



#### SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightfoot, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprise to the wearer. Lightfoot dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightfoot, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightfoot changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightfoot's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightfoot of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightfoot is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from college. Later Lightfoot finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightfoot is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Francis. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightfoot hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Her Brother Jack.

"Good night, Dicky!" came up the elevator shaft. And then more "good nights," growing fainter with their laughter as the car shot down.

"Good night," I called after them. "Devilish sorry you fellows won't stay longer!"

"Jolly good lie, Jenkins," I said, yawning sleepily, as I dropped back into my own apartment.

"Yes, sir," assented Jenkins demurely. "It's sleeping on the divan the other night, sir. Eight hours there ain't nothing like eight hours in bed and in your pajamas."

"Pajamas!" I ejaculated, startled.

For all day I had been thinking of her. I wondered if Billings would happen to invite me up for the week end. But he had so many times, and I had never gone.

"By Jove, that reminds me," I said. "Those red silk pajamas!"

"Yes, sir," Jenkins' face hardened in an odd, wooden way.

"I was wondering, Jenkins, if those pajamas were torn any in our little row the other night."

Poor Jenkins winced a little. "I think not, sir," he muttered humbly—"leastwise, they were all right last night when Mr.—" He seemed to catch himself abruptly. "I mean when I found them this morning, sir."

He returned with the garments I had received from Mastermann, and again we spread them under the lamp on the table. They looked singularly smooth and unwrinkled. There was not a single tear or break, not even with the delicate cords that twisted to form the frogs of the seat.

"My, sir! But ain't they red!" breathed Jenkins. "Them cords look like little red snakes."

I cut an anxious glance at Jenkins, for I did not like his reference to snakes. Seemed ominous, somehow. But his appearance was composed and reassuring. And, by Jove, come to 'look, the cords did look just like tiny, coiled serpents of glowing fire. Why, they were so jolly red they hurt your eyes. Fact! And thin as the beautiful stuff was, this brighter red ran all over the other, covering every inch of it and forming the closest, finest what-you-call-it embroidery. It was as faint and dainty a pattern as that on a soap bubble! Fact is, I could not trace it, even with my glass.

The only part that wasn't covered with this embroidery business was the stuff used to cover the knots, or little balls, over which the cords were meant to hook. In working with some of these cords, idly fastening and unfastening them, I got a little impatient with one that seemed tight, you know, and I used my manicure knife to pull the knot through.

"Careful, sir," warned Jenkins. "Likely to cut something."

By Jove! No sooner said, than I did it!

The dashed blade slipped somehow and cut into the threads that tied the covers or caps or whatever-you-call-'ems, over the knots. And when I pulled, the beastly piece of silk came off in my fingers.

And then—oh, but I say! I just gave a sort of yell and dropped the whole thing!

Ever have some silly ass try to scare you by poking a red hot cigar at you in the dark? Know how you jerk back? Well, there you are! For, give you my word, when I peeled off the little cloth cap, regular blazes of crimson fire seemed to shoot from the end of the knot.

Fact is, it wasn't a knot at all, but a button—a devilish glassy button, something bigger than a dime, perhaps, and thick as the end of your little finger. And there it lay against the silk, burning its way through it like a red coal of fire.

"And it was just then that Billings rolled in."

I say "rolled in," because it always looks that way. That's the way Billings is built, you know.

"I say, Dicky," he panted, "just missed another infernal express! Plenty more trains, but I had a great inspiration strike me that I'd let you put me up for the night. Hat, Jen-

# The GLOW of the RUBIES

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
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kins! Now, don't say a word, Dicky, old chap. Cane, Jenkins! Great pleasure, assure you—won't inconvenience at all. Gloves, Jenkins! Just give me something to sleep in, and I'll be as comfortable here as I would be at the club—so don't worry any about me, old chap. By the way, want to thank you for taking care of the kid. Got home all right, I understand."

He plunked like a jolly elephant into the largest and most comfortable chair in the room and wheezed for breath.

"And, Jenkins!" He raised one fat finger while he took a gasp. "Don't mind if I do have a package of Dicky's Koroskos and a sloe fizz—not too sweet, you know; and you may—"

Billings broke off suddenly. Then he climbed heavily to his feet, and without warning, heaved himself across the room and seized the button I had just uncovered. Dashed if he didn't almost upset me.

"Here, I say!" I protested. "Don't lose that cap." I picked it up from where he had jerked it to the floor. "It's the cover to hide that glass, you know."

"Wh-a-a-t!" Billings swung round, staring at me with the most curious expression.

