

the corner, and it ain't there now."
"It might be up at his boarding-

It came to me that if Davis had

thought it worth while to go to the Widow Smith's to make inquiries, it

night be worth my while, too After

asking Miss Cox for directions, I told

her I was going to see if Rouser's

wheel was missing, and made my way

up one of the side streets to the boarding-house. Davis' visit evidently

had ruffled the widow. I found her

in anything but a communicative

"If you're another of those detec

tive men coming prying around here," she said, "you might just as well get

out. I've said all I'm going to say,

"Please don't mistake me for a de-

"I'm-a-friend of Miss Cox

tective," I said as pleasantly as I

down to the post-office and we were

wondering whether Charlie had taken

his bicycle when he went away, and

Migs Cox thought you might know."
"If you're a friend of Jennie Cox,"
said Mrs. Smith, "I guess I'd be likely

to know it, being her own cousin and

knowing as well as I know my own

face that she hasn't had a man friend

for eleven years, since Aleck Thomp-

son died. As for Charlie Rouser going

away on his bicycle, I don't know

nothing about it. All I know is his

wheel ain't here, but he never kept it here anyway. He always kept it

With that she slammed the door

in my face, but I went away well sat-

isfied. As I walked down the dusty

path of the so-called street toward

the hotel I reviewed all I had learned

and was delighted to think how

amazed Davis would be when I pre-

sented my facts gathered in the last

twenty-four hours, which were these: Hugh Crandall was aware that we

Unable to learn anything from Lou-

ise over the telephone, he had dared to go to the Farrish home.

He had so intimidated Louise that

she had asked me to withdraw at once

Acting on her fears, he had persuad

ed her to accompany him to some

Lock Box 17 was used for the mail

All the mail that came to that ad-

Rouser was in the habit of going

bicycle or in a buggy out on the road

Rouser, when he disappeared,

doubtedly had gone away on his bi

Everything, to my mind, pointed to

How to account for the fact that

Rouser had not returned was still a

poser to me, but as I reviewed Cran-

persons who had been driven to death

I found myself believing that it was not at all out of the range of possi-

with Rouser for fear of betrayal, From

all I had learned about the missing

postmaster, I was convinced that he

was weak rather than victous, and

felt that he probably was an innocent

party to the nefarious plot of the yel-low letters. Davis' story that it was a

crime of two persons, after all, was only a theory. When the mystery was cleared up I was positive that the only

criminal who would be uncovered would be Hugh Crandall. I shuddered

as I recalled that Louise even now was

somewhere with him, not exactly

alone, to be sure, for the car was

driven by her chauffeur, but still it

was a most disconcerting thought.

As I approached the hotel I saw

buggy stop before it, the occupants of

which were Davis and the constable.

As Davis dismounted I heard him say

"I'll be on hand, you bet," said the

I quickened my steps and overtook

"I've got some great news for you,"

whispered and went on up with him.

worn out, and lighted a cigarette. I

had expected that he would be eager

to question me but this did not seem to be the case. He lay there with eyes half closed as if unaware of my pres-

Annoyed as I was at his seeming in-

difference, I was sure that when I told

him my amazing news about Crandall

and my discoveries about the post-

master he would be effectually aroused. I took it for granted that his

The minute he got into the room he flung himself on the bed, as if utterly

Davis just as he started up the stairs

to the constable:

to his room.

"Tonight at eight."

constable as he drove off.

that led away from the station.

his having gone to meet Crandall.

all's connection with the cha

bility for Crandall to have made

of some one who had taken the alias

down to the post-office."

vere on his trail.

from the inquiry.

place in New Jersey.

of Henry Malcolm Stewart.

Rouser, the postmaster.

cycle.

and that's all there is to it."

could.

"It might be," said Miss Cox.

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suiside of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investgation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katherine, 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 mystry. Katharine's strange outery pussies the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's at the bottom of the mystry. Katharine's strange outery pussies the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address. Lock Box It, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook." A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway post-master is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation. He discovers that the dead woman is Sarah Sacket of Bridgeport. Louise telephones Kent imploring him to drop the investigation. Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise, He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters. He sees Crandall, whom he recognizes as "Cook," enter the Farrish home. Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation and refuses to give any explanation. Later Kent sees Crandall and Louise n an automobile. Kent returns to Ardway.

CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

"Let me see," she continued, "it was a week ago Tuesday-no, it was Wed nesday, for I went over to my sister's Tuesday and Mr. Rouser left word for me, and I found it waiting for me when I came back. He asked me to come over and take the office for the I was surprised when I come here to open up to find him here for I'd understood that he was going to be gone all day. He explained that he didn't have to go till after the mail was in, and he stayed here and helped me sort. There was a lot of mail that day, people round here are great for answering advertisements and get ting circulars. Besides that, some of get-rich-quick concerns have got of our telephone subscribers and there's always a lot of mining stock letters. There was no less than four good-sized bundles of letters from New York. Rouser was sorting the letters and I was handling the second class and the papers. I got through with that and picked up the last bundle of letters. In it was no less than six letters addressed to Lock Box 17. 'Seventeen's rented at last, says I, thinking it funny that I didn't the name on them, Henry Malcolm Stewart. Who's got it? 'I'll take charge of them,' says he, taking the letters right out of my hand before l had a chance to look at the postmarks anything. I noticed, too, that he didn't put them in the box, but jammed them into his pocket along with a lot of other letters he had. I couldn't say who the other letters was addressed to, for I didn't get a chance to see them. They might have been his own, for all I know. But I couldn't help thinking that the only reason he'd waited till the mail was distributed was to get hold of them Lock Box 17 letters. As soon as he got them he went away, and he didn't come back ull after closing time." "Have you any idea where he went?"

"When I come over here that day I supposed he was going to the city, but a few minutes after he left the office I saw him driving past in one of the

"Which direction did he go?" asked, feeling more and more that I had struck the right trail. In all probability this young fellow in the pest-office was merely an innocent tool of Crandall. He had driven off some where to meet Crandall and give him the Lock Box 17 letters, for I was convinced that Stewart was merely an alias of the villain who had been send ing out the yellow letters. If I could where the postmaster had gone on this visit, I might be able to find him now.

"Every time Charlie Rouser goes driving," said Miss Cox, "he always goes that way," indicating the opposite direction from the station. "I shouldn' be surprised in the least if he was keeping company with some farmer's

A sudden light came into her eyes and a smile of satisfaction spread over

"Land alive, I never thought of it before," she exclaimed, "but I'd bet anything he's gone off to get mar-

"Hardly likely," said I. "He wouldn't go off and leave the office unguarded without telling any one. And he wouldn't leave five thousand dollars lying there in the drawer."

That's just what he would do. I'll bet he had a windfall of some sort and the minute he got the money in his hands he just couldn't wait to go

is hands he just couldn't wait to go and tell the girl."

"Somebody would have known it if somebody would have known it if so got a horse at the livery stable, would they not!"

"Oh, that's seither here nor there. The might have gone on his beyole."

Took it for granted that his mood was due to despondency over his failure to find either of them.

"I have seen Hugh Crandall twice, no, three times, today," I said by way of beginning, "and I have found out how Rouser went when he left the post office."

"Yes," he said absent-mindedly. "What's more," I cried impatiently, "I know who had Lock Box No. 17. I know what was done with the mail that came to that address."

Davis, without answering me, reached for another cigarette, lighting it from the butt he had been smoking. His nonchalant indifference grated on my nerves and I lost my

"Confound it, Kent," he said with considerable asperity, "I was so busy thinking out something I really didn't hear what you said. Sit down and tell me all about it."

Mollified by his apology, I sat down on the foot of the bed and told him the story of my day, how I had seen man going into the Farrish home and recognised him later as . Hugh Crandall, or at least as the man who had registered at the hotel as Cook; how I had been barred from the house; how I had discovered another yellow letter suicide in the park; how, when returned to the Farrish home after Crandall had left, Louise had told me of the theft of the scrap of yellow pa per from her desk; how she had left me to go off in her automobile after insisting that I drop the investigation; how I had seen her again, crossing the ferry with Crandall in the chine; how I had returned to Ardway and had learned that Lock Box 17 was held in the name of Henry Malcolm Stewart; how the missing post-master himself had been in the habit of putting the mail that came to that address into his own pocket and go-ing off with it, and finally, how Miss Cox and I had determined that when he disappeared he had gone off on his

bicycle. "From all I have learned," I said in conclusion, "I am convinced that Rouser was the tool—in all probability the innocent tool-of Hugh Crandall in carrying out his nefarious schemes. Crandall apparently had him take the Lock Box 17 mail to some agreed meeting-place. It would not surprise me in the least if Crandall, finding himself in danger of exposure, had-made away with the postmaster. I am convinced that Crandall is aware that he is being watched. In his des peration he had the hardihood to visit the Farrish home and to abstract that fragment of the yellow letter, lest it should be used as evidence against

him. I am convinced, too, that he has succeeded in terrorizing Louise by the same methods that he used with her sister, so that she is trying to dis suade me from pursuing Crandall. Rouser, when he left the post office went away on his wheel on the road that leads from the station. If you follow that road with me, perhaps we can find him. Pretty good for one day's work, don't you think?"

"Not bad," said Davis, "if only you would not persist in mistaking your own deductions for facts; but you overlooked the most important fact."

What do you mean?

"You didn't happen to find out from

Dodds and I are going out at eight o'clock tonight to arrest the missing postmaster and his accomplice. I know where they both are, or where they will be tonight. You may come with us if you wish. And now I am going to get a couple of hours' sleep. I expect we will have a rather busy night of it."

As he concluded his amazing statement he rolled over on his side and closed his eyes, and in a few seconds was apparently fast asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ride in the Dark. Not since my early boyhood has the errible fear of darkness come of me as it did that night at eight as the three of us set out from Ardway. mystery of the journey, too, added to its terrors. I had not seen Davis after his startling announcement of nocturnal mission until he came into the hotel dining-room for supper. All through the meal he had laughed and chatted on all sorts of immaterial subects, influenced undoubtedly by the fact that there were several others seated at the table with us. There had been no opportunity for private conversation between us before we left the hotel together a little before eight for a side street where Dodds the constable, was waiting for us with

We had lingered at the table until all the others had left. Just as we got up, Davis turned to me and in a hardly perceptible tone asked: "Have you got that revolver I gave

"It's up-stairs." I answered, in the same understone. "Do you want it?" "No," he said significantly, touching

his hip pocket, "but you may." I hastened up-stairs to get the reapon and when I returned he was waiting for me at the door and hurried me around the corner and into the buck-board. With Dodds crowded in between us we drove along the street leading away from the station and soon struck what is locally known as the Plank Road, skirting a chain of hills which the residents dignify by the name of mountains. So precipitous and rocky are these that little effort had been made to cultivate them and the habitations are few and far between. There seemed to be practically no travel at night. We encountered only one vehicle, of any sort, and that was about two miles out from Ardway, when we heard an automobile in the distance behind us.

"Turn out," whispered Davis to Dodds, "and stop until it has passed

The constable drew in under the shade of some trees. It was pitch dark, the only light coming from an ancient lantern hung over the dashboard. As the automobile came nearer Davis unhooked the lantern and holding it down between his legs shielded it with the folds of a long raincoat he was wearing. The auto

PEACE OF EUROPE

SCUTARI ALONE APPEARS TO CONTINUE AS THE THORNY PROBLEM.

OFFER OF MEDIATION

Dispatches From Constantinople Report That Fighting Has Been Resumed at Tchatalja and Bulgair .-Russia Will Disband About 230,000.

London,-The European chancellories and stock markets are being kept in a condition of nervous tension. No sooner does one thorny problem seem in the way of solution than another crops up. The long expected agreement for

Austria-Russian demobilization is published; the Allies have accepted the rowers' offer of mediation under certain conditions and arrangements have been completed for the settlement of the dispute between Bulgaria and Roumania by a conference of Ambassadors at St. Petersburg, presided over by Sergius Sazanoff, the Russian Foreign Minister.

Thus the way seems prepared for the restoration of peace in the Balkans. But at the same moment a new difficulty has been raised by Austria, who objects to Servia going to the assistance of Montenegro and is endeavoring to enlist the Powers to her side to coerce Servia. Further, Austria declines to demoblize as far as the Servian frontier is concerned.

It appears therefore that the fate of Scutari still is a menace to the peace of Europe. Austria is deter-mined to make Scutari the Capital of autonomous Albana. Montenegro is equally determined on the possession of Scutari and in the present temper of the Allies, it seems hardly possible that Servia will desist in her intention. of going to the assistance of Monte negro at Austria's bidding.

It is understood Russia wie disband 230,000 reservists under agreement with Austria, but that on Austria's side it can hardly be described as demobilization, since a much smaller number will be dispersed and only from the Russian frontier.

A Constantinople dispatch reports that fighting has been resumed both at Tchatalja and Buliar.

Attitude Toward Sister Republics. Washington.-President Wilson is sued this formal statement of his policy toward the Central and South American Republics: In view of questions which are naturally uppermost in the public mind just now, the President issues the following statement: "One of the chief objects of my Administration will be to cultivate the friendship and deserve the confidence of our sister Republics of Central and South America and to promote in every proper and honorable way the interests which are common to the peoples of the two Continents. earnestly desire the most cordial unerstanding and co-operation between the peoples and leaders of America and therefore deem it my duty make this brief statement.

Appoint Purchasing Agent. Washington.-It was announced unofficially that Richard E. Edgerton of New Jersey had been agreed upon for appointment as purchasing agent of the Postoffice Department. The office carries a salary of \$4,000 a year and has been vacant since January 6. Mr. Taft named Frederick P. Austin, a Democrat, for the place but he was not confirmed. Under the law a de-

signated official may act as purchasing agent for only 30 days. ruary 6, the Postoffice Department has

No Changes In Berder Patrol. Washington.-No change in the disposition of United States troops on the Mexican border between El Paso, Texas, and Nogales, Mexico, is likely in view of a report to the War Depart. ment from Brigadier General Bliss that no patrols are nearer the international boundary necessary

Police Probe is Proceeding.

