

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL"

#### CHAPTER XV-Continued. -17-

It certainly looked all right: no question about that woman being straight goods. Of course Lydia might have been decent enough to write a more explicit excuse to "Dear Peter" instead ed-

"Where to, sir?"

Peter came out of morose reverle to area of number 98 and disappeared. find himself hesitating beside the taxi. "I'll be darned if I do!" Peter replied hotly.

"What's that?"

"Oh, beg pardon-no offense-was threw himself back into the cab, slamming the door. "Rotten fix," he grum- her." bled. "Why, she said she'd come back." Regarding the note critically, he enunclated a somber doubt, "Don't believe she wrote you. It's all a plant."

The handwriting was unmistakably that of a woman of culture. How was he to say it wasn't Lydia's hand, who had never seen a scrap of it?

He would have kissed it, could he have been sure.

Through the forward window he commanded a perspective of the southerly sidewalk as far as to Madison avenue, where a surface car, swinging uptown, hesitated with grinding brakes, and then rumbled on.

A moment later the shadowy shape of a man darted across the street and toward the taxicab, and Peter recognized Craven's characteristic galt. But for that he wouldn't have known the man, who was all but disguised to eyes that had never beheld him out of dress clothes after nightfall-Craven wearing a bowler with a shabby, flapping raincoat, at a midnight hour, was a sight unprecedented.

ous thought engaged his fancy, and he acted on it promptly. Ready to his hand rested the mouthpiece of a flex- trotted him rapidly back toward numible speaking tube, ending in a fixed ber 98. earpiece close by the chauffeur's head.

"Five dollars," Peter said distinctly into the mouthpiece, "if you don't let on I'm inside, in case this man questions."

The chauffeur didn't even signify he had heard, so positive became his imlables, "Five dollars,"

est the curb. Bearing out his premonition, Craven ven." stopped to speak to the chauffeur- They were ascending the brownstone and the eavesdropper cursed bitterly steps. Quoin rang imperatively.

to hear no more than the confused grumble of their voices. Then without the least warning the

Simmering with profanity, Peter seized the speaking tube to bellow a demand for incontinent halt; but on second thought permitted the car to round into Madison avenue before he gave the order.

Again at pause, this time halfway down the avenue block, the cab ejected an infuriated fare.

"What the blank did you do that

"Why in blank shouldn't I?" the chauffeur demanded as hotly. "You told me not to let on, didn't you? Here -come through with that five!"

Choking, Peter found his money, disbursed. "How did it happen?"

"Why the old gink says, did I bring a young lady and was I waitin' for her, and I says yes, an' he slips me three bones-the clock says two-forty-and says to clear out, I won't be needed. And what did you want me to do about that, seein' you didn't want him to know you was inside?"

"Oh, all right," said Peter wearily, serious the matter?" "You did precisely the right thing. Only -I didn't quite understand." He eyed perplexedly the colored lights of a drug store across the way.

"Well, what's the good word now, boss? If you're done with me, I'm on my way."

"No." Peter insisted, "I'm keeping you. Run across the block and wait just out of sight on Park avenue. I'll walk back."

ficing his Bond street topper to the who answered Lydia's ring. "Won't elements, Peter trudged back to Seventy-sixth street, then eastward past number 98, regarding the house aggressively.

It looked down on him now, he thought defiantly, with a touch of contemptuous pity for his impotence to read the riddle of its staid, uncommunicative walls.

Embittered, he walked on to Park avenue, and found his chartered car at the appointed place. Pausing beside it and ignoring the chauffour's well-meant advances (stimulated by the romantic notion that this swell young guy was tryin' to beat it with the old duffer's daughter, and had stubbed his toe in the getaway), Peter painfully excogitated the inevitable conclusion that the watch. He comforted himself a little with the cold assurance that Craven was now with his daughter. Whatever believe he would suffer a hair of Lydia's innocent head to be harmed.

What the deuce was keeping the two

of them there so long? swung round one of Park avenue's bery, slid into Seventy-sixth street, checked briefly in front of 98, disof "Dear Mr. Traft:" but, then, a cor- charged two passengers, and slipped respondence card conveyed through the away toward Madison avenue. Peter hands of a third person with whom the recognized something familiar in the dear girl couldn't feel well acquaint- association of a long and slender figure with one short and stoutish, as the two dodged hastily into the basement

"Musical comedy rogues," mused the perturbed young man: "the tall thin scoundrel and the short fat sharper; I've known him. Is it true he means to Messrs. Southpaw Smith and Gordon, of course. What in thunder- Confound thinking. Just wait, please." Peter it! she must be all right! Craven wrist bag produced Craven's note. would never let anything happen to

> He began to fume impotently. No good trying the front door again.

