



Thinking How Wonderfully Well it Sulted Her Flower-Like Face.

## The SMUGGLER

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### SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently demented stranger, who, finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. Elise shared her stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada. The young women on a sightseeing tour met Mrs. Graham, anxiously awaiting her husband, who had a mania for sailing. They were introduced to Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith. A cottage by the ocean was rented by the trio for the summer. Elizabeth learned that a friend of her father's was to call. Two men called, one of them being the queer-acting stranger on the steamer. The girls were "not at home," but discovered by the cards left that one of the men was Elizabeth's father's friend. The men proved to be John C. Blake and Gordon Bennett. The party was told of the search for smugglers in the vicinity of the cottage. Elise visited Mrs. Graham to find that her life was not the happiest. She learned that the Grahams and Lady Edith were acquainted. A wisp of yellow hair from Mr. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Elise. Mrs. Graham's hair was black. During a storm the young women heard a crash in the basement of the cottage and a moment later Mary Anne, their woman servant, entered, her arm bleeding. To assure them there was no danger, Mary Anne descended to the basement alone and quieted their fears. Lady Edith told the girls of a robbery of jewels at the hotel. Fearing for the safety of her own gems, she left them in a safe at the cottage. Mr. Gordon Bennett was properly introduced, explained his queer actions, returned the lost bag and told of mysterious doings of a year before connected with the cottage. Exploring the cellar, one of the girls found a sphinx cut-button, the exact counterpart of which both Gordon Bennett and Lady Edith were found to possess, also.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Don't be 'opin' that, Miss Gabrielle," it was Mary Anne who spoke, and she stood listening to the story with dishevelled hair and plate in the other. "Don't be 'opin' that. Remember the mother what bore 'im, and them that loves 'im, be 'e what 'e may."

"Well," said Gabrielle, "his mother should have brought him up better, that's all I've got to say about it; and I do hope he'll be caught and punished. Give us something good for lunch, won't you, Mary Anne? I'm starving."

"And, Elise," she continued, "I made an engagement for us all to go sailing this afternoon with the Campbells. And do you know—I almost forgot to tell you—the guests at the hotel had to submit to having their trunks searched. I think it was insulting, but

Lady Edith said she thought it only right."

"But, Gabrielle," said Elizabeth, tucking her letter inside her shirt-waist, to be brought forth in private later, "you forgot I told Mr. Bennett he could bring his friend Mr. Blake this afternoon. I meant to have tea on the veranda."

"So you did. Well, we can all come home about four o'clock."

"And I'll be ready for you," promised Mary Anne, eagerly. "Don't you fash yourself, Miss Elizabeth; I'll have everything laid out and ready, and I'll make you some nice little cakes, too, and 'ave them 'ot and ready, fur well I know you'll be 'ungry."

"So when Lord Wilfrid sailed to our little slip that afternoon he found us waiting for him and quite prepared for a good time. There was a nice breeze, and the sea was not too rough, so we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and made a tour among the neighboring islands, admiring the handsome residences with which they seemed to abound."

"But I would just as lieve have our cottage on the bluff as any of them," declared Elizabeth, contentedly, and we all agreed with her.

We sailed so near the American shore that we could distinguish the signs on the wharf of the little town where the boat landed, and Gabrielle proposed going ashore and looking around a little. Lord Wilfrid busied himself with his sail for a moment, then turned and looked steadily at his sister.

"Shall we land, Edith?" he said. "The wind is dead against us, and it will take some time to tack back home again, but of course, if you think best, I am quite willing."

"Oh, I hardly think it would be wise, dear," she replied. "The girls have an engagement, you know. Some other time."

So we sailed home again, speculating as to which island Gordon Bennett owned, until we saw that gentleman himself embarking with his friend in an immaculate little launch, glistening with white paint and absolutely spotless in every respect. We learned later on that the islanders are quite as particular about the appearance of their boats as are the cot-

tagers at Bar Harbor about their equipages, and that there is among them a friendly rivalry on the subject. We hailed him merrily and challenged him to race us home, and in spite of Lord Wilfrid's statement about the wind the boat cut through the water at a good pace. The salt spray dashed up in our faces and our hair blew into our eyes, but we did not care, for we reached the slip a full minute before Mr. Bennett, and could exult over his defeat even while obliged to admire his boat.

"But this is not the boat you left at the slip the day it stormed," remarked Gabrielle; "this is much newer—yes, and much prettier, but I believe the other is faster. When you race with us you must always take your swiftest boat, you know."

"But I can't race that boat, unfortunately," he returned, with a short laugh. "When I came to get it that morning it had vanished entirely—broken away, I suppose—and I had to go home in a fishing smack I happened to be able to hire. I think it is very inhospitable of you to keep your boat-house door locked."

"I think so, too," agreed Elizabeth. "and if I can ever remember it I am going to get a locksmith from the village and have it opened."

