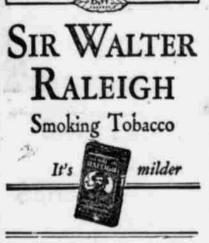


BUT why smoke a pipe that smells like burning insulation?... The poor chap probably never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. He doesn't know there's a tobacco so mild and fragrant it gets the O. K. of even the fussiest pipe-sniffer. He doesn't know that true mildness needn't sacrifice body, flavor and "kick." He doesn't know he can smoke a pipe all day long without getting himself or anybody else all hot and bothered. In other words, he hasn't met Sir Walter Raleigh. Some day he will. Let's hope it's soon.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe (Hist Na. 4) Don't use a sharp knife to clean out the carbon. You may cut through the cake and chip the wood. A lot of little "wood spots" take away from the sweetness of a pipe. Use a dull knife or reamer. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 98. BW



Bug vs. Bug

by J. S. FLETCHER **Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS**

(C, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

The Mazaroff Mystery

The most casual eye would pick out Salim Mazaroff as a notable figure, a man of affairs, who rightfully claimed the attention of the multitude; yet there was a geniality about him, a de-mocracy of manner, which reserved him no pinnacle above his follows but made him one of them. There was an element of mystery about him too, but it was not the sort to produce susplcion, but rather, of the type to intrigue

The most casual eye would pick out

and invite a friendly interest. Being so obviously a real man and so affable and open-handed, he was about the last person in the world one would think of as likely to have created powerful enmittee or of being the object of a sinister pursuit and re-venge. Why should anyone wish to do harm to this able, generous and thoroughly likable individual?

Facts being as they were and no dark chapters in his life even hinted at, it became all the more strange that such things as afterward developed should have befallen him; that he should have become the center of a mystery that was cunning, cruel and baffling.

This is a typical J. S. Fletcher story of the puzzle variety. This author's popularity rests upon the fact that he always has an entertaining tale to tell and tells it ably. His people are always human and he never loses track of the many threads in his mystery or fails to work out his puzzles satisfactorily.



Mr. Mazaroff -1-

ft was Dick Harker who first put me in .ouch with the man whose mysterious murder, while in my company, formed the basis of what came to be famous in three continents as the Mazaroff affair. Harker and I were old schoolfellows; we entered the army together as subalterns; we were in the same battalion throughout the great war; we were wounded on the same day, and in the same scrap-a fortnight before the armistice; we were sent to the same home hospital and were eventually discharged from it at the same time, each unfit for any further military service, but fortanately in possession of our full complement of limbs. Harker walked into my rooms one morning while I was still at breakfast, and flung down a copy of the Times, indicating a bluepenciled advertisement in the "Personal" column.

"That's your job, Mervyn," he said ta his usual direct fashion. "Get busy !"

I took up the paper and rend the advertisement before making any remark.

"The advertiser, who has recently returned to England after a prolonged absence, and is desirous of making an extensive tour through the northern shires, in his private automobile. desires the company of a bright, soclable, well-educated, and well-informed young gentleman, preferably an ex-officer, invalided out of the service. Applications, with full and precise details and references, to be addressed Box M. 5343, the Times. E.C.4" I think it was more out of curiesity than anything that I replied to that advertisement, setting forth my qualifications and detailing my references. Yet I never expected any reply: I knew well enough that there were hundreds of men whose qualifications and references would be just as good as my own-why should I be singled out? It was therefore with a good deal of surprise that, about a fortnight later, I received and read the following letter:

W. N. U. Service and we'll be right as rain. Come by I was certain that wherever or how- [ever Mr. Mazaroff had come by his five o'clock. That'll suit you? Good ! And now we'll just go down and take un-English name, he himself was a

Scotsman; there was no mistaking "I hope you're feeling quite well again after your wounds?" he asked. "Quite fit, thank you," I answered. "Fit for light work, anyway." "Aye, well," he said, nodding, "as I said in my letter, I think you and I'll get on very pleasantly, if you care

to come with an old fellow like me." "I shall be pleased to go with you," I answered. "I hope I shall be able to do all you want. You think I shall?"

his accent.

"It's little I want but company," he replied. "I'm a lone man-neither kith, kin, nor friends. I've been out of this country many years, and now I'm back I just want to dander round a bit, reeing places. An idle time, eb?"

"You've no fixed plan?" I inquired, "No more than that we'll just get into my car and go north," he answered. "Stopping where we like and



when we like. I'll tell you I've a fancy for old towns, anything old

a bit of lunch together." Mr. Mazaroff and I spent a couple of hours over that lunch and our cigars and coffee. He proved himself a knowing and generous host, and a great talker. His talk was worth listening to, 1 soon discovered that he had seen many strange places and peoples; without giving me any definite information about himself or his pursuits, he let me know that he had traveled extensively in various outof-the-way parts of Asia and Africa, Presently I left him and went away to make ready for our journey; at five o'clock I was back at the hotel with my luggage, and by a quarter past we were off.

We followed out Mazaroff's line of going as far as we liked, and stopping where and when we chose. It was difficult to get him away from towns like Stamford and Granthamat York, after a preliminary inspection of the old city, he announced his intention of staying a week; we stopped ten days.

All the way north, he was never tired of drawing me out about the war, and my own doings in it. It was of no use to profess that one had forgotten; he would have the whole tale. And for all the youngsters who had done their bit he professed an admiration which was akin to veritable hero worship,

We got on together splendidly-he was an excellent, a fatherly and brotherly companion. At the end of a month he and I were inseparables, We had then run into the crisp October weather of the north, and were on the southern edge of Northumberland, There, after consulting his map, he gave his chauffeur orders to cut across country, north by west, making by way of Hexham and Wark for the wild lands beyond, and for a particular place marked on the chart as the Woodcock Inn on Marrasdale moor.

When, rounding a heather-clad bluff that sloped sharply down to our track, we came in sight of the Woodcock inn, I was amazed to think that a hostelry should be found in such a desert. It stood, a gaunt gray mass of stone, on the edge of a great moor ringed about by high hills-as veritable a solitude as one could set eyes on. Beyond it there was not a

sign of human life or habitation, "What an extraordinary place for exclatmed a

"It was Haneshaws that had h when I was last here," murmured my companion. "Dead and gone, no doubt, all of them ! And this man no doubt'll be Musgrave."

A man had appeared at the open door, and was coming across the road to us. He was a middle-aged, goodlooking fellow. Behind him came a woman, a sharp-featured, alert, quickly observing woman, who slipped past the man and gained the side of our car first. It was she who did the talking.

"Good day, ma'am," said Mr. Mazaroff, "You'll be the landlady, no doubt?-and this'll be your husband? Aye, well now, we're thinking of breaking our journey here for a day or two, perhaps for two or three, just to look around this grand country of yours. You'll have accommodation?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, strl" answered the woman, taking in the car and its occupants with appraising eyes. "Since this motoring became fashionable we've a lot of custom, and we're prepared for it. I think you'll find it comfortable, sir," as she led the way inside. "We've had customers here that said they were sorry to leave it. There's a sitting room here, sir, that you can have all to yourselves."

She showed us into an old-fashioned parlor, snugly furnished with solid old stuff, and lighted by tall, narrow windows that looked out on the moor and the hills: Mr. Mazaroff, at the mere sight of it, gave a grunt of pleased satisfaction.

"Aye, aye!" he said. "This'll do grandly-keep this room for me, ma'am, as long as we stop. Holt !" he exclaimed, when he had conferred with the landlady about dinner that evening and she had left us to ourselves. "This is the cort of place I've dreamed of, many and many a time when I've been in places where there wasn't the shade of a wall nor the leaf of a tree to creep under-a cool. gray, sleepy, place where time seems to stand still. I like this, ifolt-and we'll just have a look round before our dinner."

