STORE CLOSED AT 5 P.M.
SATURDAYS, 1 P.M.

# Hot Weather Helps for

—INDOOR AND
—OUTDOOR USE.

THE service these items render is so great and the prices are so small that it is poor economy to do without them.

Have us supply you the following and any other hot-weather helps you may desire:

THE "WITT" SANITARY KITCHEN GARBAGE PAIL is odorless; heavy galvanized iron, close-fitting cover; guaranteed to outwear two ordinary garbage pails. Price.....$1.35
Other Garbage Pails.....40c up
Mechanical Fly Fans.....$2.25
Wire Fly Traps.....10c
Faultless Fly Killers.....10c
GARDEN HOSE, all qualities, 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c and 25c foot
Steel Hose Reels.....$2.75
Lawn Queen Lawn Mowers—
12-inch blade.....$2.75
14-inch blade.....$3.00
Garden Trowels.....10c and 25c
Iron Garden Rakes.....25c
Wood Lawn Rakes.....30c
Wire Dish Covers, from.....5c up
Corn Holders (for corn on cob), pair.....15c
Sherwood Metal Window Screens.....40c up
Pineapple Eyers.....25c each

"White Mountain" Ice Cream Freezers

—will solve the "freezing problem" in the most satisfactory manner. They freeze cream and other liquids in from 4 to 5 minutes. Easy to operate—simple—durable. From $1.25 up—according to size.

Dulin & Martin Co.

Pottery, Porcelain, China, Glass, Silver, etc.,
1215 F & 1214-18 G St.

A Thorough Cleaning

HOT SHOT. —of the beds is insured by using "Hot Shot." You'll find it the best of all BEDBUG EXTERMINATORS. Leaves no stains. PT..... 15c

HENRY EVANS, 922-24 F St.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST.
jy26-d,e8u,14

Niagara Falls
Round $11.00 Trip
July 28, August 11, 25, September 8, 22, October 6,
VIA
Pennsylvania R. R.
SPECIAL TRAIN
Leaves Washington - - - - 8.05 A. M.
PARLOR CARS, DINING CAR, COACHES,
Via Picturesque Susquehanna Valley.
Tickets good for Fifteen Days.
jy16,21&26-3t-35

Cuts, burns, bruises, insect bites, sunburn and a hundred other troubles disappear, as if by magic, when treated with CN Disinfectant. You no doubt use it in the cleaning water, but learn its antiseptic merits also.
Sold everywhere, 10c-25c-50c & $1.00.
West Disinfecting Co.

HAIR GOODS
AT REDUCED PRICES.
$3.50 SWITCHES NOW $3.00.
$6.50 SWITCHES NOW $5.00.
$8.00 SWITCHES NOW $6.00.
Lee's Hair Medicant, $1. Restores gray hair to natural color—GUARANTEED. Prevents falling hair.
Hairdressing, shampooing.
S. HELLER'S, 720 7TH ST. N.W.
mh27-d,e8u,20

Decorators of Taste
do your wall papering and painting at moderate cost when you employ us. We suggest original and most effective harmonies.
PLITT, Painter, Paperhanger. 1727 7th st. n.w. Phone N. 4123.
jy24-10d

Burchell's "Bouquet" Coffee.....25c lb.
Its purity and delicious flavor make it a delight in the household.
N. W. BURCHELL,
1325 F St.

### Miller Company Fails at Charleston

WINCHESTER, Va., July 26.—The J. William Miller Company, engaged in the furniture and vehicle business in Charles Town, W. Va., for the past dozen years, has made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors, Deputy Sheriff S. C. Young of Jefferson county being named as the assignee. Debts aggregating $3,578.77 are in the schedule filed with the deed of assignment. J William Miller is a resident of Winchester and was engaged in similar business here until a year ago, when he made an assignment, his liabilities being about $40,000.

### Soaped Himself to Escape Jail.

CUMBERLAND, Md., July 26.—Oakey Fox, who was confined in the Wetzel county (W. Va.) jail, charged with robbing a store, made his escape from the jail by removing all his clothing from his body, soaping himself from head to foot and squeezing himself through an eight-inch hole through which the prisoners had been handed their food. His liberty was of short duration, however, as he was overtaken by Deputy Sheriff Eakin a few miles from the jail.

