

The FLYING MERCURY

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SYNOPSIS.
The story opens on Long Island near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, has just arrived. Her car has stopped and her cousin, Dick LeStrange, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named LeStrange. The latter drives the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan French wanted an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged LeStrange, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

None of the group in the next room had noticed the movement of the shade, absorbed in one another; any sound being muffled by the throb of adjacent machinery. Bailey obeyed the request, and leaned back in his chair.

"That's Darling LeStrange," he stated with satisfaction. "That's his own design for an oiling system he's busy with, and it's a beauty. He's entered for every big race coming this season, starting next week in Georgia, and meantime he oversees every department in every building as it never was done before. The man for me, he is."

Emily made an unenthusiastic sign of agreement.

"I meant a very different man from Mr. LeStrange," she replied, her dignity altogether French. "I have no doubt that he is all you say, but I was thinking of another class. I meant—well, I meant a gentleman."

"Oh, you meant a gentleman," replied Bailey, surveying her oddly. "I didn't know, you see. No; I don't know any one like that."

"Thank you. Then I will go. I— it does not matter."

She did not go, however, but remained leaning on the arm of her chair in troubled reverie, her long lashes lowered. Bailey sat as quietly, watching her and waiting.

The murmur of voices came dully through the closed door, one, lighter and clearer in tone, most frequently rising above the roar pervading the whole building. It was not possible that Emily's glimpse of LeStrange across the glass should identify him absolutely with the man she had seen once in the flickering lights and shadows on the Long Island road; but he was not of a type easily forgotten, and she had been awakened to a doubting recognition.

Now, many little circumstances recurred to her; a strangeness in Dick's manner when the new manager was alluded to, the fact that her rescuer on that October night had been driving a racing car and had worn a racing costume; and lastly, when Bailey spoke of "Darling" LeStrange there had flashed across her mind the mechanic's ridiculous answer to the request to aid her chauffeur in changing a tire: "I'll do it for you, Darling."

And listening to that dominant voice in the next room, she slowly grew crimson before a vision of herself in the middle of a country road, appealing to a stranger for succor, like the heroine of a melodramatic fiction. Decidedly she would never see LeStrange, never let him discover Miss French.

"I will go," she reiterated, rising impetuously.

The glass-enclosed door opened with unwelcome abruptness.

"I'll see Mr. Bailey," declared some one. "I'll know."

Helpless, Emily stood still, and straightway found herself looking directly into LeStrange's gray eyes as he halted on the threshold.

It was Bailey who upheld the moment, all unconsciously.

"Come in," he invited heartily. "Miss French, this is our manager, Mr. LeStrange; the man who's going to double our sales this year."

Emily moved, then straightened herself proudly, lifting her small head. LeStrange had recognized her, she felt; the call was to courage, not flight.

"I think I have already met Mr. LeStrange," she said composedly. "I am pleased to meet him again."

"Met him!" cried Bailey. "Met him? Why—"

Neither heeded him. A gleaming surprise and warmth lit LeStrange's always brilliant face.

"Thank you," he answered her. "You are more than good to recall me, Miss French. I owe an apology for breaking in this way, but I fancied Mr. Bailey alone—and he spoils me."

"It is nothing; I was about to go." She turned to give Bailey her hand, smiling involuntarily in her relief. With a glance, an infection, LeStrange had stripped their former meeting of its embarrassment and unconventionality, how, she neither analyzed nor cared.

"Good morning," said Bailey. "Shall I take you through, or—"

But LeStrange was already holding open the door, with a bright unconcern as to his workmanlike costume which impressed Emily pleasantly. She wondered if Dick would have borne the situation as well, in the impossible event of his being found at work.

The two walked together down an aisle of the huge, machinery-crowded room, the grimy men lifting their heads to gaze after Emily as she passed.

Once LeStrange paused to speak to a man who sat, notebook and pencil in hand, beside another who manipulated under a grinding wheel a delicate aluminum casting.

"Pardon," he apologized to Emily, who had lingered also. "Mathews would have let that go wrong in another moment. He's not—"

Rupert at changing

calm of the gray eyes she encountered established self-content.

When they were trotting down the road toward home, in the crisp air, Emily glanced at her cousin.

"I did not know you and Mr. LeStrange were so well acquainted," she remarked.

"I see him now and then." Dick answered unseeingly. "He's too busy to want me bothering around him much. You—remembered him?"

"Yes."

He absently took the whip from its socket, flogging the horse with it as he spoke.