We went out to look round. It needed small powers of observation on my part to show me that Mr. Mazaroff was as well acquainted with this old wayside inn as its inadiord and landlady were. I could see that he knew every stone of the ancient buildings and every yard of their surroundings. There was a walled garden at the side of the house ; he wandered about it with the familiarity of a man who has known a place intimately. As we were coming out of it, we saw Musgrave at its gate.

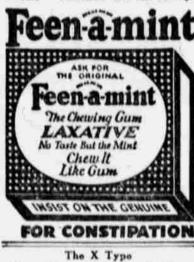
We had come up to the gate and as Musgrave was about to open it, two indies came in view from behind the high wall, walking along the half-

grass track by which we had motored

our journey. Musgrave lifted his hat

that slug sluggish

Put yourself right with nature by chowing Feen - a - mint. Works mildly but effectively in small doses. Modern - safe - scientific. For the family,



Dean Herbert Hawkes of Columbla was talking about the revised curriculum to go into effect in the autumn, "The change," he said, "will make university life pleasanter, but It won't make it laxer. Quite the contrary.

"I think it will do away with the student of Exe's type.

"Young Exe sauntered into a telegraph office and wrote out a telegram. The clerk ran over it several times, then he said :

"'I can't make out whether this reads "no funds" or "no fun.",

"'Oh, well,' sold Exe, 'what's the difference?"



Mothers ... Watch Children's COLDS

"OMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. Don't take a chance - at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole once every hour for five hours. Children's Musterole is just good old

Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form. Working like the trained masseur, this

famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out



A fidernal parasite named coccophagus guerneyl, introduced into California from Australia last year. has attacked as many as 50 per cent of the mealy bugs in some orchards

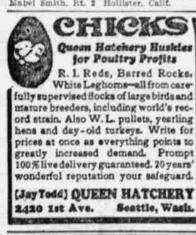
Make dresses bright as new!

DIAMOND DYES are easy to use; go on smoothly and evenly; make dresses, drapes, lingerie look NEW. Never a trace of that re-dyed look when Diamond Dyes are used. Just true, even, new colors that hold their own through the hardest wear and washing. Diamond Dyes owe their superiori-

ty to the abundance of pure anilines they contain. Cost more to make? Surely. But you pay no more for them. All dealers-15c.

Diamond Dyes Highest Quality for 50 Years

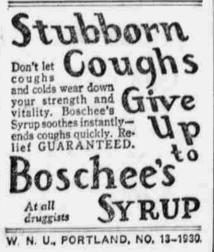
ACTS OF OBEDIENCE for Divine Healing, 10c prayer free, God's power destroys disease, at home or in Falth Hanatorium. Mabel Smith, Rt. 2 Hollister, Calif.



Quarreling Again

Mrs. Gadjoy-Oh, Henry, I won three straight rubbers of bridge this afternoon.

Mr. Gadjoy-How many did you win that weren't straight?



"Hotel Cecil,

"Sth September, 1919. "My Dear Sir, I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 23rd August. I think you and I would get on together very pleasantly, and I shall be further obliged to you if you will call on me at this hotel tomorrow morning about balf past twelve o'clock so that we may have a little talk. I remain, my dear sir,

"Truly yours, "SALIM MAZAROFF."

I walked into the Hotel Cecil next morning at precisely twelve-thirty. Eivdently Mr. Mazaroff had already given certain instructions about me, for as soon as I inquired for him. I. in my turn, was asked if I was Mr. Mervyn Holt, and on my assenting. was handed over to an attendant who whisked me off to a private-and palatial-suite of rooms. He installed me in an ante-chamber, tapped at an inner door, murmured my name to somehody within, closed the door, informed me that Mr. Mazaroff wouldn't keep me one minute, and went away. And I discovered at once that Mr. Mazaroff was really a man of his word, for before a minute had gone, the door opened again, and he stood there with outstretched hand.

