Peter Knight, defeated for political office in his town, decides to venture New
York in order that the family fortunes
might benefit by the expected rise of his
charming daughter, Lorelei. A wellknown critic interviews Lorelei Knight,
now stage beauty with Bergman's Revuefor a special article. Her coin-hunning
mother outlines Lorelei's ambitions, but
flosson, the press agent, lafer adds his
information. Lorelei actends Millionaire
flammon's gorgeous entertainment. She
meets Merkle, a wealthy dyspeptic. Bob
Wharton comes uninvited. Lorelei distovers a blackmail plot against Hammon Wharton comes uninvited. Lorelei dis-tovers a blackmail plot against Hammon in which her brother is involved.

A few years ago New York city—the whole country in fact was deeply stirred by a series of sensational murders and a consequent shaking up in the police department. For one of these murders four gunmen and a police officer went to the electric chair. Here is related the details of the kind of dirty work some of the gangsters and their political friends accomplish in the metropolis.

#### CHAPTER VI-Continued.

The Judge had enjoyed the scene He chuckled; he clicked his loose front teeth like castanets. Bob turned at the sound and regarded him with benignant interest, his attention riveted upon the old man's dental infirmity. "You're quite a comedian," Regan

wheezed. "Click 'em again," said Bob, pleasantly. "Wonderful! Age has its compensations. Play 'Home, Sweet Home' when you get 'em tuned up. Or perbaps they are for sale?"

Lorelei secured her number and was surprised to recognize her brother's voice. She made herself known, to Jim's equal amazement, and then inquired:

"Is Max there?" "Sure. He's outside in the automo-

"Call him, please." "What do you want of him? How'd

you know I was here?"

"Never mind. Call him quickly." At last Melcher's voice came over

the wire, and Lorelei recited the message. There was a moment of silence, then she explained how she came to be talking instead of Lilas. He thanked her, and she heard him

muttering as he hung up. She turned to find her annoyer nodding with sat-"Splendid! I thank you; my father

thanks you; my family thanks you. Now where would you like to dine?" "How can a person get rid of you?"

she inquired stiffly. "I'm sure I don't know-it isn't being done. But I'll try to think. Wear your prettiest gown, won't you? for I intend to enrage all the other fel-

She turned with a shrug of mingled annoyance and amusement, and he called after her:

"The Judge's teeth will entertain" me till you come. I'll be waiting."

Miss Lynn, as she dressed after the performance, was still in an evil temper; but she thanked her roommate for aiding her; then, as if some explanation were due, she added, "That note was from Jarvis."

"You puzzle me, Lilas," Lorelei told her, slowly. "I don't think you care for him at all."

Lilas laughed. "Why do you think that? I adore him, but we had an engagement and he broke it. Men are all selfish; the bigger they are the more selfish they become. They never do anything you don't make them." "He can't sacrifice his business for

you." "Sacrifice! It's women who sacrifice themselves. D'you suppose any of those men we met last night would sacrifice himself for anything or anybody? Not much. They are the strong and the mighty. They got rich through robbery, and they're in the habit of taking whatever they want. They made their money out of the blood and suffering of thousands of poor people. That's what it is-blood

"Is that why you're planning to blackmail it out of him?"

Lilas paused in her dressing and turned slowly, brows lifted. Her dark eyes met the blue ones unwaveringly.

"Blackmail? What are you talking about?" Mrs. Croft went pale, and retired swiftly but noiselessly into the lavatory, closing the door behind her. "What did Max tell you over the 'phone?" asked Lilas, sharply. "Nothing."

"Then where did you get-that? From Jim?"

"Jim's pretty bad, I imagine, but he keeps his badness to himself. No. I've overheard you and Max talking."

such a thing. The idea is absurd. I get mad at Jarvis-he's enough to madden anybody—perhaps I'm jealous, tired and worn he was, and a sudden in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. but blackmail! Why, you're out of pity smote her. your head."