"It was awfully square of you, Emily, not to mention that night to Uncle Ethan. It wasn't like a girl, at all. I made an idiot of myself, and you've never said anything to me about it since. I never told you where LeStrange took me, because I didn't like to talk of the thing. I'm really awfully fond of you, cousin."

"Yes, Dickie," she said patiently.

"Well, LeStrange rubbed it in. Oh, he didn't say much. But he carried me down to where they were practicing for a road race. Such a jolly lot of fellows, like a bunch of kids; teasing and calling jokes back and forth all day long, everything raw and chilly. Busy, and their mechanics busy, and one after another swinging into his car and going off like a rocket. By the time LeStrange went off, I was as much stirred up as anybody. When he made a record circuit at seventy-seven miles an hour average, I was shouting over the rail like a good one. And then, while he was off again, a big blue car rolled in and its driver yelled that LeStrange had gone over on the Eastbury turn, and to send around the ambulance. It was like a nightmare; I sat down on a stone and felt sick."

"He—"

"He shook me up half an hour later, and stood laughing at me. 'Upset,' he said. 'No; we shed a tire and went off into a field, but it didn't hurt the machine, so we righted her and came in.' He was limping and bruised and scratched, but he was laughing, while a crowd of people were trying to shake hands with him and say things. I felt—funny; as if I wasn't much good. I never felt like that before. 'This is only practice,' he said, when I was about to go. 'The race tomorrow will do better. We find it more exciting than cocktails.' That was all, but I knew what he meant, all right. I've been careful ever since. He won the race next day, too."

"Dick, didn't it ever occur to you that you as well as Mr. LeStrange

commentary on the conversation. In silence she passed out across the courtyard to where her red-wheeled cart waited. But when LeStrange had put her in and given her the reins, she held out her hand to him with more gravity.

"I shall wish you good luck for next week," she said.

LeStrange threw back his head, drawing a quick breath; here in the strong sunlight he showed even younger than she had thought him, young with a primitive intensity of just being alive.

"Thank you. I would like—if it were possible—to win this race."

"This one, especially?"

"Yes, because it is the next step toward a purpose I have set myself, and which I shall accomplish if I live. Not that I shall halt if this step fails, no, nor for a score of such failures, but I am anxious to go on and finish."

Up to Emily's face rushed the answering color and fire to his; drawn by the bond of mutual earnestness, she leaned nearer.

"You live to do something? So do I, so do I! And every one else plays."

However LeStrange would have replied, he was checked by the crash of the courtyard gate. Abruptly recalled to herself, Emily turned, to see Dick French coming toward them.

Remembering how the three had last met, the situation suggested strain. But to Emily's astonishment the young men exchanged friendly nods, although Dick flushed pink.

"Good morning, LeStrange," he greeted. "I've just come up from the city, Emily, and there wasn't any carriage at the station, so when one of the testers told me you were here I came over to get a ride."

"I've been to see Mr. Bailey," she responded. "Get in."

As Dick climbed in beside her, she bent her head to LeStrange; if she had regretted her impulsive confidence, again the clear sanity and

FACTS FEATURES and FANCIES for WOMEN

NEW YORK.—For dinner and evening wear really sumptuous materials are used. There seems hardly any other word adequate to express their beauty. Brocaded velvets and silver and gold embroidered satins greet one at every turn, while an abundance of lace is used, and the gold and silver trimmings are marvelously beautiful. It is a season of soft, graceful effects. The "raggedy" idea is constantly appearing and, at its best, it means very charming results.

Trains for Indoor Gowns.

Even simple indoor gowns will be made with trains, although they may be short ones, and everything that is essentially feminine is smart. Color is superb when it is rightly handled, for we are seeing a very generous use of rich oriental effects, and combinations and trimmings sometimes are almost barbaric in suggestion. Handled by trained designers, the results are delightful, but danger lurks in many a beautiful fabric and many a superb trimming, for, crudely used or unfortunately applied, they not only lose their charm, but they become garish and out of taste.

The season is one of many possibilities, and it behooves each of us to choose our garments with care. Fashion provides the best examples, and when such are offered it is surely needless to follow the lead.

Embroideries of many kinds are being used and many of them are distinctly novel, while not infrequently really superb effects are obtained by extremely simple means. In a notable autumn trousseau is to be found a blue French serge, but it is combined with a lovely woven basket cloth in a delightful shade of buff, and this basket cloth is darned in wools in oriental colorings to make the richest possible effect. The gown is not an extremely elaborate one, for the skirt escapes the floor and it can be worn either within doors or upon the street under a coat, but this entirely novel material renders it quite distinctive.

Broadcloth in Vogue.

Happily for lovers of the beautiful material broadcloth has come into its own and is being much exploited. An extremely beautiful visiting costume is made of that material in the smoke gray that is so much liked this season. The coat collar and cuffs are trimmed with narrow bands of skunk and the revers and the vest are of ribbed silk in a wonderful shade of red that suggests coral, yet is not exactly that, while their edges are finished with an oriental embroidery in wool threads that is a delight. The beautiful color against the background of quiet toned broadcloth makes a wonderful effect, and, for the earlier season at least, the trimming of fur is practical as well as smart. Enveloping scarfs often are too warm for comfort until midwinter. These fur-trimmed costumes are admirable from every point of view.

Bands of almost every known skin are to be noted used in such ways and the simplest are employed by the greatest dressmakers quite as well as the most costly. Suitings and trimmings appear to know almost no limit of variety. Among the extreme novelties is silk covert cloth and some of the handsomest costumes sent over by M. Worth are made of that material with trimming of fur. The pretty, soft squirrel, or "petit gris," as our French cousins call it, is to be called into requisition for trimming, as well as the more costly skins, and it seems especially well adapted to the younger contingent. A very beautiful coat adapted to afternoon or carriage wear is made of basket cloth in a real delicious shade of coral with turban to match. The collar and cuffs of the coat are of gray squirrel. The turban is bound with the fur and trimmed with two bands round the high crown, while at the left side is a simple bunch of maidenhair fern. The coat is loose and ample, easy to slip on and off, and one can fancy a fresh young face a dream of beauty so framed. Women who have found the coats of the kimono model comfortable and a genuine delight to wear, will be glad to know that this model and many another is made in that way. Hats are a little curious in their development and the big hats are mostly low, almost exaggeratedly wide, while the turbans are close fitting with high crowns. This special one is designed to be drawn well over the head, while the brim rolls closely up to the crown.

Mole Color a Favorite.

A great deal of mole color is to be worn and a great deal of yellow, and often the two are combined, although mole is beautiful with many brighter hues. A really fascinating costume designed for the theater, restaurant dinners and occasions of the kind, and which makes part of a trousseau, is made of mole colored chiffon cloth over a foundation of rich green charmeuse satin. The gown is trimmed with mole skin on both skirt and bodice, and accompanying it is a most fascinating set, consisting of muff and neckpiece. The muff is a great big one of the draped chiffon, with bands of fur and plaited frills of the material that fall over the hands.

The neckpiece consists of a "cho-

ker" of the fur, with a big bow and long ends of the chiffon, the ends being edged with fur bands that weight them just sufficiently at the same time that they are exceedingly handsome. Smaller neckpieces for the most part take the "choker" form. They are worn very closely about the throat, and, to some extent, have been the outcome of the open collars that are having such vogue. Women who are clever with their needles and of an inventive turn will be able to create novelties of the sort for their own use, for every sort of material is used with fur, lace and chiffon to give a softening effect.

For the early season a great many ostrich feather bands will be used in place of fur, and some of the ostrich neckpieces are a real delight.

As must inevitably be the case during a season of such delightfully feminine effects as these, lace is used in abundance upon every known garment. The normal woman always loves dainty and becoming negligees. This season they are more beautiful than ever before and they take a variety of forms. Tea gowns are once more fashionable for the informal afternoon at home and for the boudoir are made the loveliest conceivable toilettes. Pretty ones that are distinctly novel are quite simple in form, but are finished with hoods of lace attached at the neck edge, and these hoods are designed to be drawn up over the head to take the place of the separate cap that has become such an established feature. For the purpose is used the lovely shadow lace that is so generally becoming and the effect is really fascinating at the same time that the hood serves a practical end.

Caps for the Hair.

We are all learning the need of rest for the hair and the pretty little caps that allow of wearing it loosely tucked up for a part of the day at least, while at the same time they are delightful both to wear and to look up-

on. More elaborate negligees are made in a variety of ways, but the daintiest, softest silks plaited either in accordion or very narrow, and plaita always are pretty. And are much liked, and not infrequently they are worn with fascinating little jackets or coats of lace. They are fascinatingly lovely.

Often these jackets are finished with tiny bands of fur and the effect of the fur on the lace and the soft satin is really ravishing. As will be seen, it is indeed a fur season, for fur appears upon costumes for almost every hour of the day. There is talk of a shortage of supply in some quarters, but the display of white foxes in the windows of one of our leading dealers would seem to indicate an unlimited source of supply. The perfectly white skins were there literally in heaps until one almost wondered how there could be room for other creatures upon the earth.

Twined Costume.

A smartly cut costume is shown in the illustration, and one that would make up well in twined.

The skirt has a panel front and shaped band at sides cut in one and laid on with wrapped seams; buttons and loops form a trimming.

The coat also has panels at back and front connected by the sides, which have tabs cut at the upper edge, where a button and loop is seen; black satin is used for the collar, and the revers are of material; buttons and loops are seen where they join the collar, these also trim the cuffs and fronts; the fastening is invisible.

Hat of black satin, trimmed with feathers.

Materials required: 5 yards tweed 46 inches wide, 2 dozen buttons, 1/2 yard satin 30 inches wide, 2 yards braid for loops.

white batiste, hemstitched with a red thread and a saty little bow of red silk were the only trimmings on this attractive little dress.

Remodeling Old Laces.

Take any old lace edge or ornament and baste on stiff paper. Then with liquid gold paint the lace. Several coats of paint should be applied to make it effective and lasting, being careful to allow each coat to thoroughly dry before the next is applied. The effect is beautiful.

TOO BRIGHT FOR BUSINESS

Small Boy Put an End to 'Thefts of Candy Tasters But Lost His Job.

A small boy began his business career in a five-and-ten-cent store last week—and he also closed the first chapter of it in the same store two days later. He was overzealous in his efforts to protect his employer's interest. Every merchant displaying counters of candies unprotected by glass or wire screen covers loses pounds of candy weekly through the petty thieftings of candy-tasters who help themselves to one or as many pieces as they can grab while passing the unprotected sweets.

The small boy feeling the responsibility of his position reported the raids on the candy to the manager, who, appreciating the child's interest, explained to him that it was almost impossible to deal with such culprits and that at least 15 pounds of candy were confiscated weekly in such fashion.

Part of the boy's work was to uncover the counters in the morning, and he was on the job good and early the second day of his employment. He assured the salesgirl at the candy counter that there was going to be a reduction in candy-tasters that day. She thought nothing of the remark until she noticed that every one helping herself to the sweets almost immediately clapped her hand over her mouth and ran for the door. Tasting her wares herself, she discovered the upper layers of them liberally sprinkled with cayenne pepper.

Half an hour later the boy who thought he had solved the candy-tasters' problem was out on the street, ruefully contemplating a pepper shaker while he went on the quest of a job.

LENIENT TO THE OFFENDER

Baron Martin, Old Time English Jurist, Let Thief Fix His Own Punishment.

Judges were very considerate in the old days. Lord Brampton, in his reminiscences, relates a story illustrating this.

Baron Martin, a famous English jurist of the old school, whose native leniency and sense of fun often placed him at the mercy of the very men he was trying, was once about to sentence an old offender charged with a petty theft.

"Look," said the baron, with an assumption of severity; "I hardly know what to do, but you can take six months."

"I can't take that, my lord; it's too much," said the prisoner, respectfully but firmly. "I can't take it. Your lordship sees I didn't steal very much, after all."

The baron indulged in one of his low, chuckling laughs before replying:

"Well, that's verra true; ye didn't steal much," he said. "Well, then, ye can tak' four months. Will that do—four months?"

"Nay, my lord, but I can't take that either," was the reply.

"Then tak' three."

"That's nearer the mark, my lord," the prisoner said, approvingly. "But I'd rather you made it two, if you will be so kind."

"Verra well, then, tak' two," said the judge, with the air of one who is pleased to have done the right thing at last. "And mind, don't come again. If you do I'll give ye—well, it all depends!"

Time-Telling Made Easy.

Though comparatively few of the natives of Turkey own watches, yet they have an ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass, and then, holding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shadow cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between.

Tolerably Well.

The last pig-tail has disappeared from the Chinese embassy in London. It belonged to the majordomo of the Chinese ambassador, and it is now on its way to China as a present to that functionary's wife. A story is going the rounds that at an official reception recently a member of the Chinese embassy was presented to a well known lady.

"We no talkes Chinese verry well," she said.

"Never mind, your ladyship," was the smooth reply. "I can converse tolerably well in English!"

Humility Not Noticeable.

