SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summeriag mear Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bask failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's anneying suitor. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her fatilier meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who saild he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker.

CHAPTER V .- Continued. He spoke the name carelessly, his manner and tone implying that there could be no debating the subject. I was prepared for evasion, but not for this cool denial of his identity. But this afternoon, Mr. Holbrook,

I chanced to follow the creek to this point and I saw-"

"You probably saw that houseboat down there, that is my shop. As I tell you, I am a maker of canoes. They have, I hope, some reputation-honest hand-work; and my output is limited. I shall be deeply chagrined if you have never heard of the Hartridge canoe.

He shook his head in mock grief, walked to a cabarette and took up a pipe and filled it. He was carrying off the situation well; but his codness angered me.

"Mr. Hartridge, I am sorry that I must believe that heretofore you have been known as Holbrook. The fact was clenched for me this afternoon, quite late, as I stood in the path below there. I heard quite distinctly a young woman call you father."

"So? Then you're an eavesdropper as well as a trespasser!"-and the man laughed. "We will admit that I am both," I

flared, angrily, "You are considerate, Mr. Dono-

"The young woman who called you father and whom you answered from the deck of the houseboat is a person I know."

"The devil!" He calmly puffed his pipe, holding the bowl in his fingers, his idle hand

"I saw her this morning at St. Agatha's school. I not only say her, but I talked with her, and I am neith-

er deaf nor blind." He pursed his lips and studied me with his head slightly titlted to one side, in a ecol fashion that I did not

"Rather an odd place to have met this Miss-what name, did you say? -Miss Helen Holbrook; -a closed schoolhouse, and that sort of thing."

"You may ease your mind on that Margaret and walked toward the point; she was with your sister, her chapel. aunt, Mr. Holbrook; and I want you! to understand that your following

Miss Patricla Holbrook here is infamous and that I have no other business but to protect her from you." He bent his eyes upon me gravely and nodded several times. "Mr. Donovan," he begin, "I repeat that I am not Henry Holbrook, and that she wished to speak to me alone, my daughter—is my daughter, and not

your Miss Helen Holbrook. Moreover, it was she who asked the question if you will go to Tippecanoe or to that was on her aunt's lips. Annandale and ask about me you will learn that I have been a resident of heard nothing, Mr. Donovan?" this community, working at my trade, that of a canoe-maker. That shop down there by the creek and this house, I built myself." "But the girl-

"Was not Helen Holbrook, but my daughter, Rosalind Hartridge. She as I walked between her and Miss Pat, has been away at school, and came through a trellised lane that alter home only a week ago. You are clear- nated crimson ramblers and purple ly mistaken; and if you will call, as clematis, to the chapel, Sister Margayou undoubtedly will, on your Miss ret's brown-robed figure preceding us. Holbrook at St. Agatha's in the morn- The open sky, the fresh airs of morning, you will undoubtedly find your ing, the bird-song and the smell of young lady there quite safely in verduous earth in themselves gave Patricia Holbrook?-in whose behalf my senses as I heard Helen's deep you take so praiseworthy an interest." voice running on in light banter with

lied sufficiently to demand:

a boatmaker here, will you tell me lady who walked beside me. It was why you have enemies who are so an impossible thing; the thought was anxious to kill you? I imagine that unchivalrous and unworthy of any murder isn't common on the quiet man calling himself gentleman. No shores of this little creek, and that an one so wholly beautiful, no one with Italian sailor is not employed to kill her voice, her steady tranquil eyes men who have not a past of some sort | could, I argued, do ill. And yet I had behind them."

His brows knit and the jaw under touched her as she crossed my path his short beard tightened. Then he and ran down to the houseboat! smiled and threw his pipe on the

"I have only your word for it that there's an Italian in the wood-pile. I hat with its sharply upturned brim im have friends among the country folk parted a new frankness to her face. here and in the lake villages who can Several times she looked at me quickvouch for me. As I am not in the ly-she was almost my own heightleast interested in your affairs I shall and there was no questioning the per not trouble you for your credentials; fect honesty of her splendid eyes. but as the hour is late and I hope I have satisfied you that we have no acquaintances in common, I will bid you good night. If you care for a boat to carry you home

"Thank you, no!" I jerked. courtesy, walked to the door and played from tea to dinner, and Sister threw it open. He asked where I had Margaret really had to come and tear left my horse, wished me a pleasant us away from our game." ride home, and I was striding up the highway in no agreeable frame of own intention, that had been at St. American philosopher specifically limited by the highway in no agreeable frame of own intention, that had been at St.





