



SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race, during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins, and Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

"Jessica has the right to a chance," he agreed. "I'm not going to meddle with things beyond my understanding. An I'd rather have her your wife than have anything else in the world. Only—you've seen her just once—you can't tell if you want her, yet."

Stanton shot him one straight, expressive glance.

"She is like you," slipped from him involuntarily; then, frowning at his blay of sentiment, he dropped the other's hand. "We had better go, or we'll miss the train," he brusquely reminded.

"Oh, she is like me," confirmed Floyd; he turned to look again at the factory. "We are pretty close chums. Yes, you and I had better be getting to the train."

They walked back to the nearest trolley line, both silent.

The subject was not touched again, until the following morning, when they left the train in New York.

"When shall I see you?" Stanton questioned, as they exchanged farewells in the noisy depot. "To-morrow."

"I'm going to be out of town for the next two weeks. Mr. Green tells me," Floyd replied. "They want me at the Mercury factory, and there are some other trips, too. I believe, Jessica is going to be rather deserted; if you happen to look her up, no doubt she would be glad to speak to some one besides her nurse."

"Thank you," accepted Stanton, as carelessly. "Take care of yourself."

He had not reached the exit when Floyd overtook him.

"Here are the entries for the Cup race," he panted, thrusting a folded newspaper into Stanton's hand. "There are two Atlanta cars to run against us. It's up to you to take care of yourself, until afterward."

"Floyd, wait! What do you mean? Do you really think—"

But his mechanic evaded the question.

"Some people are hoodlums," he laughed. "Keep away from them, please. Good-by."

He had not spoken Valerie Carlisle's name, yet Stanton knew against whom he warned. And the melodramatic absurdity of the idea did not prevent an odd thrill of discomfort and insecurity, from which he took his usual refuge in roughness.

"I'm not in the habit of hiding from people, hoodlums or not. Good-by."

"Oh, very well," acquiesced Floyd oddly. "But if you won't take care of yourself, Stanton—"

"Well, what?"

"Never mind."

CHAPTER X.

An Interval.

It was on the second day after his arrival in New York that Stanton called upon Jessica Floyd. This time he went more confidently up the stairs of the quiet apartment house, sure of his right.

As before, the little old Irishwoman clad in black silk was waiting to admit him; as before, he could have cried out in the wonder of seeing this girl who turned Floyd's candid face to him and smiled with Floyd's gray eyes. Only, this afternoon Jessica did not rise from the piano seat to greet him, but from a chair near a window.

"Jes is away again," she regretted, giving him her hand.

"I came to see you, by his permission," Stanton returned.

The rich color flushed under her marvelous skin, that was like no other woman's he had ever seen. Floyd differed there, man from girl, his complexion being much darker and less translucent.

"It is too early to give you tea and cake," she told him, with a playfulness partly shy. "But if you will talk to me for half an hour, it will be after four o'clock and I can offer you hospitality."

"What shall I talk to you about?" he doubted. "I am better at listening, I think."

"Oh, anything, everything. Suppose I were Jess; I like what he likes, racing, factories, motor-cars."

Although the season was early, a fire burned in the tiny hearth, on either side of which they were seated, facing each other. In the ruddy light Stanton contemplated the smiling girl, in her pale-blue gown with its lace ruffles foaming around her full young throat and falling low across her hands.

"Your brother has told you of the business partnership that we plan for this winter, Miss Floyd?"

She nodded her bronze-crowned head.

"Did he know of it?" she asked in counter-question.

Floyd had kept the confidence given him, then, although no formal restraint had been made. The expression that crossed Stanton's dark face was warm and very gentle.

"He knew, yes. I wish I could have met your brother years ago; I might have been less hard a man, more fit to know him, and you, now."

"You hard?"

"Has he not taught you that I am so?"

In her earnestness she leaned forward, her eyes fearlessly on his.

"Never. Do not imagine he thinks you that, do not so wrong his memory of your kindness. A rough word—what is it? The first gentleness cancels it; what is a friend worth who does not understand?"

Stanton bent his head, looking at the fire.

"I have not had much gentleness shown me," he said. "My mother died when I was born; when I was thirteen my father married again. My step-mother was a good woman, whom I loved as well as my father did. But within the second year after the marriage, the horses they were driving ran away, dragging the carriage over an embankment, and my parents died within a few moments of each other while being taken to the hospital. Have I said that my father was wealthy? He was so. He had made his will, a year before, leaving everything to his wife; well knowing that she in her turn would pass all on to me. She was much younger than he, almost certain to outlive him, and entirely to be trusted. But she had never made a will, delayed by chance or forgetfulness, I suppose. When he died five minutes before her, all his fortune passed to his wife; then, upon her death without a will, again legally passed on to her relatives. I was left with no share or claim."

