GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

IIII IIII

CHAPTER XII-(Continued). "But, you know they all prophesy a

worse ending for me," he said gloom-1ly, without realising that his secret thoughts were crowding to the sur-

"Pooh!" she cried. "I know what you mean. Mary has told me all the things they've said to you. But that can't happen. You—why, Eric, dear, you just couldn't kill anybody. You are just couldn't kill anybody. You are too tender and sweet hearted. Oh, I know you!" She kissed the brown fingers that were convulsively carried to her lips.

The fingers of the very hand that

sent Chetwynd against the treacherous

A low, mocking laugh came from the wood behind them, a laugh that brought a rush of icy prespiration through every pore in Eric's body. He whirled and peered into the shadows, his lips parted in a sort of stupefying

It was the mean, never-to-be-forgot

The girl drew back in amazement.
"What is it, Eric?" she cried.
"Didn't you hear it?" he gasped.
"Hear what?" "The laugh. Good heavens, Joan didn't you hear it?"

"No, you silly boy. You must be dreaming," she cried merrily.

He could see no one among the trees. They were absolutely alone. He sank back against the tree, limp and weak. Passing his hand over his wet forehead, he muttered:

"I—I thought I heard—but I must have been mistaken. There is no one, is there?"

"There are some men repairing the bridge at Bud's Rock," she said. "I saw them this morning. But that is half a mile away. They are putting up new railings.

He arose abruptly. "Come," he said aervously, "let's go home, Joan. It's later than I thought."

They hurried off across the smooth, green meadow, into the hot sunshine. He led her directly away from the cool, inviting shade of the wood, ignoring her protests.

her protests.

"It's shorter this way," he argued lamely, but that afforded slight content to her. He was clasping her hand in his and he was saying over and over again, as much to himself as to her:

"We will be sweethearts always. Nothing can ever come between us now, Toan" her protests.

Joan."

"As if there could be any danger of that." she said simply.

The third day after this meeting at the edge of the wood, Eric departed for Cambridge, firm in his decision to let nothing stand in the way of his happiness with Joan Bright.

But he was not soon to get over the shock of the imaginary laugh that came from nowhere, from no one in this world.

CHAPTER XIII.

HORACE WRITES A LETTER. At the end of four years, Eric Mid-thorne came out of Harvard. He pre-pared at once for the examinations of the Beaux Arts in Paris and passed them successfully, standing high among the Americans who went

During the summer of his 21st year, and while he was still an undergraduste at Cambridge, his uncle, after divulging the nature of the legacy which was to fall to him, spent hours out of each day in counselling the young man as to the wisest and best way to make the most of his grandfather's bequest. There would be more than \$100,000 coming to him. A solid nest egg, Mr. Blagden was wont to remark, notwithstanding the fact that the funds were so diversely invested that Eric was once inclined to observe, with ill timed facetiousness, that it might be better to call it a scrambled egg. His Uncle Horace repaid the effort with a pained, yet tolerant frown, as if to say: "Harvard is not what he was in my day." He always spoke of his alma mater in the masculine sense, because, he argued, the college was named for and after a man, not a woman. Merely a little stitch in the character of Horace Blagden.

On his 21st birthday. Frie found During the summer of his 21st year,

Blagden. On his 21st birthday, Eric found On his 21st birthday, Eric found himself not only a man, but a free agent insofar as his inheritance was concerned. There were bonds and mortgages, bank stocks and building lots, to say nothing of holdings in nearly every public utility concern in the city of Corinth.

"You will have an income of nearly \$10,000," announced Horace, after filing his final report as guardian. In other words, the best New England rates. That is what it came to.

"Uncle Horace," said Eric, as they left the court house together, "I feel that I owe you a great deal that cannot be repaid in thanks. You have spent a great deal of money in caring for Mary and me.

ary and me—"
Horace checked him with a gesture.

Horace checked him with a gesture.