"See here, Dicky," he exclaimed rather excitedly, but in a low tone, as he cut a side glance at Jenkins sitting on the divan at the cellarette. "What in thunder have you been doing now?"

By Jove, I turned cold for a minute. I was that startled. I thought he was going to use the pajamas as an introduction for reference to last night. But in a minute I saw that he did not mean that.

"Where on earth did you get anything like this?"

"Oh, I say now!" I remonstrated, alarm changing to a mild dudgeon. Billings' devilish rude manners are so offensive at times. "What do you mean? It's a present from a friend in China."

"Present!" Billings' eyes bulged queerly. He stooped toward me, whispering: "Did he know what this button was?"

"Why, of course he didn't," I answered indignantly. "Never dreamed of it, of course. I tell you, it was all nicely covered, was what-you-call-it—upholstered, you know—with devilish nice silk. I cut it off accidentally, trying to force the thing through that loop. That left the marble exposed."

Billings took the glass mechanically from the tray tendered by Jenkins and slipped it slowly, eying me curiously over the top. Then he set it back, very deliberately, wiped his mouth with the bit of napery, and without taking his glance from me, waited until Jenkins had left the room. Whereupon, after another searching look at the button, he dropped it with the garment upon the table, and with hands jammed deep in his pockets, faced me with a long-drawn whistle.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. Just a coarse, vulgar outburst, you know—no sense to it; no point at all, you know—that's Billings.

He caught up the coat again. "And these others—four of them—are they just the same?" he demanded sharply.

"Dash it, how should I know? I suppose so," I answered indifferently. And I closed my eyes and leaned back, feeling a bit—just a bit—tired. Somehow, Billings is always so exhausting when he gets started on something.

"Oh, cut it out, old chap," I protested, drowsy-like.

"I will," I heard him say. Then I guess I must have dropped off a bit, for the next thing I knew he was shaking me.

"Dicky! Dicky! Say, look here! Look, I tell you!"

I did look, and—well, I was jolly vexed, that's all.

"Oh, I say now!" I spoke severely—just that way, you know. I went on, remonstrating: "Devilish silly joke, if you ask me. You've gone and ruined the thing, Billings! Flashy buttons like that, you know—too tawdry, too cheap."

"Cheap!" He almost shouted it. Then he leaned over the back of the leather chair and pounded his fat head against the cushions, writhing his big bulk from side to side.

"Quite impossible," I said firmly. "Not en regle at all, you know!" And I fixed my glass and stared gloomily at the things. The five shiny buttons just lay there against the delicate silk like so many fiery crimson cherries.

He leered at me, chuckling. "Look cheap to you, eh? What you might call out, so to speak?"

"By Jove, of course," I answered ruefully. "I can't sleep in the things now, you know. What would people say?"

Billings stared at me disagreeably a moment and said something under his breath. Then he caught up the buttons and the silk, and crushing them in his hands, buried his face in the mass.

"Oh you beauties, you darlings!" I heard him murmur.

Then he looked at the buttons again, and dash it, he kissed me. Maudlin—jolly maudlin, I say, if you ask me!

"I say, Dicky," he said carelessly.

"You may not care for them, but I've taken rather a shine to these buttons. Mind letting me have one, eh?"

He flashed a quick glance at me and then away.

"Mind? Why, certainly not; take 'em all, old chap, and welcome." Yet I responded gloomily enough, scarcely polite, you know. And I felt too jolly prostrated to be curious as to what he could possibly want with the things. Waistcoat buttons, likely—Billings was given to loud dress and other bouncer stunts. But he just sat there looking down after I spoke, and presently stole a queer glance at me.

He suddenly held up the row of red buttons again.

"Look here, you blessed dodo," he exclaimed brusquely. "Have you really no idea what these are, these glass buttons you are yapping about? Of course you haven't, you jolly chowder head, but I'm going to tell you."

He threw the coat into my lap.

"They are rubies, old man, that's all," he said quietly. "Oriental rubies, at that—flawless and perfect—the rarest and most precious things in the world."

#### CHAPTER IX.

An Amazing Revelation.

I stared blankly at Billings. "Rubies!" I gasped.

He nodded. "Genuine pigeon bloods, my son, no less."

"Oh, come now, Billings," I protested. I felt a little miffed, just a little you know. So jolly raw to try it on that way.

"By Jove, old chap, you must think me a common ass," I suggested disgustedly.

Billings grinned at the very idea.

"You a common ass, Dicky?" he ejaculated. "Nobody who knows you would ever think that, old man."