I took a good look at him as I went forward. I judged him to be about six feet in height; his breadth corresponded; altogether be gave one the impression of bigness and solidity His age it was difficult to estimate; his brown hair and beard were grizzled, and between his eyes and his mustache there was a good deal of seam and wrinkle; he looked like a man who has weathered storms, and been under fierce suns and drying winds. There was a distinctive air of good nature, good humor, even of benevolence, about him, but it was somewhat discounted by a long, sharp nose and close-set, small eyes, and further by a cast in the left eye. But his smile was pleasant enough ; so was the twinkle of his eyes, and there was nothing cold nor formal about his handshake.

"Glad to see you,' he said, almost brusquely.

and gray and cool. You take me? "The Great North road, then, will be a good route to follow?" I said. "I know that road and its surroundings-well !"

"That's it !" he exclaimed, joyfully. 'We'll do very well-just progressing northward. I've no particular object -except that when we get far north, there's a place I want to turn aside to -Marrasdale moor-just to renew acquaintance. What about terms, now?" he asked, diffidently.

"I think I ought to leave that to you, Mr. Mazaroff." I answered. "I'd prefer to."

He gave a sigh of what, it was plain, was sheer relief.

"That's just what I'd like you to do," he said, simply. "That's a thing that gentlemen shouldn't bargain about. Leave it to me-you'll not regret it. I'm a very rich man, inddie, and rich men are entitled to have their little games and fancles, eh? Very well, now-and when can you be ready to start?"

"Any time, with a couple of hours' notice," I replied, "Good-good !" he exclaimed. "Then

I'll just tell you what we'll do, Holt. Bring your kit along here this afternoon, and we'll start about five o'clock and run gently along as far as we like before dinner time-there'll be some old town where we can spend a penceful evening and a quiet night in an old-fashloned hotel. I've a fine Rolls-Royce car in the garage, and a thoroughly dependable chauffeur, Webster, a trusty, good, sensible fellow,

Quantities of Amber Found in Baltic Basin

Amber has been mined for hundreds | of amber. Failure to do so leads to a of years in the so-called blue earth of the Baltic basin. It is classified as a fossil resin and geologists believe that several species of pines have had a part in the formation of the amber of the Baitic basin.

Pieces of amber are torn from the sea floor and cast up by the waves. They are collected at ebb tide by searchers who sometimes wade into the sea and with nets attached to long poles drag to the beach the seaweed containing entangled masses of amber. Dredges have also been used. Lithuanian raw amber is the property of the government. Each finder has to deliver the pieces to administrators of the state's central depots

Term of Contempt

"Wop" is shortened from "wappa rouss," a Sicilian localism for a goodfor-nothing fellow.

New York city's population has increased tenfold since 1850.

n inn!" nearer. "What custom can they get during the last three or four miles of there?"

"I know this country," Marazoff said. "Used to come here when I was a youngster, And though it's true there isn't a sign of life about us except what's signified by the old inn yonder, it's not such a desert as it looks at first sight. There's nothing on the moor-Marrasdale moor-but you'll observe that there's valleys cutting in between the hills that run down to its edge? Well, there's vilinges in those valleys, and farmstends, too, and more than one sizable country house. I mind them all well enough, laddle, though it's more years than I care to estimate since I set eyes on them!"

"There'll be people you remember," I suggested, "and who'll remember TOU?"

"Not after all these years!" he answered quickly. "And between you and me and the post, Holt, I've no wish to remember people, nor-more particularly-to be remembered by anybody. I don't want it to be known that I'm other than a complete stran-

ger to the place." I was wondering why he should be so mysterious about this, when we drew up at the door of the inn,

There was a plain board sign over the wide, open door, undecorated save for a faded painting of a woodcock flying across a mooriand scene. Beneath it, in tarnished gilt letters appeared the words: "The Woodcock Inn by James Musgrave."

