



BRAVE OR CURIOUS?

If you received information that a mysterious murderer threatened you, would you call the bluff by staying where you were and defying the Mystery—or would you hurry into hiding?

Whitaker, thinking he was soon to die, married young Mary Ladislav to protect her good name, and sailed for parts unknown at once. Supposedly long dead, he turns up in New York several years later, healthy and wealthy, and finds his wife, "Sara Law," noted actress, in the midst of a performance. The play stops abruptly. She refuses to see him. Drummond, Whitaker's former law partner, engaged to marry the supposed widow, is reported a suicide. Whitaker's friend, Martin Ember, former detective, doubts the report.

Read how Whitaker acted when warned of violence—in this installment. It's thrilling and puzzling!

CHAPTER VIII.

Entr'acte.

Dawn of Sunday found Whitaker still awake. Alone in his cheerful bedchamber, his chair tilted back against the wall, he sat smoking and thinking, reviewing again and again every consideration growing out of his matrimonial entanglement. He turned in at length to the dreamless slumbers of mental exhaustion.

The morning introduced him to a world of newspapers gone mad and zarrulous with accounts of the sensation of the preceding night. What they told him only confirmed the history of his wife's career as detailed by the gratuitous Mr. Ember. There was, however, no suggestion in any report that Drummond had not in fact committed suicide. There had been, apparently, but a single witness of the felo de se, who in the subsequent confusion had vanished. No one dreamed of questioning the authenticity of the report. Several sensational sheets ran exhaustive resumes, elaborately illustrated, of the public life of "The Destroying Angel." It seemed to be an unanimous assumption that the news of Drummond's suicide had in some manner been conveyed to the woman while on the stage.

In the course of the forenoon a note for Whitaker was delivered at the hotel. The heavy sheet of white paper, stamped with the address in Fifty-seventh street, bore the message in a strong but nervous hand:

I rely upon the generosity you promise me. This marriage of ours, that is no marriage, must be dissolved. Please let my attorneys—Landers, Grimshaw & Clark, 149 Broadway—know when and where you will accept service. Forgive me if I seem ungrateful and unfeeling. I am hardly myself. And please do not try to see me now. Some day I hope to see and thank you; today—it's impossible. I am going away to forget, if I can. Mary Ladislav Whitaker.

Before nightfall Whitaker had satisfied himself that his wife had, in truth, left her town house. The servants there informed all who inquired that they had been told to report and to forward all letters to Messrs. Landers, Grimshaw & Clark.

Whitaker promptly notified those attorneys that he was ready to be served at their convenience. But beyond their brief and businesslike acknowledgment, he heard nothing more of the action for divorce.

He sought Max several times without success. When at length run to ground in the roulette room of a Forty-fourth street gambling house, the manager was grimly reticent. Warned by the manager's truculent and suspicious tone that his secret was, after all, buried no more than skin deep, Whitaker dissembled artfully his anxiety, and abandoned Max to his pot vices. The newspapers reported Sara Law as being in retirement in several widely separated sections of the country. She was also said to have gone abroad, sailing incognito by a second-class steamship from Philadelphia.

The nine-days' wonder disintegrated naturally. The sobriquet of "The De-

stroying Angel" disappeared from the newspaper scare-heads. So also the name of Drummond. Hugh Morten Whitaker, the dead man come to life, occupied public interest for a brief half-day. By the time that the executors of Carter Drummond and the attorneys representing his clients began to make sense of his estate and interests, their discoveries failed to command newspaper space.

Drummond had appropriated to his own uses every dollar of the small fortune left in his care by his erstwhile partner. No other client of his had suffered, however. His speculations had been confined wholly to the one quarter whence he had had every reason to anticipate neither protest nor exposure. In Whitaker's too-magnanimous opinion, the man had not been so much a thief as one who yielded to the temptation to convert to his own needs and uses a property against which, it appeared, no other living being cared to enter a claim. The monetary loss was an "considerable thing to a man with an interest in mines in the Owen Stanley country. He said nothing. Drummond's name remained unmentioned, save in the knowledge of a few.

Of these, Martin Ember was one. Whitaker made a point of hunting him up. The retired detective received confirmation of his surmise without any amazement.

"You still believe that he's alive?" "Implicitly," Ember asserted with conviction.

"Could you find him, if necessary?" "Within a day, I think. Do you wish me to?"

Ember permitted Whitaker to consider the matter in silence for some moments. Then, "Do you want advice?" he inquired.

"Well?" "Hunt him down and put him behind the bars," said Ember instantly.

"What's the good of that?" "Your personal safety."

"How?" "With you out of the way, he could come back without fear."

Ember permitted another pause to lengthen, unbroken by Whitaker.

"Shall I try to find him for you?" he said quietly, in the end.

"No," Whitaker decided. "No. Let him alone—poor devil!"

Ember disclaimed further responsibility with a movement of his shoulders.

"But my wife? Could you find her as readily?"

