The FLYING

Eleanor M. Ingram

"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mer-Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench 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 Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. 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. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrange meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the Ffrench home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love. The uncle of Emily, learning of her attachment to Lestrange, informs her that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a dissolute actress, refuses to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband. A big race is on in the south and Ethan Firench takes Emily to see it.

CHAPTER VIII .- (Continued).

"My mother was a Californian," Lestrange once said, coming back from a tour of inspection. "She was twenty times as much alive as any Ffrench that ever existed, I've been told. I fancy she passed that quality on to me you know she died when I was born-for I nearly drove the family mad. They expected the worst of me, and I gave the best worst I had. But," he turned to Dick the clear candor of his smile, "It was rather a decent worst, I honestly believe. The most outrageous thing I ever did was to lead a set of seniors in hoisting a cow into the dean's library one night, and so get myself expelled from college." "A cow?" the other echoed.

"A fat cow, and it mooed," he stuffed the pillow into a more comfortable position. "Is that our car running in? No, it's just passing. If Frank doesn't wreck my machine, I'll get this race. And then, the same week, my chum and roommate ran away with a Doraflora girl of some variety show and married her. I was leading; if Lestrange holds out we'll romantic myself at twenty-one, so I to fit. I believe they've stayed married ever since, by the way. But hurt the machine a bit, except tires, somehow the reporters got affairs but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it mixed and published me as the bridegroom. Have you got a cigar? smoke about three times a year, and | do it.' this is one of them. Yes, there was a fine scene when I went home that night, a Broadway melodrama. I lost my temper easier then; by the time my father and uncle gave me time to speak, I was too angry to defend myself and set them right. I supposed they would learn the truth by the next day, anyhow. And I left home for good in a dinner coat and ragian out of the last eleven. See that heap with something under ten dollars in odd change. What's that!"

"That," was the harsh alarm of the official klaxon, coupled with the cry of countless voices. The ambulance fit and makes a miscue we'll see gong clanged as Lestrange sprang to his feet and reached the door.

"Which car?" he called.

Rupert answered first: "Not ours. Number eight's burning

up after a smash on the far turn." "Jack's car," identified Lestrange, and stood for an instant. "Go flag Frank; I'll take the machine again myself. It's one o'clock, and I've got to win this race."

Several men ran across to the track in compliance. Lestrange turned to make ready, but paused beside the awed Dick to look over the infield.

"He was in to change a tire ten minutes ago," observed Rupert, beside them. "'Tell Lestrange I'm doin' time catchin' him,' he yelled to me. Here's hoping his broncho machine pitched him clear from the fireworks.'

When the Mercury car swung in, a moment later, Lestrange lingered for a last word to Dick.

"I'm engaged to Emily," he said, gravely. "I don't know what she will hear of me; if anything happens, I've his hands in his pockets, facing his told you the truth. I'm old enough to uncle stubbornly. see it now. And I tried to square things."

CHAPTER IX.

In the delicate, fresh June dawn, the Ffrench limousine crept into the Beach inclosure.

the car in front by the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grandstand seats."

Mr. Ffrench got out in silence and assisted Emily to decend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her vell.

"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track." Bailey turned to a blue and gold of-

ficial passing. "Number seven all right?" he

asked. "On the track, Lestrange driving." was the prompt response. "Leading

by thirty-two miles." A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey lead their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow

and the track edging it. "I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanician rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out. Mr. Ffrench half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. Ffrench put on his pince-nez. preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrange around the far sides of the course. around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with

appalling exactitude. It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked

and gasolene-scented. "I don't see why you wanted to



"Here Goes Another.

them. "I'm busy enough now. We're win. But he's driving alone; Frank helped him through with it. He was went out an hour ago, on the second wealthy and she was pretty; it seemed relief, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It didn't leaves Lestrange with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can

"He's fit?" Bailey questioned. Dick turned a peevish regard upon him.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-cutter yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest of junk over there; that's where the Alan car burned up last night and sent its driver and mechanician to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrange isn't something like that happen to him and Rupert.'

"No!" Emily cried piteously. Remorse clutched Dick.

"I forgot you, cousin," he apologised. "Don't go off; Lestrange swears he feels fine and gibes at me for worry

ing. Don't look like that." "Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. Ffrench stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here

Stunned, his nephew stared at him. "Withdraw!"

to end this scene at midnight."

"Precisely. And desire David to

come here. "I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrange that way, send Bailey. And I say it's a confounded shame."

"Richard! His round face ablaze. Dick thrust

"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good, last night, with its chain tangled up with everything underneath, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrange

"We're here," said Bailey, to his when he's winning- I won't do ft. traveling companions. "You can't park | won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him.

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. Ffrench, you can do it without me," slowly added Balley. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't

The autocrat of his little world looked from one rebel to the other. confounded with the unprecedented.

"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted in during their absence. with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," anwered Dick. "He wants to be let alone. It seems to me he's earned

Ethan Ffrench opened his lips and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded, at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car with-

There was a gasp from the other two men.

"I?" the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here safe-Her voice died out as Lestrange's car roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her-the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet, she knew Lestrange.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car had passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final unselfishness.

"What David wants," she said. 'Uncle, what David wants."

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot.

"If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause "I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. Ffrench; we've got nothing to do but look on, for David Ffrench was wiped out to make Darling Lestrange." Having left the decision to Emily.

it was in character that her uncle offered no remonstrance when she disappointed his wish. When Lestrange came into his

camp for oil and gasolene, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt, the first in three hours. "Emily's up in the stand," he an-

nounced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her." "Emily?" echoed Lestrange, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car; it's glued st" Rupert confided the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to the neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest.

So resting the card Dick supplied on the steering wheel, Lestrange wrote a difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily "I just told him you were here,

cousin," he whispered in her ear, and dropped the card in her lan "I'll enjoy this more than ever, with

you here," she read. "It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner table, tonight. "DAVID."

Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone. Lestrange's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshine golden; the merry crowds commencing to pour in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supple mented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous He's coming by-look."

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grand-stand he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew watching. Emily flushed rosily, her

dark eyes warm and shining. "I can wait," she sighed, gratefully "Dickie, I can wait until it ends

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Easily Identified.

At a performance of "The Garden o Allah," in New York the curtain had fallen upon the scene in Count An teoni's garden and the two women in the second row of the gallery who had kept up a running conversation from the beginning of the first act sighed simultaneously and remarked that "it was real nice."

"I was wondering where the garden was going to come in," said one, "and now we've seen it; but I ain't got the actors straight in my mind yet. Which one of 'em's 'Allah' do you think?" "Why, you just seen him," respond

ed the other; "the old chap that owns the garden, he's Allah"

Too Active.

"I wonder where Bill is now. Such an active fellow as he was! Always doing something." "The last I heard of him, he was doing time."

IRISHMAN KNEW THE ANSWER

Couldn't Furnish Thousand Knot-holes Because Brewery Wanted Them for Bung-holes.

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were young men and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand. Patrick was duly left in charge of the office, with instructions to take all orders which might come

Going to a nearby drug store they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello! Is this the East Side Lumber company?" "Yes, sir. And what would ye be havin'?"

"Take an order, will you?" "Sure. That's what I'm here for." "Please send us up a thousand

What's that?" "One thousand knot-holes."

knot-holes."

"Well, now, an' ain't a bloomin' shame? I'm sorry, but we are just a rapid growth in the spring if the out." "How's that?"

"Just sold them all to the new brewery."

want with them?" "By golly, an' they use them for bungholes in barrels."—Delineator.

The Wonder of It. "I wonder what is the trouble across

the street?" Wait here a moment and I'll go and try to see.

"No, please, dear, don't. I'm afraid you may get hurt in the crowd." "I'll be careful not to get in where

the trouble is. Stay right here, and I'll be back in a minute." "Well, what is it? The crowd seems

to be more excited than it was when you went over. How long you stayed!" "It's nothing much. There's a moving picture show over there, where they are advertising a film which shows a modern society woman feeding her own baby."

NO WONDER.



"Me brudder makes good money." "Does he?" "Yes; he's workin' in de mint."

Tragedies Told in Headlines. River Cuts New Channel: Moves

Farmer Lushwell Over Into Dry Coun-"Fat Man's Bicycle Breaks When

Starting Down Long Hill." "The Rev. Mr. Simpson Stirs Up Nest of Bumblebees; Man with Moving Picture Machine Happens Along and Gets Good Film.

"Man in Trouble Hunts Vainly for a Friend; Is Copy Reader on Daily Thunderbolt?'

They Were Not Mushrooms; Doctor Arrives Just in Time.' "Young Man Loses Sweetheart: His Younger Brother Had Sprinkled Red

Pepper on the Candy." Neighborly Advice.

Two East side men, neighbors, sat on their porches one pleasant after noon recently, when a child who lived next door to one began emitting a series of shrieks that could be heard all over the neighborhood.

"My, but I wish there was some way to put a stop to that," said the man "next door." "I get it all day long when I'm at home."

"Why don't you file a court action against him?" asked the neighbor. "How could I?"

"Easily. Proceed under the city or dinance which prohibits open mufflers."-Kansas City Journal.

Seeking Knowledge.

The Professor-A species of white ants, called termite, is noted for its high hills or dwellings. If the houses of men were proportionately high, size for size, the humblest cottage would be a mile in height.

The Student-Now, professor, will you please figure it out and tell us proportionately just where the roof of the modern skyscraper would be?

All at Sea.

"My friends," fervently exclaimed one of the temperance spellbinders in the recent campaign for local option in an up-state county, "if all the saloons were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the inevitable result? And from the rear came the answer: "Lots of people would get

drowned."-Michigan Gargoyle,

"I am afraid my husband is lending a double life." "Heavens! What has aroused your

suspicions?" "He sneaked fifty cents out of his pay envelope last week, and tried of the year, can be turned into big

when I found it out, to make me think he had dore it by mistake."

TIME FOR LIMING PASTURES

Late Fall Is Best as Winter Rains Will Work It Into Soll-Spread as Soon as Air-Slacked.

The latter part of the fall is the best time to lime the pasture, as the winter rains and snows will gradually work it into the soil. A medium dressing about 40 bushels or air-slacked lime spread to the acre, is about the right quantity to use. One bushel of freshly-burnt lime, when air slacked, will make two bushels; 20 bushels of freshly burnt lime will cost six cents per bushel at the kiln, which is \$1.20 per acre, not counting the hauling. This is an economical dressing for one acre of grass pasture. The lime should be spread as soon as it is air-slacked. The field should be run over with a sharp fron-tooth harrow, and about ten pounds of a mixture of timothy, red top and blue grass sown to the acre. ed portions of a macadam roadway In the spring sow two pounds of red clover, one pound of white clover, and one pound of alsita cloverseed to the acre. The clover and grass will make land is in good health. Lime sweetens land; kills out sorrel; rots up the chloride are made on succeeding eve-vegetable matter; disintegrates the nings of about one-half pound per hard particles of clay and puts the "To the brewery? What do they ground in good condition for plant yard. growth.

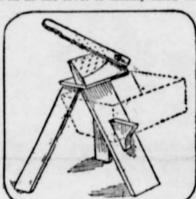
Ground limestone is now quite largely used and has some advantages over burnt lime. Being ground very fine, it may be drilled in with the seed in any quantity. Ground limestone has a very mild action on the soil, and is not as effective as burnt lime. It is ography, the bottom is . desert of now recommended for light lands and for land that is to be sown in alfalfa. and eternal silence. Worms, ses Two to three tons is said to be the proper dressing for one acre.

Prepared lime or agricultural lime is made by adding water to caustic lime fish, both of them, with much head out of contact with air. By this process 56 pounds of caustic lime becomes 74 pounds of hydrate of lime.

HOW TO MAKE CORN SHELLER

Few Scraps of Old Lumber, Usually Found on Any Farm, Can Be Made of Good Service.

Where there is but a small quantity of corn to be shelled a sheller can be made of a few scraps of wood usually found on a farm. A block of wood having a sloping notch cut from one end is mounted on three legs as shown in the illustration from Popular Mechanics. The notched part as the real-Thomas "Tatt well as the lever is thickly filled with



Homemade Corn Sheller.

spikes driven in so that their heads protrude about one-half inch.

