

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By
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"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations by
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car is stopped and her cousin, Dick French, 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 French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disinherited his son, who 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 wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged LeStrange, and at the French 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 French 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 with a disolute 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 French takes Emily to see it. The fame of the "Mercury" is involved in the success of LeStrange and Dick running the race.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

The hours passed. One more car went out of the race under the grinding test; there were the usual incidents of blown-out tires and temporary withdrawals for repairs. Twice Mr. French sent his partner and Emily to the restaurant below, tolerating his seat. Perfectly composed, his expression perfectly self-contained, he watched his son.

The day grew unbearably hot toward afternoon, a heat rather of July than June. After a visit to his camp LeStrange reappeared without the suffocating mask and cap, driving bareheaded; with only the narrow goggles crossing his face. The change left visible the drawn pallor of exhaustion under stains of dust and oil, his rolled-back sleeves disclosed the crimson badge on his right arm and the fact that his left wrist was tightly wound with linen where swollen and strained muscles rebelled at the long trial.

"He's been driving for nineteen hours," said Dick, climbing up to his party through the excited crowd. "Two hours more to six o'clock. Listen to the mob when he passes!"

The injunction was unnecessary. As the sun slanted low the enthusiasm grew to fever. This was a crowd of connoisseurs—motorists, chauffeurs, automobile lovers and drivers—they knew what was being done before them. The word passed that LeStrange was in his twentieth hour; people climbed on seats to cheer him as he passed by. When one of his tires blew out, in the opening of the first hour of his driving and the twenty-fourth of the race, the great shout of sympathy and encouragement that went up shook the grand-stand to its cement foundations.

Neither LeStrange nor Rupert left his seat while that tire was changed. "If we did I ain't sure we'd get back," Rupert explained to Dick, who hovered around them agitatedly. "If I'd thought Darling's mechanicant would get in for this, I'd have taken in sewing for a living. How much longer?"

"Half an hour."

"Well, watch us finish."

A renewed burst of applause greeted the Mercury car's return to the track. Men were standing watch in hand to count the last moments, their eyes on the bulletin board where the reeled-off miles were being registered. Two of the other machines were fighting desperately for second place, hope less of rivaling LeStrange, and after them sped the rest.

"The finish!" some one suddenly called. "The last lap!"

Dick was hanging over the paddock fence when the car shot by amidst braying, klaxons, motor horns, cheers and the clashing music of the band. Frantic, the people hailed LeStrange as the black and white checked flag dropped before him in proclamation of his victory and the ended race.

Rupert raised his arms above his head in the signal of acknowledgment, as they flew across the line and swept on to complete the circle to their camp. LeStrange slackened speed to take the dangerous, deeply furrowed turn for the last time, his car poised for the curving flight un-

der his guidance—then the watching hundreds saw the driver's hands slip from the steering-wheel as he reached for the brake. Straight across the track the machine dashed, instead of following the bend, crashed through the barrier, and rolled over on its side in the green meadow grass.

"The steering-knuckle!" Bailey groaned, as the place burst into uproar around them. "The wheel—I saw it turn uselessly in his hands!"

"They're up!" cried a dozen voices. "No, one's up and one's under."

"Who's caught in the wreck—LeStrange or his man?"

But before the people who surged over the track, breaking all restraint, before the electric ambulance, Dick French reached the marred thing that had been the Mercury car. It was LeStrange who had painfully struggled to one knee beside the machine, fighting hard for breath to speak.

"Take the car off Rupert," he panted, at Dick's cry of relief on seeing him. "I'm all right—take the car off Rupert."

The next instant they were surrounded, overwhelmed with eager aid. The ambulance came up and a surgeon precipitated himself toward LeStrange.

"Stand back," the surgeon commanded generally. "Are you trying to smother him? Stand back."

But it was he who halted before a gesture from LeStrange, who leaned on Dick and a comrade from the camp.

"Go over there, to Rupert."

"You first—"

"No."

There was nothing to do except yield. Shrugging his shoulders, the surgeon paused the necessary moment. A moment only; there was a no protests, but he himself never left scattering of the hushed workers, a metallic crash.

From the space the car had covered a small figure uncoiled, lizard-like, and staggered unsteadily erect.

"Where's Darling LeStrange?" was hurled viciously across the silence.

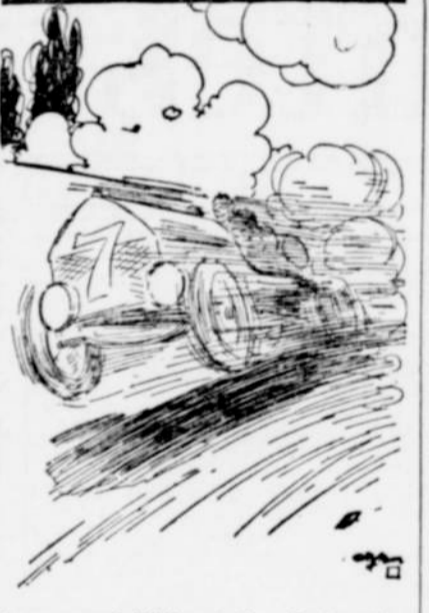
"Gee, you're a slow bunch of workers! Where's LeStrange?"