Washington. — Investigation of re-sponsibility of the police for the disorder which attended the woman suffrage pageant on Monday, March 3, was continued by the Senate committee of inquiry. It was the intent of the police witnesses to show that their efferts to preserve order were sincere but they were handicapped by the im mense crowd and lack of patrolmen Witnesses for the suffragists intended to prove that the police were opposed s the parade and did not attempt to rotect the marchers.

Cabinet Has Busy Meeting. Washington.-President Wilson had two hours' meeting with his Cabinet in which general policies governing the organization of the various depart ments were outlined and a few minor appointments discussed. The President declared after the meeting that "merely routine" had been taken up. He added that he regarded Cabinet meetings as a "clearing house" for the handling of details. Members of the Cabinet were reticent as to what had

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And the best of it is you need never hesitate to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. There is nothing in them to injure the tenderest surface. Resinol is a doctor's prescription which for eighteen years has been used by careful physicians for all kinds of skin afrui physicians for all kinds of skin affections. They prescribe Resinol freely, confident that its soothing, healing action is brought about by medication so bland and gentle as to be suited to the most delicate or irritated skin—even of

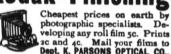
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1000. Orders booked now for 28. Cabbage, lettuce, Bermuda onton and beet \$1.26 or 5000 for \$8. Tomato and Pepper \$2.00. Catalog free. Wan Reshle, Masswer, Fla.

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Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure The worst cases no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antisoptic Healing Oll. Relieves pain and heals at the same time. So, 50, \$1.00.

Could "Work" Him.

The Preacher-Aren't you afraid of your future in the next world?

The Dying Man-No, sir. If satan is any kind of a fellow at all he must belong to one or more of the nineteen different lodges of which I am a mem ber in good standing.-Puck.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY



Lady of the House-Is your milk richer than Skinnem's?

Milkman-Well, it's purer. Lady of the House-How do you know?

Milkman (absently)-I have a filter on my pump.

It's Always A Good Thing

To have a

Clear Horizon

at both ends of the day. A dish of

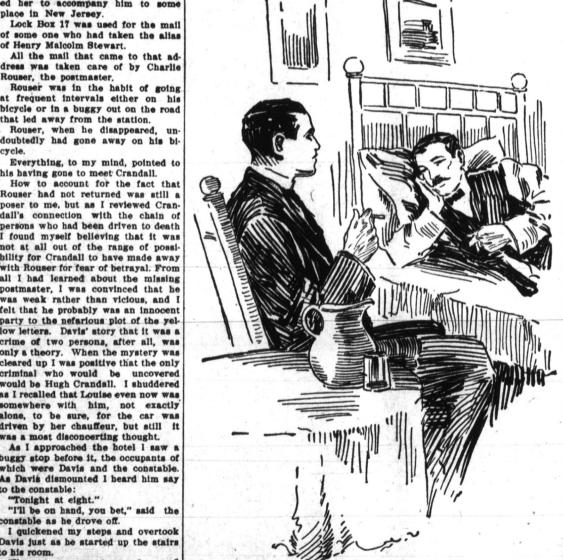
Post Toasties

for breakfast and again at the evening meal opens and closes the day with a dash of sunshine.

Toasties are bits of hard, white Indian Corn, first carefully cooked, then rolled thin and crinkly, and toasted to a delicate, appetizing

Not a hand touches the food in manufacture, and it is ready to serve direct from the package to be eaten with cream or milk-and sugar, if desired.

Post Toasties taste delicies good and are richly nourishin



The Minute He Got Into the Room He Flung Himself on the Bed.

Miss Cox or from the Widow Smith, | mobile dashed by us, apparently us did you, whether or not the missing postmaster was left-handed?"

What's that got to do with it?" I cried, convinced that as usual he was amusing himself at my expense.

"Much more than you think," answered gravely. "It was the knowledge that the criminal must, or at least one of the pair, must have been a left-handed man that gave me one of the most important clues in this case. "Confound you and your clues!" I

exclaimed. "Where have they you? What more do you know about this chain of crime than when we started?"

He listened unruffled to my tirade

and as I finished remarked calmly:
"I only know this much: Constable

aware of our presence.

"All right," said Davis, as soon as it had vanished in the distance, "ge

Dodds drove on in silence for per haps two miles farther. We passed little stone cottage nestling in a clear

ing under the hill.
"It's just beyond here?" said Davia a note of inquiry in his voice.
"Yep," said the constable, "Miller's

Lane, they call it." Though in my city eyes there was no sign of a road, Dodds, about three hundred yards beyond the cottage pulled the horse sharply to the right and we began ascending a rocky land that led almost straight up the hill.

(TO BE CONTINUED)