

CHAPTER XXIX (Continued.)

"The prince and Pachmann are there, too," said Dan; "perhaps others." He looked up and down the street. "I wonder where we her, dragged her to him, and kissed are? There's the elevated. Come along!"

Together they sped to the nearest corner. It proved to be Ninth evenue, and there, in the shadow of the elevated, they found a policeman on duty.

It is true that Dan was not as coherent as he might have been and that the story he told sounded like a pipe dream; but the policeman was undeniably slow of comprehension. At first he smiled good naturedly.

"Aw, youse run along home now," he said. "I'm onto youse!" "But, look here," Dan pro-

tested, "this is serious. I'm not drunk - I'm just excited and side the wounded man lay his rea lot of Germans, and I shot one of them and knocked another place is 50 paces right flank rear!" down-and we've got to get him free · · · ·

then he looked at Dan closely, and floor. At the stairhead he hesithen he looked at Kasia, and then tated. The upper hall was empty, he took off his helmet and but just opposite him an open door scratched his head. "See here, now," he said, finally, "I'l call Still there was no sound, and, headquarters, if you say so-but after a moment, he stepped to the If you are stringin' me •••'' ''I'm not stringing you!'' Dan

cried. "And for heaven's sake be guick. Every minute we waste

The passersby had begun to stop and stare curiously, and the thought flashed through Dan's mind that he might collect a posse

But the patrolman had made up his mind.

"Come along with me," he said, and led the way into the rear room of the corner drugstore and telephoned to his station for instructions. He enlarged somewhat upon the perils of the expedition, as Dan had recounted them, and lying on its face, its arms thrown when he came out of the booth, it above its head. A strange odor was with a distinctly relieved air. greeted him as he bent over it-an

rush some detective up right body over. away.

cried. "We've got to get back!" starting eyes. When the sergeant tells me to

"With you in danger! What do you take me for?'

ing eyes, then put his arm about one in sight. her fiercely

'Refreshment for the heroic test. "I don't think there's much danger; but just the same you'll stay well in the rear, like a good it on?" one of them asked. girl! If Pachmann's upstairs, we will surely hear from him. He's certain to be annoyed !''

"Can't we do something for this poor fellow?'' she asked, her eyes large with pity for the groaning stickin' out, and his jaw shakin',

"The police will call an ambulance,'' said Dan. "There's noth-ing we can do." On the floor bevolver, and Dan stooped and man held prisoner back yonder by picked it up. "Now, remember, incredulity in the three pairs of Gunga Din!" he added, "your eyes fastened upon him.

He started up the stair, cautiously at first, but more boldly as "Tut, tut!" said the officer, and no sound came from the upper disclosed a dark room beyond. door and peered inside,

"That was where they put my father," said Kasia. "He was ly-ing on the bed in there."

Before he could stop her, she cry, she started back. Dan was run away? by her side in an instant. "Look!" she gasped, and

pointed at the floor.

Dan saw a slim shape stretched across the inner threshold; then he perceived that it was the body of ate range, and a pleasant voice ada man. Pushing Kasia before him, vised that a physician be sent at he returned to the outer door, fumbled for the switch and turned avenue, as his services were badly it. Yes, it was the body of a man, needed there. "The sergeant says for us to odor which made him curiously wait here," he said, "and he'll dizzy-but he managed to turn the

"But we can't stay here!" Dan cried, and stared down at him with at one of those soft and beautiful him."

and pulled the door shut. Then trades; beautiful now, and peacehe ran down the steps after his ful, but peopled with ghastly companion.

avenue. "We may as well keep and women, high and low, looked out of this. We can get the sub- their last upon this earth, mounted way just below here.'

had turned the corner.

Wherefore it happened that, Dan took one look into the shin- some minutes later, there was no representing the great towns of

"He said he'd wait for us," said the patrolman, helplessly.

The detectives looked about warrior on the field of battle," he them, but there was no evidence piled with morning garlands, in explained, before she could pro- of anything unusual about any of the houses

"Which side of the street was "He didn't say," answered the patrolman.

