

"Do I smell
a short circuit,
or your pipe?"



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
(Hint No. 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.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

Bug vs. Bug

A Lethal parasite named coccophagus guenelei, 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 superiority 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

FACTS OF OBEDIENCE for Divine Healing. The prayer tree, God's power destroys disease, at home or in Faith Sanatorium. Isabel Smith, Rt. 2 Hollister, Calif.

CHICKS
Queen Hatchery Hustles for Poultry Profits

R. I. Reds, Barred Rocks, White Leghorns—all from carefully supervised flocks of large birds and mature breeders, including world's record strain. Also W. L. pullets, yearling hens and day-old turkeys. Write for prices at once as everything points to greatly increased demand. Prompt 100% live delivery guaranteed. 20 years' wonderful reputation your safeguard. (Jay Todd) QUEEN HATCHERY 2420 1st Ave. Seattle, Wash.

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?

Stubborn Coughs Give Up to Boschee's SYRUP
Don't let coughs and colds wear down your strength and vitality. Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly—ends coughs quickly. Relief GUARANTEED.

At all drug stores
W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 13-1932.

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J. S. FLETCHER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

(©. by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)
W. N. U. Service

I was certain that wherever or however Mr. Mazaroff had come by his un-English name, he himself was a Scotsman; there was no mistaking his accent.

"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?"

"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, seeing places. An idle time, eh?"

"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

CHAPTER I

Mr. Mazaroff

it was Dick Harker who first put me in touch 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; 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 fortunately 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 blue-penciled advertisement in the "Personal" column.

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

I took up the paper and read 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, sociable, 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 curiosity 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:

"Hotel Cecil, "8th 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 half 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. Evidently 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 Hoyt, 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 somebody 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 he 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 obscured by a long, sharp nose and crooked mouth, 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.



Mr. Mazaroff and I Spent a Couple of Hours Over That Lunch and Our Cigars and Coffee.

when we like. I'll tell you I've a fancy for old towns, anything old 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, I add, and rich men are entitled to have their little games and fancies, 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. Hoyt. 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 peaceful evening and a quiet night in an old-fashioned hotel. I've a fine Rolls-Royce car in the garage, and a thoroughly dependable chauffeur, Webster, a trusty, good, sensible fellow,

and we'll be right as rain. Come by five o'clock. That'll suit you? Good! And now we'll just go down and take 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. I soon discovered that he had been 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 out-of-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 Grantham—at 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 inseparable. 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—a veritable solitude as one could set eyes on. Beyond it there was not a sign of human life or habitation.

"What an extraordinary place for an Inn!" I exclaimed as we moved nearer. "What custom can they get there?"

"I know this country," Mazaroff 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 villages in those valleys, and farmsteads, too, and more than one sizable country house. I mind them all well enough, I add, 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 you?"

"Not after all these years!" he answered quickly. "And between you and me and the post, Hoyt, 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 stranger 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 moorland scene. Beneath it, in tarnished gilt letters appeared the words: "The Woodcock Inn by James Musgrave."

I glanced at Mr. Mazaroff as the ladies 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 Cotgrave, 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, eh," 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 Courtispe, 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, our 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.

"Take my shovel out, Mike, I've forgotten 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.

Term of Contempt

"Wop" is shortened from "wappanrous," a Sallian localism for a good-for-nothing fellow.

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

"It was Jhaneshaw that had it 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, good-looking 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, sir!" 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. Hoyt!" he exclaimed, when he had conferred with the landlady about dinner that evening and she had left us to ourselves. "This is the sort 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, Hoyt—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 landlord 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 ladies came in view from behind the high wall, walking along the high grass track by which we had motored during the last three or four miles of our journey. Musgrave lifted his hat 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 coat and skirt, distractingly pretty, as I could see in that brief glance; the other was a tall, 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.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

that sluggish feeling

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



The X Type

Dean Herbert Hawkes of Columbia 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 snarled 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," said Exe, "what's the difference?"



Mothers... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON 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 Muterole once every hour for five hours.

Children's Muterole is just good old Muterole, 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 infection and pain.

Keep full strength Muterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Muterole for little tots. All druggists.



Admiration
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 Scotia 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.



Wants All the World to Know

"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.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound