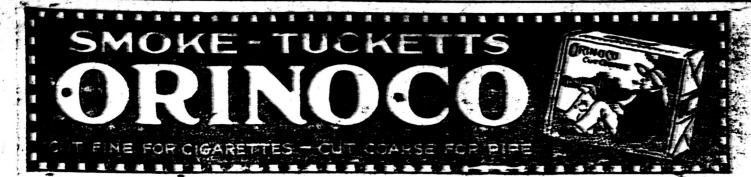


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-THE-SLEUTH

"Very commendable," said Neil on you. Weil, I haven't any. I only "But where is the place?" know I want to dance with you. I "Hotel Vandemeer," said Mrs. Colli-

While a subway train carried him downtown Neil deliberated on what did for the moment forget there were he had learned. On the one hand he such things as husbands and police in could not but be gratified at the sud- the world. From her oneness with denness with which Laura had appar- him in the dance, he suspected that she ently dropped Blackader upon their was oblivious, too. Her cheek lay in arrival in New York; on the other hand if she had dropped him how was he. Nell, to set about finding would not let him see in her face. "Is

out Laura herself; she would not help on the music like two bodies on a sinhim voluntarily, and he could not gie pair of wings. Yet to the eye it bully her Anyhow he ought first to consult with Archie.

So he reasoned; yet when the train stopped at Times Square his feet carried him out of the ear and across Seventh avenue towards the Vander-

"I'll just take a squint at her withmaking myself known," he thought, unconscious of any self-de-

ception. It was the hour of rendezvous. The ornate entrance hall of the hotel was filled with amazingly habited ladies sitting in the fauteuils with feet crossed and a deceitful air of unconcern. On the other hand the masculine haif of still-to-be-united couples strode jerkily up and down and consulted watches at ten-second intervals.

There were meetings, greetings, reproaches, appeals to the clock and animadversions on the subway (poor old subway!) Further within, down the long alleys, every chair was occupled by people trying to look as if they were accustomed to such grandeur at home. A New York hotel is the most public of buildings. It is like a bit of the street expensively car-

Neil learned from a sign that Mrs. dishonorable terms. Beasley's afternoon tea dances were held in the Rose Room every afternoon from four to seven. Following the pointing arrows along the alleys, he presently came within hearing of the pulse-quickening strains of piano and banjo, and the syncopated drum. The way was barred by a kind of indoor hedge, and a beautiful young

lady taking tickets. He hung about, teased by glimpses through the leaves of the turning couples. The music reminded him that he too had an incipient madness for

the dance. Another lady in a gown and hat out-fashioning fashion swam up to the opening in the hedge. "Won't you come in?" she asked with a rock candy smile.

"I-I don't know anybody." stammered Neil, taken by surprise. "That's what I'm here for," she

said, emiling still. Netl was not deceived by that smile. "One dollar, please," it said, plainer than words.

At that moment he caught a glimpse of Laura in the arms of a man, and he forgot all prudence. "I guess my money's as good as his." he thought, and his hand went in his pocket like a shot.

"Come along!" said the lady in the remarkable hat. She was one of those uncompromisingly homely women who get themselves accepted pretty by sheer force of will, "I am ed by you on, after." name, please? "Groat," said Neil.

"You must meet these dear friends of mine," she said, stopping by a

Introductions were made all around. Nobody paid the slightest attention to Neil, but the thing was considered accomplished. He "knew" them thenceforward.

"I didn't intend to come in," said Neil. "But I saw you dancing. I thought, why not with me?" She said nothing.

Presently the music started again Neil's blood took fire from the sound. He looked at her resentfully. Let her anger him as she would, he was obliged to love her still. "Make believe I'm a stranger for five

minutes, and dance with me," he grum fled. She rose promptly. "That's what I

am here for." she said, without looking at him.

"Spoken like a woman!" said Neil. "You mean to say that if I had any decent pride I wouldn't inflict mysel?

Promptly relieves rheumatism, Jumbago, neuralgia, sprams, lame back, toothache and all similar stoubles. Hirst's stops the pain! Sold for 40 years., Should be in every household. All dealers-

HIRST REMEDY COMPANY, Hamilton Can HIRST'S Family Saive, (50c). 35° MIRST'S. Pectoral Syrup of Hercheund and Elecampane, (35c) MOTTLE

know I want to dance with you. I guess you have to take worse than I. Come on."

Whatever Laura felt, Neil could and

the hollow of his shoulder. He could have kissed her bright hair. She she afraid of what I'll read there?" he He doubted the wisdom of seeking thought. Anyhow, they floated away was but one of fifty couples-dancing better than some, perhaps, with characteristic impassive American faces. "Don't hold me so close", murmured

Laura. For answer he held her closer. 'You brute!"