Lorelei delayed her tollet purposely. and finally dismissed Croft. When quiet had finally descended she opened her door cautiously and peered out. Robert Wharton sat on the top step of the stairway near at hand, but his head rested against the wall, and he slept. Beside him were his high hat. his gloves and his stick. As Lorelei, with skirts carefully gathered, tiptoed past him she saw suspended upon his cleaming white shirt bosom what at first glance resembled a foreign deco- ing alone with a woman of-mine." ration of some sort, but proved to be Mr. Regan's false teeth. They were and Mr. Hammon. You've decided to of the rocky soil. He found that it essentials you are just like most of a flashlight, and—there you are. I was rich in moisture and its constitusone duty in the costume of a cory-

man's gentle breathtag

Lorelei tales honed to Merkle on the following day, and about the close of the show that night his card was brought up to her dressing room. A moment later Robert Wharton's followed, together with a tremendous box of long-stemmed roses. She went down a trifle apprehensively, for by this time the current tales of Bob's drunken freaks had given her cause to think somewhat seriously, and she feared an unpleasant encounter. More than once she had witnessed quarrels in the alleyway behind the Circuit, where pestiferous youths of Wharton's caliber were frequent visitors.

But Mr. Merkle relieved her mind by saying, "I sent Bob away on a pretext, although he swore you had an engagement with him."

"I'm glad you did. I left him asleep putside my dressing room last night, and I almost hoped he'd caught pneu-Beside the curb a heavy touring car

the etiquette of this sort of thing," he explained, "but I presume the proper procedure is supper. Where shall it be-Sherry's?" Lorelei laughed. "You are inexperienced. The Johns never eat on Fifth

avenue, the lights are too dim. But why supper? You can't eat." "A Welsh rabbit would be the death of me; lobsters are poison," he confessed; "but I've read that chorus

girls are omnivorous animals and seek their prey at midnight." "Most of them would prefer bread and milk; anyhow, would. But I'm I bore you, Miss Knight?" not hungry, so let's ride-we can talk better, and you're not the sort of man | terested." to be seen in public with one of Berg-

The banker acquiesced with alacrity. To his driver he raid, "Take the Long way quite as wonderful. He even con-Island road."

man's show-girls."

The machine glided into noiseless motion.

oad?" asked Lorelei. "It's pleasant," responded Merkle.

"I ride nearly every night, and I like to play. The emperor of France, so the country. You see, I can't sleep h'story tells us, took his greatest pleasunless I'm in motion. I get most of wre in the company of women; theremy rest in a car; there's something fore Hammon sought women. He about the movement that soothes me." "How funny!"

"Peculiar, parhaps, but scarcely humorous. I'd be dead or insane with-



"I'm Terribly Sorry, Miss Knight."

out an automobile. I keep four French cars in my garage, all specially built as to spring suspension and upholstery, and I spend nearly every night in one or the other of them. So long as I'm moving fast I manage to snatch a miserable sort of repose, but the instant we go slow I wake up. I used to sleep at twenty miles an hour; now I can't relax under thirty. Forty is fine-sixty means dreamless

"It does, indeed, if one happens to have a blowout," laughed the girl. The car was now darting through unfrequented side streets, where the asphalt lay in the shadows like dark pools. Up the approach to the Queensborough bridge it swept, and took the long incline like a soaring bird. Blackwell's island slipped under them, an inky, bottomless pit of despair. The breath of the overheated city changed as by magic, and the thin-faced suf-"Nonsense. We've never mentioned ferer at Lorelei's side drank it in eagerly. Even in the dim flash of the there is located this old coal mine, passing illuminations she noted how known as the Pittsburgh Coal Seam

> "Won't you pretend I'm not here, and drive just as you always do? I used for domestic purposes only, bewon't mind," she said. "My dear, it's late. You'll need to

go home.' "No, no."

"Really?" His eagerness was genu ine. "Won't your people worry?"

Her answer was a short, mirthless laugh that made him glance at her curiously. "They know I'm perfectly tural experiment station at Morgansafe. It's the other way round: a man town. of your standing takes chances by be-"Which reminds me of Miss Lynn

accept my offer?"
"No. I can't be a hired spy."

miled Merkle. "Oh, don't attribute my actions to Hammon, and I don't imagine he ache's a married man."

"I knew I wasn't mistaken in you,"

had learned something.

for wishing to prevent it."

"! 'sn't alone Jarvis or his family or their money that is concerned." tions as slight as one man's personality-one man's reputation for moral

"Hammon at this moment carries a tremendous top-heavy burden of responsibilities; his death would be no more disastrous than a scandal that time. would tend to destroy public confidence in him as a man.'

"Doesn't he know that himself?"

"Perhaps. But his infatuation overtock him at an age when a man is a fool. Young men are always objects of suspicion in the financial world, for their emotions are unruly; but when old men fall in love they are superbly heedless of the consequences. I promised to tell you something about Jarvis, and I will, since you spoke of his married life. From the time he could walk he never knew anything, never heard anything except steel. He became a rolling-mill superintendent almost before he was of age. They say he never did less than two men's work, and often more; but he could make was purring, and into this Merkle others work, too, and there lay the sehelped his companion. "I'm not up on cret of his success. His mill held the tonnage record for years.

"When the corporation was formed he played a big part in the deal and got a big slice of the profits. He went into other things than steel, and he prospered. He never failed at anything. Jarvis had no vices and but one hobby-at least his vices were neu trel, for he had never taken time to acquire the positive kind. His hobby w4s Napoleon Bonaparte. He read everything there was to read about Napoleon; he studied his life and pattwrned his own on similar lines. Do

"No; go on. I'm tremendously in

"Well, naturally, Hammon began to onsider himself another Napoleon, and his accomplishments were in a fded to me once that his idol surpassed him in only one respectnamely, the power to relax. Jarvis "Why do you choose the Long Island | rad never taken time for relaxation. and he was beginning to wear out; and sy-he deliberately set about learning doesn't know the taste of defeat, so the result was foreordained."

"But surely he thought something of his family," protested Lorelei. Didn't he consider them?"

"I fancy he wasn't well acquainted with his family. I'm sure he never enjoyed any home life, as we understand He lived with a rich old woman who bore his name but scarcely knew him; his daughters were grown women whom he saw on rare occasions and whose extravagant whims he gratified without question. But there was little real intimacy, little sympathy. This was his first taste of youth. But-he was not Napoleon. As you've noticed, le's quite mad on the Lynn woman. He's no longer himself. He has been drugged by her charms, and-now he's further. Now tell me what you have learned."

#### CHAPTER VII.

By the time Lorelei had completed her recital of those occurrences that had excited her suspicions the car was the Long Island plains, and, with headlights ablaze, was defving all speed laws. Merkle had drawn the conversation shield rearward, and in its shelter leaned back with eyes closed. He seemed asleep, but after a time he spoke abruptly:

"Melcher is a shrewd man. He could put him out of the way very then a dusty license plate.

Proved Exceedingly Profitable to Man

Who First Thought of the

The queerer the place selected for

a mushroom garden, the finer, it

seems, is the growth of this popular

table delicacy. Damp, smelly places

under tumble-down back porches,

earth cellars, discarded mossy cis-

terns and other dark, humid spots

have been found ideal. The fungus

The last word in the mushroom

farm, however, is such a garden

placed in the depths of a deserted

coal mine, hundreds of feet below the

ground, the Illustrated World states.

Not far from Morgantown, W. Va.,

The mine was worked for a number

ing dug and hauled by wagon to con-

sumers in the neighborhood. With the

introduction of natural gas, however,

the locality had no further use for the

old mine and some exceedingly inter-

esting experiments have been conduct-

ed in its depths by Theodore F. Im-

bach, an assistant in the state agricul-

Securing a permit from the owners

of the property he encamped on the

first level and made chemical analysis

ents exactly those needed by edible to.—Jed Scarboro.

of years, but its fuel production was

apparently thrives upon an atmos

phere of decadence and decay.

Possibilities.

"You said over the 'phone that you quickly. I dare say Miss Lynn herself doesn't know who is behind him." "I have. I believe there is an effort "Why don't you warn Mr. Hammon on foot to get some of Mr. Hammon's at once?" money dishonestly. I have a reason

Merkle rolled his head loosely. "You don't know the man. He would laugh at the idea of a plot against him."

Merkle dozed again, half buried in the cushions. They had passed Jamaiany high moral motives! I'm getting ca, but it was not until it had swept a little rusty on right and wrong. Per- into the Motor parkway that the sonally, I have no sympathy with Mr. | chauffeur let the machine out. Over the deserted plains it tore, cometlike, quired all of his tremendous fortune a meteor preceded by a streamer of brother's. "Sis! What the devil are you doing here?" he managed to say. in a perfectly honorable way. Besides, light. The causeway leaped into view One of the men who had been kneeling and vanished beneath the wheels, like over a case of some sort, dimly outa tremendous ribbon whirling upon lined in the radiance of a side light, spools. Merkle lay back inertly, lolling rose and placed his burden in the ton-Merkle said, gravely. "Great anancial and swaying to the side-thrust of the institutions sometimes test on founda- cushions, but Lorelei found her fists | neau. clinched and her muscles hard with the nervous strain. Finally she pushed integrity. A breath of suspicion of the shield forward, and, leaning over which his companions, judging by any sort at the wrong time may bring the front seat, stared at the tiny dashtheir alert watchfulness, fully shared. on a crash involving innocent people. light. The finger of the speedometer Jim seized his sister by the arm and oscillated gently over the figure "60," led her aside. and she dropped back with a gasp. They had been running thus for a long head toward Merkle.

Merkle roused to say, "Is this too fast for you, Miss Knight?"

She laughed nervously. "N-no. I'm sorry I woke vou."

Merkle inquired the time of his chauffeur, then directed him to turn homeward along the North shore. "I shan't be selfish and keep vot out any longer, Miss Knight," he said.

"If you don't mind, I'll doze on the way in, and try to figure out the next move in this Hammon affair." The return trip was another hurtling rush through the night, in a silence

broken only by Merkle's demand for more speed whenever the machine slackened its labor. The miles wheeled past; the Sound lay to the right. They were sweeping over a rolling

North shore road when suddenly out of blackness ahead blazed two blinding headlights. With startling abruptness they appeared over the crest of a rise: Merkle's driver swung to the right. The strange car held to its course: there was a blast of horns, a dazzling instant of intense illumination, then a crash as the inside mud-guards met Merkle's car seemed to leap into the air; there was a report of an exploding tire; the automobile was bucking and bumping, as if the pavement had been turned into a cordurov road: then it came to a pause, half in the ditch. The other car held to its course, and whizzed onward, leaving in its wake a drunken shout of mockery and defi-

"Narrow shave, that. I wonder we weren't all killed." Merkle eyed the car's crumpled mud-guard and running board, then directed his driver to ascertain the extent of the damage. The motor was still throbbing, but a brief examination disclosed a broken steering knuckle and a bent axle in addition to an injured wheel.

"I'm terribly sorry, Miss Knight; but I'll have to send for another car," apologized Merkle.

"Is this splendid machine ruined?" He shrugged. "That's the curse of these roads. Somebody is always driving recklessly. Lorelet smiled at memory of the miles they had covered so swiftly; but she saw that he was serious and in a sour temper. "One risks his life on the whim of some drunken idiot the moment he enters a motor car. Now for a telephone." A their location.

"We're not far from the Chateau." Merkle interpreted the answer. "That place is always open, so if you don't mind the walk we'll go ahead. It will take an hour to get one of my other machines, but meanwhile we can have a bite to eat." At her cheerful acceptance his tone changed.

"You're all right. Some women would be hysterical after such a shake paying the price. I wanted you to up. I swear, I think I feel it more know the story before we went any than you. If you were a man I'd like to have you for a chum."