"But, I say—"

"See here, Dicky boy, I'm in dead earnest," he interrupted eagerly. "Don't you remember my one fad—gems? Got enough tied up in them to build two apartment houses as big as this. Best amateur collection in New York, if I do say it. But I haven't anything like one of these rubies, and neither has any one else—no one else in this country, anyhow. There's nothing like them in all New York, from Tiffany's down to Maiden Lane, and never has been. I never saw anything like—near like any of them—except the one in the Russian crown of Anna Ivanovna. That's bigger, but it hasn't the same fire."



"Have You Really No Idea What These Are?"

I just laughed at him. "Why, Billings, these pajamas were sent me by a friend in China, and I assure you—"

"Assure? What can you assure—what do you know about it?" said Billings rudely. "What did your friend know, or the one he had these things from—or the one before him—or the one still before that? Pshaw!" And he snapped his fingers.

With his hand he swept up the little caps and the long, wirelike threads that held them and sniffed the handful curiously.

"H'm! Funky sort of aromatic smell—balsam, cedar oil or something like that," he muttered half aloud. "That accounts for the preservation. But still—"

He crossed his legs and puffed thoughtfully.

"Tell you how I figure this out, Dicky," he said finally. "These night-



les your friend has sent you are awfully rare and old; and for delicate, dainty elegance and that sort of thing they've got everything else in the silk way shoved off the clothes-line. But as to these jewels, you can just bet all you've got that whoever passed them on was not wise to them being under these covers."

Here he got to looking at one of the buttons and murmuring his admiration—regular trance, you know.

"By Jove!" I remarked, just to stir him up a bit. And he unloaded a great funnel of smoke and continued:

"My theory is that during some danger, some mandarins' war, likely, somebody got cold feet about these jewels and roped them in with these bits of silk—see how different they are from the rest of the stuff! Then, when the roughhouse came, these pajamas were swept along in the sack-

ing—sort of spoils of pillage, you know. It was a clever method of concealment—clever because simple—a hiding place unlikely to be thought of because right under the eye. You recall Poe's story of 'The Purloined Letter'?"

I asked Billings how much he thought one of the rubies was worth. I had in mind how devilish hungry he had looked at them. But he sighed, then frowned and answered impatiently:

"That's it! That's the trouble about all the rare and beautiful things of this life! Always some debasing, prohibitive sordid money value, dammit!"

He squinted at the stones again and let the weight of one rest upon his finger. He shook his head, sighing. "Well, they're over twenty carats each, and therefore, of course, many times the value of first water diamonds. After you get above five carats with real Oriental rubies, diamonds are not in it."

With an abrupt gesture he pushed the things away and rose. His pipe had gone out, but I noticed that he did not relight it. I held the gems full in the rays of the lamp, and Billings paused, holding a hungry gaze over his shoulder.

"I say, Billings, how much did you say one was worth?" I asked care-

## ARKANSAS AS A POULTRY RAISER

Ranks Twenty-second In U. S.  
Figures Given Out by Census Bureau.

10,808,758 FOWLS IN 1909

These Were Valued at \$286,562 an Average of 26.54c Per Fowl.  
27,054,674 Dozen Eggs.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Little Rock.—During the year 1909 there were raised in Arkansas 10,808,758 fowls on the 186,359 farms reporting. These were valued at \$286,562, an average of 26.54 cents per fowl. On 185,627 farms reporting there were raised during the same year 27,054,674 dozen of eggs, valued at a total of \$4,459,272, an average of 16.48 cents per dozen, according to advance figures of the Thirteenth census issued in Washington by Director E. Dana Durand of the Bureau of the Census, department of commerce and labor. The total value of the fowls and eggs raised in the state for that year was \$7,327,834.

Arkansas ranks twenty-second in the production of poultry during that year.

Figures for U. S.

The total number of farms reporting fowls raised in 1909 was 5,655,754, or 88.9 per cent of all farms in the United States, and the number of such fowls was 488,468,354, or an average of 86.4 fowls per farm. No report was published in 1900 showing the number of farms reporting or the number of fowls raised in 1899, but the total value was given as \$136,830,152, as against a value of 1909 of \$202,506,272. It will thus be seen that the value of poultry produced in one year shows an increase during the decade of over \$65,500,000, or 48.0 per cent.

The last census shows that in 1900 there were produced in the United States, 591,311,371 dozen eggs, valued at \$306,688,960. The production in 1899 was 1,293,662,433 dozen eggs, and the value, \$144,240,554. While the production of eggs during the ten years increased but 23.0 per cent, the value more than doubled, the exact amount of gain being \$162,448,419, or 112.6 per cent.