"Pray do not labor under the delusion, Eric, that you and Mary have been—er, ahem—subsisting on charity. You did not pay strict attention to the reading of my final report, I fear. It is a very bad habit to get into. Always pay attention to such things. My report, as usual, sets forth all the expenditures for the year. You will find, if you examine it even casually that you owe nothing to me—er—ahem!—I mean in a substantial way. I shall be fully repaid by an expression of gratitude."

He was unconsciously ironic. Not for the world would he have had it appear so. It was his way of informing Eric that he had charged up his "board and keep," through all those years, to running expenses.

"You mean," said Eric, a trifle dazed, "that Mary and I have paid for—for what we've had from you?"

"Precisely."

"I—I wish I had known that long

what we've had from you?"

"Precisely."

"I—I wish I had known that long ago." muttered the young man, staring traight before him, his jaws set.

"I want to set you straight as to one thing, Eric," said his uncle steadily. He took the young man's arm in his hand, an unprecedented hit of informality on his part. "I fear that you may conan unprecedented hit of informality on his part. "I fear that you may conceive the idea that I am niggardly in this matter. Believe me, I am the one who filed the reports. mind you—showing that I children the cost of their food, their clothes, their bringing up. The whole of Corinth knows that I have done this thing. So, you see, I get my pay in the sneers that pass behind my back—yes, sometimes in these later days, before my eyes. But I had an understanding with myself when I took you hit omy home years ago, in face of the poposition of your shiftless relatives in the south. I did not intend you to lome as charity wards, so to speak. 1 did not love you sufficiently well to bestow charity upon you. To be frank, I resented you both bitterly. But, I am a fair man. Your southern relatives were proud. They would not have had you become objects of charity. I taid

them that a Blagden was never an ob ject of charity. A Blagden would pay for his own out of his own. You are for his own out of his own. You are Blagdens, both of you. Today you can look me in the face and say that you do not owe me a dollar. You are independent, Eric. I have seen to it that you who came to me against your will, who remained in my house all these years because you could not help yourself—I say I've seen to it that you are lader no prequiers obligation to me

self—I say I've seen to it that you are under no pecuniary obligation to me. You have paid me, out of your inheritance, for everything you have received, and so has Mary."

"Uncle Horace, I—"

"Just a moment, please. I am not so penurious as you think. My will has been made, Eric, these many years. In it there is a special clause restoring to you every penny of the money I used in the payment of these—er, ahem!—fixed charges, you might say. I say it is a special clause, because during the last year I altered my will in one other and somewhat vital particular. I will not go into that, tal particular. I will not go into that,

His lean grey face hardened as he uttered the last sentence; a far away look came into his eyes.
"But I can't think of taking back"—

began Eric all at sea over the strange turn of affairs.

"You can't help yourself, my boy," said Horace Blagden, kindly. "Sit down here with me on this bench. It's cool here, and of late the sun appears to be affecting me oddly. Erio, your aunt and I are proud of you. In spite of ourselves we have always liked you and Mary. If we were harsh with you, it was because we were envious—even it was because we were envious—even jealous. It isn't so hard to say that, either. And, believe me, there was a time when we honestly feared for your future. That is why—" here a thin smile broke on his lips—"we set Mr. Presbrey on you. I hope you will forgive us that. And yet, don't misunderstand me, I believe he did you more good than you will admit. Well, you are 21. You are going to be a credit to all of us—living and dead. Your middle name is Blagden, don't forget that. I say we are proud of you. My boy, it is more than that with me. I am fond of you. I will not say that your aunt is not quite as much so—er, ahem!—as I am. I want you to know that I love you for your fairness, your gentleness, your honesty. You are a good boy, Eric. I would to God you were my son." it was because we were envious-even

Eric was dumbfounded. An older and keener judge of human nature would not have been deceived into believing that a generous impulse moved Horace to that unhappy lament. It was an exposition of the quintessence of selfishness. He was thinking only of a personal gain that had been denied him in nature's distribution. But Eric did not know this. He was touched by the unhappy cry from the great man's soul. A sudden desire came over him to lift the dreadful suspense that was hanging over his uncle's head.

ing over his uncle's head.

