

WAS DRIVEN BY STARVATION

Jonasmith's Method of Getting Key Was Rather Extravagant, but What Could He Do?

His wife had been spending a week or two at the seaside with her own people, and Jonasmith had been living the loose and simple life. But there was a curious look of calm desperation in his eyes when his wife came back.

And presently the wife began to make discoveries.

"Where is—?" she began. "Goodness! What have you done with my dresses? And what has happened to the lawn? What's that black patch in the center? Why—?"

Jonasmith took a deep breath, then spoke bravely and manfully.

"Julia," said he—"Julia, I starved for two days, and then you wrote to say that the key of the pantry was in the pocket of your second-best, tailor-made walking skirt—not the bolero of the morning—"

"I said morning-skirt, and not the tailor-made, nor the—"

"It doesn't matter," Jonasmith interrupted wearily, and yet with a touch of savagery in his voice. "I don't know a tailor-made from a morning-skirt nor a bolero from a fichu. So I just took the whole lot out on the lawn and burnt them. Then I found the key whilst raking among the ashes!"

WOMAN LIKE.



Jinks—Does Mrs. Speedum carry an extensive repair kit when she goes out-ting?

Blings—No; merely a paper of safety-pins.

Tetterine for Ring Worm and Skin Disease.

Varnville, S. C., July 17, 1908. My wife uses your Tetterine for Ring-worm, also uses it in her family for all kind of skin diseases, and she thinks it a good medicine. There is no substitute.

Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Itching Ears, Corns, Chalk-dandruff, and every form of Scaly and Skin Disease. Tetterine is sold by all druggists. Write for sample by mail direct from The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga. L. R. Dowling.

With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shuptrine's 10c Liver Pills free. Adv.

College Secret.

Bacon—What did your boy learn at college?

Egbert—Says he can't tell me.

"Why not?"

"Says it's a secret."

"Nonsense!"

"No; you know, he learned the foot-ball signals."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Name the Line.

Hubbubs—Have you any late trains to Lonelyville?

Subbubs—Yes. All our trains are late. —Stray Stories.

Regular practicing physicians recommend and prescribe OXIDINE for Malaria, because it is a proven remedy by years of experience. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and administer at first sign of Chills and Fever. Adv.

Quite Natural.

"What was your experience when the train was telescoped?"

"I saw stars."

WHEN RUBBERS BECOME NECESSARY And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Try it for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere. The Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olinsted, Kellay, N. Y. Don't accept any substitutes. Adv.

Their Location.

"There are many breakers in the sea of domestic life."

"Yes, particularly in the kitchen."

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPSICUM. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—goes to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

No Prudent Loan.

"Don't you want Miss Freezem to lend ead to your function?"

"No; we're not borrowing trouble."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Use the Old Standard GLOVE'S FASTNESS CHILL-PONER. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteful form, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, 50 cents. Adv.

Conditional.

"Will your wife finish her Christmas shopping soon?"

"Yes; unless it finishes her sooner."

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

"Health's best way—Eat Apples every day."—Coyne.

The Yellow Letter



by William Johnston

COPYRIGHT 1911 THE DOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery.

CHAPTER IV.

Katharine Speaks.

If I had been alone I would have gone directly to the Farrish home. I was anxious about Louise. I had not seen her since the night before, though I had telephoned her early in the morning—I greatly regretted having to leave her so much by herself in such distressful circumstances. I thought it wiser now to prepare her beforehand for the inspector's coming. I wanted him to see the Farrish home. I felt that if he met Louise and realized the luxury and comfort in which the family lived he would better appreciate the mystery and my determination to solve it.

I suggested luncheon at Martin's and Davis assented. As soon as we had obtained a table I excused myself and hastened to the telephone. Louise told me that the condition of both her father and Katharine was practically unchanged. I briefly summarized my morning's work and asked if I might bring the inspector after luncheon.

"By all means," said Louise, "bring him right over. I want to meet him and there may be some things I can tell him which will aid him."

When I returned to the cafe on the Broadway side, where I had left the inspector, I found him abstractedly rolling little pellets of bread and placing them in various positions on the cloth. So absorbed was he in his occupation that he hardly seemed to note my return. His flying fingers would hastily mold three or four pellets in many seconds. Placing them in a row, he would eye them intently. Occasionally he would swoop down on some offending pellet and sweep it to the floor. Two or three times I tried to interrupt him to learn what he wished to eat, but each time he waved me impatiently away. Finally, not desiring to delay too long over luncheon, I gave the waiter the order without consulting him. Mechanically he ate what was put before him, all the while keeping up his game with bread balls.

Knowing him as well as I did, after studying closely his eccentric movements, I felt sure that the array of pellets was closely allied with the mental process by which he was seeking to solve the Farrish mystery. The larger pellets, I decided, must be the various theories about the yellow letter or letters and their origin. The smaller pellets were the different persons connected with the case. One by one he pushed the larger pellets from the table until a single pellet remained. The smaller ones he kept arranging and rearranging until at last he seemed satisfied. The single surviving large pellet stood directly on a crease in the cloth. On one side equally distant from the crease, but close to each other, he had placed two of the smaller pellets. The rest were in three groups on the other side of the line. For perhaps five minutes he carefully studied their position without shifting them, and then with a quick motion of his hand swept them all to the floor.

"There was some purpose distinctly criminal connected with the yellow letters," he said, as if for the first time aware of my presence, and becoming as loquacious as he had before been silent. "When we have run this mystery to earth we will find that there are two of the criminals—only two guilty."

"Guilty of what?" I asked in amazement.

"I haven't the slightest idea as yet," he replied with such apparent frankness that I suspected he was not telling me all his thought. "Evil ideas are of three kinds—the solitary, the pair, the group. Crimes are merely the physical expression of evil ideas and bear the same classification. The solitary evil idea manifests itself in a variety of crimes. In this class belong defalcations, poisonings, crimes against women and generally the assassination of private individuals. These are the hardest crimes to discover and punish. The evil idea is not communicated. This sort of criminal seldom has confidants. Often, in fact almost always, he masks his villainy behind the cloak of respectability. Most of these offenses are due to mania, to blood-lust, to a desire for revenge for real or imaginary wrongs. "Evil ideas of the pair are generally attributable to money-lust. In such

crimes as burglary, highway robbery, blackmail, you will find two persons equally guilty, always the pair. Sometimes it is the man and the woman, sometimes the strong man and the weak man, sometimes two women, though seldom, for women have little of the inventive or creative faculty, even in crime. Notorious women criminals, just like all other feminine celebrities in literature or art, have much of the masculine in their makeup.

"The third kind of evil idea, that of the group, is responsible for the strike, the mob, the conspiracy. It is the contagion of crime. The Black Hand is a typical example. The members of this notorious organization, while they profit financially by their misdeeds, care little about that end of it. Their greatest pleasure is in the torture of their victims, in the agony they suffer from the time the nameless dread of the Black Hand first seizes them until finally they are put to death for refusing the society's exactions. It is this evil spirit that kills kings, burns witches, destroys property and lynches negroes. The Farrish mystery, however, is of the second class—the crime of the pair. I am certain of it."

"The important thing then for us to do," said I, trying to bring him from the abstract to the concrete, "is to find Hugh Crandall and also to discover who was his closest associate—man or woman."

"Do you think so?" he asked enigmatically, adding a second later, "Can't you take me to see Miss Farrish?"

Hardly another word passed between us as the taxicab whirled us up Madison avenue to the general's home. I was thinking about Davis' strange theories of crime and his opinion that this was a crime of the pair. I felt sure that he, as well as I, must be convinced of Crandall's connection with the matter and surely his flight did not argue innocence. But if this was a crime of the pair, who was the other guilty person? Whom did Davis suspect? He had said that it might be either two men or a man and a woman. A woman? Could it be that he suspected Katharine Farrish of sharing Crandall's guilt?

No, no it was impossible, too absurd. Yet certainly the yellow letter seemed a link between her and Elser. It was she who for a long time had been Crandall's closest associate. That association apparently had been recently renewed in secret. Was it possible that back of the mystery there was some crime and that Katharine was guilty?

For a moment I was tempted to order the chauffeur to stop. It seemed almost desecration to take this heartless analyzer of crime into the home where death stalked so close. Suppose Katharine was—No, I had pledged my word to Louise that I would solve the mystery and I would keep my promise, no matter where it led me. After all, the important thing was my beloved one's peace of mind. As long as the shadow hung over her father and sister, her happiness must be marred. Better the knowledge of evil than the terror of mystery.

Davis wasted little time in ceremony. As soon as I had introduced him to Louise, he said abruptly:

"I'd like to see the room where it happened—alone."

As Louise called one of the servants to escort him upstairs I was rejoicing at the opportunity to be alone with her. The cold formality of her greeting would have troubled me had I not attributed it to the inspector's presence. As soon as he had left us, with the memories of the evening before glowing in my mind, I turned to embrace her.

"Don't, please don't!" she said coldly.

"Why, dearest!" I stammered in amazement.

She offered no explanation but said in the most matter-of-fact tones—too matter-of-fact to be natural, I thought—"Tell me, Mr. Kent, what you learned at the place where Mr. Elser lived."

I was dumfounded. What had come over her? What could have happened to make this sudden change in her attitude toward me? Could this cool, distant young woman be the same girl who only a few hours before had clung so desperately to me and had wept out her sorrows in my arms? Had she overnight forgotten the kiss with which we pledged our joint efforts to solve the mystery?

"Tell me, Mr. Kent," she persisted quietly, "is there a yellow letter in that case, too? Do you believe there can be any connection between Mr. Elser and—and what Katharine did?"

He was swept away. I knew then it was only fear that she had been forward in showing her affection. Hand in hand we raced up the stairs after the inspector, and ranged ourselves on the other side of the bed from him.

Between us, her long hair in braids, only the white bandage around her forehead to suggest her wound, lay the silent figure of Katharine Farrish. The pallor of her face seemed only to enhance her beauty, and though her eyes were closed, her long dark lashes still gave expression. As we watched, she began stirring restlessly and her hands twitched nervously. Suddenly her eyes opened wide, not with the brilliancy of hysteria or the excitement of fever. She made an ineffectual attempt to rise in bed, but she was too weak. Sinking back on the pillow she shrieked: "Promise me, Hugh, promise me, you'll do it at once."

After that one sentence she relapsed into unconsciousness. I feared for a moment that she was dead. The doctor hastened to her side and began to feel her pulse and listen to her heart. It seemed many minutes before he turned to us with a reassuring whisper:

"It is nothing serious—a relapse to be expected after that outburst. Her heart is stronger than I expected. She will not likely regain consciousness for many hours, but there is no immediate danger."

His manner, rather than his words, invited us to go, so Louise and I followed Davis from the room.

The inspector seemed to have forgotten his haste to depart. He sat down abruptly on a divan in the upper hall, with his face resting in his hands, and gave himself up to intent thought.

Louise and I stood a little apart, discussing in whispers Katharine's strange outcry. What could she have meant?

"She meant Crandall, of course," said Louise. "She mentioned Hugh—did you hear it?"

I nodded assent.

"Probably she was repeating a conversation she had with him just before she shot herself," I suggested.

"What do you suppose she wanted him to promise her?"

Louise shook her head. I racked my brain in vain for some theory to fit her words to her own desperate act, to Crandall's flight, to her father's terror. I judged from Davis' abstracted manner that he, too, was similarly engaged.

"Everything," I said to Louise, "every single thing we have learned points to Crandall's connection with the mystery that has hung over your father and Katharine. When we have found him we shall learn what it was. I am more and more convinced that he is guilty of some crime, something terrible, something that your father and sister knew."

The inspector laughed aloud.

We turned toward him, I in indignation, Louise in astonishment, to find him looking at us with an amused smile.

"Don't be too sure," he said quietly.

"I was right. It's just as I thought," I heard him mutter as he hastened to the hall and reached for his hat and coat. I saw that he was making preparation for instant departure and I was in a quandary what to do. I felt it my duty to accompany my friend, for from his manner I was convinced that he was on the track of the mystery. Yet I did not wish to leave Louise until I had gained some explanation of the barrier that she seemed to have raised between us. I was conscious of no way in which I could

have offended her, yet there was a marked difference in her attitude toward me overnight. While I was still debating the question and Davis had all but reached the door, seemingly indifferent to whether or not I accompanied him, a nurse came running to Louise.

"Miss Farrish," she said, "I think your sister is recovering consciousness. I thought you would like to know it and to be at her side in case she speaks."

Though Davis was some distance away his acute ear must have caught her words. He turned and was up the stairs in a flash. Louise convulsively caught my hand. The barrier between

us was swept away. I knew then it was only fear that she had been forward in showing her affection. Hand in hand we raced up the stairs after the inspector, and ranged ourselves on the other side of the bed from him.

Between us, her long hair in braids, only the white bandage around her forehead to suggest her wound, lay the silent figure of Katharine Farrish. The pallor of her face seemed only to enhance her beauty, and though her eyes were closed, her long dark lashes still gave expression. As we watched, she began stirring restlessly and her hands twitched nervously. Suddenly her eyes opened wide, not with the brilliancy of hysteria or the excitement of fever. She made an ineffectual attempt to rise in bed, but she was too weak. Sinking back on the pillow she shrieked: "Promise me, Hugh, promise me, you'll do it at once."

After that one sentence she relapsed into unconsciousness. I feared for a moment that she was dead. The doctor hastened to her side and began to feel her pulse and listen to her heart. It seemed many minutes before he turned to us with a reassuring whisper:

"It is nothing serious—a relapse to be expected after that outburst. Her heart is stronger than I expected. She will not likely regain consciousness for many hours, but there is no immediate danger."

His manner, rather than his words, invited us to go, so Louise and I followed Davis from the room.

The inspector seemed to have forgotten his haste to depart. He sat down abruptly on a divan in the upper hall, with his face resting in his hands, and gave himself up to intent thought.

Louise and I stood a little apart, discussing in whispers Katharine's strange outcry. What could she have meant?

"She meant Crandall, of course," said Louise. "She mentioned Hugh—did you hear it?"

I nodded assent.

"Probably she was repeating a conversation she had with him just before she shot herself," I suggested.

"What do you suppose she wanted him to promise her?"

Louise shook her head. I racked my brain in vain for some theory to fit her words to her own desperate act, to Crandall's flight, to her father's terror. I judged from Davis' abstracted manner that he, too, was similarly engaged.

"Everything," I said to Louise, "every single thing we have learned points to Crandall's connection with the mystery that has hung over your father and Katharine. When we have found him we shall learn what it was. I am more and more convinced that he is guilty of some crime, something terrible, something that your father and sister knew."

The inspector laughed aloud.

We turned toward him, I in indignation, Louise in astonishment, to find him looking at us with an amused smile.

"Don't be too sure," he said quietly.



"Don't, Please Don't!" She Said Coldly.

ally. "Crandall doesn't seem to have been left-handed."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Utilitarian View.

A Brooklyn man, confined to his home by illness, recently surprised a visitor by revealing that he was studying Latin. "Why," asked the visitor "do you bother about Latin? That's a dead language. If you must study, why not take up German, or French or Spanish?" The sick man smiled. "My doctor says I have not long to live," he said. "That's why I study Latin. It's a dead language, and, as I'll be dead a long time, it's likely to come in mighty handy."

PARCELS POST RATE FINDER

Indispensable Instantaneous Tells at a glance the parcel-post rate from your locality to any point in the United States. Avoids confusion arising from the "water system" of distances. Automatically determines postage required according to weight and zone. Three styles, each including a handsome color map of the United States, 7 1/2 inches, and an aluminum Rate Finder. Price (postage prepaid) plain paper map, 6 cents; of mounted map, 15 cents; wall type map, 25 cents. Order today, Remit by postal money order.

PARCELS POST RATE FINDER CO., 153 Liberty St., New York City

Kodak Finishing

Cheapest prices on earth by photographic specialists. Developing any roll film 5c. Prints 2c and 4c. Mail your films to Dept. K, PARSONS OPTICAL CO., 244 KING ST., CHARLESTON, S.C. CAROLINA

MONEY IN TRAPPING

We tell you how and why best methods of trapping. Write for references and weekly paper free. H. H. BELL, 1008 N. LOUISVILLE, KY. Dealers in Fox, Rabbit, Weas. Established 1896.

BOYS AND GIRLS MEN AND WOMEN

We want you to work for us, and we will give you large commissions. Our goods are easy to sell. If you cannot work for us, get us a good agent, and we will give you 5% commission on all their sales. Address: WORKING STANDARDS, CO., P.O. BOX 1068 Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Engaged people are seldom as insane as the neighbors think they are.

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

One-half the women in the world want to get thin; the other half want to get fat.

Burdock Liver Powder.

Nature's remedy for biliousness, constipation, indigestion and all stomach diseases. A vegetable preparation, better than calomel and will not salivate. In screw top cans at 25c each. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mrs. Charlotte, N. C. Adv.

Silenced.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the distinguished clergyman, has a neat way of silencing the censorious.

At a luncheon in Princeton a certain bishop was being discussed, and a visitor said:

"I don't like the bishop. He is too much a man of the world to suit me."

"Quite so," Dr. Van Dyke retorted quickly; "but which world, this or the next?"

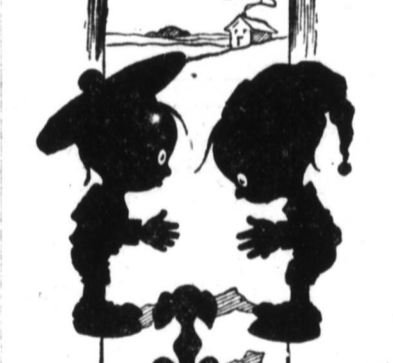
Looking After His Bait.

Daniel and Harvey, two old, expert fishermen, were still fishing for trout in deep water, sitting with their backs together, when Daniel accidentally fell out of the boat and went down. Harvey looked back and missed his companion, who at that moment appeared on the surface, pipe still in his mouth, shaking his whiskers profusely.

Harvey—Gosh, Dan! I jest missed ye! Where ye been?

Dan—Oh, I jes' went down for ter see if me bait was all right.—Judge.

DIFFERENT MEAT.



Willie—We had the preacher for dinner yesterday.

Tommy—We had roast beef.

STEADY HAND.

A Surgeon's Hand Should Be the Firmest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day. (Tea is equally injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it."

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon."

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin 30c., 100-cup tin 50c.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Adv.