

"There, Peter," announced Mrs. Beggarstaff, "there goes a very happy girl !" Her amazing complacency would have suited a fairy godmother gloating over some signal beneficence.

Past the deck chair in which she was reclining, with Peter Traft at her side, arm in arm, Lydia Craven and Mrs. Merrilees were striding briskly aft. Rare color warmed the face of Craven's daughter, mirth danced in her eyes, a smile edged the pretty lips of laughter as musical as singing glass, and bore it to the ears of her two devoted admirers.

"Um-hm," Peter assented indistinctly between teeth gripping the mouthpiece of his pipe. Basking in the warmth of a late Suptember sun, as lazily content as any cat, Peter watched the girls swing down the deck and disappear round the superstructure. Then he removed the pipe to observe, critically, "Business of taking all the credit to yourself-eh?"

"Why not?" the Dowager Dragon demanded with asperity. "Didn't I discover who she was and bring her and Tad together? That's why she's happy, if you must know-not because you've fallen head over heels in love with the girl and moon around after her like a stray puppy looking for a good home."

"Ouch !" said Peter pensively, and replaced the pipe.

With a grim sniff, the Dowager Dragon withdrew momentarily into deep thought. "Have you asked her to marry you yet?"

"Who-me?" Peter expostulated. "Nothing like that !"

"Why not?"

"Too much sense," Peter explained, rarely sententious.

"Whose-hers?"

"Even money you can't guess."

"Yours, of course !"

"There !" groaned Peter. "I might've known better than to bet against intuition."

"Why plain intuition, Peter? The phrase is rightfully 'feminine intuition.' "

"The weed intuition flourishes only in the well-known sex. Man, possessed of brain, reasons to a logical conclusion; woman-hm!-shuts her lovely eyes, sticks a pin through the card, and if the perforated horse wins, claims her choice was dictated by a mysterious faculty denied to man. The word itself is a sort of abracadabra, at mere mention of which fools faint and wise men climb trees."

PETER TRAFT CONFESSES HIS LOVE FOR LYDIA CRAVEN. AND MRS. MERRILEES SHOWS A MAGNIFICENT PEARL NECKLACE WHICH SHE PROMISES TO GIVE LYDIA

SYNOPSIS .- A well-bred young Englishwoman, nervous and suspicious, finds when she boards the steamer Alsatin, bound from Liverpool to New York, that her stateroom mate is Mrs. Amelia Beggarstaff, a fascinating, wealthy American widow of about sixty years, The girl introduces herself as Lucy Carteret and says she is going to America to meet her father. Lucy's behavior puzzles Mrs. Beggarstaff, who is vastly surprised to find the girl in possession of a magnificent necklace, stolen from a museum some time previously and passes the news on to her friend, Quoin, a private detective on board. Lucy, dressing in the dark in her stateroom, hears a mysterious conversation between two men just outside her window and recognizes one of them as Thaddeus Craven, her father, whom she hasn't seen for five years. She confesses to Mrs. Beggarstaff that she is in reality Lydia Craven. The girl discovers her father and young Mrs. Merrilees, a charming widow, engaged to be married. Mrs. Merrilees is bewildered for a moment because Craven had always posed as a bachelor, but she and Lydia like one another. Craven tells Lydia he secretly represents the British government in the United States.

Peter started and batted his eyes. | lady wants to ask you something.' 'Eh?" he inquired stupidly.

"What do you think?" "Ah-about what?" "Good heavens!" Craven exploded

from which the breeze caught a snatch a full, deep note of exasperation. "Here I sit yammering at you-"

"Sorry," said Peter. "Fact is-I know Mrs. Merrilees won't mind being let into my confidence on the ground floor-fact is, I'm in love with your daughter, Tad. And Quoln's talking brilliant talents on my devoted trail?" to her. So, naturally, I'm sick with jealousy."

Craven. "Have you mentioned the matter to Lydia?" "Certainly not! She's having too good a time. Women won't listen to a gratuitous lover unless bored or ac-

tively unhappy." "Then why bother me with your

lovesick vapors?" "Well, I wanted to see how rusty

cret, and is now busy-or about to laying for you." be-distributing handbills."

"Can't you shut her up?" "The law forbids cruel and inhuman punishments. Besides, I'm not sure I want her hushed. I'm not ashamed of the fact, and if I let the Beggarstaff alone, sooner or later she or someone will mention the matter to Lydia, and then-well, rouse a woman's curiosity, and half your battle's won."

Craven turned to inspect the pair at the rail. "She might do worse," he observed.

"Thanks !" "Than Quoin, I mean."

"Curse it !" said Peter, flushing. "I'm in earnest, Tad."

"I believe you are," Mrs. Merrilees interjected with dispassionate scientific interest. "I really believe you are, Peter. Certainly you were never so intolerably stupid when in love

In a lower tone he added, "You're the best little diplomat ever. I'll be grateful as long as I live." And rising with the sunniest of smiles, he drew up chairs for Lydia and Quoin.

"Yes, Mrs. Merrilees?" the detective inquired, taking the place at her side. "Peter and I have been blckering about you," the lady fibbed brazenly. "Are you, or are you not, wasting your Quoin looked puzzled. "Something

"It's like your cheek," observed tatively. "You don't mean to try any smuggling this trip, I hope."

"I can't make up my mind. I'd love to. Are you interested?"

"Only in your interests. Be advised-don't !

"Why?" Mrs. Merrilees pouted. "Why not, if, as Peter would say, I can get away with it?"

"They'll be disappointed."

"Don't deceive yourself. Every man who secretly purchased that three-hundred thousand franc pearl-and-diamond collar at Cottier's in Paris."

"But I've quite made up my mind never to stoop to anything so truly low as smuggling."

Over this virtuous protestation Mrs. Merrilees pursed prim lips belied by dancing eyes; then broke down and joined in a general laugh as Craven reappeared with a small dispatch box of black metal.

"Mayn't I giggle too?" he inquired plaintively, looking from face to face as he delivered the box to its owner.

"Not worth repeating," his fiancee reported, fitting a key into the lock, "I was merely swearing I meant to be good-when every blessed drop of

glanced askance at Craven. This last turned to his betrothed with a startled gesture and lips that gaped. Peter Traft alone betrayed no abnormal emotion. Grinning cheerfully, he watched the two women, absorbed in each other-Lydia finding breath enough for the protest, "But, Mrs. Merrilees, you mustn't !" the other confirming her intention with an emphatic nod and the statement, "But I've made up my mind, dear; so you may as well give me my head. Besides, you promised always to call me Betty."

Locking the metal box, she rose, "Come, Tad. I owe my appetite five more laps round the deck before luncheon. Peter, please take this back to you're afraid, Lydia'll go along to protect you."

"What becomes of me?" Quoin demanded with mock truculence.

"You're to walk the other side of me," the lady ordered imperiously, "and help me make Tad behave."

Craven breathed heavily. "Whether I like it or not-" With a last reluctant glance at the treasure box, he rose and somewhat sulkfly prepared to obey orders.

What do you think about this man Quoin? Is he strictly on the level-or do you suspect him of connection with the professional smugglers aboard?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

on your conscience?" he advanced ten- SUCH IS LIFE IN NEW YORK

Only by Accident Did Residents of Apartment in Big City Discover Neighbor Is Old Friend.

Two boisterous children romping ip house in New York met a middle-aged way. man and forcibly dragged him into the "If for no more moral reason," said library, where they proceeded to "play you'd cut up. Besides, Mrs. Beggar- the detective seriously, "because it horse" with him by riding on his back can't be done. The customs people are while he galloped around the room on his hands and knees.

They made so much noise that members of the family opened the door and Buys a 50x100-ft. lot, prices from \$50 to \$100, withon the force knows it was your agent looked in. With the two children still clinging to his back with all their might -they wouldn't let go-the man stood up and bowed.

"Pardon me," he said. "You see, I live in the apartment opposite yours and your children are very old friends of mine. We play together on the stairs. But I have not seen them for so long that this evening I ventured 267% Oak St., to renew acquaintance with them."

Then he went back to his hands and knees and resumed his wild antics with the children.

As it developed, he was a man the family had met abroad a year before. Not until the children used him as a ed, "I am self-supporting."-Boston horse did they discover he was their Transcript. near neighbor.

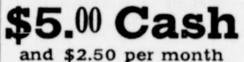


washes out polsons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or the purser and get his receipt. If a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

> Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, also those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both the halls of a large uptown apartment looking and feeling better in every



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"You are nothing but a big bag of wind," sneered the smart airplane. The balloon, in its indignation, swelled visibly. "At least," it retort-

Secretly charmed, Mrs. Beggarstaff wrinkled her nose unbecomingly. "For once you admit man is deficient."

Grinning, Peter made a quaint obeisance, and strolled aft, leaving Mrs. Beggarstaff to gnaw her nether lip over the discovery, too tardily made to be turned to his discomfiture, that what took him from her was his utter inability to rest in ignorance of Lydia Craven's whereabouts. For the two young women had failed to round out their circuit of the deck.

Turning past the veranda cafe, at the after extreme of the promenade purser and bring me what it calls for." deck, Peter came upon Mrs. Merrilees, seated at an adjacent table in company with Craven.

A second glance showed him Lydia in the angle of the starboard rail. Quoin at her side.

In response to a hall from Craven, he turned sulkily to that quarter, where, at least, a cheerful disposition wouldn't go unappreciated. Indeed, he was welcome. Having privately disseminated news of their engagement, Craven and Mrs. Merrilees were industriously conducting themselves in as smartly an unloverlike manner as possible. A tentative third was always encouraged in their company.

"Sit down there," Craven insisted. "The steward'll be back in a minute, I want to talk to you about this wretched concert tonight. They've asked me to be master of ceremoniesawful bore!"

With a fixed, agreeable smile, Peter sat, drank whatever the steward brought him, automatically consumed Craven's cigarettes, and listened without the least interest to the other's plans. How could he be interested, with that fellow Quoin monopolizing Lydia? Not that he didn't like Quoin. In fact, Peter admired that man tremendously: so much the more reason to fear his influence!

And Lydia, leaning on the rail, a vision more radiant even than the day. "Well?" Craven demanded with par-Aonable impatience.

vith me.' Peter, by this time recovered, fixed

her with a reproving glance. "Uttered in the presence of a third party," he said severely, "slander is actionable. Merely because I didn't like to show my distaste for your infatuated advances, you take up with an emergency ration like Tad here, and then get sore because I don't forbid the bannspeevish child !"

"Just for that," said the woman, "just for that, Peter, I'm going to heap coals of fire upon your ungraterul head-and heaven knows I hope they'll scorch and blister-'

"Marble?" Craven suggested with open incredulity.

"Be quiet, Tad, and run an errand for me, like a biddable child." Mrs. Merrilees loosed the drawstring of a lacework wristbag, took out a tiny pocketbook, and from this last extracted a slip of paper. "Take that to the With assumed reluctance Craven heaved up from his place and rolled forward, while his fiancee cradled her chin in her hand and regarded Peter with a whimsical smile.

"Quit it!" he said crossly. "You haven't got anything on me, you know."

"How about the others?" "Others? I never looked cross-eyed

at a girl before this." "Peter !"

"Well, hardly ever. And, anyway, from now on I'm going to wear a signboard here." He sketched the site upon his waistcoat:

Private. No Thoroughfare. This means you!

"It seems so funny-you!" Laughing quietly, the woman looked up to review Lydia with a long glance. "She's a dear girl," she observed. "Promise never to call me 'mamma,

and I'll do my best for you." "What chance have I got, with Quoin making the pace? He's a regular fellow-I'm only a drawing room entertainer."

"He's a strange man," Mrs. Merrilees mused. "If he hadn't taken up such an impossible profession-" "Do you suppose he has a case in hand now; aboard this vessel, I mean?"

"Call him, and I'll ask."

Peter complied with the best grace

blood in me cries out against the sinful extravagance of paying duty onthis !

Opening the dispatch box, she removed a handsome jewel case of grained morocco, unlocked this in turn, and disclosed that same necklace which Quoin had just named, watch- front and the rear at once, but to elimiing with a smile of gratified vanity nate the recoil, and thus to save the the effect on her four friends.

At length, "Sixty thousand dollars?" Quoin inquired listlessly.

"My dear man, I do believe you've in any gun is equal in both directions, seen the bill !"

Smiling, the detective shook his a barrel open in both directions, by head.

"Worth half as much again," Mrs. Merrilees affirmed. "Cottler wanted jectile of equal weight on th side ninety.'

"They seem perfectly matched," is not moved by the explosion. The Quoin pursued, knitting his brows; projectile fired to the front is an ordi-"but I'd like to look at them in a stronger light."

"Take them out into the sun, if you weight. The shot loses its velocity like."

Craven sat forward in nervous impatience. "Do be reasonable !" he expostulated. "It's sheer idiocy to have that thing up here at all, with God knows who spying! And there are some queer fish aboard-eh, Quoin?" "Rather!" the detective agreed dryly.

"Please be advised !" Craven urged. "Lock that thing up again and let me take it back to the purser."

"Tad, you're tiresome !" Mrs. Merrilees began.

But Quoin interrupted. "Craven is right.'

"Oh, well! If you will spoil everything, take all the fun out of my surprise."

"Surprise?" Peter echoed.

Mrs. Merrilees nodded emphatically. as of zinc, chloride and 10 of glycerin, This paste, applied between the bat-"Look well at them, my friends; for the minute I get them through the customs, to safe deposit they go and pasty condition, without crystallizing there remain." She paused deliberately, with a challenging smile.

"Why?" Peter demanded blankly. "Don't you ever mean to wear 'em, Betty?"

She shook her head. "They're not for me, Peter. If I dared smuggle, I should wear them, just to be sassy about it. But since I don't dare, I mean to keep them for a wedding present to my stepdaughter-if I ever have one." She closed the case with a snap. Lydia sat back with a little gasp, imaginable. "Quoin! I say, Addison, her eyes blank with confusion. Quoin same year. The present assembly was W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 403 Temple St., Springfield, Mass come over here a minute. A beautiful laughed an odd, brief laugh, and elected in 1912 for a five-year term.

Such is life in New York apartments.

time required in bringing the gun back

into position for a second shot. The

force exerted by the exploding powder

hence the recoil, or "kick." By having

placing the charge of powder in the

within a few feet of the gun.

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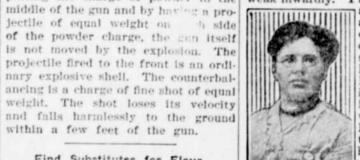
or absorbing moisture.

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my mother 'I guess I will have to die as there is no help for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."-Mrs. AUGUSTUS BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhaut, Pa.

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