...ver Dreams He Killed Rival and Surrenders to Marshal.

By LOUISE PARKS BELL.

...ey banged the door behind him ...sly, and slung his hat into the ...st corner of the room. Up and ... the narrow floor he paced nerv... his mind going over and over ...ating events of the evening.

... a sultry night in mid-August, ...n he had lounged down to the ...n the corner he had been in ...ant frame of mind. It had ...ong day, and the whole heat ...wn had seemed concentrated ...tiny dry goods store. All the ...tiresome and exacting customers ...ne county had come in, it seemed ...Bailey; a never ending stream of ...etful women, worn out by the beating rays of the sun.

Supper had not been an enjoyable meal; Mrs. Wilson's baby had cried all the time, the flies had buzzed more persistently than ever, and never had food looked more uninviting. A dense pall of suffocating heat hung over the town as Bailey drifted to the bar.

He was not a drinking man ordinarily, but Ethel was out of town, and he felt a restless craving for companionship. Of course he drank too much; at the time it seemed to be the only way of cooling off. It failed of its effect, however, and before he knew it he and Calvert were engaged in a bitter quarrel. The original cause was trifling, but it was soon lost sight of, and the long-smoldering enmity between the two suitors for the same girl broke forth unrestrained. Calvert's final taunt was fresh in his ears as he paced the floor, that sutble assurance of success and peer at his pretensions.

Bailey clenched his fists again. Impotent hatred raged within him, and his thoughts were black.

Presently he calmed down a little, and the close atmosphere began to oppress him. He undressed languidly, flinging his clothes here and there, and breathing heavily. He went out in the hall when he had donned his pajamas and brought in a pitcher of water, which he put down on the table beside his bed. He poured some out in a glass and took a sip, grimacing at its tepid taste. Setting it down, he lay down on the bed and tried to sleep.

The heat-laden air pressed down on him, he turned restlessly from one side to the other, vainly seeking comfort. After an interminable time he fell asleep, an uneasy, broken slumber that was worse than wakefulness.

At last he gave up the attempt to rest, and got up to see if it was cooler by the window. He stood there for a few seconds, breathing the same suffocating air. Not a leaf stirred anywhere, the very moon loomed red and most low in the sky.

Footsteps sounded down the deserted street. Bailey leaned out to see who the nocturnal wanderer could be. With a start he recognized Calvert, Calvert swinging along jauntily, and whistling the wedding march confidently.

That was the final straw. All the pent-up passions of the evening rushed to the surface, and almost involuntarily Bailey opened his door and stealthily crept down the stairs. The front door stood ajar, only the screen was hooked. Hurriedly he unfastened that, and hastened up the street after the unconscious Calvert.

As he went his mind was busy. Calvert lived on the other side of the river, and would have to cross the rickety old bridge that spanned it. If he went fast he could overtake him there, and it would look like an accident.

Bailey quickened his pace until he was almost running. His victim never turned his head, but went on whistling to his doom.

At the bridge Bailey was but a step or two behind. In the middle of the bridge he made up that distance, and dealt Calvert a crashing blow behind the ear. He dropped like a log.

Bailey looked all around cautiously. The moon had gone behind a cloud, and the placid little village lay on the river bank undisturbed. Not a sound broke the silence, not a murmur attested that his crime had been witnessed.

He had to force himself to touch that limp figure lying there so still, but the fear that the moon might come out made him hurry. He gathered it up gingerly, and with a mighty effort flung it over the railing.

With a splash the body disappeared, and as it sank the moon came out three times brighter than before. Bailey leaned on the rail and watched the ripples, sick at heart.

He knew Calvert could not swim, and even if he recovered from his swoon at once he could not make his way to the shore. Yet somehow that knowledge did not cheer Bailey. He shuddered as he stared at the ripples, slowly dying away.

His thoughts drifted into a new channel. How would Ethel take the news, he wondered. A sudden pang smote his heart. He had pretended to love her—and yet, if she had cared for Calvert he had destroyed her future happiness. And if Calvert's words had not been true he had ruined his own chances. He could not go to her with his hands stained crimson with human blood.

