



SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. 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 line together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not 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.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

"Don't see or hear too much, and don't tell me if you do," advised Stanton suddenly, and leaned forward.

The Mercury uttered a vibrant roar that cleared the Parkway for a quarter of a mile ahead, and leaped.

Floyd kept his eyes upon the road in front, carefully avoiding view of the hubbub left in their wake. He had a fleeting glimpse of one scandalized officer struggling with his rearing horse, as they thundered past, and he entertained no doubt of the number in their rear.

"She steers a little stiff," Stanton observed, twisting between a limousine and two carriages. "But we can fix that at the track. What?"

"Two motor-cycle policemen are just behind," communicated Floyd, devoured by silent mirth. "Had enough?"

"I haven't seen them yet. I can't let out the machine here, of course, but—was that a dog?"

"Poodle."

"But it seems all right."

Around a curve ahead darted a blue-uniformed figure on a motor-cycle, one arm raised. Stanton instantly checked his car, Floyd throwing out his hand in warning to those behind. There was a mad series of explosions from the abruptly halted motor-cycles in pursuit.

"You're under arrest!" shouted three voices at once, as the Mercury wild to a standstill.

"Is it possible?" inquired the driver, removing his goggles.

Two more motor-cycle officers were coming up, three mounted on horses were arriving from side-paths. Surrounded by the outraged eight and all the population in the neighborhood, the Mercury stood quiescent.

"Will you follow to the police station, or will we have to take you?" came the crisp question. "We've got your number."

"I'll follow wherever you like," engaged Stanton. "Lead the way."

They started, preceded by one officer and followed by another, also by a shabby young man on a bicycle. Into the station they went, accompanied by their three attendants.

The charge was three fold: exceeding the speed limit by some fifty miles an hour, resisting arrest, and violating the smoke ordinance. That set forth, the usual interrogatory was put, Stanton replying with concise brevity.

"Name and age?"

"Ralph Stanton, twenty-six."

"Occupation?"

"Automobile driver."

"Name of car?"

"Mercury."

"Owner?"

"The Mercury Company."

The shabby young man interrupted proceedings by a stifled gasp, grasping the sleeve of Floyd, who stood looking on.

"That's Stanton? Stanton? And you—who are you?"

"Jesse Floyd, his mechanic," was the wondering response.

Stanton glanced that way, as Floyd was drawn to the other side of the room by his excited captor, but turned back to answer the remainder of the examination. When the ceremony was ended, he signaled to his mechanic.

"Come; I've got to go before the magistrate and give bail," he summoned impatiently.

Floyd came across to him, shining-eyed and eager.

"Stanton, that is a reporter; he wants you to tell him about your doing this. He needs a fresh story to make good with his paper—can't we give it to him?"

Stanton surveyed his companion, eyebrows lifted.

"Why should we? The newspapers will get it, whatever we do. Come."

"But he needs it; it would help

him," Floyd urged. "He, he's thin and frayed out—Stanton, he looks hungry."

"Do you want to help him?" the driver queried, astonished. "Do you care about a man you do not know and never see again?"

"Don't you?" asked Floyd simply.

"I'm not from Paradise," dryly answered Stanton. "Tell him anything you like, but be quick."

He looked at the reporter again, with a new use of his eyes. Floyd was right; the man was threadbare and gaunt, and pathetically young.

Stanton had a rebuked consciousness of being strong and brutal in his strength, successful and selfish in his success.

"You are an educating companion," he observed, as they went out with an officer.

"Why?" Floyd inquired, puzzled.

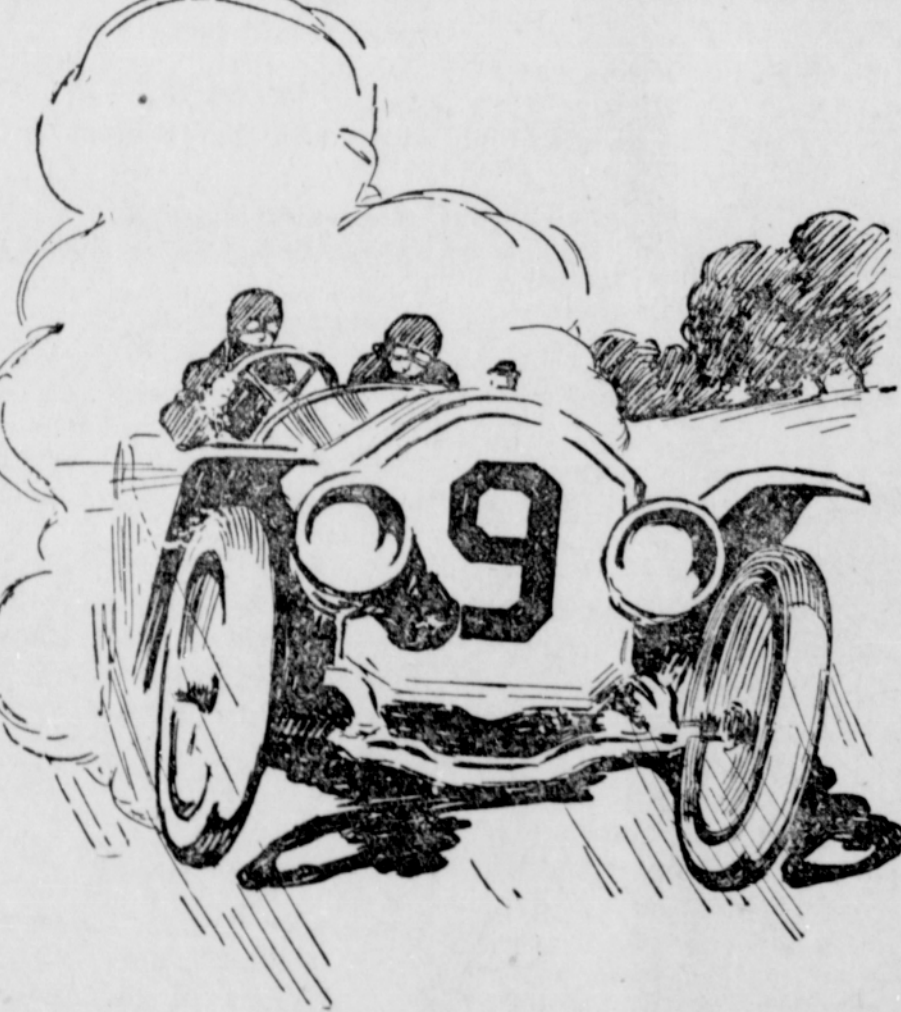
But Stanton would elucidate no further.

The ordeal before the magistrate was not long. Stanton was held in a thousand dollars bail for future trial, produced a surety company's bond, and in fifteen minutes was free and once more in his seat behind the Mercury's wheel.

"We will reach the office on time," commented the lawbreaker.

"You do it like a veteran," Floyd mused with mock suspicion.

At the office they left the car, but not each other. There was growing upon Stanton more and more the desire for Jesse Floyd's companionship.



The Mercury Uttered a Vibrant Roar and Leaped.

a final rebellion of nature against his lonely existence.

"Do you have to stay here?" he demanded, upon concluding arrangements at the office.

"No," Floyd replied.

"Come to dinner with me, then."

The mechanic shook his bronze-curved head in laughing refusal.

"There has been enough of that, Mr. Stanton; you come to dinner with me."

"At your home?" escaped Stanton involuntarily. He had a sudden vision of Jesse and Jessica together, a premonition of mental bewilderment before the spectacle of their incredible likeness.

"I would like that, but you know we live up town, and I have got to be back here in an hour. Mr. Green wants me."

"Oh, anywhere you say. See here, why can't you wait and come on the train with me to Indianapolis? We might make the trip less monotonous for each other."

Taken by surprise, Floyd hesitated. "I—you are good to think of it—but Mr. Green would never consent. He has arranged for me to go on tonight."

"Why shouldn't he consent? You would be there in plenty of time."

Floyd turned his mischievous gray eyes to the other man's, guarding silence. But Stanton halted in the middle of the sidewalk, his face locking in his steel-hard anger and determination.

"I know what you mean, Floyd. And,

speak openly, do you believe that you would be unable to stand forty-eight hours of me without leaving the company?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. I am very certain that I could stand much more of you than I am ever likely to get, Ralph Stanton. We are blocking traffic here, aren't we?"

For one passing moment he had looked Jessica herself; Stanton saw again the girl's sorrowful face as she bent over the embroidery, and heard her answer "often" to his question of her loneliness. They were not altogether sufficient for each other, then, these twins? They might possibly admit a third? Stanton caught his breath; a slow strong pulse of vague excitement began to beat in him, and thereafter was never stilled until a day when all his world crashed into blank stillness.

They went on to the quiet French restaurant that Floyd had chosen; so recovering tone on the way that they contrived to disagree over the merits of rival speedometers and argued energetically all through the dinner. They spent a long time over the simple meal, enjoying themselves completely. But at last they sank into a thoughtful silence, which Stanton was the first to break.

"I saw that Miss Floyd's arm was hurt, the other evening. I hope it is better."

Floyd raised his head, starting so violently as to overturn the goblet of water beside him.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed sharply. "What do you mean? Her arm?"

The shattering of glass and the consequent flood brought their waiter on a run, but Floyd did not even glance down at the wreck, his eyes upon Stanton; who returned the gaze in utter amazement.

