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Lower the Cost of Living. Don't Use an Axl

By MOSS.

POWERFUL indeed is the empire of habit.

It is the habit of eating three meals a day, of a cold plunge in the morning, of wearing a favorite color, of following the business routine of the office, of talking about the weather, of being a groucher or an optimist. Yes, life is all a habit. A powerful empire, indeed, is habit.

Habit automatically solves many of our problems. The habit of forgetting curses and anger and sorrow. The habit of saving prevents want and misery. The habit of remembering saves waste and inefficiency.

EFFICIENT shoppers get the habit of following the ads. In this paper closely and intelligently. They know just where they can buy what they want at any time at the lowest prices.

INEFFICIENT shoppers, loose of habit, look up the ads. only when they want something on the spur of the moment or they even fail to do that. They lose, as a person of slovenly habits always loses.

Don't use an ax to lower the cost of living. USE HABIT.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay—50c. adv.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

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PROLOGUE.

Mystery-detective-love story, all in one, and each of the three good—that's "The Secret of Lonesome Cove." There's more in this book; there's a very interesting example of the effect of the study of heredity on a man's mind.

If you are romantic, read it for the pretty love story; if you're fond of mystery-detective stories, find out how Chester Kent, clever, learned scientist and investigator, searched out the "secret." If psychology is your line, here's a case of the influence of the past on the present that is worth looking into.

From the time of the finding of the handcuffed body of the dead woman on the beach until Chester Kent clears up the mystery and the patient artist-lover has his reward, "his tale is worth reading. It is one of the cleverest books of its well known author, Samuel Hopkins Adams.

CHAPTER I.

The Body on the Beach.

LONESOME COVE is one of the least frequented stretches on the New England seaboard.

From the land side the sheer hundred foot drop of Hawkill cliffs shuts it off. There is no settlement near the cove. The somber reputation suggested by its name has served to keep cottagers from building on the wildly beautiful uplands that overbrood the beach. The straggling paths along the edge afford the only suggestion of human traffic within half a mile of the spot. A sharp cut ravine leads down to the sea by a rather treacherous descent.

Near the mouth of this opening a considerable gathering of folk awaited the usually deserted beach at dawn of July 6. They centered on a dark object a few yards within the food tide limit. Some scouted about, peering at the sand. Others pointed first to the sea, then to the cliffs.

From some distance away a lone man of a markedly different type from the others observed them with an expression of displeasure. One of the group presently detached himself and ambled over to the newcomer.

"Swanny," he ejaculated, "if it ain't Professor Kent! Didn't know you at first under them whiskers. You remember me, don't you? I used to drive you around when you was here before."

"I've just come out of the woods, Jarvis. And as you have some very interesting sea currents just here, I thought I'd have a look at them. Nobody really knows anything about coast currents, you know. Now my opportunity is spoiled."

"Spoil? I guess not. You couldn't have come at a better time," said the local man eagerly.

"Ah, but you see, I had planned to swim out to the eddy and make some personal observations."

"You was going to swim into Dead Man's eddy?" asked the other, aghast.

"Why, professor, you must have turned foolish. They ain't a man on this coast would take a chance like that."

"Superstition," retorted the other curtly. "On a still day such as this there would be no danger to an experienced swimmer. The conditions are ideal except for this crowd. What is it? Has the village gone picnicking?"

