

The reckless chauffeur and his machine are soon parted.

Humanity gets its money's worth out of the bathing suit.

Lots of people never thought of hurrying until they got a fast motor car.

So far no one has been accused of mortgaging the home to buy an airplane.

Wireless telegraphy begins to rival chloroform in the alleviation of distress.

There is no truth in the rumor that the backbone of winter has been mended.

Those Zeppelin airships have to be handled more delicately than a pet rhinoceros.

Air sickness is an affliction that comes with the flying machine. "Stand from under."

That celebrated expert, the katydid, was not so far off in its long-distance weather prediction.

There is to be an eclipse of the moon in November. And undoubtedly others, not of the moon.

People have such a habit of crowding around a broken-down automobile as if they were glad of it.

An Ohio judge has ruled that a pretzel is not a dangerous weapon. Now for a judicial opinion concerning ewerwurst.

The summer is about over. We notice that the society column says "has returned" oftener than "has sailed" nowadays.

A Washington girl strangled a mad dog with her bare hands. What couldn't she have done with the gloves on!

"Heavy hogs are slow and weak," says a market report, but common experience proves that sometimes they don't act that way.

King George wants all the British army officers to wear mustaches, which is one way of getting soldiers with stiff upper lips.

A New York man committed suicide for the purpose of giving his wife a chance to get a better husband. She will not have to look far.

The Kaiser has a new palace, making \$1 in all. Private millionaires, even in America, have their work cut out for them if they mean to travel at that pace.

A man has been found starving himself because he feared the end of the world was at hand. He probably is such a thing as the rash ravager of cowardice.

A New York woman declares that an income tax is like a reputation—it must be lived up to. That is true, but it makes some difference as to how one lives up to it.

New Jersey has a college graduate 100 years old. He can do as well as the one who originated that modern jest of leading the college president's cow to the top floor of the dormitory.

A London newspaper announces that Swift's idea of wit was all wrong. Next thing London will probably inform us that Shakespeare didn't know anything about writing plays.

A man who has become involved in trouble because he married three women in three months sets up the claim that he is insane. Some married men are mean enough to believe him.

A lawyer in Chicago has figured that the Fourth of July really comes on August 4. If he wants to do something really worth while, let him figure that moving day comes on February 30.

Fremmen in New Hampshire prevented a suicide by playing the hose on a man determined to cut his throat. There is nothing like cold water to bring emotionalism of any kind down to a common-sense basis.

While people over here have been sizzling in the heat, France has been suffering from thunder storms, gales and unseasonably cold weather. In the village of Bonneville, near St. Etienne, the local postman, who goes his rounds in a blouse and carries an umbrella, was caught by the gale the other day and blown nearly half a mile. He came safely to earth again, but he lost all his letters. That ought to cure him of the umbrella habit.

It is said that Edison has invented an automatic talking machine to accompany the moving pictures. The only thing remaining is for the wizard to invent an automatic silencing machine for the campaign orator and a few others.

Out in California some of the people have begun fasting for six weeks, hoping that at the end of that time they will be heaven. Even if they fail to go to heaven they will probably have saved enough to make earth seem pretty heavenly.

Canadian chemist has found out how to transmute copper into iron. Which reminds us that almost any scheme for making money works well backwards.

New Jersey wants Edison to turn while from his other inventions and do something to bring about the extermination of the mosquito. New Jersey can hardly be blamed for making the suggestion; but Edison is getting along in years and cannot be expected to begin a job that would be likely to last a lifetime.

A Pittsburg woman was badly hurt while trying to skate in a hobble skirt. Pittsburg continues to be this country's leading horrible example fashions.

A New Jersey young man, while a cabin boy on an ocean steamer, saved a young woman, who proved to be a hellfish, from being swept overboard and then married her. Cabin boys are expected for a while to outrank chauffeurs, as the latter outclassed coachmen, in the affections of susceptible young heiresses.

W. ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATIONS
COLUMBIA RECORDS
200 N. W. 10th St. - Minneapolis, Minn.

SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gisey, and her chaplain, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being sapphirine set in the head of a beautiful emerald. Harry, who is a member of the "Ladies' Night" at the club and who is very popular, comes out with the missing ring has been known as the Crew Idol.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Flora had a bewildered feeling that this judicial summing up of facts wasn't the sort of thing the evening had led up to. She couldn't see, if this was what it amounted to, why Harry had changed his mind about telling them at the dinner table. She could not even understand where she belonged in the march of events in their story, but Clara took it up, clipped it out, and fitted it into its place.

"Then there will be pressure—enormous pressure, brought to bear to recover it!"

"Oh-oh!" Buller drew out the syllable with unctuous relish. "They'll rip the town inside out. They'll do worse. There'll be a string of detectives across the country—yes, and at intervals to China—so tight you couldn't step from Kalamazoo to Oshkosh without running into one. The thing is too big to be covered. The chap who took it will play a lone game; and to do that—Lord knows there aren't many who could—to do that he'll have to be a—"

"Farrell Wand?" Flora fung it out as a challenge to the whole prosaic people; but the effect of it was even sharper than she had expected. She fancied she saw them all start; that Harry squared himself, that Kerr met it as if he swallowed it with almost a hissing grimace; that Judge Buller blinked it hard in the face; the most boistered of the lot. He came at it first in words.

"Farrell Wand?" He felt it over, as if, like a doubtful coin, it might have been a queer coin, but he knew of Farrell Wand?"

"Farrell Wand?" Kerr took it up rapidly. "Why, he was the great Johnnie who went through the Scotland Yard man at Perth in '94, and got off. Don't you remember? He took a great deal of interest in the case, and the most peculiar circumstances—took the Tilton emeralds off Lady Tilton's neck at St. James."

"Why, Harry, you—" Flora began. "You told us that was what she had meant to say, but Harry stopped her. Stopped her just with a look, with a nod; but it was as if he had shaken his head at her. His tawny lashes, half drooped over dominating eyes, gave him more than the look of a great still cat; a domestic, good-humored cat, but in sight of legitimate prey. Her eyes went back to Kerr with a sense of bewilderment. His voice was still going on, expansively, brilliantly, judiciously, as if he were talking to himself.

"He knew them all, the big-wigs in Parliament, the big-wigs on 'change, the little duchesses in Mayfair, and they all liked him, asked him, dined him, and he said so. They paid him in hereditary jewels, or they shook to their decency when the thing came out—but, poor devil, so did he!"

And though it all Buller gloomed unsmiling, with out-thrust underlip. "No, no," he said slowly, "that's not my connection with Farrell Wand. What happened afterward. What did he do with him?"

Kerr was silent, and Flora thought his face seemed suddenly at its sharpest.

It was Clara who answered with another question. "Didn't he get to the colonies? Didn't he die there?" Judge Buller caught it with a snap of his fingers. "Got it! he triumphed over the two men turned square upon him. They ran him to earth in Australia. That was the year I was there—'96. I got a snapshot of him at the time."

It was now the whole table that turned on him, and Flora felt, with that unanimous movement, something crucial, the something that she had been waiting for; and yet she could find no connection with what had happened. "Got it!" he triumphed over the two men turned square upon him. They ran him to earth in Australia. That was the year I was there—'96. I got a snapshot of him at the time."

"What sort of a chap?" he mused and fixed the judge a moment with the same stare that Flora remembered to have first confronted her. "What sort? Sort of a criminal," the judge smiled. "They all look alike."

"Still," Clara suggested, "such a man could hardly have been ordinary." "In the chain-gang—oh, yes," said Buller with conviction. "Oh! The picture wasn't worth anything?"

"Why, no," Buller admitted slowly, "though, come to think of it, it wasn't the chain-gang either. They were taking him aboard the ship. The crowd was so thick I hardly saw him, and—only got one shot at him. But the name was a queer one. It stuck in my mind."