"What do I mean? I say that your sister's bracelet slipped off and scratched her arm, the night we went to the play, and I asked you if she were well. What is the matter with you?"

Floyd pushed back his chair to permit the waiter's ministrations, his lashes falling.

"You gave me a turn," he exclaimed,

silly about each other, in fact I remember, now, that she did have a scratch on her arm; I blamed it on the kitten."

He was still pale, and paid the check without looking at his companion.

"Your nerves are out," Stanton frankly commented, contemplating him with curiosity. "One would think it was you who were just over the arrest. You'll have to get in form before we strike a race-track."

"Don't you worry," besought Floyd, his gaiety and color rushing back together. "I'll take some smelling-salts with me in case I feel faint when you commence to speed up."

Outside the two paused, Floyd looking at his watch.

"I've got to go over to the office," he said. "Shall I see you again before we leave?"

"When is that?"

"Nine o'clock from the Grand Central. We always start a few days ahead of you, of course."

"Better shake hands, then," advised Stanton.

They did so, and separated.

At five minutes past nine, that evening, the Chicago special pulled out of New York. Ten minutes later a hand was laid on Floyd's shoulder, as he sat gazing out the window at the flying darkness and brightness that was the outskirts of the city.

"Do you want to talk, or shall I go back to my own section in the next car?" Stanton inquired.

His mechanic turned swiftly, incredulously.

"Stanton? Really you?"

"Since you had to start to-night, I saw no reason why I should not do likewise. I hate train travel; we'll get it over. You haven't answered my question yet."

"I didn't know that I had to," smiled Floyd.

And indeed there had been no possible mistaking of the welcome and pleasure in his cry, or in his truthful face. Stanton took the seat opposite and pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket, passing it across.

"I suppose you have seen that," he inferred.

"Race gossip?" questioned the other, taking the paper.

"Court news," was the correction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

London Plays a New Game.

There is a new game which sportsmen are playing. To travel by train the greatest distance in twenty-four hours—on paper. For it is played with a Bradshaw. The astonishing idea of studying Bradshaw for pleasure recalls Lord Chatham's hobby. Lord Chatham boasted that he had read Bailey's dictionary through twice. And there was another genius who found consolation in queer literary fields. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn had no need of the new novel. He read Euclid.

"Even now," he said, "I often read some pages of it for pleasure." There is no accounting for literary tastes, as the man said who read Bradshaw and Bailey and Euclid!—London Chronicle.

Woman's Concoctions.

"When a woman prepares refreshments for a party," said a cynical male person, "she takes the inside out of something and puts in the inside of something else. Then she pours a yellow mixture over the result and its success depends upon the difficulty the guests have in telling what it was before she began fooling with it."

His Sacrifice.

"I suppose, like all government officials," said the man who sneers, "you are making personal sacrifices in order to serve your country."

"Yes," replied the village postmaster; "it's pretty hard to have to keep reading addresses when I'd rather be looking at the pictures on the post-cards."

Crab's Walk of 98 Miles

Homing Instinct is Shown by Some Recent Experiments in England.

Some remarkably interesting details regarding the movements and the homing instinct of the edible crab were presented to the Eastern Sea Fisheries Committee. During the past two years Fishery Inspector H. Donnison has been carrying out investigations on behalf of the committee, and the results of his work cannot fail to be of considerable use to those concerned in biological research.

In the course of an exhaustive report he stated that between July and September, 1910, nearly two thousand crabs were captured, and after being labeled were again set free along the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts. The crabs had recently cast their shells, and new ones were then in process of hardening.

Rewards were paid to fishermen upon returning the crabs when recaptured. They were returned to the sea at varying distances from the shore, and up to the present 21 per cent of

the labeled crustaceans had been recaptured and full data tabulated.

With regard to the Norfolk crabs liberated in the places from which they were originally obtained, fifty-two were recaptured within one mile of their first home, but one traveled as far as Flamborough Head, a distance of ninety-eight statute miles. Nearly three hundred had traveled only three or four miles from where they were originally taken.—London Standard.

The Gloom of English Clubs.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, at a dinner in New York, was talking about English clubs.

"There is something very triste very depressing," he said, "about the really fashionable clubs of Pall Mall, St. James' street and Piccadilly. The stiff dignity, the somber quietude of these clubs, gets on an American's nerves."

"An American visitor to White's once said that the air of the place seemed to him to suggest that the king lay dead upstairs."

Farmers and Merchants

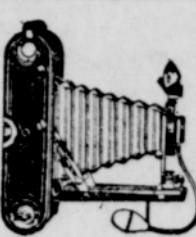
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Grecian Head-Covering.

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