

THE RED LINE TRAIL

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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"MISS DENSLOW."

SYNOPSIS.—Thrown from his auto in a New York village, a man is carried unconscious into the home of a Miss Edith Grant. A doctor discovers he has been shot, fatally. Consciousness returning, he babbles of "millions." He begs that Henry Archman, millionaire resident of the vicinity, be sent for, declaring he has important papers for him. Archman cannot be reached by phone, but word is sent that his secretary is on the way. A man announcing himself as Archman's secretary, Akin, arrives, talks with Morbach, and leaves with a package he gives him. Morbach dies. Archman's arrival, with his secretary, reveals that the man posing as Akin is an impostor. Archman denounces Edith Grant as a girl endeavoring to snare his son Harry. Archman, it appears, has millions made in Chicago, has yielded to the importunities of his family—his wife, daughters Nellie and Bessie (seventeen years old), and son Harry—and moved to New York in an endeavor to gain recognition by the Four Hundred. They have not succeeded. Mrs. Archman is bitter over her failure, particularly mourning the fact that she has not been "taken up" by a Mrs. Van Kull. Archman orders Nellie to get ready for a long journey with him. He refuses to reveal their destination to his wife, declaring it is "not his secret." Nellie tells Bess she is in love with James Carr, a youth working on Archman's ship, El Rio. She gives Bess a message for him. Archman and Nellie depart. Harry tells Bess of his determination to marry Edith Grant. Mrs. Archman receives a map, with the explanation that it was among Morbach's papers, and suggesting she forward it to Mr. Archman. Lord George Caruthers, traveling Englishman, arrives at the Archman home, by invitation. He makes a good impression. Bess meets Carr and tells him her sister's message. She learns from him that "Edith Grant" is his sister. He says he loves Nellie. Mrs. Archman takes Bess and Harry and Carr and sails with the party. Captain Bunker has sealed orders.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Bess laughed. "It is best that I should leave," she said. "Best for you and best for me." Run along, Harry. I think I'll go below myself. It's getting pretty chilly up here. She started to rise from her chair and Lord George leaped to his feet and helped her up. "Will you come below, Miss Denslow?" she finished.

But the governess did not move. "I think I'll stay up a little longer, if you don't mind," she said.

"Oh, not at all!" Bess took a step toward the companionway. Then she clutched at Lord George's arm with a little squeal. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, as the Englishman caught her. "I haven't gotten my sea legs yet."

"It's only a matter of practice," laughed Lord George. "In a day or two you will do it quite well. It's just like riding a wheel, don't you know? Still supporting the girl, he moved toward the companionway and the two vanished down it.

Miss Denslow sat still in her chair. Her eyes did not leave the companionway after the two had vanished. Her whole attitude had taken on a curious tenseness. "He'll come back," she muttered. "Oh, he'll come back."

A moment later when Lord George's head appeared outlined against the glow of light that came up the companionway, she nodded to herself. "I knew it."

Lord George came aft and stood above her. "May I sit down?" he asked.

Miss Denslow laughed. "Oh, of course," she said. "You don't need to put on any ceremony with me. I have been expecting you. I saw that you recognized me."

Lord George sat down. "Yes," he said; "I did. I fancy we would better come to an understanding, what?"

Miss Denslow nodded. "I am in your hands," she said. "It's your move. Are you going to expose me?"

"That depends! It's jolly queer, meeting you this way, you know. It seems to call for an explanation."

"It's very simple. I was tired of things and I wanted a change. So I snatched at this chance. It would do me much harm and do no one else any good for you to say anything."

Lord George nodded. "I fancy you're right," he said slowly. "I'll think about it a bit before I say anything. Perhaps you and I might be useful to each other, don't you know?"

Miss Denslow started. She opened her mouth to speak; then turned suddenly. "Who's that?" she demanded.

"I, madam." The steward had approached noiselessly over the dim deck. As he spoke, he began to gather the cups from the table.

Miss Denslow eyed him curiously. "Ah, yes!" she said. "Your name is—"

"Price, madam."

"You're new on the El Rio?"

"Yes, madam. Everybody's new except the captain and chief engineer, madam." He placed the last cup on

the tray. "Is there anything more, madam?" he asked.

"Nothing!" Miss Denslow remained silent till the man had gone. Then she turned to Lord George. "Then I may count on your silence for the present?" she asked.

Lord George nodded slowly. "Yes," he said.

CHAPTER VIII

Without Lights.

The morning of the fifth day saw the El Rio approaching latitude 19, longitude 64, the spot at which Captain Bunker was to open the envelope inclosing his instructions and was presumably, to ascertain the exact place where he was to find Mr. Archman. Naturally, all on board were agog to learn what the envelope contained. Bess was especially and admittedly excited.