The tumult that broke loose swept all to confusion. And after all it was LeStrange who was put in the surgeon's care, while Rupert rode back to the camp on the driver's seat of the ambulance.

"Tell Emily I'll come over to her as soon as I'm fit to look at," was the message LeStrange gave Dick. "And when you go back to the factory, have your steering-knuckles strengthened."

Dick exceeded his commission by transmitting the speech entire; repeating the first part to Emily with all affectionate solicitude, and flinging the second cuttingly at his uncle and Bailey.

"The doctors say he ought to be in



Reappeared Without the Suffocating Mask and Cap.

bed, but he won't go," he concluded. "No, you can't see him until they get through patching him up at the hospital tent; they put every one out except Rupert. He hasn't a scratch, after having a ninety Mercury on top of him. You're to come over to our camp, Emily, and wait for LeStrange I suppose everybody had better come."

It was a curious and an elevating thing to see Dick assume command of his family, but no one demurred. An official, recognizing in him LeStrange's manager, cleared a way for the party through the noisy press of departing people and automobiles.

The sunset had long faded, night had settled over the motordrome and the electric lamps had been lit in the tents, before there came a stir and murmur in the Mercury camp.

"Don't skid, the ground's wet," cautioned a voice outside the door "Steady!"

Emily started up, Dick sprang to open the canvas, and LeStrange crossed the threshold. LeStrange, colorless, his right arm in a sling, his left wound with linen from wrist to elbow, and bearing a heavy purple bruise above his temple, but with the brightness of victory flashing above all weariness like a dancing flame.

"Sweetheart!" he laughed, as Emily ran to meet him, heedless of all things except that he stood within touch once more. "My dear, I told 'em not to frighten you. Why, Emily—"

For as he put his one available arm about her, she hid her wet eyes on his shoulder.

"I am so happy," she explained breathlessly. "It is only that."

"You should not have been here at all, my dear. But it is good to see you. Who brought you? Bailey?" catching sight of the man beside Dick. "Good, I wanted some one to help me;

Rupert and I have got to find a hotel and we're not very active."

Emily would have slipped away from the grasp, scarlet with returning recollection, but LeStrange detained her to meet his shining eyes.

"The race is over," he reminded, for her ears alone. "I'm going to keep you, if you'll stay."

He turned to take a limping step, offering his hand cordially to the speechless Bailey, and faced for the first time the other man present.

"I think," said Ethan French, "that there need be no question of hotels. We have not understood each other, but you have the right to French-wood's hospitality. If you can travel, we will go there."

"No," answered David French, as quietly. "Never. You owe me nothing, sir. If I have worked in your factory, I took the workman's wages for it; if I have won honors for your car, I also won the prize-money given to the driver. I never meant so to establish any claim upon French-wood or you. I believe we stand even. Dick has taken my place, happily; Emily and I will go on our own road."

They looked at each other, the like-



"I Am So Happy."

ness between them most apparent, in the similar determination of mood which wiped laughter and warmth from the younger man's face. However coldly phrased and dictatorially spoken, it was an apology which Mr. French had offered and which had been declined. But—he had watched LeStrange all day; he did not lift the gauntlet.

"You are perfectly free," he conceded, "which gives you the opportunity of being generous."

His son moved, flushing through his pallor.

"I wish you would not put it that way, sir," he objected.

"There is no other way. I have been wrong and I have no control over you; will you come home?"

There was no other argument but that that could have succeeded, and the three who knew LeStrange knew that could not fail.

"You want me because I am a French," David rebelled in the final protest. "You have a substitute."

"Perhaps I want you otherwise. And we will not speak in passion; there can be no substitute for you."

"French and French," murmured Dick coaxingly. "We can run that factory, LeStrange!"

"There's more than steering-knuckles needing your eye on them. And you love the place, Mr. David," said Bailey from his corner.

From one to the other David's glance went, to rest on Emily's delicate, earnest face in its setting of yellow-bronze curls. Full and straight her dark eyes answered his, the convent-bred Emily's answer to his pride and old resentment and new reluctance to yield his liberty.

"After all, you were born a French," she reminded, her soft accents just audible. "If that is your work?"

Very slowly David turned to his father.

"I never learned to do things by halves," he said. "If you want me, sir—"

And Ethan French understood, and first offered his hand.

Rupert was discovered asleep in a camp-chair outside the tent, a few minutes later, when Dick went in search of him.

