



Suppose that you, aroused tonight by the stealthy presence of a masked prowler in your bedroom, covered him with your pistol just as he was about to plunge a long knife between your ribs—and discovered he was an old friend. Would you turn him over to the police and prosecute him, or would you assume he was crazy and have him sent to an asylum? Perhaps you will find an answer to such a problem in this installment.

Previous installments told how Hugh Whitaker, thinking he was about to die, married an innocent girl to save her honor, and left the country immediately. Five years later he returned to New York, healthy and wealthy, and found the wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, engaged to marry Drummond, his old friend. She disappeared. Drummond supposedly committed suicide, as her previous lovers had done. Whitaker was assaulted in the dark, and while recuperating at the country home of his friend, Martin Ember, discovered spies, fought them, and was helped by a charming and mysterious young lady living nearby.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Ember pushed back his chair and, rising, strolled to the door. "Moonrise and a fine, clear night," he said, staring through the wire mesh of the screen. "Wish you were well enough to go riding with me. However, you won't be laid up long, I fancy. And I'll be back day after tomorrow. Now I must cut along."

And within ten minutes Whitaker heard the motor car rattle off on the woodland road. He wasn't altogether sorry to be left to his own society, but in spite of his half-hearted perturbation and dissatisfaction, the weariness of a long, full day was so heavy upon him that he went to sleep almost before Sum Fat had finished making him comfortable.

Extinguishing the candle, the Chinaman, moving with the silent assurance of a cat in the dark, closed and latched the shutters, then sat down just outside the living-room door, to wait and watch, sleeplessly alert.

An hour passed in silence, and another, and yet another. Sum Fat sat motionless in the shadow, which blended so perfectly with his dark blue silk garments as to render him almost indistinguishable—a figure as patient and imperturbable as any bland, stout, graven god of his religion. But in time there fell upon his ears another sound, to which he stirred, if imperceptibly—drawing himself together, tensing and flexing his tired muscles while his eyes shifted quickly from one quarter to another of the darkened living room and the still more dark bedchamber.

And yet apparently all that had roused him was the drowsy whistle of a whippoorwill.

Then, with no other presage, a shadow flitted past one of the side windows, and in another reappeared more substantially on the veranda. Sum Fat grew altogether tense, his gaze fixed and exclusively focused upon that apparition.

Cautiously, noiselessly, edging inch by inch across the veranda, the man approached the door. It was open. A full, long minute elapsed. Even Sum Fat held his breath throughout that interminable reconnaissance.

At length, reassured, the man slipped into the room. Another minute; no sound detectable more untoward than that of steady respiration in the bedroom; with a movement as swift and sinister as the swoop of a vulture, the man sprang toward the bedroom door. Leaping from a sitting position, with a bound that was little less than a flight through the air, the Chinaman caught him halfway. There followed a shriek, a heavy fall that shook the bungalow, the report of a revolver, sounds of scuffling . . .

Whitaker, half dazed, found himself standing in the doorway, regardless of his injury.

He saw, as one who dreams and yet is conscious that he does but dream, Ember lighting candles—calmly applying the flame of a taper to one after another as he made a round of the sconces. Sum Fat was kneeling on all fours, above something that breathed heavily and struggled without avail.

Whitaker's sleep-numbed faculties cleared.

"Ember!" he cried. "What in the name of all things strange—"

Ember threw him a flickering smile. "Oh, there you are?" he said cheerfully. "I've got something interesting to show you. Sum Fat"—he stooped and picked up a revolver—"you may let him up now, if you think he's safe." "Safe enough." Sum Fat rose, grinning. "Had plenty."

He mounted guard beside the door.

For an instant his captive seemed reluctant to rise. Ember moved to his side and stood over him, balancing the revolver in his palm.

"Come," he said impatiently. "Up with you!"

The man sat up as if galvanized by fear, got more slowly to his knees, then, grasping the edge of the table, dragged himself laboriously to a standing position.

Whitaker's jaw dropped and his eyes widened with wonder and pity. He couldn't deny the man, yet he found it hard to believe that this quivering, shaken creature, with his lean and pasty face and desperate, glaring eyes, this man in rough, stained, soiled and shapeless garments, could be identical with the well-set-up, prosperous and confident man of affairs he remembered as Drummond. And yet they were one. Appalling to contemplate the swift, devastating course of moral degeneration, that had spread like gangrene through all the man's physical and mental fiber . . .

"Take a good look," Ember advised grimly. "How about that pet myth thing now? What price the astute sleuth—eh? Perhaps you'd like to take a few more funny cracks at my simple faith in hallucinations."

"I had a notion he'd be hanging around," Ember went on; "I thought I saw somebody hiding in the woods this afternoon; and then I was sure I saw him skulking round the edges of the clearing after dinner. So I set Sum Fat to watch, drove back to the village to mislead him, left my car there and walked back. And sure enough—"

Without comment, Whitaker, unable to stand any longer without discomfort, hobbled to a chair and sat down.