"Well, what did he say?" "Blamed if I know, exactly. He was so worked up-with his eyes and the girl hangin' on to his arm desk. -but it was something about kidthere bein' another prisoner to rescue \* \* \* ...,

He stopped, for there was frank

"He was stringin' you," said one of the detectives, at last. "Or else he had a jag," said another.

"Dope, more likely," suggested the third. "Look here, Hennessey, don't you ever git us up here again with no such cock-and-bull story! Come on, boys!"

They left Hennessey rubbing his head helplessly and staring at the houses, one after another. He

"Oh, hell!" said Hennessey, finally, and returned to his post at the corner.

And it was about that time that the 'phone at the German consulonce to the house just off Ninth

### CHAPTER XXX.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

When Paris opened her eyes on Lepine objected. "I have scruthe morning of Thursday, the tinized every report-viewed ev-"Why, it's Pachmann!" he 12th of October, it was to rejoice ery body which at all resembled

M. Deleasse was not in the habit

looking the square on one side and

Early as it was, he found await-

ing him the man whom he wished

had his office.

memories - for it was here the "Let's go the other way," he revolution set up it guillotine, and salary of \$33,000 a year as a mining a venue. "We may as well here the scaffold and passed under the And in another moment, they knife. Surely, if any spot on earth be haunted, it is this!

Something of this, perhaps, was when the patrolman, in company in the minds of these two men, as with three detectives, who had they stood for a moment looking been torn away from a game of down into the square. for their pinocle and who were consequent- faces were very thoughtful; then ly in no very pleasant humor, Delcasse's eyes travelled from one reached the center of the block, to another of the heroic figures France-Lyons, Marseilles, Brest, Rouen, Bordeaux, Nantes, Lilleand came to rest upon the last one, Strasbourg, hung with black and memory of the lost Alsace. Every morning, before he turned to the day's work, M. Delcasse, standing at this window, gazed at that statue, while he registered anew the vow that hose garlands should one day be replaced by wreaths of victory! That vow was his orison. His lips moved silently as he made it now, then he turned to his

"Be seated, my dear Lepine," nappin', and shootin' a man, and he said. "I have much to discuss with you, as you may guess. First about La Liberte. My board of inquiry will be ready to report by Saturday. It has decided that the explosion was caused by the spontaneous combustion of the 'B' powder, as was the case with the Jena.

> any other," said Lepine, curtly. But you and I know that it is not the true one.' Delcasse looked at him quickly. "Have you any news?" he

"That theory will do as well as

asked. "None," answered Lepine, with a frown. "The man we sought wasn't at all convinced that the has vanished as completely as strange youth had been "string- though the earth had swallowed ing" him—his excitement had too him. I found no trace of him since brushed past him and sped across evidently been genuine; but if he he left the office of the Messrs. the room. Then with a frightened was on the square, why had he Cook, with two passages for America in his pocket. I cannot understand it."

> "Have the tickets been returned?

"They have not been returned. and the Messrs. Cook, making inquiry at my suggestion, have a report from the steamship company that they have not been used.

Deleasse turned this over in his mind. "Perhaps the man and his daughter have met with some ac-

cident.' "We should have heard of it,'

days of autumn which make of "Then," said Delcasee, "he has

### Hoover Started With \$6.97. From the Kansas City Star.

Starting out in business life with engineer before he was 29 years old-probably the largest salary in the world to a man of that age-those are the igh lights of the early career of Her-ert C. Hoover, food administrator of the United States government, whose word today touches every breakfast table in this land.

No golden spoon was lying around the humble home where "Bert" Hoover was born, in West Branch, Cedar coun-ty, Ia. He was fed with a conservation poon in his infancy, and he knew what ood conservation was in his boyhood. He was born in a simple, unassuming timosphere. His mother was a Quaker preacher and his father a blacksmith. As is usual with the society of friends, he was taught the lessons of Christian humility as applied to the daily life, and was told of the dangers of vanity. It is no wonder that Hoover, big man that he is today, still prefers to keep ut of the limelight.

out of the limelight. A few years ago, traveling in his private car, Mr. Hoover returned to West Branch and visited the little graveyard under the pine trees where his mother and father are buried. Only humble headstones mark their resting place, for it is a part of the Quaker faith to carry simplicity even to the grave.

