

MINENT surgeons tell Hugh Whitaker that six months is his life limit. Peter Stark, intimate friend, finds him stunned by the news and arranges to take Whitaker on a long South sea yacht trip. The sick man sneaks off to a country hotel, intending to kill himself, but surprises a young girl in the act of drinking poison. She is Mary Ladislas, love-starved daughter of a New York plutocrat, deserted by the man with whom she planned clandestine marriage. To save her good name, Whitaker marries the girl (knowing that six months is his limit), gives her money and puts her on a train for home. He runs plump into Stark, hunting him. Months later, the yacht burns at sea. All hands die but Whitaker, who is reported lost. A delicate operation restores his health, and after five prosperous years in Australia, he returns to New York-one back from the dead! We find him -in this installment-talking with his old law partner, Drummond, about the prospects of finding that little girl wife. A beautiful actress enters the story.

CHAPTER IV-Continued. -5-

"Would you know her if you saw her?"

"I don't know." Whitaker frowned with annoyance. "She's six years older-"

"Well, but what was she like?" Drummond pursued curiously.

Whitaker shook his head. "It's not easy to remember. Matter of fact, I his strut. don't believe I ever got one good square look at her. It was twilight sat talking in absolute darkness, toward the end; even in the minister's study there was only a green-shaded lamp on the table; and on the trainwell, we were both too much worked up, I fancy, to pay much attention to details."

"Blonde or brune?"

"I swear I don't know. She wore one of those funny knitted caps, tight down over her hair, all the time."

Drummond laughed quietly.

"I don't feel in a joking humor," Whitaker said roughly. "It's a serious matter and wants serious treatment . . . What else have we got to mull over?"

shrugged suavely. Drummond "There's enough to keep us busy for several hours," he said. "For instance, there's my stewardship."

"Your which?" "My care of your property. You left a good deal of money and securities

lying round loose, you know; naturally I felt obliged to look after 'em. There was no telling when Widow Whitaker might walk in and demand an accounting. I presume we might as well run over the account-though it is getting late."

"Half-past four," Whitaker informed him, consulting his watch. "Take too long for to-day. Some other time."

Drummond's reply was postponed by the office boy, who popped in on the heels of a light knock. "Mr. Max's outside," he announced.

"O the deuce!" The exclamation seemed to escape Drummond's lips involuntarily. He tightened them angrily, as though regretting the lapse of self-control, and glanced hurriedly askance to see if Whitaker had noticed. "I'm busy," he added, a trace sullenly. "Tell him I've gone out."

"But he's got 'nappointment," the boy rotested. "And besides, I told him you was in."

"You needn't fob him off on my account," Whitaker interposed. "We can finish our confab later-Monday-any time. It's time for me to be getting up-town, anyway."

"It isn't that," Drummond explained doggedly. "Only-the man's a bore,

"It isn't Jules Max?" Whitaker excitedly. "Not little Jules Max, who used to stage manage our amateur

"That's the man," Drummond admitted with plain reluctance.

"Then have him in, by all means. I more. And then I'll clear out and leave you to his troubles."

Drummond laughed a trifle sourly. "Max has developed into a heavyweight entrepreneur, you know."

"Meaning theatrical manager? Then why not say so? But I might've guessed he'd drift into something of

the sort." A moment later Whitaker was vigorously pumping the unresisting-indeed the apparently boneless-hand of Jules Max. The hat that had made Hammerstein famous Max had appro- aker. priated-straight crown, flat brim and immaculate gloss-bodily. Beneath it Drummond doubted darkly. "Every-

A pince-nez sheltered his near-sighted eyes. His short, round little body was invariably by day dressed in a dark gray morning-coat, white-edged waistcoat, assertively-striped trousers, and patent-leather shoes with white spats. He had a passion for lemon-colored gloves of thinnest kid and slender malacca walking-sticks. His dignity was an awful thing, as ingrained as

He reasserted the dignity now with a jerk of his maltreated hand, readin the hotel, when I found her; we justed his glasses, and resumed his

"Either," he observed, "you're Hugh Whitaker come to life or a deuced outrage.

