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mistake, but she quietly looked her wonder into the eyes of the man who had bent down to her. "My own heart," said he in a voice that shook, "I am Van Buskirk. I tried to tell you yesterday; but sometimes a man's preconceived determinations are stronger than his loving impulses, and when I saw your pride and ambition—I was a fool; but now, ah Heaven!" He knelt and gathered her close to him, and neither found need for words, since eyes and heartbeat made language in that supreme moment.

"It was so mean of you!" she whispered at last.

"It was! It was dreadful; but oh, sweetheart, if you knew the curse of suspicion that the money has brought to me, and could know how I longed to be sure of my love—" He didn't finish, for she had laid her hand lightly across his lips and was smiling up at him.

"Didn't I tell you yesterday that the dell was lucky for this, and didn't you observe that I led you right down into the very heart of it?"

"Ahem!" A discreet cough sounded from a remarkable distance away, and the two sat regarding each other with innocent admiration from a respectable distance, when the butler, obsequious and wooden, said from the doorway:

"Begging your pardon, the lady at the door

says to please come on, as how she is afraid you will miss your boat."

Van Buskirk laughed and held out his hand to Roberta. "It does seem a little hard to have to shout out the announcement at the top of my own voice," he said; "but it must be done, and after all I have no quarrel to make with your aunt's deafness."

"How is your secretary," asked Roberta, hanging back shyly. "I came to inquire, you know."

"Oh, doing beautifully, thank you," he replied politely, and then with sudden warmth, "Dear old chap! It isn't such a very bad crack in his skull, and you must help me make it worth his while. Come, though, we must break the news to Mrs. Layson. I am anxious to begin getting acquainted."

She picked nervously at the gloves which she was holding in her hand, and they passed out of the room.

"Aunt Ella has been so anxious to meet Mr. Van Buskirk," she said hesitantly, "that I believe she will understand if you speak in your ordinary tone of voice. In fact, she isn't half so deaf as she ought to be, and not at all dumb." Her eyes met his in a disconcerted look.

"You mischievous child!" he exclaimed in a flash of understanding.

Number Thirteen

Continued from page 10

to you, sir, for once, though I'd always be glad of your help. This one's a girl who done it."

Astro and Valeska looked at each other. "A girl?"

"Yes, sir. They'll be bringing her down presently. It's only fifteen minutes ago we got her. She was hiding out in a back closet where nobody thought to look at first. She was in a dead faint."

"What does she look like?"

"Faith, I don't know that myself. I've only just got here with the reserves. But if you stand here, you'll see her come down. There's the wagon already. Stand back there!"

The crowd scattered, and the patrol wagon drove up with a clatter. Several officers jumped out and ran up stairs.

Astro turned to Valeska and spoke under his breath. "What time did you see her last?"

"I got up about midnight, and she was lying on the couch."

She put her hand on his arm. "Oh, it couldn't have been she!" she exclaimed.

At that moment the officers brought their prisoner down stairs. It was indeed the girl that had been in the studio the night before, and had gone home with Valeska. Just as the group passed, Astro touched McGraw's shoulder.

"Let me speak to her a moment. I know this girl."

McGraw stared; but his faith in the occult powers of the seer were so great that he delayed the officers. They stopped for a moment. Astro addressed the girl in Turkish.

"Let me help you," he said.

She looked at him sulkily. But it was not with the blank, expressionless face of yesterday. Her brows drew together.

"I don't know you," she said at last.

Valeska pushed forward and took her hand. "Don't you know this lady?" Astro asked.

The girl stared. Some half-forgotten memory seemed to stir within her. Her lips moved silently as she stared hard at Valeska's face. Then she shook her head, and said, "I don't know."

"I can't keep 'em waiting," McGraw whispered. "Let her go, and you can call at the Tombs to see her again. I'll see that you get in. Go on, now!"

The girl was escorted to the wagon and took her seat, facing the crowd stolidly, an officer on each side of her. Once before they drove away her eyes turned to where Valeska stood in the doorway, and the same puzzled expression crossed her face.

"McGraw," said Astro, after the wagon had gone, "how'd you like to get a captain's commission?"

