

SYNOPSIS.

⁷0 Codman and her sister Louile are swept away by the death of their fatter orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their fatter and they are compelled to cast about four and they are comparised to cast about for a more means to earn a living. Louile advertises for a possible and the second and the second and the second and the second and also gains the confidence of Laura Mars. Hazard gives a big reception and Louile measures the possible and the second and also gains the confidence of the second brack of the second for the second and the second brack of the second during the reception. She decises there is not another like it in the second brack of the second during the reception. She decises there is not another like it is not engaged to Natalle and Louile farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in the same four the second for the summer. Louile and Laura wisit in the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in whom Laura takes considerable interest of stealing her ruby pendant. Mars Hazard assures her low for Louile She reciprocates, but will not admit it as the fears what Mrs. Hazard will say to the card and the she is found in which the second from dinner on account of the set an

CHAPTER XXIV .-- Continued.

At the end of an hour we knew that Jo's abductors had crossed the wire fence to the pasture, a mile down the shore, for a piece of the dark blue dressing-gown that was missing from her wardrobe was found on the wire where, evidently, it had caught. A little farther on, one of her slippers was found. But there all trace of the thieves and Jo ended. We telephoned for Winthrop and he came immediately. He knew more about that part of the country in a minute than any of the rest of us in a year. But noontime brought nothing more, and afternoon still nothing. Then the police were notified and that brought also newspaper men and photographers. The police and the newspapers seemed the end of our desperate hoping. Doctor Graham came and barricaded me in my sitting-room when the reporters began to arrive, with Celie as sentinel. He said it would not do for me to see them; that I would be ill. Then the attempted jewel robbery leaked out-reporters just scent such things-embellished with my having heard suspicious noises, dramatically rushing out and saving the jewels. and plunging down the steps and breaking my arm as a fitting climax. An artist sketched one of the maids and added a broken arm, as they couldn't snap me; and the newspapers that afternoon came out with extras that sizzled But out of that episode Mr. Samuel Dick, of the Evening Columbian, concocted a very plausible story of Jo's disappearance. She had heard a noise, just as'l had; she had investigated, which accounted for her having on as much as she had; she had perhaps recognized the thieves, which made it necessary for them to carry her away until they had made good their escape. They had left the detective behind because he had not learned who they were. Mr. Dick conjectured that we would find Jo alive. cause if the thieves had intended to kill her they would not have taken the trouble to carry her off. The hig mestion, of course, if we accepted this theory, was: Whom had sne recognized? And that was a chance to display Mr. Dick's ability as a reporter. He wrote a lot and said nothing, but ended with a clever allusion to the emerald bracelet and Winthrop. The story breathed hope in every line, but it did not find Jo; and that's nted-to find her! all I w The taleves had gone away empty-handed. Plainly they had come back for the jewels, not knowing, of course, the jewels had been conveyed to town and locked in good strong boxes in various banks. But Jo knew it, and she did not follow in the he of setting back anything. Just wh or how they had made her priso

we could only 'conjecture. After all

I couldn't see that it made any difference where, for our only idea was to get her back, to know she had not been harmed, but the police and the

reporters gave a great deal of thought and space to this matter. I told John of the pistol when he came once during the afternoon to say there was nothing new, but he only groaned. She had not defended herself. When the dinner-gong sounded,

Lone Oak, for once, was demoralized. John had not come back; Hap was disheveled and tired and refused to dress. He dined on coffee and sandwiches which Mrs. Hazard directed Burrows to serve in the smokingroom to anybody who wanted to eat. I was in my room, dry-eyed and hopeless, with Laura consoling me; and poor, dear Mrs. Hazard was trying to be everywhere and see everybody, while an immaculate, muchly-starched nurse from town only got in everybody's way and added to the confusion. No one would let her nurse. Natalle constituted herself hostess.