The Chateau was a quasi-roadhouse unsurpassed by any city restaurant, and, being within an hour's run by motor, it received a liberal patronage. Tips were large at the Chateau: its hospitality was famous among those who could afford the extravagance of rolling out the roads leading toward midnight entertainment; and yet it was a quiet place. No echo of what occurred within its walls ever reached the outside world. Sea-food, waffles and discretion were its recognized specialties, and people came for milesmainly in pairs-to enjoy them.

As the pedestrians neared the avenue of maples leading up to the house ouldn't tackle a blackmailing job of they espied in the road ahead of them this size without protection; otherwise first the dull red glow of a tail light.

fungi for their quickest and most lux-

uriant growth. He therefore started

a mushroom farm and found that the

Mushrooms now are "mined" in-

stead of coal and prove almost as

profitable. The rooms of the mine, or

the open spaces from which the coal

was dug, have been found especially

adapted to this kind of farming. Such

locations have a steady temperature

throughout the year and often they

are so located as to have natural

drainage. This "mushroom mine" now

makes large shipments weekly to the

The Usual Way.

ommend young Sam Skook as being

of good moral character and entirely

worthy of confidence? I have a po-

sition of trust for which he is an ap-

"Certainly!" replied Grimshaw

heartily. "Give the young fellow a

show, Jinglefritz." Then after the in-

quirer had passed onward, satisfied,

Grimshaw turned to Trotter. "Who

the deuce is young Sam Skook?" he

Advice for Business Men.

Get down off your high horse if you

common, everyday people. Put plain

horse sense and honest intentions in

expect to be heard and patronized by wailed the manager.

your advertisements. These are the I've been coming here regularly. They things that appeal to

the people you're trying to sell goods made a rush for the waiter as soon as to.—Jed Scarbers to sell goods made a rush for the waiter as soon as

asked .- Kansas City Star.

"Say, Grimshaw! Would you rec-

city markets.

plicant '

spot was ideal for his purpose.

MUSHROOM GARDEN IN MINE

"There's luck," Merkle ejaculated, skipped. Everybody's skipped, pac-'I'll rent this car."

"I'm ready," he announced.

present plight.

out all night with a man?"

those people?" she retorted.

the looks of this affair.'

laughed harshly.

been.

Young Knight showed some nerv-

ousness and apprehension-emotions

"How the deuce did you get here-

"Never mind. But say-I don't like

For a second time Merkle appealed

to Jim. "If you can't take your sister

Jim's tone was disagreeable as he

replied. "You two don't look as if

you'd been wrecked. Where's your

driver?" Merkle's fist clenched; he

muttered something, at which Jim

A bareheaded man came running

"They Got Us Into a Private Room,

Then Took a Flashlight."

"Can't do it. I'll see you later, and

chine had disappeared into the night.

he won't make you any trouble."

"Hm-m! Your brother has a sus-

"He can't make trouble for me."

Lorelei's emphasis on the last word

made her meaning clear; her compan-

scurrying attendants, and abusing the

manager, who hovered near him in a

frantic but futile effort at pacifica-

The enraged person proved to be

thought he was dangerously drunk,

"Caught!" roared the steel magnate.

and Hammon wheeled upon him.

"We can't find nobody. There was

a car outside the grounds, but it's gone

Merkle interposed. "Will you tell

"It is terrible, incredible, M'sieu,"

"Same old story, John. I came out

here for a quiet supper with-a lady.

I realized what had occurred, but he'd

"Well? Did you find him?"

me what has happened?"

changed instantly.

"What's happened?"

just in time."

manager."

be caught."

ter implored.

ion shrugged.

sure you."

In the gloom several figures were standing, facing in the direction of the

Chateau, and when Merkle spoke they wheeled as if startled. background, turned suddenly sick at "No, you can't hire this machine, What do you think this is, a cabstand?" answered a gruff voice.

memory of that mysterious party at the gate; she understood now the significance of the man with the box and "Jim!" cried Lorelei, and rap forof the fleeing figure that had come through the darkness. Her breathless amazement at the The terrified manager continued his meeting was no greater than her

thing. Blamedest bunch of idiots

ever saw." He ground his teeth.

heartbroken lament, and Hammon seemed about to destroy him when Merkle drew the latter aside, speaking in an undertone.