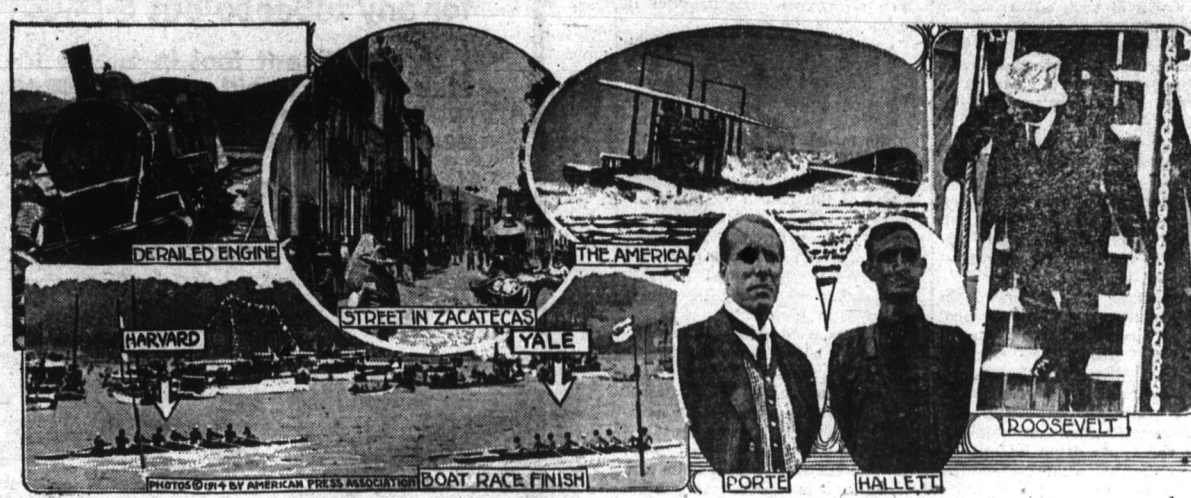
"Not scarcely! Ain't you heard? Another one's come in through the eddy. Lies over yonder."

Professor Kent's eyebrows went up as he glanced toward the indicated spot; then gathered in a frown.

"Not washed up there, surely?" he said.

"Some time early this morning."

"Fahaw?" said the other, turning to look at the curving bulwark of rocks



News Snapshots Of the Week

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt returned from Europe, where he attended the wedding of his son Kermit, and issued a broadside against President Wilson's administration.

The hydroplane America was launched at Westport, N. Y. In this craft George E. A. Hallett, an American, will attempt to fly across the Atlantic ocean from Newfoundland by way of the Azores islands.

Yale defeated Harvard by a few inches in their annual varsity eight oared boat race at New London, Conn. This was the first victory for the Yale varsity eight over Harvard in years, and the result was universally a surprise, as Harvard's crew was a strong favorite.

The Mexican rebels captured Zacatecas. The derailed engine is a sample of their wrecking operations.

Over which the son

barely breaking. "If it were the other end of the cove, now I could understand it."

"Yes," agreed Jarvis, "they mostly come in at the other end on this tide."

"Mostly? Always." The professor's tone was positive. "Unless my charts are wrong—But this—well, it spoils at least one phase of my theory."

"Theory?" exclaimed the liveryman, his pale eyes aghast. "You got a theory? But I thought you didn't know anything about the body till I told you just now."

"Oh, my ruined theory has reference to the currents," sighed the other. "It has nothing to do with dead men as such."

"This is a dead woman. Come and see for yourself."

Still frowning, Professor Kent suffered himself to be led to the spot. Two or three of the group, as it parted before him, greeted him. He found himself looking down on a corpse clad in a dark silk dress and stretched on a wooden grating, to which it was lashed with a small rope. Everything about the body indicated wealth. The dress was expensively made. The shoes were of the best type, and the stockings were silk. The head was marred by a frightful bruise which had crushed in the right side and extended around behind the ear. Blood had clotted thickly in the short close curled hair. The left side was unmarked. The eyes were closed and the mouth was slightly open, showing a glint of gold amid very white and regular teeth. An expression of deadly terror distorted the face. Professor Kent bent closely over it.

"This is strange—very strange," he murmured. "It should be powerful."

"But look at the hand!" cried Jarvis.

Here, indeed, was the astounding feature of the tragedy, the aspect that brought Kent to his knees, the more closely to observe. The body lay twisted slightly to the right, with the left arm extended. The left wrist was enclosed in a light rusted handcuff to which a chain was fastened. At the end of the chain was the companion cuff, shattered, evidently by a powerful blow, and half buried in the sand. As Kent leaned over the corpse a fat, powerful, grizzled man with a metal badge on his shirt front pushed forward.

"Them's cast iron cuffs," he announced. "That kind ain't been used these forty years."

"What kind of a ship 'ud be carrying 'em nowadays?" asked some one in the crowd.

"An' what kind of a seaman'd be putting 'em on a lady's wrist?" growled a formidable voice, which Kent, looking up, perceived to have come from amid a growth of heavy white whiskers, sprouting from a weather furrowed face.

"Seafaring man, aren't you?" inquired Kent.

"No more. Fifty year of it, man an' boy, has put me in harbor."

"That's Saylor Smith," explained Jarvis.

"Mr. Smith, will you take a look at those lashings and tell me whether in your opinion they are the work of a sailor?" asked Kent.

The old hands fumbled expertly. The case face puckered. Judgment came forth presently.

"The knots is well enough. The lashin's a passable job. What gets me is the rope."

"Well, what's wrong with the rope?" "Nothin' in particular. Only I don't know what that style of rope

Then it was early when he met this woman

"Little after sundown. He was riding the hill beyond the Nook—that's Sedgwick's place, the painter fellow—when she came out of the shrubbery—"

"Suppose we lift this grating," Kent suggested, "to see whether a ship's name is stamped somewhere on it."

He heaved the woodwork up on edge and held it so, while eager eyes scanned the under part. Murmurs of disappointment followed. In these Kent did not join. He had inserted a finger in a crevice of the splintered wood and had extracted some small object which he held in the palm of his hand, examining it thoughtfully.

"What ye got there?" demanded the sheriff.

Professor Kent stretched out his hand, disclosing a small grayish object.

"I should like to be the cocoon of ephesia kuelmella," he announced. "It's a species of gram moth."

"Oh!" grunted Schlager. "You're a bug collector, eh?"

"Exactly," answered the other, transferring his finger to his pocket.

Thereafter he seemed to lose interest in the center of mystery. Withdrawing to some distance he paced up and down the shore.

Nearer and nearer to high water mark his pacing took him. Presently he was scanning the tangled debris that the highest tide of the year had heaped up almost against the cliff's foot. When he rejoined the crowd it had suffered the loss of one of its component parts, the sheriff. Conjecture was buzzing from mouth to mouth as to the official's sudden desertion.

"Whatever it was he got from the pocket," Kent heard one of the men say, "it started him quick."

"Looked to me like an envelope," hazarded some one.

"No," contradicted Saylor Smith; "paper would have been all pulped up by the water."

"Marked handkerchief, maybe," suggested another.

"Like as not," said Jarvis. "You bet that Len Schlager figured it out there was somethin' in it for him anyway. I could see the money gleam in his eye."

"That's right, too," confirmed the old sailor. "He looked just like that when he brought in that half wit peddler, thinkin' he was the thousan' dollar reward thief last year."

Professor Kent advanced and bent over the manacled corpse.

"Have to ask you to stand back, professor," said Jarvis. "Len's appointed me special deputy till he comes back."

"Wonder if Len knewed the corpse?" suggested somebody in the crowd.

"Tell you who did if he didn't," said another man.

"Elder Iry Dennett. Didn't none of you hear about his meetin' up with a strange woman yestiddy evenin'?"

"Shucks! This couldn't be that woman," said Jarvis. "How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck between last night and this mornin'?"

"How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck anyway?" countered Saylor Smith. "The ain't been no storm for a week, an' this body ain't been dead twenty-four hours."

"It plumb bats me," admitted Jarvis.

"Who is this Dennett?" asked Professor Kent.

"Iry? He's the town gab of Martinde Center. Does a little plumbin' an' tinkerin' on the side. Just now he's up to Cadystown. Took the 10 o'clock train last night."

How is it with him?

"Gansett Jim," answered Jarvis.

"An Indian?"

"Gosh! You got good eyes," said Jarvis. "He's more Indian than any thing else. Comes from down Amagansett way—and gets his name from it."

"Hm! When did he arrive?"

"While you was trapesin' around up yonder."

"Did he see the body?"

"Yep. Just after the sheriff got whatever it was from the pocket Gansett Jim bore up. Len went over to him quick, an' said somethin' to him. He come and give a look at the body. But he didn't say nothing. Only grunted. The sheriff tells me to watch the body. Then he says, 'An' I'll need somebody to help me. I'll take you, Jim. So he an' the Indian goes away together.'"

Professor Kent nodded. He looked seaward where the reefs were now bearing their teeth more plainly through the racing currents, and he sighed. Then he bade the group farewell and set off to the beach.

"He's a sort of a harmless scientific crank," explained Jarvis; "comes from Washington; something to do with the government work."

"Kinder loony, I think," conjectured a little, thin, piping man. "Musses and moves around like it."

"I'm concerned with the rates of the pricing as applied to my theory. When one is in danger one uses knife or gun, if at hand. I prefer a less deadly and more effective weapon. Kicking aside, either to the front or to the rear. I can disarm a man, break his leg or lay him senseless. It is the special development of such muscles as the sartorius and plantaris. I owe you his explanation. I hope you won't prosecute for trespass. Mr. Long-Len Leggy Sedgwick."

"I see," said the other, adding with distaste, "but to kick an opponent? Why, even as a boy I was taught—"

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"Possibly the one supporter of the absent would have wavered in his loyalty had he seen the trove that Professor Chester Kent had carried ostentatiously from the beach, in his pocket, after picking it from the grating. It was the furry cocoon of a small and quite unimportant insect. The Washington scientist, seated on a boarder opened up the cocoon with absorbed interest, pricked it until the impotent inmate wriggled in protest, and then cast it aside to perish.

Between the roadway and the broad front lawn of the Nook a four foot, rough stone wall interposed. Looking up from his painting, Francis Sedgwick beheld in the glare of the afternoon sun a spare figure rise alertly upon the wall, descend to the road and rise again. He stepped to the open window and watched a curious progress. A scrubby bearded man clad in serviceable khaki was performing a stunt, with the wall as a basis. He was walking from east to west quite fast and every third pace stepping upon the wall; stepping, Sedgwick duly noted, not jumping; the change of level being made without visible effort.

Leaning out of the window he called: "Hello, there!"

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, in a quiet, cultivated voice.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing on my wall?"

"Not in the least," replied the bearded man, rising buoyantly into full view and subsiding again with the rhythm of a wave.

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Taking a little exercise."

By this time, having reached the end of the wall, he turned and came back, making the step with his right leg instead of his left. Sedgwick hurried down to the roadway.

The stranger continued his performance silently.

"Do you do that often?" he asked

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The stranger continued his performance silently.

"Do you do that often?" he asked

The gymnast panted, poked like a Mercury on the high coil. "Yes," said he, "otherwise I shouldn't be able to do it at all. It is in pursuance of a theory of self defense."

"What in the world his wall hopping to do with self defense?"

"I shall expound," said the stranger in professional tones, taking a seat by the unusual method of letting himself down on one leg while holding, the other at right angles to his body. "Do you know anything of Jujitsu?"

"Very little."

"In common with most Americans. For that reason alone the Japanese system is highly effective here, not so effective in Japan— you perceive there the basis of Jujitsu is self defense."

"No, I don't perceive it at all."

"A system of defense is effective in proportion to its unimilarity. That is all."

"Then your system consists in springing up on a wall and letting limbs obscuring on the farther side perhaps, suggested Sedgwick tranquilly."

"Defense, I said, not offense. Be sence is perhaps preferable to offense, but not always so preferable. No: the wall merely served as a temporary gymnasium while I was waiting for you."

"You have distinctly the advantage of me," said Sedgwick, with a frown for he was in no mood to welcome strange visitors.

"To return to my theory of self defense," said the other imperatorially. "My wall exercises serve to keep limbs and active organs ready for use in the average man's case half applied."

He rose on one foot with an ease that made the artist stare, descended selected from the roadway a store of ordinary cobble stones, and handed it to Sedgwick.

"Let that lie on the palm of your hand," said he, "and hold it out, your high."

As he spoke he was sending two feet from the other to his right. Sedgwick did as he was requested. As his hand took position there was a twist of the bearded man's body, a sharp click, and the stone, flying in a rising curve, whished through the leafage of a pine fifty feet away.

"How do you do that?" cried the artist.

The other showed a slight indentation on the inside of his right boot heel and then swung his right foot slowly and steadily up behind his left knee and let it lapse into position again. "A shoulder height," he explained, "I could have done the same, but it would have broken your hand."

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