THE MARK OF CAIN

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"And not a bad philosophy, my dear. Now tell me of yourself. You are well-and happy? I mean until this tragedy came.

Yes, Kane, I've had a happy home here with Uncle. I liked it better before Eleanor Black came, but Uncle wanted a housekeeper, and she applied for the position and he took her. That was about a year or more ago, and Kane, what do you think? They were engaged to be married!"

"Yes, so I learned at the inquest. Don't you like her?" "I don't know; I suppose so.

But sometimes, I think I don't trust her." 'Don't trust anybody, my dear

Avice. That's the safest and sanest plan." "Have you become a cynic?

You talk like one." "Don't you want me to be

one?"

"Surely not. I hate cynicism.

"Then I won't be one. For the only wish I have in life is to please you." Landon's voice fell lower, and glancing about to make sure there was no one in hearing, he went on, "All these years, Avice, I've been loving you more and more. I've been striving to make a name and a fortune worthy of you. And I came home to further that purpose, and to see if there's any hope for me. Is there, dear?"

"Oh, Kane, don't talk like that now. Why, just think, Uncle-"

"I know it, little girl. Uncle isn't yet buried. But when I saw you this morning, for the first time in so long, and when I saw how beautiful you have grown, I couldn't wait to tell you of my love and hopes. Tell me I may hope,-tell me that, Avice.

"I don't know, Kane. You bewilder me. I never dreamed of

"What, Avice! Never dreamed of it? Never even dreamed that I loved you-that you couldsome day, love me?'

Avice blushed and looked down. Perhaps she had dreamed -just dreamed of such a thing.

'Don't ask me about it now, Kane," she said, firmly. "I'm all nervous and unstrung. These awful excitements following one another so fast and furious. Oh. I shall break down." The tears came, but Landon said lightly. "No, you won't, girlie, it's all right. I'm here now to look after you. But you're right. I mustn't tease you now,-why, I'm back at my old teasing tricks, ain't I?"

His strong, frank voice quieted Avice, and she looked up at him as Judge Hoyt entered he room.

"Well, Mr. Landon," he said, "I congratulae you on an escape from a mighty unpleasant predicament. Things looked dark for a few moments back there. But it all came out right. Queer coincidence, wasn't it?'

"It was all of that, Judge Hoyt. And it was probably more dangerous to-to my peace of mind than I realized at the time. I was pretty much bewildered at the attack, I can tell you. You see, that was all true about my call on my uncle, and it looked a little plausible, I suppose."

"H'm, yes. And are you staying east for a time?" 'Forever, I hope. I've had

enough of the wild and woolly.' "Mr. Landon will stay here with us," said Avice, decidedly. "I invite him for an indefinite

stay."
"I hope you'll accept," observed Hoyt. "I'd be glad, Avice, for you to have a man in the house. There'll be more or less unpleasant publicity after this and, until it blows over, Mr. Landon can probably save you from tiresome interviews with

reporters, if nothing more."
"Of course, I can do that. Shall you want to remain in this house Avice, after the estate is

"I don't know yet. Don't let's talk about that now, Kane."

"All right. What do you make of that crazy telephone message attributed to me, Judge

"Why, Mr. Landon, if you don' mind, I'll not answer that question."
"But I do mind. I want you to answer it."

'Want me to answer it honest-"Honestly, certainly."

"Then, sir, I think it was you who telephoned.'

"Oh, you do? And I said that somebudy had set a trap for my uncle? And I said I would give him Frangipanni, or whatever it was? And I said I'd send him to the Caribbean sea?"

"You asked me what I thought. You have it. Yes, I think you said these things, but I think they were some jests between your uncle and yourself that were perfectly intelligible to you two. I have no reason to think you were angry at your uncle. Disappointed, doubtless, in not getting the loan you asked for, but still quite ready to forgive and forget. Now, honest, am I not right?"

Kane Landon had a curious look in his eyes. "You're a good guesser," he said, a little shortly, "but you havn't guessed right this time.

'Then I beg your pardon, but I still believe whoever telephoned that farrago of nonsense, had no intent but pleasantry of some

Eleanor Black came bustling in. She looked strikingly beautiful in her black gown. Not what is technically known as "mourning," but softly draped folds of dull, lusterless silk, that threw into higher relief her clear olive complexion and shining black eyes.

"A family conclave?" she said, lightly. "May I join? But first may I not have Mr. Landon duly presented to me?"

"Oh, surely, you've never really met, have you?" said Avice. "Mrs. Black, this is my cousin, or the same as cousin, for he's Uncle Rowly's nephew. Kane, my very good friend, Mrs. Black.

The two bowed, rather formally, and Mrs. Black murmured some conventional phrases, to which Landon responded courteously.

Judge Hoyt took the occasion to draw Avice outside the hall. -

"Let them get acquainted," he said, "and suppose you pay some slight attention to me. You've had eyes and ears for no one but that cousin ever since you first saw him this morning. And now you're asking him to live here!" "But you expressed approval of that!" and Avice looked surprised at his tone.

"How could I do otherwise at the time? But I don't approve of it, I can tell you, unless, Avice, dearest, unless you will let us announce our engagement at once. I mean after your uncle is buried, of course.'

"Announce our engagement! You must be crazy. I've never said I'd marry you.

"But you've never said you wouldn't. And you are going to. But all I ask just now, is that you'll assure me you're not in love with this Lochinvar who has so unexpectedly come out of the West.'

"Of course, I'm not!" But the emphasis was a little too strong and the cheek that turned away from him, a little too quickly flushed, to give the words a ring of sincerity.

However, it seemed to satisfy Judge Hoyt. "Of course, you're not," he echoed. "I only wanted to hear you say it. And remember, my girl, you have said it. And soon, as soon as you will let me, we will talk this over, but not now. Truly, dear, I don't want to intrude, but you know, Avice, you must know how I love you."

With a little gasping sigh Avice drew away the hand Hoyt had taken in his own, and ran back into the library.

She found Landon and Eleanor Black in a close conversation that seemed too earnest for peo-

ple just introduced.
"Very well," Eleanor was saying, "let it be that way then. I'll give it to you this very afternoon. But I am not sure I approve,-" and then, as she heard Avice enter, she continued, "of of Western life myself.'

The artifice was not altogether successful. Avice's quick ears detected the sudden change of inflection of the voice, and the slight involuntary hesitation. But she ignored it and responded pleasantly to their next casual remarks.

CHAPTER IX.

A Clause in the Will.

let me advise you.' The funeral eeremonies

Rowland Trowbridge were of the dignity and grandeur that are deemed necessary for a man of his station in life. Great men of the financial world, scholars and statesmen had all come to pay their last respects to the one so suddenly taken from his busy and forceful career.

And now, the obsequies over, a group of people were gathered in the library of the Trowbridge home to hear the reading of the

There was a hush of expectancy as Judge Hoyt produced and read aloud the document.

As has already been disclosed there was a bequest of \$50,000 to Kane Landon. The house and furniture were given unreservedly to Eleanor Black, with \$50,000 in addition. There were bequests of \$1,000 each to Miss Wilkinson and to Terence McGuire, both favorites with their employer. Also a similar sum to Stryker, the butler, and various smaller sums to other servants and to a few charities.

And then came the disposition of the residuary fortune, which, it was rumored, ran well up into the millions.

In the words of the will it was set forth that all moneys and properties, not otherwise designated, were bequeathed to Avice Trowbridge, on the conditions that "she shall keep my collection of Natural History Specimens intact, and, within a year duly present it to some worthy museum; and herself become the wife of Leslie Hoyt. Also, she must add to said collection not less than 25 specimens of certain value every year. If these conditions are not fulfilled, my niece, Avice, inherits but \$50,-000 of my fortune, and the residue must form a trust fund, under the supervision of Leslie Hoyt, to be used to found and endow a museum of Natural His-

With the exception of Hoyt and Avice, every one present looked astounded at the terms of the will. And yet it was not surprising that Mr. Trowbridge desired the union of his niece and his friend. Besides being the lawyer of the dead man, Hoyt had been his intimate friend and companion for years, and Hoyt's regard for Avice was no secret. Moreover, the girl had always looked on the lawyer with friendly eyes, and it had been assumed by many that they were destined for each other. To be sure, Avice was only 20, and Leslie Hoyt was 45. But he was a man who seemed 10 years younger than he was, and Avice was mature for her years. So, while it was a surprise that their union had been made a condition of the bequest, it was not thought by any one that this fact would be objectionable to either of the two concerned.

But Avice looked grave, and an obstinate expression came into her eyes. Hoyt saw this, and smiled a little as he remembered her aversion to being made to do a thing, even though she fully intended to do it. It was the girl's nature to chafe at authority, and Hoyt well knew he would have to give her free rein in many matters. Of course, having drawn up the will, he had known of this condition, but this was the first time he had had opportunity to note how it affeeted Avice. And it was quite plain that she was displeased.