He chuckled. Somehow that epithet holds no great terrors for a man. Perhaps it itself presupposes a certain intimacy.

He passed near where Mrs. Beasley sat with a new group. "You may go tell her I am too fresh," he said, wick-"She will stand by you." edly. "Please don't make a scene," she said, with an affronted air. "Go on

dancing." He resumed, holding her close to

When the music stopped they sighed involuntarily and drew apart. She refused to meet his eyes. Somehow he knew how it was with her. He was both enraptured and struck with awe hy the dim suggestion of what she could be to a man if she chose. But it must be freely; he made no mistake about that. There was a spirit ta command of that lovely body that would shatter it sooner than yield an

Won't you go now?" she said. In spite of herself her voice was languorous.

"Two minutes," begged Neil. "See,

here's my tea." She sat with a stony air.

"Couldn't we for once talk honestly and unashamed and unafraid?" Neil

"Oh, please!" she murmured, intolerably confused. Then pride came to her assistance. "There is nothing to say," she added, coolly.

"I love you," he said. "You insult me-now!"

mured. Neil made an impatient gesture "That's not what I mean by honesty That old stuff! Where does the insult come in when I ask for nothing, and when I'd gladly give-well, the only thing I have to give? Heroics apart, it's quite on the cards I may have to make that good before we get out of

this mess. "I have told you-I would not allow that," she murmured. "Oh, I don't mean to hang. You

have told me you would tell the truth -but at what cost? Naturally, I choose to go first. When a policeman finally puts his bend on my shoulder, that's my clue to exit."

The faint color fled her cheeks. "How you enjoy torturing me!" she whispered. "Nothing would be gained by your-by that. I could not go

"Laura!" he cried, soft!y, all his heart in his voice. She stiffened. "I would fee! like a murderess!" "Oh, excuse me," he said, grimly.

'My mistake." Mrs. Beasley came fluttering by their table. "You twe!" she said, archly. "You look as serious-minded as if you at last. were discussing the high cost of living.'

For that matter nobody paid much attention to anybody. There was an odd lack of gallantry between the sexes. Each served at his own shrine. Everybody was talking blithely, but Neil could not distinguish any thread. It was not language, but an animated

noise. "Now let us find a table for ourselves," said Mrs. Beasley, drawing him on. They sat. "So glad you dropped in. My little experiment is a great success. A new idea, you know, making superior people known to each other. You might think I would have, well-unpleasantness, but no! One becomes expert in sizing people up. The other day one of the young ladies left a man in the middle of the floor and came to me. 'Mrs. Beasley,' he said. 'I must beg to be excused from dancing with that gentleman. He's too fresh.' 'Quite right, my dear.' I said. I went to him, and handed him a dollar with a smile. 'What's this for?' he demanded. smiled sweetly and said: "I aim to cater only to ladies and gentlemen. Good afternoon.' That's how I deal

with, well, unpleasantness, don't you know. The dance came to an end. "Now. which of the young ladies would you like to meet first?" asked Mrs. Beas-"The one in pink is Miss Merriwood, lovely girl, so vivacious, you know! That one in black is Miss Folsom, quite a beauty and very intellectual. Comes of an old Southern family. Then there's Miss Winston-"I should like to meet Miss Foisom."

fected him unpleasantly. He felt as if a window ought to be raised. "How Laura must hate it here!" he thought. The lady with the rock-candy smile brought the girl who had no smile to Neil's table. At what point in the passage across the room Laura recognized him Neil could not tell. When she arrived her face was composed except for an increased pinkness all over. Neil could not take much hope from

glint in the brown eyes.

Mrs. Beasley twittered introductions, and scampered away to some new arrivals. Laura and Neil sat down. Neil, seeing that uncompromising face, wondered that he had hoped to gain by this encounter.

I am," he said, lamely. "You have me at a disadvantage," said Laura. "I have to seem to be agreeable or lose my job."

"Is it so difficult?" he asked. She glanced at him scornfully. "Naturally one does not enjoy being hound-

The hard word stiffened Neil's back. His eyes shot sparks, too. "Very well," he said. "I accept the word. I am a hound, and I will never give up my quarry. But it's not you; it's Blackader. "Blackader," she said, with raised

evebrows. "The name your precious husband goes by in sporting circles.'

Laura was started off her high horse. "Who told you?" she demanded. "Geoffrey Parran."

The eyebrows remained up. "Oh, we became pretty good friends after you left. I stayed with him. He's a first-rate fellow."

