



When the brief operation completed, Floyd sprang up beside his driver for the start, Stanton surveyed him through his goggles.

"If you are nervous about my driving and my sense, you had better get off now," was the grim warning. "For I drive as I see fit, and I'm going to make up these laps."

"Why are you wasting time here, then?" countered the mechanic, practically.

The Mercury hurtled viciously down the line of training camps and burst out on the track like a blazing meteor. Stanton shifted into high gear on the curve, and began to drive—as he saw fit.

The close-packed witnesses stood during most of the next hour, alternately applauding and shouting dismay, climbing on seats and benches to see. The other racers gave the Mercury room on the turns, after the Alan car tried to steal an inside sweep, and skidding, missed destruction through and with Stanton by the narrow margin of a foot.

There was neither opportunity nor wish for speech between the two who rode the verge of death on the Mercury. Floyd attended steadily to his duties; pumping oil, brushing the yellow trackdust from the pilot's goggles to clear his vision for each turn, watching the tires and the other machines. But he made no protest at the deadly methods of his companion.

Near the end of the second hour, the scream of the klaxon sounded its significant warning of trouble.

"It's us—lamps out," called the mechanic, after a comprehensive review of their machine.

Stanton shook his head impatiently, and kept on; deliberately passing the paddock gate instead of turning in. As they shot by the grand-stand for the second time, the klaxon sounded again, long and imperiously.

"Go in to fight the judges!" hissed Floyd, with careful politeness.

The driver did not speak or glance from the funnular effect of light and dark into which they were boring, but the catch of his breath was not gentle. However, he swung into the paddock, on the next circuit, and halted a brief instant to have the lamp re-lighted. Familiar with his usual wants, a man ran bringing a pitcher of water to Stanton; who swallowed a little, then pushed the vessel so rough-



Malted an Instant to Have His Lamps Re-lighted.

ly toward his mechanic that some of the liquid splashed over the recipient and trickled down upon them both.

"Here," he offered curtly.

"Thanks," Floyd accepted, and drank as they bounded forward, tossing the tin pitcher back over his shoulder, where a reporter gathered it up and set upon a keg of oil to write a pretty account of the volunteer mechanic who had made the Mercury's entry possible and of the consequent regard of Stanton for him.

The next hour passed a trifle more quietly. Perhaps even Stanton was sufficiently tired by the strain to drive with some conservatism; perhaps he acknowledged mentally that no car built would stand such viciously grueling work for twenty-four consecutive hours. But he kept the lead gained, for all that, and a pace like the long sweep of a swallow.

"Car coming out of the paddock. Hundred and eightieth lap. Car stopped around the bend," Floyd reported, at intervals. Otherwise there was mute attention to business on the part of both men.

"Signal," Stanton abruptly ordered, at last, as they rushed across the stretch of track between the grand-stand and the training-camps.

Floyd obediently rose in his place, raising his arms above his head in the accepted signal to their men to stand ready for the car's entrance. On the next circuit Stanton turned into the paddock and came to a stop before the Mercury's tent.

"Get out," he directed, and himself left his seat.

The two men who alternated were waiting to relieve the two who descended from the machine. The workmen swarmed around to fill tanks and give swift inspection, and the fretting car sped back to the track.

Left opposite each other in the flickering glare of the swinging electric lamps, driver and mechanic stood for a moment, weary, car-stiff, and still tense. Stanton unclasped his mask with a jerk, took a step toward the tent, then turned toward his assistant.

"The three hours are up," he observed roughly. "I suppose you leave me."

"Why do you suppose that? Are you through with me?" Floyd asked, with studied quietness.

"I made the offer to any man who would go for the first three hours. The time is up; you're free to get your money from Mr. Green, and leave."

Floyd took off his own mask and bared his white, steadfast face and tired eyes to the other's gaze.

"I entered for the race, or for as much of it as you want me," he corrected. "Until you quit, or find a substitute you like better, I'm with you."

They looked at each other.

"Go rest, then. There is coffee inside," bade Stanton, and swung on his heel.

At the entrance to his tent he was met by the exultant assistant manager.

"I've got you a mechanic, Stanton!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "I telephoned our fix to headquarters, and Jack Rupert is coming down—the chief tester at the factory, you know, who used to race with the chief himself. He phoned that he wouldn't see the Mercury thrown out but to tell you he was going to cancel his life insurance policy first so he would not be accused of suicide for the benefit of his heirs. Funny chap! He'll be here before you go on the track again."

"What for?" demanded Stanton. "If I kill my mechanic, I kill my car and myself—I don't need two men, and I've got one."

"But I thought you said—" began the amazed Mr. Green.

"I was wrong. Phone Rupert that I'll keep Floyd. Now, I'd like to get some rest."

The assistant manager stepped aside from the entrance, confounded.

CHAPTER II.

The Risk and the Lady.

Two hours later, Stanton emerged from his camp and strolled toward the paddock exit. It was after two o'clock in the morning; the dark arch of star-streak sky overhead, the black emptiness of the central field except for the line of tents, contrasted oddly with the glistening white track where the meteor-bright cars circled tirelessly to the accompanying monotonous of many voices, varied by the occasional wail of the official klaxon. One machine was out of the race, after going through the fence; a heap of disordered metal which men were striving frantically to restore to activity, while in the illuminated hospital tent its driver and mechanic were undergoing a kindred process of rehabilitation. Other cars went in and out from their camps, for oil, for gasoline, for tires and minor repairs—for all the countless wants of a racing machine. Stanton looked for the Mercury, then, satisfied, crossed the track and entered the space before the grand-stand.

Along the edge of the cement promenade were parked a row of automobiles whose owners preferred to witness the race from their own cars rather than from the tiers of seats behind. Past them Stanton turned, avoiding the fire of attention and curiosity he would draw by crossing the lighted space where recognition must follow. He was going to the restaurant in the interior of the stand.

But as he passed a big white touring car at the end of the row, a woman leaned from the shadow of the top. "I beg your pardon," she summoned, her tone composed and rather imperious.

The apology veiled a command. Stanton halted.

"Madam!" he responded, astonished and scarcely pleased.

She deliberately stepped down beside him, accompanied by the crisp sound of shaken silk and a drift of faint, rich fragrance. She wore a dark motor-veil, and in the mingling of dense shadows and glaring lights it was not possible to distinguish more than her general effect of youth and well-poised grace.

"I fancied by your costume that you were one of the racers," she explained. "And as I only arrived an hour ago, I wished to beg some information."

"I am one of the men driving," he corroborated.

She turned to glance at the camp resting by, strapping for the lead.

"Thank you," can you tell me whether Ralph Stanton is now driving the Mercury?"

"No," he answered, interested for the first time. "But he will take the wheel again in half an hour."

"Ah! I have heard so much of his spectacular feats, I," she gave a careless, rippling laugh. "I confess I should like to see some of them."

"Yes? Well, half the people here come to see whether some of the men won't take a chance once too often. They say there is a pleasant thrill in watching some one else get killed."

"Hardly that," she demurred. "Still, if one comes to an automobile race, one wants to see something more exciting than a drive in the park; something more exciting than—that." She waved a fragile hand toward the track, shrugging her shoulders with an airy amusement and scorn.

Stanton surveyed the scene, the darkness hiding his expression.

"The Mercury is marking time with a substitute driver, the Duplex is off with a choked feed-pipe, and the Stern went through the fence," he summed up. "The others are driving to win by endurance, playing for accidents to the faster cars. It is a dull period, just now. Yet every car there is going fast enough to face destruction if anything goes wrong."

She turned to him again, and he knew her gaze swept him interrogatively, searchingly. But his close-fitting linen costume offered no means of identification, since he purposely kept from the light the silver letters running across his jersey.

"My father is president of a tire company," she idly remarked. "His tires are being used on some of the cars, the Mercury for one, I believe, and he wanted to watch their testing under use. So, after a dinner engagement we could not escape, we motored down here from the city. You see I have not viewed much of the race. I admit this does not look very perilous and I am a bit disappointed."

"I again her short crystal laugh, "I shall hope better things of the famous Stanton; I want to admire him very much. But I am detaining you, and you were leaving! Every thanks for your patience."

"Hardly leaving, since the twenty-four hour race is not six hours old," he corrected briefly. "I am glad to have been of any use to you."

She returned his salute; then, upon the cool impulse of one accustomed to doing as she chose, put her question directly:

"Ah—I am Miss Carlisle; I would like to know who has been good enough to aid me in my ignorance."

"My name is Stanton," he complied, and went on.

From the shelter of the obscurity he looked back. She had taken a step forward into the light and her veil had slipped aside as she gazed after him with an expression of acute and

To be continued

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

MIAMI

Chas. Lynn has recovered from a short spell of pneumonia and was in town for the first time Saturday looking rather thin from the effects of his illness.

W. H. Nichols is drilling a deep well at his home southeast of town. At last account they were down nearly 300 feet. The drill had passed through 60 or 70 feet of rock.

Will Mayfield was a Miami visitor a day or two last week. He has been employed to teach the Walnut Grove school again next year.

Mrs. Clarence Nichols and children, Marion and Margaret, who have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Nichols' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Peterman, will go to Des Moines, Ia., next week to join her husband who is now located there in business. Her sister, Miss Alma Peterman, will go with her for a few weeks' visit.

C. W. Nichols will probably go along with them to see them a safe journey. Ed Donnell has been successful to a large degree in fishing with a trot-line the past two weeks. He has caught some nice catfish and some large carp.

A couple of fishermen stopped just below here a few days this week and sold a quantity of nice fish to roach customers of the town. They caught some catfish that weighed more than thirty pounds.

Drives Off a Terror

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having the pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. George W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found it equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at F. H. Franklin's Druggist.

SLATER

Carl Orser, of this place, and Heidbrink Bros., of Higgsville, have purchased the lot on Front street from the City and will begin as soon as possible the erecting of a modern laundry.

Miss Bee O'Hearn left this week for Little Rock, Ark., on a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. J. Bailey. She also expects to visit Hot Springs, Ark., before returning to her home.

Miss Ruby Gork left last Monday to attend Summer school at the Missouri Valley College at Marshall.

Clarence Willis, son of James Willis, who lives south of Slater was in town Tuesday wearing a bandaged hand as the result of the accidental discharge of a 32 caliber pistol. The bullet passed through the middle finger of his left hand, between the first and second joints shattering the bone.

Dr. R. C. Price was called to see him and thinks he can save the finger.

Col. Geo. Dyer being unable to retain his residence in north Slater until he could build one of his own, has moved into his barn in northwest Slater, where he says the latch string is hanging out to his neighbors and friends.

Foils a Foul Plot

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. Price 25 cents at P. H. Franklin's, Druggist.

BLACKBURN

On Thursday Rev. and Mrs. E. Runge entertained in honor of Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Weibusch, missionaries at Koneba, South Australia, who are on their way to Germany to visit his parents and stopped here to visit his brother, Henry.

Mrs. F. T. Entekin and daughter, Miss Nancy Jane, have gone to their home at Slater after a visit to Mrs. Taylor Entekin.

Burglar visited our town on Tuesday night. They broke into Hering & Lieser lumber yard office and carried off a few stamps after ransacking the office and trying to work the combination of the safe lock.

They entered the poultry house, taking a lot of eggs, money and clothing. They tried to enter the Blackburn Pharmacy by the transom over the front door, but failed and went off leaving the ladder in the door way.

SWEET SPRINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. D. Rothrock went to Lexington Tuesday to attend the commencement exercises at Central College. Their daughter, Miss Minnie graduates this week from the musical department of that institution.

Russel Urie's little 3-year-old son, Ralph, caused his parents to spend several anxious hours Monday afternoon. He apparently grew tired of Sweet Springs and decided to take a little journey.

He went down to Grother & Son's livery barn and climbed into a closed carriage and finished his trip via the dreamland route. He awakened about six o'clock but could not get out. The usual childish distress signal was sounded and an employee soon found him and returned him safely home.

Mrs. Chaney, principal of the high school here, who has been spending her vacation with the Misses Curtis, of near Blackburn, left there Monday for Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob VanDyke attended Westminster commencement at Fulton last week. One of the graduates was their son, Jacob Jr., who is now an A. B.

Nervous? Thin? Pale?

Are you easily tired, lack your usual vigor and strength? Then your digestion must be poor, your blood must be thin, your nerves must be weak. You need a strong tonic. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. We believe your doctor will endorse these statements. Ask and find out.

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will advise you of that notion in short order. "Correct it at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. They'll give you all the relief you need.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. 900 DROPS. ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Fac-Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. NEW YORK. 16 months old. 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

In Colorado! Only the Skies are Blue

Back your desk, leave your grouches behind and spend a few weeks with your old, hopeful, eager, virile self. This year of work has worn you out—you're dulled from the strain of dreaming and scheming—of plugging away at a fixed idea. It costs more to stay at home than to stay in Colorado. The round trip fares are very low. You'll come back a year younger, renewed, refreshed, competent.

Any way of going to Colorado is a good way, because it gets you to Colorado. But the best service is via the

Rock Island Lines. The Rocky Mountain Limited daily from Chicago and Omaha and The Colorado Flyer daily from St. Louis and Kansas City, are perfectly appointed trains which set a new standard in travel comfort. Electric-lighted, with drawing-rooms, staterooms and roomy berths; dining and observation cars. Every mile of the journey is one of real enjoyment. Take the Rock Island Lines from the Nearest Point. These and other fast daily trains make the trip a part of the vacation. Let me send you our booklets, "Under the Turquoise Sky" and "Little Journeys in Colorado" and tell you about the low round trip fares to Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast. J. A. STEWART, General Passenger Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

GILLIAM. P. E. Clampt, a popular conductor on the Alton, and Mrs. Mary Smith were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride in Louisiana, Mo. The Gilliam Auto Company sold four new Ford cars in the past two weeks to the following, one to Mr. J. E. Gibson, of Arrow Rock; J. F. Gibson of Napton, Daniel McCormick and Fred Detmer of Gilliam. The company has sold fourteen cars this year and has bright prospects of many more sales in the near future.—Globe.

SLATER. Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Eubank, Thursday, May 30, a son.—Mrs. Wm. Hains who accompanied her husband as far as New York on his way to England, has returned home. She saw Mr. Hains safely cabined on board the steamer "Olympic". She went aboard the vessel and remained for some time with him.—News.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Tuesday, June 4, the Cemetery Club met at the elegant home of