

his

People going in and out of the rep-

exchanging comments and questions

Stanton's dark face was weil-known.

and a face not easily forgotten, while

identified him as one of the racen

who held the city's attention durin

Stanton suddenly returned to the pe-

When the dessert was before them

"How did you become a finished

"Well, I believe you are only five

automobile expert by the age of twen

or six years older," Floyd countered

with a touch of whimsical sadness "But-I grew up in an automobile fac

tory. I had no mother, no kinewome

at sil, and my father made me his

constant companion. Ils taught m

everything he knew, and he-well, h

was Edgar T. Floyd, who owned the

the manufacturing business with hit:

not for racing myself. But, some's

affairs, went wrong. When he died,

eighteen months ago, everything col-

lapsed and I found nothing left. The

factory itself is tied up in a lawsuit;

may get that out of the ruin; build-

ings full of silent machinery I have no

apital to use, and no heart to sell."

There was a pause.

mechanician that nicht?"

season.

women teach."

eclipse.

gether.

holders.

all right."

of a machine you've got there," com-

plimented the broadly amused George,

Floyd paused to glance back.

me up behind him.

ty-one?" he questioned bluntly.

the motor carnival.

sonal note.

previous year.

in

companion's dress sufficiently

SYNOPSIS.

"HAPTER I-At the beginning of great tomobile race the mechanician of the the mechanician of the 's machine, drops dead. lesse Floyd, volunteers,

CHAPTER II-In the rest during the wenty-four hour race Signton meets a tranger. Miss Carlisde, who introduces erself. The mechanician saves machine

CHAPTER III-The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Car-lisle, which he ignores.

CHAPTER IV-Stanton meets Miss Car-liste on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Caritele follow in auto.

CHAPTER V-Accident by which San-ten is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stan-ton again meets Miss Carlise and they

stained and darkened with dust, that there was a universal roar of laughter. "For shame, to slander a lady!"

seered one. "Doesn't she ever wash her face,

Floyd?" called another. "Can't you support her without making her heave coal for a living?" gibed cars." a third.

Floyd laughed with the rest, glancing down at himself.

"You never saw me dressed for the opers," he tossed back, as he went in search of water.

Stanton descended from his car, flung his mask and gauntlets on the his death in a railroad wreck, the seat, and followed his mechanician. He found him, presently, emerging damp and refreshed from ablutions performed in a bucket with the aid of some cotton-waste.

"Will you come to lunch with me?" Stanton asked abruptly.

Floyd paused, regarding him grave surprise and hesitation.

"Thank you," he began. Sinnton made an impatient gesture, his eyes glinting steel-blue behind

their black lashes. "Do you want me to apologize for bullying you this morning?" he de-

manded Over the other's face swept its



"Mr. Stanton," summoned a lowtoned, smooth voice, from the car; Valerie Carlisle leaned out, extending a small hand.

emerged

She was the consummation of cool daintiness and repose. It was impossible to meet her beautiful, concerned eyes without yielding admiration, at least.

"I have been waiting here for an hour," she informed him. "I am so distressed that my car should have urt you, I shall reproach myself so much if anything happens to you tontorrow because of your strained arm. that I wanted to ask you about it myself. A weakness there might kill you, might it not?" "It might, if it existed," he con-

firmed. "But the strain does not trouble me. I deserved to pay more se erely for such stupid carelessness." taurant stared interestedly at the two She did not avoid his keen gaze at all, yet somehow failed to impress her sincerity.

"It was an accident," she deprecated. "I suppose you just forgot. Frankly, though, I wish you were to drive a Duplex or an Atalanta, tomorrow. I do not like the Mercury, it is so often in wrecks."

"It is faster than either of the others," Stanton defended, yet moved in spite of himself by her anxiety for his safety. "I am also obliged to admit that it is not responsible for any of our mishaps, so far, at least; I lead it into trouble, myself, sometimes.".

Her long, lair lasmes ich; the tapped her fingers nervously upon the door panel

"If you could not race, who would be likely to win. Mr. Stanton?" "You are taking it for granted that

Comet automobile plant, and who de-I will succeed-I easily may not. But signed and built and raced his own without the Mercury, probably the Duplex or the Atalanta on this long road Stanton gasped. Where had his race. On a track, I would choose the memory been, not to recall the name Italian car."

of Floyd? A multitude of confused She listened attentively, then recollections rushed across his mind. smiled

of that famous manufacturer and "I am such an amateur; I do not racer for sheer love of the sport, of half understand. I have come with an the superb cars he had built, and of invitation frcm papa. He wishes to consult you about auto tires, those for your next race, and he hopes you

"He tied me in his car," continued will dine with us, this evening." Floyd, with a shadowy smile, "when I Thoroughly surprised, he promptly was too young to be trusted to hold declined. on. 'If you are going to take my me-"Excuse me to Mr. Carlisle; I must

chanician's seat, Jes,' he said to me, get ready for tomorrow. Moreover, it 'you have got to do my mechanician's is for the Mercury company to discuss work.' And by the time I was ffteen, tires, not for me." I could. We used to race with the Her small mouth set, she drew aside

chief car tester, for combination trainher shimmering skirts. ing, on a mile practice track around "We will decide that on the way-I the factory. I held the wheel myself will put you down at your hotel, at at seventy-five miles an hour, before | least.'

