

IN HARD LUCK.



BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT
 "When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his face broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura."
 "I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes." (Signed) Mrs. F. E. Harmon, R. F. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 16 L, Boston.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

THAT AFFAIR AT ELIZABETH
 By Burton E. Stevenson,
 Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holiday Case," Etc.
 New York—Henry Holt & Co.—1917.

"Or, at least," I persisted, pressing my advantage, "if you know why your daughter fled, you might yourself tell Mr. Curtis."
 Again she stopped me.
 "The secret is not mine," she said hoarsely.
 "Whose is it? Who has the right to tell?"
 "No one!"
 "And you will let it wreck two lives?"
 "I saw the spasm of pain which crossed her face. She must yield; a moment more, and I should know the secret!"
 "Tomorrow—give me till tomorrow!" she cried. "Perhaps you're right—I must think—I cannot decide now—instantly. There are so many things to consider—the dead as well as the living."
 "Very well," I agreed. "I will call tomorrow morning."
 "At 11—not before."
 "Tomorrow at 11, then. And I hope you'll decide, Mrs. Lawrence, to help me all you can. The living come before the dead."
 She bowed without replying, and seeing how deadly white she was, I checked the words which rose to my lips and let myself out into the hall.
 The maid was standing just outside the door. I wondered how much she had heard of what had passed within.
 "One moment," I said, as she started for the stairway, and I stepped again into Mrs. Lawrence's room.
 It had grown too dark there to see anything distinctly, for this room was not flooded, as her mother's had been, by the last rays of the sun, but in a moment I switched on the light. The maid stared from the threshold, her face dark with anger, but not daring to interfere.
 "This is the dressing table, isn't it?" I asked, walking toward it.
 "Yes, sir," she answered sullenly.
 "It was here you found the letter?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Do you persist in that fancy?" I demanded, wheeling round upon her.
 She did not answer, only stared back without flinching. I realized that here was a will not easily overcome.
 "Very well," I said quietly at last, "I shall get along then in spite of you," and I returned to my inspection of the room.

house? Was it here that Miss Lawrence had found refuge? And as I turned this question over and over in my mind, staring reflectively at the lighted window before me, it seemed to me more and more probable that I had already reached the end of my search. The fugitive must have escaped by some avenue screened from the public gaze, else she would surely have been noticed. She must have known a place of refuge before she started; a woman of her self-poise would not rush wildly forth with no goal in view. And, lastly, that goal must have been close at hand, or she could not have escaped discovery.
 The house, however, answered all these conditions, but how could I make certain that Miss Lawrence was really there? Suppose I burst in upon her, what could I say? I could not ask her to tell me the story—indeed, I would not even know her if I met her in the face. I must see the photograph, first, which Curtis had promised to leave for me at the hotel.