Realization of what he had done swept over him like a flood. Suppose Calvert had lied—and it was possible—why had he not questioned Ethel, instead of letting his passions rule him? His love seemed a selfish and ...thing. He clung to ...ing, half determined to end it ... sink to rest beside his victim.

Somewhere within him a ... feeling stirred. Since he had ... this thing he were a coward to ... the consequences, he must bear ... punishment. He would go and ... himself up to the law.

His decision made, he cast one ...ing glance at the river beneath ... lying calm and motionless in the ... moonlight. With steady ste... pursued his way to the home ... town marshal, in whose portl... son was embodied the majesty ... village law.

He rang the bell with a deter... hand, and as its deep tones died ... a fluttering night-shirt appea... the door.

"Well, what is it?" boomed o... massive figure adding in a lowe... ble, "It's a good thing it's so ... can't sleep, with people coming ... time of night."

Bailey felt a sense of some... strange creeping over him. He h... make a mighty effort to reca... purpose in coming hither. But ... a moment his memory and resol... returned, and he spoke clearly ... firmly.

"I have come," he announced ... give myself up for the murder o... Calvert."

"Well, I'll be dinged!" ejacu... the marshal. "Well, I'll be dinged"

He sat weakly down on the d... step.

"It's Tom Bailey, as I live," he mu... mured huskily. Then he turned his ... head and called, "Wes, you and Roy ... come down here right away."

Bailey brushed aside these interruptions.

"I'm ready to go to jail," he declared.

The marshal rose and surveyed him from head to toe.

"Heat, I guess," he remarked, slowly shaking his head. "Light the lamp in there," he directed to some one in the hall.

The light flared up brightly. Bailey gasped. Standing beside the table, arrayed in brilliant pajamas, was Wesley Stevens, the marshal's son—and behind him was Roy Calvert!

He knew it could not be true, and strove to tear his fascinated gaze from the hallucination.

The elder Stevens spoke.

"It's lucky you stayed here with Wes tonight, Roy," he rumbled, "or I'd have been locking Tom up. He says he's murdered you."

The specter broke into strangely human laughter.

"It must be the heat," it declared in earthly tones, "or else—Tom, what are you carrying in your left hand?"

For the first time Bailey realized that he held something. He looked down. In his left hand he was carrying a glass of water, full to the brim.

"Wh—what!" he gasped.

"You've been dreaming, old fellow!" cried Calvert, coming forward and clapping Bailey on the shoulder with a force that dispelled all doubts as to his reality, "and you walked down here in your sleep, carrying that water. Don't you remember, Wes, how he used to walk in his sleep when we were kids, and carry anything that was by his bed along with him?"

Wes corroborated this with an emphatic nod.

"I was teasing you down at Moore's tonight," continued Calvert, "and I guess I went a little too far. This heat has made us all bughouse. So that and the heat made you dream you killed me."

"Yes, the heat," echoed Bailey, not quite recovered from the shock of his awakening.

"Well, go on home and get some sleep now," said the marshal. "You can't sleep now—see, it's beginning to rain. This hot spell's over."

Office That Nobody Wanted.

Viscount Haldane, the lord chancellor, has just told how he came to be appointed British minister of war, an office he held till recently. When the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was forming his ministry nearly seven years ago he suggested one or two offices to Lord Haldane.

"I replied," Lord Haldane continued: "'There is another office I should like. I do not know much about it, but it is full of most fascinating problems.'

"Sir Henry asked: 'What is that?' I answered: 'The war office. Is it full?'

"Sir Henry exclaimed: 'Full? No one will touch it with a pole.'

"I went to the war office, and really had a very easy time there. I found a number of young generals, with minds full of our shortcomings because they had come fresh from South Africa with its evidence of unpreparedness. We all sat down to think together, and that was how the imperial general staff grew up.'

London's Water Supply.