The town has changed since "Herb' Hower ran has challed since there streets and played hide-and-seek with other boys in the moonlight. There are cement sidewalks and electric lights and modern homes. The onestory house in which Hoover was born still is standing. But how did this great man work his

way through college and face life's struggles with not quite \$7 in his pock The answer is found in the handwriting of his dead mother: "Herbert has an abundance of frugality, energy and industriousness." In the Cedar county court house at Tipton, Ia., these Ouslies records are on file. Quaker records are on file.

Those illuminating records show that what the boy lacked in finance he

made up in character. He lost both his parents when he was child. All that was left to him and his little brother and sister was a house and lot worth \$1,000. The prop-

erty was sold and the proceeds used to erty was sold and the proceeds used to educate the three. Herbert went to Salem, Ore., to live with an uncle, Dr. H. J. Minthorne, who clothed and boarded the boy free of charge. In November, 1339, this uncle, who was also the boy's guardian, applied to the court back in Iowa for \$60 with which young Herbert might hav a scholarship young Herbert might buy a scholarship

in a business college. "I think," wrote the guardian, "if he had this scholarship he would make use of it and get full benefit from

When Mr. Hoover was 18 he was working in a real estate office supporting himself. He cntered and Leland Stanford university the year that institution started, and was graduated in its first class—in 1893. He had taken a course in mining engineering. He went to work for a Nevada mining corporation, and from there to Aus-tralia and in the desert of New South Wales, then to China as a mining expert. By this time had had married Miss Lou Henry, of Monterey, Cal., who became noted in the geology class at Stanford. She and her husband both showed bravery in the Boxer rebellion. When that trouble was over Mr. Hoover gained concessions from the Chinese government in a large coal area in recognition of his aid in recom-structing the railroads. Then began his wonderful career as a conservative promoter, and he became expert chief of the board of mines of the Chinese government and general manager of the Chinese Engineering and Mining company, his shares in which he sold in 1901 at a profit of nearly \$500,000. He now has interests the world over, from California to Burma, from Mexico b China, from Australia to Russia. Hoover was living in London, serv-

Ing in his prious capacities, as an en-gineer and as president and trustee of various corporations, when the world arted hordes devastated Belgium. At the request of the American ambassador, Mr. Hoover took the job of feeding Belgium. He not only fed, but clothed both Belgium and northern France. He did the job with a true American spirit of theroughness and alacrity, for he went into courts and faced officials with an energy that defied diplomacy. waits on no red tape." Starvation was his watchword



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### Cottonseed Oil for Canada.

The United States food administration has completed arrangements with the food controller of Canada, whereby cottonseed oil and its products may move into Canada for local Canadian consumption. There will be no re-exports of these products. As Canada raises sufficient hogs for its own uses, export licenses for hogs will not be granted for an indefinite period. The policy of the food administration is to see that Canara is supplied with certain necessaries from the United states required for feeding their own people, but no more. Regular licenses will be required on all shipments as heretofore, but no licenses will be issued without the approval of the food controller of Canada.

do a thing; I do it," said the offi- admiral's face was distorted with caped at the first possible mo- too much." cer composedly. "So I'm goin' to rage, his lips curled savagely away ment. Even as early as 9 o'clock, "My own opinion is," said the stay right here.

"Any objection to my waiting in though asleep. front of the house?" he asked.

this street, you said?"

"Yes; I didn't notice the numblock. I'll be waiting.'

'All right, Skip along.'

"I'm going too," said Kasia.

ger was not over yet--but she was saw that the bed was empty. already at the door.

"Take the other side of the street," he called.

She nodded, crossed the street, There was no one on the stairs.

Dan gazed at all this; then he Did they elope together?' shivered a little; he did not underand he was suffering with the reaction from those crowded mo- Dan's face. ments.

"Where's Pachmann?"

"Perhaps he's not there."