The ear of the corn is placed in the notched part and the lever pressed down. Two or three strokes of the lever will remove all the kernels from the cob. A box is provided and conveniently located on one leg to catch the shelled corn.

Buying Machinery.

One thing that cuts down the profits on the farm is the expense for new machinery. Usually these machines are necessities but the first cost is always something of an item.

GARDEN and FARM NOTES

Keen tools save time, labor and do most efficient work.

The man with the silo is not worry ing over winter feed.

Anything that reduces the cost of maintenance increases the profit. As a general rule, potatoes should be planted on fresh ground each year.

A 160-acre farm with a silo will produce as much revenue as a 180-acre farm without. Deep plowing increases the soil's

water-holding power, also its plantfeeding power. The corn that shells off while husk ing can be saved if a coal shovel is

used in unloading. It's a shame to let a vast amount of feed go to waste each year by not using the corn stalks.

Asparagus is a hardy plant. It does not need a winter mulch to keep it from being killed by freezing.

More alfalfa means more home-

grown feed and smaller feed bills. R naturally leads to better profits. Some people have gone so far as to claim that the corn stalks in the silo are worth as much as the ears in the

Secure an abundance of good, clean straw now, for bedding, thus insuring the comfort of all animals during

the winter months. A few gallons of paint would not be expensive, but if it were rightly applied it would add a great deal to the value of the place,

Keeping any machine well ofled and in proper repair not only increases efficiency, but decreases the amount of power required to run the machine.

The garden truck, which most farmers allow to waste at this season profits by feeding them to the hogs, cattle and poultrKitten in Revolt.

A remarkable case of fillal ingrats tude on the part of a black kitten has occurred in Liverpool, England. few days ago a customer threw a plece of meat between them, which was secured by the mother cat. To the surprise of everybody, the kitter sprang at his mother and drove her out of the house. Since then he has mounted guard over the doors to prevent her return, and, although she has attempted time after time to return to her old home, her stern, unbending, and ungrateful son bars the

way. R Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, weating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold sy all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any abstitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen 8. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Dust Laying in England. The highway departmen of the city with granular calcium chloride to combat the dust. Solutions of the latter had previously been tried at greater cost and without such satisfactory results. The road is first well swept and two applications of the

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets, bruggists refund money if it falls to cure, E. W. ROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Ocean Denizens.

According to Str John Murray, one of the greatest authorities on oceanpitch-black darkness, penetrating cold puddings, and coral polyps sluggishly crawl or sway in the almost current less depths, and only two species of and little body, have been found deeper than a mile and a quarter

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball blue, the due that's all blue.

Simplify the cropien of Living. I do believe in simplicity. It is astonishing as well as sad, how many trival affairs even the wisest man thinks he must attend to in a day; how singular an affair he thinks he must omit. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem, he first frees the equation of all incumbrances, and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINT-MENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Never Too Far. We need not be afraid that we shall go too far in the walk of active love. is no danger that any of us will ever go oto far in the walk of active love. There is no likelihood that any of us will become too bountiful, too kind, too helpful to his neighbor .- J. C.

VEARS OLD Pettit's Eye Salve

Relic of spanish Armada.

An anchor of the Spanish armada period, recovered from the Wallett, a well-known "swatchway," three miles off Clacton, England, has been presented to Colchester (Essex) Museum, For generations this anchor has been an enemy to the trawls of local fishermen, but at length one of the flukes became worn partially away, and the last trawl that struck it thus lift-

ed it from the ground. Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup U a best remedy to use for their children furing the teething period.

Well Answered.

When he once asked a London class of girls, added Dr. Macnamara, what they would say if he told them he saw the sun rise in the west, he got the reply that it was impossible. 'But," he persevered, "supposing I still declared I had seen the sun rise "Well," one of the in the west?" girls at length replied, "I should think you must have got up rather

Setting Her Mind at Rest. Winter Visitor (in Florida)-"I should love really to go sailing, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay?" terman-"No, indeed, mum, The sharks never lets anybody drown."-New York Weekly.