The will of the earl of Pembroke, of the English civil war notoriety, does not portray a mind exactly in the state it should be, when he proceeds to say: "As regards my other horses, I bequeath them to my Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and his council take away his commission he may still have some horses to command. Above all, put not my body beneath the church porch, for I am, after all, a man of birth, and would not that I should be interred there where Colonel Pride was born."

Looking to the Future.

"It is comfortable to see one's husband sitting down after dinner to enjoy his cigar, and then there is something rather soothing about the aroma of a good cigar, too." "Oh, I don't care anything about the comfort of it or the aroma; but as long as my husband smokes, he will always be easy to tell him how to begin when he insists that we have got to economize."—Judge.

Fortunate Liechtenstein.

Liechtenstein, the smallest of Europe's sovereign states, has a monarch, a parliament, but no taxes and no army. It is preparing to celebrate the second century of its independence. Prince John II, provides its finances, and in return nominates three of its 15 members of parliament.

Bees in the Winter.

Late in the fall after the honey flow has ceased, the compact mass for the winter, and so on the central comb, and so on until settled weather in the spring or until brood rearing is well advanced.

Winter Income.

Many farmers have little or no income during the winter months. Small greenhouses rightly managed insure a nice little income, and add not only dollars, but pleasure, to the farm life.

FARM AND BEES

USE KELP AS A FERTILIZER

Many Farmers Along Maine Coast Gather Seaweed in Large Quantities and Scatter on Land.

The main in the picture is one of the many farmers on the Maine coast who gather kelp to put on their lands as fertilizer. Kelp is a seaweed which is washed up on the shore, and at low tide, farmers along the Atlantic coast gather it in large quantities and spread it upon their land. This makes a very good fertilizer, particularly as so few animals are raised in New England that stable manure is scarce. However, as kelp is now be-

ing used quite extensively in the manufacture of drugs and other things, it is becoming more valuable for these purposes than for fertilizer, and the wonder is what these seashore farmers will do next to obtain something to enrich their soil.

BEE-KEEPING FOR A FARMER

No Agricultural Property Will Make Equal Returns for Trouble Caused by Honey Insects.

A great many farmers seem to think that honey bees are not worth anything, but still they value what they make very highly. Every one of them would be glad to have honey on his table all the time. If they would just take a little extra time and labor they could have all they wanted.

Just have a few hives in the back yard, and you will have all the honey you want for your own use. If you have not any time at all to spend with bees, why not let your wife or the children have a few colonies?

Bee-keeping is a light, pleasant outdoor work. Considering the time required and money spent, there is nothing that will net the owner more than the keeping of bees.

As high as ten dollars' worth of honey has been gathered by a single swarm of bees; but generally they gather about two dollars' worth 's season.

Many people would keep bees if they were not for their stings. A bee-keeper does not get stung often—he would not any more think of getting stung in picking up a handful of less than you would in picking up a downy little chick.

Honey is a good food for the old and well, old and young. It is used a great many ways in the kitchen in preparing things for the table.

TO HITCH A CORNSTALK POLE

With Fastening of Chain Near End Each Double Tree Considerable Trouble is Obviated.

Hooking a stalk pole by fastening a long chain from notches to clevis in the center of the double tree, also causes a lot of trouble by the old-

Locating the Apiary.

In starting an apiary the first thing to be considered is the location of a suitable locality for the hives. This should be in some open or nearly open place where there will be no overhanging branches or trees to interfere with the operations of the apiarist, convenient to a building to be used as a shop for preparing and storing hives and paraphernalia, and near enough to the road to be easily watched in evening time, and, above all, in a place so clearly level to make it easy to get around the hives and keep the ground mowed about and around them.

Buying Bees.

Bees may be bought at this time very cheaply and, if you are a good judge of colonies, they may be bought and moved a few miles in a wagon if handled very carefully. It is next to impossible to ship them full of bees and honey by railroad at this time of year. Anyone contemplating buying had better contract now and ship in early spring after the most of the honey has been consumed, and the combs replenished by age.

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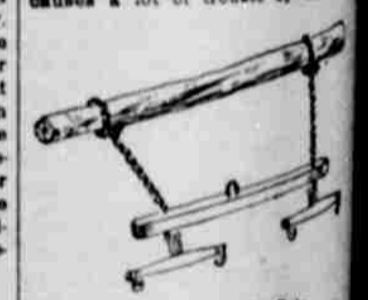
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"I See Him Now and Then."



Hooking a Stalk Pole.



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