I was seventeen. And he took me "Miss Carlisle, I am just from the with him, as a speciator, to every big course; I am not presentable." race here and some abroad. Of course "That is for me to say," she remindhe was training me to take charge of ed. "Pray do not refuse all my re-

> quests." Almost under compulsion, Stanton

entered the car. He could have fancied her breathing

Missed.

"I wonder," Stanton mused slowly, ing her eyes upon Stanton. why you volunteered to act 2s my













To Whom It May Concern.

It was the new janitor in the apartment house where the Browns live who tacked up the following subtle notice inside the dumbwaiter. It was hand painted, every S being a capital and carefully turned backward: "You must not put nothing on the dum water you can put bottles on win I call for the gabbig I know who put it on."

#### Made in Presence of Customer.

An enterprising Chicago \_dairyman was quicker; she gazed at him with tricity-driven appliance a one and oneso singular and disproportionate a half horsepower motor for driving a triumph as almost to startle him. churn. His patrons buy cream of Without waiting the chauffeur's move him, and for a small charge have it ment, she herself slammed the door of the car and snapped the handle, keep-method is not only an excellent ad-method is not only an excellent ad-

"I thought you would come," she murmured, half under her breath. "and

others in the neighborhood.

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almost ready to cut and some late oats commencing to ripen. The second cutting of alfalfa has commenced and the crop will be fair to good: hay is fair and needs a good rain; the average amount of corn is only a little over a knee high but most of it growing fast; pastures are not good as last week; potatoes are good on part of the route.

The Wiggle Creek celebration on the Fourth commenced with a parade at 10:30 and there was a continous program during the entire day. There was everything one could wish for, even one of the finest rains of the season covered all the Wiggle Creek country, with one to one and a half inches of rain. The address by Prof. J. H. Burwell was fine and all others did their parts well. Kay rode a bucking bronco which was said to be the best that has ever been seen on the creek. The drill on horse back was also good. The potato race was an exciting one. A six inning ball game between Wiggle Creek and Austin was won by Wiggle Creek, the score standing 6 to 0. The stand and baby rack did a rushing business. Free baths were not on the program but a great many got one during the heavy rain and wind storm that came up suddenly. A good many got to the church and school house just as the storm broke and it was a stampede to see who should get in first. When the storm was at its worst several buggies were driven along by the wind into the horses tied to the hitch rack, throwing several to the ground. The horses were not hurt but several buggies were badly damaged. Some spring seats on the wagons were A few hail stone fell. The rain seemed to be the heaviest just south of Roy Conger's and Will Bearen's. The rain followed almost the exact course of the last rain. All of the west part of Route 2 at and west of Will Miller's need rain.

#### You Become an Expert Au tomobile Driver?"

characteristic sudden warning of expressi

"No; I wanted to be sure that you want me. Thanks, I'll come with pleasure.

He slipped into a long motor cost, and accompanied Stanton with a ready cordiality that took no account of past events. No reproach could have moved the offender so much, no injured dignity could have so forced a curb upon his tongue for the future.

It was not to one of the temporary esting-places erected in anticipation of the race carnival that Stanton took his guest, but to a quiet, cool hotel within reach. There, the order given, he looked across the width of white linen at his companion with an odd sense of triumph and satisfaction; he felt for this boy-man something akin to the elation with which a youth takes the admired girl out to dinner for the first time.

"I missed the train, yesterday," he remarked. "I suppose you had trouble getting the car here?"

"None at all," Floyd confirmed. fancied you accepted Miss Carlisle's invitation to drive."

"I did, afterward. It was her car I cranked with the spark forward." Floyd glanced up, a ripple of incredalous amusement crossing his gray eyes, but he said nothing.

"At least, I set the spark as I be lieved right," Stanton amplified, watching the effect, "and when I cranked, the motor fired over. The person who sat next to me said I left the spark WTODE."

The incredulity died out of Floyd's gaze, but the wonder increased.