Then he thought of consulting Quoin by telephone, and had started back through Seventy-sixth street toward as smart a stop, while the door swung moments preoccupied. open and a man, jumping out, hailed sharply:

"Peter!"

"Quoin-thank heaven! How in the name of wonder-'

"Found Craven had left the Great Eastern, taxied back to the Margrave, got the address Miss Craven gave from the carriage porter. Luckily you made such a sensation bolting after her taxi that it had fixed the number in the fellow's memory. Now what's up?"

Briefly Peter detailed the inconclusive and unsatisfactory circumstances of his vigil.

"In through the basement, you say?" Quoin pondered this darkly. "Looks Peter sat up. Barely in time a devi- like a move to trick somebody-Craven, at a guess. Come along."

Grasping Peter's arm, the detective

"What are you going to do?" "Let developments guide us."

"You mean to try to get in?" "No: I mean to get in," Quoin corrected grimly.

"How'll you make 'em admit you?" "Don't know precisely, as yet. But mobility at sound of those magic syl- we're going to find out somethingwe're going to see Miss Craven and get Hastily Peter dragged his overcoat her personal assurance she's all right, across the bosom of his shirt and or raise the deuce of a row in this crowded himself into the corner near- quiet neighborhood. Not only that, but

"Stand back a moment," he suggest-

ed. "Let me do the talking." Peter had barely time to withdraw car shot away at a round pace west- to one side when the woman of the but gracious interest. house came out through the vestibule and hurriedly opened the outer door.

heard him say pleasantly "Good evening, Mrs. Ellsworthy," and after that Peter saw her clearly.

She had fallen back against the closed door, blanched and trembling, destitute now of every shred of her amiable self-possession of half an hour earlier. Her eyes were fixed in terror on Quoin's face. She made an effort to speak, but evoked only a dry, rasping sound.

"You're not ill, I trust, Mrs. Ellsworthy?"

There was a sardonic inflection in Quoin's voice that seemed to Peter a trifle unnecessary.

"I thought," she gasped, and gulped, "I thought you were the doctor." "Otherwise you wouldn't have let me in, I presume? Is there anything really

"Craven-" the woman panted.

Quoin started with horror, "Craven!" he iterated; then, controlling himself. "I was afraid-something of the sort. You've phoned for a doctor, you say? While we're waiting let me have a look at the poor devil."

# CHAPTER XVI.

"I am Mrs. Ellsworthy-yes," said Buttoning topcoat to chin and sacri- the woman with the agreeable voice you come in?"

And when Lydia had crossed the threshold Mrs. Ellsworthy shut the vestibule door and looked the girl over with smiling interest.

"Miss Craven, I presume?" "You were expecting me?"

"Your father telephoned sometime ago. Would you mind stepping upstairs?"

"But-I have merely a message-" "Yes, my dear, I know; but do let me consider it in comfort-upstairs."

Under the soft glow of the electric gracious inclination of her head that invited Lydia anew to ascend the stairway were alike quite irresistible. Lydia found no excuse for refusing; so subonly thing he could do was wait and dued her impatience, assented with a murmur, and preceded her hostess up the staircase.

"I'm really delighted to know you, you please. But I do need more light

to see you by."

Entering the designated room, Mrs. Ellsworthy touched a wall switch, adding the illumination of an electrolier to Then abruptly a second taxicab the subdued glow of the reading lamp lees! on a desk, and paused to review the scrubby little ovals of grass and shrub- girl with her kindly and engaging glance.

"I've known your father for many years," she affirmed, nodding; "and you've much of his charm, my dear, though you don't resemble him in the least-rather, I fancy, your mother."

"You knew my mother?" Lydia asked engerly. "No. Won't you sit down? No; Tad

Craven has always been a confirmed bachelor in everybody's esteem since marry again?" "Yes," said Lydia; and opening her

"No-please don't rise," interrupted Mrs. Ellsworthy, crossing to her. "Mr, Craven mentioned this over the wire. Pardon-"

Taking a chair beside the reading lamp, she opened and scanned the message with careless interest. A nod conthe corner drug store, when a taxicab firmed evident foreknowledge of its shot round from the avenue, passed at contents. Folding the note abstracteda sharp clip, and immediately slid to ly, Mrs. Ellsworthy seemed for some

But Peter Traft had claims not long to be disregarded, and presently Lydia stirred restlessly, with an inquiring look ready for the eyes that her hostess then lifted from the carpet.

"You've met this-ah-Mrs. Merrilees, no doubt?" Mrs. Ellsworthy queried unexpectedly. "Is she then such a beauty as they say?"

