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Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale, Moss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a cance-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left surilly. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molest the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted conniving with her father despite her aunt's precautions, in a night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night, disguised as a nun. Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. Helen's lover escaped. At the town best office Helen, unseen except by Dono an. slipped a draft into the hand of the Italian sailor. She also signaled her father. Miss Pat and Donovan "took in" the cance carnival.

CHAPTER XI-Continued. Helen had not appeared, and I now

made bold to ask for her. "Let me send the maid to tell her you are here," said Miss Pat, and we

walked to the door and rang. The maid quickly reported that Miss

Holbrook begged to be excused. "She is a little afraid of the damp night air of the garden," said Miss Pat, with so kind an intention that i smiled to myself. I felt from her manner that she wished to detain me. No one might know how her heart ached, but it was less the appeal of her gentleness that won me now, I think, than the remembrance that flashed upon me of her passionate outburst after our meeting with the Italian; and that seemed very long ago. She had been magnificent that day, like a queen driven to desperation, and throwing down the gauntlet as though she had countless battalions at her back. Indecision took flight before shame; it was a privilege to know and to serve

"Miss Holbrook, won't you come out to see the water fete? We can look upon it in security and comfort from the launch. The line of march is from Port Annandale past here and toward the village, then back again. You can come home whenever you like. I had hoped Miss Helen might come, too, but I beg that you will take compassion upon my loneliness."

I had flung off my cap with the exaggerated manner I sometimes used with her; and she dropped me a courtesy with the prettiest grace in the world.

"I shall be with you in a moment, my lord!"

She reappeared quickly and re-

marked, as I took her wraps, that Helen was very sorry not to come. The gardener was on duty, and I

called Ijima to help with the launch. Brightly decorated boats were already visible in the direction of Port Annandale; even the tireless lake "tramps" whistled with a special flourish and were radiant in vari-colored lanterns.

"This is an ampler Venice, but there should be music to make it complete," observed Miss Pat, as we stole in and out among the gathering fleet. And then, as though in answer, a launch passed near, leaving a trail of murthrob of the guitar, the resonant beat of banjo strings. Nothing can be so soothing to the troubled spirit as music over water, and I watched with delight Miss Pat's deep absorption in all the sights and sounds of the lake.

The assembling canoes flashed out of the dark like fireflies. Not even the spirits that tread the air come and go more magically than the canoe that is wielded by a trained hand. The touch of the skilled paddler becomes but a caress of the water. To have stolen across Saranac by moonlight; to have paddled the devious course of the York or Kennebunk when the sea steals inland for rest, or to dip up stars in lovely Annandale-of such experiences is knowledge born!

I took care that we kept well to ourselves, for Miss Pat turned nervously whenever a boat crept too near. Ijima, understanding without being told, held the power well in hand. I had scanned the lake at sundown for signs of the Stiletto, but it had not ventured from the lower lake all day, and there was scarcely enough air stirring to ruffle

the water. "We can award the prize for ourselves here at the turn of the loop," I remarked, as we swung into place and paused at a point about a mile off Glenarm. "Here comes the flotilla.

"The music is almost an impertiof the canoe is 'dip and glide, dip and glide," said Miss Pat.



The Sole Occupant of the Canoe Was a Girl.

many and charming combinations, and ner. suddenly, as though the toy lamps had I walked with her from the pier to taken wing, rockets flung up their St. Agatha's. stars and Roman candles their golden showers at a dozen points of the line and broadened the scope of the picture. A scow placed midway of the loop now lighted the lake with red and once. green fire. The bright, graceful argosies slipped by, like beads upon a the sister. "I went up only a moment hen the last cance had passed, Miss Pat turned to me, sighing

"It was too pretty to last; it was a page out of the book of lost youth."

Ijima to go ahead and then, as the van! water churned and foamed and I took the wheel, we were startled by an exclamation from some one in a rowboat near at hand. The last of the peaceful armada had passed, but now from the center of the lake, unobserved gold, and high over all, its support quite invisible, shone a golden star that geemed to hover and follow the shadowy canoe.

We all watched the canoe intently; and my eyes now fell upon the figure of the skipper of this fairy craft, who the red fire beyond. The sole occupant of the canoe was a girl-there was no debating it; she flashed by within a paddle's length of us, and I heard the low bubble of water under her blade. She paddled kneeling, Indian fashion and was lessening the breach between herself and the last canoe of the ormurous chords behind-the mournful derly line, which now swept on toward the casino.

"That's the prettiest one of allbrook plying the paddle with practiced it from the starry sisterhood above. An exclamation faltered on my lips.

"It was-it was like-it was-"I believe we had better go now,"

said Miss Pat, softly, and, I thought, a little brokenly.

But we still followed the star with our eyes, and we saw it gain the end of the procession, sweep on at its own pace, past the casino, and then turn abruptly and drive straight for Glenarm pier. It was now between us and our own shore. It shone a moment against our pier lights; the the star and the fairy lanterns beneath it vanished one after another and the canoe disappeared as utterly as though it

had never been. I purposely steered a zigzag course back to St. Agatha's. Since Helen had in this enlightened twentieth century ence, lovely as it is. The real song seen fit to play this trick upon her was cheaply got rid of at any price, aunt I wished to give her ample time to respose of her canoe and return to pie-so I argued-to have taken him-The loop once made, we now looked the school. If we had been struck by self away after providing the means pher of Folly. "Cheating at solitaire upon a double line whose bright con a mere resemblance, why did the ca of the girl's release. I persuaded my is a common form. But I know a man fusion added to the picture. The ca. noest not go on to the casino and en self eloquently on those lines while I who gives himself short change at his noe offers, when you think of it, little loy the fruits of her victory? I tried exhausted the resources of Glenarm own store."

chance for the decorator, its lines are | to imagine Gillespie a party to the esso trim and so founded upon rigid sim- capade, but I could not fit him into it. plicity; but many zealous hands had Meanwhile I babbled on with Miss labored for the magic of this hour. Pat. Her phrases were, however, a winked. Slim masts supported lanterns in trifle stiff and not in her usual man-

Sister Margaret, who had observed the procession from an upper window, threw open the door for us.

"How is Helen?" asked Miss Pat at "She is very comfortable," replied

ago to see if she wanted anything." Miss Pat turned and gave me her hand in her pretty fashion.

"You see, it could not have been-it was not-Helen; our eyes deceived I laughed back at her and signaled us! Thank you very much, Mr. Dono-

There was no mistaking her relief; she smiled upon me beamingly as I stood before at the door.

"Of course! On a fete night one can never trust one's eyes!"

"But it was all be wilderingly beauand unheralded, stole a canoe fitted tiful. You are most compassionate to with slim masts carried high from bow | ward a poor old woman in exile, Mr. to stern with delightful daring. The Donovan. I must go up to Helen and lights were set in globes of green and make her sorry for all she has missed."

I went back to the launch and sought far and near upon the lake for the canoe with the single star. I wanted to see again the face that was uplifted in the flood of colored lightthe head, the erect shoulders, the was set forth in clear relief against arms that drove the blade so easily and certainly; for if it was not Helen Holbrook it was her shadow that the gods had sent to mock me upon the face of the waters.

CHAPTER XII.

The Malancholy of Mr. Gillespie.

I laughed a moment ago when, in looking over my notes of these affairs, I marked the swift transition from began Miss Pat, then ceased abruptly. | those peaceful days to others of re-She bent forward, half rising and newed suspicions and strange events. gazing intently at the canoe. What she I had begun to yield myself to blansaw and what I saw was Helen Holdishments and to feel that there could be no further interruption of the idyllic stroke; and as she passed she glanced hours I was spending in Helen Holaloft to make sure that her slender brook's company. I still maintained, mast of lights was unshaken; and then to be sure, the guard as it had been she was gone, her star twinkling upon established; and many pipes I smoked us bewilderingly. I waited for Miss on St. Agatha's pier, in the fond belief Pat to speak, but she did not turn her that I was merely fulfilling my office head until the canoe itself had van- as protector of Miss Pat, whereas I ished and only its gliding star marked had reached a point where the very walls that held Helen Holbrook were of such stuff as dreams are made of.

The only lingering blot in the bright calendar of those days was her meeting with Gillespie on the pier, and the fact that she had accepted money from him for her rascally father. But even this I excused. It was no easy thing for a girl of her high spirits to be placed in a position of antagonism to her own father; and as for Gillespie, he was at least a friend, abundantly able to help her in her difficult position; and if, through his aid, she had been able to get rid of her father, the end had certainly justified the means. I reasoned that an educated man of good antecedents who was desperate enough to attempt murder for profit and it was extremely decent of Gilles-

in providing entertainment for both ladies. There had been other breakfasts on the terrace at Glenarm, and tea almost every day in the shadow of St. Agatha's, and one dinner of state in the great Glenarm dining room; but more blessed were those hours in which we rode, Helen and I, through the sunset into dusk, or drove a canoe over the quiet lake by night. Miss Pat, I felt sure, in so often leaving me

alone with Helen, was favoring my at

tentions; and thus the days passed,

like bubbles on flowing water.

She was in my thoughts as I rode into Annandale to post some letters, and I was about to remount at the post-office door when I saw a crowd gathered in front of the village inn and walked along the street to learn the cause of it. And there, calmly seated on a soap box was Gillespie, clad in amazing checks, engaged in the delectable occupation of teaching a stray village mongrel to jump a stick. The loungers seemed highly entertained, and testified their appreciation in loud guffaws. I watched the performance for several minutes, Gillesple meanwhile laboring patiently with the dull dog, until finally it leaped the stick amid the applause of the crowd. Gillespie patted the dog and rose,

bowing with exaggerated gravity. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for your kind attention. Let my slight success with that poor cur teach you the lesson that we may turn the idlest moment to some noble use. The education of the lower animals is some thing to which too little attention is paid by those who, through the processes of evolution, have risen to a higher species. I am grateful, gentlemen, for your forbearance, and trust we may meet again under circumstances more creditable to us all-including the dog."

The crowd turned away mystified, while Gillespie, feeling in his pocket for his pipe, caught my eye and

"Ah, Donovan," he said, coolly, "and so you were among the admiring spectators. I hope you have formed a high opinion of my skill as a dog trainer. Once, I would have you know, I taught a Plymouth Rock rooster to turn a summersault. Are you quite alone?"

"You seem to be as big a fool as ever!" I grumbled in disgust, vexed at finding him in the neighborhood.

"Gallantly spoken, my dear fellow! You are an honor to the Irish race and mankind. Our meeting, however, is not inopportune, as they say in books; and I would have speech with you, gentle knight. The inn, though humble, is still not without decent comforts. Will you honor me?"

He turned abruptly and led the way through the office and up the stairway, babbling nonsense less for my entertainment, I imagined, than for the befuddlement of the landlord, who leaned heavily upon his scant desk and watched our ascent.

He opened a door and lighted several oil lamps, which disclosed three connecting rooms.

"You see, I got tired of living in the woods, and the farmer I boarded with did not understand my complex character. The absurd fellow thought me insane-can you imagine it?"

"It's a pity he didn't turn you over to the sheriff," I growled.

"Generously spoken! But I came here and hired most of this inn to be near the telegraph office. Though as big a fool as you care to call me I nevertheless look to my buttons. The hook-and-eye people are formidable competitors, and the button may in time become obsolete-stranger things have happened. I keep in touch with our main office, and when I don't feel very good I fire somebody. Only this morning I bounced our general man ager by wire for sending me a letter in purple type-writing; I had warned him, you understand, that he was to write to me in black. But it was only a matter of time with that fellow. He entered a bull pup against mine in the Westchester bench show last spring and took the ribbon away from me. I really couldn't stand for that. In spite of my glassy splash in the asparagus bed, I'm a man who looks to his dignity, Donovan. Will you smoke?" I lighted my pipe and encouraged

him to go on. "How long have you been in this

bake-oven?" "I moved in this morning-you're my first pilgrim. I have spent the long hot day in getting settled. I had to throw out the furniture and buy new stuff of the local emporium, where, it depressed me to learn, furniture for the dead is supplied even as for the living. That chair, which I beg you to accept, stood next in the shop to a coffin suitable for a carcass of about your build, old man. But don't let the suggestion annoy you! I read your book on tiger hunting a few years ago with pleasure, and I'm sure you enjoy a charmed life. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Surely the Limit.

