

The Flying Mercury

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

Copyright 1910 by DOUGLASS-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, the manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too muddled with drink to drive it. She meets another car which is run by a professional racer named LeStrange. The driver, Dick French, has disintegrated his son, who was to be the driver of the "Mercury" at auto events. LeStrange, a young man who recognizes the young racer, Dick French, as the man who has been in the first race when he appeared to a dead end. LeStrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of LeStrange.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

"Well!" Dick said at last. "Have Mr. Bailey do nothing at all," was the deliberate reply. "There is an etiquette of subordination, I believe this is Mr. French's factory, I've done my part and we'll think no more of the matter. I may be wrong but I am more than grateful to Miss French."

"That's all you're going to do?"

"Yes, I wish you would not sit there."

"I'm tired; I won't fall in, and I want to think. We've been a lot together this spring, LeStrange; I don't like this business about the steering gear. Do you go down to the Beach tomorrow?"

"Tonight, tomorrow I must put in practicing on the track. I would have been down today if there had not been so much to do here. Are you coming with me, or not until the evening of the start?"

Dick stirred uncomfortably.

"I don't want to come at all, thank you, I saw you race once."

"You had better get used to it," LeStrange quietly advised. "The day may come when there is no one to take your place. This factory will be yours and you will have to look after your own interests. I wish you would come down and represent the company at this race."

"I haven't the head for it."

"I do not agree with you."

Their eyes met in a long regard. Here, in the crowded room of workers, the ceaseless uproar shut in their conversation with a walled completeness of privacy.

"I'm not sure whether you know it, LeStrange, but you've got me all stirred up since I met you," the young man confessed plaintively. "You're different from other fellows and you've made me different. I'd rather be around the factory than anywhere else I know, now. But honestly I like you too well to watch you race."

"I want you to come."

"I—"

One of the men with a vessel of white, heaving molten metal was trying to pass through the narrow aisle. Dick broke his sentence to rise in hasty avoidance, and his foot slipped in a puddle of oil on the floor.

It was so brief in happening that only the workman concerned saw the accident. As Dick fell backward, LeStrange sprang forward and caught him, fairly snatching him from the greedy teeth. There was the rending of fabric, a gasping sob from Dick, and reeling from the recoil LeStrange was sent staggering against a flying wheel next in line.

The workman set down his burden with a recklessness endangering further trouble, active too late.

"Mr. LeStrange!" he cried.

But LeStrange had already recovered himself, his right arm crossed with a scorched and bleeding bar where it had touched the glittering wheel, and the two young men were standing opposite each other in safety.

"You are not hurt?" was the first question.

"I ought to be, but I'm not. Come to a surgeon, LeStrange— Oh, you told me not to sit there!"

LeStrange glanced down at the surface wound, then quickly back at the two pallid faces.

"Go on to your work, Peters," he directed. "I'm all right." And as the man slowly obeyed, "Now will you take my advice and come to the race with me, French?"

"Race! You'd race with that arm?"

"Yes. Are you coming with me?"

Shaken and tremulous, Dick passed a damp hand across his forehead.

"I think you're mad to stand talking here. Come to the office, for heaven's sake. And, if he's ground up there, if you hadn't caught me," he looked toward the jaws sullenly shredding and shredding a strip of cloth from his sleeve. "I'll do anything you want."

"Will you?" LeStrange flashed quickly. He flung back his head with the resolute setting of expression the other knew so well, his eyes brilliant with a resolve that took no heed of physical discomfort. "Then give me your word that you'll stick to your work here. That is my fear; that change in you is just a mood you'll tire of some day. I want you to stand up to your work and not drop out disqualified."

"I will," said Dick, subdued and earnest. "I couldn't help doing it— your arm—"

LeStrange impatiently dragged out his handkerchief and wound it around the cut.

"Go on."

"I can't help keeping on; I couldn't go back now. You've got me awake. No one else ever tried, and I was having a good time. It began with liking you and thinking of all you did, and feeling funny alongside of you. He paused, struggling with Anglo-Saxon

shyness. "I'm awfully fond of you, old fellow."

The other's gray eyes warmed and cleared. Smiling, he held out his left hand.

"It's mutual," he assured. "It isn't playing the game to trap you while you are upset like this. But I don't believe you'll be sorry. Come find some one to tie this up for me; I can't have it stiff tomorrow."

But in spite of his professed haste, LeStrange stopped at the head of the stairs and went back to recover some small object lying on the floor beneath a pool of chilling metal. When he rejoined Dick, it was to linger yet a moment to look back across the looming room.

"It's worth having, all this," he commented, with the first touch of sadness the other ever had seen in him. "Don't throw it away, French."

There is usually a surgeon within reach of a factory. When Mr. French passed out to the cart where Emily waited, he passed Dick and the village physician entering. The elder gentleman put on his glasses to survey his nephew's white face.

"An accident?" he inquired.

The casual curiosity was sufficiently exasperating, and Dick's nerves were badly gone.

"Nothing worth mentioning," he snapped. "Just that I nearly fell into the machinery and LeStrange has done up his arm pulling me out."

"That's all."

And he hurried the doctor on without further parley or excuse.

LeStrange was in the room behind the office, smoking one of Bailey's cigars and listening to that gentleman's vigorous remarks concerning managers who couldn't keep out of their own machinery, the patient not having considered it worth while to explain Dick's share in the mischance. An omission which Dick himself promptly remedied in his anxious contrition.

Later, when the arm was being swathed in white linen, its owner spoke to his companion of the morning.

"I hope you didn't annoy Miss French with this trifling matter, as you came in."

"I didn't speak to her at all, only to my uncle."

"Very good."

Something in the too-tolerant tone

"You are going to be with him?"

Dick smoothed his leggings before standing up, surveying his strict motor costume with a gloomy pride not to be concealed.

"Yes; I'm representing our company. LeStrange might want some backing if any disputes turned up. Uncle Ethan nearly had a fit when Bailey told him what I was going to do; he called me Richard for the first time in my life. I guess I'll be some good yet, if every one except LeStrange did think I was a chump."

"I am very sure you will," she answered Dick. "Good-by, Dick; you look very nice."

When he reached the foot of the steps, her voice recalled him, as she stood leaning over the rail.

"Dick, you could not make him give it up, not race this time?"

"He started up at her white figure."

"No, I could not. Don't you suppose I tried?"

"I suppose you did," she admitted, and went back to her seat.

The June night was very quiet. Once a sleepy bird stirred in the honeysuckle vines and chirped through the dark. Far below the throb of a motor passed down the road, dying away again to leave silence. Suddenly Emily French hid her face on the arm of her chair and the tears overflowed.

There was no consciousness of time while that inarticulate passion of dread spent itself. But it was nearly half an hour later when she started up at the echo of a light step on the gravel path, dashing her handkerchief across her eyes.

It was incredible, but it was true: LeStrange himself was standing before her at the foot of the low stairs, the moonlight glinting across his uncovered bronze head and bright, clear face.

"I beg pardon for trespassing, Miss French," he said, "but your cousin tells me he has been saying a great deal of nonsense to you about this race, and that you were so very good as to feel some concern regarding it. Really, I had to run up and set that right; I couldn't leave you to be annoyed by Mr. French's nerves. Will you forgive me?"

Like sun through a mist his blithe voice cleaved through her distress. Before the tranquil sanity of his re-

stricted to the whittling of a stick cases of it were isolated to a few who apparently meditated while they sent tiny chips fluttering over the ground, but one day a regular park devotee remarked that he could whittle a ball in a box frame. He was called upon to prove his ability to do so, and no sooner had he done so than his admiring associates tried to manufacture others like it. The eagerness of children to possess such a unique toy added an incentive to the fascination of whittling, and soon so many whittlers were in evidence that curiosity concerning them created comment, which led to investigation. A stroll through the park the other day revealed 37 gentlemen engaged in whittling "ball-in-a-frame."

One of the whittlers declared it was "an off afternoon" if only 37 whittlers were found, as several "bunches of boys" found hours of amusement in the pastime.

"What do you get out of it?" he was asked.

"Just the satisfaction of making it," he smilingly answered.

The illustration shows the method of cutting the ball, and also the toy when finished.

HOW TO SPIN HANDKERCHIEF

Very Effective Trick and Popular With Jugglers May Be Done With Aid of Little Needle.