Hammon listened briefly, then broke

"Nonsense. I'd stake my life on her. Why, she's prostrated. It's either pure blackmail, or it's my wife's work. She's had detectives on me for some time." Merkle murmured something more. "Oh, come now! I know what I'm talking about, and I won't stand for that," cried Hammon.

Merkle shrugged; his next words were audible, and they were both and who is this guy?" He jerked his sharp and incisive.

"The harm's done. They got away Lorelei introduced her companion clean. Now we've got to kill the story and made known the cause of their and kill it quick in case they intend it for the papers." "Humph!" grunted Jim. "What

"My God! Newspapers-at this d'you suppose ma'll say to this-you time," groaned the other. "It couldn"? be worse." "What are you doing? Who are "Right. We must move fast. Is

> "Yes." "Get it. We'll go in with you. I

our car here?"

had an accident to mine." "You'll see for yourself you're home I'll have to telephone for another wrong-about the other." Hammon house, then strode away to order his

motor. Merkle favored his young companion with a wintry smile.

"It seems we're too late." Lorelei nodded silently. "Don't tell "Now don't get sore," said the lathim who-spoke to us out there. Not ter; "I'm not going to make trouble. yet, at least. I-can't see him go to only I want to know where you've jail."

"Jail? There won't be any jail to this-there never is. Jarvis will have across the lawn and flung himself into to settle for the sake of the rest of

Hammon's limousine rolled in under the porte-cochere, and a moment later the owner appeared with Lilas.

Lorelei stared at her friend in genuine surprise, for it was obvious that Lilas was deeply agitated. Her face was swollen with weeping; she verged upon hysteria. No sooner were the

four in the car and under way than she broke down, sobbing wretchedly. "It's all my fault. I might have serve the natural purity and beauty known he was up to something; but I didn't think he'd dare-" she managed | neglected, tend to produce a state of to say.

"He? Who?" Merkle asked her. "Max Melcher. He as much as told

me. If I hadn't been a fool I'd have Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv. guessed, but he- Oh, I could kill myself!" She burst into strangling sobs and hysteric laughter. "Why did you let him come to the

dressing room?" Lorelei inquired. "He's been doing it for years. I've always-known him. We were-engaged."

Hammon verified this. "That's right. They were engaged when I met her, experiment, first described by the Je-She didn't know the sort of rufflan he suit Eather Athanasius Kircher, who is till I proved it. She's afraid of laid a hen on the table, held it firmly him, and he knows it."

onldn't let me and I've had to be nice to him. He'd have murdered me

"Rot!" Merkle exclaimed, testily. "Rot, eh?" Jarvis answered. "He's lone as much, more than once; but he's the waiting automobile. One of Jim's so powerful that nobody can get him. companions called his name sharply. He's the king of his ward; he keeps "Will you take me home?" his sisa gang of gunmen on the East side, and he's the worst thug in the city."

Hammon soothed his charmer in his you, too, Merkle." His last words, declumsy, elephantine way, showing livered as he swung himself upon the that, despite Merkle's recent insinuarunning board of the car, sounded like tions, he still trusted her. "This is the a threat; a moment later, and the maonly woman who ever cared for me, John," he explained, after some hesitation, "and we're going to stick topicious mind," Merkle said. "I hope gether. We have no secrets."

"Your little Fifth avenue establishment rather complicates matters. doesn't it? What are you going to do about that?" Merkle inquired.

"This thing-tonight-is likely to "Then there's no harm done, I assettle the matter for me. You know They turned in upon the driveway, the kind of home life I've led for twenty years, and you know I wouldn't rewalking silently, then as they neared gret any change. When a man goes the Chateau they became aware of an ahead and his wife stands still the unusual commotion in progress there. Men were running from stable to garright and wrong of what either chooses age, others were scouring the grounds; to do is hard to settle. At any rate, it from the open door came a voice has ceased to concern me. I want a pitched high in anger. The speaker few years of happiness and companwas evidently beside himself with ionship before I die. I'm selfish-I'll wrath. He was shouting orders to pay the price."