# HINTS to WOMEN READERS

## LINGERIE SLIP.

Since the beginning of the reign of the lingerie gown—especially the one-piece lingerie gown—the princess slip has been an essential portion of the wardrobe. Nearly as much care is lavished upon these slips whose correct "hang" and cut are so important as on the outer garment. The one here is of rose pink wash silk, with entre deux of lace, simply but effectively placed. The slip is cut on princess lines, fitting the figure quite snugly to the knees, where a deep flounce gives the necessary frill at the feet.

## SPECIAL CARE TAKEN OF TENDER FEET IN SUMMER

### Soles, Toes and Insteps Must Be Rubbed With Cold Cream After Daily Bath.

A person who has trouble with his feet in warm weather should not wear lisle thread stockings. Thin and cool though they seem, they act as a powerful irritant and sometimes cause the flesh severe sensations of burning. This is due to the fact that lisle thread is twisted tight and does not give to pressure when the weight is thrown on the feet. Instead, it digs in, as it were, acting precisely as a hard piece of cloth would on any other part of the body.

Silk affects some persons in the same way. By all means the most comfortable material is cotton, which is softer in quality as it grows more expensive in price. But even a coarse quality is better than a fine lisle, a fact never to be forgotten.

As the weight of the body aggravates any smarting of the soles, whatever device can be evolved for easing them will lessen the trouble. Inner soles for shoes, forming a soft depth for the feet when walking, will sometimes make it possible to avoid the smarting sensation. Those made of felt are not appreciably warm, and a little care of the feet before putting on hosiery may prevent discomfort.

To rub soles, toes and insteps with cold cream I consider most important, the bath being given every morning. Not a deal of grease is required; only enough to prevent any friction when the flesh touches the hose. Over the emollient should be thickly dusted a powder, special attention being given to spaces between the toes. Excellent for this purpose is a powder made from thirteen grams of permanganate of potassium, forty-five grams of subnitrate of bismuth, sixty grams of talcum powder and two grams of salicylate of soda. They must be sifted many times to mix. A puff is the best agent for applying.

Soaking the feet night and morning in hot water for five minutes at least, and longer, will do much to relieve the burning pain. An ounce of alum to two gallons of water will add to the efficacy. When the condition is extremely painful a mixture that will alleviate is made from an ounce of alum and two ounces each of rocksalt and borax. A tablespoonful is allowed to two gallons of water. This bath should be given without fail every morning, wiping the skin carefully afterward. A treatment then with cold cream and a thick coating of powder will make a decided difference in comfort during the day.

Putting on fresh stockings will sometimes bring relief, and a change of shoes is in itself soothing. Patent or varnished leather should never be worn in warm weather when the feet are the least tender.

MARGARET MIXTER.

## GOOD PERFUMES.

Business girls should not use scent and perfumes at the office, for heavy, sweet odors are as much out of place as open-work waists and other extreme fripperies of feminine toilet. Scrupulous cleanliness and neatness are the characteristics to be achieved.

Excessive use of perfume at any time is not considered well bred now, because scents are so inseparable from persons who are vulgar and undesirable. This reason alone prevents many of good breeding from employing perfumes in any way, and it is better to go to this extreme than to the other.

In an office a sudden whiff of heavy scent comes with as great a shock as the sight of a diamond necklace. It detaches the mind from business and proclaims the presence of the eternal feminine, and almost unconsciously the mind starts in an entirely different trend. It is as though a girl said: "Behold, I am a woman!" when instead she should have been applying attention to her daily task, arousing no personal thought. It isn't wise, and it isn't refined to have such elements enter into business.

To deprive a girl entirely of using sweet waters would be unnecessary. But "waters," by which is meant violet, lilac, etc., are not heavy, and they are not redolent—rarely, indeed, being noticeable by any but the persons who use them. The odors are volatile and wear off quickly, but while they remain they are pleasant, clean and refreshing, especially in warm weather.