I Brought My Horse to

Henry Holbrook had not only sent maker's. And even more conclusive was me away as ignorant as I had come, the fact that she had made this statebut had added considerably to my perment before her aunt, and that Miss plexities.

CHAPTER VI.

A Sunday's Mixed Affairs.

of Glenarm House, and after I had "But this afternoon we shall go for stablished myself in comfort on the Pat in the church porch. terrace and studied the affairs of the | She exchanged glances with Helen | brook and wished to annoy his sister, house of Holbrook until the robins before replying. Rosalind Hartridge. Where do you I entered the school grounds by the of Gillespie I had forgotten utterly; seen her with her father on the Tip-Glenarm gate and watched several but he was, at any rate, the least im. pecanoe. And then I was baffled smart traps approach by the lake portant figure in the little drama un- again as I remembered that Paul Stodroad, depositing other devout folk at folding before me.

the chapel. that had fallen in this quiet corner of I turned away, went home and called the world, as though out of the bright for my horse. blue above, made all the more unreal my experiences of the night. And just then the door of the main hall of with the highway. I brought my horse St. Agatha's opened and forth came to a walk as I neared the canoe-ma-Miss Pat, Helen Holbrook and Sister

It was Helen who greeted me first. tations of a day like this. We're the adventure and warning of the chagrined to think we never knew this part of the world before!"

"I'm sure there is no danger," said Miss Pat, smiling at her own timidity as she gave me her hand. I though but Helen lingered at her side, and

"We are undiscovered? You have "Nothing, Miss Holbrook," I said;

and I turned away from Miss Patwhose eyes made lying difficult-to Helen, who met my gaze with charming candor. And I took account of the girl anew

charge of-what was the name, Miss Sabbath benediction. I challenged all He was treating me quite as though her aunt. It was not possible that I I were a stupid schoolboy, but I ral- had seen her through the dusk only for his canoes." the day before, traitorously meeting "If you are so peaceable and only her father, the foe of this dear old seen and heard her; I might have

She wore to-day a white and green gown and trailed a green parasol in a white-gloved hand. Her small round

"We hoped you might drop in yesterday afternoon," she said, and my ears were at once alert.

"Yes," laughed Miss Pat, "we

ence, "Ghosts," "When We Dead titled simply to pay the rent, soothe Awake" and other immoral philosophy, "We were playing chess, and almost He bowed with slightly exaggerated came to blows!" said Helen. "We from which they have absorbed the singular notion that people have some sort of right to be happy.

mind before I quite realized that after agatha's, playing a harmless game ited the right to pursuing happiness thing. There is always a sad chance marrowly escaping death on his house with her aunt, at the very moment merely; he said nothing at all about that somebody will read it and think boat at the hands of his enemies, that I had seen her at the canoe overtaking it; while the great Nor it's so.—Saturday Evening Post.

and I had really intended entering with them; but now I was in no frame of mind for church; I murmured an ex-The faithful Ijima opened the door cuse about having letters to write.

"I shall come to your pier with the The sight of bright parasols and launch at five o'clock," I said, and could not have been chosen by Helen modish gowns, the semi-urban Sunday with thanks murmuring in my ears Holbrook.

before, making daylight acquaintance ker's cottage, and I read his sign and the lettering on his mail box and satistied myself that the name Hartridge "Aunt Pat can't withstand the temp- There was no one in sight; perhaps was indisputably set forth on both. night had caused Holbrook to leave; but at any rate I was bent upon ask-

ing about him in Tippecanoe village. sleepy hamlet of perhaps 50 cottages, blacksmith shop. There was a water closed store to seek the shopkeeper.

I found him in a garden under an apple tree reading a newspaper. He was an old fellow in spectacles, and, assuming that I was an idler from the summer colony, he greeted me courteously. I questioned him as to the character of the winters in this knickerbockers of fantastic plaid, with region, spoke of the employments of a cap to match. the village folk, then mentioned the

"Yes; he works the year round down to me:

Pat had acquiesced in it. We had reached the church door,

I repeated my journey of the night

This place, lying two miles beyond the canoe-maker's, I found to be a of an excited throng. Drawing closer, a country store, a post-office, and a trough in front of the store, and I dismounted to give my horse a drink while I went to the cottage behind the this means to us, a gift so munificent

canoe-maker.

there on the Tippecanoe. He sells his canoes all over the country—the bill in the collection basket. All in Hartridge, that's his name. You must have seen his sign there by the cedar take, but he told our preacher it was hedge. They say he gets big prices a free gift."