"The limousine's waiting," his awakener informed him. "You don't feel bad, do you?"

The mechanicant rose cautiously, wincing.

"Well, if every joint in my chassis wasn't sore, I'd feel better," he admitted grimly. "But I'm still running. What did you kiss me awake for, when I need my sleeps?"

"Did you suppose we could get LeStrange home without you, Jack Rupert?"

"I ain't supposing you could. I'm ready."

The rest of the party were already in the big car, with one exception.

"Take a last look, Rupert," bade David, as he stood in the dark paddock. "We're retired; come help me get used to it."

Rupert passed a glance over the deserted track.

"I guess my sentiment-tank has given out," he sweetly acknowledged. "The Mercury factory sounds pretty good to me, Darling. And I guess we can make a joy ride out of living, on any track, if we enter for it."

"I guess we can," laughed David French. "Get in opposite Emily. We're going home to try."

THE END.

Fitted.
"Miss Pinkie Pry has such an elastic step." "Yes, and a disposition to match." "What do you mean?" "She rubbers."

LIVE STOCK



ESSENTIAL FOR DRAFT HORSE

Important That Animal Should Walk Four Miles an Hour With Load and Without Tiring.

A draft horse does most of his hard work at the walking gait. It is therefore important that he should be able to walk fast without tiring. He should be able to walk four miles an hour with a load. If his feet are deformed in any way, whether it be by disease or hereditary, he cannot do his best work.

The soles of the feet should turn up and show the shoes plainly as the horse moves away from the observer.



Feet of Draft Horses.
No. 1. Hoof showing prominent "frog," unutilized "bars," strong walls and cupped sole.
No. 2. Distortion of hoof caused by acute founder.

The feet should be lifted quickly and evenly, and be set down squarely and firmly.

The hoofs should be ample in size, sound, smooth and symmetrical in shape. The hoof is a continuation of the skin of the parts above. The color of the skin decides the color of the hoof. Color counts for little, however, if the hoofs are of poor shape and texture. The horn should be slightly cupped, not flat or bulging; the frog large, elastic, healthy and without a deep cleft; the bars prominent. Poor fore feet are one of the commonest and most serious faults in draft horses.

PURE BREDS VERSUS SCRUBS

Mongrel is Excellent Hustler, but Will Not and Cannot Make Money for Its Owner.

The pure-bred animal is not one that will make good on poor feed and care. The scrub will beat the pure bred every time when it comes to "rustling" its own way. But the scrub will not and cannot make money for its owner. And right here is where the pure bred excels itself.

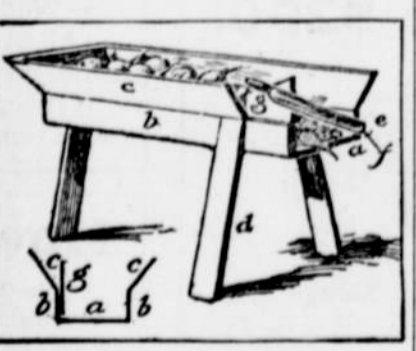
He has the capacity which the scrub has not. Give the pure-bred animal good feed and care, and he will make money, and do it quickly. At least three crops of pure-bred beef animals can be turned out ready for market to every two crops of scrubs or grades.

Grades make money for their owners sometimes, but the amount and the quickness with which results are obtained are in direct proportion to the infusion of pure blood, which makes the grades and better than scrubs.

ROOT CUTTER IS ESSENTIAL

Implement Shown in Illustration Found Satisfactory in Preparing Food for Live Stock.

Having several tons of carrots and beets to feed to stock, I found it quite a job to cut them with a knife, so I made a root cutter as illustrated, which has given much satisfaction. I made a box, with three sides, of inch boards, three feet long. The bottom board, a, is eight inches wide and the side boards, b, which rest on it, are four inches wide. The top boards, c,



Home-Made Root Cutter.

six inches wide, are fastened at an angle to the side boards, writes Anton Mickish of Union county, Ore., in the Farm and Home. Three legs, d, are fastened to the box. The knife, e, is fastened with a screw, f, to the middle of the side board and a triangular piece of board, g, is fastened even with end of one side board so that the knife can be raised high when cutting large beets.

Prime Bacon.

Prime bacon is really more credit to the producer than is lard alone. It is also true that the best bacon brings good prices, costs less to bring to fitness, and can be made a great staple if we work for it.

Cost of Foundation.

It costs more to procure the foundation stock of pure-bred animals, but it costs no more after that to raise them.

POULTRY



HARM IN CROWDING THE HEN

Results Given of Interesting Experiments Made at Maine Station—Must Have Room.

The Maine experiment station recently finished a test to ascertain the number of hens most profitable to keep in pens. All the pens were 10 by 16 feet, giving 160 square feet. The hens were Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks, and these tests continued six months.