"Uncle Horace, I want to tell you something that will make it easier for you about—Chetwynd. It has been a—" Mr. Blagden turned on him coldly. "Stop right there!" he said without raising his voice, but with a leok in his eyes that served better than a shout of command. "You are not to mention his name, sir. I have told you so before. There is nothing you can say that will make—But there! I am forgetting myself. We will resume our talk concerning your investments. They are safe and sound, and I sincerely hope

"A Jew couldn't live in Corinth, uncle," said Eric, who hated the town. "He'd starve to death."

His uncle closed one eye and a grim smile showed itself faintly at the corners of his mouth.

"I fancy he would," said he. "It is a far cry from Corinth to New York."

"Why shouldn't I leave my affairs in your hands, uncle, just as they have been?" Eric observed after a moment's reflection. "Td only ask for a certain portion of the income—enough to live on, you see. Is it asking too much of you, sir?"

Horace laid his hand on the young man's knee. "I think they would be safer in my hands than in yours, my boy. At least, for a few years, I will continue to look after them for you on the condition that you agree in writing to—er—ahem!—to allow me absolute control over them."

"For a certain length of time, sir," said Eric steadily. "I believe I can manage for myself when I am a little older."

"Quite right. We'll say five years."

"Or a sellsh hope of a season's fame, But the captain's hand on his shoulder "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

"Quite right. We'll say five years. You will be married by that time, 1

You will be married by that time, I dare say."

Eric blushed. He had been with Joan Bright that very morning.

"Who knows?" he mused evasively. And so it was agreed between them that Horace Blagden was to have control of Eric's fortune for a term of years. A business transaction, pure and simple, said Mr. Bladgen, in which he proposed to serve as agent at a much lower rate of compensation than Eric could hope to obtain from the Jews. It was quite a satisfactory arrangement all around, for Eric would not have had him act without compensation. Eric was past 22 when he prehave charged up to my own sister's pared for the Beaux Arts. He was to be abroad for at least two years. Long before he completed his work at Harvard, he was promised a commission—his first real work as an architect and vard, he was promised a commission— his first real work as an architect and

Judge Bright was to be his first cli-ent. The young man was to design and build for him a new and magnifi-cent home in Upper Corinth, a struc-ture that would cost no less than \$150,-

and that he would be a great architect some day, but for heaven's sake, et cetera.

Joan was not so pessimistic.

"I'll help you with the plans, Eric," she announced blissfully. "We must make no mistake. It must be perfect in every respect. Because, don't you see, you I will live in it some day."

Eric held up his hands in horror. "Joan, Joan! Do you really think I'll live in Corinth after I've got a good start in the world? Do you think I'd

start in the world? Do you think I'd bury myself and you here?"

"It's a nice old place," she protested.

"So is the world a nice old place.
We'll go out and live in it somewhere." "But papa's building this house for e," she lamented. He looked glum. me," she lamented. H "It's a deuce of a dilemma. I can't give you up and I won't give up

the commission.' "Well, why should we borrow trou-ble?" she cried gaily. "Father will live in it for years and years. We can in it for years and years. We can spend some of our time with him, Eric. We must. And, listen! I have it. When we're quite old we can close it in the winter and let it in the sum-

We must not forget Adam Carr. It would not be fair to him, if we pause but for a moment to consider his own capacity for not forgetting. There were months during which Eric heard noth ing of the man, then suddenly h would appear, as if from nowhere, calmly to resume relations as if they had separated no longer ago than the night before. He would drop in on the young man at his rooms in Cambridge, always without warning, but never by any chance when he was away or when he had company there.
Or he would be sitting in the shade
of the trees that surrounded old Jabez
Carr's watch house above Todville, quite as if he always had been sitting there, smoking a pipe with his father and staring intently at the squirrels and staring intently at the squirrels that never quite got over being afraid to approach him. Or, again, he would come upon Eric in a New York thoroughfare, never saying "how-do-you do," but always beginning a conversation with some remark which fitted to proceed with the thoughts that in precisely with the thoughts that were in the young man's mind at the moment. It was uncanny, and yet Eric never experienced a single sensation of uneasiness or repulsion. Somehow, it seemed to him that Adam Carr was so much a part of his own existence that he was with him in spirit at all times, no matter how great the distance that separated their bodies.

bodies.

