



"The Notes, Probably."



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 10 and retains lower 10. He allows Bronson man in lower 10 and retires in lower 10. He awakens in lower 10 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train wreck just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the case of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is a scandal. He is planned to marry Alison. Mrs. Conway forgives the notes in exchange for Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

We crowded out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and found ourselves in a rather theatrical hallway of draperies and armor. It was very quiet; we stood uncertainly after the car had gone, and looked at the two or three doors in sight. They were heavy, covered with metal, and sound proof. From somewhere above came the metallic accuracy of a piano, and through the open window we could hear—or feel—the throb of the Cannonball's engine.

"Well, Sherlock," McKnight said, "what's the next move in the game? It is our jump, or theirs. You brought us here."

None of us knew just what to do next. No sound of conversation penetrated the heavy doors. We waited uneasily for some minutes, and Hotchkiss looked at his watch. Then he put it to his ear.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, his head cocked on one side. "I believe it has stopped. I'm afraid we are late."

We were late. My watch and Hotchkiss' agreed at nine o'clock, and with the discovery that our man might have come and gone, our zest in the adventure began to flag. McKnight motioned us away from the door and rang the bell. There was no response, no sound within. He rang it twice, the last time long and vigorously, without result. Then he turned and looked at his watch.

"I don't half like this," he said. "That woman is in; you heard me ask the elevator boy. For two cents he—"

I had seen it when he did. The door was ajar about an inch, and a narrow wedge of rose-colored light showed beyond. Then, with both men at my heels, I stepped into the private corridor of the apartment and looked around. It was a square reception hall, with hats, and a couple of chairs. A lantern of rose-colored glass and a desk light over a writing table across made the room bright and cheerful. It was empty.

None of us were comfortable. The

place was full of feminine trifles that made us feel the weakness of our position. Some such instinct made McKnight suggest diversion.

"We look like an invading army," he said. "If she's here alone, we will startle her into a spasm. One of us could take a look around and—"

"What was that? Didn't you hear something?"

The sound, whatever it had been, was not repeated. We went awkwardly out into the hall, very uncomfortable, all of us, and flipped a coin. The choice fell on me, which was right enough, for the affair was mine, primarily.

"Wait just inside the door," I directed, "and if Sullivan comes, or anybody that answers his description, grab him without ceremony and ask him questions afterwards."

The apartment, save in the hallway, was unlighted. By one of those freaks of arrangement possible only in the modern flat, I found the kitchen first, and was struck a smart and unexpected blow by a swinging door. I carried a handful of matches, and by the time I had passed through a butler's pantry and a refrigerator room I was completely lost in the darkness. Until then the situation had been merely uncomfortable; suddenly it became grisly. From somewhere near came a long sustained groan, followed almost instantly by the crash of something—glass or china—on the floor.

I struck a fresh match, and found myself in a narrow rear hallway. Behind me was the door by which I must have come, with a keen desire to get back to the place I had started from. I opened the door and attempted to cross the room. I thought I had kept my sense of direction, but I crashed without warning into what, from the resulting jangle, was the dining table, probably laid for dinner. I cursed my stupidity in getting into such a situation, and I cursed my nerves for making my hand shake when I tried to strike a match. The groan had not been repeated.

I braced myself against the table and struck the match sharply against the sole of my shoe. It flickered faintly and went out. And then, without the slightest warning, another dish went off the table. It fell with a thousand splinterings; the very air seemed broken into crashing waves of sound. I stood still, braced against the table, holding the red end of the dying match, and listened. I had not long to wait; the groan came again, and I recognized it, the cry of a dog in straits. I breathed again.

"Come, old fellow," I said. "Come on, old man. Let's have a look at you."

I could hear the thud of his tail on the floor, but he did not move. He only whimpered. There is something companionable in the presence of a dog, and I fancied this dog in trouble. Slowly I began to work my way around the table toward him.

"Good boy," I said, as he whimpered. "We'll find the light, which ought to be somewhere or other around here, and then—"

I stumbled over something, and I drew back my foot almost instantly. "Did I step on you, old man?" I exclaimed, and bent to pat him. I remember straightening suddenly and

hearing the dog pad softly toward me around the table. I recall even that I had put the matches down and could not find them. Then, with a bursting horror of the room and its contents, of the gibbering dark around me, I turned and made for the door by which I had entered.

I could not find it. I felt along the endless wainscoting, past miles of wall. The dog was beside me, I think, but he was part and parcel now, to my excited mind, with the thing under the table. And when, after scenes of search, I found a knob and stumbled into the reception hall, I was as nearly in a panic as any man could be.

I was myself again in a second, and by the light from the hall I led the way back to the tragedy I had stumbled on. Bronson still sat at the table, his elbows propped on it, his cigarette still lighted, burning a hole in the cloth. Partly under the table lay Mrs. Conway, face down. The dog stood over her and wagged his tail.

McKnight pointed silently to a large copper ash tray, filled with ashes and charred bits of paper.

"The notes, probably," he said ruefully. "He got them after all, and burned them before her. It was more than she could stand. Stabbed him first and then herself."

Hotchkiss got up and took off his hat. "They are dead," he announced solemnly, and took his note-book out of his hatbox.

McKnight and I did the only thing we could think of—drove Hotchkiss and the dog out of the room, and closed and locked the door. "It's a matter for the police," McKnight asserted. "I suppose you've got an officer tied to you somewhere, Lawrence? You usually have."

We left Hotchkiss in charge and went downstairs. It was McKnight who first saw Johnson, leaning against a park railing across the street, and called him over. We told him in a few words what we had found, and he grinned at me cheerfully.

"After awhile, in a few weeks or months, Mr. Blakeley," he said, "when you get tired of monkeying around with the blood-stain and finger-print specialist upstairs, you come to me. I've had that fellow you want under surveillance for ten days!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Finer Details.

At ten minutes before two the following day, Monday, I arrived at my office. I had spent the morning putting my affairs in shape, and in a trip to the stable. The afternoon would see me either a free man or a prisoner for an indefinite length of time, and, in spite of Johnson's promise to produce Sullivan, I was more prepared for the latter than the former.

Blobs was watching for me outside the door, and it was clear that he was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. He did nothing, however, save to tip me a wink that meant "As man to man, I'm for you." I was too much engrossed either to reprove him or to return the courtesy, but I heard him follow me down the hall to the small room where we kept our law books, typewriter supplies and, incidentally, our wraps. I was wondering vaguely if I would ever hang my hat on its nail again, when the door closed behind me. It shut firmly, without any particular amount of sound, and I was left in the dark. I groped my way to it, irritably, to find it locked on the outside. I shook it frantically, and was rewarded by a sibilant whisper through the keyhole.

"Keep quiet," Blobs was saying huskily. "You're in deadly peril. The police are waiting in your office, three of 'em. I'm going to lock the whole bunch in and throw the key out of the window."

"Come back here, you imp of Satan!" I called furiously, but I could hear him speeding down the corridor, and the slam of the outer office door, by which he always announced his presence. And so I stood there in the ridiculous cupboard, but with the heat of a steaming September day, musty with the smell of old leather bindings, littered with broken overcoats and handless umbrellas. I was apoplectic with rage one minute, and choked with laughter the next. It seemed an hour before Blobs came back.

He came without haste, strutting with new dignity, and passed outside my prison door.

"Well, I guess that will hold them for a while," he remarked comfortably, and proceeded to turn the key. "I've got 'em fastened up like sardines in a can!" he explained, working with the lock. "Gee whiz! you'd ought to hear 'em!" When he gave his breath after the shaking I gave him, he began to sputter. "How'd I know?" he demanded sulkily. "You nearly broke your neck getting away the other time. And I haven't got the old key. It's lost."

"Where's it lost?" I demanded, with another gesture toward his coat collar.

"Down the elevator shaft." There was a gleam of indignant satisfaction through his tears of rage and humiliation.

And so, while he hunted the key in the debris at the bottom of the shaft, I quieted his prisoners with the assurance that the lock had slipped, and that they would be free as lords as soon as we could find the janitor with a pass-key. Stuart went down finally and discovered Blobs, with the key in his pocket, telling the engineer how he had tried to save me from arrest and failed. When Stuart came up he was almost cheerful, but Blobs did not appear again that day.

Simultaneous with the finding of the key came Hotchkiss, and we went in together. I shook hands with two men who, with Hotchkiss, made a not

very animated group. The taller one, an oldish man, lean and hard, announced his errand at once.

"A Pittsburgh warrant?" I inquired, unlocking my cigar drawer.

"Yes. Allegheny county has assumed jurisdiction, the exact locality where the crime was committed being in doubt." He seemed to be the spokesman. The other, shorter and rounder, kept an amiable silence. "We hope you will see the wisdom of waiting extradition," he went on. "It will save time."

"I'll come, of course," I agreed. "The sooner the better. But I want you to give me an hour here, gentlemen. I think we can interest you. Have a cigar?"

The lean man took a cigar; the rotund man took three, putting two in his pocket.

"How about the catch of that door?" he inquired jovially. "Any danger of it going off again?" Really, considering the circumstances, they were remarkably cheerful. Hotchkiss, however, was not. He paced the floor uneasily, his hands under his coat-tails.

The arrival of McKnight created a diversion; he carried a long package and a corkcraw, and shook hands with the police and opened the bottle with a single gesture.

"I always want something to cheer on these occasions," he said. "Where's the water, Blakeley? Everybody ready?" Then in French he toasted the two detectives.

"To your eternal discomfiture," he said, bowing ceremoniously. "May you go home and never come back! If you take Monsieur Blakeley with you, I hope you choke."

The lean man nodded gravely. "Prosit," he said. But the fat one leaned back and laughed comically. Hotchkiss finished a mental synopsis of his position, and put down his glass. "Gentlemen," he said pompously, "within five minutes the man you want will be here, a murderer caught in a net of evidence so fine that a mosquito could not get through."

The detectives glanced at each other solemnly. Had they not in their possession a sealskin bag containing a wallet and a bit of gold chain, which by putting the crime on me, would leave a gap big enough for Sullivan himself to crawl through?

"Why don't you say your little speech before Johnson brings the other man, Lawrence?" McKnight inquired. "They won't believe you, but it will help them to understand what is coming."

"You understand, of course," the lean man put in gravely, "that what you say may be used against you."

"I'll take the risk," I answered impatiently.

It took some time to tell the story of my worse than useless trip to Pittsburgh, and its sequel. They listened gravely, without interruption.

"Mr. Hotchkiss here," I finished, "believes that the man Sullivan, whom we are momentarily expecting, committed the crime. Mr. McKnight is inclined to implicate Mrs. Conway, who stabbed Bronson and then herself last night. As for myself, I am open to conviction."

"I hope not," said the stout detective quizzically. And then Alison was announced. My impulse to go out and meet her was forestalled by the detectives, who rose when I did. McKnight, therefore, brought her in, and I met her at the door.

"I have put you to a great deal of trouble," I said contritely, when I saw her glance around the room. "I wish I had not—"

"It is only right that I should come," she replied, looking up at me. "I am the unconscious cause of most of it, I am afraid. Mr. Dallas is going to wait in the outer office."

I presented Hotchkiss and the two detectives, who eyed her with interest. In her poised, her beauty, even in her gown, I fancy she represented a new type to them. They remained standing until she sat down.

"I have brought the necklace," she began, holding out a white-wrapped box, "as you asked me to."

I passed it, unopened, to the detectives. "The necklace from which was broken the fragment you found in the sealskin bag," I explained. "Miss West found it on the floor of the car, near lower ten."

(THE CONTINUED.)

Knowledge of the World. Everybody but a fool keeps good friends with waiters, for, whether these have any union or not, they are a big-fisted brotherhood, and more than once I have seen every waiter in a restaurant, even as a swarm of bees, fall aboard some "bad man," and when he came to in the hospital he would look like Quixote after the swine drovers got through with him.

With all their tricks and knowledge of the world, waiters are singularly unpolished, good-natured and agreeable, and they are full of interesting, often scientific, information. They see a side of humanity that nobody else ever sees, mostly the comedy and peccadillo side. Considering their lousy-up condition, it seems remarkable how much they know about what is going on. When not busy they are always enthusiastically engaged in swapping pointers and information, which, in a way, accounts for some of them getting rich in Wall Street.

Difference in Laughter. A good honest laugh at a good honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke, like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it is withdrawn.

Laughter a Good Medicine. Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.—Byron.

past on the face, and a kind of tissue-like paper on the back. After the handle is attached the border of the fan is black varnished and the gauze is coated with a chalk and water mixture. The handles are made of bamboo, various kinds of hard wood, bone and ivory. The hand painting on the fans is cleverly done, in some instances being a work of art.

Harah Fate. He is sometimes slave who should be master; and sometimes master who should be slave.—Cicero.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM By William Pitt



If you allow your young cattle to barely eke out an existence this winter, they will lose in flesh and bodily vigor to such an extent that it will take two months of good pasture to bring them back to their present condition. Such management swells the farm loss account and gradually decreases the net profits that you may expect next year.

The farmer who grows clover for hay and seed and sells both may think he has done a good thing for the soil, but aside from the rocs which have been exhausted growing the crop he has done the soil more injury than with any other crop he can raise.

A good heifer with her first calf at a little past two years of age, if she is from a breed of fairly high producing cows, is worth from \$50 to \$100. A steer that will bring that much money is usually fed two to three times as much as the average heifer.

Pumpkins are one of the best winter green feeds for almost all kinds of stock, especially relished by dairy cows, and they are excellent to mix with dairy feed for the production of milk, the cows relishing them greatly.