This is a very effective trick. It was a favorite one with jugglers and magicians until the secret was discovered. A handkerchief is borrowed, thrown in the air, and caught on the end of a whirling stick held by the juggler, when the handkerchief spreads out to its full size and commences to rapidly spin round. The secret is that in the end of the stick a needle is inserted about one-quarter of an inch, leaving the sharp end out. When the handkerchief is caught on the whirling stick, it thus prevents it falling off the stick, and the handkerchief will spread out and spin about on the end of the stick.

No Maltese Cats in Malta.

There are a few of the so-called Maltese terriers in Malta, but they are not of pure blood, and the puppies which the street hawkers offer for sale to tourists are more or less mongrel, with a strain of the old breed, writes Consul James Oliver Laing from Malta. The Maltese cat does not exist in Malta; at least not one has been seen here of the color called Maltese in the United States.

Large Paris Library.

The Imperial Library of Paris contains two million volumes.

For the LITTLE ONES

NEAT TRICK WITH MATCHES

Much Amusement May Be Had With Little Game When Young Folks Cannot Get Outdoors.

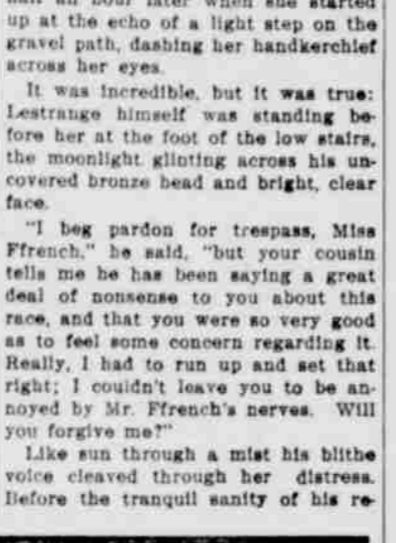
Have say 100 matches. Lay them on the table and agree with some one to take alternately from the heap any number not exceeding ten, and wager that the last match will come to you. Then remember the numbers 1, 12, 23, 34, and so on, increasing by 11 each time. Supposing you have the first draw, you take one match only, and your opponent can never have a chance, for if he draws as many as possible the first time (10) you take one more and make the total 12. Say he then draws 8, and you will immediately draw 3. When you have got 59 you will see that the other player has no chance. Should your opponent insist on having the first draw he will make it possible for you to attain one of the numbers, 12, 23, 34, etc. Then the game is yours.

A great deal of amusement may be had over the match trick during rainy evenings when the young folks cannot get out of doors to enjoy games in the open.

WHITTLE BALL IN BOX FRAME

Peculiar Epidemic Among Men Lounging in Fairmount Park—Toys Delight Little Children.

There is an epidemic in Fairmount park, Philadelphia, of a very contagious nature. Just so long as it was



Ball in Box Frame.

confined to the whittling of a stick cases of it were isolated to a few who apparently meditated while they sent tiny chips fluttering over the ground, but one day a regular park devotee remarked that he could whittle a ball in a box frame. He was called upon to prove his ability to do so, and no sooner had he done so than his admiring associates tried to manufacture others like it. The eagerness of children to possess such a unique toy added an incentive to the fascination of whittling, and soon so many whittlers were in evidence that curiosity concerning them created comment, which led to investigation. A stroll through the park the other day revealed 37 gentlemen engaged in whittling "ball-in-a-frame."

One of the whittlers declared it was "an off afternoon" if only 37 whittlers were found, as several "bunches of boys" found hours of amusement in the pastime.

"What do you get out of it?" he was asked.

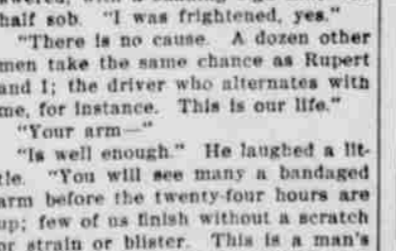
"Just the satisfaction of making it," he smilingly answered.

The illustration shows the method of cutting the ball, and also the toy when finished.

HOW TO SPIN HANDKERCHIEF

Very Effective Trick and Popular With Jugglers May Be Done With Aid of Little Needle.

