eyes.

ad of his ecclesiastical nose | self and watched.

and Mr. Ward, whistled as hill. As the hill was this proved two things-his this lightness of heart. True, as Kingston was dead, and vioand a death. But to Mr. Ward life: all-1 only very sad in the young, the bandits' guns." who have not yet lived.

Mr. Ward was young, a broad-shouldered young man, with clear, rather (eq)-set coes, and a firm mouth. The people of Saint Jude's prophesied that the weed would hear of Mr. Ward. There we samely one bar to his progress: he had me tauch humor. It seemed to ger." the Persian of Saint Jude's that religion is a serious thing, forgetting that good theer is any of the things it must bring,

Paroday latet Ward in the hall. Old Hilaty was upstairs by that time, lying in his great hed. All the doors and the poorties. Ward thought it an une end now. Surely the policeusually same house of mourning.

"So many people close things up."

rector is away on a holiday. . I'll wire Page by hel the way into the library where the rector had so recently received his check. He turned and eyed

will bring the rector back?" he the is a little late for—the entitude of pulletica."

"My kingston gave lavishly to the claren. Whatever the church can of record think," said Boroday po-

met. The gave, not to the church, the has ye give unto one of of these." Ward replied,

i il perlay's gaze. at pained herself together. stranged that had ruled acted now-her father's

List face to face with her, mer ichable, calm, alranged her very levely, ico, - which young eyes rest on r than was wise. Her sitded to him. She seemed conline, save for the Russian

"I I can do anything," he said, "wire to your relatives-anything of

"I have no relatives. My mother died when I was born. I-I have a curious feeling that everything in the world has stopped—as though I'd reached the end of things."

It seemed to Mr. Ward that he should offer some of the comfort of his faith to this shrinking, wide-eyed girl before him. But what? Rumors had come to him, of course.

"Iteath is only a tragedy when we think of it as an end and not as a beginulag." he said. "It is always sad. I here you understand that I know how terrible all this is for you. But to have lived one's life, active and well and useful to the end, and then to desert in the fullness of days, for her helylijes—somewhere else—"

liver slivered in the warm sun-

"Yes said drearily, "I do are believe those things. I should like Then, almost defiantly: "He aggeful. You will never know the did that were helpful. But to rights we would not agree on that, either."

The Russian was walking up and down the hall, impassive, watchful. Under his stoical indifference, he was suffering tertures. A bullet from the automatic had gone through his left arm, grazing the bone. Luckily, the bullet was not in the wound. Henriette had bathed and cleansed it, but he was in agony. He was suffering pain, bereavement, defeat. His face expressed only decorous and conventional regret.

Now and then he glanced in at the library door, but generally he watched the read up the hill. As he had Watched the Church ascending, so now at my time might come Law. He would be prepared.

 He had grown a beard since the St. Logis matter. That would help. And he had waited to return and claim old Heavy's body, until the Record extra had announced his killing. Walking us and down the wide hall, his keen failed was going back, detail by detail, Talbot and Lethbridge in the car had kept on. They had deliberates of clothing in the ma-By now they should be at the the club, and halfway around the The car, with its changed liplates, would be standing in the respectable country club

and had risen. He towered far Ellnor. Because of his heavy hers, he never looked his full broady, in the corridor, stole I ment from his anxieties to find young clergyman every inch of a to throw him the grudging ration of defeated middle-age for and vibrant life."

then I shall not send for the rec-

is there anything at all that I can

"To the-the police know about

"Surely. I suppose you have been

told what happened." "They will tell me nothing." There was a car coming up the hill. fortably, the affair resembles one that

Histy's with had come down from That would be it. Boroday eased his Hilary's and early train. The rector aching arm. He did not dare a sling, the different his deferred fishing trip, but the hand was thrust in the pocket wing exchanged his clerical of his coat. If only the hemorrhage mene at all and having blis- did not start again! He braced him-

"It was a robbery, you know that?" said Ward, in the library. He picked his words carefully. "As I got the story, a taxicab on its way to the bank was held up near the Record office. Your father had stepped to the curb to hail the taxi, and-it happened death was but the gateway to a larger then, a—a stray bullet from one of

Boroday, eyes on the car, heard the statement, and, with the chief coming up the steps from the road to the garden, took the time to repudiate it.