"Well?" Drummond demanded harshly in a quavering snarl. "Now that you've got me, what're you going to do with me?"

There was a high, hysterical accent in his voice that struck unpleasantly on Ember's ear. He cocked his head to one side, studying the man intently. Drummond flung himself a step away from the table, paused, and again faced his captors with bravado.

"Well?" he cried again. "Well?" Ember nodded toward Whitaker.

"Ask him," he said briefly.

Whitaker shook his head. It was difficult to think how to deal with this trapped animal, so wildly different from the cultivated gentleman he always had in mind when he thought of Drummond. The futility of attempting to deal with him according to any code recognized by men of honor was wretchedly apparent.

"Drummond," he said slowly, "I wish to God you hadn't done this thing." Drummond laughed discordantly. "Keep your mealy-mouthed compassion for yourself," he retorted, sneering.

Whitaker gave a gesture of despair. "If you'd only been content to keep out of the way . . . I if only you'd let me alone—"

"Then you let Sara Law alone, d'you hear?"

The interruption was little short of a shriek. Ember motioned to Sum Fat, who quietly drew nearer.

"I swear I don't know what to do or say—"

"Then shut up—"

"That'll be about all," Ember interposed quietly. At a glance from him, Sum Fat closed in swiftly and caught and plied Drummond's arms from behind.

A disgusting change took place in Drummond. In an instant he was struggling, screaming, slaving; his face congested, eyes staring, features working wildly as he turned and twisted in his efforts to free himself. Sum Fat

held him as he would have held an unruly child. When a break in Drummond's ravings came at length, together with a gradual weakening of the man's struggles, the detective turned to Whitaker.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't dare take any further chances. He'd have been at your throat in another minute. It isn't as if we had simply an everyday crook to deal with." Ember went on, approaching the man. "He's not to be trusted or reasoned with. He's just short of a raving morphomaniac, or I miss my guess."

With a quick movement he caught Drummond's left arm, pulled the sleeve of his coat back to the elbow, unbuttoned and turned back his cuff.

"Him—yes," he continued, bending over to inspect the exposed forearm, in spite of Drummond's efforts to twist away. "Deadly work of the busy little needle. Good Lord, he's fairly riddled with punctures!"

"That explains . . ." Whitaker muttered, sickened.

"It explains a lot," Ember readjusted the sleeve and turned away. "And it shows us our path of duty, clear," he continued, despite interruptions from the maddened drug fiend. "I think a nice little sojourn in a sanatorium—what?"

"Right," Whitaker agreed, relieved. "We'll see what a cure does for him before we indulge in criminal proceedings—shall we?"

"By all means."

"Good," Ember glanced at his watch. "I'll have to hurry along now—must be in town not later than nine o'clock this morning. I'll take him with me. No, don't worry—I can handle him easily. It's a bit of a walk to the village, but that will only help to quiet him down. I'll be back tomorrow; meanwhile, you'll be able to sleep soundly unless—"

He checked, frowning thoughtfully. "Unless what?"

Ember jerked his head to indicate the prisoner. "Of course, this isn't by any chance the fellow you mixed it up with over on the beach—and so forth?"

"Nothing like him."

"Queer. I can't find any trace of him—the other one—nor can I account for him. He doesn't seem to fit in any-



The Chinaman Caught Him Half Way.

where. However"—his expression lightened—"I daresay you were right; he's probably only some idle, light-fingered prowler. I'd keep my eyes open for him, but I don't really believe you need worry much."

Within ten minutes he was off on his lonely tramp through two miles of woodland and as many more of little-traveled country, at dead of night, with a madman in handcuffs for sole company.

CHAPTER XII.

Offshore.

"You ask me, I think very excellent quick cure."

Sum Fat tenderly adjusted the canvas brace, and then with infinite care inserted the foot in a high-cut canvas tennis shoe.

He stood up, beaming with benevolent interest. "You take it easy one day or two—no walk much—just loaf—no go see pretty ladies—"

"Go 'way, you heathen—go clean your teeth!" cried Whitaker, indignantly.

"—and I think be all well and sound," concluded Sum Fat.

He waddled away, chuckling. Whitaker got up, and with the aid of a cane made a number of tentative experiments in short-distance pedestrianism. The results were highly satisfactory; he felt little or no pain. On the other hand, he felt the advice to which he had just listened was sound; it would be unwise to attempt a neighborly call within at least another twenty-four hours.