"But then," Clara insisted, "what became of him?" "Oh, gave them the slip," the judge chuckled. "He always did. Reported to have changed ships in mid-ocean. Hal, is that another bottle?"

Harry stretched his hand for it, but it stayed suspended—and, for an instant, it seemed as if the whole table waited expectant. Had Buller's camera caught the clear face of Farrell Wand, or only a dim figure? Flora wondered if that was the question Harry wanted to ask. He wanted—and yet he hesitated, as if he did not

quite dare touch it. He laughed and filled the glasses. He had dropped his question, and there was no one at the table who seemed ready to put another.

And yet there were questions there, in all the eyes, but some impassable barrier seemed to have come between these eager people, and what, for calculable reasons, they so much wanted to know. It was not the general indifference with which Buller had dropped the subject for the approaching bottle. It seemed rather their own timidity that withheld them from touching this subject which at every turn produced upon some one of the eager three some fresh startling effect the others could not understand. They were restless; Clara notably, even under her calm.

Flora knew she was not giving up the quest of Farrell Wand, but only setting it aside with her unfeeling thrift, which saved everything. But why, in this case? And Harry, who had seen so merry with the mystery at dinner—why had he suddenly tried to suppress her, to want to ignore the whole business; why had he hesitated over his question, and finally let it fall? And why, above all, was Kerr so brilliantly talking to Ella, in the same way he had begun at Flora herself? Talking at Ella, as if he hardly saw her, but like some magician flinging out a brilliant train of pyrotechnics to hypnotize the senses, before he proceeded with his trick. And the way Ella was looking at him—his wilder clarity, the way she struggled with that being so rapidly shot at her—appeared to Flora the prototype of her own struggle to understand what reality these appearances around her could possibly shadow.

Often enough in the crowds she moved among she had felt herself lonely and not wondered at it. But now and here, sitting among her close, as a queen, a queen could be, but he was not so much surprised to see Harry. She felt inclined to rub her eyes. It took a moment for her to realize that his companion was indeed Maj. Purdie.

CHAPTER III.

Encounters on Parade.

Flora, before the mirror, gaily stabbing in her long hat-pins, confessed to herself that last night had been queer, as queer as a queer could be, but he was not so much surprised to see Harry. She felt inclined to rub her eyes. It took a moment for her to realize that his companion was indeed Maj. Purdie.

The wind was lightly ruffling and puffing out the muslin curtains of the windows, and from the garden below came the long silver clash of eucalyptus leaves. She leaned on the high window ledge, over looked down over red roofs, over terraced green, over steep streets running abruptly to the broken blue of the bay. She dropped over dominating eyes, gave him more than the look of a great still cat; a domestic, good-humored cat, but in sight of legitimate prey. Her eyes went back to Kerr with a sense of bewilderment. His voice was still going on, expansively, brilliantly, judiciously, as if he were talking to himself.

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CHATWORTH OF CHANCE



"Harry, I Believe You Are Out Here about the Crew Idol, Too."

"I'll just run up to the Purdies and leave this," she said. "Then she really did want to be rid of me," Flora mused, as she watched the queer as a queer could be, but he was not so much surprised to see Harry. She felt inclined to rub her eyes. It took a moment for her to realize that his companion was indeed Maj. Purdie.

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carriage was turning. Kerr looked at the backs of the two women being driven away, and then at Flora. "Very good," he said, raising her parasol; "you are the deposed heir, and I am your faithful servant."

"But indeed I do not want to walk," she protested, a little shy at the way he read her case. "But you didn't think of it until she gave you the suggestion, eh?" he quizzed.

Her cheeks were not behind her thin veil. They were stroiling slowly up the board walk, and for a moment she could not look at him. She could only listen to the flutter of the fringes of the parasol carried above her head. She felt herself small and stupid. She could not understand what he could see in her to come back to. Then she gave a side glance at him. She saw an unsmiling profile. The lines in his face were indeed extraordinary, but none was hard. She liked that wonderful mobility that had survived the batterings of experience.

As if he were conscious of her eyes, he looked down and smiled; but vaguely. He did not speak; and she was aware that it was at her appearance he had smiled, as if that only reached him through his preoccupation and pleased him.

But what was he thinking about so seriously between those smiling glances? Not her problem, she was sure. They had almost reached the major's gate, and it was now or never to find out what he thought of her. She looked up at him suddenly, with inquiring eyes.

"Do you think I am weak?" she demanded. The lines of his face broke up into laughter. "No," he said, "I think you are mislaid."

She knitted her brows in perplexity, but his hand was on the white picket gate, and she had to walk through it ahead of him as he set it open for her.

Of their party only the two women were in sight waiting on the diminutive veranda. Clara had a mild domestic appearance, rocking there behind the potted geraniums. All the windows were open into the little shell of a house. Trunks still stood in the hall, though the Purdies had been quartered at the Presidio for nine months.

It was this easy atmosphere, how was it that the thread of restraint ran so sharply defined? Clara and Mrs. Purdie were matching crevices; and, sitting on the top step Flora instructed Kerr as to the composition of the tea table. They were both drinking tea girls had probably so instructed him before, but it would do to fill up the gap.

Like a stone plumped into a pool the major and Harry re-entered the veranda. They were brisk and buoyant. Harry, especially, had the air of a man who sees stimulating

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business before him. Immediately all talked at once. "Now that we've got you here, you must all stay to luncheon," Mrs. Purdie determined.

It looked as if they were about to accept her invitation unanimously, but Harry demurred. He had to be at Montgomery street and Jackson by one o'clock. "I hoped," he added, "that some one would be willing to drive me—part of the way, at least."

Flora, with an unruly sense of disappointment, yet opened her lips for the courteous answer. But Clara was quicker. She rose. "Yes, Clara, I'll drive you back with pleasure."

Harry's glimmer of annoyance was comic. "I have to be at the house for luncheon," Clara explained to her hostess as she buttoned her glove, "but there is no reason why Flora shouldn't stay."

"Oh, I should love to," Flora murmured, not knowing whether she was more embarrassed or pleased at this high-handed dispensation which placed her where she wanted to be. But the way Clara had leaped at her opportunity! Flora looked curiously at Harry.

He seemed uneasy at being pounced upon, but that might be merely because he was balked of a tete-a-tete with herself. For while Clara went on to the gate with their hostess he lingered a moment with Flora.

"May I see you tonight?" "All you have to do is to come." She gave him an oblique, upward glance, and had a pleasant sense of power in seeing his face relax and smile. She had a dance for that evening, but she thrust it aside without regret. For suppose Harry should have something to tell her about the Chatworth ring? She wondered if Clara would get it out of him first on the way home.

The four left on the veranda watching the two driving away with a sudden clearing of the social atmosphere. In this Flora told herself it was only the relief she always felt in getting free of Clara. For in the return of the major's elderly blandishments, in Kerr's kinder mood, as well as in her brightening spirits, she had had a sense of relief. It seemed to her as if those two, departing, were bearing away between them the very mystery of the Crew Idol.

"Gave the Sign." It was during the Spanish-American war. A wealthy merchant, who had left his business to offer his services in his country, was packing up and down on picket duty one dark night. Suddenly he detected sounds of approaching footsteps and quickly bringing his gun to his shoulder, he commanded in a sonorous voice:

"Give the countersign!" The person challenged proved to be an enlisted dry goods clerk formerly employed by the merchant before the war broke out. As their eyes met a smile played around the corners of the clerk's mouth and he answered in a low whisper:

"Cash." Then the merchant, bringing his piece to a right shoulder, let him pass and resumed his pacing.

Prison Advantages. The Rev. J. Powell, chaplain of the Suffolk (Eng.) county goal, who is about to retire, asserts that a prisoner is not so depressing a place as many imagine, and adds that he would rather serve six months in prison than be an inmate of a workhouse for a similar period. A prisoner has his own room and is not harried with many others. Mr. Powell relates that a man awaiting trial said to him: "You might ask the judge to give me three years. When I'm outside I haven't a bed to sleep on, but while I am here I have my own private sitting room, my butler to bring in my meals, my doctor to see after me, and even my private chaplain."