The hens were fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty to a pen. The



Barred Plymouth Rocks.

conditions and hens were as much alike as possible to make the test a conclusive one.

The pen with fifteen hens made a profit of 80 cents per hen, and the eggs laid numbered 976.

The pen with twenty hens made a showing of 1,208 eggs for the pen and a profit of 71 cents per hen.

The pen with twenty-five hens made a laying record of 1,328 eggs and a profit of 35 cents per hen.

The pen with thirty hens had an egg production of 1,290 and a profit of 30 cents for each hen.

The experiment shows distinctly that hens can be so crowded as to reduce the profit of an egg farm. The difference of twenty-five eggs per hen for six months is great. On the basis of fifteen to the pen the profits of the total ninety hens were \$72; on a basis of thirty to the pen the profits were \$36. In each case the actual cost of feed was deducted.

FOR FUMIGATION OF FOWLS

New York Man Designs Coop Especially Adapted for Removing All Injurious Vermin on Bird.

For the fumigating of fowls, to remove the vermin which are so injurious, a New York man has designed an effective apparatus. In a coop, specially made are guide rails and between these rails the chicken is placed, with its wings spread out over bars that



Fowl Fumigator.

run alongside. Near the top of the coop is a hole for the fowl's head, so that she need not breathe the poisonous atmosphere. A key is turned and the fumes rush into the coop and penetrate the bird's feathers, killing off all lice and other insects. Little chicks can also be fumigated in this device by being placed in a basket that hangs above the place designed for the old fowl.

Keeping Eggs Fresh.

In Germany eggs are kept fresh for any length of time by simply immersing them in a ten per cent solution of silicate of soda, commonly called "liquid glass." This produces the formation of a coating which renders the eggs perfectly air-tight. The eggs so treated retain their fresh taste for many months. The best proof of the efficacy of this treatment has been furnished by the fact that such eggs, after having been kept for a whole year, were hatched and the chickens were strong and healthy. The preserving solution is best prepared by dissolving one pound of liquid glass in four quarts of cold water. The eggs are then immersed in this solution, which should be kept in a glazed earthenware vessel, and the eggs are kept in the solution for a short time. If one of these preserved eggs is to be boiled, the shell must be first perforated to prevent cracking.



AGAIN, "TO WHAT BASE USES"

Here is Story That Will Shock Admirers of Two Recognized Men of Genius.

The ladies at a watering place in Bohemia recently organized a dress-making exhibition. A certain princess agreed to open it. At the last moment some one noticed that the most important models, two very gorgeous lace blouses, were not displayed to proper advantage. The caretaker was called and instructed to beg, borrow or steal two dressmaker's dummies and to drape the blouses upon them before the princess arrived.

After the opening ceremony it was noticed that the exhibits were exciting a great deal more attention than the committee had counted on and the princess insisted on seeing the two objects which were the center of attraction. Her surprise was very great when she caught sight of two life-size busts of Schiller and Goethe, both decked out in lace blouses.

The caretaker, not being able to secure dummies, had borrowed the figures of the poets from the reading room, and as they were somewhat flat chested had carefully stuffed them with dust—

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile.

Much Like Human Life.

A tree does not die of old age. It accumulates infirmities with the years and has many diseases. It may starve or die of thirst; caterpillars may eat its foliage, scale bugs suck its juices, beetles tunnel under the bark, scab, rust, molds, rot, blight, may prey upon it. The wind is also an enemy. Peeling the bark of the birch does not kill it. The lumbering season is over when the sap begins to stream upward, as wood cut "in the sap" is liable to decay. A sugar maple in three weeks yields of its life's blood to the extent of 25 gallons (70 drops falling every minute), which boils down to a little less than five pounds of sugar. The trees are not injured if properly treated, nor exhausted by being bored too much or at the wrong time.

Velvet From the Arabs.

In the middle ages Venice and Genoa learned the art of velvet-making from the Arabs. Toward the year 1516 Lyon inherited the business. Europe, notably France, followed the lead of the courtiers of Francis I, Louis XIV, and La Pompadour. The courts of the world wore silk, satin and velvet stiff with gold and silver embroidery. Velvet was used by the rich for hangings and for furniture cover. In Lyon, in 1900, 20,000 looms were weaving velvet—Harper's Week.

Fitted for the Part.

When a new member of the Irish house of commons made his first speech, Sir William Osborne asked who he was, and, being told, he replied: "Well, I think he will do. If the opposition have enlisted him they are perfectly in the right, for he seems to have the finest face for a grievance of any man I ever beheld."—National Monthly.

What's in a Name?

"Eve, the eldest, was called Eve on purpose that she might feel human, and not compelled to wear a halo, like the people called Marie"—Eve, by Maarten Maartens.

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