"Both if you like."

"You sound like both," complained the little man, "Anyway, you were drowned in the Philippines or somewhere long ago, and I never waste time on a dead one. . . . Drummond -" He turned to the lawyer with a vastly business-like air.

"No, you don't!" Whitnker Insisted, putting himself between the two men. "I admit that you're a great man; you might at least admit that I'm a live one."

A mollified smile moderated the mall man's manner. That's a bargain," he said, extending a pale yellow paw; "I'm glad to see you again, Hugh. When did you recrudesce?"

"An hour ago," Drummond answered for him; "blew in here as large as life and twice as important. He's been running a gold farm out in New Guinea. What do you know about that?"

"It's very interesting," Max conceded. "You've asked him, of course?" he demanded of Drummond, nodding

toward Whitaker. Drummond flushed slightly. "No chance," he said. "I was on the point of doing it when you butted in."

"What's this?" inquired Whitaker. Max delivered himself of a startling bit of information: "He's going to get married."

Whitaker stared. "Drummond? Not really?"

Drummond acknowledged his guilt brazenly: "Next week, in fact."

"But why didn't you say anything about It?" "You didn't give me an opening. Be-

great beyond is enough to drive all the hills or the sea is choicer than regiment." other thoughts from a man's mind."

tonight," supplemented Max. "You'll come, of course."

be waiting at the church a week hence -or whenever it's to come off. And variegated, dramatic life. How may now I want to congratulate you." Whitaker held Drummond's hand in one of those long, hard grips that mean much | shall we pass most swiftly from point | between men. "But mostly I want to to point and be present always at the congratulate her. Who is she?"

"Sara Law," said Drummond, with pride in his quick color and the lift of his chin.

"The greatest living actress on the want to say howdy to him, if nothing English-speaking stage," Max announced, preening himself importantly. "My own discovery."

"Of course I've heard-but I have Whitaker apologized. "When shall I see her?"

answered, fussing with a gardenia on ened, his lapel. "She retires from the stage finally, and forever-she says-when

the curtain falls tonight." "Then I've got to be in the theater tonight-if that's the case," said Whit-

"'Fraid you won't get in, though," his face was small of feature, and fat, thing in the house for this final week force now,"

speculators are cleaned out."

"Tut!" the manager reproved him loftily. "Hugh is going to see Sara Law act for the last time from my personal box-aren't you, Hugh?"

"You bet I am!" Whitaker asserted with conviction.

"Then come along." Max caught him by the arm and started for the door. So long, Drummond . . ."

CHAPTER V.

Curtain.

Nothing would satisfy Max but that Whitaker should dine with him. He consented to drop him at the Ritz-Carlton, in order that he might dress, only on the condition that Whitaker would meet him at seven, in the white room at the Knickerbocker.

"Just mention my name to the head waiter," he said with magnificence; "or if I'm there first, you can't help seeing me. Everybody knows my tablethe little one in the southeast corner.

. Shoot, James!" The latter phrase was Max's way of ordering the driver to move on. The car snorted resentfully, then pulled smoothly and swiftly away. Max waved a jaunty farewell with a lemoncolored hand, over the back of the ton-

Whitaker went up to his room in a reflective mood in which the theatrical man had little place. Since his arrival in New York he had fallen into the habit of seeking the view from his window when in meditative humor. A view of ten thousand roofs, inexpressi-

bly enchanting. . . Somewhere -perhaps-in that welter of steel and stone, as eternal and as restless as the sea, was the woman Whitaker had married, working out her lonely destiny. A haphazard biscuit tossed from his window might fall upon the very roof that sheltered her; he might search for a hundred years and never ross her path.

He wondered. The possibility that she might have married a second time did not disturb his pulse by the least fraction of a beat. He even contemplated the chance that she might be dead with normal equanimity. Fortunate, that he didn't love her. More fortunate still, that he oved no one else.