The eighth annual report of the metropolitan water board states that the total amount of water supplied by that body during the year ended March 31, 1911, was 82,170,000,000 gallons, representing a weight of 366,800,000 tons and a daily average of 225,000,000 gallons. The total volume of water abstracted from the Thames was 49,962,000,000 gallons, the remainder being obtained from the Lea and from gravel beds, natural springs and wells. The supply from the last named source amounted to 14,484,000,000 gallons. The month in which most water was supplied was June, the difference between the daily average of that month and that for January being 35,000,000 gallons, or five gallons per head of the estimated population of the board's area, which is 7,099,871. The average daily supply per head throughout the year was 31.57 gallons, a decrease from 331,98 gallons in 1909-10.—London Globe.

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for the last time before the

"Come here," Lestrange beckoned to Dick, as he brought his machine shuddering to a standstill before the tent. "Here, close—we've got a moment while they fill tanks."

He unhooked his goggles and leaned over as Dick came beside the wheel, the face so revealed bright and quiet in the sunset of glow.

"One never can tell what may happen," he said. "I'd rather tell you now than chance your feeling afterward that I didn't treat you quite squarely in keeping still. I hope you won't take it is my father did; we've been good chums, you and I. I am your cousin, David Ffrench."

The moment furnished no words. Dick leaned against the car, absolutely limp.

"Of course, I'm not going back to Ffrenchwood. After this race I shall go to the Duplex company; I used to be with them and they've wanted me back. Your company can get along without me, now all is running well—indeed, Mr. Ffrench has dismissed me." His firm lip bent a little more firmly. "The work I was doing is in your hands and Bailey's; see it through. Unless you too want to break off with me, we'll have more time to talk over this."

"Break off!" Dick straightened his chubby figure. "Break off with you, Les—"

"Go on. My name is Lestrange now and always."

A shriek from the official klaxon

"Water," He Demanded Tersely.

summoned the racers, Rupert swung back to his seat. Dick reached up his hand to the other in the first really dignified moment of his life.

"I'm glad you're my kin, Lestrange," he said, "I've liked you anyhow, but I'm glad, just the same. And I don't care what rot they say of you. Take care of yourself."

Lestrange bared his hand to return the clasp, his warm smile flashing to his cousin; then the swirl of preparation swept between them and Dick next saw him as part of one of the throbbing, flaming row of machines before the judges' stand.

It was not a tranquilizing experience for an amateur to witness the start, when the fourteen powerful cars sprang simultaneously for the first curve, struggling for possession of the narrow track in a wheel to wheel contest where one mistouch meant the wreck of many. After that first view, Dick sat weakly down on an oil barrel and watched the race in a state of fascinated endurance.

The golden and violet sunset melted pearl-like into the black cup of night. The glare of many searchlights made the track a glistening band of white, around which circled the cars, themselves gemmed with white and crimson lamps. The cheers of the people as the lead was taken by one favorite or another, the hum of voices, the music and uproar of the machines blended into a web of sound indescribable. The spectacle was at once ultramodern and classic in antiquity of conception.

At eight o'clock Lestrange came flying in, sent off the track to have a lamp relighted.

"Water," he demanded tersely, in the sixty seconds of the stop, and laughed openly at Dick's expression while he took the cup

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...h a swarm of mechanics
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unmasked.

"He's here," announced Dick superfluously. "Rupert—where's Rupert? Don't tell me he's gone now! Lestrange—"

But Rupert was already emerging from the tent with Lestrange's gauntlets and cap, his expression a study in the sardonic.

"It hurts me fierce to think how you must have hurried," he observed. "Did you walk both ways, or only all three? I'm no Eve, but I'd give a snake an apple to know where you've been all day."

"Would you?" queried Lestrange provokingly, clasping the goggles before his eyes. "Well, I've spent the last two hours on the Coney Island ...

...make an hour average ...e
wheel again."

"Me?"

"I can't do it. You, of course."

"You could," Dick answered. "I've been thinking how you and I will run that factory together. It's all stuff about your going away; why should you? You and your father take me as junior partner, you know I'm not big enough for anything else."

"You're man's size," Lestrange assured, a hand on his shoulder. "But—it won't do. I'll not forget the offer, though, never."

"All on!" a dozen voices signaled; men scattered in every direction as Lestrange sprang to his place.

The hours passed on the wheels of excitement and suspense. When Lestrange came in again, only a watch convinced Dick that it was midnight.

"You gave the order?" Lestrange asked.

"Yes."

He descended, taking off his mask and showing a face white with fatigue under the streaks of dust and grime.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he nodded, in answer to Dick's exclamation. "Send one of the boys for coffee, will you ...? Rupert needs some, too ... of you others, ask on ... doctor's apprentices ... with a fresh bandage; ... rifle untidy."

In ... right sleeve was wet and ... where the strain of driving had opened the injury of the day before. But he would not allow Dick to speak of it.

"I'm going to spend an hour or two resting. Come in, Ffrench, and we'll chat in the intervals, if you like."

"And Rupert? Where's he?" Dick wondered, peering ... the ... with a vague impression of lurking dan... on every side.

"He's hurried in out of the night air," reassured familiar accents; a small figure lounged across into the light, making vigorous use of a dripping towel. "Tell Darling I feel faint and I'm going over to that grand-stand cafe a la car to get some pie. I'll be back in time to read over my last lesson from the chauffeur's correspondence school. Oh, see what's here!"

A telegraph messenger boy had come up to Dick.

"Richard Ffrench?" he verified. "Sign, please."

The message was from New York.

"All coming down," Dick read. "Limousine making delay. Wire me at St. Royal of race. Bailey."

Far from pleased, young Ffrench hurriedly wrote the desired answer and gave it to the boy to be sent. But he thrust the yellow envelope into his pocket before turning to the tent where Lestrange was drinking cheap black coffee while an impatient young surgeon hovered near.

The hour's rest was characteristically spent. Washed, bandaged, and refreshed, Lestrange dropped on a cot in the back of the tent and pushed a roll of motor garments beneath his head for a pillow. There he intermittently spoke to his companion of whatever the moment suggested; listening to every sound of the race and interspersing acute comment, starting up whenever the voice of his own machine hinted that the driver was disobeying instructions or the shrill klaxon gave warning of trouble. But through it all Dick gathered much of the family story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

But In Her Case—

Woman's wit readily adapts itself to all places and all occasions. A woman lecturer was delivering a practical talk on beauty and the beauty cult for the entertainment of the Woman's Professional league of New York at an interesting session one afternoon.

In the course of her lecture the speaker emphasized the point that certain measurements were fundamentally important. Unhappily, however, the lecturer herself had a form—if her unusual bulk could be dignified by such a term—that was fashioned on anything but the lines of the Kellermann type.

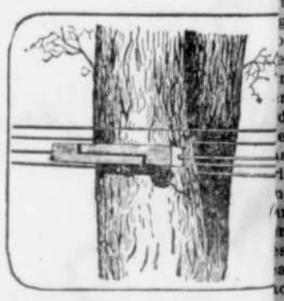
Proceeding with her dissertation on measurements, she held up a very fat, round wrist, and said: "Now, twice around my wrist, once around my throat. Twice around my throat, once around my waist. Twice around my waist——"

"Once around Central Park!" exploded an irrepressible young thing out in the audience, and the storm of laughter that followed was altogether immeasurable.—Sunday Magazine.

INSULATOR FOR THE T...

Wood Used Should Be Thoro... Waterproofed to Prevent Bran... From Forming.

Part of the telephone line work consists in keeping the ... clear of trees and their bra... which often afford a good groun... Morse tree insulator here sho... simple and quickly placed on the



Tree Insulator.

...ays the Popular Electricity. It ... rectangular piece of wood that ... be placed on a wire by means o... crosswise grooves deep enough ... meet a shallow groove on the ... The wire passes from one cross ... groove along the face groove an... by way of the second groove, the ... dle of the insulator thus held b... wire bearing against the limb of ... without the use of nails or other ...teners. The wood for the insulat... thoroughly waterproofed.

Quantities of Water.

Consider the kind of plant you ... watering. Soft-stemmed kinds, ... cially those with large leaves, ... require much more water than ... wooded, slow-growing kinds. ... the former easily recover from dr... the hard-wooded suffer perman... from extremes.

The seasons and time of day sh... also be watched. Plants not in a... growth should be watered spari... until they have regained their fol... Watering in the evening just be... dark greatly aids fungous dise... as the foliage remains wet thro... the night.

Cool the Ashes.

Ashes for fertilizing the grape v... should be cooled before applying th... and then they should be so placed th... they will not come in contact wi... the vine itself but rather enter th... ground and fertilize the roots.

A Good Keeping Variety.

grapes through the winter, but ... never succeeded in doing so ... ordinary fruit room. The grape... not be placed in piles in ba... boxes. With me they do the ... single layers. If one layer is ... top of another they are inclined ... Some people cut off portions ... vine with clusters on it ... and pl... ends of the vine in a bo... and report good results in ... grapes plump and fresh. ... sert one end of each stem ... in a bottle of water, but wh... water evaporates it must have ... tion, therefore this is rather ... pensive method. The Catawba ... the reputation of being the bes... er of the hardy northern grapes ... Catawba and even the Delawa... kept, as I assume in cold storag... put on the market in western ... York all through the winter, bu... serve there is difficulty in k... even the Catawba in prime co... for the holidays.

Why Trees Should Be P...

In addition to serving as ... rce of wood supply, the ... certain well-known ben... nces to human interest ... influences: (1) Upon the ... itions within the fores... upon the distribution an... of the water flow; (3) ... hanical condition and e... soil under cover, and (4) ... ary and aesthetic cond... ople.

...ith ... LOVE

...eeper, but ...siderably. Barry ...e this season. ...ape, has kept per... ...ksgiving.

... a black grape with very ... cluster, is the best keep... ...at I have tested, being in ... condition on Thanksgiving d... ...I hear of many methods of ke...

The illustration giv... ...omic county, Mich. It ...ed stone and "U. G. I. B...

GOOD RO...

...SSISTANCE OF BOYS

...nthusiastic Youth and Te... ...es Will Do Wonders To... ...proving Country R...

If you can enlist the b... any country community ...ork, it will soon be don... ...t likely to be done very ...u do enlist them. If y... ...ys and girls interested i... ...hool, it goes without sayi... ...ll have a good school. ...t the boys and girls to at... ...gularly, you will have a ...urch. If not, your chur... ...itably decline. A minist... ...t attract and hold the y... ...d better be thinking of ... resignation.

If we are ever to have ...ads in Iowa, it will be n... ...list the boys. If they a... ...rested in the job, we w... ...l benefit of the road dr... ...d a boy and a good tea... ...ll do wonders, provided ...art is in it; not otherwis... ...u say? Well, let's see. ...Miss Jessie Field, the s... ...t of schools in Page co... ...ganized seven teams ...m four to ten each. ...t and chose a captain. ...me time to drag the ro... ...red his boys out, and t... ...ders. Mr. W. C. Brown, p... ...e New York Central rai... ...s a farm in that count... ...ize of $100 to the best tea... ...e of the best things Co... ...rn ever did in his life w... ...nt a trophy to the boy w... ...st half mile of road at the ...ason. The teams put u... ...ch half mile, giving the n... ...y who was responsible fo... ...at piece of road. Finall... ...rvisors paid the expens... ...ard King to come and ...ork, and decide which tea... ...ied to the hundred dol... ...hich individual boy was ...e trophy.

Now it goes without sayi... ...is work is continued and ...ge county will have the ...ads in the state of Iowa, o... ...e adjoining states. Why? ...e boys have taken it in h... ...ople realize what a tr... ...ought the master gave to ...en he said: "Suffer the ...en to come unto me, and fo... ...t; for to such belongeth ...m of God." In other word... ...nized the value of childh... ...wod—not merely for spiritu... ...t for all things. "The boy ...the man;" that is, what t... ...a man will become.