"But it was yours by every right! Surely, surely, your step-mother's relatives did not take it?"

"They took every penny and every inch, Miss Floyd. And I, at fifteen, was sent out into the world, a beggar orphan. They had no interest in me, and I was old enough to support myself. One of them offered to get me a position as office boy."

"Oh! You—"

"I lived," he grimly answered. "I asked them for nothing. What personal trinkets belonged to me, I sold, for the first needs; then I set to work. My father had wished me to be a

mechanical engineer, and I meant to fulfill his plan. Perfect health I did have—for six years I regularly worked twenty hours out of each twenty-four, until I was graduated from college. For six years I was always tired, occasionally hungry, and took just one recreation: every night I walked through the avenue where my former home stood, and looked at it. I saw the people who had robbed me go handsomely clad and sleek, I saw their carriages and servants pass and repass. I watched, and I concluded

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that there was just one thing in life worth while."

The girl shivered slightly, her gaze on his firm profile with its lines of relentless strength.

"You meant to punish them," she faltered.

"Revenge? No; it was not worth taking. I will not deny I thought of that as a boy; as a man I was too practical to waste my time. What I decided to have was money. I found in my aptitude for this automobile racing my best and quickest way to secure a starting capital. If I killed myself in doing it, very good; that was better than poverty. I was poor for six years; poor for a lifetime I will not be."

"No, you will not be," she agreed, her voice quite low and agitated. "You were born to bend circumstance, for good or ill."

"Circumstance bent me, when it set your brother in my path," he corrected. "I never before had a friend, or cared—"

He shook his head impatiently, turning fully to her. "Bah, what dead history am I boring you with! Forgive me; I only meant to say there might be some small excuse for my savagery. It is after four o'clock, I was promised tea."

Jessica rose to cross to the little tea-table, but lingered for an instant. "Jes once told me that he had been guilty of the impertinence of saying his driver had the best disposition and the worst temper he had ever seen. I think that if he were here, he would apologize for the last part."

"Perhaps he may yet retract the first," he warned lightly, yet touched. When she summoned him to take his cup, Stanton looked at the brown beverage, then in quizzical surprise at his hostess.

"Yes," she laughed, coloring. "With three lumps of sugar in it. Jes told me that whenever he was out with you, you drank chocolate syrup and sweet. I thought it was only girls who liked sweet, syrupy things."

"And do you always give people what they like?" he asked, amused and oddly pleased.

"I would like to," she retorted. "Then I would like very much to have you go to the theater with me to-night."

"As you like," she conceded, her heavy lashes sweeping her cheeks.

The first step was made. For the next two weeks they saw each other frequently. Twice Stanton brought one of the Mercury cars and took Jessica for sedate afternoon drives. Several rainy days she gave him sweet chocolate and sat opposite him before the bright little hearth, listening or talking with the equable sunniness so like Floyd's. Indeed, Stanton soon came to feel with her the sense of companionship and certainty of being understood that he felt with her brother. But he never was rough to Jessica.

During that interval he did not meet Floyd. Jes was busy thirty miles up the Hudson valley, at the Mercury factory, Jessica said, and as Stanton of course knew from his mechanic's own statement. Only it impressed him as rather strange that Floyd could not get away even once or twice to see his sister.

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A WISE LITTLE MOUSE.



A little mouse did from a hole shyly peep, then gently stole forth to find a bit to eat; A bit of cheese would be a treat.

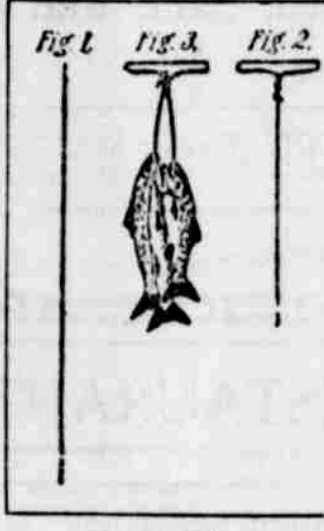
But hardly had she found a shelf whereon she might feed herself, When suddenly she said, "What's that? It sounds like a great big Tom cat!"

And sure enough, 'tis said to say, An old Tom cat had come that way, Then, after eating back she stole Behind a big black kettle lid.

And 'neath that cover she did stay Till Thomas Cat had gone away; Then, after eating back she stole Well filled and happy to the hole.

FISH STRINGER QUITE HANDY Can Be Made in Few Minutes of Old Piece of Wire—Excellent Addition to Camp Kit.