Once, just before commencement day, Adam appeared on the campus. He came up from behind an spoke to Eric, who turned without surprise, as though he had been aware of his presence all the time. You would have thought he was continuing a conversation that had not been diverted for a moment, much less by a lapse of five months or more.

"I guess Horace has about given up

"I guess Horace has about given up hope of Chetwynd ever turning up to be forgiven," he remarked, in the most

be forgiven," he remarked, in the most casual manner.

Again, one night in the Champs Elysees, he came upon the young American unexpectedly.

"What's the news from Corinth?" he asked, without preamble, speaking as if from the darkness. Eric turned to find his queer friend standing at his elbow, idly gazing at the gaudy retinue of King Sasowith of Cambodia, who was returning, with all his wives and concubines, from Pre Catalin, where he had been the unit of attraction since the sun went down. since the sun went down.

This time, Eric confided to the detective that the situation was "getting on his nerves."

"I'm so sorry for them that I've half a mind to tell the truth, Mr. Adam,"

a mind to tell the truth, Mr. Adam, he said, in the course of conversation. "Why, they're simply grieving their hearts out. It would be the greatest blessing in the world if they knew

blessing in the world if they knew that he could never come back."

Adam chuckled. "I suppose you think old Horace would fall on your neck and say thank you kindly, eh? Well, he wouldn't my boy. He'd see to it that you fell on your own neck, after a drop of five or six feet. Be patient, Before long I'll report to him that Chetwynd is no more. It may interest you to know that I drop Horace a line occasionally to let him know that I'm talk concerning your investments. They are safe and sound, and I sincerely hope you will condescend to manage them as carefully as I have done, as your guardian, and as your grandfather did before me. Do not put your fortune into the hands of the Jews. It is safe enough in Corinth. By the Jews I mean the tendrils of New York. They suck up gold as the plants suck in the dew. I hate a Jew. Have you noticed there are no Jews in Corinth?"

"A Jew couldn't live in Corinth" I hate a Jew. Have you noticed there are no Jews in Corinth?"

"A Jew couldn't live in Corinth, "He'd starve to death."

"His uncle closed one of these days—soon, perhaps—I'll get so tired of it that I'll put an end to our one-sided correspondence by announcing that Chetwynd is dead. Jumped overboard just as I was about to not be a live of the second overboard just as I was about to not be a live of the second overboard just as I was about to not be a live of the second overboard just as I was about to not be a live of the second overboard just as I was about to not be a live of the second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard just as I was about to not second overboard overboard just as I was about to not second overboard overboard just as I was about to not second overboard overboard just as I was about to not second overboard overboard just as I was about to not second overboard overboard just as I was about to not second overboard overboard just as I was about to not second overboard overboard

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red— Red with the wreck of a square that

gatling's jammed and the colonel And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And failing, fling up the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"
—Henry Newbolt.

Henry Newbolt.

Now that ocean liners and vessels of whatever type of flag approaching the British or French coasts are liable to be sunk without warning, the question of instructing passengers in the art of adjusting life belts is to the fore. Lord Brassey and Colonel Timson, veteran travelers, have pointed out that only rarely is a man or a woman traveling by sea able to put on a life belt quickly and properly. Fifteen years ago Colonel Timson called attention to this deficiency, and urged that Great Britain follow the example of America in making the requisite instructions compulsory on the owners of ships flying the union jack. Nothing was done; nothing has been done even in these days and nights of special and extreme peril. It is possible that the matter will be taken up by the government with a view to suitable legislation.