"Then," she burst out," does my inheritance depend on my marriage to Judge Hoyt?" "Yes," answered Hoyt, him-

self, smiling at her. "Then I refuse it! I will not be told whom I shall marry!"

"Let us not discuss that now," said Hoyt, gently; "there is time enough for you to decide that later.

Avice realized that this was not the time or place for such a discussed, and said no more.

Mrs. Black was dissatisfied. Although she had a handsome inheritance, she well knew that this will had been made before her betrothal to Rowland Trowbridge, and had he lived to marry her, she would have had much more. Indeed, the only person who seemed satisfied was Kane Landon. He looked serenely pleased, and began to make inquiries as to how soon he could have his share in cash.

Judge Hoyt looked at him, as if incredulous that any one could be so mercenary, and rising, went over to sit beside him and discuss the matter. On his way, Hoyt passed by the boy, Fibsy, and patting his shoulder, remarked genially, "I'm glad you were remembered, sonny. When you want to invest your money,

Fibsy glanced up at the lawyer, and with an inquiring look

on his face, he exclaimed "Vapo-Cottolene!'

What this cryptic utterance meant, no one could guess; and no one gave it a second thought, except Landon, who smiled at the red-headed boy and said, "Yes!"

As soon as she could do so, Aviee escaped to her own room. So this was her inheritance! A fortune, only if she took also a husband of her uncle's choice! It had come upon her so suddenly, that she had to reiterate to herself that it was true. "If I'd only known," she

thought. "I'm sure I could have persuaded Uncle Rowly not to do that! I don't blame him so much, for I know he thought I wanted to marry Leslie, but I never told him I did. I suppose he had a right to think so,—but -that was all before Kane came back." And then her thoughts wandered far away from her inheritance, both real and personal, and concerned themselves with the strange man who had come out of the West. For he was strange. Landon had abrupt ways and peculiar attitudes that Avice could not altogether understand. He was so blunt and breezy. That, of course, was owing to his recent surroundings; then, again, he was so masterful and dominating, but that he had always been. Still more, he was incomprehensible. She couldn't understand his curt, almost rude manner a the time of the inquest proceedings. To be sure, it was enough to make a man furious to have insinuating questions put to him about the murder of his uncle,-as if Kane could have known anything of it!-but, well, he was mysterious in some ways.

And his attitude toward Eleanor Black. They must have met before or they never would have talked as absorbedly as they had been doing when Avice came upon them unexpectedly. And Eleanor was another mysterious one! She had her inheritance now, and Avice hoped they might separate, never to meet again. Well, of course, they would, for neither had a desire to continue living with the other. As for Avice herself, she would go out of that house at once. But where? That must soon be decided. Then, like a flooding wave, came back the memory of her uncle's will! She must marry Judge Hoyt or lose her fortune. She would have some money, to be sure, but the interest of that, as an income would make life a very different matter from what it had been!

And Eleanor would have this house,—to live in, or to sell. Idly she speculated on this, feeling an indercurrent of satisfaction the widow's bequest had not been even larger.

Then her thoughts reverted to the episode of Mrs. Black's telephoning so late that night, after the death of her uncle. She remembered she had secured the telephone number.

"I've a notion to call up and see who it is," she mused. "I am going to devote myself to searching out the murderer, and while I don't, of course, dream that Eleanor had anything to do with it, yet-she is Italian,-and suppose she is mixed up with some secret society-oh - well - I'll have to call that number or never rest. I might as well do it now."

Unwilling to take a chance of being overheard in the house, Avice dressed for the street and went out. She said to a maid in the hall, "If any one asks, say I've gone out for a little breath of air."

Glad of a walk i nthe sunshine, she went to the nearest public telephone booth and called the number. She had a queer feeling of doing wrong, but she persuaded herself that her motive was

a right one.
"Hello," she heard a man's hearty voice say.

"Hello, she returned, thoroughly frightened now, but not willing to back out. "Who is this, please?"

'Lindsay, Jim Lindsay; who wants me?" "But,-but,-" Avice was at her wits' end what to say, 'are you-do you know-that is,

are you a friend of Mrs. Black? Eleanor Black?" "Don't kno wthe lady. Is this Mrs. Black?"

"No; but you must know her. She—she talked to you last Tuesday night, late-very late."