Incontinently he wrote and dispatched a long, extravagant cablegram to Mrs. Pettit in care of the American embassy, little doubting that she would Immediately answer.

When eventually he strode into the white room, Max was already established at the famous little table in the southeast corner. Whitaker was conscious of turning heads and guarded comment as he took his place opposite the little fat man.

"Make you famous in a night," Max assured him importantly. "Don't happen to need any notoriety, do you?"

"No. thanks."

"Dine with me here three nights hand-running and they'll let you into the Syndicate by the back door without even asking your name. P. T. A's one grand little motto, my boy." "P. T. A.?"

"Pays to advertise. Paste that in your hat. Look me over," he requested abruptly, leaning back. "I guess I'm ome giddy young buck, what?"

Whitaker reviewed the striking effect Max had created by encasing his brief neck and double chin in an old-

Walter Pater's Idea of Success Was Hardly That Held by the Modern Business Man.

AS PHILOSOPHER SAW LIFE

The service of philosophy, of specuof constant and eager observation, ant. Every moment some form grows perthe rest; some mood of passion or "There's to be a supper in honor of insight or intellectual excitement is the circumstances, at the Beaux Arts irresistibly real and attractive to us thing fur him." Then a puzzled ex--for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience but experience it- scratched his head thoughtfully, "Beg "I'll be there-and furthermore, I'll self, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How focus where the greatest number of ergy?

Walter Pater.

Had No Gift for It. "Did yez say yer health is bad, Mr. Donovan?"

"Yis, of've bin walkin' in me slape." "Och, begorra, if Oi cu'd only have and the waitress yelled murder?" done that same, Ol wouldnt be off the

was sold out a month ago. Even the fashloned high collar and black silk stock, beneath which his important chest was protected by an elaborately studs. His waist was strapped in by a pique waistcoat edged with black, and there was a distinctly perceptible 'invisible" stripe in the material of his evening cont and trousers.

"Dressed like a fool," Max summed up the ensemble before his guest could speak. "Would you believe that despair could gnaw at the vitals of anyone as wonderfully arrayed?"

"I would not," Whitaker asserted.

"Yet, I'm down in the mouth, because this is Sara's last appearance." Max motioned the waiter to remove the debris of a course. "I've got it in Boston Transcript. my knob that she's my mascot. If she leaves me, my luck goes with her. I made her, all right, but she made me, too; and it sprains my sense of good business to break up a paying combination like that."

"Nonsense," Whitaker contended warmly, "If I'm not mistaken, you were telling me this afternoon that



"He's Going to Get Married."

you stand next to Belasco as a produc-ing manager. The loss of one star isn't change your mind."—Brooklyn Citizen. going to rob you of that prestige, is

"You never can tell," the little man soothes but heals. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently thirty cents my next production would turn out a hit. I've had several close free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. calls with Sara—she's threatened to X, Boston," At druggists and by mail. chuck the stage often before this; but Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv. every time something happened to make her change her mind. I've got a hunch maybe something will happen this time, too. If it does, I won't want common, every-day use like the autoany partners."

How much information do you wager that Max is in a position to give Whitaker if he were of a mind to do so?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Overworking the Czar.

To the true Scot there is no place from both as soon as he can. But the to church."-Brooklyn Citizen. pride is still there.

When the Royal Scot Greys were honored by having the czar appointed

"Donald," he said, "the czar of Russides, to welcome a deserter from the fect in hand or face; some tone on sia has been appointed colonel of our

"Indeed, sir, an' is that so?" exclaimed Donald. "It's a verra fine She mixed Sulphur with it to pression stole over his face, and he par-rdon, sir," he added, "but wull he be able to keep baith jobs?"

Cow's Variable Thirst.