They rode on in silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Loreiei awoke on the follow-Jarvis Hammon. He was hatless, ng afternoon her first inquiry was for Jim; but he had not come home, and purple-faced, shaken with combative her mother knew nothing of his wherefury. At first the two newcomers abouts. Lorelei ate her breakfast in silence; then, in reply to a question, but, as they mounted to the tiled teraccounted for the lateness of her arrace which served as an outdoor eatrival by saying that she had dined with ing place they saw their mistake. Recognizing Merkle, Hammon's manner Mr. Merkle.

At the name Mrs. Knight pricked up her ears; she undertook to pick out of "John!" he cried. "By God! you're her daughter all that had occurred. down to the most insignificant detail. "Blackmail, or worse, I hardly know, Lorelei had always made a confidante myself. These ruffians put up some of her mother in such cases; but this thing on me—they're all in it, even the time the latter's inquisitiveness grated on her, and she answered the ques-The latter, a sleek Frenchman with tions put to her grudgingly. She could ferocious mustaches and frightened not help likening her mother to a mageyes, wrung his hands in supplication. pie, although the thought shocked her. "M'sieu 'Ammon," he bleated, "you There was the same sly angle of counruin me. Such accusation is terrible. tenance, a similar furtiveness of pur-But wait. Calmness. The man will pose; the very expression of Mrs. Knight's keen, hard eyes was like nothing so much as that of the pry-You know who he is. Give him to ing bird's. Displeased at her own irrime." A uniformed doorman appeared tation. Lorelei made the excuse of a with a smoking lantern in his hand, shopping trip to escape from the house.

At the nearest news stand she bought the afternoon papers, and was relieved to find no mention of the incidents of the night before. It appeared that Hammon and Merkle had succeeded in their attempt to suppress the story-if, indeed, there had ever been any intention of making it public.

Do you think that Merkle has fallen in love with Lorelei and really wants to marry her?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE ographer and all. Nobody knows any-Lorelei, who had remained in the

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

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CAFE PRICES REASONABLE

Hid the View.

"Do I understand you to say," said the lawyer, looking hard at the principal witness, "that upon hearing a noise jerked his head meaningly toward the in the hall you rose quickly, lit a candle, and went to the head of the stairs, that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs, and you did not see him? Are you blind?"

"Must I tell the truth? stammered the witness, blushing to the roots of his hair.

"The whole truth," was the stern

"Then," replied the witness, brushing aside his damp, clinging locks and wiping the perspiration from his clammy brow, "my wife was in front

ALWAYS LOOK YOUR BEST

of me.'

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SOME FORMS OF HYPNOTISM

Many May Be Known to the Readers, While Others Have A Flavor That Is New.

Hypnotizing a hell is a trick known to most country boys. It is an old for a little while, and drew a chalk-"I tried to break with him, but he line in front of its eyes, with the result that it remained as if in catalepsy

In India it is known that a cobra caught by the neck and gently pressed will soon become stiff and remain so for a considerable time, either coiled up or out straight.

A frog fastened to a board and turned suddenly upside down goes into a trance. Other animals are susceptible to this treatment, some more quickly than others.

If you pick up a crab and wave it in the air it becomes immobile, a female bending her legs over her abdomen, a male sticking them out almost straight. The same is true of the fresh-water crayfish, only this resists for a much longer time than the crab. Among the insects catalepsy-commonly known as "death feigning"-is common, and, according to Prof. Ernest Mangold, the learned naturalist, is often a means of saving the life

of the insect. .Immediate Problem.

"Where are the snows of yesterday?" inquired the man who quotes poetry. "Never mind about that," rejoined

his wife. "The important question is. "Where is the ice that was due to arrive this morning?"" Most men have a pet grievance that

they always exhibit after the third

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