"Tuesday night? Oh, I wasn't here Tuesday night. A chum of mine had my rooms; Landon-Kane Landon,-"

(To be continued next week.) Casualty company statistics show that burglaries have increased 40 e-

eent, this year war last

TURNING BACK THE CLOCK.

Recently Dr. S. Vorenoff of the College of France visited several cities in this country speaking on means of restoring vital energy and proionging life. The subject excited a good deal of interest because almost every person over 50 years of age and many who are younger, are eager to know how to restore vital energy and prolong life.

younger, are eager to know how to restore vital energy and prolong life.

Dr. Voronoff's views have been put into a book entitled "Life" and I have gone through this carefully looking for something that the public generally would be interested in. Voronoff quotes Metschnikoff as saying low forms of animals, certain of the single cell varieties, have eternal life or at least live until they are killed off by other living being.

being.

The lower an animal in the scale of life the longer it lives relatively. Flurous and Buffon said that an animal should live to an age six or seven times the number of years required for that animal's bones to complete their growth. The highest forms of life do not attain this longevity; the lower worms live beyond it. Voronoff figures that on this basis man should be able to reach 140 years.

In the tissues of man there are highly developed cells which do the special work of the different organs and lowly developed interstitial cells which remain on the primitive level. In old age these low cells overgrow and kill out the highor cells. The process of senility is one of return of the body to a low level, a plane on which life might be greatly prolonged, a condition not possible with the rapid burning pace of younger years. The thyroid gland is a ductless gland.

with many functions, one of which is to restrain the development of the connective tissue which overgrows and kills out other cells. When the thyroid ages these cells overdevelop and presently age other organs. Since all the ductless glands are hooked up in one combination, it would be well to have a word or two as to

The parathyroids regulate the activity The parathyroids regulate the activity of nerve cells. The suprarenal glands maintain the tone of the blood vessels and the distribution of the blood throughout the system and do other things as well. The pituitary gland is divided into two parts. The secretion of the front part determines whether the body will grow thort and small on the one hand or into a state of giantism on the other. The secretion of the back part stimulates the production of milk and of urine and governs the muscles of

the organs.
When the pineal gland of a youth is diseased the changes of puberty and adolescence do not work out in the usual way. The gonads or sex glands in addition to propagating the species produce an internal secretion absorbed directly into the blood which profoundly affects not only the other duetless glands, but all other tissues of the body. When through senility the brain has

ost some of its power, the spirit some of its vigor, and the skin and other tissues have undergone changes which every one recognizes, it is still possible to do a great deal of rejuvenating by introducing some of the ductless gland secretions of the gonads into the blood stream. This Brown-Sequard proved thout 30 years ago. He injected what came to be known as goat lymph, hypo-

termically.
Voronoff has gone one step further and planted the sex organs under the ikin in the sittues. Dr. G. F. Lydston iid this before Voronoff did and has reported good results lasting for a period of years. The scientific reports made on the tissues of the transplanted organs by Dr. E. Retterer confirm the scientific report on similar organs made by report on similar organs made by

Dr. Lydston.

Dr. Voronoff only used the organs of closely related animals. However, by grafting suitable glands on goats and sheep he succeeded in bringing about a remarkable degree of rejuvenation and this was continuing when the book was written. He has had no experience in written. He has had no experience in grafting genads in human beings. This Lydston, Stanley and others in this country have done with an encouraging degree of success, at least for a term

of years. The Battle of Jutland.

By Associated Press In response to reiterated and insistem demands from the press and parliament the government has published a book of 600 pages containing the official dispatches, charts and reports from the commanders and senior officers concern-ing the battle of Jutland, fought between the British and German fleets more than

four years ago in the North sea.

Apart from the interesting statement that the battle was fought in misty weather which rendered difficult the distinguishing of friend from foe, and also tinguishing of friend from foe, and also that the speed of the German ships and the gunnery of the men aboard them were excellent, perhaps the most inter-esting points which will be sought by readers of the document will be wheth-er the British advantage was pushed home to the utmost and whether the German fleet should have been attacked. This point, however, would seem to be This point, however, would seem to be settled by a dispatch "from Beatty," that on the night of the battle he did not consider it desirable or proper to close with the enemy's battle fleet through the dark hours. The reasons

were:
"First, our distance from the battle "First, our distance from the battle fleet (British); second, the condition of the battle cruisers; third, the enemy being concentrated; fourth, the almost certainty that they would locate the enemy favorably at daylight."