"She's very beautiful," Lydia returned, "and I'm very fond of her. But, if you don't mind, Mrs. Ellsworthy, I have another appointment; in fact, with Mrs. Merrilees and my father-"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear." Mrs. Ellsworthy assumed a convincing look of contrition. "So thoughtless of me. I quite forgot to tell you: Mr. Craven wants you to wait for him here. rather than keep the appointment at

the Margrave." The Margrave again!

"The Plaza," Lydia corrected absentfriend waiting in the taxi."

"A friend?" It was none of Mrs. Ellsworthy's affair, but quite automatically Lydia answered, "Mr. Traft."

"But really hadn't you better wait? I'm still pining for a chat with Cra-

Mrs. Elisworthy was moving slowly toward the door, as if she didn't really and has a buckle at the top. Its con- according to the kind of cultivation expect her objection to avail, an effect heightened by her manner, which continued to be perfect, lacking anything

Lydia, however, was quite settled in her determination to wait no longer. As it opened Quoin entered. Peter Craven could lose nothing by being anyway, in all fairness, she owed his and below in the taxi all earthly hap-

piness waited. ally. "You're very kind; but I really don't think-"

a shrill-tongued electric bell downstairs. Mrs. Ellsworthy started nerv- Weekly. ously, eyed the girl fugitively with what seemed a trace of doubt, and darted toward the door.

"The telephone!" she said indistinctly. "Forgive me if I-"

Her hand caught the knob as if thoughtlessly; but the slam of the door cut short her words emphatically enough to have wakened her to appreciation, had her act been really thoughtless,

For an instant Lydia paused in amazement. The thing was incredible, preposterous, outrageous!

None the less the door remained obdurately shut, mutely testifying that the incredible was an accomplished

With a little cry of indignation the girl tried the knob. It turned freely, but without engaging the latch. Infuriated, she caught it with both hands, braced a knee against the wall, and pulled with all the strength of her lithe and vigorous young body; but falled to budge the door by so much as a hair's breadth. And the only discoverable keyhole was in the knob itself-a thin, irregular slit for a combination latchkey, lacking which the door, once closed, could never be opened, but only hewed or battered down.

Examination proved the room a veritable stronghold. It had only the one door. The sashes of the two windows were guarded with locks requiring a key; through the panes closed steel blinds with hasps and padlocks were to be seen. There was not a beli dome Mrs. Ellsworthy's smile and the button on the walls; and the telephone on the desk yielded no response to the girl's manipulation of the receiver hook-evidently an extension cut off

from the main line, At length Lydia yielded to the inevitable, sat down, composed herself to the best of her ability, and strove to fit some reasonable explanation to this old Tad's shortcomings, Peter couldn't Miss Craven. Yes-straight ahead, if atrocious and high-handed act. There was but three:

She was the victim of a nightmare, Mrs. Ellsworthy was insane.

Or else Craven had never meant ber to restore the necklace to Mrs. Merri-

Bending forward, an elbow digging into her knee, her chin clipped between knuckles and palm, her mouth mutinous, her eyes smoldering, a hot spot in each cheek, motionless, Lydia brooded. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WHAT SITE OF DOVER COST

Indians Were Paid Twelve Bottles of Drink and Four Handfuls of Powder, It Is Said.

Dover, Del., which one thinks of as belonging to that sisterhood of interesting little Colonial capitals of which Williamsburg and Annapolis are elders, has celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its founding.

The three neighbor Colonial capitals have no little historic resemblance, and, though Dover is the youngest of them, it has its full share of historic interest and romantic tradition, political and social. That great man, William Penn, who had the wisdom to abolish the tariff duties that he found hampering the trade of the great river leading up to his noble proprietary province, having induced James, duke of York, to let him add to Pennsylvania the "three lower countries on Delaware," lost little time in making provision for the founding of Dover as the county seat county, for he issued a warrant for one authority, says E. N. Vallandigham in the Philadelphia Record, paid the Indian owners for the land "two match coats, twelve bottles of drink and four handfuls of powder," an intolerable deal of firewater for so trifling a supply of ammunition.

British Army Boot.

The British army boot is made from very stout chrome-tanned leather. It ly; then in a breath remembered, "I'm is interesting to note that what is sorry," she said, rising, "but I can't called the "front" of the boot is unwait. If daddy's coming here, he'll like the average civilian boot, cut all get the answer from you personally; in one piece, right from the toe to the so there's no need," here Mrs. Ellswor- heel, and seamed up at the back. The thy rose in her turn. "And-I left a toe contains, among other things, a plate of hard iron, which is nailed on underneath. On the whole, the British Tommy has a small foot, the average sizes being seven and eight. Compare Mr. Atkins' foot with that of his Russian brother. Here we have an aver- be sown in drills where the crop is age of nine and ten. The upper por- to be grown and thinned to about eight tion of the Cossack boot reaches to inches apart in the row. The rows within an inch or two of the knee, should be from 18 to 36 inches apart. struction is very similar to the British boot, the essential difference being the turnips. One ounce of seed will be boot is not stitched round the "welts" as is the British.