Seven states in the country raised over 20,000 fowls in 1909, namely: Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Ohio and Indiana; their combined production comprising over 39 per cent of the poultry produced in the United States. Only four states, however, reported a production of over 100,000,000 dozen eggs, namely: Missouri, Iowa, Ohio and Illinois; their combined product representing over 25 per cent of the total.

Newport.—While his wife, who is blind, stood upon a houseboat and heard his young children screaming, "Save my daddy," Will E. Norman, a pearler, near Ingleside, sank beneath the waters of White river recently to be pulled out 15 minutes later, lifeless. A severe storm caused Norman's boat to break loose from the bank, and when he waded out into the stream the swift current caught him and he was dragged under.

Glenwood.—A local lumber company of this place shipped 170 cars of the finest grade of soft yellow pine during the month of April. The shipments were to Northern markets, and is a record-breaking month. This mill cuts 150,000 feet daily.

#### EXERCISES TO LAST MONTH

Conway Has Many Colleges Who Will Hold Graduating Ceremonies.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Conway.—A commencement season, lasting more than one month when the four educational institutions of Conway will award diplomas to a total of 66 graduates was inaugurated here, when the baccalaureate sermon of the Conway High School was delivered. The commencement program of Central College will begin Saturday, May 15, and continue until Wednesday, May 22, and 13 programs will be rendered.

May 26 is commencement Sunday for the Arkansas State Normal. The commencement season in Conway will end with the closing exercises of Hendrix College, which will be held June 16-19, inclusive.

Forrest City.—Forrest City may not only have free delivery, but a handsome postoffice building. Postmaster Fitzpatrick says the revenues for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1912, were \$10,150 in round figures.

Drainage Plans Accepted.

Pine Bluff.—The directors of the Grady Drainage District, which was organized to reclaim 20,000 acres of fine farm lands in Lincoln and Jefferson counties, held a meeting in the office of the attorney for the district, Judge James Gould, in this city, accepted the plans and specifications of the engineers and ordered advertisements for the letting of the contract for the big ditch. The assessments are now made preparatory to the issuance of the bonds.

## SUFFERED ALL NIGHT LONG

Painful Experience of Mrs. Stephens. Husband Tries in Vain to Obtain Relief.

Pontotoc, Miss.—"All night long," says Mrs. P. G. Stephens, of this place, "I would suffer with my back, and I had such dragging down pains I could not stand it to walk or ride, for it would put me in bed."

My health had been bad for two years. My husband got the best doctors that he knew, but their medicine did me no good.

I used Cardui, the woman's tonic, and it put me on my feet again. I am feeling as well as I did when I was 16 years old.

I used about 7 bottles in all, and Cardui has helped me more than anything that I used.

I took lots of other medicines, but they did me no good.

As long as I live, I won't be without Cardui in the house."

As a remedy for weak, tired, worn-out women, who suffer from any of the aches and pains caused by womanly troubles, Cardui has been proven safe and reliable.

Composed of gentle-acting, herb ingredients, its action is mild and natural, and it has no bad after-effects. It is therefore harmless for young or old.

It has helped others, and should certainly help you, too.

Try it.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

We all admire a man who says just what he thinks—about other people.

"That horrible weather!"—how pleasant it really is when you are well! Gardell Tea helps always.

The man who wears a silk hat shouldn't butt in.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers.

Time.

"How long have you been a widow, Mrs. Weed?"

"It will be a year the 4th of next month."

"Dear me! Is it as long as that? How time flies!"

"Oh, do you think so? Well, if you ever have to wait a year to look pleasant when men offer you attentions you'll give up the idea that time is much of a flyer."

#### They Saved His Life.

Does it pay to stop your motor car after an accident and go back to see what has happened? Two young motorists on the south side believe it does.

With a green chauffeur these two boys were trying out a new model touring car. They were sitting in the back seat when the greenhorn at the steering wheel gave it a twist and came within an ace of hitting an old man at a crossing. The victim was so shocked that he fell to the pavement, and a crowd gathered in an instant.

Looking back, the motorists decided that things looked bad, but that they had better go back and see whether the old party was killed. Finding him all right, but winded, they took him for a nice ride around the parks. So pleasant did they make it for him that when they took him home to his wife he introduced them as "The two young men who saved my life."

They are now thinking of applying for Carnegie medals.

#### KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee—and is just as harmful as coffee.)"

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee, which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone."

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color."

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.