This is a very effective trick. It was a favorite one with jugglers and magicians until the secret was discovered. A handkerchief is borrowed, thrown in the air, and caught on the end of a whirling stick held by the juggler, when the handkerchief spreads out to its full size and commences to rapidly spin round. The secret is that in the end of the stick a needle is inserted about one-quarter of an inch, leaving the sharp end out. When the handkerchief is caught on the whirling stick, it thus prevents it falling off the stick, and the handkerchief will spread out and spin about on the end of the stick.



Spinning a Handkerchief.

ter of an inch, leaving the sharp end out. When the handkerchief is caught on the whirling stick, it thus prevents it falling off the stick, and the handkerchief will spread out and spin about on the end of the stick.

No Maltese Cats in Malta.

There are a few of the so-called Maltese terriers in Malta, but they are not of pure blood, and the puppies which the street hawkers offer for sale to tourists are more or less mongrel, with a strain of the old breed, writes Consul James Oliver Laing from Malta. The Maltese cat does not exist in Malta; at least not one has been seen here of the color called Maltese in the United States.

Large Paris Library.

The Imperial Library of Paris contains two million volumes.

MOON'S INFLUENCE ON TIDES

Survival of Old-Time Superstition Which Has Been Found Impossible to Eradicate.

The influence of the moon upon the weather was in ancient times assumed in much the same way as the influence of the moon upon the tides of the sea was assumed. There was no proper knowledge of the facts in either case, and it was accepted in both cases merely because the regular changes of the earth's shadow on the moon were used as the great primitive time-keeper, and any frequent changes in other things must happen after some one or other of those regular changes.

The barbaric guess, "Post hoc ergo propter hoc," proved, when careful study of the matter was made, and Newton's law of gravitation was applied to it, to be right in regard to the tides, but wrong in regard to the weather. The "banking up" of the sea in a moving hood which passes, as it were, "over the face of the waters" twice (approximately) in the 24 hours is now known to be due to the "drag" or gravitational attraction exerted on the heavy but mobile mass of the ocean by the moon as it circles round the earth, with a returning change in its relative position to earth and sun, the phases of which occupy a month.

But it has no such action on the filmy vapors of the air. An immense number of exact numerical details, depending on the weight of the moon, its position, and successive moments, consequently of its action in producing the tides of its sea, have been ascertained with astounding accuracy. At the same time astronomers and meteorologists (those who study the atmosphere of our earth) have come to the conclusion that what we call "the weather" is not affected by the position of the moon in regard to the earth, either at any hour of the day or any part of the month (phase or "quarter" of the moon), or at any part of the year.

BEAT STREET CAR COMPANIES

Standard of Height Set for Children Does Not Always Work Out With Exact Justice.

"In cities where the street car companies attempt to determine the age of a child by its height some pretty complications ensue," said the traveling salesman. "Forty-one inches has been established as the average height of a child of five years, but the injustice of that rule is frequently demonstrated in cities with a large foreign population."

"Into the car of a western city whose street railway has adopted the forty-one-inch gauge came a child carrying three books. His mother refused to pay fare."

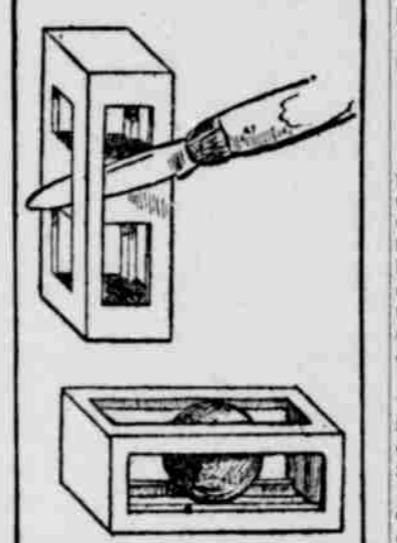
"If that kid's under five what's he doing with all those books?" the conductor demanded.

"The mother was serene in her right. 'Measure him and see,' she said."

"He marched the child up to the door jamb. The youngster fell a quarter of an inch below the topmost notch."

"Seven, if he's a day," the conductor growled; "but she evades payment because of his nationality. He's Italian, and Italians run small. On the measurement basis half the Italian children could ride free till they are twelve years old."

"In that same town they have a large Bulgarian and Greek population. They are mostly under-sized. A Swede, on the other hand, would overtop the mark so much that even a birth certificate would not entitle him to a free ride."



