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## Just Between Ourselves and The Lamppost

By MOSS.

THIS is a little heart to heart talk. It's meant for the business men of this territory, for those who advertise and for those who ought to.

Friend, you must make your customers buy from you MENTALLY before they purchase in ACTUALITY.

You must arouse and interest the mind before you can reach the pocketbook. Thought precedes action.  
Make the FAMILY CIRCLE a SHOPPING CENTER. First get after the money spent mentally by the friends. Get your selling story ready for the psychological buying moment. Make it as effective as you know how. Give it a FUNNEL. Make every feature a VITAL FACT. List the DETAILS. The people want to know all you have to say. Tell the WHOLE story. Hammer your persuasion home. The results then lie between your competitor and yourself.  
Remember, this newspaper takes you into the homes of the BUYING class of people. You can tell your story where it will do the most good. Tell it the WINNING way. We'll help you put INTO your copy if you want us to.

How to Cure a Sprain.  
A sprain may be cured in about one-third of the time required by the usual treatment by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by all dealers. adv.

If some of us could make as much money as Sam Blythe and Jack London by quitting drink and then writing about it we'd be able to lead up every night.

## The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

### SYNOPSIS

The body of an unknown woman partly handcuffed is found at Lonesome Cove. Chester Kent, a scientist, investigates the mystery.  
He meets artist Sedgewick, an old friend, and Coroner Bred, who is helping to kill him and plans to help him.  
Sedgewick tells of meeting a beautiful young woman, name unknown, with whom he has fallen in love.  
Kent and Sedgewick go to the inquest upon the woman's body and engage Adam Bain as Sedgewick's lawyer.  
Sheriff Schlager and Coroner Bred suddenly withdraw the body from public view. Sedgewick, an Indian, accuses Sedgewick of murder.  
Kent secures an embroidered silver star found on top of the cliff above Lonesome Cove the night the woman died.  
Kent believes the woman was handcuffed to a man who wore the star. He meets Alexander Blair, who acts in a suspicious manner.  
Ganett Jim, thinking Sedgewick murdered the woman, tries to kill him with a dagger of Wilfrid Blair, Alexander's seaman's son.  
Wilfrid Blair has died suddenly, and Coroner Bred is helping Alexander Blair to suppress the news.  
Kent and Sedgewick discover an 1830 picture, which is like the dead woman on the bench. Kent spies upon Wilfrid Blair's fusers.  
Kent and Sedgewick dig up Wilfrid Blair's body and are caught at work by Sheriff Schlager and Alexander Blair.  
The "body" is a bag of sand. Sedgewick tells his heart to Alexander Blair, who denounces Sedgewick as a murderer.  
"Whom would you consider the most able of the lot?"  
The old man set a finger on one of the clippings. "Preston Jax," said he, "is the shrewdest of them all. Sometimes I have thought that he had dim flashes of real clairvoyance."  
"Probably he is my man. Anyway, I shall visit him first, and if I find that his office was closed on July 5—"  
"It was and for a day or two thereafter as I chance to know, because one of the occult society's secret agents was to visit him and could not get an appointment."  
"Good! I shall see you, then, tomorrow, sir."  
Ten o'clock of the following morning found the Harvard professor formally presenting his friend, Chester Kent, to Mrs. Wilfrid Blair at the house of the cousin with whom she was staying.  
"My dear," said the old gentleman, "you may trust Professor Kent's judgment and insight as implicitly as his honor. I can give no stronger recommendation and will now take my leave."  
Kent resisted successfully a wild and fearful desire to set a restraining hold upon the disappearing contents, for on the disappearing of the scientist's words, he said:  
"I don't know exactly how to begin."  
"Then I will help you," said she, becoming suddenly grave. "You are here to speak to me of some topic wholly distinct from one forbidden phrase."  
"Have you lost any jewels lately, Mrs. Blair?"  
The girl-widow started. "Yes. How did you know?"  
"You have made no complaint or published no advertisements for them?"  
"I have kept it absolutely secret. Father Blair insisted that I should do so."  
"They were valuable, these jewels?"  
"The rings were, intrinsically, but what I most valued was the necklace of rose topazes. They were the Grosvenor topazes."  
"A family relic?"  
"Not my own family. My husband's mother left them to me. They came down to her from her grandmother, Camilla Grosvenor. She was rather a famous person in her time. C. L. Elliott painted her—one of his finest portraits, I believe. And—and she was remarkable in other respects. She was a woman of great force of character and great personal attraction. I believe, though she was not exactly beautiful. When she was still under thirty she became the leader of a band of mystics and star worshippers. I believe that she became infatuated with one of them, a young German, and that there was an elopement by water. This I remember, at least—her body washed ashore on the coast not very far from Hedgerow house."  
"At Lonesome Cove?"  
"Yes. The very name of it chills me. For my husband had an uneasy suspicion. He used to talk to me about the place."  
"Would you know the face of Camilla Grosvenor?"  
"Of course. The Elliott portrait hangs in the library at Hedgerow house."  
Kent took from under his coat the drawing purchased from Elder Dennett.  
"That is the same," said Mrs. Blair, "but it isn't quite the same pose as the finished portrait, and it lacks the striking which is in the portrait. But I should say it is surely Elliott's sketch. Couldn't it be a preliminary sketch for the portrait?"  
"Probably that is what it is."  
"Can you tell me where it came from?"

"From between the pages of an old book. Tell me how your necklace was lost, please."  
"I don't know. On the afternoon of July 5 I left Hedgerow house rather hurriedly. My maid, whom I trust implicitly, was to follow with my trunk, including my jewel case. She arrived a day later, with part of the jewels missing, and a note from Father Blair saying that there had been a robbery, but that I was to say nothing of it."

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Business, Love and Health  
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CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT  
Preston Jax  
Sult 77 Mystic Block, 10 Royal Street

Mrs. Blair glanced at the announcement.  
"I want you to go there with me today," said Kent.  
"To that Christian? Why, Professor Kent, I thought you were a scientist man. I can't understand your motives, but I know that I can trust you. When do you wish me to go?"  
"I have an appointment for us at high noon."  
As the clock struck 12 Kent and Mrs. Blair passed from the broad noonday glare of the street and were ushered into the tempered darkness of a strange apartment. It was hung about with black cloths and lighted by the effulgence of an artificial half moon and several planets contrived, Kent conjectured, of insinuating set into a fabric of arc lights behind them. A faint, heavy but not unpleasant odor of incense hovered in the air. The moon waxed slowly in brightness, illumining the two figures.  
"Very well fixed up," whispered Kent to his companion. "The astrologer is now looking us over."  
In fact, at that moment a contemplating and estimating eye was fixed upon them from a "dead" star in the farther wall. Preston Jax did not, as a rule, receive more than one client at a time. Police witnesses travel in pairs, and the starmaster was of a suspicious nature. Now, however, he beheld a gentleman clad in such apparel as never police spy nor investigating agent wore, a rather puzzling "jewelness" (the term is culled from Mr. Jax's evasive thoughts), since it appeared to be individual without being in any particular conspicuous. The visitor was obviously "light."  
Quitting his peep hole, the starmaster pressed a button. Strains of music, soft and soulless, filled the air (from

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Marjorie Blair's face showed no comprehension. "I have heard nothing of any body," she replied.  
"Did none of the talk come to your ears of a strange woman found at Lonesome Cove?"  
"No. Wait, though. After the funeral one of the cousins began to speak of a mystery, and Mr. Blair shut him off."  
"Your necklace was taken from that body?"  
"Her eyes grew wide. 'Was she the thief?' she asked eagerly.  
"The person who took the necklace from the body is the one for whom I am searching. Now, Mrs. Blair, will you tell me in a word how your husband met his death? Your father-in-law gave you to understand, did he not, that Wilfrid Blair met and quarreled with—with a certain person and was killed in the encounter which followed?"  
"How shall I ever free myself from the consciousness of my own part in it?" she shuddered. "Don't—don't speak of it again. I can't bear it."  
"You won't have to very long," Kent assured her. "Let us get back to the jewels. You would be willing to make a considerable sacrifice to recover them?"  
"Anything?"  
"Perhaps you've heard something of this man?"  
Drawing a newspaper page from his pocket, Kent indicated an advertisement outlined in blue pencil. It was elaborately displayed as follows:

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## The War in Brief

SUMMARY OF THE EUROPEAN WAR FOR ONE WEEK READ AT A GLANCE

August 16—While the German forces are pushing forward through the valley of the Meuse and still more extensive operations are in progress along the Alsace-Lorraine frontier where the French and German armies are in contact, Japan has sent an ultimatum to Germany demanding the withdrawal of German warships from the Orient and the evacuation of Kiaochow, a German protectorate in China.

Japan's ultimatum gives Germany until August 23 to comply with the demands. Owing to cable interruptions, however, Japan has not been able to deliver the ultimatum to Germany, and it is announced from Washington that the United States will undertake this task.

In Tokio the Japanese ultimatum has created a deep impression and the Japanese premier and foreign minister have counseled the Japanese to maintain a calm attitude. Late dispatches report an offensive movement by the French from Leuvenville to Sarroburg but this is considered as merely an outpost affair.

The United States cruisers Tennessee and North Carolina bearing gifts for Americans in Europe, have arrived at Falmouth.

August 17—The Belgian seat of government, Brussels, has been evacuated and the Germans are dangerously near and the fall of the city may be expected soon.

A report from Berlin states that Emperor William and three of his sons have gone to the front which has occasioned great outbursts of patriotism in the German capital.

The Germans have inflicted great loss on the French in the fighting near Namur and Dinant.

The seat of the Belgian government has been moved from Brussels to Antwerp.

No reply has yet been received by Japan to her ultimatum to Germany and the sudden entry of the Island Kingdom into the European war situation is a factor which may increase the range of the conflict.

The following statement was issued by the British official press bureau: "Any action Japan takes against Germany will not extend insofar as may be necessary to protect Japan shipping lines."

August 18—The French officially reported that the Germans had abandoned Sarroburg. The Liege forts are said still to be intact and a Brussels dispatch said the German movements towards the Belgian center seemed to be checked.

The French troops are in contact with the Germans, but there is no important engagement in report, said the French official press bureau.

A British expeditionary force numbering more than 100,000 landed at French and Belgian ports and was on its way to form a junction with its allies.

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## REWARDS OF VALOR

Crosses of Honor Will Be Won in the European War.

England, France and Germany Bestow These Testimonials of Deeds of Daring Performed by Officers or Privates.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.  
Washington—Some of the soldiers of England, France and Germany in the present war unquestionably will win the crosses of honor which are the most coveted decorations which governments give for acts of conspicuous personal gallantry in the face of the enemy.

To Americans perhaps the French Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross of England are more familiarly known than are the decorations given by Germany. In the United States we have the Congressional Medal of Honor which is given by congress for individual deeds of daring in the field. The intrinsic value of any of these badges is about one cent, and yet for the privilege of wearing them soldiers seem always ready to tread Gray's "paths of glory."

French decorations were first granted under Napoleon in the early part of the present century; the Victoria Cross was instituted during the Crimean war and the American medal of honor was first struck off to reward acts of heroism performed during the Civil war. The French cross may be won by civilians; the English and American crosses are planned only upon the breasts of soldiers and sailors. In the armies of all three nations officer and private, peasant and prince, have equal chances of wearing that which is the most striking exhibition of heroism have been shown by men whose shoulders bore no insignia of rank.

One English publication states that with perhaps one exception the bravest thing ever done by a British soldier was the act of a drummer boy. That drummer boy, if living, is now a man seventy-two years old, and for 57 years of that time he has been wearing the Victoria Cross, and has the right to write V. C. after his name. This boy in the year 1857, amid a shower of shot and shells, fastened bags of gunpowder on the gates of Delhi. He carried death in his arms that day and met it in other forms all along his way. Others helped him and were killed; he lived and wore the cross.

It would seem that by common consent the British authorities give the palm for surpassing bravery to a private named Kavanagh, who succeeded in reaching Colin Campbell's column and by telling of the dire need of Lucknow spurred that officer to its relief. Lucknow was besieged and the garrison was starving. The little band of devoted men, with the women and children who were cooped up at the residency, expected soon to be at the mercy of 60,000 Sepoys.

The commandant called for a volunteer who would disguise himself as a Sepoy, mingle with the enemy and watch his chance, escape to carry word of the garrison's straits to Lord Colin Campbell. The commandant said that the service almost certainly meant death. Many men volunteered. Kanavah was chosen because he knew the language of the Sepoys. He stained his skin, changed his costume and reached the enemy's camp. Breaking away from the immediate besiegers he made straight to the British lines. On the way he fell in with many bands of the enemy. He slept with them, marched with them and ate with them, escaping suspicion, as it were, by a miracle. Finally leaving the last of them behind, he went into the jungle and dared starvation and the tigers for days. He reached the English outposts and being mistaken for an enemy was shot at and almost killed.

Kavanagh told his story to General Campbell and the relief of Lucknow followed.

A despatch to the Reuter Telegraph Company from Ghent said it is rumored that the Germans are marching towards France by the way of Oudenarde, a town 14 miles southwest of Ghent.

A Central News dispatch from Amsterdam said a large detachment of German cavalry suffered virtually annihilation in the suburbs of Malines, Belgium, Friday afternoon. They were met suddenly by a squad of Belgians in motor cars armed with machine guns. Most of the Germans were killed. A handful surrendered and were made prisoners.

The official information bureau announced that an artillery attack upon Namur by the Germans was now in progress.

A Central News dispatch from Ostend, Belgium, said that 150 Belgian reservists from the United States reached Ostend.

An English and a German cavalry brigade had a sharp fight on the battlefield at Waterloo.

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Old Hickory Chips.  
If murder is a crime what is needless war? ...  
American neutrality means also impartiality. ...  
Here is a rift in the cloud; potatoes are cheaper. ...  
If Russia is going to depend on the Grand Duke it might as well give up the fig at once. ...  
By the humor of circumstances the German liner Kronprinzessin took refuge in Frenchman's bay. ...  
Every man who isn't prominent imagines he will be some day. ...  
Some men are satisfied with half loaf and some loaf all the time. ...  
We Americans in our fixed determination to remain neutral should be careful in hotels to stillie preferences for "French fried" or "German fried" potatoes and order them served plain. ...  
Another horror of war is discovered in the fact that American boy-wivants will now have to drink their American wines without imported labels. ...  
Mr. Carnegie's plans seem to have worked out backward. He should have given Europe the libraries and America the Peace Palace. ...  
What would have happened at Liege if Belgium had been devoted militarism all these years instead of to neutrality and peace? ...  
Almost any sensible woman would prefer being the wife of a lively and affectionate wage earner than the widow of a war hero. ...  
This is going to be a serious war after all. Word comes from Missouri that the demand for mules has almost doubled up the price. ...  
If the Russian bear ever learns that he has been attacked there may be a rumpus. ...  
This is a time when the news editor for once thinks he is a bigger man than the sporting editor. ...  
Just to think if Columbus had not discovered America, we would now be over on the other side in this mix up. ...  
It looks very much as if our own George Fred Williams had fallen into the censor's toils. ...  
There is nothing to keep these Texas prohibitionists from going on a thirst strike. ...  
Why worry about the European situation? You can find things to worry about much nearer home. ...  
You needn't rejoice Johnny, for you have been stranded in Europe there will be enough to run all this fall.



"Yonder is your star," declared the astrologer.

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