"Some kinds of dishonesty are almost unbelievable," says the Philoso**WOULDN'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE**

"La, now, Miss Doolittle, don't you

Mrs. Betsey Baxter a Type of Visitor Many of Us Have Been Called on to Entertain.

go to a mite o' trouble on my acount," said Mrs. Betsy Baxter when she arrived unexpectedly for dinner at the home of Mrs. Doreas Doolittle. "You know that I'm a person for whom you can just lay down an extra plate an' set before me anything you happen to have in the house. If you just fry a chicken same as you would for your own folks, an' make up a pan o' your tea biscuits that no one can beat, an' open a glass o' your red currant jelly; an' have a dish o' your quince preserves, an' some o' that pound cake you most allus have in your cake jaryou do that, an' have some pipin' hot apple fritters, with hot maple syrup to go with 'em, an' some o' your good coffee an' any vegetables you happen to have in the house. I like sweet potatoes the way you bake 'em mightily, but, la, just have anything else you happen to have. I'm one that expects an' is willin' to eat what's set before me, an' no questions asked nor fault found when I go visitin'. So don't you put yourself out a mite for me If you have what I've mentioned an' anything else you want to have I'll be satisfied. I ain't one that cares very much about what I eat, anyhow. As the sayin' is, 'any old thing' will do for me."-Puck.

A Nasty Dig.

"As nasty a dig as 1 ever adminis tered in my newspaper career in Vir ginia City," said Mark Twain, "was di rected against a man named Fer-

"Ferguson, at Christmas time, invited me to see the presents he had given his wife. They were magnificent gifts. The man expected, of course, a write-up.

"We'll, he wasn't disappointed. The next day, in a prominent place on the first page of the Enterprise, I inserted this paragraph:

"'John H. Ferguson's Christmas gifts to his wife are being much admired. They include a diamond stomacher and many other beautiful specimens of cut glass."

Rich Territory Opened up.

The development of the Brazilian Amazon valley must in time amount to untold wealth. In the states of Para and the Amazonas and the federal territory of Acre there are near the water's edge 10,000,000 rubberbearing trees of the Hevea variety. These trees if properly tapped will live indefinitely and steadily increase their yield. The state of Para is considerably larger than Texas, and much of it will grow excellent cotton.

The Worst of It.

"Oh, she's awful. Whenever she tries to sing a song she simply mur-

"But that's not the worst of it. If the'd only murder is outright wouldn't mind, but she tortures it so

All Tired Out. Do you feel dull, occasionally—out of sorts? Headaches and Dizziness? The fault is either with your stomach or your liver. The safe, sure and easy way to get rid of either trouble is to take NATURE'S rid of either trouble is to take NATURE'S REMEDY. Take an NR Tablet to hight-it will sweeten the stomach and regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels. Easy-sure to act. Get a 25c Bex. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Pa's Sleepy Day. "Pa, what do you go to church for?" "Why-er-to listen to the sermon, of course.

"That's what I go for, but I can't hear it 'cause you breathe so heavy.

In Demand.

"That's a very popular man." "Yes; he'll listen to the details of your summer trip without insisting on telling you about his own."

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.



Kind Lady-It must be hard to find that you have inherited a taste for beefsteak

Sandy Pikes-Yes, mum; especially when yer find dat yer haven't inherited de beefsteak.

Following an Illustrious Example.

"My dear," announced Mr. Ad. Herewad, "I propose to donate you \$15, to be applied to the purchase of one of those new, topsy-turvy, wicker-basket hats.

She looked up at him, very much alarmed at the sudden outbreak of generosity.

"On condition you raise an equal amount out of the ten cents a week pin money regularly allowed you," finished Mr. Herewad magnanimously.-

Gave Himself Away.

"Michael," familiarily inquired the employer, thinking he had seen his employe carrying one of the banners in the St. Patrick's parade of the day previous, in which procession the Irishman had laid off work to march, "didn't I see you carrying something in the parade yesterday?"

"Yls," admitted Michael, blushing scarlet, "but Oi had no suspicion me bottle made me hip pocket sh'tick out so much!"-Illustrated Sunday Mag-

George Refrained.

"George declared he would kiss the first woman that passed under the mistletoe, and she was the colored cook.

"Did George kiss her?" "Kiss her! I guess not, Nobody dares to take any liberties with the

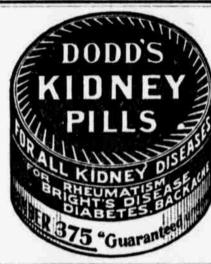
Did you ever have a good, old-fash-ioned boy's stomach ache? Of course you have. A little dose of Hamlins Wiz-ard Oil will chase away a colicky pain in the stomach like magic.

The Stuff That Kills. Mrs. Benham-Isn't my dress a

Benham-Poetry will be the death

Pettit's Eye Salve for Over 100 Years has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggistsor Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Once there was a cook who stayed in one place for more than months. She was in a hospital, paralyzed.



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If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

