against him. A mud-headed detective

pounced upon the first person he saw.

which happened to be Winthrop, shot

him in the arm; and found some fam-

"I-might as well tell you-you'll see

it in the newspapers. They mean

nothing, except the lively imagina-

tions of the police connect them with

the jewel robberles we've been read-

"How abusrd! But, of course, Mr.

Abbott can prove he didn't steal them?

The people who have been robbed will

have to identify their property, and

there you are! If they are Mr. Ab-

bott's family jewels, they are not any

one else's. It's ridiculously simple,

"It is," he agreed. He narrowed his

eyes and stared into space for a while,

then rose and began pacing in front

of me. What he was trying to figure

in, or out, was that emerald bracelet

which I didn't know about, and of

which he had not the slightest inten-

tion of telling me. It was incriminat-

"What does Mr. Crowninshield

"Oh, you know how he is-a regular

clam. Thinky a good deal and says

nothing. He's inclined to treat the

"I'm forgetting to tell you my ex-

citing little story," he said, and the question passed unanswered. "We got

home about two, all dead tired. I took

Winthrop home and wanted to stay

with him, but he wouldn't have it.

It didn't take me long to go to sleep.

Well, something woke me-what, I

don't know-but it was odd, for I

never wake up suddenly. I sat up in

bed and listened. At first I could only

hear the surf, and then I caught an-

other sound, an annoying little rasp

couldn't explain to myself. I thought

a lot of stuff about rats and such junk,

but I got up and went into John's bed-

room. I listened again; the sound

was closer. I didn't want to wake

John, for I knew he would be amused,

but with all these robberies, I decided

"Finally I located the sound in the

ball. I sneaked to the door and lis-

tened. Ten seconds of listening con-

vinced me that some one was at Na-

talle's door and the sound was that

"Now, what I intended to do was to

jerk open John's door suddenly and

see who it was and why he was there.

But the blamed door stuck as I jerked,

and when I did get it open a woman

-a woman, you understand!-was

scooting down the hallway, not up to-

ward the steps, but down toward

Laura's room, or mine. It was pretty

dark, but there was enough light for

me to see that it wasn't Laura, Laura

"I can't tell you why I followed ex-

cept the thing was queer. The lady

reached the end of the ball, opened

Laura's door and disappeared. I fol-

lowed. I was just in time to see the

dor into Laura's bedroom close. Now,

I was sure it wasn't Laura, so I fol-

lowed again. Laura was asleep, and there was a swish of skirts through

the door into my mother's bedroom. I

The Lights Flashed. The Person Who

that some one was trying to escape me. My mother was snoring softly as we whissed through—whoever it was

is skinny; this woman was plump.

of an instrument against the lock.

I'd find out what it was,

whole thing as a joke, except-

ing evidence against Winthrop.

think?" I asked.

"Except what?"

He sat down suddenly.

ily jewels in his safe."

ing about."

isn't it."

"Jewels!" I exclaimed.

BOBBS-MIRRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Loulis are left orphans. Their property has been swept away by the (death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Loulis answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position as companion, and Mrs. Hazard replies. She offers Loulie a position as her "secretary of frivolous affairs." Her chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Loulie talks baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Laura Hazard. The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception and Loulie meets many people high in the social world. Natalle Agazziz to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the receptions. She declares there is not another like it in the world. It develops that Natalle has lost several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Loulie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalle and has been cured of his infatuation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the summer. Loulie and Laura visit the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in whom Laura takes considerable interest. Due de Trouville arrives at the Hazard place. Loulie hears withthrop's motor boat out late at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several pearby homes. Natalle accuses Loulie of ster ng her ruby pendant. Mrs. Wazard s res Loulie of her confidence in laer. He declares his love for Loulie, are procates but will not admit it as she fears what Mrs. Hazard will say; Loulie is excused from dinner on account of a headache. She is bombarded with notes from Hap imploring her to see him. Winthrop is arrested in the presence of Hap and Loulie, charged with robbing General Schuyler's home and shooting the general. A box of jewels is found in Winthrop's safe, among them an emerald bracelet exactly like the one lost by Natalle. Natalle apologize

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued. "Yes, I believe you," I replied. "You are very kind to come and tell me

"Let us be friends, Miss Codman," she drawled. Her cool hand touched mine. "I think you dislike me, but we'll change that if you will. We missed you tonight. There wasn't just the usual cheerful order of things. Everybody was ill-assorted, aggressive and argumentative. I hope you will not be ill again. We can't spare you. Well, goodnight." She melted to the door. "I lost my head this afternoon, or I should never have said what I did. Do you sincerely forgive me?"

"Yes," I replied. "Goodnight." She regarded me for a moment, through half-closed lids, as if I had agreed too readily, then her lips part-

ed in a smile. "Goodnight," she repeated cheer-

fully. I crept into bed wondering, dered, and lay there for a long time staring wild-eyed, questioningly into the darkness. Why this apology? What had caused Natalle to change

her mind?" Just how long I had been asleep I don't know, but suddenly I found myself sitting up in bed, conscious that a door had opened and closed, conscious, too, that some one was in the room. My hand flew to the button beside my bed; I had to know the extent of my

danger! The lights flashed. The person who stood there was Hap, blinking in the sudden glare of the light, looking comically surprised and rather disheveled in a most becoming yellow dressing gown. The situation would have been embarrassing if I had not been so scared

"I beg your pardon," he managed to say. "I really beg your pardon." He turned, jerked at the door, and was gone. I jumped out of bed. turned the key in every lock, and sank in a heap to the floor. The day had been too much for me.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Woman in the Corridor.

The insistent rattle of gravel on the screen woke me. I arose, put on the white flannel, tied the ribbon around my head with fingers that were far from steady, and picked up my racket. The tennis was going to be a farce. My wrists were limp, my shoulders like lead, my head "cos. Out of the chaos persisted one thought. But I tried not to ponder too much on that adventure of the night before until

Hap had had a chance to explain. He was tapping the balls into the air as I came across the strip of lawn. He met me half way.

"I've an explanation to make before we begin," he said.

I know I went red, but he was not looking at me. He led the way to a rustic bench that ran the length of

stopped dead in my tracks and whoever was trying to escape me, did. I went back to bed and did some thinking. I tried to connect up all the queer things that had happened-Natalie losing her jewels, Winthrop being arrested, the woman at Natalie's door, but I couldn't get anywhere. My mind simply tied itself into a knot, everything jumbled. I could make no connection. But there's one thing certain. If we have a thief here it's a

My mouth dropped open a bit in the I thought I had learned to control, but I didn't say anything.

"If there had been just one door locked, I'd have had her, but every door was unlocked, making it as easy "Yes," he answered. "Oh, it's a lot as pie for anybody who wanted to of tommyrot. They have nothing steal."

"But we have nothing to steal," expostulated; "at least no jewels. have none, Laura has none, and your mother's are in the bank. Natalie's door was locked, wasn't it?"

"She has had her lesson." "Besides, we've never been certain

before that a thief was here." "We are not certain now," he point ed out. "But something is wrong queer. I want you to keep mum about it. I'm going to investigate."

"Ah, Monsier Lecoq!" I taunted. "Don't laugh. I'm quite serious about it. I have all sorts of theories." "If your are quite serious about it you ought to have all sorts of a detec tive," I suggested.

"One is coming, but it isn't going to keep me from doing a little work on my own hook. A detective might find a gang planted here among the servants; I might find the chief at the dinner table. Fascinating, isn't it?" "Horrible!" I declared.

"Perhaps Natalie's ruby was stolen after all," he mused. He began pacing again. "I thought she was crazy, for why would a thief take one jewel and leave the others? I'm not so sure now but that she is right. We no doubt have a charming creature in our midst with a delightful sense of hu-

"And you are going to unearth her?" He sat down again and looked at me intently.

"Are you losing the main point?" ne demanded. "You must be cleared of suspicion, you know."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "I am no fonger suspected. Miss Agazziz came to my room last night and said she cas sure I hadn't taken her ruby; that she realized I couldn't possibly have done such a thing, couldn't possibly.

"Well, I'll be --!" He stared at me. "What happened to make her change her mind?"

"I don't know," I answered. "She didn't give me the impression that anything had happened. She was quite calm and cool as she always is, and she was rather friendly."

He brushed the forelock out of his eyes, and regarded me for a while with that comically surprised expres sion of his. Then he laughed.

"You'll excuse me," he said, "but the thing is funny. Wait a minute! Let me think! She heard about Winthrop."

"I'm sure she didn't," I assured him. 'I don't see how sho heard. No one knew it but myself until that message came for your mother. Your mother talked to Mr. Crowninshield from her own room. It's her own private number, as you know, and has no possible connection with the other 'phone. The conversation revealed nothing, even if any one had been listening at the door. Laura did not guess, and you know how keen she is. Miss Agazziz came in soon after, but she couldn't possibly have

known." "I believe she did know." "You're rather strange in your be lief, aren't you? Whatever else Natalle is she isn't a hypocrite," I de fended. "You ought not to be too hard on her, remembering that once you-"

"I have another strange belief," he smiled. "I believe I'm going to marry you." "Once I made a fool of myself," he

interrupted. "We're going to forget all about that, you and I, aren't we?" "Yes;" I replied; then after a mo ment. "We are going to forget all about everything, you and I."

"Except that we love each other." "We are going to forget that," I said

firmly. There was no use answering. picked up two tennis balls and started for the other end of the court. But it's just my sex to have the last word I looked back over my shoulder.

"And I believe you're going to make some girl an argumentative husband," I said very, very sweetly.

He opened his lips to reply, smiled, changed his mind and swung his racket into position. "Ready!" he called.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Bracelet is identified.

The horror of Winthrop's arrest had not magnified over night. The newsapers came out with a blare of heades: "Noted Author Arrested, Acused of Vast Jewel Thefts. General chuyler Shot!" Mrs. Hazard had ne on Winthrop's ball, and they ade a lot of that, hinted at an en agement between the accused and aura,endeavored to make John Crownshield as counsel, significant, tri to invent a mystery out of a balky carbureter—and they are!—admitted that a mud-headed detective might

ment at first, but Winthrop sospected of being a thiel was so ridicu-

网络加拉姆斯

Laura shed a few tears of honest concern at the breakfast table when she saw the ailly thing in the papers, then she laughed. Mr. Abercrombie ing it up to restore it to its owner got hot under the collar, and told us all what he would do with the police when he was governor, then laughed. Everybody else laughed, including His Grace, who merely knew it was a nice little bon mot of American humor. Only Natalle was zerious.

I met her on the threshold of the wide doors opening upon the terrace where the younger people were wildly welcoming the '90's as the motors arrived. She drew me back into the house while I merely wondered what had brought her out so early. It was only ten.

"It's rather tragic about Mr. Abbott isn't it?" she asked. The tone of her voice was unusual, and her attitude held a hint of excitement.

"Not now," I answered. "It looked that way last night, but this morning it is comedy, not tragedy. General Schuyler isn't badly hurt. Have you seen the newspapers?"

"Yes. I didn't know if the situation was better or worse, that's why I wanted to know from somebody-from you."

"Oh, the newspapers always try to make it worse you know," I told her, "and even at that it's nothing. The iewels are Mr. Abbott's and he can prove it. Except for the general having been shot it's rather amusing, and something to break the monotony. The boys have gone to bring Mr. Abbott. They're going to celebrate, or do something exciting. I know Mrs. Dykeman will think we have a press agent."

But my flippancy met no response from her.

"I'm glad it isn't serious," she said. I looked after her curiously as she



"Once I Made a Fool of Myself," He Interrupted.

walked through the wide hallway and into the library, then I went out upon the terrace. Winthrop had arrived with the '90's who had gone for him, and just as I came out Lydia met him

with outstretched hands. "Good morning, Mr. Burglar," laughed. "Where is your revolver, and dark lantern? Did you wear a mask? And you were shot, too! Do you know you're such an interesting person and have furnished us such corking excitement that I'm tempted

to hug you." Winthrop rubbed the back of his head reflectively and the last bit of embarrassment disappeared in the laugh that went up.

I was mentally juggling my crowd and planning my schedule for the day when a car that didn't belong to any of the '90's came up the driveway. It carried one passenger and a chauffeur, the passenger being a red-headed young man whom I knew instantly. Hap knew him, too. He reached the steps by the time the newspaper man did and politely managed to block his progress.

There was a curious silence on the terrace after whisperings as to the identity of the newcomer. Everybody was listening.

"See Miss Agazziz?" we heard Hap repeat. "Awfully sorry. Miss Agazziz is in town."

"Can you tell me where she is?" the reporter asked.

"She's shopping," Hap lied glibly. Never know exactly where a woman s when she shops." "Shopping?" repeated the reporter.

But-" He looked at Hap and smiled, glanced toward the front door, then frankly looked over Hap's shoulder at the crowd on the terrace. Hap noted the action and grinned. He swept his hand generally in our direction.

"You see she isn't here," he marked affably. He was sure that Natalie was still up-stairs in bed, but I knew better, and every minute I expected to see her step through those doors to the terrace. I moved and stood where I could look down the hallway. The reporter glanced at the front door again. Not one of us thought of its being a holiday.

"Will she be back this afternoon?"

the reporter asked. "I hardly think so," Hap answered. "I think she's going to stay over and shop again tomorrow. And I really can't tell you where she's staying. It might be with her aunt, you know, again it might be with her cousin, or yet again it might be with some friend—" He'd have gone on like that until doomsday, I suppose, if the reporter hadn't interrupted.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Abbott," the reporter said, and started suddenly for Winthrop. But Hap's foot (or rather base mean-spiritedness).
was mysteriously in the way, and the newspaper man had hard work adjusting his equilibrium. "I'd like to ask idleness, 935.

screamed," He went on, "that I lously absurd that before noon it was him if he can positively prove that the emerald-

Something happened, we could never say just what. But the reporter's hat was on the ground and Hap, pickwith exaggerated courtesy, was babbling about the gorgeous sunshine and the delightful breeze from the east. Then he linked his arm through the reporter's, and it was just as well for that red-headed young gentleman to go where he was being led. Five minutes later the car and the red-headed reporter disappeared down the drive-

Hap called me aside. "Will you go tell Natalle that a newspaper man has been here, and not to let him trick her into seeing

him if he comes back?" "She's in the library if you want to tell her yourself," I told him.

He knew there was something odd in Natalie's being up so early. He dld some thinking, but the result of his meditations he didn't confide to me

"You tell her, dear," he requested finally, that I want to talk to

John. I found Natalle replacing several books, but the Almanach de Gotha still lay open on the table. I delivered my message.

"Thanks," she said. "I'll be careful. Do you know what he wanted to ask me?" "No."

"There wasn't any one but the reporter?" she went on anxiously. "No detective, or policeman?"

"No one but the reporter," I replied. Then suddenly: "Would you mind telling me if you had any particular reason last night for changing your mind about me?"

"Yes," she replied. "I simply came to my senses. I'll never be able to apologize sufficiently for what I said. My only consolation is that no one but the family know it." She closed the Almanach de Gotha and put it carefully back on the shelf. "Did you ever hear of the Duc d'Aubigny?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Why?" "Do you know that he was charged with jewel thefts in France and sent to fail?"

"I do. Why?" She didn't answer for quite a while; finally she came close to me.

"It's a silly thing I'm going to tell you," she drawled. "I have no foundation for my suspicions, but Saturday, when I was in town, I'm sure I saw the Duc d'Aubigny!"

I gasped, and my mouth fell open. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

EASY TO TEACH BLACKBIRD

is a Natural Imitator and Responds Quickly to Training-Its Memory Strong.

The blackbird, which belongs to the thrush family, has strong imitative powers, and has even been taught to speak. There is not much variety in its natural song, but its voice has a pure, flute-like tone and full volume. The bird is very susceptible of being trained, and when reared by hand from the nest is capable of forming strong attachments and makes itself great favorite.

When a blackbird is six or eight weeks old, his training should be begun. Take him to a quiet room away from any other birds, and each night and morning whistle the portion of the tune you wish him to learn, or play it on the flute. Feed him before you begin, and put a fat, lively worm where he can see it. After you have whistled or played the air, say twenty times, stop, so that the bird may have an opportunity of imitating it. If he should make the attempt, give him the worm at once, praising and caressing him meanwhile. He will soon begin to see why a reward was given to him, and will not be slow in trying to earn it. When once he has learned the tune he will never forget it, and it will pass into and become a part of his song.

After the blackbird has completed his education, he should be placed near some other singing bird, whose notes he would soon learn and blend

with his own. Put his cage out of doors whenever

the weather permits, and he will tell you how pleased you have made him. But during the hot days of summer, let him be well shaded and kept cool, as heat and dry air seem to affect his voice. He will begin to sing in the end of February or the beginning of March, and will continue until the fall, if the summer is not too hot,

Light for English Police.

The "bull's-eye" lantern of the patrolling policeman may shortly pass into the museums. Electric torches are far handler than the old-fashioned oll-fed "bull's-eye." The police man has the torch attached to his belt, and the pressing of a button sends a searchlight on the track of a criminal. There are no risks of burnt fingers and damaged tunics. Experiments are being made with the electric torches in the outlying suburbs, and later every metropolitan and city policeman may be provided with one. Burglars have long known their value, and will not welcome this imp tation ,however sincere hte flattery .-London Mail.

Men's Defects Sized Up. The ten chief defects of men, as de cided by the votes of the women readers of Femina, one of the most popuomen's weeklies in France, are egotism, easily first with 2,387 votes: then come jealousy, 1,968; infidelity, 1,783; intemperance, 1,417; cowardice

NORTH CAROLINA COMMERCIAL SECRETARIES TO MEET IN CHARLOTTE.

IN SESSION MAY 18 AND 19

A Recent Meeting Was For Purpose of Considering Organization of a State Association .- Some Are Opposed to This Plan.

Charlotte, - The North Carolina Commercial Secretaries will meet in Charlotte May 18 and 19 of the coming year, according to Managing Secretary Leake Carraway of the Greater Charlotte Club who has returned from a conference at Asheville.

The meeting was for the purpose of considering the organization of a state association, but a number of the secretaries, including the local man, Secretary Forrester at Greensboro, Secretary Branch of Wilmington, Secretary Greighton of Durham and others opposed an organization but favored get together meetings at least once a year and preferably twice a year for the purpose of conferences. exchange of ideas and the like. This plan was agreed to and it was decided to hold a winter meeting in December at a place to be decided later and a spring meeting here during Charlotte's big month of conven-

tions. The secretaries adopted a resolution favoring the efforts of Governor Craig and the business people looking to the securing of adequate freight rates for North Carolina, a copy in , part herewith appears:

"Whereas, the railroads operating in North Carolina are apparently maxing an honest effort to rectify the discrimination existing against the people of this state in favor of those of other states,

"And, whereas, Governor Locke Craig is endeavoring to bring these efforts to an efficient conclusion, therefore be it

"Resolved, That we commend the action of the governor and urge the members of the general assembly to assist in every possible manner to secure an adjustment of freight rates for the people of North Carolina."

Is Jailed on Serious Charge.

Asheville,-John Ramsey, a fourteen-year-old white boy, who has appeared in court on numerous occasions., now faces a serious charge, having been arrested charged with setting fire to the store room of a furniture store here. The fire was under control within a short time after the arrival of the members of the department. An investigation by the police led those who were familiar with the situation to believe that the fire was of incendiary origin and the Ramsey boy was arrested. The father of the child is said to be a stockholder in the furniture store,

Charged With Firing Building.

Lumberton.-W. D. gaggett, whose hardware store was damaged by fire here about a month ago was arrested recently charged with having fired the building. Deputy Fire Insurance Commission Jordan has been at work on the case, and as a result of his investigation the grand jury, now in session, found a true bill against Mr. Baggett. Bond in the sum of five hundred dollars was made and Mr. Baggett released.

Governor Pardons George King. Raleigh,-George King was pardoned by Governor Craig from the remainder of a 17-year sentence to the penitentiary for . manslaughter in Mecklenburg county. He was sentenced by Judge T. J. Shaw in 1903. who now reports to Governor Craig that he has re-investigated the case and is convinced that King already has been sufficiently punished. Judge J. I. Webb, solicitor at the time of sentence, also recommends pardon.

Lenoir.-A two-pound rock thrown at least 150 yards by a charge of dynamite used in tearing out a stump fell upon the head of Joe Presnell, killing him.

Yadkin County Farmers Meet. Yadkinville.—The second annual

picnic of the Farmers' Union of Yadkin county was held at Center, three miles west of Yadkinville recently, and was quite a success from every point of view. The principal address of the day was delivered by State Superintendent of Public Instruction Joyner, who spoke on the subject, "Co-Operation in Edu, atton." crowd began to arrive early and by noon the people present were estimated at from 3,000 to 4,000, mostly farmers, their wives and children.

Sequel to Killing Near Yadkinville. Yadkinville.-As a sequel to the killing of William Bitting, colored, by Township Constable J. E. Shugart, a trial was held before Justice of the Peace J. H. James of the negroes alleged to have forcibly taken a prisoner from Mr. Shugart after the latter had arrested him for the theft of a cost. Tom Hamlin, Tom Martin, Sain Bitting, Sarah Long and Mandy Hendrix, all colored were tried and all but the two negro women were bound to superior court in bonds \$600 each.