Child Standing Next to Street Car.

Potpouri of Peoples.

In this most cosmopolitan of cities (Buenos Aires) the foreigners foregather in little worlds of their own. Most are represented by newspapers published in their own languages, most have clubhouses more or less pretentious.

On the same evening one season recently "The Merry Widow" was produced in Spanish, French and Italian in as many different theaters. And there are all sorts of places of amusement where foreigners can enjoy themselves each after his own fashion—from an immense artificial skating rink (a very fashionable resort by the way) to a tropical coffee house, from a golf or race course to a poolroom or bowling alley, from the most attractive and elegantly equipped of modern cafes to a little French domino parlor or German beer saloon, from a magnificent opera house to a cheap vaudeville or moving picture theater.—From "Through South America," by Harry W. Van Dyke.

Loved for His Infirmary.

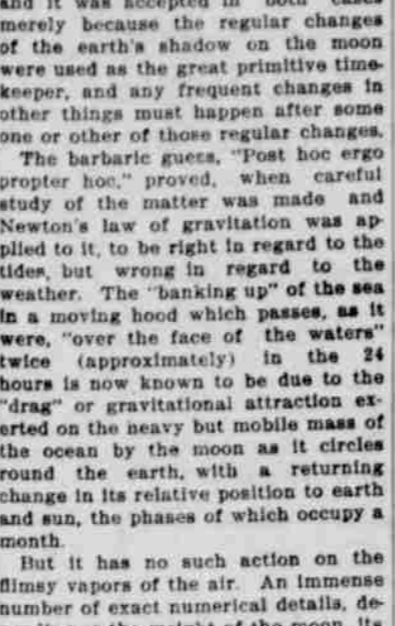
A case where bodily and not moral weakness brought happiness was that of Sergt. Thomas Plunkett of the Twenty-first Massachusetts regiment during the Civil war. In a charge at Fredericksburg the color bearer was among the first to fall. Seizing the flag Sergeant Plunkett bore it almost over the ramparts, where he fell with both arms shot away.

When the news was carried to his sweetheart, so the story goes, she protested that she could never marry him. "Then I'll be proud to," declared her sister. They were married as soon as he recovered. He was voted a medal by congress and made a messenger in the Massachusetts state house, where he served for many years.

Lace Designs From Spider Webs.

Missionaries in Paraguay more than 200 years ago taught the native Indians to make lace by hand. Since that day the art has greatly developed, and in certain of the towns lace making is the chief occupation. Almost all the women, many children and not a few men are engaged in this industry. A curious fact with reference to the Paraguayan laces is that the designs were borrowed from the strange webs woven by the semi-tropical spiders that abound in the country. Accordingly this lace is by the natives called *spider web*, which means "spider web."—Harper's Weekly.

A Visit to the Seri Indians



SERI INDIAN WOMEN

MANY are the tales told of the cruelty of the Seri Indians, a primitive people inhabiting Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California. That they are not as bad as they have been painted is asserted by Thomas H. Streets, medical director, U. S. N., retired, who visited the island with a government surveying expedition and whose story follows:

On March 20, 1874, we reached an anchorage at Tiburon island, the Indians of which were then—as they are yet—in evil repute. At one time, we had been told, some Mexicans came to the island in a small vessel to hunt for pearl-oysters and were killed by the Indians. The Mexican government, in retaliation, sent a force against them which killed many, but they were not subdued. Somehow they acquired a bad name, and, like Ishmael, their hand has been against every man's hand we were told—and every man's hand has been against them; this, at least, is true. They were feared so that not even the greed of the pearl hunters could induce the native to go near the island to hunt the oyster which was said to abound in its waters.

At Guaymas we were strongly advised not to go there. But George Dewey, who had command of the surveying vessel, was not the man to be deterred by a few bad Indians from doing the work he was sent to do. Then, there was a probability that the conditions were not as bad as they were represented to be, there being a tendency in human nature to exaggerate. When we got there the only restrictions imposed upon us by the commanding officer were that we should not go on shore alone and unarmed.

There were a number of Indians on the beach, but they made no hostile movements when we landed. They came forward readily enough, and we accompanied them to one of their temporary encampments on the beach, a short distance from where we had landed, for they made us understand that they had come here to fish from some other part of the island.