Unrike the brand burned into the

## PEACE AFTER STORM

Song of Lark Followed Thunder of Heavy Guns.

Morning Hymn Came as Delightful Contrast to Man's Feroclous Energy of Destructiveness on European Battlefield.

There had been much booming of distant cannon during the day. It came from seven miles away. We were well accustomed to the sound. We had closed up night work at the hospital; several patients were already sleeping peacefully, spite of wounds, when I went to my quarters.

The usual monotonous thud, thud, thudding of artillery fire at regular intervals had turned instantaneously to something quite peculiarly virile. A quick, nervous, excitable quality of sound from the big guns filled and rent the air.

As two dogs, after growling discontentedly for a whole morning, sometimes fly at each other, and quite unexpectedly madly come to death grips, so did the two opposing forces appear to burst into the same wild, frenzied wrath and go for one another with all the strength at their disposal. So quickly did their deadly thunder pour itself forth, one could not count the cracks. It was one mighty roll-one gigantic, appalling roar, grim, unre-lenting, unearthly. The very room I sat in seemed to partake of the violence; the earth shook and the walls trembled.

One felt spellbound for a little while, fascinated by the awful clanging and booming and crasbing in the distance. The fighting seemed to develop in intensity as the night wore on. To complete the horror a high wind was blowing, which added considerably to the wild effect of the man-made storm. For about half an hour I sat and listened. Then, although common sense declared it was futile, I gave way to a longing to go cut. Surely with all this noise there must be something to see as well!

Instinct was right. Over the plain, toward the Belgian lines, there was a stupendous scene. The whole horizon pictured the temper of those frantic guns. There was one great moving expanse of crimson fire.

I went in again and settled down like 30 cents.

for the night. The guns never ceased; | SUPPLIES ALWAYS ON HAND in fact the sound increased rather than moderated in violence as the night progressed. Quite suddenly a strange thing happened. The whole conflict appeared to cease. As quickly as it began, the fire of artillery was absolutely stopped. The first great silence was even more impressive in its way than the preceding storm of tempestuous energy.

It was getting gradually lighter. One began to feel that the coming of dawn was very near at hand. Out of the silence—the deathlike silence—a sound now burst forth that made one's heart stand still.

"I heard a voice." A tender little warbling prelude suddenly fell on my ear. Then a pause. Then a soft note. Another pause. Then a bolder note still. Louder and bolder the note sounded and finally turned into a

The lark had awaked with the dawn. With perfect trust and gentle adoration she let her voice ring gayly forth, her delight in living, her ecstasy and praise finding expression in the most exquisite morning hymn it has ever my lot to hear.-Thedosia Lady Bagot in the London Telegraph.

Sandstorm Smith Was Reassured. "Say, looky yur!" snarled Sand storm Smith, the widely-known Okla-

homan, emerging from the elevator in a Kansas City hotel five minutes after he had apparently retired to his room for the night. "Who in the blazes is that cuss in the next room to mine?"

"A guest who was in an automobile accident this afternoon," replied the clerk. "The gasoline caught fire and burned him pretty badly. I am sorry his greans disturbed you, but-

"Aw, that's all right! I thought it was one of them infernal cabaret performers practicing on an accordion.' -Kansas City Star.

Was Making Signs.

While Jane, the new maid, was taking her first lesson in arranging the dining table, someone in the basement kitchen put something upon the dumb waiter below

"What's that noise?" asked Jane quickly. "Why, that's the dumbwaiter," re-

sponded the mistress. "Well," said Jane, "he's a-scratchin' to get out."-Collier's.

Love is a malady of the mind that swells the head but makes \$10 look

British Claim to Have Made Transport System at the Front as Perfect as Is Possible.