According to Vice Admiral Beatty's dispatches, he then considered it his duty to prevent the enemy from reaching his hase. The vice-admiral expressed

base. - The vice-admiral expressed great regret that an opportunity was missed in the small hours of the morn-

missed in the small hours of the morning for engaging four ships of the Deutschland class, which were mistaken for British light cruisers.

The erroneous nature of the signal attributed to Beatty, "follow me; we've got them cold." is shown by the dispatches. What Beatty really signalled, says the document, was: "Urgent I submit that the van of the battleships should follow the battle cruisers. We can then cut off the whole of the enemy's battle fleet."

The confusion in discerning friend from foe is remarked in many of the officers'

foe is remarked in many of the officers' reports. Rear Admiral Gaunt of the first battle squadron says: "Whatever circumstances may have constrained the battle cruiser fleet to fall back upon the battle fleet in the manner it did, the result was unfortunate. The fifth division was unable to fire upon the enemy owing to the battle cruisers being in between; and when they cleared from the battleships it was difficult to ascertain whether the ships coming into view through the mist were friend or foe.

Decline of the Parlor.

One of the large manufacturing companies of the United States is engaged in the construction of a great number of houses for its employes, and while there are many novel features in the way of making conveniences, the most striking thing about the homes is the total absence of the usual parlor. The space is thrown into the other rooms. It looks as if the parior was aut of fashion,

GIVEN HIGH PLACE

International Honors Awarded Western Canada Products.

Proof of What Can Be Done, With Intelligence and Industry, on Good, Low-Priced Land.

The 1920 International Live Stock show at Chicago was probably the best that has ever been held, and as is pointed out by a Canadian newspaper writer, the number and quality of the exhibits "indicated a new milestone on the road of progress." This year it was truly "International." The part that Canada took showed a spirit of friendliness on both sides of the line that was highly pleasing.

Six provinces of Canada were represented in varying degrees, and when the handsome share of the prizes that were carried off by our northern neighbors, achieving phenomenal success in view of tremendous competition, is considered, there is reason to hope that in the minds of these people there will grow an esteem for the International that will be helpful to both countries.

Canada won a number of championships, not the least of which was the sweepstakes carried off by Mr. J. C. Mitchell, of Dahinda, Saskatchewan. In this award may be seen an object lesson, going to show that it is not always the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth to whom the greatest degree of success will attach. It will be interesting to relate that Mr. Mitchell, the recipient of these great honors, came from the manufacturing city of Manchester, England, unacquainted with farming, but with the lure of the land upon him. Because he had been told of the success that followed the tiller of the soil of Western Canada, fifteen years ago he decided to make his home in Canada, and selected as a homestead the land upon which he grew the wheat that has brought him a world's championship. It is true he had his ups and downs, but he continued and is now enjoying the fruits of his labor and the experience gained in a manner of life that was enjoyable. But he is still a simple farmer and will continue growing grains that, with the knowledge he possesses, industry that is essential, and above all, a soil and climate that are favorable, will secure many more world's championships Well, then, too, there was born at

Stratford, Ontario, a boy named Lu cas, now of man's estate. Although a town boy he always had a desire for farming. He moved to Alberta to the neighborhood of Cayley, and those who have had no idea where Cayley is will know now, for Mr. Lucus bus placed it "on the map." He had some of his 49.2-lbs,-to-the-bushet ours ar the International, and with 240 competitors against him he took the championship and sweep stakes. The was a notable achievement. As this been said, when he was a boy te too's a liking to farming, but the greatest obstacle in the way of realization of his dreams was the practical impossibility of a man without a amount of capital purchasing the high-priced farm lands of the settled parts in the neighborhood he fived in-However, after leaving school be heard of the law-priced lands of Western Canada. This was his opportunity, and he embraced it. Beginning at 15 years of age with 160 acres of virgin prairie, and with no practical farming experience, he has now, by perseverance and industry, increased his holdings to nearly 1,000 acres. Such is the brief history of the man who carried off the championship for the best grown oats, and it is also an example that might well be followed by many who are struggling today against the prices received for the produce grown on high-priced land, or to those who, as was the case with Mr. Lucas, had little means but an abundance of energy and a flood of umbition. Nowhere are there offered inducements such as are offered in

Western Canada. There were 25 prizes offered in the class for hard spring wheats and 20 of them went to Western Canada .-Advertisement.

Eden, as history proves, was too big a job for Adam.

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Watch your date.