Some Philosophy Drawn Out by Pro-

posed English Law.

To make divorce easier is the object

of a thoughtful and rather influential

English society. It declares that there

are, in Great Britain, a hundred thou-

sand unhappy copules who would at

once seek divorce if the law permitted

as a sufficient reason for a permissive

Probably the Englishmen have been

eading the Declaration of Independ-

pretty hard, but I guess he likes it." "He's an industrious man, is he?"

against him. But he's quiet and peaceable, and now his daughter-"

"Oh, he has a daughter?" "Yes; and that's all he has, too; and they never have any visitors. The daughter just come home the other day, and we ain't hardly seen her yet. She's been away at school."

"I suppose Mr. Hartridge is absent sometimes; he doesn't live down there all the time, does he?"

sometimes I don't see him for a

"You think that if Mr. Hartridge had a visitor you'd know it?" I per-

mightn't. Mr. Hartridge is a queer man. I don't see him every day, and particularly in the winter I don't keep

With a little leading the storekeeper described Hartridge for me, and his "Clothing is an article which everydescription tallied exactly with the body should wear. The least of man who had caught me on the canoe- this article is worn by savages or namaker's premises the night before. tives, which is a piece of cloth or a And yet, when I had thanked the few leaves or feathers round the waist. storekeeper and ridden on through the in cold countries, same as Eskimos, village, I was as much befuddled as the people wear more clothes than we ever. There was something decidedly do, count of the icy cold out there. incongruous in the idea that a man They can skate all the year round, exwho was, by all superficial signs, at cept about one thaw there is in sumleast a gentleman, should be estab. mer. If they walked about like nalished in the business of making ca. tives they would catch cold directly noes by the side, of a lonely creek in and die of bronkitis. We put clothes this odd corner of the world. From on which are nearly like our bodies, swallowed the supper he always had a ride or a sail, which shall it be, Miss the storekeeper's account, Hartridge some have caps, coats and trousers, ready for me when I kept late hours, Holbrook?" I said, turning to Miss might be absent from his retreat for but women and girls wear hats and long periods; if he were Henry Hol. frocks to tell who they are." it was not so far from this lonely

lespie the center of attention.

--so far beyond our dreams."

way through the encircling rustics. He

was clad in a Norfolk jacket and

A young famer, noting my curiosity

and heavy with great news, whispered

"That boy in short pants put a \$1,000

one bill! They thought it was a mis-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

wegian's last word was that the

harder you pursued happiness the

That is the truer word. It is doubt-

ful if anybody ever ran down and cap-

tured happiness, even in a divorce

suit, with all the family peculiarities

published on the front page. Probably

a great many marriages fail in the

parties enter upon the contract with

the hallucination that they are

inalienably entitled to be happy-the

fact being that they are inalienably en-

the colicky infant and suffer mother-

in-law's unprofitable conversation re-

specting the duties of man-as though

you could give a note of hand with

worse trouble you would get into.

The Right To Be Happy.

-which condition it appears to regard United States because the misguided

Neither Jefferson nor Ibsen, we may the mental reservation that you

"It was Miss Helen Holbrook that I saw here, Mr. Hartridge."
It was Miss Helen Holbrook that I saw here, Mr. Hartridge."
He started, then recovered himself and peered into the pipe bowl for a second; then looked at me with an amused smile on his face.

An old hymn chimed by the chapel bells reminded me that it was Sunday. Services were held during the sum of the booked at me with an agination. The person you saw, if you saw any one on your visit to these premises today, was my daughter, Rosalind Hartridge. Where do you think you knew her Mr. Person do the set hook of the constitution of the presence of the constitution of the constitution of the constitution of the cannot receive to the Connecticut town where might be that we should be safer on it was not so far from this lonely creek to the Connecticut town where might be that we should be safer on it was not so far from this lonely creek to the Connecticut town where might be that we should be safer on it was not so far from this lonely creek to the Connecticut town where might be that we should be safer on I was relieved. On the lake there believed by the value of the water—"

I was relieved. On the lake there believed by Henry Holbrook than in the highway about Annandale. It was, to be sure, a question whether the man I was relieved by Grand might be that we should be safer on I was relieved. On the lake there believed by Henry Holbrook than in the only the was much less chance of her being observed by Henry Holbrook than in the brook. I found myself trying to account for the fact that, by some means short of the might be that we should be safer on I was relieved. On the lake there believed believed to the execution of the eyes of the village, she might easily enough be an invention to hide the visits of Helen Holbrook. I found myself trying to account for the fact that, by some means short of the might be that we should be safer on I was relieved. On the lake there believed to the execution of the wastrow. The perfect of the wastrow might be that we should

County Messenger tells this one: dard had sent the two women to St. Agatha's, and that their destination bigamy. After the jury has returned remarked: My thoughts wandered into many blind alleys as I rode on. I was thor-

oughly disgusted with myself at finding the loose ends of the Holbrooks' dat! I'd rather go to the pen,' said affairs multiplying so rapidly. The Crum."-Atlanta Constitution. sun of noon shone hot overhead, and I turned my horse into a road that led homeword by the eastern shore of the Spohn Medical Co., proprietors of lake. As I approached a little country | Spohn's Distemper Cure, was recently

church at the crown of a long hill I elected mayor of Goshen, Ind., by a saw a crowd gathered in the highway good majority. Mr. Spohn was for a and reined my horse to see what had number of years County Supt. of happened. The congregation of farmers | Schools, making such a record that his and their families had just been dis- neighbours and friends, regardless of missed; and they were pressing about political lines, insisted on his accepting a young man who stood in the center the nomination for mayor. That Single Thought. I was amazed to find my friend Gil-You've heard the old story of sweet wedded bliss, of the two hearts that

> Important to Mothers. infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Cart. Flitcher. In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought. Debut of the Green-Eyed.

Adam-I couldn't believe my eyes when I first beheld you!

LOST REGISTERED LETTERS FOUND IN QUEER PLACE

Miesed From a Mangled Mail Bag, They are Recovered From Car Trucks.

It does not always follow that the disappearance of registered mail packages indicate a robbery of the mail. This was demonstrated on The Overland Limited train No. 2 Friday, November 5th, when a package of five registered letters from Schuyler disappeared between that point and Omaha.

The recovery of the lost package was as strange as its disappearance. The Schuyler pouch is picked up "No; but he's been here a good from a crane by means of a pouch while. I guess nobody knows where catcher as the train passes. This he comes from-or cares. He works pouch catcher is attached to the mail car and hooks onto the pouch suspended from the crane as the train "Oh, he's a steady worker; but he's passes. In this particular instance a queer kind, too. Now, he never the pouch catcher did not make a votes and he never goes to church; good catch and the pouch fell under and for the sake of the argument, the wheels of the train and was cut neither do I'-and the old fellow in two. The mail was scattered along winked prodigiously. "Fix's a mighty the track for a considerable distance. odd man; but I can't say that that's but the five registered letters, which were in a packet, could not be found when the other mail was picked up. The impression at once prevailed that the registered package had been found and kept by some one and it was reported as lost.

Postoffice Inspector L. A. Thompson was started out to investigate. His first visit was to Council Bluffs to make inquiries of the postal clerks on the car, and scarcely had he reached there when he received word "I can't say that I could prove it; that the registered package had been found by the car cleaner resting snugown, stranger," he concluded, pointthrown when the mail pouch was flung under the wheels at Schuyler.

That the package was not injured sisted, though the shopkeeper grew in the slightest, nor jarred from its position on the trucks, is simply an-"Well, now, I might; and again I other tribute to the Union Pacific's insurpassed roadbed and perfect track.

> Boy's Essay on Clothing. Here is an extract from an essay, written by a boy in a London school:

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

A correspondent of the Walker "A darky was on trial in the criminal court last week on a charge of

a verdict of guilty Judge McReynolds "The best I can do, Crum, is to give you the minimum.'

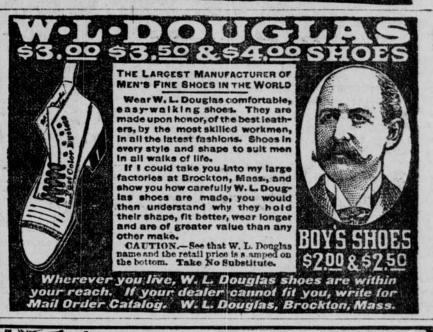
"'Lordy, mercy me, jedge, don't do Dr. S. F. Spohn, President of the

"But, my dear sir," cried a tall, bearded man whom I took to be the thought sealed with a kiss, and have flutter as one, and the two souls singleminister of this wayside flock, "you wondered, no doubt, how 'twas done, must at least give us the privilege of As a wise one who was by experience thanking you! You cannot know what taught, this effect we will briefly explain; in most of the cases that "one single thought" is: "I wish I was sin-Whereat Gillespie looked bored. gle again!" shook his head, and tried to force his

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