When it is mentioned that 2,000 tons of goods-food and other necessitiesare sent every day from the base depots to the firing line of the British army, some idea of the gigantic task

of the army service will be gathered. This enormous weight of goods, says Harold Begbie, comes almost entirely from England, for we are not buying in France even so perishable a necessity as milk. Vast stores are brought from England and loaded into sheds at the base depots.

All day by motor dory and railway truck supplies for the troops are sent out from these base depots to stores as near as possible to the firing lines And just as reserves are accumulated in the docks, so reserves are accumulated near the front, since an accident to the railways might cut off the fight ing soldiers' supplies.

On one occasion there was a delay on the railways of 36 hours, but not only did the soldier at the front get all his food and ammunition, but he did not even have to draw on the re serves I have mentioned; regimental stores were sufficient for his need Everything goes by clockwork. There is no room for an accident.-Londor

It Didn't Work.

The crowded car was overflowing. "Get off the step," the conductor cried. "I've got to shut the door."

"Don't mind me," replied the man on the step. "Close it if you like. It's true that I have a couple of sample packages of dynamite in my overcoat pockets and the windows might be broken and the roof blown off, but don't hesitate on my account. I haven't many friends, anyway, and I don't think many would sorrow over my early demise. Go ahead and close your door."

Then the conductor closed it.

"Everyone seems to be here for his health," remarked the new arrival at the summer resort.

"Yes, everyone but the hotel pro prietor," replied the guest who had been there three days."-Judge.

Won't Do.

Tom-Rather pretty girl, isn't she! Perelope-Pretty enough, yes, but absolutely no style.-Life.

## Builders of the "Big Ditch"

There has just been issued by the Historical Publishing Company of Washington, D. C., a magnificent illustrated history of the construction and builders of the Panama Canal. The editor of this great history is Mr. Ira E. Bennett, with associate editors, John Hays Hammond, ce brated mining engineer; Capt. Philip Andrews, U. S. N.; Rupert Blue, Surg. Gen. U. S. Public Health Service; J. Hampton Moore, Pres. Atlantic Deeper Waterways Ass'n; Patrick J. Lennox, B. A., and William J. Showalter.

One of the most interesting portions of the book is that dealing with the feeding of the immense army of laborers. A few paragraphs concerning one of the foods chosen and supplied by the Commissary Department, are quoted (beginning page 428) as follows:

"Visitors to the canal who were privileged to get a glimpse of the routine inner life will recall a familiar picture of workmen going to their places of labor carrying round yellow tins.

"Often, as they went, they munched a food poured from the tin into the hand. This food, which played no inconsiderable part in 'building' the canal, was the well-known article of diet, 'GRAPE-

"The mention of Grape-Nuts in this connection is peculiarly pertinent. Not merely because Grape-Nuts is a food for of course proper food was an integral part of the big enterprise—but because it is a cereal food which successfully withstood the effects of a tropical climate. This characteristic of Grape-Nuts was pretty well known and constituted a cogent reason for its selection for use in the Canal Zone. .

"This food is so thoroughly baked that it keeps almost indefinitely in any climate, as has been demonstrated again and again.

"One finds Grape-Nuts on transoceanic steamships, in the islands of the seas, in Alaska, South America, Japan, along the China coast, in Manila, Australia, South Africa, and on highways of travel and the byways of the jungle—in short, wherever minimum of bulk and maximum of nourishment are requisite in food which has to be transported long distances, and often under extreme diffi-

The very enviable reputation which Grape-Nuts has attained in these respects caused it to be chosen as one of the foods for the Canal Zone.

## Grape-Nuts FOOD

-scientifically made of prime wheat and malted barley, contains the entire goodness of the grain, including those priceless mineral elements so essential for active bodies and keen brains, but which are lacking in white flour products and the usual dietary.

There's a reason why Grape-Nuts food was chosen by the Canai Commissariat. There's a reason why Grape-Nuts is a favorite food of hustling people everywhere!

Sold by Grocers