Besides, I asked myself—and in this matter, I confess, I was very willing to be convinced—would it not be wiser, more expedient, to wait till morning, till the first shock was past, till she had time to rally a little, to get her calmness back? Then, I could dare to approach her, to show her how she had wronged Burr Curtis, to persuade her to send me the photograph of both her and Curtis that they should not meet for a day or two; they would have need of all their courage; and all their control, for that meeting must reveal a secret which it chilled me to think of. At least, I would try to force no entrance to the cottage now. I shrank from any show of violence. Curtis would countenance nothing of that sort.
 To approach the cottage now, while the maid was within, would be a tactical error—would be to court failure. She could easily prevent my seeing her mistress—she would, no doubt, shut the door in my face. Why should I show her that I suspected Miss Lawrence's place of refuge? Why put her on her guard and urge the fugitive to farther flight? How many wiser to wait until the maid was absent, till I could make sure of seeing Miss Lawrence, and then calmly and clearly lay the case before her. Yes, decidedly, I would wait. I even found it in my heart to regret that I had already showed the maid so much of my suspicion. I would better have kept them to myself.
 Convinced by this last argument, I made my way back to the street, and as I passed the Lawrence grounds I was impressed again by their extent; an excellent order of trees, planted on a curious crowd still lingered, staring at the silent darkened house, whose drawn blinds gave no hint of life within, or listening to the knowing gossip of three or four alert young fellows whom I recognized as the "peeps," was still a policeman there, and he was quite willing to be drawn into talk—to tell all he knew, and much that he did not know.
 "Who lives in that cottage back yonder?" I asked, after an unimportant question.
 "The Kings, sisters," he answered. "The youngest one works in the Lawrence house—a maid or something."
 The crowd had collected about us and was listening with ears intent; I caught a quick glimmer of interest in the eyes of the reporters; so I ended the matter by asking the way to the Sheridan house.
 "Right down the street, sir," he said. "You can't miss it—a big square building on the corner."
 As I thanked him and turned away, I caught the cry of newshounds down the street, and in a moment they were among them, crowd and yelling their praise right and left. Both the "peeps" and the Journal, stirred to unusual enterprise by the day's events, had evidently made use of the largest and blackest type at their command to add emphasis to their headlines. I bought copies of both papers, and hurried on to the Sheridan, for I was becoming disagreeably conscious that I had eaten no lunch that day. I found the hotel without difficulty and after registering, sat down in the office and opened the papers. The reporters, no doubt, would save me a lot of trouble.
 The scene at the church had been even more sensational than I had pictured it, for evidently the Lawrences were a more important family socially than I had imagined, and the list of guests had been correspondingly large. They had gathered, had gossiped, had admired the decorations and criticised each other's gowns; a murmur of satisfaction had greeted the whispered announcement that the groom and his best man were waiting in the study; the organist played a selection of two, and then stopped, expectant, ready to begin the wedding march. The ringing of bells and blowing of whistles announced the noon hour, but the bride had not arrived. Then, from some-thing, came the sudden whisper that something was wrong. A shiver ran through the crowd as two carriages drew up at the church door. Heads were craned and a sigh of relief ran around as the bridesmaids were seen to alight. But where was the bride? There was no bride! The bride had disappeared!
 Unconscious of wondering, wonder to astonishment, as the details were gradually gleaned from the exclamations of the excited young women, tongues began to wag innocently at first, then, inevitably, with a touch of malice, for the bride's action had been a direct affront to all these people. Many of them, usually well bred, waited in the hope of catching a glimpse of the groom's face as he hurried away. Both he and Mrs. Lawrence had been protected from the reporters, but the decorator and some of the Lawrence servants had evidently made the most of their opportunities, for the papers had the details of the disappearance substantially as I had learned them. And nobody had been found who had seen the bride leave the house, or had caught a glimpse of her during her flight.
 The whole gist of the information contained in the papers. Both of them gave space to much speculation as to the reason for this remarkable event, but plainly both were wholly at sea and had no theory to fit the facts. "Silly," I told them, "put them in my pocket, make a hasty toilet and went in to dinner. That over, I again sought the reading room and lighted a reflective cigar.
 I had said to Mrs. Lawrence that the cause of her daughter's disappearance—the mystery underlying it—did not concern me; yet that was by far the most interesting feature of the case. To trace the girl must prove an easy task—indeed, I fancied myself already as good as accomplished. But to probe the secret—ah, that would not prove so easy. There was no reason why I should attempt it, and yet I could not keep my mind from dwelling on it with a sort of fascination. For I knew it was no ordinary secret—it was something dark and terrifying—something

beside which a woman's happiness and reputation had seemed a little thing. Before I could hope to make any further progress in that direction, I realized that I needed to know more of the family—of its history and social standing. Besides, I must be armed capable before I went to that interview which I had determined to seek, in the morning, with Marcia Lawrence.
 "Beg pardon, sir," said a voice at my elbow, and looking up, I saw the hotel clerk standing there. "This is Mr. Lester, isn't it?"
 "Yes," I answered.
 "I have a package here for you," he went on, and handed me a square envelope. "It was left here for you this afternoon."
 "Oh, yes," I said; "thank you," and I slipped the envelope into my pocket.
 "As for me, I have an exciting time here today," I added.
 "You mean the wedding that didn't come off?" he asked, smiling. "It has torn the town wide open, and no mistake."
 "So I judged from the papers, the Lawrences are pretty prominent, aren't they?"
 "Yes; top-notchers; especially in church circles. I'll bet Dr. Schuyler is all broken up."
 "Dr. Schuyler?"
 "Pastor of their church—First Presbyterian—that big church just down the street yonder. They've been great pets of his."
 "He was to have performed the ceremony?"
 "Sure. They wouldn't have had anybody else. Nice old fellow, too. Besides, he's been their pastor for years."
 Here was the source I had been looking for—the source from which I might draw detailed and accurate information. I had a little, but I gathered.
 "I suppose that house next to the church is the parsonage," I ventured. I had never seen the church, but it seemed a safe shot.
 "Yes, the one this side of it."
 I nodded.
 "I thought so. Thank you for giving me the package," I added, and glanced at my watch and rose.
 "Oh, that's all right, sir," he answered, and turned away to his desk.
 To go back to the parsonage was my intention. I would see Dr. Schuyler—I would put the case before him, and ask his help. It was nearly 8 o'clock, doubtless well past his dinner hour, and I resolved to seek the interview at once.
 Lights had sprung up along the street, casting long shadows under the trees which edged either side. The windows of the houses gleamed through the darkness, and here and there, where the blinds had not been drawn, I caught glimpses of families gathered together about a paper, with heads eagerly bent. From the dim verandas, I heard the murmur of excited gossip—and I knew too well what it was all about. Tonight, this city, from end to end, could have but a single absorbing subject to discuss—to wonder at and chatter over with that insatiable curiosity which we inherit from the monkeys.
 But I had not far to go. The tall, straight spire of a church told me that I had reached my destination, and I turned in at the gate of a house which was unmistakably the parsonage. The maid who took my card at the door returned in a moment to say that Dr. Schuyler was in his study and would see me. I followed her and found the clergyman seated beside a table upon which were lying the evening papers. A glance at them showed me that he had been reading, and his perturbed face bespoke great inward agitation. He was a small man of perhaps 60 years, with snow-white hair and beard and a delicate, intellectual face. He arose to greet me, my card still in his fingers, and then motioned me to a chair.
 "Candidly, Mr. Lester," he said, "I was half inclined to excuse myself. This has been a trying day for me. But I saw that you had come from New York."
 "Yes, and on an errand which, I fear, may not be very welcome to you, Dr. Schuyler."
 "Not connected with the deplorable affair of today, I hope?"
 "Yes, sir; connected with that."
 "But, and he glanced again at my card apprehensively, "you are not a reporter?"
 "Oh, no," I laughed. "I can easily guess how they've been harassing you. I'm acting for Mr. Curtis," I added, resolving quickly that the best thing I could do was to tell him the whole story so far as I knew it, which I did, as briefly as possible. He heard me to the end with intent, interested face. "I think you'll agree with me, Dr. Schuyler," I concluded, "that my client is quite right in deciding to demand an explanation."
 "Yes," he added, after a moment's thought. "I suppose he is—I'm sure he is. It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of—and the most deplorable. Till this moment, I had hoped that he had gone away to get married elsewhere."
 "Hoped?" I asked.
 "Yes, hoped. I've seen them together, Mr. Lester, and it seemed to me an attachment which I can conceive of nothing which could keep them apart. Has any explanation of it occurred to you?"
 (Continued Next Week.)