Sachet powders are never open to criticism, because the scent is so delicate that only a whiff is received, and even this is so slight that the subtle fragrance seems delusive.

Powdered orris root is inexpensive and if shaken through the wearing apparel when the garments are laid away will scent them deliciously. Handkerchiefs and gloves may receive the same care.

Dried lavender flowers, which are too pungent when sniffed directly, impart a pleasant odor to one's garment, and they are really cheap. Vanilla beans were a favorite sachet of our grandmothers, and white clover, with which the fields are filled now, if cut and dried, sends out a fragrance like the "sweet grass" used by the Indians.

These are the forms of perfumes best liked by well bred women.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

## JAVELLE WATER.

Take one part chloride of lime and dissolve in ten parts of water. Then add one part washing soda dissolved in four parts of boiling water. Allow it to become cold.

Let the two liquids settle, then pour off the clear fluid into a jar or bottle and throw away the sediment.

## FADS FOR WOMEN.

The small remnants of cretonne, dimity, lawn, chambray, etc., that can now be bought cheap in the wash goods sections of the department stores are most desirable for making cases to hold dainty white blouses that are to be packed into vacation trunks.

These cases are large and envelope in shape, like a bag with a flap, and are quickly fashioned. A button and button hole form a secure closing. Or the model with two raw edges brought together in the middle after doubling the goods is equally convenient. The raw edges should be hemmed and fitted with tapes to tie. Then the sides (selvedges) must be sewed and then the waists slipped into the slit. These are kept in place by the tapes, that must be carefully tied to avoid crushing.

Among the offerings in jet jewelry are cut jet festoon necklaces with drop pendants, at 98 cents and $1.98; cut jet dog collars with three slides, at the same price as the neck ornaments; cut jet collar and bar pins, at 49 cents the pair; beautiful jet hat pins, marked at the same figure, and cut jet fan or lorgnette chains, sixty inches long, at 98 cents.

There is a chain in a finer quality of jet, including gun metal links, at $1.49.

Barrettes and coronets in cut jet may be bought for from $1 upward.

## SUMMER DISHES.

### Rose Jelly.

Charming decorative pieces are made of the transparent gelatine jelly and wild rose, or rose petals. Make the plain lemon jelly, flavoring with rose. Pour a very thin layer of the liquid jelly into individual round oval molds and let it harden. Then lay upon it a single briar rose or a grouping of rose petals, and fill the mold with the liquid jelly. Set away for several hours in the ice chest to harden. When turned out the pink rose gleaming through the thin cover of transparent jelly gives a beautiful effect.

### Cherry Tapioca.

This calls for a pound and a half sour cherries, one cup pearl tapioca, and sugar to sweeten. Wash the tapioca in several waters, cover with cold water and soak over night. Put on the fire with one pint boiling water and simmer slowly until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Stone the cherries, stir into the boiling tapioca and sweeten to taste. Take from the fire, turn into the dish in which it is to be served and set to cool. Serve cold with cream. This will make enough for eight persons.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

The Shams to Look Out For In Evaporated Milk

Our purpose is not to denounce rival brands. We simply wish to compel them to give for the money somewhere near what you get in Van Camp's.

All evaporated milk is sterilized, and all brands are free from germs.

The poorest grades sold are better than raw milk, and immeasurably more safe.

But, now that evaporated milk is so common, it is well to know how to get the most for your money.

So, in our mutual interest, we tell of these shams.

Sham No. 1
Condensed Milk

Sweetened condensed milk contains about 40 per cent of sugar. As a result, the milk is thin and watery.

The sugar was originally used to preserve it. But the discovery of sterilization made sugar unnecessary.

To buy condensed milk means to waste half of your money. First, because it is nearly half sugar. Second, because of the scanty cans—only 12 ounces for 10 cents.

If you want a sweetened milk, the cheapest way is to add the sugar yourself.

In Van Camp's you get 16 ounces for 10 cents—exactly one-third more. And Van Camp's is all milk.

Condensed milk, because of the sugar, is unfit for cooking. Van Camp's serves every purpose.

It gives you for cooking a whole rich milk which is always convenient. It gives to milk dishes a flavor and richness which one never can get from raw milk.

Condensed is a profitable milk for the maker. That is why this old-fashioned milk is continued. But it serves for only a limited use, and it costs twice as much as Van Camp's.

Sham No. 2
Inferior Milks

We buy nothing but Holstein cows—the world's best breed. They are robust, contented, famous for their vitality.

Mongrel cows cost less money, of course, but the difference fully shows in the milk.

The milk of common cows, evaporated, costs just as much as Van Camp's. Its value is considerably less.

We evaporate from our Holstein milk a full two-thirds of the water. The result is a milk as thick as thick cream. Every can will show 28 per cent solids—8 per cent butter fat.

When this milk is reduced to the basis of milkman's milk, the cost is about six cents per quart.

If we took out only one-third of the water, we could make more money. But the loss would fall on you.

When someone says, "This milk is as good as Van Camp's," don't take it unless, by actual comparison, you find it as rich as ours.

Sham No. 3
Small Five-Cent Cans

To this sham we confess to be parties. For we, like the others, put up 5-cent cans.

But we do so only because mistaken people demand them. And we tell you the facts about them.

The 5-cent can—whether of Van Camp's or others—contains but six ounces of milk.

The 10-cent can—the large can of Van Camp's—contains 16 ounces or a full pint.

So the large can gives you one-third more than the small for your money. The difference in a year is considerable.

Some people use the small cans for fear the large won't keep. They are wrong. The opened can will keep till you use it up.

Some buy the small cans because they use the milk on the table only. They are losing its greatest service. Van Camp's for cooking is cheaper than raw milk, and vastly more convenient. And it gives you the whole rich milk, such as you don't get from the milkman.

In Van Camp's you get nothing but milk. You get Holstein milk reduced to the minimum. You get a full pint for 10 cents, and discounts when you buy cases. Don't pay the same price for evaporated milk that falls below this standard.

Van Camp Packing Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Van Camp's Milk
Evaporated—Sterilized—Unsweetened

## HAS NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE

### NEBRASKA REPUBLICANS MEET IN LINCOLN TUESDAY.

### Nine Hundred State Delegates Will Probably Indorse Senator Brown's Tax Proposition.

The republican state convention of Nebraska, which meets in Lincoln day after tomorrow, promises to have a national significance. It will be the first state convention of the year and its action on the tariff and the proposed income tax amendment to the Constitution will be looked upon as indicative of the feeling of the entire middle west on these important political issues.

The convention will be a big one, more than nine hundred delegates having been chosen. The interest is so intense that few delegates are expected to be absent.

It was Senator Brown of Nebraska who first proposed in Congress to amend the Constitution by giving Congress power to tax incomes. That this amendment will be indorsed in the Nebraska convention next Tuesday is very probable. Nebraska has ranked for years as one of the "progressive" states and it was the first state in the Union to indorse Taft for the presidency.

Senator Burkett, who is the senior senator from Nebraska, must go before the legislature for re-election in two years. He has been even more radical than his colleague in his opposition to the Aldrich tariff rates and was one of the senators who voted against the passage of the bill in the Senate. His action has been looked upon as representative of the feeling of his constituents.

"I have no doubt the party in Nebraska will take a positive and open stand on all live issues of the day, whether state or national," Senator Brown said yesterday when asked what he expected in the platform of his party. "On federal issues I hope the convention will reaffirm the national platform adopted at Chicago last year. I hope it will commend President Taft for his stand in insisting that the pledge of the platform for downward revision must be redeemed at par.

"I hope that it will indorse the joint resolution submitting the sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, which, if ratified, will confer upon the federal government power to lay and collect taxes on incomes. I hope the convention will go so far as to pledge the party in Nebraska to the ratification of that amendment at the first session of the legislature."

## VIRGINIAN WILL BUILD LINES.

### Feeders of Various Lengths Planned in West Virginia.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., July 26.—The Virginia Railway Company is preparing to construct a large number of feeders in the coal fields through which it passes. Profile maps for several of these lines have been filed with the county clerk of Raleigh county and officials of the road announce that work will begin at once.