Amber has found its greatest use in

the fashioning of ornaments. Artisans

who makes necklaces, bracelets and

brooches turn the amber on a lathe

and polish it with whitening and

water, or with stone and oil, the final

inster being imparted by friction with

as they glanced in our direction; each gave him a nod and a smile as they passed on before the front of the inn. At one of them I merely looked; to the other I gave more attention. She was a girl of possibly twenty-one or two years, brown-haired, light-colored, slim and graceful in her country cout and skirt, distractingly pretty, as 1 could see in that brief giance; the other was a tail, handsome woman of middle age, somewhat stern and cold in manner, despite the gracious response which she made to the landlord's civil greeting. From their dress and appearance these were evidently folk of consequence.

I glanced at Mr. Mazaroff as the indies disappeared. He was gazing after them, it seemed to me with unusual attention.

"Neighbors of yours?" he asked suddenly, turning to Musgrave.

"That's Mrs. Elphinstone, sir, of Marrasdale tower," replied the landlord. "That's the big old house across the moor. Used to belong to Sir Richard Cotgreave, did Marrasdale tower-been in that family hundreds of years, by all accounts. When Sir Richard died, a few years since, this Mr. Elphinstone bought the place and came to live here: most of the land hereabouts is his."

"Mrs. Elphinstone, ch," said Mr. Mazaroff. "And the young lady?-Miss Elphinstone, of course."

"No, sir," replied Musgrave. "The young lady is Miss Merchison-Miss Sheila, as we all call her. Mrs. Elphinstone's daughter by a previous marriage, sir."

I fancied I detected renewed interest in the expression of Mr. Mazaroff's face during this explanation. But he was a good hand at concealing his thoughts, and he turned and waved his hand toward the wide prospect before us.

"So Mr. Elphinstone of Marrasdale tower owns most of what we see?" he suggested.

"Well, not what you might call most, sir," replied Musgrave. Those moors to the south and east, sir, High Cap moors, they belong to a London gentleman, Mr. Verner Courthope, a banker. He's got a shooting box right in the middle of 'em-High Cap lodge they call it-and he's there now, with a small shooting party.

With occasional bits of gossip of this sort, out first evening at the Woodcock went off very pleasantly, I wondered what we were going to do with ourselves next day in so solitary a place. But Mr. Mazaroff, it seemed. had notions of his own, which he promptly explained on coming down to breakfast.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



infection and pain

Mrs. A .- My husband admires everything about me-my hair, my eyes, my hands, my voice-Mrs. B .- Well, what do you admire

about him? Mrs. A .- Why, his good taste,

Gold Mining in Nova Scotia

Gold mining has had a distinct revival in Nova Scotla during the last few years, and operations are reported on a dozen or more old mines. Production, however, is still limited to a few thousand ounces annually.

÷.

M



"About ten years ago I got so weak and rundown that I felt miserable all over. One day my husband said, 'Why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' When I had taken two bottles I felt better so I kept on. My little daughter was born when I had been married twelve years. Even my doctor said, 'It's wonderful stuff.' You may publish this letter for I want all the world to know how this medicine has helped me."-Mrs. Horten Jones, 208 48th Street, Union City, N. J.



him, so he left it for his friend, writing on it in chalk : "Take my shovel out, Mike, I've for-

gotten it !" But friend Michael knew Pat of old.

and refused to be caught by such a trick. So he rubbed the message off and substituted one of his own:

"Take it out yourself. I've never seen it."-London Answers.

Chalk That Up Pat O'Hara and Mike Murphy (who strangely enough, were Irishmen) had taken jobs at a colliery. Pat one

morning broke his shovel when he was down in the mine. He was too lazy, however, to take it to the surface with

charge of embezzlement.

flannel.-New York Times.