We were all ready to do justice to the nice hot cakes and tea Mary Anne had waiting for us, and we found Mr. Blake quite an acquisition. He was a quiet man, who, as Gabrielle said, always seemed to be about to make a brilliant remark and never did, but kept us on the alert waiting for it.

Lady Edith took off her hat and laid it on the chair beside her, and I idly picked it up, smoothing out the veil which was knotted around it and thinking how wonderfully well it suited her flower-like face. Suddenly I paused, however, for in the veil fastening the chiffon to the hat brim, I saw a small pin shaped like a key, and the counterpart of one link of my cuff button.

I was about to draw it out and ask her about it, for the design was unusual, when I saw a gray shadow cross her face and her eyes dilate strangely. She was looking beyond me, straight at Gordon Bennett, and I looked also, wondering greatly.

He was bending forward, cup in hand, talking to Gabrielle, and a ray from the setting sun reached the spoon, causing it to gleam as he moved it and insensibly attract the eye. Something else gleamed also from his white cravat, and I saw that his scarf-pin was the head of the Sphinx in raised-dull gold.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"What I like best about Mary Anne," remarked Elizabeth appreciatively, "is that she is so dependable."

We were standing at my window, watching Mary Anne and a market basket disappear in the direction of the village. We regarded her broad back and deliberate movements with genuine affection, knowing that her foraging would be eminently successful and our larger satisfactorily stocked, which desirable result was not by any means certain to follow when we ourselves went to market.

Gabrielle and Elizabeth had their hats on and even carried gloves, which meant that something unusual was about to happen.

"If we had not made such a definite engagement with the Campbells, I would not go one step," announced Gabrielle. "I don't like to leave you alone with a headache."

"Of course you must go," I returned ruefully. "We have set too many times and been disappointed to put it off again. Then, too, remember Lord Wilfrid is to meet you over there at luncheon, and as he must have already started, there is no way of letting him know. I will be all right when you come home, but it is too bad."

For this was the day agreed upon after various disappointments, for a shopping expedition to the small town across the water. We intended to take advantage of the little steamer that crossed every morning and returned every afternoon, explore the place, and invest in a few articles the village could not supply. Lady Campbell and her brother were to join us, and we anticipated a very jolly time.

I was therefore awfully disappointed when I wakened that morning with the dull pain in my eyeballs I have reason to respect and treat with every deference. While the girls made their toilets, protesting vigorously against leaving me alone, I rested my heavy head against the window frame and tried to calculate how long it would probably be before my brain felt clear again and life would seem worth living.

"It is the kindest thing you can do for me," I said at last. "I prefer to be alone when my head aches. When you get off I will take something and lie down, and Mary Anne will make me some tea for lunch. By the time you come home tired and rather cross I shall be all freshly dressed and as cool and comfortable as possible. Now, if you don't start, you will miss your boat."

They finally set out, and I watched them walk down the path toward the village. Both were tall and slender,

but there the resemblance ceased entirely. Gabrielle was strictly tailor-made from shoe to hat, but Elizabeth inclined toward softening the severity of such costumes by various feminine devices very telling in their effect, especially upon the masculine element of society.

When Gabrielle turned and waved her tightly-rolled silk umbrella in a farewell salute, I thought her plain, well-fitting skirt and jacket, immaculately severe linen shirt waist, stiff cravat and trim little hat with its knot of ribbon and long black quill, the only correct costume for any one. But when Elizabeth also turned and raised her red parasol I was not so sure, for the pretty tan-colored skirt and short Eton jacket, the dainty white blouse, and the light straw hat with a red rose under the brim, were certainly very becoming, as well as entirely suitable.

I lay quite still for some hours, then found myself gradually reviving and with a strong desire for a cup of tea. The house seemed very quiet, and though I opened my door and called several times there was no response. I was forced to conclude that Mary Anne had taken advantage of our intended absence to spend the day in the village, not knowing I had remained at home.

I therefore got up and went down to the kitchen to see what I could find; for I had eaten no breakfast, and felt that I would now be all the better for a little food.

The fire was out, and the prospects discouraging to one disinclined to make much of an effort; but I found some crackers, and remembered that Mary Anne had mentioned putting the milk on the hanging shelf in the cellar, so I got a glass and went after it, cracker jar in hand.

The cellar had been well aired and was much less damp and musty than on my previous visit. Also, the litter of boxes and other rubbish had been neatly piled along the wall, and the whole place seemed more habitable. The sea breeze swept through the open windows until the hanging shelf creaked on its rusty chains, and a ray of sunlight penetrated the dark recess, almost reaching the packing case at the end.

I found the milk and filled my glass, then wandered aimlessly into the recess, sat down upon an upturned box, and began my lunch. I do not understand why I should have elected to do this, when the entire house was at my disposal, but sometimes one obeys an impulse without any tangible reason for doing so.

As I sat contentedly nibbling a cracker and sipping the milk I heard voices, muffled but quite distinct, as though on the other side of a thin partition. At first I was alarmed, but in an instant I recognized Mary Anne's familiar tones and was correspondingly relieved, although her whereabouts was still a mystery.

