



Stanton paused for a moment, dumb, then turned on his heel and went out. He was so stunned and bitterly angered that little red flecks danced before his vision.

Witnesses was more impressive than any outcry, the stillness spoke. Floyd's outstretched hand fell by his side and he slowly paled, all the laughter wiped from his face.

"I am ready for work," he gravely reported, after a brief pause. "When you want me, send for me, please."

"Very well," came the chilling reply. It was an hour before the actual start. There was sufficient to be done to keep every one occupied, especially after the trucks loaded with tires came to the camp.

"What have I done?" he asked simply. Both men were still unmasked, their privacy of speech was secured by the uproar around them.

"Lied to me. You were not kept away from New York by work with Green, or any other work, for the last two weeks."

A tinge of scarlet streaked Floyd's pallor, he bent his head. "Yes, I lied to you," he admitted.

"Stanton, trust me all the way now," he appealed. "Can you do that? Can you take my word that your friendship is the only thing in the world I want?"

"Yes," acquiesced the other unemotionally. His dark face gave an effect of bronzed immobility, his blue-black eyes held steel glints.

"Well," the assistant manager resumed, and paused. The pompous waitress was leaning between them, placing a teapot on the table.

"Chocolate, sir," she giggled. Stanton pushed back his chair, then checked himself as sharply.

"No," he stated, and set the pot away from before him. The movement was not violent, but there was in it so much poorly restrained force that the china vessel shattered upon striking the table and all the fragrant brown liquid ran over the white cloth.

"I am ready," he signified. The Mercury camp was a scene of animated preparation, twenty minutes later, when Floyd emerged from the dense press of arriving spectators and gained the enclosure.

"Yes, I got them," he laughed, answering first one and then another. "No, I'm not tired, I slept both ways in the train. I did have breakfast, thanks, in Jamaica. I've got my racing clothes on. Mr. Green? I dressed at the hotel before coming here. Where is Stanton? Oh—" as the group separated to show the man standing beside the Mercury car.

The man made way, smiling under the pressure of the gaze of the spectators. Stanton looked full in his eyes, and the young mechanic went straight to his driver.

"Stanton," he began, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"What?" Stanton asked, looking up at him.

"You've lied to me," Stanton said, his face pale.

### FROM OUR EXCHANGES

MIAMI Robert L. Hall, a farm hand who had been in the employ of James M. Godman for about a week, disappeared Wednesday of last week, taking with him Mr. Godman's black riding mare and leaving behind him several forged checks upon which he had obtained money.

Stanton was on his feet again. "In with the tools," he directed, with brevity.

But the blue-black eyes and gray exchanged one smiling glance before the Mercury sprang forward.

The race began its third hour, as Stanton started out to regain his lost lead. It was noon, a dazzling, breathless noon of azure and gold.

There was a bridge, back there, across a shallow running brook shut in by a strip of autumn-tinted woodland.

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SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY SALE Begins Monday, September 9th, and Lasts Seven Selling Days. Practically all Merchandise in the Store, Regardless of newness, priced at 10 to 50% below regular. The Most Important Mercantile Event for Years.

Come to Kansas City at Our Expense! The Jones Store Co. will refund you the price of your railroad fare on the basis one mile, round trip, for each dollar expenditure. For instance, visit Kansas City and purchase here during this 17th Anniversary Sale to the extent of twenty-five dollars and we'll refund your fare both ways for twenty-five miles.

THE JONES STORE CO. A STORE FOR EVERYBODY. Kansas City's Profit-Sharing Store.

Does It Pay Montgomery, Ward and Co. of Chicago, last week sent nearly a wagon load of catalogues to Marshall. The express alone was almost \$30. The cost of publishing the catalogues runs into figures that would be hard to realize.

Glorious News comes from Dr. J. T. Curtis, Dwight Kan. He writes: "I not only have cured bad cases of eczema in my patients with Electric Bitters, but also cured myself by them of the same disease. I feel sure they will benefit any case of eczema. This shows what thousands have proved that Electric Bitters is a most effective blood purifier. It is an excellent remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver kidneys and bowels, cures poison, helps digestion, builds up strength. Price 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed by P. H. Franklin's SLATER

Repels Attack of Death. Five years ago two doctors told me I had only two years to live. This startling statement was made by Stillman Green, Malachite, Col. "They told me I would die with consumption. It was up to me then to try the best lung medicine and I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery. It was well I did, for today I am working and believe I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure that has cheated the grave of another victim." Its folly to suffer with coughs, colds or other throat and lung troubles now. Take the cure that's safest. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at P. H. Franklin's SLATER

To Mothers--and Others! You can use Bucklen's Arnica to cure children of eczema, rashes, tetter, chafings, scaly and crusty humors, as well as their accidental injuries--cuts, burns, bruises, etc., with perfect safety. Nothing else heals so quickly. For burns, ulcers old, running or fever sores or piles it has no equal. 25c at P. H. Franklin's NELSON

Took all the Blue Ribbons. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Evans, who attended the Binckton Fair last week came home with eleven first premiums, won by their fine horse Hallic Neal.

Everybody's doin' it. WHAT? Going to the ILLINOIS STATE FAIR Opens Oct. 4, Closes Oct 12. LOW RATES AND SPECIAL TRAINS TO AND FROM SPRINGFIELD VIA THE CHICAGO & ALTON "The Only Way" to "The Only Fair" This Year's Fair will be the very best Fair ever held. The attraction far exceed any previous years. Monoplane and Biplane flights. Mile Garcia of Havana, Cuba, rides down an inclined plane in an Automobile, and turns a triple somersault. Balloon Ascents with Parachute Drop. Motorcycle and Automobile Races, and hundreds of other attractions, all in addition to the immense exhibit of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry. The Chicago & Alton will make very low rates to Springfield, from all sections of its line in Illinois with liberal limits. You can't afford to miss this year's State Fair. For rates, time of trains and other information consult O. E. HAWTHORNE, Ticket Agent, Marshall, Mo.



A Linen-Clad Nurse Stood Beside Him.

fingers, trickled revivifying across his intolerably painful arm, gurgling like a joyous voice as it passed by him. Slowly, with infinite effort, Stanton dragged himself up upon the other arm, the uninjured right. He must see; that was the imperious cry of brain and heart, to see. It seemed to him years ago that the Mercury had gone off the bridge, yet he knew the time could be but moments, since the ambulance had not come and he was still here.

His vision was clearing. Yes; there, half in the dainty brook, half on the green bank, lay the heap of bent and broken metal that had been the Mercury racing car. And beside it--

When he drove back the faintest that blackened the bright noon. Stanton began to drag his pain-racked body toward what lay beside the Mercury. Movement hurt, hurt unbearably, yet was a less anguish than thought. For he knew, knew the mechanic seldom escapes.

Floyd lay near the machine, unmarred to outward view except for a cut over his temple and a stain of blood on his hip. His mask and cap were gone, one hand was flung out, palm upward, and the torn sleeve left bare the slim arm crossed by the signal scar gained at Lowell. He looked very young and strangely grave, as the sunlight and tree-shadows flickered back and forth across his colorless face and shining brown waves of hair.

"Floyd," Stanton articulated hoarsely by "Floyd!"

The truck gurgled absently, a belated circle flashed past a creek of flame. Stanton's head sank back down against his mechanical partner's hood, and the world fell out of knowledge.

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