I'm ashamed of myself. Wait for for the stairs. me here.'

room beyond, the other man was serious one-serious for himself, his gloves. "I trust I have not sitting up, rubbing his head and for Kasia, above all for Vard! kept you waiting?" staring stupidly about him. Dan Very thoughtfully he turned "I but just arrived," Lepine asthe door and bolted it.

"And that's all right!" he said, through the open door. On the moments than at this window of and turned to find Kasia at his el- step he paused and looked up and yours.' bow. He glared at her sternly. "I down • street. The police were thought I told you to wait out- not yet in sight. mide

It was not a ple from his teeth, his eyes were only a perceptible tide had set in to- prefect," that he has sought Dan glared at him for a moment half closed, his hands were ward the Bois de Boulogne, or, refuge in Germany, until he can and started to speak his mind, but clenched—and with it all, he was breathing slowly and regularly, as which converged at the Place de tion against France."

la Concorde and rolled on along "He isn't dead, anyway," said the Champs-Elysees in one mighty his chair. The officer pondered a moment. Dan, and rubbed his eyes, for torrent. 'No, I guess not. Right down strange clouds floated before them. "And he doesn't seem to be and energetic figure fought its I can to render such an attempt hurt," he added, looking again. way across the square; a figure impossible-but it is a hard taskber, but it's about half way of the "I wonder what happened to him carefully arrayed in black morn- one can never be sure. There is -he isn't a pretty sight, is he? ing coat and grey trousers, and And where's your father?'

"He's not here," said Kasia, of very bright eyes magnified by Dan started to object-the dan- and following her gesture, Dan heavy glasses. The haughtiest of seen him since that morning at

Together they hastened back to by his bow, for it was none other the Hotel du Nord. the hall and looked into the other than that great diplomat, Theorooms. They were all empty. phile Delcasse, minister of marine.

"Well, it beats me!" said Dan, and sped along in the shadow. In at last, and stared down into the of being abroad so early; it was a a moment they were opposite the girl's frightened face. "Your full hour before his usual time; house. Nothing apparently had father isn't here, that's sure. It but he had an appointment to changed there. The front door looks like he either gave Pach- keep which he regarded as most stood open as they had left it, with mann his quietus with a solar plex- important, so he strode rapidly the light from the hall streaming us, or else Pachmann just fell over across the square, entered the out over the steps. The hall, so on his face and went to sleep. Any- handsome building to the north far as they could see, was empty. way, your father seems to have of it, and mounted to the first escaped. But where's the prince ? floor, where, on the corner over-

"Why didn't father stop and the Rue Royale on the other, he too, has been baffled. stand the emptiness and silence; look for me?" demanded Kasia. And then a light broke over

"He did-and found you gone. to see- a thin wisp of a man, "I don't like it," he said. Don't you see," he went on, ex- with straggling white beard and citedly, "it must have been while a shock of white hair and a face we were fussing with that thick no wider than one's hand, but Dan stood staring a moment headed cop. And probably, when lighted by the keenest eyes in the

was foolish to run away like that. But Kasia had already started whom full justice has not been

Dan paused for a last look at other. Mr. Lepine had not found

He crossed the street and the recumbent figure. Suppose the hour early; to him, all hours situation is?" mounted the steps. As he stepped the man should die-suppose were the same, for he was a man into the hall, a groan arrested him. something had happened to the who slept only when he found the In a moment, he perceived the man Prince-there would be the Ger- time, which was often not at all. whom he had shot lying, half con- man empire to be reckoned with, "Good morning, my dear prescious, against the wall. In the and the reckoning would be a feet," said Delcasse, drawing off

took one look at him, then closed away, followed Kasia down the sured him; "and I know of no stair, passed along the hall and better place to pass one's idle

with a little smile, Dan turned of statues, it pavilions and balus-

every house a dungeon to be es- been suppressed, as one who knew

The minister moved uneasily in

"I have thought of that," he Against this torrent, a sturdy said, "and I am doing everything another thing I wished to ask you. looking alertly about with a pair Where is Crochard?'

"I do not know, sir. I have not the carriage crowd felt honored Toulon when we parted outside

"Then he, too, has disappeared?

'Yes, sir, completely."

"Has it never occurred to you, Lepine, to connect these two disappearances?'

Yes, I did connect them. You will remember in the note he left for me he stated that he hoped soon to have some good news for us. But when more than two weeks elapse and we hear nothing, I am forced to conclude that he,

"Yes, it was for me a hope, also -almost my only one," said Delcasse. "I did not believe that he could fail. And if he has failed, do you know what it means for France, Lepine? It means destruction. Oh, I have spent sleepless longer, then swung round at her. he didn't find you, he hurried on world—in a word, Louis Jean Bap-Germany's attitude is that of a nights, I have racked my braint nation which desires war and which is ready to provoke it. You know, of course, how strained the

"About Morocco?"

"Yes. It has come to this: France and Germany are like two duellists, face to face, sword in

hand. Either they must fight, or one must retreat-and with dishonor!"

"France cannot retreat," murmured Lepine.

> (Continued Next Week.) A Billville Reflection.

If Satan's in the whirlwind And going good and prime, Can't blame him 'cause he's having "A devil of a time! -Atlanta Constitution. "Slickers" Seek Quartermaster.

From the New York Tribune. 'i'he war department is overrun with "slickers" already, while a conservative estimate of the number of men of draft age still clamoring for commissions in those branches of the department whose work will be in Washington, or at least on this side of the Atlantic, runs well up Into the thousands. Major General Sharpe, the quartermas

seems to promise the "safest" lot of places '> the army. He told Representa-tive Waldow, of New York, that there had already been commissioned about 2.-000 more officers than he knew what to do with, and a flood of applications, near ly all of which are backed by powerful

political influences, continues. The name "slicker" has been pretty generally adopted in Washington to characterized a young man, physically qualified for field services, who uses political influence to obtain a commis-sion, and thereafter enjoys the femiulne admiration which goes to khaki, but runs no risk even of submarines, much less German bullets.

The name was stamped on this variety of patriots, or draft dodgers, according to the viewpoint, in a recent publication.

#### Three of a Kind.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel. Arthur Shattuck, the brilliant Wiscon-sin pianist, has given his entire income, \$60,000 annually, for the mahtenance of European musicians pauperized by the war. His private yacht he has offered to the American povernment. His splendid apartments in Paris, which he has main-tained for years, he has turned over to Belgian refugees. He is now living on what he earns from his work as a musi-cian.

an. Wright Patterson, a sailor whose par Wright Patterson, a same whose Aus-ents live in Chicago, was in Sydney, Aus-tralia, 10,000 miles away, when he heard of America's entrance into the war. He started back immediately, and has en-listed at the Great Lakes training station. listed at the Great Lakes training station, to do his bit in the great fight for democ-

racy. O. B. Perry, general manager of the Yukon gold company, Canada, has just quit a \$50,060 a year job to volunteer in Uncle Sam's cause. He is now serving as a major in the United States army at a solary of \$2000

Uncle Sam's cause. He is now serving as a major in the United States army at a salary of \$3,000. Three of a kind, these men sre. It is the spirit which rules the breasts of such patriots as these that will what he war.

\* THE HEART THAT FEELS.

Pascal.

The heart has reasons which the reason does not know. It is the heart that feels God, not the reason. The primary truths are not demonstrable, and yet our knowledge of them is none the less certain. Prin-ciples are felt, propositions are proved. Truths may be above reason, and yet not contrary to reason

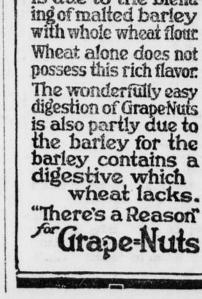
#### May Soon Call on Women.

Women and children "for the present" will not be made subject to compulsory munition work in Germany. The reichstag committee on national service raised objections to a proposed project to make women and even youths between fifteen and seventeen subject to compulsory munition work. The war office then stated that "for the present" it will not be necessary to call up the women and children.

Prof. H. J. Hunt of Bangor, Me., exolorer, believes land exists in the Arcic socean.

Enterprise and advertising make the biggest pair in the deck





Beyond it stretched the great

tiste Lepine, prefect of police, to done in this story-nor in any