Richmond Claims Patrick Henry. A movement to take the body of Patrick Henry to Richmond, Va., has been started. The hearty support of the Times-Dispatch, which says: "The great orator of the revolution belonged, in a sense, to Richmond. It was here that he made his most memorable speech; he led on the continent after the war, his retirement as governor, and here that he fought the battle of state's rights when the constitution of the United States was under consideration by the Virginia convention. Nothing could be more appropriate than that his body should rest under the shadow of St. John's, whence he issued, in years gone by, the leader of the American patriots."

Bath Street, Bath, in Danger. Some time ago great indignation was expressed by antiquarians and artists throughout the country at the threatened destruction of one of the Bath street, Bath, with its Georgian colonnade, and it was hoped that the threatened danger had been averted, says the London Standard. On Saturday morning, however, a firm of local contractors, acting on an order from the owners of the property, began the work of demolition.

Origin of the Word "Bloodhound." The bloodhound was first known in England as the sleuth hound, later as the English bloodhound; not on account of his thirst for blood, but because of his pure breeding, the same

MEAN INSINUATION.



Miss Lively—Isn't it strange that baseball players are seldom sun-struck? Mr. Fussy—Not necessarily. Sun-stroke is an affection of the brain.

WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limbs, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there, I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope."

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I will tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Gesellschaft, Berlin, Kaiser-Helveten-Benevolent Society, etc."

Indefinite. "I am positive this actress buys her puffs." "Which ones—newspaper or hair-dresser's?"

Telephonic Reply. The elderly stranger, at invitation of the superintendent, was addressing the Sunday school.

"How many can tell me," he asked "which is the longest chapter in the Bible?" Many hands went up. "This little boy may answer," he said, pointing his finger at an urchin in one of the seats near the front. "Which is the longest chapter in the Bible?" "Psalm double one nine!" shouted Tommy Tucker.

She Has Changed Her Opinion. "I hear your maiden aunt is visiting you." "Yes. Came yesterday." "How long does she expect to stay?" "Oh, I don't know—probably for some time."

"I feel sorry for your wife. I believe I heard her say not long ago that she despised the old lady." "She used to, but she has changed her opinion—in fact, has great respect for her now. Aunt Hetty brought three trunks, two of them filled with things she smuggled in from Europe."

The Return Courteous. "Now," said the suffragette orator, sweeping the audience with her eagle eye, "I see Mr. Dobbs sitting down there. In the third row—a man who has descended to come here to see night and listen to our arguments. He has heard what I have had to say, and I think we should like to hear from him, and get a man's view of our cause. Mr. Dobbs, do you think of the suffragettes?"

"Oh, I c-c-couldn't, m-m-m'am," stammered Dobbs. "I r-r-rudely c-c-couldn't." "That's better—13-13-ladies pup-pup-pup—Harp-er's Weekly."

Queer Questions. Queer questions come over the telephone to the newspaper office. Here was one that was rather "doggon" to answer; the phone had put up to him the other day:

"Say," began the unknown seeker after the truth, "do you—you remember who it was that killed Abol?" "Why, Cain, of course," replied the newspaper man, who put in several years at Sunday school. "Who'd 'u suppose?"

"Major!" observed the man at the other end in an annoyed tone, "doggon if I ain't gone and made a fool of myself. Course it was Cain, now that you mention it, but I made a two to one bet with a fellow that 'twas Gollath, and now I'll have to go out and buy a new overcoat. I reckon, this next winter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Post Toasties

A bowl of these crisp fluffy bits served with cream or milk is something not soon forgotten.

What's the use of cooking breakfast or lunch when Post Toasties, ready to serve direct from the package, are so delicious?

"The Memory Lingers" POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Care of Sacred Monkeys

Hindu Fakir Who Lives in Comfort on an Indian Hilltop with His Charges.