The proposed lines have an aggregate mileage of about twenty-eight miles, all of which will be in Raleigh county except a part of the Devil's Fork branch, which will be partly in Wyoming. These roads and their approximate lengths are as follows: Stone Coal branch, three miles long; Laurel Fork extension of Stone Coal branch, three miles long; Devils Fork branch, six miles long; Upper Stone Coal branch, two miles long; Tommy Creek branch, four and three-quarters miles long; Piney Creek extension of the Winding Gulf branch, eight miles long.

This line will leave the Winding Gulf branch at Pemberton and will parallel the Raleigh and Southwestern for at least two miles, the latter now having two miles of road on Piney creek in operation above Pemberton. The Sullivan Coal and Coke Company has a mine in operation at the present terminus of the Raleigh and Southwestern. The Winding Gulf branch, beginning at Mullins and ending at Pemberton, will have a mileage, exclusive of the proposed branch lines, of twenty-three miles. This, taken with the lines now to be built, will give the Virginia railway a total mileage of more than fifty miles above Mullins, traversing a territory every foot of which is underlaid with coal of an exceptionally fine quality. The Winding Gulf branch alone is capable of making the Virginia a great coal-carrying road.

Swift & Company's sales of fresh beef in Washington for the week ending Saturday, July 24, averaged 7.64 cents per lb. —Advt.

# A Woman's Enchantment

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

(Copyright, 1909, by William Le Queux.)

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### Cunliffe Makes an Amazing Statement.

At three o'clock that afternoon, with excuses made to Mr. Stapleton and Myra, I mounted into the car, and with a merry farewell to the bright-eyed girl who had so fascinated me as she sat at my side at luncheon I was whisked down the drive and on to Malton station.

There had been no wire from Granny, therefore I feared the worst. Ralph Garshore had forestalled me.

On arrival at York I rushed to the big bookstall and bought several evening papers, which I glanced through, expecting to see the report of a sensational arrest.

But there was nothing—not a single mention of the Redcliffe Gardens mystery could I find.

An express for Grantham was due in a few minutes. This I took, and duly arrived at the quiet, clean old market-town which, having lost its importance as a coaching station, has of late become a popular stopping place for motorists.

At the old Angel and Crown I got a dogcart and was driven seven miles out up the hill along the North road through Great Ponton, past Crabtree House to Colsterworth village, where, at sunset, I arrived at the inn and was directed to Kelston cottage.

I experienced but little difficulty in finding it—a pretty, well kept house, standing back in a small garden filled with sweet-smelling, old-world flowers, just outside the village, on the way to Woolsthorpe. The rustic porch was smothered with crimson ramblers in full bloom, while upon one side of the place yellow roses half hid the wall.

My knock was responded to by a respectable old lady whose speech and manner told of quiet retirement. Probably she had seen better days.

When I asked for Dr. Blakeney she at once expressed regret that he had left on the previous afternoon.

She invited me into the clean little parlor, scented by the musk growing in the window, and in response to my inquiry said:

"Dr. Blakeney arrived at the inn a couple of days ago, and took apartments with me. He wished to be alone in order to study, he said, and preferred private rooms."

"He is a great student," I said. "He telegraphed me only yesterday that he was here. So I've come over from Malton to see him."

"He's a most charming man—such a good talker for one so deeply studious. He was telling me only yesterday morning what a great traveler he has been—studying ecclesiastical architecture. I told him he should see Little Ponton Church, which they say is pure Norman."

"But how came he to leave?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Well, about 5 o'clock yesterday two gentlemen, strangers in Colsterworth, called, and he seemed very surprised to see them. But he treated them cordially. I chanced to be looking out of the window and saw them approaching. They struck me as rather suspicious, from the confidential manner in which they were conversing."

"Yes," I said, breathlessly. "What then?"

"Well, Dr Blakeney received them in this room, which he had as a sitting room. The door was shut, and for nearly half an hour they seemed to be engaged in a long discussion. He came out, looked rather pale, and obtained a bottle of brandy and three glasses from the dining room. Then a quarter of an hour afterward he came to me, and, speaking in a tone quite unusual, paid me and expressed his great regret at being compelled to leave at once—on very urgent business. He only had one suit case—quite new it seemed—and he took that with him. All three walked together into the village, and I hear they drove back into Grantham."

"Did he mention where he was going?" I asked. "This departure was very sudden?"

"Very sudden," she exclaimed. "Only an hour before he was quite lively and cheerful, telling me how much he had enjoyed a walk he had taken alone through the fields on the previous day. But it seemed that his friends induced him to return to London.

"'To London! Then he went back to London?'

"Yes, I know that, because as I passed the door I heard one of the men say, 'You must go back to London with us.'"

My heart fell within me.

"What were these two friends like? Describe them."

"Both were gentlemanly-looking men, and Londoners from their speech."

"The doctor gave you no instructions as regards letters, I suppose?"

"None. But he said he hoped to return ere long. I fear he won't, however, because he took all his belongings with him."

I stood speechless. The truth was palpable. Even the good woman who had been Granny's landlady had her suspicions aroused by the pair from London. Could one of them have been Garshore himself?

I questioned her and came to the conclusion that both men were detectives. She put them down as Londoners. This caused me to reflect, and I saw that from the moment of the receipt of his telegram to me at Stapleton Grange to the moment of his arrest, there would be just sufficient time for warning to be given to Scotland Yard and the arrival of police officers.

"He had not been gone ten minutes when a telegram arrived for him," the good lady remarked. "That, of course, I gave back to the boy."

My warning wire, without a doubt.

I dined at the inn, and in an hour's time was in the "up Scotsman"—which was, fortunately, a little late—traveling swiftly toward King's Cross.

I well knew that, on my return to my chambers, I should at once fall again under the surveillance of the police. To me that mattered but little. Indeed, my mind as I sat alone in the railway carriage was full of other thoughts—thoughts of the beautiful, bright-eyed girl beside whom I had sat at luncheon that day, and who had charmed me by her beauty, by her conversation and by her innate daintiness. I was in love—desperately, honestly and hopelessly in love.

On the other hand, however, I was haunted by the fear of catastrophe. Had Granny been arrested?

Why had he, at the order of the two strangers, returned so suddenly to London? The one fact that he had not sent any word to me showed his inability to do so. And inability meant arrest!

At last we ran into King's Cross, where I sprang into a cab and drove straight to my chambers, arriving at about 11:30.

I switched on the light and found a pile of letters on my table. One of them was, I saw, from Cunliffe. It was marked "Very urgent" in his neat handwriting, and I tore it open.

Would I go round to Dane's Inn at once on my arrival in town? He wished to see me most particularly.

Dane's Inn was always open, therefore I took a cab along the Strand, passed the commissionaire, who acted as night porter and saluted me, and just after midnight knocked at my friend's door.

Yes! There was movement within. He was at home.

"By dear fellow!" he cried on seeing me. "Come in! I've been very anxious about you, wondering where you'd got to."

I followed him into his shabby sitting room. He was in evening clothes, and apologized for them by saying:

"I've just been to a confounded city dinner. Only worth a par, but had to sit the whole thing out. Have a drink?" and he pushed the whisky and siphon in my direction as I seated myself in the old armchair.

"Well," I asked at last, "what makes you so anxious about me?"

"Because I want to tell you something privately, Phil, old chap," he answered, looking at me very seriously. "You recollect that curious affair in Redcliffe Gardens, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"Then just tell me the truth. Granville Gough, whom everybody calls Granny, a thorough-going cosmopolitan, is a friend of yours. I recollect you speaking of him."

"Certainly he is."

"Well, the police are in search of him. They are convinced that he killed that poor woman."

I held my breath, and tried to appear surprised.

"I think the police are slightly off the track this time, George," I said quite calmly. "You can tell Morton that, with my compliments."

"But, my dear fellow, there's evidence."

"Circumstantial only," I said. "Gough knew the woman."