He resumed his chair on the veranda and sighed. It was late afternoon, and he was lonely. He inclined to snike. The trouble with him was (he began

to realize) that he had lived too long a hermit. For six years he had been practically isolated and cut off from the better half of existence; femininity had formed no factor in his cosmos. But now, of a sudden, he had been granted a flash of insight into the true significance of companionship between a man and a woman who had something in common aside from community in their generation. Not two hours altogether of such intercourse had been his, but it had been enough to infuse all his consciousness with a vague but irking discontent.

He had lashed himself into a very respectable transport of resentful rage when, chancing to lift his eyes from their absorbed study of the planks composing the veranda floor, he discovered a motor boat at the landing stage. At once a smile of childlike serenity displaced the scowl.

The woman made the little vessel fast and, turning, came swinging up the gentle slope to the veranda, ease and strength and joy of living inherent in every flowing movement.

No imaginable consideration, however selfish, could have kept Whitaker any longer in his chair.

What do you think was Drummond's purpose in killing Whitaker? Is there any connection between Miss Fliske and Drummond?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL

She Was Just the Same as Her Ultra Modern Daughter in the Way of Gadding.

Mother finally became tired of the way daughter was acting, according to a writer in the Fort Worth Star Telegram, and she said to her: "You never do anything but gad about. When I was your age I tried to take some of the work off my poor mother's back. I didn't want to spend all my time with some silly, giggling girl like that chum of yours." After listening to this, daughter went to grandma and said to her: "You must have had an awfully easy time when mamma was growing up. She stayed at home almost all the time, and helped you with the cooking, milking, washing and other work." Then said grandma: "She helped me with the work I'd like to know when she helped me. Day and night, week in and week out, she was running around with some silly girl, and she never once turned her hand to help me with anything. I made every stitch of her clothes, did all her washing and ironed every rag she ever wore. Now, when I was a girl I really worked. In my time girls didn't run around like they did in your mother's day."

Why He Was Sick.

A mother whose son was sentenced to the Marion county workhouse recently from juvenile court, entered court a few days ago, and said that she wished to speak to Judge Frank J. Lahr in regard to her son, says the Indianapolis News.

"Judge," said the woman, "I was out at the workhouse yesterday, and my boy tells me he is not getting enough to eat. I think something ought to be done about it."

Judge Lahr assured the woman that the son's assertion could not be true, but when she insisted, he called the superintendent by telephone and inquired.

"Hold the phone a minute," said the superintendent, "and I'll look him up."

"Hello, judge," finally came back over the wire, "that man is working as a cook, and is sick today from eating too much at his work."

Cause for Alarm.

"My nephew, Virgil Pucker, had been sick for quite awhile," related old Riley Rezzidew, "and as soon as he was able to totter around in the house he waddled out into the kitchen. Presently we heard a thud, and ran there to find him senseless on the floor. When he came to himself he told us that it was practically all over with him—he new he would never be any better, for his face was so bulged and twisted out of shape that nobody could possibly look as he did and live longer. It was sometime before we discovered that he had been looking at himself in the old mirror over the sink."—Kansas City Star.

The Bargaining Instinct.

"You took your boy to a circus to reward him for being good?" "Yes. And then he decided it wasn't much of a circus and tried to be bad enough to make sure he wasn't being cheated."

Perfumery From France.

France exported to this country last year more than \$3,000,000 worth of perfumery and soap. This was nearly double the amount bought during the previous year.

In a Bad Way.

When expense and profit run neck and neck then the owner is not running his business; the business is running him.

LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring Back its Color and Lustre with Grandma's Sage Tea Recipe.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Adv.

Advance by Retrogression.

The rookie was being taken to the guard house.

"Quick promotion," he muttered to himself. "I am already in charge of a squad of men."—Boston Transcript.

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.

In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system, the "Prescription" never fails to benefit or cure. Bearing-down pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, weak back, and all kindred ailments are completely cured by it. It's a marvelous remedy for nervous and general debility, insomnia, or inability to Sleep, Spasms, Convulsions or Fits.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) will be sent free on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps to pay cost of printing and mailing only. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative; two or three are cathartic.—Adv.

Temperamental Science.

"Do electrical wires have to be made of well-tempered metal?"

"I don't know. They seem to get into mischief every time they're crossed."—Exchange.

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

Why Bald So Young?

Dandruff and dry scalp usually the cause and Cuticura the remedy. Rub the Ointment into scalp. Follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. For free sample address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

His Simple Request.

"I am now prepared to answer any questions you may care to ask," said the lecturer.

"Any one barred?" asked a man in the audience.

"Certainly not" replied the man on the platform.

"Then just wait a few minutes, will you mister, till I run home and get that four-year-old kid of mine. He's got a few hard ones that I'd like to have you answer for me."—Detroit Free Press.

It takes Congress to settle a strike, but an unruly stomach is subdued by Garfield Tea.—Adv.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Hot, Swollen, Tender, Aching Feet. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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