Somebody rises to inquire how much weather. Well, that depends, replies gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulthe Coffeyville Journal. Where a phur recipe at home, though, is trouvital forces unite in their purest en- hydrant is handy, a tubful a day is blesome. An easier way is to get a 50plenty for her. If her owner is cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sul-To burn always with this hard gem- obliged to draw it from a well with a phur Compound at any drug store all like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is bucket and rope, she will drink from ready for use. This is the old time success in life. . . . Great pas- half a barrel to a barrel. If the water recipe improved by the addition of sions may give us this quickened must be hauled her thirst increases other ingredients. sions may give us this quickened must be hauled her thirst increases while wispy, gray, faded hair is not sense of life ecstasy and sorrow of according to the distance traveled to sinful, we all desire to retain our love, the various forms of enthusiastic get it. Water brought from two miles youthful appearance and attractivebeen out of touch with such things," activity, disinterested or otherwise, away will be consumed at the rate of ness. By darkening your hair with which come naturally to many of us. three barrels a day, three miles five Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, Only be sure it is passion-that it barrels, and above that distance no no one can tell, because it does it so "In honor of her retirement," Max does yield you this fruit of a quick- practical test has ever been made, as naturally, so evenly. You just dampen multiplied consciousness.- no means has ever been provided to a sponge or soft brush with it and get the water fast enough.-Kansas draw this through your hair, taking City Star.

Usual Thing.

ret feature."

"Why didn't you interfere when the cook chased the waiter with a cleaver

New Servant Girl Story.

The wife of a successful young literary man had hired a buxom Dutch frilled shirt decorated with black pearl girl to do the housework. Several weeks passed and from seeing her master constantly about the house, the girl received an erroneous impres-

"Ogscuse me, Mrs. Blank," she said to her mistress one day, "but I like to say somedings,"

"Well, Rena?"

The girl blushed, fumbled with her apron, and then replied, "Vell, you pay me four tollars a veek-" "Yes, and I really can't pay you any

more. "It's not dot," responded the girl; "but I be villing to take tree tollars till-till your husband gets vork."-

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

A Real Curlosity.

The showman was exhibiting a very small skull, which he said was the headpiece of the great Oliver Cromwell.

the skull of a man," said one patron, indignantly. "It can only be the skull of a little boy. You're a fraud!"

The showman did not lose his nerve

"This skull is much too small to be

at this, but replied with dignity: You are right-it is not the skull of a man, but that of Cromwell when he was a small lad."—New York Globe.

WOMEN ON BATTLEFIELD

We hear much these days of what the omen are doing on the battle-line. How few American women are strong enough to go to the front and endure the hardships of the men!

Help is offered, and is freely given to every nervous, delicate woman, by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Remember ingredients on label. In tablet or liquid form. No alcohol.

In "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system, the "Prescription" seldom fails to benefit or cure. Bearing-down pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, weak back, and kin-

don and ulceration, weak back, and kindred allments are cured by it, ask your neighbor. It's a marvelous remedy for nervous and general debility, insomnia, or inability to sleep.

Write Dr. Pierce, President of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. for confidential advice and you will receive the medical attention of a specialist, wholly without fee—no charge whatever.

Send 10c for trial pkg. "Favorite Prescription Tablets."

Only One Can Dress Well. "Her husband must have a big

salary. "What makes you think so?" "The way she dresses."

"Well, go now and take a look at the

Cuticura Is So Soothing

"We may live to see the airplane in

mobile. "Sure! But our chances of living to see that will be better if we leave the experimenting to other people."-Exchange.

Inspired Respect. "How did Mrs. Grabcoin succeed in getting Mr. Grabcoin to attend church

regularly?" "She persuaded the new rector to play Mr. Grabcoin a game of golf. The rector beat Mr. Grabcoin so badly the proves their wonderful properties. For like his land and no people like his play golf like that ought to be able to old gentleman said any man who could people. Not that he doesn't get away preach a smashing sermon, so he went

lative culture, toward the human spir-it is to rouse, to startle it to a life the regiment told the news to his serv-

Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just water a cow will drink during warm tion if your hair is fading, streaked or

> one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and is not intended for "I thought it was an ordinary caba- the cure, mitigation or prevention of

disease.-Adv.