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE PATH THROUGH THE GROVE

I had no trouble in finding the path and in following it through the grove, noting how the trees screened it from the street. I reached a hedge enclosed by a garden which the path skirted, and finally a second hedge, which seemed to be the one bounding the estate. The path led to a gate which opened upon the grounds of a cottage just beyond. I could see that there was a garden and that the cottage was covered with vines, but no further details were discernible.
 Suddenly a light flashed out from one of the windows, and I saw a woman moving about within, no doubt preparing supper. But at that moment, I caught the sound of hurried footsteps along the path behind me and shrank aside into the shadow of the trees just in time to avoid another woman whom she dashed past. I recognized as the dark-faced maid. She crossed the garden without slackening her pace and entered the house. I saw her approach the other woman, pause apparently to speak a word to her, and then the two disappeared together.
 What was happening within this

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

house? Was it here that Miss Lawrence had found refuge? And as I turned this question over and over in my mind, staring reflectively at the lighted window before me, it seemed to me more and more probable that I had already reached the end of my search. The fugitive must have escaped by some avenue screened from the public gaze, else she would surely have been noticed. She must have known a place of refuge before she started; a woman of her self-poise would not rush wildly forth with no goal in view. And, lastly, that goal must have been close at hand, or she could not have escaped discovery.

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Flower.

"Tough luck Jipson had."
 "What happened?"
 "In order to keep his cook, he told her she might have the use of his touring car two afternoons a week."
 "Well?"
 "Yesterday she eloped with the chauffeur."
Their Species.
 Pro A Partisan—Messrs. Rossman and McCosker are an insurgent pair.
 Anti Partisan—At all events, they're not a Van Sickle pair.

As Willie Saw It.
 Ma—Is the clock running, Willie?
 Willie—No, ma; it's just standing still and wagging its tail.—Judge.

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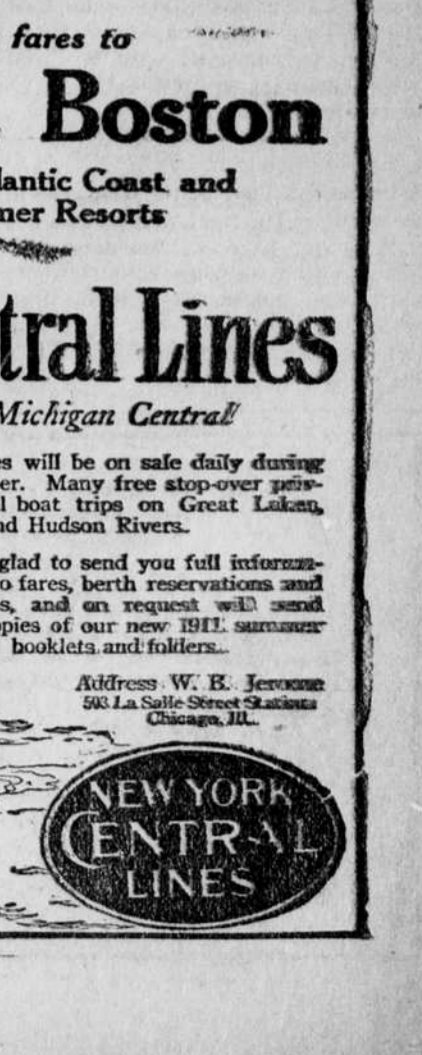
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