It is not to be supposed that every heifer will make a first-class cow, but the manner in which she is fed and cared for from birth will have something to do with deciding the question.

The feeding of dairy cows for best results is more complicated, and involves more thought than most persons realize; merely throwing a cow an abundance of food is not all.

It is impossible to tell the profitable cows from the unprofitable animals unless you test your milk. The quantity of milk is not enough. The butter fat must be considered.

It is very important that when the calves are first placed in the feed lot they should be given the most palatable feed that can be obtained until they have learned to eat.

There is no known feed that is better for poultry than good clean grains, accompanied by plenty of clean, fresh water and an abundance of charcoal.

Now is the time to study up on the new "serum" method for preventing hog cholera, then you will be ready to act at once when you have to.

The only way to be sure a cow has good milking qualities which can be perpetuated in her offspring is to be sure she has good blood in her.

In improving a flock of mutton sheep, the ram is practically the whole thing until such a time as the ewes are equally well bred.

Don't pack the dairy cow away for the winter into a dark corner of the stable and expect to take out a strong, healthy cow in the spring.

Generally farmers who feed stock upon their farms are successful farmers, but not all successful farmers need be stock feeders.

Producing what the consumer wants and putting it on the market in an attractive form are two of the secrets of successful dairying.

It isn't much use to keep cows that milk hard. You can find just as good ones that milk by man-power and not four horse-power.

Cattle raising presents a promising field of endeavor to those who aim alike at personal satisfaction and financial profit.

All damaged limbs should be cut out, because they are likely to injure others while swaying in the winds.

It requires skill and a liberal system of feeding to grow and develop a high-grade draft horse for market.

The sheep responds profitably to conditions of peacefulness. They need sensible treatment as to surroundings.

In the large city markets the best prices for fatted fowls are realized from about February to July.

Lousy hogs are a direct source of loss, which, with worms, prevent dividends in the hog business.

Attention to every minute detail in dairying must be observed if the best results are reached.

All weeds and dead branches should be cleaned out of the small fruit gardens and burned.

A good square walk for a farm horse is like a good square deal for men.

All soil is made up of ground pulverized rock and vegetable matter.

Mares do not usually give trouble by abortion if given good food and reasonable care. Of course, when pregnant, a mare should not be over-driven, nor be compelled to smell blood or offal, and should not back or hold back heavy loads. Her stall should not have much incline. Nourishing food, pure water and fresh air are essentials. If one suspect ergot or smut in hay or feed it should be discarded.

It is estimated that barn-yard manures have a value of about two-thirds that of commercial fertilizers, therefore the careful saving of farm manures and their judicious application to the soil are vital factors in farming operations, and as essential to continued success as plowing the land or planting the crop.

The price of dairy products in the winter is so much higher than in summer that only a small extra effort as to care and judicious feeding may result in a considerable increase in the profits from the entire herd at this season.

The intelligent flock-masters are fast coming to recognize the fact that the man who makes the most of his opportunities in handling a farm flock must become a breeder and feeder of high-class mutton, more especially sheep.

The farmer who is breeding a flock of improved mutton sheep and feeding them in an intelligent and painstaking manner, may plan his feeding operations so that he may have a good year by city market every week in the year.

Farm-yard manures benefit the soil by acting as a mulch and make humus, but their benefit to the growing crops depends entirely upon the amount of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash they contain.

It is true that the generality of farm manures are low in quality, but that is no valid excuse for farmers to persist in breeding horses that nobody wants, not even themselves.

Sheep raising numbers among its requirements quietness and contentment in a degree perhaps not so essential to success in the handling of other breeds of live stock.

In the production of strawberries the best specimens are obtained only by careful culture. The plants should be of a large fruited and firm fruited variety of the best flavor.

Begin to take the chill off the water you give the horses when the weather gets cold. You can heat it cheaper on the stove than you can in the stomach of the horse.

A thick coat of paint daubed over the severed limbs when pruning in the orchard or wood lot prevents cracking of the wood and gives the trees a better appearance.

The ordinary diversified farm with its abundant use of horsepower furnishes ideal conditions for growing, developing and training draft horses.

It will pay anyone that keeps from 25 to 100 hens to build a shed close to the henhouse in which to deposit the droppings during the winter.

It is best to separate pullets from the rest of the flock, let them have free range and feed largely of whole or cracked corn, wheat or oats.

It is impossible to create capacity. You may breed for it but you can't create it and it's a very important function in the dairy cow.

There is the most money in the long run in dairying by selling the cream or butter only and keeping the other products on the farm.

The Duroc Jersey sows are very docile; they are easily handled during the breeding and farrowing season and are very prolific breeders.

Under no circumstances should anything be added to milk to prevent its souring. Such doings violate the law of both God and man.

The problem of keeping the boys and girls on the farmstead is solving itself, for farm life is becoming more and more attractive.

While it is some trouble to strain the cream before churning, but when that is done there will be no white specks in butter.

The feeder is the only man that can tell how much food the colts require for their best growth and development.

Fresh air is all right for the hens, but not when it is sifted through knotholes and cracks between the boards.

Ram lambs are a drug on the market, yet thousands of farmers continue to fatten the markets with them.

Sheep that are kept as scavengers soon assume the appearance that their purpose would signify.

Good, bright oat straw is good roughage for idle horses, but some grain should be fed with it.

Hold on to some of the clover for spring feeding. It is great when the sheep get tired of timothy.

Hens are much better breeders than pullets, because a greater per cent. of the eggs are fertile.

Warm water in winter, given morning, noon and night, make the hens sing with delight.

One of the great economies in growing of sheep is that the shelter is inexpensive.

Now is the time of year to feed corn freely to all stock, even including milk cows.

If sheep are left out in a cold rain they are almost sure to contract catarrh.

PRAYER WITHOUT RESULT

Boy's Patience Is Exhausted After Frequent Petitions to Throne of Grace.

A young man who is prominent in church work in Philadelphia tells this about his nephew:

Harold is the youngster's name, and next door lives another boy by the name of Dewey. They are each seven years old, and like most children of their age, are disposed to get into mischief as often as possible. Several days ago they found a man's coat lying on the front pavement while the owner was fixing a gas main. From the pockets of the coat the two boys abstracted several tickets, and when Harold's mother found it out she made him return the tickets and explained the sin which he had committed, warning him to pray that he be forgiven that night. He obeyed, and while on his knees added a prayer for Dewey as well.

The next night Harold's mother was in the next room when he said his prayers, and she heard him ask God to forgive Dewey for stealing a piece of cake. On the following evening he again was moved to ask forgiveness for his friend, this time for stealing three pieces of candy. Apparently his patience was exhausted, for the next evening his mother was in the adjoining room when he offered his evening prayer, and this is what she heard:

"O God, I thank Thee, I have done the best I can for Dewey. I guess you will have to watch him yourself."—Philadelphia Record.

Longitude and Dinner. Time. About eleven o'clock one morning Aunt Dinah was peeling potatoes for dinner. "Now I reckon that all over this big world eberybody what's got anything to get a meal with is a gitlin' ready for dinner," she placidly remarked.

"Oh, no, Aunt Dinah," said Miss Nina. "In New York it's just about dinner time now, and out by the Rocky mountains it won't be dinner time for three hours yet."

"Oh, my, Miss Nina?" You plumb sure of that?"

"Plumb sure, Aunt Dinah." "Well, I'm mighty glad I lives in a Christian land, whar when it's eben o'clock it's eben o'clock, and we can't naber git mixed up on the dinner time."

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The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Civilization. Missionary—You claim to be civilized, and yet I find you torturing your captives.

Native—Pardon, but we do not call this torturing now. We are merely hazing him.

A Dodger. "Fine weather we've been having." "Yes, but we'll pay for this fine weather later on."

"I won't. I'm going to Florida for the winter."

Stop guessing! Try the best and most certain remedy for all painful ailments—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. The way it relieves all soreness from sprains, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, etc., is wonderful.

Household Hints. By taking one hobbie skirt and sewing up one end of it a very pretty ragbag may be made in which to put the others.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

A collapsible conscience may be more comfortable than an ingrowing one, but it works as much harm.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

The big fences are not always around the best fruit trees.

No More Indigestion for those who know the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters when the stomach is weak, the liver inactive and the bowels clogged.

Why? It is compounded from ingredients best adapted for keeping the organs strong and healthy, and its wonderful record in the past has proven it to be a great success. Try a bottle for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Colds and Grippe. Get



Your Liver is Clogged up. That's Why You're Tired—Out of Spirits—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will get you right in a few days. They do their duty. Caution: Beware of cheap imitations. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine without Signature.

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Chinese Center of Industry

Fan-Making Is the Principal Business Carried On in Village of Pengchow.

Writing of fan making in southern China, the American consul at Swatow says: "This industry was started centuries ago in the village of Pengchow, at Amow, about three miles from Swatow. It was formerly confined to some in various households, but for

many years past every family in the village has been devoted to the work, all the members of the families being occupied in the manufacture. In the city of Chaowow itself the fan industry is also large, but the Pengchow district abounds in a particular kind of bamboo especially suitable for the ribs and handle, and to this fact is the large