A little before noon she had a surprise. She had torn herself reluctantly away from the deck and had gone below to get one of her lesson books. She found the book, but she also found, lying on top of it, a folded paper addressed to herself in a handwriting that she did not recognize. It ran as follows:

"Warn Captain Bunker to keep special watch over his instructions. An effort is likely to be made to find them out in advance, probably today."

The note bore no signature. Bess read the words again. Then she sat down and stared at the paper. Was it a hoax? she asked herself. Why should any one want to learn the contents of the instructions in advance of their formal opening? Who could want to do such a thing?

"Warn Captain Bunker," said the note. But should she do it? Would she not make herself ridiculous by doing it? Would the writer be watching to laugh at her? Such a note seemed like Harry's idea of fun.

After a while she decided to go on deck and see if she could find any clue in the expressions of her fellow passengers. As she passed Harry's stateroom the sound of a man's and a woman's voice within it, engaged in earnest though low-pitched discussion, came to her ears. She paid little at-



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tention to them, supposing that Harry was giving instructions to the maid about sewing on a button or some such trifle. After a brief pause in her mother's stateroom, she went on deck and met Harry. She made some reference to his visitor. Harry started and stared at her, half angrily, half suspiciously. "What are you trying to start now, Bess?" he asked. "I'll bite. What's the joke?"

Bess stared. "No joke," she said. "I certainly heard voices in your stateroom and—"

"Not in mine! You're daffy, Bess." Bess shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well! Never mind. Maybe it was somewhere else," she granted. "It's of no importance, anyway. I wonder what Captain Bunker's instructions will say?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Search me," he replied. In vain Bess made other remarks, both to Harry and to the other passengers, attempting to obtain some answer that would help her suspicions to settle. None of them disclosed anything, and it was not until the sun had crossed the meridian and Captain Bunker, with his sextant under his arm, passed by on his way to work out the noon observation and determine the position of the ship that she got her chance.

"Are we there, captain?" she demanded eagerly.

Captain Bunker shook his head. "Not yet," he said; "but we shall be soon. When I've worked out the observation, I'll be able to tell you just how soon."

"Oh, isn't it thrilling, captain?"

You'll let Lord George and me open the instructions, won't you?" Bess glanced at the Englishman as she spoke.

Captain Bunker shook his head. "Can't do that, Miss Bess," he declared. "I'll have to do it myself, and I'll have to seek the seclusion that my cabin grants before I do it."

Bess turned to the Englishman. "You hear, Lord George?" she exclaimed. "He wants to keep all the mystery to himself."

Lord George nodded comfortably. "He jolly well better had kept it to himself," he declared. "Mr. Archman would court-martial him if he didn't. What!"

Bess drew a long breath. Clearly, she decided, Lord George was not especially interested in the instructions. "Well, I call it mean," she said. "Be-ware, captain, or when you come to open your instructions you'll find I've got ahead of you and read them first."

"Not you, miss—unless you wheedle the combination of my safe out of me," laughed the captain, as he vanished into the chart house.

Bess said nothing more. She had warned the captain in a way, without betraying the fact that she had received the note, which she more than ever believed was a hoax. A little later, when Captain Bunker announced that he would open the envelope at five o'clock that afternoon, she decided that nobody could possibly manage to steal the instructions out of a locked safe in less than four hours, and that, therefore, she would say nothing.

The tasks of the day had been finished and, the weather being good, there was little for the crew—except those in the engine room—to do. Of all on board, only Lord George was busy; he had borrowed a light rifle from Captain Bunker and was amusing himself by shooting at floating objects.

Eight bells struck. Bess sat up in her stateroom chair, throwing back the light rug that covered her feet, and looked about her. As she did so, Lord George raised his rifle and fired at something directly aft. Bess rose and stared curiously across the taffrail.

"Geel! That looks exciting," she remarked casually.

Lord George looked up at her. "It's jolly good practice, you know," he said. "It's the shooting season at home now, and everybody there is popping away. It's lots of fun. It's really, excuse me." He turned and sent a bullet at a shark's triangular fin that cut the water off the starboard quarter. The fin disappeared and he turned back to Bess. "I'm not much of a shot," he explained. "The best bag I ever made was sixty brace."

"Sixty brace! One hundred and twenty!"

Lord George did not answer. He swung his rifle up. Bess had just time to see that he was aiming at something that looked like a bottle with a small flag stuck into its neck, when the piece exploded and the bottle disappeared. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Where did that bottle come from?"

"Bottle?" Lord George looked surprised. "Where is it?"

"It's at the bottom of the sea, now," exclaimed Bess. "You blew it to pieces. Didn't you know what you were aiming at?"

Lord George's expression of surprise was obvious. "Really, now, really, Miss Bess," he mumbled, "are you sure it was a bottle?"

"Of course, I'm sure. I've got eyes, haven't I? It looked like a bottle, too. It had a flag in it. Maybe it was a message from some poor shipwrecked mariner. And you've destroyed it. Good Lord!"

Lord George had fired again, and at another bottle, which flew in fragments like the first.

Bess stared at the water. Then she stared at Lord George. But that gentleman kept his eye fixed on the water, either failing or refusing to meet her eyes. "Oh!" she breathed significantly.

The rudder chains leading along the rail began to rattle, and the wake of the El Rio began to change its direction. The sun, which had been on the girl's left, shifted behind her. For a moment Bess did not understand; then she realized that the El Rio had changed its course from south to west.

Now, why was Lord George breaking those bottles? and what will the captain's sealed orders say?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Wills

Our wills are queer things. They are like plaster of paris; for after they have been melted into liquid form they tend to "set." They do thus preserve the contour of that about which they have been molded. If it is a good cast, well enough; we make a cast for a permanent possession. Here it is—fixed and final! Is the lethargy of a standard pattern, no matter how excellent it may have been at one time, to prevent any future change and growth?—The Living Church.

DAIRY FACTS

CAREFULLY SELECT DAIRY HERD SIRES

Ninety-five per cent of the men who buy herd sires wait until they need one, then rush out to buy one ready for service. They don't know it, but they are following beaten paths. The successful breeder selects his herd sire when the general demand is lightest. As a result he gets a better bull at a lower price, says J. P. LaMaster, chief of the dairy division at Clemson college.

Some people have potatoes to sell in the seasons when potatoes are high in price. Some people have real estate to sell when the demand is greatest. But the ordinary man has potatoes to sell when prices are low, and is burdened with real estate because he can't sell it. The reason is that the ordinary man follows the beaten path. The other fellow finds out what people are doing generally and he does something else. He puts in more potatoes after a year when they don't sell, simply because he knows most of the others won't do that. He buys real estate just when almost everybody else wants to get rid of his; and he buys a herd sire during the season when demand is lowest.

This is practically all the difference between "just ordinary existing" and getting ahead. You can find out to which class you belong by asking yourself this set of questions:

When will I need a new herd sire? Let us suppose you will need a new one before next March.

When will I look up a herd sire? (If your answer is, "Oh, next fall when I'm not so busy," you belong to the "beaten-path gang." You will start out just when 95 per cent of the breeders start, you will buy one of the "left over" bulls and you will pay all the bull is worth.)

Now you have your choice between a great many good bulls. All these will be gone before fall to the successful 5 per cent. If you say, "I'm too busy now," you are following beaten paths. If you sit down this very day and line up your next herd sire, you can depend upon it, you will buy a better one than the luckiest member of the "beaten-path gang" will ever see.

Care and Attention Is Essential for Ringworm

The following is reported as a good cure for calves with ringworm: Wash the parts with strong soap and water to remove as much as possible of the crusts or scabs and, when dry, rub the spots with some of the following ointment: Flowers of sulphur, two ounces; oil of creosote, two drams; prepared lard, four ounces. This ointment should be applied each morning and evening. Painting the affected parts with tincture of iodine on alternate days is also very effective, but this agent should not be applied near the animal's eyes. The woodwork and the walls of the shed in which these calves are housed should be painted with hot lime wash, to which has been added a couple of ounces of crude carbolic acid. With a little care and attention one should soon get rid of the trouble.

Easiest Way to Dehorn Is by Applying Caustic

The easiest and most really painless way to dehorn is to use caustic potash on the young calves. This caustic should be applied on the buttons where the horns come out by the time the calves are a week old. The hair should be cut around the buttons and the skin around the horns rubbed with vaseline to prevent the caustic from burning. The stick of caustic is wrapped with paper to prevent it from eating the fingers, one end of the stick is moistened in water and rubbed on the horns until they become white. The caustic should not be wet enough so it will run down on the calf's head or into its eyes. This treatment will kill the horns, stopping further growth.

Clean Vessels and Warm Milk of Big Importance

A good rule to go by is never to feed a calf out of a pail you would not drink out of yourself or feed her any milk you would not be willing to drink. Feed the milk as warm as fresh milk from a cow. Keep the pails dry after calf has had her milk. After the helper is weaned then it is well to put some oil meal into the grain mixture. A good mixture much used is:

300 pounds wheat bran.
300 pounds cornmeal.
300 pounds ground oats.
100 pounds oil meal.

This is particularly desirable to use after weaning.

Cause of Bad Flavors

Bad flavors in cream and dairy products are usually caused by carelessness in the care of the milk. A little dirt falls in the milk it becomes contaminated with bacteria which gives it bad flavors and if the milk is allowed to stand around the barn while before taken to the house and cooled it will often take on a bad flavor. The feeding of some sort of succulent feed will often help to overcome this; roots, cabbage, and silage are good.

BROUGHT HOME FROM MEXICO ON STRETCHER

But Mrs. Herman Is Now in Good Health, Thanks to Tanlac.

A few years ago Mrs. M. E. Herman, 215 Hitchings St., San Antonio, Texas, "returned to the states from Monterey, Mexico," she says. "In such a low state of health that she had to be carried to her home on a stretcher." As time went on and she still lingered in the throes of "Nerve exhaustion, stomach disorders and bodily weakness," she determined, "on the advice of her druggist," to try Tanlac, which she declares "brought back my health and strength after I had almost despaired of ever getting well."

The results of Tanlac in the case of Mrs. Herman, while indeed remarkable, are by no means unusual for

Tanlac, as many hundreds of people everywhere have testified to having taken the famous medicine with no less wonderful results.

"I returned from Mexico," said Mrs. Herman, "so thin and weak that I feared my life was going to be cut short. I could neither eat or sleep in a natural way and it seemed at times that heart palpitation and nerve exhaustion would take me away."

"The makers of Tanlac will always have my heartfelt thanks, for it is to Tanlac that I attribute my recovery and present good health. Tanlac is like a blessing from heaven to me, that is the way I think about it."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 Million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills, for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of TANLAC.

Go From College to Marriage Altar

To judge from statistics compiled at Goucher college, marriage continues to be the most popular vocation among the students. Of nine different kinds of occupations in which 2,276 Goucher alumnae are engaged, 979, or about 40 per cent are "married and are intelligent homemakers." More than 80 per cent, or 2,056, including the 979 married coeds, are listed as being engaged in "the duties of home and society."

The unmarried graduates are occupied as follows: 633 are teaching or are engaged in the work of educational administration; 172 are in business; 119 are in social work; 52 are in scientific work; 23 are physicians; 26 are librarians; nine are doing statistical work; 42 are doing varied work, such as encouraging community music, sponsoring community dramatics and other activities.—Chicago News.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing, be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

A Tactful Man

Sir Robert Baden-Powell can always be relied upon to tell a story worth retelling. At the recent dinner of the Federation of Rambling Clubs he related an amusing incident in which he and his wife were concerned while camping in a wood belonging to one of the newly rich.

Lady Baden-Powell asked permission to put up a tent in the wood. After some hesitation, sanction was forthcoming.

"But you must bring the general to see me," insisted the landowner. Her ladyship pointed out the general, who was busy unharnessing the horse.

"That him?" exclaimed the landowner. "Good heavens! I thought he was tall, slim and—well, handsome!"

Wheat is harvested in Australia, New Zealand, Chile, East India and Upper Egypt in January, February and March.

If things fail to come your way go around and head them off.

The Purist at Large

We direct the attention of our grammar sharps to the flat statement by the editor of the London Saturday Review that "there are no such words in English as 'reliable' and 'laughable,' and no scrupulous writer would use them or any similar compounds of 'able' with intransitive verbs."

The above dictum was brought out by a letter L. m. a correspondent who said that the late Provost of Trinity college, Dublin, did not like the word "reliable," and one day at lunch observed that since you cannot rely a thing, the adjective should be "rely-on-able."

"That," replied a friend present, "is a very laugh-at-able remark."—Boston Transcript.

Don't chuckle if you put over a substitute when an advertised product is called for. Maybe your customer will never come back.

Ben Mulford, Jr.

The Way of Life

This brief sermon by the wayside is from the Tifton Gazette: "Some men seem to make money without effort, while some women seem to annex more husbands than the law allows without any more effort. It's the other way round with some men, who can't make money no matter how hard they try, while some women find it utterly impossible to even annex the one husband allowed by law. But then, that's the way of life."

Why He Disapproved

Friend—Do you approve of coeducation in the school you attend? Student—Not at all—I have to shave every morning before class.

It is the custom in many of the towns in Brittany for all couples who become engaged during the year to be married the same day.



More hunting for farmer and sportsman!

Don't fail to send for this free book, "Hunting Posted Property". It shows you how farmer and sportsman can get together to their mutual advantage.

Sportsmen spend more time hunting for shooting grounds than they do hunting game. More property is being posted each year. This book will help you find more and better shooting. Write for your copy today—it's free.

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