"More than that. It is alleged that the woman was his enemy."

"Who was she?" I asked quickly.

"Her name is not known."

"Who's the informant?"

"Morton hasn't told me."

"Is it a man named Garshore?"

Cunliffe fixed his keen eyes upon mine in silence for a few seconds. Then he replied:

"I don't exactly know, but I've heard that name mentioned in connection with the inquiries."

"Is Granny arrested?"

"I've not heard of it. He's in hiding somewhere near Grantham, the police have ascertained."

"But tell me, George," I said, "what's the evidence which causes the police to suspect?"

"It was contained in some baggage he left at the Cecil, which was at once seized by the police. There was found a tiny bottle which Sir Henry Kershaw, the home office analyst, has been experimenting on for the past couple of days."

"What!" I gasped.

"They've found in one of your friend's bags the stuff with which the murder was undoubtedly committed," replied the journalist.

I sat staring at him, aghast.

"I know, old fellow, quite well, that Fielder of Scotland Yard followed you both down at Sydenham, and that you very cleverly gave him the slip. He came back furious," my friend laughed. "You were afterward watched, but you also dodged out of the way. As a matter of fact I never expected you back at Talbot House so soon."

"I had no reason for absence," I declared. "I've committed no crime."

"But you've assisted a criminal to escape—which places you, my dear Phil, in a rather awkward predicament," he remarked. "And the criminal was, without doubt, one of the cleverest and most ingenious who has ever troubled the London police. His methods, they declare, are marvelous, and this certainly is not his first crime."

"Do you, therefore, believe that my friend, Granny Gough, is an assassin of women?" I demanded fiercely. "Recollect, he and I are friends."

"I don't care a hang for that, Ralston," answered the journalist. "I'm merely telling you the police theory."

"They've blundered in this instance," I asserted.

My friend only shrugged his shoulders and drew hard at his cigar.

"You believe Gough killed that woman?" I cried.

"Yes, Ralston, I do," he answered. "And the reason I wanted to speak with you is to warn you of the danger in acting as his accomplice."

"He's my friend."

"I know that. But surely there is a point where the bond of friendship breaks."

"Yes, Cunliffe. It will snap only when Granny is condemned by a jury."

"Why has he fled?" asked the journalist.

His question was a decidedly awkward one. That self-same problem had presented itself to me constantly during the past couple of days—a problem that was beyond solution.

Where was Gough? Why, indeed, had he fled if innocent?

But was he not guilty? Had he not, on that night down at Sydenham, admitted his fear of the police?

My thoughts wandered to the fair-faced girl who trusted him, and who had refused to hear the words of the slanderer. And they wandered also to the brown-haired woman whose bright eyes held me in a strange fascination such as I had never before experienced.

"Shall I tell you, Ralston, why Gough has fled?"

"Because of this unfounded accusation against him," I said.

"No. Because of the witnesses against him."

"Witnesses?" I cried hoarsely, staring at my friend.

"Yes—two. One of them is a man—a clever international thief named Winch, alias Grinfield, and the other a woman—or rather a girl."

"A girl! Whom?"

"Her name is Elfrida Maynard."

"Elfrida!" I gasped, springing from my chair.

And I stood facing him, open mouthed, and utterly staggered.

Was Elfrida Maynard, whose peerless countenance now rose ever before me, actually a witness against my best, my dearest friend?

(To be continued tomorrow.)

## FOLLOWS SON TO GRAVE.

### Baltimore Woman's Death Attributed to Heat Wave.

BALTIMORE, July 26.—The second death in the family in ten days, due directly to the heat wave of about a month ago, occurred when Mrs. Carolina Wilhelmina Miller, Baker and Pennsylvania avenues, died Saturday night at her home. Her youngest son, Charles W. Miller, a druggist, of Washington, died July 15 in Washington. His death was attributed to the heated period.

Mrs. Miller, who was seventy-four years old, had been suffering from general debility. She was the widow of George T. Miller, one of the oldest residents of northwest Baltimore, and for forty-odd years in the grocery and provision business. Two sons survive, Dr. William R. Miller and Louis C. Miller.