MELSDITH NICHOLSON ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS TOPYRICHT 1907 BY BOB35 -MERRILL CO

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Nabrook, her nicce, were chirus ale. Mis the cure of Lattrence Donadade. Miss Summering near Port Annandade. Miss Patricia confided to Denovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a hank failure, had constantly threatened ber for money from his father's will, of which M as Patricia was guardian. The came to Port Aunandale to escape lieury Donovan sympathized with the tw novan sympathized with the two men. He learned of Miss Helen's anneying suitor.

CHAPTER III .-- Continued.

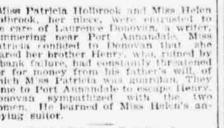
water," I said; and I watched the prowling boatman while ljima crept back to the beat house. The canoe was launched silently and the boy drove it out to me with a few light Frokes. I took the paddle, and we crept close along the shore toward the St. Agatha light, my eyes intent on the boat, which was now drawing dn to the school pier. The prowler was feeling his way carefully, as though the region was unfamiliar; but he now landed at the plor and tied his boat. I hung back in the shadows sentil he had disappeared up the bank, then paddled to the pier, told tjima to wait, and set off through the wood-

broad lawn that stretched up to the school buildings I caught sight of my quarry. He was a young fellow, not above average height, but compactly built, and stood with his hands thrust boylshly in his pockets, gazing about with frank interest in his surroundings. He was bareheaded and coatless, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled to the elbow. He walked slowly along the edge of the wood, looking off toward the school buildings, and while his manner was furtive there was, too, an air of unconcern about him and I heard him whistling softly

He now withdrew into the wood ness before I had done with him. He | was the first to speak. reached the driveway leading in from tourist's idle interest. The situation say cut." had begun to bore me, when the



ROSALIND AT RED GATE



"Drop one of the canoes into the path toward St. Acatha's. Where the wood gave way to the

to himself.

Held Up His Hands in Sign of Surrender. and started off with the apparent in- turned his head, grinned at me sheeptention of gaining a view of St. Aga-'ishly through the pickets, and gave tha's from the front, and I followed. (a kick that set the glass to tinkling. He seemed harmless enough; he Then he held up his hands in sign of and see if you can't do better. I'm might be a curious plintim from the surrender and I saw that they were not sure that I'm going to grow fond ummer resort; but I was just now cut and bleeding. We were both hadly of you. What's your business with the guardian of St. Agatha's and I in- blown, and while we regained our me, anyhow? tended to learn the stranger's busi- wind we stared at each other. He

"Kicked, bit or stung!" he mutthe Annandale road without having tered, dolefully; "that saddest of all disclosed any purpose other than that words, 'stung'' It's as clear as moon- ingly. of viewing the vine-clad walls with a light that I'm badly mussed, not to

own key; "it is decidedly probable." "May I trouble you not to kick out to know where you're taking me. I school gardener came running out of any more of that glass? The gardener the shrubbery, and instantly the will be here in a minute and fish you thought the other chap was the con-



"I certainly am not," I replied, bluntly, wondering what species of madman I had on my hands.

"It's a fact, confided to me by a prominent engineer of New York, who has studied there spires daily since they were put up. He told me that when he had surrounded five highballs the north spire was higher; but that the sixth tumblerful always raised the south spire about 11 feet above it. Now, wouldn't that doddle you?"

"It would, Mr. Gillespie; but may I ask you to cut out this rot-"

"My dear Mr Donovan, it's Indelicate of you to speak of cutting anything-and me with my legs. But I'm at your service. You have tended my grievous wounds like a gentleman and now do you wish me to unfold my past, present and future?"

"I want you to get out of this and be quick about it. Your biography doesn't amone met I caught you prowling disgracefully about St. Agathn's. Two ladies are domiciled there who came here to escape your annoying attentions. Those ladies were put in my charge by an old friend, and I don't propose to stand any nonsense from you, Mr. Gillesple. You seem to be at least half same-"

Reginald Gillespie raised himself on the couch and grinned joyously.

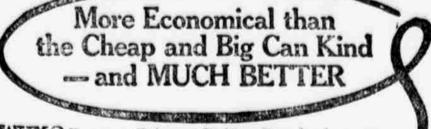
"Thank you thank you for that word! That's just twice as high as anybody ever rated me before."

"I was trying to be generous," I said. "There's a point at which I begin to be bored, and when that's reached I'm likely to grow quarrelsome. Are there any moments of the day or night when you are less a fool than others?"

"Well, Donovan, I've often speculated about that, and my conclusion is that my mind is at its best when I'm asleep and enjoying a nightmare. Then, I have sometimes thought, my intellectual parts are most intelligently employed."

"I may well believe you," I declared with asperity. "Now I hope I can pound it into you in some way that your presence in this neighborhood is offensive-to me-personally." He stared at the ceiling, silent, im-

perturbable.



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SICK HEADACHE

young man took to his heels. "Stop! Stop!" yelled the gardener The mysterious young man plunged that you fish for me?" into the wood and was off like the wind.

"After him, Andy! After him!" I yelled to the Scotchman.

I shouled my own name to reassure him and we both went thumping through the beeches. Whoever the young gentleman was, he had no intention of being caught; he darted in and out among the trees with astounding lightness, and I saw in a moment that he was slowly turning away to the right.

"Run for the gate!" I called to the gardener, who was about 20 feet away from me, blowing hard. I prepared to gain on the turn if the young fellow garden at dewy eve I'll wear my tin dashed for the lake; and he now led me a pretty chase through the flower garden. He ran with head up and elbows close at his sides, and his light boat shoes made scarcely any sound. He turned once and looked back and finding that I was alone, began amusing himself with feints and dodges, for no other purpose, I fancied, than to perplex or wind me By this time I had grown pretty angry, for a foot race in a school garden struck me with disgust as a childsh enterprise, and I bent with new spirit and drove him away from his giddy circling about the summer house and beyond the only gate by

which he could regain the wood and meadow that lay between the garden and his boat. He turned his head from side to side uncasily, slackening his pace to study the bounds of the garden, and I feit myself gaining.

Ahead of us lay a white picket fence that set off the vegetable garden and marked the lawful bounds of the school. There was no gate and I felt that here the chase must end, and I rejoiced to find myself so near the runner that I heard the quick, soft patter of his shoes on the walk. In a moment I was quite sure that I should have him by the collar, and I had every intention of dealing severely with him for the hard chase he had given me.

But he kept on, the white line of fence clearly outlined beyond him; and then when my hand was almost upon him he rose at the fence, as though sprung from the earth itself, and hung a moment sheer above the sharp line of the fence pickets, his whole figure held almost horizontal, in the fashion of trained high-jumpers, for what seemed an infinite time, as though by some witchery of the moonlight.

I plunged into the fence with a force that knocked the wind out of I volunteered, as he accepted my aid me, and as I clung panting to the in slience. pickets the runner dropped with a table frame on the farther side. He are?"

out. "Lawsy, what is it? An aquarium

He chuckled softly, but sat per fectly quiet, finding, it seemed, a certain humor in his situation. The gardener came running and swore in broad Scots at the destruction of the frame. We got over the fence and released our captive, who talked to himself in doleful undertones as we hauled him to his feet amid a renewed clink of glass,

"Gently, gentlemen; behold the night-blooming cereus! Not all the court-plaster in the universe can glue me together again." He gazed ruefully at his slashed arms, and rubbed his legs. "The next time I seek the

suit. "There won't be any next time for you. What did you run for?"

"Trying to lower my record--it's a mania with me. And as one good question deserves another, may I ask why you didn't tell me there was a glass-works beyond that fence? It wasn't sportsmanlike to hide a murderous hazard like that. But I cleared those pickets with a yard to spare, and broke my record."

"You broke about seven yards of glass," I replied. "It may sober you to know that you are under arrest. The watchman here has a constable's license."

"He also has hair that suggests the common garden or boiled carrot. The tint is not to my liking; yet it is not for me to be captious where the Lord has hardened his heart."

"What is your name?" I demanded. "Gillespie, R. Gillespie, The 'R' will indicate to you the depth of my humility: I make it a life work to hide the fact that I was baptized Reginald.'

"I've been expecting you, Mr. Gillesple, and now I want you to come over to my house and give an account of his head, there lies the seat of the yourself. I will take charge of this man, Andy. I promise that he shan't set foot here again. And, Andy, you need mention this affair to no one." "Very good, sir."

He touched his hat respectfully. "I have business with this person.

Say nothing to the ladies at St. Agatha's about him." He saluted and departed; and with

Gillespie walking beside me I started for the boat-landin-

He had wrapped a handkerchief about one arm and I gave him my own for the other. His right arm was bleeding freely below the elbow and I tied it up for him.

"That jump deserved better luck."

"I'm proud to have you like it. Will crash into the midst of a glass vege- you kindly tell me who the devil you ting an orphan asylum; and I saw

stable "I'm taking you to the house of a

first and fastest train."

"My name is Donovan."

"I don't wholly care for it," he ob-

served, mournfully. "Think it over

"My business, Mr. Gillespie, is to

see that you leave this lake by the

"Is it possible?" he drawled, mock-

"More than that," I replied in his

"Meanwhile, it would be diverting

friend where I'm visiting. I'm going for New York. And if there's an atom to row you in your boat. It's only a short distance; and when we get there I shall have something to say to you." He made no reply, but got into the boat without ado. I turned over in my mind the few items of information that I had gained from Miss Pat and her niece touching the young man who was now my prisoner, and found that I knew little enough about him. He was the unwelcome and annoying suitor of Miss Helen Holbrook, and I had caught him prowling about St. Agatha's in a manner that was indefensible.

He sat huddled in the stern, nursing his swathed arms on his knees and whistling dolefully. The lake was a broad pool of silver. Save for the soft splash of ljima's paddle behind me and the slight wash of water on the near shore, silence possessed the world. Gillespie looked about with some curiosity, but said nothing, and when I drove the hoat to the Glenarm landing he crawled out and followed me through the wood without a word. I flashed on the lights in the library and after a short inspection of his wounds we went to my room and found sponges, plasters and ointments in the family medicine chest, and

cared for his injuries. "There's no honor in tambling into a greenhouse, but such is R. Gillespie's luck. My shins look like scarlet fever, and without sound legs a man's better dead."

"Your legs seem to have got you into trouble; don't mourn the loss of them!" And I twisted a bandage under his left knee-cap where the glass had cut savagely.

"It's my poor wits, if we must fix the blame. It's an awful thing, sir, to be born with weak intellectuals. As man's legs carry him on orders from difficulty. A weak mind, obedient legs, and there you go, plump into the bosom of a blooming asparagus bed. and the enemy lays violent hands on | tory.' you. If you put any more of that sting-y pudding on that cut I shall undoubtedly hit you, Mr. Donovan Ah, thank you, thank you so much!"

As I finished with the vaseline he lay back on the couch and sighed with the basin and towels.

"Will you drink? There are 12 kinds of whisky-

"My dear Mr. Donovan, the thought of strong drink saddens me. Such poor wits as mine are not helped by alcoholic, stimulants, I was drunk once-beautifully, marvelously, nobly drunk, so that antiquity came up to date with the thud of a motor car hit-Jullus Caesar driving a chariot ap

"And I'm going to give you safe conduct through the lines-or if necessary I'll buy your ticket and start you

of honor in you, you'll go peaceably and not publish the fact that you know the whereabouts of these la-

dles. He reflected gravely for a moment. "I think," he said, "that on the whole that's a fair proposition. But you seem to have the impression that wish to annoy these ladies."

"You don't for a moment imagine that you are likely to entertain them, do you? You haven't got the idea that you are necessary to their happiness, have you?"

He raised himself on his elbow with some difficulty; flinched as he tried to make himself comfortable and began: "The trouble with Miss Pat is-

"There is no trouble with Miss Pat," I snapped.

"The trouble between Miss Pat and me is the same old trouble of the buttons," he remarked, dolorously. "Buttons, you idiot?"

"Quite so. Buttons, just plain, every-day buttons; buttons for buttoning purposes."

The fellow was undoubtedly mad. I looked about for a weapon; but he went on gravely;

"What does the name Gillespio mean? Of what is it the sign and symbol wherever man hides his nakedness? Button, button, who'll buy my buttons? It can't be possible that you never heard of the Gillesple buttons? Where have you lived, my dear sir?"

"Will you please stop talking rot and explain what you want here?" I demanded, with growing heat.

"That, my dear sir, is exactly what I'm doing. I'm a suitor for the hand of Miss Patricia's niece. Miss Patricia scorns me; she says I'm a mere child of the Philistine rich and declines an alliance without thanks, if you must know the truth. And it's all on account of the fact, shameful enough, I admit, that my father died and left me a large and prosperous button fac-

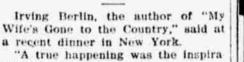
"Why don't you give the infernal thing away-sell it out to a trust-" "Ah! ah!"-and he raised himself again and pointed a bandaged hand at me. "I see that you are a man of penetration! You have a keen notion deeply and I rose and sent ljima away of business! You anticipate me! I

did sell the infernal thing to a trust, but there was no shaking it! They made me president of the combination, and I control more buttons than any other living man! My dear sir, I dictate the button prices of the world. I can tell you to a nicely how many buttons are swallowed annually by the bables of the universe. But I hope, sir, that I use my power wisely and without oppressing the people."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As a Result, Brooklyn Woman Came Home to Make a Few Remarks to Hubby.

MAID FOUND A FEW THINGS



tion of this song. "In July a Brooklyn woman set out for Ocean Grove, and on her arrival discovered that her watch, a small af fair, was missing. She thought it had probably dropped on the thick. soft dining-room rug, so she wired to the maid at home:

''Let me know if you find anything on rug in dining room."

"A few days later she got from the maid a letter saying:

STEADY

WHITE

LIGHT

'Dear Madam: I was to let you know if I found anything on the din ing-room rug. This is what I found this morning: Three champagne corks 18 cigar butts, five cigarette ends, four blue chips, 36 burnt matches and one pink satin slipper."

A GREAT ANNOYANCE.

Kidney Disease Shows Many Painful and Unpleasant Symptoms.

George S. Crowell, 1109 Broadway, Helena, Mont., says: "I was troubled with a disordered

condition of the kidneys, some backache and irregular passages of secretions. At times I was obliged to get up out of bed at night, and the urine was unnatural in appearance. On the advice of a friend I

procured Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. This remedy helped me at once, strengthened my kidneys and corrected the disordered condition."

Remember the name-Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Getting in Deep.

The ladies devoted to reform were In session.

"I believe," said one, "that only good men should be permitted to marry."

"But," interposed a second, "would not such a radical policy be promotive of race suicide?" On the instant they perceived that

they had tackled a real problem.

Lucky Christopher. Columbus told his greatest joy

"I have made an Atlantic trip with out tips," he cried. Herewith he pitled those who were to follow him.