Lived in the Bushes.

Three families inhabited the beach at this point, and the bushes were their only shelter; for clothing they wore a few rags. We gave them clothing and hard-tack and canned corned beef, which they accepted eagerly; but their first and persistent want was for something strong to drink. To satisfy this craving, or at least to stop their insatiable thirst, they were given some alcohol, in a bottle, well diluted. We became convinced that they would sell the island for aguardiente. They brought off to the ship and presented to us two large fish which they had just caught, which showed, we thought, appreciation of favors received.

Shortly after our arrival the women began to paint their faces and their children's with a blue pigment. Broad lines were drawn with the finger under the eyes and down each side of the nose. The men returned our call on board the ship dressed in the old clothing which had recently been given them. One wore a uniform coat much too small for his broad shoulders. It humped him in the back so that he looked deformed. Another had on a coat the tails of which had been slashed with a knife to make it clattered. A third wore a blue shirt of a sailor with the rusty shoulder-strap of a lieutenant.

Good Memory.

A man went into a Kirksville (Mo.) store the other day, carrying a tin bucket. "The fellow claimed that when I sold it to him I guaranteed it for ten years," said the dealer. "He hadn't had it but six years and it was all battered up. He wanted a new one. I went and got him one without a word. I had no desire to argue with a man who had a memory like that."—Kansas City Times.

Where the Money Is.

"Is there any money in poultry?"

"You can get pretty good prices for chickens killed by passing autos, but you have keep a sharp lookout."

NOT A MATTER OF FIGURES

Success in Warfare by No Means Always on the Side of the Biggest Battalions.

The outcome of the fighting in the Balkans is a terrible shock to the experts who are addicted to winning and losing battles on a strict mathematical basis. The naval man balances weight of broadside, and speed against speed, and assigns victory on the basis of a superiority of 2,500 pounds in weight of broadside and one-sixteenth of a knot in speed. And when real war comes a torpedo-boat stands up to a battleship and puts it out of commission. The land warrior balances gun against gun, battalion against battalion, regulars against regulars, and reserves against reserves. And when war comes, a division of reserves with inferior artillery drives two divisions of regulars before it. The expert speaks in a perfunctory way of morals, but his heart is in his figures. When the Greeks, who fifteen years ago fed like sheep before the Turks, drive the Turks like sheep before

Retort Imperative.

Fenelon had repeatedly boned Richelieu for subscriptions to various charitable schemes and the cardinal always refused to loosen up. One day Fenelon was telling him that he had been looking at his (Richelieu's) new picture. "Did you ask for a subscription?" inquired the cardinal. "No; I saw there was no chance," replied Fenelon; "it looked so much like you."

By Trying.

It's by trying that you make your character. A man's character is the sum of his intentions and his choices.—E. F. Benson.

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-

ward, her painted terrors suddenly showed as the artificial canvas scenes of a stage, unreal, untrue.

"It was like you to come," she answered, with a shaking sigh that was half sob. "I was frightened, yes."

"There is no cause. A dozen other men take the same chance as Rupert and I; the driver who alternates with me, for instance. This is our life."

"Your arm—"

"Is well enough." He laughed a little. "You will see many a bandaged arm before the twenty-four hours are up; few of us finish without a scratch or strain or blister. This is a man's game, but it's not half so destructive as foot-ball. You wished me good luck for the Georgia race; will you repeat the honor before I go back to French?"

"I wish you," she said unsteadily, "every kind of success, now and always. You saved Dick today—of all else you have done for him and for me I have not words to speak. But it made it harder to bear the thought of your hurt and risk from the hurt, when I knew that I had sent Dick there, who caused it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One From Papa.

"Papa," asks the little boy, "why do they say a woman is 'setting her cap' for a man when she wants to marry him?"

"Because, my son," explains the father softly, "if she sets her bonnet for him she knows him well the price of it will scare him to death."—Judge's Library.

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-

CHAPTER VI.

Emily first heard the full story of the accident that evening, when Dick sat opposite her on the veranda and gave the account in frank anxiety and dejection.

"We're going down tonight on the nine o'clock train," he added in conclusion. "Tomorrow morning he'll be coming on the track, and to spend evening at the race starts, tomorrow evening at 6 the race starts. And LeStrange starts crippled to-