Here is a stringer that will do good work on your camping trip, says the American Boy. Take a piece of wire which has been taken from a bale of hay and twist a handhold on one end as in Fig. 2. The other end is sharpened and must be concealed in a cork or bit of wood to avoid prodding the hands. The wire of the size mentioned is intended for small fish use, if you are out for larger fish use heavier wire. The bending is rather hard to do unless the wire is annealed. This means softened or made more



A Fish Stringer.

pliable. It is accomplished by heating the wire to a cherry red and then cooling as slowly as possible, by turning the fire down a little at a time. As may be readily seen, the stringer is also used to carry the catch home. If you make one of them it will not take more than a few minutes and it will prove itself a worthy addition to your camp kit.

SOME ERRORS OF LANGUAGE

Some Peculiar Mistakes Made by Many People in Carrying on Ordinary Conversation.

If some one were to tell you that your language was crude, uneducated, slovenly, inaccurate, your pride would be wounded and you would challenge the truth of the statement. But marshal the army of words and phrases with which you fought your battles of yesterday; pass them in review. Do you recognize any of the following as having been in your service? Did your child behave himself? Did your friend live on Maple street? Did you have your photo taken? Was the play a success? Did you do like some one else did? Were you really happy? Was your friend overly strong? Did you see five fishes in the brook, sit side of some one or find those kind of books at Martin's? Or, worse than this, did you put your foot in it? Were your friends awfully jolly, mighty sorry or dead tired? Did you give yours-if away, have a clench, jump on the girl or lay her out in great shape? Were you up against it?—Harper's Bazar.

What goes all the way to Milwaukee from New York without moving? The railroad tracks.

What is that which works when it plays and plays when it works? A fountain.

What will turn without moving? Milk.

Why is the letter "K" like four? You cannot make cake without it.

If there were five birds in a tree and a hunter killed two of them and they fell down, how many would be left in the tree? None—the rest flew away.

What is the difference between a bad boy and a postage stamp? One you lick with a stick and the other you stick with a lick.

Why is the letter "R" the most peaceful letter in the alphabet? Because it changes a fiend into a friend.

What is the difference between a man going upstairs and a man looking upstairs. One steps upstairs and the other stares up steps.

Why did the razorbill raise her bill? To let the sea-urchin see her chin.

What Bothered Bobby. Bobby's father owned an incubator and one day the little fellow was watching a chicken energetically breaking its way through its shell. Just then his father came along and Bobby said:

"Papa, I see how that chicken gets out of his shell, but what I can't understand is how he got into it."

WRONG BODY BURIED

AFTER WAKE AND FUNERAL "CORPSE" COMES HOME.

All That Was Mortal of John Malone Was Laid to Rest, But There Were Two Malones; Both Had Crooked Fingers.

Chicago.—A few days ago, at Mount Olivet cemetery, all that was mortal of John Malone was laid to rest. Behind the hearse walked William Malone, mourning for his brother, and also John Malone, who was paying his last respects to a cousin, and other friends. Malone had died at the Oak Forest infirmary. The county officials had certified that Malone, who had lived in South Deering, was dead, his relatives had identified the body, and the incident was closed.

The day after the funeral John Malone walked into South Deering and met Con and John O'Keefe, both of whom had been pall bearers.

"Hello, boys," said Malone. "How goes it?"

"It's a ghost!" yelled Con O'Keefe, shrinking back from the outstretched hand.

"Sure it is," chattered John, "but it's Jack Malone's. See the crooked finger on his right hand. I saw that hand in the coffin."

"Ghost! You're crazy," sturdily retorted Malone. "I've been sick, but I'm no ghost. What's the matter with you fellows?"

Then when things were sifted down there came to light an unusual instance of resemblance, a mistake by county officials, and a mistake by close relatives in identifying the body of a total stranger as that of their kin.

It appears that there were two John Malones as patients at the county hospital. One was from Michigan, the other from South Deering. The Chicago Malone grew better and told his friends he would soon leave the hospital. The Michigan Malone grew worse. Finally one of the Malones was discharged as cured and the other was taken to Oak Forest.

On March 26 relatives of John Malone of South Deering received word that he had died at the infirmary. They protested at first that he had left the county hospital. The county hospital records and those of the infirmary at Oak Forest were consulted. They showed that John Malone of South Deering had been removed from the hospital to the infirmary and had died there.

William Malone, a brother, and John Malone, a cousin, went to Oak Forest. They looked the body over. It looked like John Malone, their relative might have looked after having withstood the ravages of disease for months. On the right hand of the body was a crooked finger. John Malone had such a finger. They identified the body.

After that came the funeral and the subsequent reappearance of John Malone in South Deering, looking for a job.

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Trade Inviters in Paris