Self-Esteem.

Nearly always a human being is able obliged to follow her to the Plaza; and to develop a philosophy which saves him from an utter loss of self-esteem, a sort of strangled gasp from the wom- wishes little consideration-he who no matter how reprehensible his conan. A moment later, Quoin moving on, was little enough considerate to her- duct may become. I am told that even the men who traffic in women attempt to justify themselves to themselves. A closely that no seeds are formed and "I'm sorry," she repeated mechanic- man who is without self-esteem for any the roots are exhausted. considerable period of time is likely to commit suicide. Remorse is essential-At this point she was interrupted by ly a loss-in whole or part-of self-esteem.-William Maxwell, in Collier's

The Changing Times.

This war is changing all of our oldest institutions. In more peaceful days the typewriter repair man came in, turned a screw, untangled the ribbon, wrote, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the ald of their party," and went his way,

But times are different. The repair man entered the office this week and wrote: "A quick movement of the enemy will jeopardize six gunboats."-New York Evening Post.

Immune. "Br'er Wade," said an old Georgia darkly, "I'm mightily feared dis yer war's gwineter ruin me."

ain't gwineter ruin me." "How come, Br'er Wade?" "Kaze I come hean ruint!"-Atlanta Constitution.

"Well," said Brother Wade, "hit

For Men With Weak Hearts. Doctor-You mustn't stay out late

Patient (a married man)-Is the night air bad for me? Doctor-No; it's the excitement after range. getting home that hurts you.

#### PARASITES FEED ON PLANTS

Of All Diseases and Pests Scale Insects Have Received Most Attention-Ravages Are Costly.

All plants are subject to attacks by parasites. These parasitic enemies are as different in structure as the plants upon which they feed. Some parasites are microscopic plants called fungl, and are the causes of such wellknown diseases as apple scab, brown rot and wheat rust. Others are known as bacteria, producing the injurious fire blight of fruit trees. Still others are not plants at all, but are insects.

Of all plant parasites, undoubtedly scale insects have received most attention during the last thirty years. Their small size has rendered them obscure. Their obscureness has allowed them to multiply year after year without being combated. Their increasing numbers have resulted in the death of thousands of trees, shrubs and greenhouse plants each year throughout this country. Hundreds of different kinds of scale insects exist. Some are large and active throughout their entire lives. The mealy-bugs of the greenhouse are typical examples. Others are small and sedentary, becoming immovable soon after they begin feeding. The San Jose and citrus scales are well-known species of this type. The ravages of such pests are so expensive that farmers of the United States are annually paying thousands of dollars either directly or indirectly to scale insects

### CULTIVATION OF KOHL-RABI

When Vegetable is Not Allowed to Become Tough and Hard It Is of Quite Superior Quality.

Kohl-rabi belongs to the same class as cabbage and cauliflower, but presents a marked variation from either. It is, perhaps, half-way between the cabbage and turnip, in that its edible part consists of the swollen stem of the plant. The vegetable looks like a leafy turnip, above ground. If used when small (2 to 3 inches in diameof "St. Jones County," now Kent ter) and not allowed to become tough and hard, it is of superior quality. the survey of the town site in 1683, It should be more generally grown. and eleven years later, according to The culture is very simple. For an early crop, plant and cultivate as for



Characteristic Growth of Kohl-Rabl.

early cabbage. For a late crop, or for all seasons in the South, the seed may employed. It matures as quickly as necessary to seed 100 feet of drill.

# SHEEP AS WEED DESTROYERS

Animals Keep Noxious Plants Nibbled So Closely That No Seeds Are Permitted to Form.

Sheep are excellent weed destroyers, as they keep the weeds nibbled so

A small flock of sheep is an excellent scavenger on almost any farm, and they make profitable use of waste land, provided that dogs and internal parasites can be controlled.

# STABLE MANURE FOR GARDEN

Where Used to Any Great Extent Soll Is Very Apt to Become Somewhat Acid.

Stable manure is used to a great extent in enriching gardens, and when this is done the soil is very apt to become somewhat acid. Where the soll is not naturally strongly impregnated with lime and heavy applications of manure are made repeatedly it is almost sure to become too acid. Many crops will thrive in such a soil, but there are some that will not stand an acid soil at all. No legumes will do well in an acid soil, even if but slightly acid.

Keep Brooder Clean. Great care should be taken to keep the brooder clean, and it should be aired every day.

Allow Hens Free Range. Allow the hens free range. Wire in the garden, not the hens. Stronger fertility is secured from birds on