McGraw hastily took him aside. "You don't mean to say you know about this job already?" he asked excitedly.

"I know one thing. A man you want lives at 543 Washington-st., and I think his name is Garbon Soumissin. At any rate, I'd advise you to get right down there immediately and run in everyone you find in the house. Hurry up before they've gone!"

McGraw's eyes gleamed. "And you'll coach me then what to do?" he asked.

"Yes."

"All right." Hastily summoning a police sergeant, he gave him a few orders, and then hurried to the station.

"Where was the wounded man taken?" Astro asked of the sergeant.

"To the receiving hospital."

"We'll go over there first, then." And Astro and Valeska made their way to the brougham and ordered the driver to the place.

"But," said Valeska, "how queerly she acted. I'm so disappointed that she didn't recognize me, after all I'd done for her. I don't know what to make of it."

"Don't you see? She has waked up. Yesterday she was quite another person, a dissociated personality. She had no memory, and had even lost the power to talk or write. That is often the case. Owing to some severe mental shock, her normal personality was broken up into parts, so to speak. She had just enough of the functions of her mind synthesized to have volition, and that part-self

resembled a crazy person. She had been tortured and starved, no doubt in order to force her to commit this crime, by Soumissin. Somehow she managed to escape from that house, and then her reason left her. You found her what she was, half-witted, with only sense enough to appeal to your protection. She had forgotten everything—everything, that is, except something concerning the number 13. Now the question is, When did she come to herself and her full rationality? Was it when she got up in your room to leave you—"

"Or was it when she got into the rug store?" Valeska added, with a look of horror in her eyes.

"That's the question. Let's hope that Dyorian is conscious by the time we reach the hospital. Everything depends on that!"

ARRIVED at the hospital, Astro entered the office and asked for the house physician. A few words only were necessary to explain the palmist's right of inquiry, and his description of the Syrian girl's mental condition was of great professional interest to the doctor.

He promised to go to the Tombs and see her as soon as possible. Dyorian, it seemed, lay at the point of death; but, finding how important it was to have the exact time of the shooting determined, the doctor consented to go up to the ward and attempt to revive him sufficiently to answer the question. Astro and Valeska waited for him in the office.

It was fifteen minutes before he returned. "I could just barely make him understand," he said; "but I am sure that he did at last. With almost his last breath he whispered, 'Ten o'clock,' adding that he didn't know who shot him. He died before I left the bedside."

ACTING on Astro's hint, McGraw not only succeeded in capturing a half-dozen Turks and Armenians in the Washington-st. den, but, exercising the "third degree" in a manner for which he was famous, extorted a confession from one of the prisoners. It was the more easy because the man, who had honestly believed himself to be working for the cause of Armenian freedom, discovered that he was merely the tool of a band of blackmailers and murderers. He had witnessed the cruel torture

of the young Syrian girl; but had been told that she was a Turkish spy who was plotting to betray the Armenian cause to the Imperial Divan.

On hearing her alibi, sworn to by Valeska, the girl was released; but it was ten days under the care of the hospital doctor before her nerves were recovered enough for her to be brought to the studio. She had been told of Valeska's kindness; but could remember nothing that had happened since her mind first began to wander under the effects of pain and starvation. But her intuition recognized her protectress without the aid of reason, and she fell on her knees like a slave at Valeska's feet. She could not speak a word of English; but her eyes were sufficiently eloquent to prove her gratitude. She treated Astro as if he was her lord and master, watching him continually.

After she had told of her awakening to her full reason in Valeska's room, she described the terror that had come over her at the thought of Dyorian. The thirteenth was the day set for his murder. Her tormentors had in vain tried to force her to do the deed; but, when they found she was intractable, they had told her that, whether she did it or not, Dyorian should surely die on the thirteenth. It was with the idea of saving him from his fate that she made more strenuous attempts to escape, and, after her memory had gone, the number 13 still inspired her with terror and dread.

Awakening at Valeska's, this thought had been her first, and she dressed quietly and stole out of the house to warn him. She had found the rug merchant already shot, and the horror of the scene had in her weak state again deprived her of reason. She had run from the body—and that was all she could remember until she was restored to consciousness by two policemen. Then, her fear of being accused of being the murderess had nearly distraught her wits again.

She looked curiously now at the pictures she had drawn while in the state of abstraction, and identified the sign, the fez, the Turkish flag, and the number 13.

"But what is this one?" Astro asked, pointing to the one drawing he had not identified.

The girl shuddered, and reached for Valeska's hand. When she could speak, she explained to Astro:

"It was awful,—you can't know how awful it was till you have tried it. I was ten days strapped to that chair, and on the wall right opposite my head was a mirror. I had to look at myself all day. It grew more and more horrible, till I couldn't stand it. By turning my head I could see the sign, but always my own face was in front of me, staring, staring, staring. It grew hideous, sinister, diabolic. After awhile it wasn't I, at all. It was a devil leering at me, and I knew he was inside of me looking through my own eyes. Oh, God!" She paused, and looking up at Valeska said simply, "She is lucky. She can look at her face in the glass. I can't ever use a mirror any more. It frightens me."

Astro nodded his head slowly. Then he said, with a faint smile, "Yes, I can fancy no more exquisite torture for a woman to bear."

Then, before he translated the speech to Valeska, he turned to her with a whimsical expression.

"What would you do if you were to be deprived of mirrors of any kind for the rest of your life?"

"I think I'd commit suicide," she replied, blushing.

"There'd be no need for that. I shall always be able to tell you how pretty you are. But now we must cure this little girl. I'm sure that a hypnotic treatment will soon convince her how pretty she is, and she won't be afraid to prove it."

The next Master of Mysteries story, "Why Mrs. Burbank Ran Away," will appear August 16.

FEATS OF THE INSANE

By George Bancroft Griffith

from the New York State lunatic asylum did it."

THERE is a deal of sound sense at times in the remarks

of insane persons; indeed, it is to be borne in mind that great keenness is closely allied to madness.

An inmate of a Wisconsin lunatic asylum escaped a few years ago and went to Racine, where he presented himself before a civil service examining board for a position in the municipal service requiring exceptional qualifications of an intellectual character. He came out of the examination at the top of the list, and was duly certified for the appointment before his identity was discovered. Then he was returned to the asylum.

While one of the patients of the State lunatic asylum at Utica, New York, who was formerly a physician, was taking his accustomed stroll for air and exercise, he was attracted to a house not far from the asylum by the cries of a young girl, who in climbing over a fence had fallen and broken her arm. On entering the door he ascertained that the poor, decrepid, bedridden mother and the unfortunate girl, whose labor was the only support of the two, were the only occupants. A boy had been sent for a physician or surgeon. The doctor at once set and splinted the broken limb.

The old lady with tears of joy and gratitude, exclaimed, "Doctor, what's to pay?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied; "I am amply repaid in the satisfaction this opportunity has afforded me to relieve your daughter's distress."

"Thank you, dear doctor, and God bless you! But when the doctor we have sent for arrives, who shall we say set the arm,—what name and address?"

"Tell him," said our doctor, "that a patient

Dr. Bjornstrom, superintendent of a lunatic asylum at Stockholm, introduced a printing press and some type into the establishment for the benefit of an insane compositor. The other patients became interested in printing, and the doctor soon gave them a more expensive apparatus. The result was the publication of the doctor's book on "Disease of the Mind," which was set up, printed, and bound by the patients, and is pronounced a very good piece of work in every respect.

Now and then after Dean Swift's splendid intellect had fallen into ruin, there were gleams of its original brightness. Taking a walk one day with his physician, he noticed a new building he had not seen before, and asked what it was.

"That, Mr. Swift, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city of Dublin."

"Oh, oh!" said Swift, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of this; it is worth remarking. My tablets, as Hamlet says, 'my tablets; memory, put down that,' which led to the following epigram, supposed to be the last verse he ever wrote:

"Behold a proof of sense:
Here Irish wit is seen:
When nothing's left that's worth defense,
We build a magazine."

A friend was once talking with a crazy woman, when a stingy man passed by. "Do you see that man," said she, with cunning smile, "You could blow his soul through a humming-bird's quill, into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink."