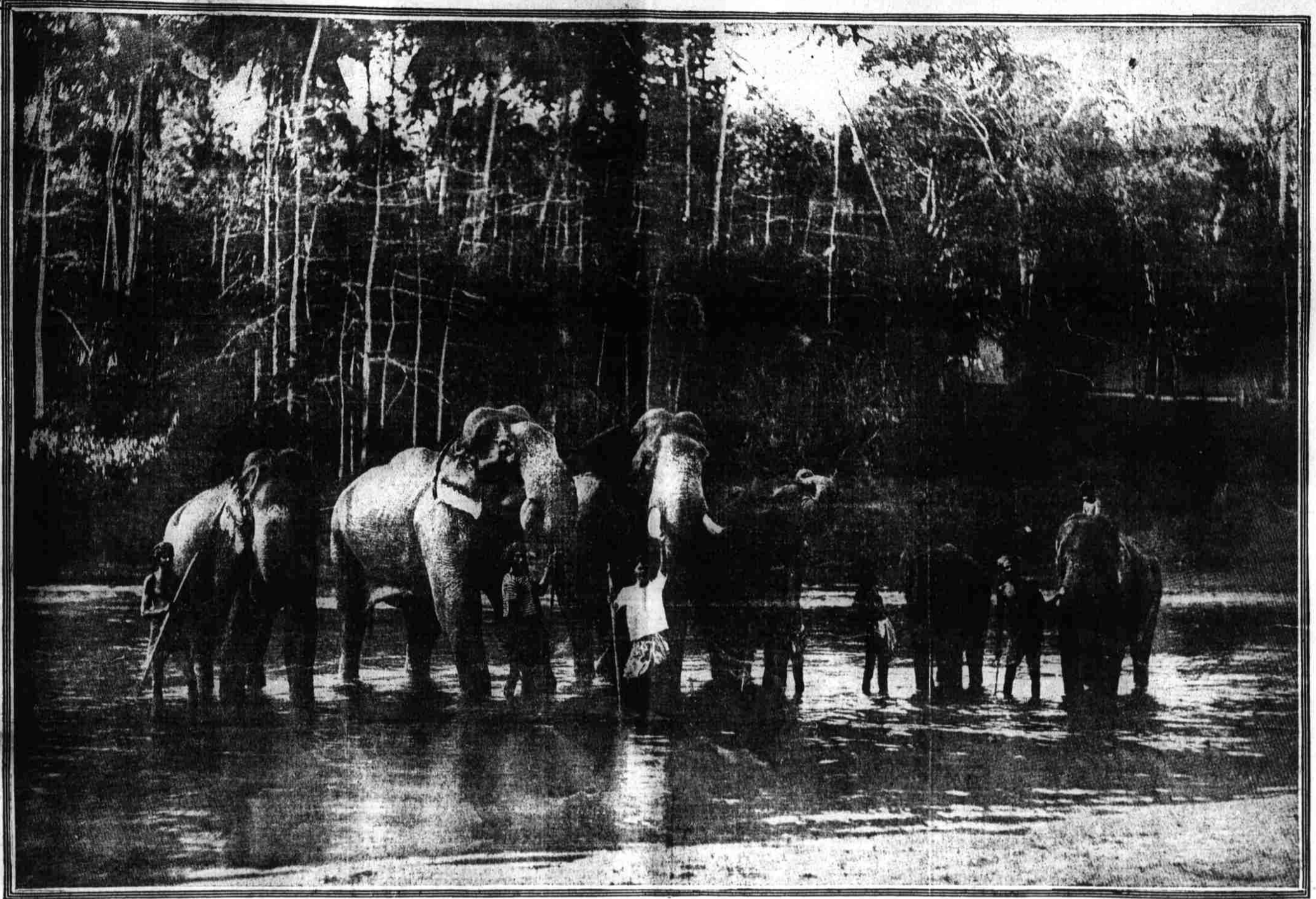


SACRED ELEPHANTS OF TEMPLE AT KATUGASTOTA, CEYLON



FROM THE SPHERE.

These elephants are one of the features of the island; and all who are fortunate enough to visit Ceylon, save the Sphero, never fail to include the sight of them taking their daily bath as prescribed by the priests of the temple. These massive, magnificent mammals are under the most complete control and discipline themselves in the water as though the time spent in their abbatons was the happiest hour of their lives. They are solemnly dedicated to the service of the temple and must not be compelled to do any work other than in connection with the prescribed sacred functions.

The Altenburg Case

By GEORGE DYRE ELDRIDGE

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CONTINUED.

"Generalizations have their place, Fry, and are all right in their way," answered Trafford, taking from his closet a traveling bag and beginning to pack it, "but their place isn't when you're dealing with an individual, and especially with an individual incident in the life of that individual, and especially in the life of that individual. The man David had drunk only two weeks before. His regular outbreaks occur once a month, at Christmas, and at one rather prolonged jumble of Fourth of July, Dominion day and midsummer's day."

"Rather an irregular orbit, I should say," sneered Fry, who at times detected flaws in the general radiance of his chief, and held it for the good of Trafford's soul that they should be pointed out.

"But the point is, it doesn't anywhere touch this particular date. He's been about here for twelve years and this is only the second time this irregularity has occurred."

"I should think the remarkable thing was that it hadn't come oftener," suggested Fry.

"That only adds to the weight of its occurring at all, and especially of its occurring on this particular date," said Trafford, sticking to his point.

"Did anything remarkable happen the first time, excepting, of course, the very remarkable thing of a Canuck getting drunk when he hadn't ought to?"

"No," replied Trafford, giving the question an amount of time that Fry began to fear was rather addressed to the tone in which it was asked than to its substance. "Twas about a week after he'd been on a fine, regular drunk. He was working in the fields, a stranger came along and offered him some brandy, just smuggled through from Canada. That caught him and disarranged his orbit most confoundingly."

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"Your theory," began Fry, but Trafford interrupted him.

"I know. One swallow doesn't make a summer, and a single observation isn't sufficient to determine an orbit, but here's the fact. On the afternoon before Altenburg was killed a man came through the woods, went into the Altenburg barn by the rear door, talked with David, who was at work there, and he and David had a drink together out of a bottle, which the stranger produced. Two boys, young Malbon and Jack Reed, saw the drinking through a crack in the barn boarding. They ran away when the man started to leave and don't know which way he went."

"What sort of looking man was he?"

"Their descriptions correspond to the extent of his wearing trousers, though not to the color of the article. Beyond that he had whiskers and he hadn't; he was very tall and he was short; he was dressed in gray and he was dressed in black, and he weighed all the way from one-fifty to double that."

"It's queer," said Fry, interested in spite of himself, "that people should be born with eyes when, as a rule, they're of so little use to 'em."

"Having eyes they see not," said Trafford, who had finished packing, and now threw an overcoat over the chair on which he had placed his bag, and stood his umbrella beside them, and came and seated himself at the table. His ears in little things and the utter absence of haste in all his movements never ceased to impress Fry, as had familiar as he was with those characteristics. He waited under a sense of absence of impatience, for Trafford's next remark.

"Two-thirds, perhaps nine-tenths, of the things we spend our time trying to ferret out and piece together pass under the eyes of people who, if they only had the power to see, could save us an infinite amount of time and trouble."

"Or the power to tell what they see," suggested Fry.

Trafford nodded assent to the amendment.

"There's nothing one must be more careful about than coincidences,"

Trafford went on. "They have a fascination of their own that often leads to our exaggeration their importance. Still, one can scarcely avoid asking. Could a stranger know that a drink would send David to the village that night?"

"Why need it have been a stranger?"

"Oh, the boys would have been quick enough to recognize him otherwise. One of the two must have known him. There's no man in this town who wouldn't be known to one of any two boys of the town that you could bring together. I'd trust 'em quicker'n any two men."

"He went to town with the intention of getting drunk," said Fry, thoughtfully, "that much I feel out of him."

"Yes, with that one drink aboard I take it that the drunk was sure. But would a stranger know that?"

"Still, I'm with you that it was a stranger. You can trust those kids to have known and told if it wasn't a drink taken in that way would attract a Laneboro youngster only a little less than a murder on the highway or an open robbery. As to telling of it, they'd be less frightened and more delighted."

"I'm clearly of the opinion that it was a stranger," said Trafford.

"That settles it then," said Fry, sharply. "Probably, though, I'm right, but I'm leaving it for you to find out."

Fry breathed easier. The lecture had been far less than he had expected and had ended in an expression of confidence.

"Given a Canuck," he hazarded, feeling led to theorize under the condition affairs had assumed, "and a stranger to the individual need not, necessarily, be ignorant of that breed of cattle. He'd be safe in calculating in ninety-nine cases in a hundred that a drink would get him going."

"Well, that's for you to find out," repeated Trafford, "and you'll be a good deal more likely to get at reliable results if you stop generalizing and get at the individual, and especially if you lay aside your prejudice, founded on race, religion or something, and go at the affair on the solid ground of fact."

After a pause to let this "sunk in," as Fry said to himself, Trafford came back to his purpose.

"I'm going to be away three or four days," he said. "That'll give you time to look up this matter. Aside from that I see now that you'll have to do is just to keep an eye on the Altenburg house, not let Calben or Grimbleshaw out of your sight, and if anything turns up give it attention. By the way, you needn't bother any about

that white hollag. If he's needed any time I can put my hand on him."

It would have been so easy, and plausible for Fry to say "I didn't want to bother you about him until I know that it seemed to Trafford almost a merit in him not to say it."

"By the way," said Trafford, a moment after looking at a paper the other had laid before him, and showing that he recalled the former incident as closed, "I see that the Canadian mentioned Grimbleshaw."

"Yes, and I don't think I met him, in the woods when he was on the way to the village and his drink."

"There seems to be quite a feeling in the village that Grimbleshaw knows more about the affair than he's letting on."

"Yes, they're saying now he could just as well have disconnected the telephone as not, one case."

"Of course," continued Trafford, half musingly, "when we've come down to facts the only thing we've got as to what Grimbleshaw found at the house, or what went on there, for the matter of an hour or more, is Grimbleshaw's own story. For anything anybody who's turned up yet knows, he may have done the ransacking of the trunk and turned the room upside down."

"Are you forgetting Phil Barber?" asked Fry, who found something to weigh seriously in this new line adopted by Trafford, and was not averse to get time to weigh it.

"The public can hardly be expected to take Barber seriously. It's far more to weigh the fact that Grimbleshaw got rid of Barber before he really had a chance to see anything, and that all his mysterious visitors had vanished before help got to him."

"Oh," ejaculated Fry. Trafford was clearly casting about for a measure of the public's attitude, not attempting his own opinion.

"Naturally," Trafford went on, "it's told with them that he seemed so familiar with the house, it's calculated to arouse suspicion that he'd been saying that down to Bickford's and the post office."

"How can you expect it to be otherwise?" Perhaps Grimbleshaw has grounds for complaint, but not for surprise, certainly. As to the disabbling of the phone, people are sure to see that he could have telephoned for the police after he got his work done and then have disabled the instrument. 'Twas he, according to Malbon, who called attention to its condition."

"Oh, 'twas he all right," said Fry, eagerly. "Malbon told me so at the time."

"A shrewd way of securing witnesses that he was there as a phys-

ician doing a phys'cian's best. Yet, on the whole, as such things are apt to be a trifle chance on examination, we're sure to start the question who could have telephoned it, he didn't."

"I don't say I'm ready to take the onus, and add his point to the indictment, but he's cited one mysterious message, according to his story. A second one made his less remarkable."

"Yes," said Trafford, "but still, I'm bound to hold, a trifle queer."

"This distinct tone of hostility toward Grimbleshaw on the part of a man who pointed himself, somewhat ostentatiously, at times as Fry thought, on his thorough impartiality, began to impress his companion most strongly. He began to stir his indignation as well. He could not forget that it was he, not Trafford, who first called attention to the weakness of Grimbleshaw's story, and that Trafford had received his suggestions coldly, and to say nothing more."

It struck him, also, that Trafford was weakening. It had been a strong point with the detective in the past, as Fry well knew, to fight off a conclusion as he approached it, to array against it every fact and argument that he could marshal and not to yield until the last of his resources was broken down. Now, with a hundred opposing facts and possibilities unshaken, he rushed to accept a theory as full of holes as a milk skimmer.

With that Fry himself began to marshal the facts that made against the presumption of Grimbleshaw's guilt, and he was well-nigh roused to find how clearly untenable the theory became under this process. That Trafford should have adopted it struck him as almost incredible, unless it was that he had knowledge that he was not revealing. It was possible, of course, that he knew that the guilty man was beyond reach, or, and here seemed a glimmer of light, it had been made worth his while to let the guilty escape, while he was not willing to seem to fall in the task set him.

Trafford took his satchel and umbrella and they walked to the station. From the platform of the train, with a half dozen people within earshot, Trafford called to Fry:

"Don't lose sight of Grimbleshaw."

XVII.

I Am Guilty.

The office bell rang and Grimbleshaw stepped in from his sitting room, turning up the low-burning light as he did so. A woman, having as the first impression she gave, marks of age and somewhat shabbily dressed,

was waiting for him. She raised her heavy veil and Grimbleshaw recognized Miss Calben.

"Before," she said, speaking so abruptly as to seem to overlook his greeting, "my husband has got to have medical attendance. Are you brave enough to go to him with me?"

"Why not?" he replied. "It is enough for me to know that he needs my services."

"It's quite a drive," she admonished him. "You'll want your best coat."

When, however, he turned up his collar and made a motion to pull his cap low, she warned him:

"Not yet! I've a sleigh, but will have to walk a little distance. They may think you're trying to escape recognition."

Outside Grimbleshaw caught sight of the never-absent watcher, who followed at a distance as they walked slowly, with steps timed to her next appearance, into the nearest part of the village. She turned into Frances court, at the end of which, overlooking the innward, stood a huge wooden house, an attic families, the most of them foreigners. The man who followed appeared to connect Grimbleshaw's companion with this house, and thereby to satisfy himself that the call on him as a physician was genuine. At least, after pausing for a moment at the entrance to the court, he turned and passed into the inn.

The woman led the way through the open doorway of what seemed to Grimbleshaw a hive of children. Holding her outer wrap to her face she passed rapidly up two flights of stairs with seemingly accurate knowledge of the premises. Reaching the third floor, the corridor of which was empty of the throng that besieged them below, she turned into a side hall, which ended in a steep flight of narrow stairs. Down these she almost ran, thereby regaining the ground floor.

"Now you better turn up that collar and pull down that cap," she demonstrated him.

At the end of a narrow yard they found a tumbledown shed, in which stood an open slight of light make for rapid work, to which was harnessed a horse of rather ordinary appearance. Grimbleshaw noted a generous supply of robes.

"Open the door," she directed, "and don't mind to shut it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

According to political gossip in Atlanta, Hoke Smith, recently governor of Georgia, may decide to enter the race for congress from the Fifth Georgia district.

Philately of Aviation.

London Globe.

One of the very few genuine "varieties" in stamps is announced. It would be more correct to say it is a rare postmark. Rare it will be if interested parties did not take advantage of the occurrence and have addressed to themselves thousands of envelopes bearing the mark. It seems that during the now historic aviation week at Rheims a temporary post-office was set up on the aviation ground, and all letters there posted bearing the ordinary French stamps were postmarked "Rheims-Aviation," besides the various service marks. The marking stamp was hexagonal, instead of round. These stamps will, no doubt, be curiosities. Time will tell whether they will be sought after like the unnecessary French provisions, which in the excitement must have fetched just as high a sum as the year's revenue of the swamp in which they were issued.

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM

It Is An Internal Disease and Requires an Internal Remedy.

The cause of rheumatism and kindred diseases is an excess of uric acid in the blood. To cure this terrible disease this acid must be expelled and the system so regulated that no more acid will be formed in excessive quantities. Rheumatism is an internal disease and requires an internal remedy. Rubbing with Oils and Liniments will not cure, affords only temporary relief at best, causes you to delay the proper treatment, and allows the maldy to get a firmer hold on you. Liniments may ease the pain, but they will no more cure Rheumatism than paint will change the fibre of rotten wood.

Science has at last discovered a perfect and complete cure, which is called "Rheumacide." Tested in hundreds of cases, it has effected the most marvelous cures; we believe it will cure you. Rheumacide "gets at the joints from the inside," sweeps the poisons out of the system, tones up the stomach, regulates the liver and kidneys and makes you well all over. Rheumacide "strikes the root of the disease and removes its cause." This splendid remedy is sold by druggists and dealers generally at 50c. and \$1 a bottle. In tablet form at 25c. and 50c a package, by mail. Get a bottle today. Booklet free if you write to Robbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. For sale by all druggists.