"Now, then," said a man's voice impatiently, "don't let's have a scene, and, for heaven's sake, don't turn on the water-works—this place is damp enough already."

"Oh, Willy, my dear, dear boy," she said appealingly; "don't go for to be short w' me—don't, now!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### PERIOD OF REST PROCLAIMED.

Absence of Light Regulates the Hours of Slumber.

If it were always daytime, we should never sleep. So says a scientist, according to answers. There is no particular reason why we, or any other animals, should rest, on an average, eight or nine hours a day.

The period of rest has been determined by the fact that eight hours is the average time when there is a lack of sufficient light to enable us to move about in comfort.

This most fundamental distinction between night and day is wholly relative to the sense of sight. It only affects those types of life which have developed eyes.

Plants, being dependent for their growth upon the action of rays of sunlight which fall upon their leaves, have a wide distinction between day and night functions.

They eat and digest in the light, and grow during the hours of darkness.

The lowest forms of animal life—the sightless denizens of ocean depths—do not rest at regular intervals. They prow around incessantly, seeking prey by the sense of touch alone. When they rest, it is at irregular periods. In other words, they have no distinct periodicity of their own.

But as soon as eyes are developed, and in proportion to this development, animals begin to divide their time into two main portions—a waking and a sleeping time. While there is light they perform all motive functions. When darkness comes they retire to nest or lair to rest.

### The Sympathy of Friendship.

It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not re-enforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or this, I know it was right.—Emerson.

## SHAH OF PERSIA LOSES THRONE

Has Taken Refuge in Russian Summer Legation at Zerdende, Under Protection of Cossacks.

The Crown Prince, Sultan Ahmed Miraza, is Proclaimed Shah by the National Assembly, Azad Ul Mulk Being Named as Regent.

Teheran.—Mohamed Ali, Shah of Persia, was dethroned on Friday, July 16, and the crown prince, Sultan Ahmed Miraza, was proclaimed shah by the national assembly, composed of the chief mujtehdids and the leaders of the Nationalist forces, in the presence of an immense crowd in Parliament square.

Mohamed Ali has taken refuge in the Russian summer legation at Zerdende, where he is under the protection of detachments of Cossacks and Sepoys, dispatched to Zerdende by the British and Russian diplomatic representatives. The new shah is yet in his minority and Azad Ul Mulk, head of the Kajar family, has been appointed regent. Sipahdar, one of the most active leaders of the movement, has taken office as minister of war and governor of Teheran. General Laakhoff, through whose negotiations with the Nationalists the surrender was effected, was escorted Friday afternoon by mounted Bakhtiria to the parliament building that he might remain temporarily in command of the Cossack brigade, provided he obeyed the orders of the war minister. This arrangement was communicated to the British and Russian legations.

The shops and private quarters occupied by the shah's soldiers have been plundered and the residence of the manager of the Indo-Persian Telegraph company has been looted, but no other homes of foreigners were invaded. The townspeople are taking calmly the sudden change in rulers, and the Nationalists are resting after four days of incessant fighting in the streets of a strange town.

### WILL STAND BY PROMISES.

President Taft Declares Party is Committed to Downward Revision of Tariff.

Washington.—All doubt as to where President Taft stands with regard to the downward revision of the tariff was swept away on Friday, when a statement was given out at the White House setting forth in detail what the president had to say to twenty-three Republican members of congress who called to protest against putting raw materials on the free list.

The president, in his statement, declared that the Republican party is committed to downward revision; that he has never had any other idea of the Chicago platform, and that he personally has promised a downward revision to the people.

This statement is interpreted in some quarters here as a direct notification to the conferees on the tariff bill that if the measure they finally agree upon does not constitute a material reduction in specific duties the president will exercise his power of veto.

Dictated by J. C. E. T. A. O. I. N. N. 1; M. J. Dictated in the third person, the statement concludes with this final word of the president's attitude as outlined to his callers:

"He felt strongly the call of the country for a downward revision within the limits of the protective principle and he hoped to be able to respond to that call as he heard it, as well in the interests of the party as of the country."

### A Billion Dollar Merger.

New York.—The merging of the Bell Telephone companies of the country into a gigantic corporation representing a capitalization of \$970,000,000 is believed to be foreshadowed by the action taken by the American Telegraph & Telephone company in providing for the absorption of the New York & New Jersey Telephone company. Although no official statement could be obtained Friday, it is believed that the New York & New Jersey Telephone company will accept the offer of the American Telephone & Telegraph company to exchange its stock share for share.

Mary Baker G. Eddy Celebrates Her Eighty-eighth Anniversary.

Boston.—Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder and leader of the Christian Science denomination, passed her eighty-eighth birthday at her residence at Chestnut Hill on Friday, July 16th. According to custom, the anniversary was without any particular observance. Members of Mrs. Eddy's household said "the mother," as she was known by her followers, was in splendid health and was attending to her affairs with her usual vigor.