamar and Farwell, deep in conver- was he who found June's bag in the



"We Had It Hot and Heavy for a Few Minutes."

idea of June's approach until she came | claimed. "The man must have dropped ing. June nodded and smiled at Lamar, who shock hands eagerly, his face radiant. Then he turned to Far-

well and introduced him to June. "How do you do, Mr. Farwell?" said June in her most innocent manner. "I wish you'd come in with us, Miss Travis," Lamar said. "Farwell is going to show me the Gordon papers-I

want your advice." As they entered the office antercom

Lamar turned to June. "Can you make yourself comfortable

here for a few minutes?" he asked, offering a chair. "Farwell and I will go over the preliminaries by curselves, in the inner office-we won't bore you with unnecessary details." June was alone, save for a very

young secretary who was seated at a desk stamping letters.

"If only that miserable secretary vould go away!" she thought.

Presently he did that very thing. June jumped up at once. Getting a chair from the corner of the room, she carried it to the door, jumped lightly up and applied a pair of very pretty

but very curious eyes to the transom. Lamar and Farwell were seated at a table. Papers were strewn every where; but Farwell had separated Gor don's securities receipt from the others and was just in the act of handing

it to Lamar. "There's the receipt." June heard him say. "It means prison if we can

capture him." Lamar let the paper drop to the table before him. He hated the business in hand.

June, who loved him, read all this in his face. "Here is where I come in again,"

she said to herself. In a flash she saw how it could all be done. Jumping lightly down, she landed on the floor on the tips of her toes and slipped out into the hallway.

abreast of them as they reached the it when he ran! See what Santa entrance door of Farwell's office build- Claus brought for a good little girl!" he called to June, waving the bag be-"Oh-thank you, Mr. Lamar! I knew

neither could use his legs to any adfore her as he entered the office. There was no chance for science: you would find it for me if any mortal none for a clean, effective blow. The could! I'm a million times grateful to fighters beat at each other in futile, you!" awkward fury.

"Let me go home with you," pleaded

"Oh, no, really-I'll be perfectly all right by myself, answered June. "Anyway, I shall insist on taking

you down to the door." "All right," said June, reluctantly. Lamar stood looking tenderly after June for a moment, and then he went

back to rejoin Farwell. As he entered the door he collided with Farwell, who, wild-eyed and panting, gripped him by the arm and halfdragged him to the table of the inner

office. "The Gordon receipt's gene!" he

At the same moment, Lamar saw the white circle-it startled him most unpleasantly. Then Farwell pushed him toward the safe.

"See." he cried, "I'm robbed! They've taken a bundle of bank notes! Read this thing!" As he spoke he pulled the printed circle off the safe knob and thrust it into Lamar's hands. What Lamar read was this:

"The money will be put to a good use by the Circle Lady."

He was speechless, and could only stare, wide-eyed, at the paper. Speaking dazedly to himself, rath-

er than to Farwell: "Suspicion points to Miss Travisbut that's impossible! Impossible!" He sat down and pulled the telephone toward him. He gave the num-

ber of his own office. As soon as Gage recognized his voice, the clerk began pouring forth his tale about the mysterious woman who handcuffed him to the door; where he might still have been if two

Noiseless Car Wheels. A noiseless car wheel has been dewithin the other, and separated from quired of young soldiers who go to off, activiolities in week other has come and weather fill

style, but the young man was not en- had a pan of biscuits in the oven, the low feels who started in to eat a quail reduced to almost nothing. Some of themselves so talented in the handi-

done so much for him? He would have been less jubilant if he could his end of the wire. "Could you see have guessed the new complications in which she was just then entangled. After leaving Gordon in the park

who it was that snapped the cuffs on June had gone straight home and up-"No," yelled Gage. "I couldn't see a stairs to her boudoir. There were thing except a woman's hand-with a still signs of the hurried return to town-an empty trunk, and some ar Lamar turned white. Then he asked ticles of clothing lying around; and she wondered idly what Mary had been about, not to put the room in bet Gage's voice came hesitatingly over

"Wait a minute," called Lamar over

to wait-and then she disappeared."

Lamar slowly hung up the receiver.

Just as slowly he got up. He stood

you?"

the wire.

somewhere.

leaned out eagerly.

paper and reading it.

tears came into his eves.

"What luck?" he said uneasily.

cept this little roll of money-it may

come in handy." As she spoke, she

opened her wrist bag, and handed

him some bank notes-not those she

"I can't take this," stammered Gor-

"You can, and you must," answered

June firmly. "You don't know how

"Since you insist, we'll call it a

loan," said Gordon, reluctantly pock-

eting the money-"and thank you a

With a hurried handshake and good

by June disappeared. Gordon looked

about for his driver, who presently

slouched into view, half asleep. Evi-

dently he had found the grass very

soothing and comfortable to his rheu-

"All right, boss," yawned the driver

Then he ambled around to the front

leap to the steering wheel, knock the

The plain-clothes man was just too

Gordon put the car at full speed

and thanked his stars that he was

ambidextrous. Steering a bit wildly

out on the other side and struck the scrambling policeman fiercely in the

stomach. The officer doubled up, but

It was a more or less even fight, as

each man had but one arm free, and

The cab swirled and cavorted; but

there were no park policemen to be

But he did get out his revolver.

presently, and was about to level it

at his quarry, when Gordon feinted

and drove his clenched fist into his

foe's throat just below the point of

It was the first good blow of the

whole scrimmage. And it did its work.

The detective reeled backward, trod

on thin air and catapulted into the

road, where he landed on his head

There Gordon left him, with never

a look back. His whole thought was

centered upon getting far enough

away so that he might safely leave

the cab without fear of being tracked

Finally, nearing a park entrance, he

slowed to a normal pace, and then

stopped. No one seemed to notice

him, so he got out quickly, and leav-

ing the park, made for the downtown

He still had his hard-won "receipt."

and he felt that as long as it was in

existence, even though it was in his

own possession, his liberty was more

Just then he passed by a vacant lot

Tearing the receipt into tiny pieces.

he threw them on the fire and watched

them burn until every scrap had van-

Then he gave a long sigh of relief

squared his shoulders to the world,

Is it strange that his thoughts

ished into unrecognizable ashes.

and continued on his way.

and he saw what he needed most-

the jaw.

down.

district.

a bonfire!

or less in danger.

and one shoulder.

held on like a mountain goat.

"Jes' soon's I crank 'er up."

much you may need it, nor how soon."

don. "You have done too much for

had taken from the safe.

me already!"

million times."

matic old bones.

ning toward the cab.

the car forward.

machine moved off.

Gordon

June, holding out the receipt.

"Any other clue?"

Farwell and said, curtly:

June never liked a messy room, so "Well," he mumbled, "Miss Travis she went right on into her "den," be called. I showed her into your office fore taking off her hat.

With a sigh of relief, and a smile she took the package of bank notes



"His Old Cunning, Sneaking Face Grinning at Me."

out of her dress. A dreamy lookvery sweet look-came into her eyes as she thought how much good that money was going to do. In her mind was a vivid picture of the hard-work ing men in Farwell's foundry, whose "co-operative profits" had been taker away from them.

"They shall have their money, just the same," she said to herself. "If I was stealing when I took it, it was in a good cause.'

With the dreamy smile still light ing her face. June stood lost in happy thought, when suddenly she heard Mary's familiar footsteps, and her look changed to one of alarm.

She thrust the papers into the near est hiding place-a table drawer, and just managed to get it shut as Mary "Time to drive on, my son," said came in from her own room with hor ror written in every line of her face. "Why Mary," cried June, "what or

earth is the matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!" of the cab and began to turn the "I have, dearie-I have! It's worse'r crank. As the engine started to buzz that! Oh!" wringing her hands and hopefully, Gordon, still nervous and crumpling her face up into a mask of on the lookout, saw and recognized a tragedy. "What will we ever do now plain-clothes detective, who was runmy lamb! We're in such a lot of trou-

It took Gordon barely a second to "Now, Mary darling, be calm," she bade the nurse, "and tell me all about sleepy driver to one side and send it-I'm sure it isn't as bad as you

> think-"It is, baby, it's worse! It's that awful man!"

quick for him. however, and managed to leap onto the running board as the "What awful man?" June's face went white. "You can't mean-" "Yes," went on Mary huskily, "it's

him! That 'Smiling Sam' Eagan we thought we was rid of for good'n' all!" with his left hand, he suddenly leaned "Not here?" panted June in stark terror. "He's right here in this house-we

brought him with us! He made Yams put him into the big wardrobe trunkand when I started to unpack it, there he was, with his old cunning sneaking face grinning at me as sassy as could

"Good heavens!" cried June, at her wits' end. "Will trouble never end! Where is he now?"

"Up in the attic," said Mary. "And I've had to feed him and make him comfortable. I was so 'fraid he'd start

seen, and the plain-clothes man could not take time to draw out his whistle. a rumpus." "What about mother." queried June fearfully.

"Mrs. Travis don't know a thing, as yet. But it's only a question of time unless we can get him away from here right off. He isn't disposed to make things any easier for us than he can help, either. I heard a big noise up there just now. I guess he stumbled over something. Then I heard him

moan-or, maybe, swear!" "There! Hear that?" cried June and Mary simultaneously. Then they clung to each other, expecting, they knew not what.

. At that moment, unconscious of all that was going on inside the house, Lamar slowly passed by; his head bent, his face haggard and drawn. He had to come there intending to see June; to face her with the facts; and to ask her to tell him what she knew about all the wretched business. But when he reached the house he somehow found that he loved her too much to put her to the test.

'Oh, it can't be-it can't be," he said aloud. "She is as holy as-as my own mother. She is above suspicion. As far above suspicion as a saint in a cathedral. And yet-and yet-every circumstance points to her as-as-" An idea flashed into his mind, elec-

trifying him to quick decision. "Tomorrow!" he muttered, half in dread, half in triumph, "yes, that is it. Tomorrow will tell! Tomorrow will prove the truth!"

(END OF 11TH INSTALLMENT.)

stead of going back to the land, some of them may set up millinery estab-

Cop-"What hit you?" Victim-"An utomobile. My wife's at the shore."

TELPFUL EALTH

Choose an agreeable diet

Keep the digestion normal

See that the liver is active, and

The bowels always

Should weakness develop, TRY

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

The shade of the man who gouged the poor by selling adulterated food at high prices when he was on earth, stood shivering before the pearly

"I thought I ordered you to go down

below," said St. Peter. "I did," replied the shade. "But Sa tan wouldn't let me in. He said I wasn't the sort of person his friends and boarders cared to associate with.

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter wear shoes a size smaller if you like for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard

or soft corn or callus from one's feet If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezone for you from his wholesale drug house .- adv.

So They Say.

"What is altruism, pa?" "That's what the various nations are fighting for."--Louisville Courier-Jour-

Strong Drinks Irritate

tea and coffee, irritate the kidneys and habitual use tends to weaken them. Daily backache, with headache, nervousness, dizzy spells and a rheumatic condition should be taken as a warning of kidney trouble. Cut out, or at least moderate, the stimulant, and use Doan's Kid ney Pills. They are fine for weak kidneys. Thousands recommend

them. A Nebraska Case



Robert Francy, retired farmer, Eleventh and Pierce Sts., Fremont, Neb., says: "For quite awhile my kidneys were disordered and I had a weak and lame back. My back ached steadily and it hurt me to do any lifting. I was obliged to get up several times at

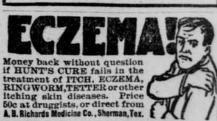
night to pass the kidney secretions, too.
Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me as soon as I took them and continued use rid me of all the allments. I have felt fine since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S RIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Boschee's **German Syrup**

We all take cold some time and every-body should have Boschee's German Syrup handy at all times for the treat-ment of throat and lung troubles, bronchial coughs, etc. It has been on the market 51 years. No better rec-ommendation is possible. It gently soothes inflammation, eases a cough, insures a good night's sleep, with free expectoration in the morning. Drug-gists' and dealers' everywhere, 25c and 75c bottles. Don't take substitutes.

Boschee's German Syrup



Montana 640-Acre Homesteads

New law just passed. New towns, business opportunities. Map showing proposed railroads. Send 25 cents for maps and information. Address U.S. Commissioner, Outlook, Mont.

"ROUGH on RATS" Binds Rats, Mice, Bugs

(No Oil) No more

But This Clerk Will Not Attempt the

Same Method on Another

Bride.

PROVED STOVE ALL RIGHT superintend the job of erecting a new Suddenly she rolled up her sleeves and sworn affidavit is given, ate 16 bis- ing. The combination takes up all vi- the Canadian sports day at Grasmead range. The job was finished in good went to work. In a little while she cuits, and now he knows how the fel- bration and shock, so that the noise is Meadow, near Orpington, Kent, proved tirely satisfied. "You know," he suggested, "I'd like After while the biscuits were baked.

to be sure that this stove will bake The young woman set a pound of but-

There comes a time in the lives of before I go back to the store. I be- ter and 16 biscuits before the clerk. men-and young men at that-when lieve you ought to make up a batch of He went to the home of a too busy at that time to bake biscuits, came from."

clerk having built a fire in the stove. a day and fell down on the task.

"Now, eat those biscuits," she com-

hey do not wish any more biscuits. biscuit dough and try some biscuits. manded. "If you don't eat all of them assistant postmaster general, which is Thus it happened that Columbus young If you don't have good luck, then Pil I will know there is something the asserted to have a number of imporman who is employed in a house fur- see what's the matter with the stove," matter with the stove, and you can tant advantages over the old-fashioned uishing store has had his desires sut. The young wife said she was entirely take it back to the store where it wheel. It consists of two wheels, one

signed by Edwin C. Madden, formerly

these wheels have been in use on a craft that after the victory is won, introlley line at Portland, Me., for nearly a year, and the degree of success which has attended their use has re- lishments in Canadian towns, equal to sulted in declaring the invention a any branch of the famous Maison success.

Hat trimming is not generally re-

Lewis of New York, London and Paris.-Toronto Globe. Alibi for Wifie.