

There is reason to believe that Ember and the young woman, who helped Whitaker after his fight on the beach with the strange spy, have some sort of plan concerning Whitaker which they don't want him to understand. It is outlined and strong hints are given about it in this installment. You will be puzzled by developments.

Whitaker, you know, had married an innocent girl to save her honor five years previously-at a time when he expected soon to die -and left the country. He returns, healthy and wealthy, and finds the wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, engaged to marry Drummond, his old partner. She disappears. Drummond supposedly commits suicide. Whitaker is fiercely assaulted in the dark, and goes to the country home of his friend Martin Ember to recover. He surprises a mysterious spy at work, fights him, sprains an ankle and is helped by a handsome girl living near Ember's place.

strut.'

When finally they came to the end

of the dock, he paused, considering the

three-foot drop to the deck of the mo-

tor boat, "If it weren't low tide . . ."

"But, since it is low tide, you'll have

She turned and offered him a hand,

"Like all men, you must turn to a

"Oh, it's that way, is it? Thank you,

And with the aid of the clothes-prop

he did manage to make the descent

without her hand and without disaster.

the wheel as the boat swung droning

away from the dock. Not until she

Then, in a casual volce, she in-

"Almost six years on the other side

"What," she asked, eyes averted,

"This one knocked about, mostly, for

sort of business, after a bit-gold min-

ing in a haphazard, happy-go-lucky

fashion-did pretty well at it and came home to astonish the natives."

pointing?" she analyzed his tone.

"You find things-New York-disap-

"I find it overpowering-and lonely.

Nobody sent a brass band to greet me

at the dock; and all the people I used

to know are either married and devot-

ed to brats, or divorced and devoted

to bridge; and my game has gone off

so badly in six years that I don't be-

She smilled, shaping her scarlet lips

deliciously. The soft, warm wind

whipped stray strands of hair, like

cords of gold, about her face. Her

eyelids were half lowered against the

intolerable splendor of the day. The

waters of the bay, wind-blurred and

dark, seemed a shield of sapphire fash-

long any more.'

The girl started the engine and took

woman in the end-however brave your

he explained, crestfallen.

eyes dancing with gay malice.

CHAPTER X-Continued. -12-

"What I wished to convey was simply my intention no longer to bear my masculine weight upon a women-elther you or any other woman."

A smile contended momentarily with to let me help you again," the girl rethe frown, and triumphed brilliantly. torted, jumping lightly but surely to "I mean to ask you," he said delibthe cockpit.

erately, "to whom am I indebted-7" To his consternation the smile vanished, as though a cloud had salled be-

fore the sun. Doubt and something strongly resembling incredulity informed her glance.

"Do you mean to say you don't but I fancy I can manage." know?" she demanded after a moment. "Surely Mr. Ember must have told you?"

"Ember seemed to be laboring under the misapprehension that the Fiske place was without a tenant."

"Oh !" Her tone was thoughtful. had once or twice advanced the spark "Has he gone back to town?" and made other minor adjustments

"Business called him. At least such did she return attention to her passenwas the plausible excuse he advanced ger. for depriving himself of my exclusive quired: "You've been out of the counsoclety."

"I see," she nodded--"I see . try for some time, I think you said?" "But aren't you going to tell me? Or ought I to prove my human intelliof the world-got back only this gence by assuming on logical grounds spring." that you're Miss Fiske?"

"If you please," she murmured, her spying out the channel-"what does one do on the other side of the world?" intent gaze seeking the distances of the sea. his health's sake. "I did drift into a

"Then that's settled," he pursued in accents of satisfaction. "You are Miss Fiske-Christian name at present unknown to deponent. And we are neighbors. Do you know, I think this a very decent sort of a world after all?"

"And still"-she returned to the charge-"you haven't told me what you mean to do, since you refuse my help."

"I mean," he asserted cheerfully, "to sit here until some kind-hearted person fetches me a stick to serve as emergency staff. Then I shall make shift to hobble to your motor boat and thank you very kindly for ferrying me home."

She shook her head in dainty annoyance, then, light-footed, darted from sight round the side of the bathbouse. Presently she reappeared, dragging an eight-foot pole. He rose on one foot and tested the staff with his weight. "'Twill do," he decided. "And thank you very much."

and prepare me all the dinner in the sideration." establishment, lest an evil fate overtake you."

"It is written." returned Sum Fat, "that I die after cight-seven years of honorable life, from heart failure on receiving long-deferred raise in wages." He shuffled off, chuckling,

"I fancied I saw the flutter of a petticoat through the trees, as I came up to the house.

"Acquaintance of yours, I believe-Miss Fiske."

"Miss Fiske !" There was unfeigned amazement in the echo.

"Anything wonderful about that?" inquired Whitaker, sharply. "I fancied hay, nay. His host diagnosed his comfrom what she said that you two were rather good friends.

"Just surprised-that's all," said Ember, recovering. "You see, I didn't that won't scratch." think the Fiske place was open this year."

He stared suspiciously at Whitaker, but the latter was transparently ingenuous.

"She expressed an unaccountable desire to see you-told me to tell you." "Oh? Such being the case, one would think she might've waited."

"She had just started home when you drove in." Whitsker explained with elaborate case, "She'd merely run over for a moment to inquire after my ankle, and couldn't wait. I say, who are the Fiskes, anyway?"

"Well . . . the Fiskes are the people who own the next cottage." "I know, but-"

"Oh, I never troubled to inquire; have a hazy notion liske does something in Wall street." Ember passed smoothly over this flaw in his professional omniscience. "How did you happen to meet her?"

"Oh, mere accident. Over on the beach this morning. I slipped and hurt my ankle. She-ah-happened along and brought me home in her motor boat."

"You haven't seen Drummond-or any signs of him. have you?"

"Eh-what?" Whitaker sat up, startled. "No, I . . . er . . how should I?"

"I merely wondered. You see, I ... Well, to tell the truth, I took the lib-



verely. "Go away from here instantly | recommend to your distinguished con-

He was out of earshot, within the bungalow, before Whitaker could think up an adequately insolent retort. He could, however, do no less than smile incredulously at the beautiful worldso much, at least, he owed to his selfrespect.

In the deepening twilight a mental shadow came to cloud the brightness of Whitaker's confident contentment. Neither good food nor good company seemed able to mitigate his sudden seizure of despondency. He sat glooming over his plate and glass, the burden of his conversation yea, yea and plaint from beneath shrewd eyebrows. "Whitaker," he said at length, "a pessimist has been defined as a dog

"Well?" said the other sourly.

"Come on. Be a sport. Have a good scratch on me."

Whitaker grinned reluctantly and briefly.

"Where's my wife?" he demanded abruptly.

"How in blazes-1"

"There you are !" Whitaker complained. "You make great pretensions, and yet you fall down flat on your foolish face three times in less than as many hours. You don't know who the Fiskes are, you've lost track of your pet myth, Drummond, and you don't know where I can find my wife."

"My dear man, I myself am begin ning to doubt her existence."

"I don't see why the dickens she doesn't go ahead with those divorce proceedings !" Whitaker remarked morosely.

"I've met few men so eager for full membership in the Alimony club. What's your hurry?"

"Oh, I don't know." Which was largely truth unveneered. "I'd like to get it over and done with."

surprised and puzzled to learn that Miss Fiske lives next door? Does he know where Sara Law now is?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO MORE ART IN THE HOME

Bungalows and Apartments of Today Have No Place for Great Plotures of Past.

"The future of art will be in moseums, as the future of the dead is in cemeteries," John L. Balderston quotes George Moore in The Atlantic. 'As I have said, after the art of the temple, the cathedral, and the palace, came the art of the house, which was the last phase; for now the art of the house is dead, since people no longer live in houses. They are all moving ungalows hich is t or, wl thing, into apartments-and in a bungalow there is no room for art. We have futile attempts at art for the bungalow, as we shall have pretended art for the Pullman car, for the motor for the aeroplane. The great pictures of the past, having hung in houses for centuries, are passing into museums not only because people are moving out of houses, but because new social ideas are destroying the great estates and making it impossible to keep valuable art works from one generation to another. In England now three death duties will break up the greatest estate in the kingdom. You say you still have houses in America and millionaires with money enough to buy pictures! Ah, but think of what they buy! It takes a lifetime to learn to recognize a good picture, and how can a man who has spent his best years making a fortune expect to know a masterplece when he sees it? When I was in Paris forty years ago your rich Americans were buying trash !"

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantage of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance

a hundred fold. Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or set from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the oldime recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. T ousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possible tell, as it darkens sc naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after anther application or two, its natural olor is restored and it becomes thick, clossy and lustrous, and you appear vears younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Com-ound is a delightful toilet requisite. it is not intended for the cure, mitiga-tion or prevention of disease.-Adv.

Getting Even. The druggist danced and chortled ill the bottles danced on the shelves. "What's up?" asked the soda clerk. Have you been taking something?" "No. But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last winter?" "Yes, but what----"

"Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription - Pittsburg Chronicle - Tele 'illed.' traph.

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

Quelling the Panic. One night at a theater some scenery ook fire and a very perceptible odor f burning alarmed the spectators. A

uctor appeared on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, 'compose yourselves. There is no dancer.

The audience did not seem reasured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued he comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion, "confound it all, do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed .-- Exchange.

Simple.

"The kalser is undoubtedly i a bad fix," remarked the chatty man; "one not so easy to get out of as that the city youngster found himself in on the 'arm. He was up on top of a tall hay-stack and shouted to the farmer: 'Say, Mr. Barnes, how am I goin' to get down?

"The farmer considered the problem and finally solved it.

"'Oh, jest shut yer eyes an' walk around a bit,' he said."-Exchange.

e love the

The Old Songs.

"I wonde old songs best?" asked the sentimental one "I think," said her workaday hearer, "it's because they're not sung so often."-Buffalo Express. 228 Alder St.,

Do you think that Ember is

But even with its aid, his progress toward the boat necessarily consumed a tedious time. It was impossible to favor the injured foot to any great extent. He made little or no attempt to converse while in motion, so she had plenty of opportunity to make up her mind about him.

If her eyes were a reliable index. she found him at least interesting. At times their expression was enigmatic beyond any reading. Again they seemed openly perplexed. At all times they were warily regardful. Once she sighed quietly with a passing look of sadness of which he was wholly unaware. .

"Odd-about that fellow," he observed during a halt. "I was sure he was Drummond-until I saw-"

"Drummond !"

"Friend of mine . . . You don't by any chance know Drummond, do you?"

"I've heard the name."

"You must have. Supposed to have committed suicide-jumped off Washington bridge a week before he was to marry Sara Law, the actress? . . I may as well tell you-it's no secret, although only a few people know it-Ember saw Drummond, or thinks he did, alive, in the flesh, a good half-hour after the time of his reported suicide."

"How very curious!" There was nothing more than civil but perfunctory interest in the comment. "Are you ready to go on?"

And another time, when they were near the boat:

"When do you expect Mr. Ember?" asked the girl.

"Tonight, probably."

"I shall be glad to see him," said the girl in what Whitaker thought a curious tone. "Please tell him, will you? Don't forget."

"If that's the way you feel about him, I shall be tempted to wire him not to come."

"Absurd !" she laughed.

loned by nature solely to set on in clear relief her ardent loveliness.

Whitaker, noting how swiftly the mainland shores were disclosing the finer details of their beauty, could have wished the bay ten times as wide.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mousetrap.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, Ember, appearing suddenly in front of the bungalow, discovered Whitaker sitting up in state; a comfortable wicker chair supported his body and a canvas-seated camp stool one of his feet; which last was discreetly velled in a dripping bath towel. Otherwise he was fastidiously arrayed in white fiannels and, by his scraphic smile and guileless expression, seemed abnormally at peace with his circum-

stances. Halting, Ember surveyed the spectacle with mocking disfavor.

"Hel-to !" he observed, beginning to draw off his gantlets as he ascended the veranda steps and dropped into "What the another wicker chair. deuce's the matter with you?"

"Game leg, thanks. Twisted my ankle again, this morning. Sum Fat has been doctoring it with intense enthuslasm, horse liniment and chopped ice. By tomorrow morning I'll be skipping like the silly old hills in the Scriptures."

"Hope so. Well, you must've had a pretty rotten stupid time of it, with that storm."

"Oh, not at all. I really enjoyed it," Whitaker protested.

"Oh, if you forgive me for leaving you alone so much, we'll call it square." Ember lifted his voice: "Sum Fat, ahoy !"

The Chinaman appeared in the doorway, as suddenly and silently as if magically materialized by the sound of his name.

with pigeon-toed eyes," said Humber so- ing exercise which I don't hesitate to peur own.

21 Ponco

He Rose on One Foot and Tested the Staff.

erty of camping on his trail, while in town. But I couldn't find any trace of him."

"Oh, I say !" Whitaker expostulated, touched by this evidence of disinterested thoughtfulness. "You persuade yourself too much, old man. You set up an inference and idolize it as an immortal truth. Why, you had me going for a while. Only last night there was a fellow skulking round here, and I was just dippy enough, thanks to your influence, to think he resembled Drummond. But this morning I got a good look at him, and he's no more Drummond than you are." Ember sat up, eyes snapping. "Who was he, then? Tell me about himeverything."

Whitaker resignedly delivered himself of the tale of the mare's-nest-as he still regarded it. When he had come to the lame conclusion thereof, Ember yawned and rose.

"What are you going to do about it?" Whitaker inquired with irony.

"Wash and make myself fit to eat "You're a sulphur-colored wizard sibly think a little. It's an exhilarat-

Good Work of American Chemists. Prior to August, 1914, ichthyol, an asphaltic material employed as an antiseptic medicament, was imported from Europe. It is derived from a bituminous rock, filled with fossil fish, that is found in the Austrian Tyrol. In view of the inadequacy of the foreign supply to meet the domestic de mand under present conditions, America has come to depend on its own resources. So far as known, there are in this country no deposits of asphaltic material of the peculiar type from which ichthyol is derived, but American chemists have solved the problem of supplying the domestic needs in this regard, and favorably recommended substitutes for ichthyol, prepared from domestic materials by synthetic meth-ods, are now available in the markets

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