

Then "Eel" looked at the dressing table facing the two beds. By the light of the moon he could see the ivory-backed brushes and the silver-topped bottles, and, when he moved nearer, he discovered three handsome diamond rings, a splendid diamond brooch and a wonderful diamond pendant lying in a glittering heap before him!

"Eel" almost gasped. This was a record-breaker so far as he was concerned, and no mistake! He put the latest additions to his collection carefully away in the inside pocket of his coat, and, satisfied at last, crept out of the room, closing the door behind him, tiptoeing down the stairs and out of the dining room window.

Picking up his heavy sack full of silver he made for the woods where he hid the heavy pieces in a clump of bushes, making a certain mark on a nearby tree, and on another, and another. And then, with the watches and snuff-boxes and bonbonnières and fans and rings and the brooch and the pendant still on his person, he—disappeared.

How he disappeared or where he disappeared to is not for me to say nor for you to know. We have been concerned with "Eel" Brady, alias Jim Harris, alias Tom Martin, alias several other things so far, but we are concerned with him no further. We are now concerned with Mrs. Christopher Churnside, of Green Gables.

As soon as "Eel" had closed the door of the bedroom behind him, Mrs. Churnside sat up in bed, with her head thrust forward, straining every nerve to catch the slightest sound. She waited one, two, three, four, perhaps five minutes, without making a move.

Then she got out of bed. She glanced at her husband. He was still breathing heavily. She moved to the dressing table. Yes, her jewels were gone, her wonderful jewels! Tears came to her eyes. But these were not tears of sorrow. They were tears of joy!

On the dressing table, where her diamonds had been, was a little bottle and a rag. She picked up these objects and examined them carefully. Chloroform! Then, for the first time she showed signs of excitement, keen excitement.

She hesitated for a moment—no longer. Then with the bottle and the rag she moved to the side of her husband's bed. She took the cork out of the bottle, and saturated the rag with the pungent fluid. Then, with a firm hand, she clapped the rag over the mouth and nose of the sleeping man, who never made a move.

She stood beside the bed and looked down at the man who lay there. For five years she had been married to him, since she was twenty-five and he was fifty-five. For five years, but especially for the last three, she had planned and plotted just such a moment as this, when she would stand by and watch him die.

She had never been able to make up her mind just what method she would use, just what instruments she would employ—whether a gun, or a knife, or poison, or a rope, even having thought of fire and of water as a means to an end; but she had known instinctively that some day or some night, sooner or later, she would have to rid herself of this man, this millionaire whom she had married, and whom she had hated.

She had hated him when he had first begun paying her attention. She had hated him because she had felt that she would have to accept him. She was poor and she longed to be rich. Most women love the things that money can buy. But this woman worshiped such things. Money was her absolute god. She had no other.

And so, hating the man, she married him. And, hating him more and more, she continued living with him. And, hating him most of all, she became his devoted nurse, his constant comforter, when, two years after the marriage, he

was taken ill and his health became completely broken.

The neighbors in New York and the neighbors at Highland Falls, all spoke in the highest terms of "poor dear Mrs. Christopher Churnside," who by her life disproved the old idea that if a young woman married an old man it was not because of himself but because of his money.

But "poor dear Mrs. Christopher Churnside" loathed her husband with a terrible intensity that never abated for a single instant. She loathed him as she gave him his medicine, hoping it would choke him; she loathed him as she smoothed his pillow, wishing it could smother him; and she loathed him as she kissed him on the mouth, praying it would poison him.

For almost a year she had seen that a window was always left unfastened, and that valuables had always been left lying about the house. She had even instigated the paragraph that had appeared in the society column of a daily paper and that had caught the eye of "Eel" Brady. This had been only one of many irons in the fire, and when this strange woman had heard the door of her bedroom softly open and had seen the intruder quietly enter, she had breathed a sort of prayer of gratitude that her request had been granted—at last.....

After perhaps fifteen minutes, she put her hand over her husband's heart. There was no movement whatever. She heaved a sigh of relief. Then she got into her own bed and lay here quite calmly.

An hour later she got up again. And again she put her hand on her husband's heart. All was still. Then she lifted the sopping wet cloth from his face. His eyes were open. She shuddered slightly. Then she picked up a napkin from the table between the two beds, saturated that too with chloroform, and, getting back into her own bed once more, placed the napkin on the pillow beside her head.

And it was thus that Mr. and Mrs. Churnside were found at seven o'clock in the morning, after a housemaid had discovered a robbery had been committed, which led to the butler's discovery that a murder had been committed also—almost a double murder, in fact, for while Mr. Churnside was long dead when found, Mrs. Churnside was also seriously affected by the chloroform that the burglar-murderer had brought with him.

Mr. Churnside had evidently made some faint outcry while the intruder was in the bedroom, stealing Mrs. Churnside's jewels, and rags soaked in the deadly drug had been thrown over the faces of the two occupants of the apartment, Mr. Churnside, being an invalid, dying as a result, and Mrs. Churnside probably only being saved by turning her head, causing the napkin to fall on the pillow.

That is what the police department and the detective bureau said at any rate. And that is the explanation that everybody readily accepted. And "the criminal" was never discovered.

"Eel" Brady is still doing jobs in various parts of the country.

And Mrs. Christopher Churnside, after one year of deepest mourning, now finds much comfort and consolation in life—with the income of seven million dollars at her disposal.....

—Town Topics.

INSPECTION TRIP

For the purpose of determining crop conditions the management of the Consolidated Wagon & Machine company keep men on the road continuously. Recently a trip was made by motor car leaving Salt Lake City early in June, returning a week later, going north through Bear River valley to Malad thence through Curlew valley to Snowville, Strevell, Albion, Burley,

Twin Falls, Buhl, Jerome, Shoshone, Gooding and via Fairfield in Blaine county to Halley, Idaho, thence through Picabo Carey to Arco and east to Blackfoot, northeast through Idaho Falls to Ashton and returning via Idaho Falls, Preston, Logan, Collinston and Brigham to Salt Lake City. The distance covered being 1,117 miles. In some localities there is insufficient water for the upper lands, but the crops are sufficiently far advanced to warrant the statement that the harvest should be much greater than in prior years. Rains in the Snake River valley commencing on the 7th extended as far south as Lewiston in Cache valley and will produce beneficial results.

The party consisted of George T. Odell, general manager and G. G. Wright of the Consolidated Wagon & Machine company and Thos. H. Luke of the Holt Manufacturing company of Stockton, California.

Speaking of the trip which was made in Mr. Odell's Franklin they said it could not be improved upon excepting for the mud encountered between Idaho Falls and Preston and which they were very pleased to enjoy, knowing the great amount of good it would be to the tillers of the soil.

Two weeks prior to this a trip was made south to Cedar City in Iron county and return to Salt Lake covering some 800 miles and crop conditions were reported favorable in that district.

If things keep to their course in Mexico, President Wilson's offer to back the best man down there may reduce itself to the simple matter of backing the last remaining one.—Atlantic City Review.

Although the grape-juice traditions are shattered, the prohibitionists can obtain some little comfort from the reflection that the new secretary of state hails from Watertown, N. Y.—Boston Transcript.

Mexico's great need now is to raise more corn and less Caln.—Savannah News.



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Special bargain offers will be made for the benefit of Out-of-town customers, and in addition, those valuable S. & H. Green Trading Stamps given FREE with purchases.