"More likely it was changed after you left it, perhaps by mistake," he suggested

In a flash of recollection Stanton saw Valerie Carlisle's little gloved hand dart toward the steering wheel, just before he pulled up the crank. Could she have moved the sector, and have corrected her mistake an instant too jate? He remained silent, nor did Floyd pursue the question.

When the first course of the lunchcon was placed before them, Stanton aroused himself. Quite indifferent to waiter's pained disapproval, he ook the carafe of ice-water and him-

"Is this your substitute for cockalls?" he queried, and pushed one of

ets over to Floyd. of a driver you've got." rtied, Floyd yet understood,

Tes," he assented, and drank the secent pledge. Motorists both, re was no question of a stronger

nton turned to the waiter.

You can go; I'll ring when we want . Did you ever drive an Atalanta exizy, Floyd?" "No, but I've handled their fours. I

he a six cylinder machine, myself; it s so fine a torque

ged into pro-

Floyd's gray eyes flashed to meet you will dine with us. his, all his color and animation rushing back. CHAPTER VI.

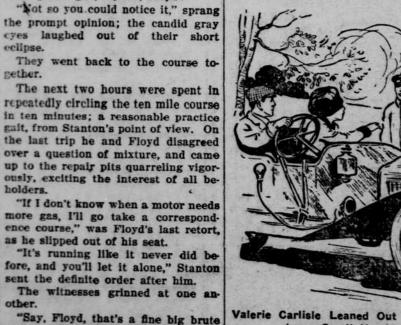
"Because I love the racing, I love " he answered, impulsively frank, "I. 've got my father's blood in my vein The most agitated man in Lowell, and the frail physique of a useless gion the race morning, was the assist--can't you see how they fight? The ant manager of the Mercury company. ery smell of exhaust gas makes my And there was a maddening irony in his situation. At a quarter after ten, heart jump and pulses tingle. Befifteen minutes before the first car iden, I had watched you often, I was to start, the Mercury stood ready, uldn't see you put out of the run-Then, I was tired of-" with, in his place, the trim, khaki-clad he mechanician, concerning whose posbacked himself sharply "Ought we sible desertion Mr. Green had spent iot to go back on the course?"

much worry. But the driver, Stanton Rejoice at the Announce-Stanton rose, signaling the waiter. the unfailing, was missing. In the "You saw me through that difficulhe acknowledged. "Put, you said midst of the gay hubbub of the scene, morning that you had a sister; I the Mercury camp was on the verge conder you stayed with me for the of frenzy. "You've telephoned to his hotel?"

"My sister understands," Floyd exinquired Floyd, no less troubled belained; he had risen also, and stood cause quiet, as Mr. Green came up wiping his brows. for a moment beside his chair, his "Telephoned! I've telephoned to unceeing gaze bent on the ground. every hotel in the town, to the police, She knows that I was not brought up to-to every one. He went to his hoto live woman-fashion. I wish, if ever tel and dressed for the evening, after you hear anything of me that you do tot like, that makes you feel differenthe left here yesterday, and went off ly toward me, I wish you too would in an Atalanta automobile with some confounded woman; that's all I can remember that I was reared by a man learn. He never came back to the hoto live among men and missed all that tel, at all." Stanion regarded him in an astonish-

Floyd's slender brown hand shut hard on the edge of the seat, his lip ment at once indulgent and ironic. curled slightly. "A woman?" he repeated, his mer "I'm not likely to hear anything of

you that will shock me very badly," ciless young voice stinging. he dryly returned. "Do you think I "They say so-and I'd as soon have am a gentle girl, myself, Floyd?"



Valerie Carlisle Leaned Out Extend ing a Small Hand. thought of Ralph Stanton getting

as the young mechanician went by drunk." "You'd better phone to the insane "It sure is," came the cheerful agreeasylum," advised the mechanician,

and turned his back to the whole af-"Yes. But it's nothing to the brute fair, watching the brilliant spectacle before him with scornful gray eyes. Five minutes passed, ten. The first

car was called to its station. The Mer-"Let my driver alone," he advised. "Stanton and I understand each other cury had drawn fifth in the lottery for place. Just four minutes before the "Then you had better quit racing be-fore you're demoralized," jeered the other, and turned to find Stanton had starting hour, a taxicab bowled furi-

ously across the crowds, came to a torky ston at the edge of the course, To be continued

There was nothing said, Stanton went on as if he had not heard. But Le Warned.

he carried with him the discovery that it is the perfection of comradeship to be able to quarrel without bitterness. It isn't safe to put much trust in a man who is good merely because There was a tan-colored autor nobile he expects his goodness to be no. rawn up opposite the exit, when he tleed

Their Heavy Handicap. How many women are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod .- Oliver Wendell Holmes. EXTRA

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