"Pardon!" he said. "It was not a weapon in the hands of the bandits. It was the revolver of the bank messen-

Ward turned in surprise. Boroday's eyes were fixed on Elinor's, with reassurance in their depths. The assistant rector was not subtle, but he had a curious feeling of something behind all this. He was uncomfortable.

"I trust," he said earnestly, "that windows were open, and sunshine filled these various outrages will be at an

"Possibly." The anarchist's gaze using the see the sun," he said. wandered to the garden, where even then the chief was making his way to-"Miss Kingston wished things undis- ward the house. "Of course, these bandits are trained men of unusual "I carrie to tell her—but I suppose intelligence. If the police were of inshe does not care to see anyone—the telligence to cope with them—"

> "They would not be on the force, at meager salaries and petty graft. They would be"-he shrugged his shoulders -- "bandits themselves, very possibly."

Ward left after that-left with an uncomfortable feeling of having got nowhere. He was convinced of one thing, death, which for him was an open gateway, was for this girl a closed and fastened door, And he knew something else. No other woman had ever so profoundly impressed him as this girl who without hope in her grief met it with a high head and courageous eyes.

He felt a certain comfort in one thing. Elinor had made a concession, and Hilary Kingston, lavish giver to the parish poor, was to be buried from Saint Jude's.

race and took off his hat. Boroday, anality of wistfulness was more appearcontent. Nothing could have been more, sitting across, hardly took his eyes meetings. Her sweetness and elusivebetter for his little drama, than the presence of the young clergyman. The whole scene gained tone, decorum.

The chief's visit was short. They hand, had followed the bandits' car and lost it, and finding himself in the neighbor-

his best manner, "that we'll not rest until this thing is cleared up. The community"-he cleared his throat- men. "the community will not lose one of its best citizens without a violent pro-

With the coroner he went up the stairs and into old Hilary's room. The chief glanced about while the hasty examination was being made.

"Nice room," he said. "But a jolly lot of good it does the old gentleman now! Nice little girl downstairs, too. I've seen that chap in the hall some-

The coroner drew the sheet over old Hilary's peaceful face. "The preacher? They all look alike.

It's the vest and the collar.

German, I take it, or-Russian."

Boroday was waiting for them at the foot of the staircase. In the library was a tray, with drinks and . "Send Boroday to Paris to dispose of sandwiches. The shades had been your jewels. Then get a conservative

The chief ate and drank. And as often as he raised his glass he looked at the Russian over it. At last:

"Boroday. I rather think not." "You remind me of someone-I'll place you, or the person you resémble,



"You Have Never Been in St. Louis?"

pretty soon. I have a slow mind. Y's like an Airedale dog; it's a long time getting started, but when it begins it hangs on like the devil."

The drinks were cold, and the house cool. The prospect of starting out in the heat and dust did not allure the two men. Sitting there at his ease, the chief ran over the points of the out

"In several ways," he observed com-

happened in St. Louis several years There's the same quality of audacity-and there are other things." Quite suddenly a light came into his

"Ah!" he said, bending forward toward Boroday. "I told you I'd get it. It was in St. Louis I saw you!" Their glances clashed, the chief's in-

tent, the Russian's cool, amused.

"The deg," said Poroday, "holds on

well, but-to the wrong throat." "You have never been in St. Louis?" "Never."

CHAPTER IV.

Elinor lived alone after the funeral. Henriette, who had now a chance to practice her favorite vice of thrift, was for sending away the other servants.

you eat---"

But Elinor protested. "I shall want to keep up the Saturday dinners. Let things stay as they

"I can manage," she said. "For all

are for a time." It had been old Hilary's custom to have such members of the band as were available dine with him of a Sat-

urday. Henriette raised her hands.

"Things are changed," she cried. "You are alone here now. To have those four men-"

"That is better than having one man, Henriette."

finite caution from his cheap boarding house in the South side, Talbot and Lethbridge from the bachelor apart- sistent was Boroday on caution that all ment they rented together. Walter of September went by without so much Haff was late.

day, aside. "They've got wind of some- that might be invaluable later. Huff, thing, I don't know what. My room was under protest, retained the taxicab searched today."

Boroday swore through his beard. glanced at Elinor, and back impudent- tion." ly at the Russian.

"You know why I came," he said, in high good humor. "But I was careful. nor once or twice a week. Talbet took It's all right."

by Elinor's order. She had borne up to a dance or dinner at the country The chief met Mr. Ward on the ter- , slender, certainly more appealing. The way. in the dim hall, felt a certain sense of ent than ever around her mouth. Half, grew and thrived on those late summer auspicious, could have set his stage from her. He was young and women ness maddened him. Sometimes he had had no place until now in his ac- thought her never so far from him as tive, unscrupulous life. But Elinor when she was in his arms. held him in the palm of her small "Do you love me?" he would demand

They missed old Hilary, his saturnine humor, his beetling gray brows. And love me." inaction was telling on them. They "Be assured," he said to Elinor, in were growing restive. Boroday, advisthig caution in view of what he knew, Elinor sat in her arbor and watched felt the disaffection among the younger the road up the hill. Ward had called

and glanced around the table. stayed in the house for days, expecting

"It seems to me," he began, "that we him. But he did not come again. have a lot to decide tonight. I've been thinking about it ever since-for some time. The first thing, of course, is Huff. But the clergyman represented, whether we are going to hang together or not."

Talbot had rather a weird sense of humor. He suggested that the word "hang" be changed to "remain."

"We've been doing well. We'll do would be man only, and after thatall right again, too, as soon as this thing blows over. It was unlucky, but we've been pretty fortunate. Now we "The other man, with the accent. can do one of two things. For Elinor's sake, I suggest the first."

"And that is-" Elinor's voice was

unsteady. lawyer to invest the money."

"And after that?"

"Forget you ever knew any of us." Huff, across the table from her, went "Haven't we met somewhere, Mr. white, but said nothing. "You said there was an alternative?"

Elinor was white, too. The room was profoundly still. "To keep on as we are at present,

with you, Elinor, acting in your father's stead, receiving and transmitting messages, and-keeping the vault in charge." Boroday was on his feet in a moment, protesting. He would take the

jewels and send them abroad. It was risky, but it could be done. But this outrageous arrangement that had been suggested— "What we are, we are by choice," he

finished. "You have never had a choice, and now it is given to you. For God's sake, child, go away now, while you may."

Elinor's reply, when it came, was unanswerable.

"Where could I go? I know in all the world only you four, and old Henriette, and a governess of mine who has gone into a convent in France. I shall stay here with you all."

So it was settled. That was an eventful evening, with Elinor, misty-eyed, moving into her father's chair at the table, and the band swearing the simple oath of allegiance which held them together. And when they had moved from the dining room, Walter Huff, following Elinor out onto the terrace, told her he loved her.

The starlight above, and those nearer stars that outlined the streets below, threw a soft radiance over her. She was dressed in white; old Hilary had disliked mourning garments. Elinor was looking down into the village, The great spire of Saint Jude's towered above the town. Huff, young and ardent, thrilled to the girl's presence close beside him.

"You are very aloof tonight," he said. She smiled up at him. "Not that surely. I was only think-

"Of what?"

"Oh, of different things-of the people down there in their houses-their

lives, the things they believe; we think they are narrow, but I wonder, after all, if you and I, who believe none of

those things, are not the narrow ones." Huff was not subtle. Possibly he would not have understood, had not the Saint Jude's chimes rung just then. "Symbols like that seem to mean so

much to them," said Elipor, and fell

In the warm silence, Huff felt for and found her hand.

"All this time, when I couldn't see you," he said unsteadily, "I've been thinking of you here alone, and in trouble. Sometimes I thought I couldn't stand it, that I'd have to come out and see you, if only for five minutes."

"I have always been more or less lonely. Sometimes I think if I had been sent away to school, had known other girls, it would have been better. I have never had any friends-except you, and the others."

Huff released her hand and faced

"I don't want to be your friend, Elinor. I want to be much more." 4 She was rather shocked at first. She stood, looking up at him, her lips slightly parted.

"I? You-you-want-" "I love you. I want you to marry me, dear."

There was no doubt of the boy's sincerity. It rang true. He stood with his arms out, and after a moment she. went into them. Except for the father So Elinor had her way. The Satur- who was gone, this was the first love day dinners were resumed early in that had come into her life. She took September, Boroday coming with in- it hungrily. In the starlight she held

up her lips like a child for his kiss.... The police were still active. So inas a plan of campaign. Talbot played "I had to be careful," he told Boro- golf and established friendly relations

"It's a dog's life," he said. "They're "Then why did you come here?" he not after me now. Give me something demanded. Young Huff laughed, else to do, or else let me take a vaca-

But they kept him at work.

Huff fell into the way of seeing Elihim out, picking him up on the edge of Old Hilary's chair had been placed town after dusk, on his way in his ear well the last month, was rather more club, and taking him back, the same

And the boy's infatuation for Eliner

hoarsely. "I think so. I know I want you to

And he had to be content with this. On the evenings when she was alone twice, and each time she had been out It was Lethbridge, who, waiting un- on the tong-rambles she took almost til the servants had withdrawn, rose daily. After his second visit, she

> She was not in love with Ward, just as she was not in love with Walter in her strange and lonely life, something new and different. He typified all that she had never known. He was the priest, rather than the man to her at first. The time was coming when he

Late in September Boroday was arrested. The arrest came as a shock to the band. As a matter of fact the police could prove nothing, but the chief had a long talk with the Russian. It was the Agrarian affair, of course. The chief had recognized him. But so firmly had old Hilary's respectability been rooted in the public mind that the chief connected Boroday only casually with

"You know that I cannot prove this thing on you," he said, "but you know also perfectly well that I can fix you to the tune of about ten years."

"Perfectly correct in both instances," said Boroday. "You cannot prove anything and you can send me up. What

is it you want?" "I want the members of that band of yours," said the chief. "And I want your headquarters. You people have been playing hell in this county long enough; the newspapers are laughing at us. Sooner or later, we'll get you and get you all. Make it sooner and

we'll let you off easy." "How much time will you give me?" The chief offered twenty-four hours and Boroday took it. At the end of that time he reported.

"I guess I'll take what's coming to me," he said. "You can fix it any way you like." It was a bitter disappointment to the

Boroday had used his day's freedom to warn the band and to make plans for regaining his freedom. Of money he had none. What he had made under old Hilary's leadership had gone back to Russia, dollar for dollar. He had financed part of the Kiev defense of the Jews, had saved Prince Ovarsky from Siberia. There were other things. Money would save Boroday. And there was practically no money.

By unanimous consent they kept the news of his arrest from Elinor.

It was Talbot who planned the country club coup. The Russian was in jail then, on a trumped-up charge. Old Hilary dead and Boroday in jail-there was no one to advise caution.

"Boroday ill!" Elinor exclaimed. They were accounting for his absence from her Saturday-night dinner. "Why, then he should be here, where he can be cared for." "We told him that." Lethbridge was

always readlest with his tongue. "But he's not sick enough to need much,



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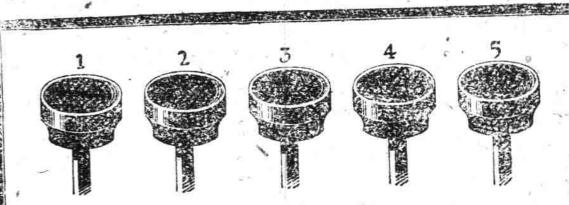
Notice to Town Tax Payers

By order of the board o. town commissioners I hereby notify all persons owing town taxes and notes for side walks, that all taxes and notes must be paid between this and the 1st day of August 1917.

After that date, all persons who have not paid their taxes and notes may expect to pay cost on the same.

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