I don't think anybody gave i thought to His Grace or cared how he amused himself. He came upon the terrace once during the afternoon. and a photographer snapped him, not for any particular reason, but just because he was a duke and was lying around loose. It was an awkward situation for a house-party. The dinner must have been a hideous affair. The women were left alone after dinner, for all the men, except His Grace, changed to rough clothes and went to see what could be done to help. Not that they had any particular hope, but they chafed at being idle in such a crisis. The billiardroom was deserted, the card-room dark, and one by one lanterns began to flit in the direction of the ninth hole, where Jo's slipper had been found.

It was quite dark when John came, and besides the horror of its being dark, there was no news. He knocked softly, came in, spread out his hands helplessly. He was tired and dusty, and his clothes were torn where evidently he had struggled through gaps in wire fences. When I met his clear gray eyes and the look in them I moaned. Then he gave way, too, and sat down, burying his face in his hands. I knew the truth; he loved her! He had waited a long time to love, then had tumbled in pell-mell, and the woman was Jo. I obeyed an impulse and put my hand on his bowed

head. "We'll find her," I whispered brok

couldn't stop him. He folded the

paper and put it down gently.

"If the damned scoundrels are after of her. It's growing cold"-he shiv. shoe. Loulie, does she know how to had too much. He was paid in aduse that revolver?"

"She can plug a dime at fifty yards," I replied, remembering that somebody at the club once said he would like to see her plug a dime at fifty yards.

"Then why didn't she shoot?" he demanded suddenly.

"It's an awful thing to shoot man, now, isn't it?" I demanded in turn. "Even if he is a thief?" "Great Lord, no, when she's in

danger; it's self-defense." "Well, that's the way I'd feel about It, and that's the way she would, too. Perhaps when she realized there was

danger it was too late." He was exasperated with me. He couldn't see that a woman's mind works differently from a man's. He came close to me after a moment, drew me into his arms and placed a very brotherly kiss upon my forehead.

> "Women," he said softly, "women are angels."

The worst continued to happen. Just at that particular instant Hap banged on the door and, without waiting, suddenly opened it. It was an awfully awkward situation. There was John with me in his arms-John, who never looked twice at a woman in his life-and I practically engaged to Hap, and Hap looking as if something had exploded just under his nose. I know I went red, and I'm sure I would have done something foolish if John's beautiful self-possession had not saved us. He continued to hold me in his arms.

"Women," he remarked over my shoulder to Hap, "women are angels." Hap blinked.

"You bet they are!" he said. But he was trying to readjust himself. I went to him.

"Don't you see it's Jo, you goose not me," I whispered. "Get him a drink; he needs it."

"Scotch or rye, John?" Hap asked from pure force of habit." "Neither," John replied. "Scotch," I said firmly. "Make it

a long one"-I think that's the way to say it, and I illustrated as the men do-"and-and put a cherry in it!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Man at the Bridge.

It's a strange thing that the first definite clue we had to Jo after the slipper and the torn piece of her dressing-gown, came from Charlie Aver. There had been no demand for ransom on the following morning and we were in despair. Mr. Partridge arrived, but he could only bring me consolation. A rumor that some strange men had been seen at the railroad station came to naught, and finally Charlie had taken the runabout and gone away, no one knew where and had not bothered. He came back late that afternoon, grimy, with two men in the car, one a milk man, the other a stable boy, and held up to the shocked gaze of everybody

present Jo's other slipper.

which he did not exactly remember. three men accosted him and asked

if they might ride with him. He didn't ransom," he said, "they will take care consider this unusual, because it had happened to him before. The men ered, but the breeze that came in was were supporting a young woman behot and sultry-"and she has only one tween them. Bill concluded she had

vance, a bill which, in the light of a smoky kerosene stable lamp later, turned out to be ten dollars, but that, too, had happened to Bill before when he had given a lift to a "souse." They rode what Bill judged to be

alout two miles, and got out at a path evidently leading to a house, just before coming to a small bridge. He remembered the bridge distinctly. They had called "good-night" to him.

One of them, he thought, spoke in German. He had ceased to think of the incident until he saw the row the newspapers had kicked up about a

young woman having been, presumably, abducted from a place in that vicinity on that very morning. He had hesitated about informing the police, because he didn't want to get mixed up 'bout nothing when he wasn't sure 'bout nothing, and didn't know nobody; and he couldn't be spared from the stable to go to court

bout nothing. But when he had been promised full pay for any time lost and a guarantee of his job from the owner of the stable, he consented to accompany Charlie to Lone Oak, if the milkman would go also, and place himself and his information at the disposal of whoever wanted it. He gave Charlle a slipper which he had found in the

carriage. It was Jo's. The terrace became a newspaper office, and at the rustic tables where we usually had ten in the late afternoon reporters were frantically writing. The photographers snapped Bill and the milkman every time they looked up. 1

It was quite a procession that went down the driveway to take Bill to the spot near the small bridge where the men and their victim had alighted. Winthrop said he knew the path and

Passing Automobile Party Had Unconscious Man Beside Found an the Road.

the bridge-it was perhaps four miles 10.5 abductors had left the carriage there he was certain it was not to follow the path. He knew it led to a little house and a celery farm, owned by an old German couple named Hingelmuller, simple, honest folk who certainly had no hand in an abduction or in concealing any one who had. But everybody went, just the same, and rather eagerly when it was reclerk. membered that Bill said he thought one of the men spoke in German. . The little old couple were astonished at the intrusion, but answered questions straightforwardly, and because Winthrop, who knew them well, requested it, allowed a search of their house and premises. Absolutely no nantly. trace of any person was found. The detectives and-more to the pointthe newspaper men were finally convinced that the Hingelmullers knew nothing. If it had not been for the slipper, it is probable Bill's story would have been entirely discredited. The bridge spanned a small brook that ran through the Hingelmullers' celery farm on one side of the road, Journal. coming through an estate on the other belonging to a family who had been abroad for three years. This estate was vacant. The house was some distance from the stream, and stood on a knoll that gave a view of the ocean. It was surrounded by weeds and overgrowth. The detectives decided to inspect this house. A careful search, however, proved conclusively that no one had been near the place. The house was securely shuttered, its shutters and porches thick with dust. There was no indication anywhere of the weeds having been trampled. It was reasonably certain that the house neither was nor had been occupied for some time. But the police took the responsibility of tearing off a shut-

how / it happened the newspapers hadn't discovered Jo's connection with Mmc. Gautler, Robes et Manteaux. I do not know. It's a fact that all the stories referred to her as Mrs. Hazard's guest, the beautiful Miss Codman. Perhaps it made a better story.

We dragged through Sunday. Winthrop had taken the reporters into his home, for there was no such thing as a hotel near us. We discovered that Sam Dick was an '07, and Sun-

day evening Mrs. Hazard brought him in to see me-she's soft-hearted about reporters anyhow. He told me he wouldn't print anything I said if I didn't wish it, but he simply had to be able to tell his city editor that he had seen me; that he would like to take a message to the other boys. 1 told him I'd stand for what he chose

to tell them. He's a dandy chap. Monday morning Mrs. Hazard authorized the newspaper men to say that twenty-five thousand dollars would be paid for Jo returned alive. I didn't have to be told who had offered to pay it.

Monday noon something happened that we could not see had any bearing on Jo's disappearance, but which took the newspaper men and photographers

to the rustic bridge on the run. A passing automobile party had found an unconscious man beside the road just at the rustic bridge. He had been shot in the throat. How he came there no one knew. He could not speak and no one could identify him. Afterward a trail of blood was found leading into the woods along

the stream, but before it had been followed many things had happened. The wounded man was taken to Dr. Graham's, where it was not thought he could live, as he was terribly exhausted from loss of blood, and he evidently had dragged himself from the place where he had been shot, to the road for assistance.

While we were digesting this new horror, John, who was pacing up and down Mrs. Hazard's sitting room, suddenly gave a short, sharp cry, and the next instant he was tearing madly -tearing madly is exactly what he was doing-down the steps and across the lawn. Coming from the direction of the beach, stumbling, weary, exhausted, was Jo!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOUGHT HE GAVE THE SIGN

But Old Gentleman Naturally Was Indignant at Mistake of Drug Clerk.

A well-dressed old man walked into a corner drug store the other day. mopped his brow with a handkerchief and took a seat at the soda fountain The clerk faced him expectantly.

"I am' very thirsty," he remarked as he drummed on the counter. "I don't know what I want. Well, I believe I will take a phosphate," he concluded. still drumming on the marble with his fingers. The clerk smiled, picked up a stein and went to the rear of the store. He came back, set it in front of the old man and rang up 15 cents out of the half dollar which was given him. The old man, without looking in the stein, thirstly raised it to his

lips and took a long draught. Then he quickly set the stein down, sputtered a moment and then exploded between his coughs.



No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or **Purgative** Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep-never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Billousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Most Any Time.

The scene is set.

A country road, trees, sky, summer homes, a lake in the distance. A steam railway line crosses the road at right angles.

Enter, up the road, an automobile, well loaded and running at high speed.

Enter at the far right an express train.

Both automobile and train are rushing toward the crossing.

Owner of automobile to chauffeur: Can you make it?"

The chauffeur, speeding up: "Sure can make it!"

He doesn't .-- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HAIR CAME OUT IN BUNCHES

Route No. 3, Box 20A, Broken Arrow, Okla .- "My trouble began with an itching of the scalp of my head. My scalp at first became covered with flakes of dandruff which caused me to scratch and this caused a breaking out here and there on the scalp. It became so irritated until I could not rest at night and my hair would come out in bunches and became short and rough.

"Everything I used would cause it to grow worse and it continued that way for about three or four years. While reading the paper I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. It proved so good that I decided to get some more. I used them as directed and in two weeks I saw a good effect. Now my hair is longer and looks better than I have ever known it to be. I give all the credit of my cure of scalp trouble to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Ella Sheffield, Nov. 30, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

enly. "Yes, we'll find her!" he repeated grimly.

"One of the newspapers suggests that perhaps she was abducted and is being held for ransom. In that case there's a chance-"

He came to his feet with an exclamation and eagerly scanned the paper I gave him.

"If they are holding her-if only they will demand a ranson," he said hoarsely. "Great God! If only they will!"

"You think they have killed her?" I cried.

"No, no!" he denied. "She's alive. She must be alive. Why, she's got to live, live!"

It was an awful thing to see him



Just Because He Was a Duke and Was Lying Around Loose.

go to pieces, and he had gone completely. The effort he made to control himself made it, all the more pitiful. His lips were white; he could not hold the paper steady, and when he spoke his words, try as he did to keep them from being so, were tragic. I didn't know what had happened between him and Jo the evening before, but I knew what was going to happen if she ever came back alive; and no dressmaking nonsense and

While the detectives John had had sent down from town, and the local police, were following up clues that led nowhere, Charlie had stumbled upon one that seemed to be good, through pure unadultered chance, and a puncture. He had started to town, I don't think he himself knew why, and he got the puncture on a stretch of roadway that didn't boast a tree for a mile. It's a thirsty job fixing a puncture, more so when the sun isn't particular just how hot it shines, and it's the first time the shoe has been off and has rusted on the rim. When Charlie finally threw the pump and the jack into the tonneau the only thing in sight was a milkwagon. Now, I don't think Charlie ever took a drink of milk in his life, but milk is better than nothing and Charlie hailed the wagon. While he was drinking the milk, the milkman began reading a morning paper. Charlie gazed at the back page, knowing that on the front page, just under the milkman's eyes, was a story, capped by a two-column head, to th effect that Miss Codman was still missing. He asked a perfectly silly question, with startling results:

"You don't happen to have seen a young woman, in a dark-blue dressinggown, looking lost, strayed or stolen? "No. sir," the milkman answered, "but Bill, the stable boy where we keep the wagons"-he jerked his head toward the interior of the wagon-"says he thinks he knows about this here young woman who was stolen from Lone Oak. Are you a-looking for her?"

"Yes," admitted Charlie, "I'm alooking for her."

The milkman whistled, then held up two fingers and dexterously expectorated between them.

"Well, Bill says he thinks he picked up them three men and the young woman on this here very road about four o'clock in the morning, and drove 'em about two miles. He ain't sure; he don't remember nothing about the dressing-gown, for it was dark and he didn't see it, but he said this morning that it did seem to

him as if it must have been them." A greenback changed hands, and the result was that the milkman agreed to take Charlie to the stable and introduce him to Bill.

Bill's story was that he had driven a couple who had missed the last train up, to a stable that boasted an auto-

tnywhere, no signs of anything having been disturbed.

The search from that time on seemed to stand still. Bill and the milkman were sent back to the stable handsomely rewarded, but the story came to naught, just as everything else had. We were no nearer finding Jo than we had been the morning of her disappearance.

John still expected a demand for ransom, so did Mr. Partridge, who and no dressmaking nonsense and a couple who had missed the last than broke two pairs of pair broke two pairs of glasses the morn-

"What do you mean? I never took drop of liquor, sir, in my life. But I know it, sir, the rotten stuff, when 1 smell it. I'll not stand for it, sir. I called for a cherry phosphate. What do you mean, sir, by giving me whisky?" And the old man stopped for breath as he glared at the amazed

"Well, I-I er-I guess I made a mistake. I thought you wanted it for medicine," stammered the clerk. "Sir, I am a teetotaler. I wouldn't touch the stuff for love nor money." And the old man marched out indig-

claimed the clerk to a man at the counter who had been served a stein in the same way, but who made no kick. "That old duffer came in here and certainly gave me the correct high sign. And he drank nearly half of it, too." The clerk laughed as he looked into the stein .- Kansas City

Care of Your Umbrella.

A soft silk wears the best in an um brella. A steel frame is lighter to carry and admits of a closer roll. When carrying your umbrella on the street not in use, keep it furled; if

hanging in your closet keep its case on. In fact, it presents a very neat appearance if the case is on when it is carried. To furl, grasp the stick in the right hand, shake out the folds. wrap them closely around the stick. beginning at the lower end, and smooth as they are wrapped around the stick, then fasten with the silk band on the silk cover.

When coming in with a wet umbrella, wipe off the handle and ferrule, and furl the silk sections. If the ter and searching. Inside was the silk gets a spot on it, remove it with same coating of dust, no footprints a silk cloth, warm water and soap. silk gets a spot on it, remove it with Clean a gold or silver handle in warm soapsuds, rub up a wooden handle with a very slightly oily cloth.

Up in Chemistry.

"Thomas," said the professor to a pupil in the junior class in chemistry, mention an oxide."

"Leather," replied Thomas. "What is leather an oxide of?" asked the professor.

"An ox'ide of beef." answered th bright youngster.

What Happened. He went to ask her dear old dad To let his daughter marry him; He got home later, but he had An ambulance to earry him. Sadder Still.

Discussing a recent political scandal, in which an official was accused of dishonesty, Richard Harding Davis, lunching with a number of theatrical stars at a fashionable roof garden in New York, said, with a sigh: "He is a man I would have thought

incapable of baseness. It is sad to think that every man has his price." "Yes," said a comedian, "but a sadder fact still is that half the time he can't get it."

THINK OF THE MILLIONS

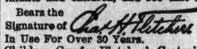
"Well, for the love of Mike!" ex- that have been relieved in the past 75 years by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and decide whether they are not worth a trial. They regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver and purify the blood. Adv.

Their First Tiff.

"I'm sorry I ever married you!" shricked the bride, on the occasion of their first quarrel.

"You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband."

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it



Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Easily Seen.

"Have the Jinxes a family skeleton?"

"Yes, and she's wearing one of these silhouette gowns, too." - Liverpool Mercury,

Against a Stone Wall.

"My poor man, you are the picture of dejection," sympathetically declared the prison visitor.

"And a framed picture, at that," added the convict.-Buffalo Express.

The world production of tin last year was 114,196 tons, as compared with 166,828 tons the year before.

For the treatment of colds, sore throat etc., Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops give sure relief-5c at all good Druggists.

Politeness opens many doors, but they are usually self-closing.