"Possibly," the detective admitted cautiously. "But I don't mean to."

"Why not?" "Principally because she doesn't want me to. Otherwise she'd let you know where to look for her."

"True."

These fragments of dialogue are from a conversation that took place in the month of June, nearly seven weeks after the farewell performance at the Theatre Max. Interim, Whitaker had quietly resumed his place in the life of the town, regaining old friendships, renewing old associations. The mild excitement occasioned by his reappearance had already subsided; he was again an accepted and substantial factor in the society of his kind.

Gradually he began to know more hours of loneliness than suited his tastes. His rooms—the old rooms overlooking Bryant park regained and refurbished much as they had been six years before—knew his solitary presence through many a long evening. July came with blistering breath and he took to the Adirondacks, meaning to be gone a month. Within ten days he was home again, drawn back irresistibly by a strange, insatiable craving of unformulated desire. Town bored him, yet he could not seem to rest away from it.

He wandered in and out, up and down, an unquiet, irresolute soul, tremendously perplexed. . . . There came one dark and sultry night, heavy beneath skies overcast, in August. Whitaker left a roof-garden in the middle of a stupid performance, and walked the streets till long after midnight, courting the fatigue that alone could bestow untroubled sleep. On his return a sleepy hall-boy with a wilted collar ran the elevator up to his tenth-floor landing and, leaving him fumbling at the lock of his door, dropped clankingly out of sight. Whitaker entered and shut himself in with the pitch-blackness of his private hall.

He groped along the wall for the electric switch, and found only the shank of it, the hard rubber button having disappeared. And then, while still he was trying to think how this could have happened, he sustained a murderous assault.

A miscalculation on the part of the marauder alone saved him. The black-jack (or whatever the weapon was) missing his head by the narrowest shave, descended upon his left shoulder with numbing force. Notwithstanding his pain and surprise, Whitaker rattled and grappled, thus escaping a second and probably more deadly blow.

But his shoulder was almost useless, and the pain of it began to sicken him, while the man in his grip fought like a devil unchained.

For some minutes the night was rendered wild and violent with the crashes of overturned furniture and the thud of a thump of struggling bodies. Then Whitaker broke free and plunged in what he imagined to be the direction of a dresser in which he kept a revolver. His foot slipped on the hardwood floor, the ankle twisted, and he fell awkwardly, striking his head against a table leg with such force that he lay half stunned. An instant later his assailant emptied five chambers of a revolver into the darkness about him, and then, alarmed by a racket of pounding on the hall door, fled successfully by way of the fire escape to adjoining roofs and neighboring backyards.

By the time Whitaker was able to pull himself together and hobble to the door, a brace of intelligent policemen, who had been summoned by the hall-boy, were threatening to break it down. Admitted, they took his safety into their care and, simultaneously, the revolver which he incautiously admitted possessing. Later they departed, obviously disgruntled by the unprofessional conduct of the "crook" who had left no "clues," with a warning to the householder that he might expect to be summoned to court, as soon as he was able to move, to answer for the crime of keeping a weapon of defense.

Whitaker took to his bed in company with a black temper and the aroma of arnica.

He entertained, the next day, several persons: reporters; a physician; a futile, superfluous, unromantic creature misleadingly designated a plain-clothes man; finally his friend (by now their acquaintance had warmed to real friendship) Ember.

The retired investigator found Whitaker getting into his clothes—a ceremony distinguished by some profanity and numerous grunts.

"Afternoon," he said, taking a chair and surveying the sufferer with slightly masked amusement. "Having a good time?"

"You go to thunder!" said Whitaker in disgust.

"Glad to see you're not hurt much," pursued the other, unabashed.

Whitaker withered, him with a glare. "You're lucky to be alive," observed Ember, exasperatingly philosophic.

"A lot you know about it! I suppose you could lay this thing by the heels in a brace of snakes?"

"Just about," Ember admitted placidly.

HAVE A FAD OF YOUR OWN

Everyone Needs Something to Bring Thoughts Different From Those of the Work-a-Day World.

Have some sort of fad for the sake of recreation, even if it is nothing more than making a collection of moths and butterflies.

You need something to relieve your mind, something which will bring thoughts different from those you must have in the work-a-day struggle.

However, do not become so interested in outside things that you encroach on the time necessary for succeeding in your business.

In adopting a fad, select something light and restful, not so deep as to give you brain fag; for choice, something which will take you out into the open air and give you exercise.

There is nothing more beneficial to most people than walking. Take hikes into the country. This is better done with definite purpose. Go and get back within a given time; have a definite destination. Walk fast. Don't lag.

Study the birds in your locality—their names, haunts, and modes of living.

Perhaps you get enough exercise with your daily grind of work. If so, take up the study of some subject which will improve your mind. Brain work is just as necessary to health as physical exercise.

Follow the Gary system in your daily life. It works out well.

Human Nature Phase.

"Human nature," says Col. Paul Grabiel, "is subject to strange frailties, and every now and then you meet a man of great natural ability who would undoubtedly make a success in life if the Lord had given him half the persistence he gave the lowly mosquito."—Atlanta Constitution.

Pure water will corrode glass.

Whitaker stared aggressively. "You mean . . . Drummond?"

"The answer was a nod. "I don't believe it."

"You'll at all events do me the credit to recall that I warned you two months ago."

"All the same, I don't believe it was Drummond."

"You haven't missed any property, I believe?"

"No."

"So presumably the fellow had some motive other than a desire to steal. Besides, if he'd been on the loot he might much more easily have tried one of the lower floors—and more sensibly."

"Well . . ." Whitaker temporized. "And I'd like to know what you mean to do."

"About what?"

"Unless you're hell-bent on sticking around here to get your head mashed



He Sustained a Murderous Assault.

In—I venture respectfully to suggest that you consign yourself to my competent care."

"Meaning—"

"I've got a bungalow down on Long Island—a one-horse sort of a bachelor affair—and I'm going to run down this evening and stay awhile. There's quiet, no society and good swimming. Will you come along and be my guest until you grow tired of it?"

"Done with you?" declared Whitaker with a strong sense of relief.

As a matter of fact, he was far less incredulous of Ember's theory than he chose to admit.

Do you believe that Drummond is dead? Who assaulted Whitaker? What was the motive?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Peru's Wisdom.

In granting a water-power concession on the Santa river to an electric power company, the government of Peru has reserved the right to take over the plant, if ever such a course seems advisable, reimbursing those who have put their money into it. As the situation is explained, the water power represents public wealth which some day the state may need; but meantime, in order that it may not be wasted, the use of it by a private company is permitted. The Peruvians might doubtless hasten the industrialization of their country if they adopted a free concession policy; but they have learned from Mexico. And they might win quick prosperity if they heeded the objections of financiers to the idea of government interference; but they have learned from the United States. So they are building, and plainly with success, on the doctrine of expropriation.—Christian Science Monitor.

Earthquake Caused Changes.

An effect of the Nevada earthquake of the last quarter of 1915 has been an increase to three or four times the former amount in the flow of streams and springs throughout the northern part of the state. Geographers have pronounced this earthquake more violent than the one that caused such disaster in San Francisco in 1906, but in the thinly settled region the damage was small. Beginning October 2, there were more than 500 shocks within three months. The most notable mark of the disturbance has been left on the east side of Pleasant valley, where the alluvial detritus at the base of the Sonoma range has settled away for a vertical height of 5 to 12 feet and a horizontal width of 8 feet over a distance of nearly 25 miles.

E Pluribus Unum.

Hazel—He inherited a lot of dollars. Almee—Yes; but he is shy of sense.

SALTS IS FINE FOR KIDNEYS, QUIT MEAT

Flush the Kidneys at once when Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

Good Training.

"How very fluent your parrot is." "Yes; I always hang his cage up in the room when my wife's lub meets here."—Baltimore American.

WHEN IT LOOKS DARK to any weak or ailing woman,

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her help. For "female complaints," pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and derangements, this is the proven remedy. It's the only one so sure that it can be guaranteed. "Favorite Prescription" will benefit or cure, in the case of every tired and afflicted woman.

An easily procured vegetable pill is made up of May apple, the dried juice of the leaves of aloes, and the root of jalap, made into a tiny pellet and coated with sugar. It was first put into ready-to-use form by Dr. Pierce nearly 50 years ago. Almost every drug store in this country sells these vegetable pellets in vials for 25c—simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They have Dr. R. V. Pierce stamp.—Adv.

Pawed Over.

"Are these hats felt?" "Frequently, mum, but we don't like it, I can tell you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cuticura Stops Itching.

The Soap to cleanse and Ointment to soothe and heal most forms of itching, burning skin and scalp affections. Ideal for toilet use. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.

His Status.

"The tenor who sang last night reminded me of a pirate." "Why so?" "Because he did murder on the high C's."—Baltimore American.

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache, or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.—Adv.

A Dangerous Guest.

"That fellow prides himself on being thorough. Wherever he goes he gets to the bottom of things." "Then please don't invite him on our yachting trip."—Baltimore American.

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART

Son or Brother in camp or training for defense? If so, mail him a package of Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder for tired, aching, swollen feet, and prevents blisters and sore spots. Makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c.

A Fine Example.

To keep a smiling we are told. And that is good advice, I hold. The Jack-o-lantern is in style; You can not beat his cheerful smile. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spot Cash we will Pay!

We do Not Charge Commission.

We're buying as follows for fat produce: Dressed pork, 20c. Small dressed veal, 18c. Big dressed veal up to 500 lbs., 14c. Live chickens, 22c. Live roosters, 18c. Small dressed geese, 12c.

FRANK L. SMITH MEAT CO., "Fighting the Hoof Trade." 225 Alder St., PORTLAND, ORE