Laura frowned. Fear and resentment were blended in her gaze on him. "You're a dreadful man!" she murmured. "Whichever way I turn I

"To a man that's a compliment," said Neil. "As a matter of fact, I'm only dreadful as far as you're in the wrong." "I'm not! I'm not!" she cried, passionately. "I can't act any different-

ly. You don't know." 'Then tell me." he said. She remained silent. "Oh, well," he said, gloomily. "Right

or wrong, not much use asking a hound to give up his chase." "What did you expect to gain by this?" she asked. "You knew I would not help you. As a matter of fact, I could not if I would. I don't know where he is."

"He knows where you are." She shrugge l advised him to leave New York. I hope he has done

"I am serious, ma'am," said Neil. "I'm teiling Miss Folsom she dances like a dandelion in the moonlight." "You man!" she retorted, wagging a roguish forefinger. "I bet you're from the South, too. Don't you let him foel you, dearie!" she scampered on. "Damn the woman!" muttered Neil.

A pert sparrow!" "If you love me so much," murmured Laura, ignoring the interruption, "I ask a good deal less than you offer. I days free of terror."

Neil. "In my own way." "Give up this chase!" she pleaded. Neil set his jaw. "It's the only thing

in the world I can't do for you." Her lip curled. "So much for your love! Your high-sounding motives won't bear examination."

"I don't know anything about my motives," said Neil. "I only know I've in the cheeks, give refreshing sleep got to do what I'm doing. I've got to and drive away that unnatural tired get that man.

"You hate him!" she murmured. "You are unfair to him." "Unfair!" cried Neil, actonished. "Could anybody be unfair to that? isn't he a sneak and a liar and a coward? Answer me!" "Yes, he is," she cried, in a kind of

desperation. "But if you drag him down, you wreck me." "I differ from you," said Neil, doggedly.

They fell upon a wretched silence. Laura played with a spoon, and Neutapped a cigarette on the tablesloth and forgot to light it.

"Won't you please go?" she begged

"I'm going," he said: "but it isn't easy. I think each time may be the last. It would be doubly hard-if we had quarrelled. If you could tell me -though we seem fated to fight each other-if you could tell me you thought I was on the square

"Oh, I do!" she said, quickly and

"All right," he said, bruskiy. He got Once more Mrs. Beasley bustled up to them. "Wanted on the telephone, Miss Folsom," she said. Neil and Laura self-consciously avoided each other's glance. Each had

"Please wait here for me," she mur-She went away, and Neil sat down

the same idea as to who it was.



Coming back she said peremptorily:

'Dance with me." "Sure!" said the delighted Neil, Until the crack of doom!" He wondered mightily as to what this change of front was due.

When they had danced half way lown the room she said: "Listen carefully without seeming to. That call was for you. It was from a man who called himself Archie." "Archie!" said Neil, astonished

How did he know where "Never mind now." she said. "Listen! He said they had picked up your trail-I am giving you his exact words as near as I can remember them. He said two of them were now on the way to the Vandermeer. He said he had been delayed in getting me, and you must look sharp. One was a young man, he said, with neat black moustache and prominent black eyes; the other elderly and dandified looking. Well-when I came out of the telethat, for the blush went with an angry phone booth there they were in the corridor, just as he had described them. They have just come in. Mrs. Beasley is talking to them—don't look! They have taken the table nearest the door where no one can go out without passing them."

"The devil!" Neil muttered. "Behind that screen of palms there is the service door. That is your best chance. Guide me up close to the screen and slip through. No one will notice in this crowd. Now!" "Good-by, dear," whispered Neil, and

left her. He found himself in a service room or pantry. At the moment it was intensited. There was a corridor leading away, which he followed. At the end of the corridor he met a waiter coming with a trap of tea and cakes. Neil simulated a moderate degree of

drunkenness. "I want to get out," he mumbled. "This way, sir. You're headed the wrong way, sir," said the boy.

Neil resisted stubbornly. 'No!" he said. "I just came out of there. I of the tanker, 516 feet by 68 feet by want to get out. I'm sick of that 36 feet, which has been sunk and is bunds. I'll give you a dollar if you affoat again. In the dark of an early get me out."

"All right, sir. One moment, sir." The boy hastened to put his tray down in the pantry, and, returning, steered Neil lovingly through the corridor, down a stairway into a larger pantry, and out by a service door into an areaway. Neil's obvious condition was all-explanatory. None of the other waiters they met remarked anything out of the way in the situation. Neil paid over his dollar thankfully, and climbing the steep area steps found himself in the free air of a side street. (To be continued.)

THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

Pure bleed is the body's first line of defence against disease. Strong, healthy and fell like a hand upon the other's al, however. Bombing-machines are blood neutralizes the poisons of invading germs, or destroys the germs themexposed to disease do not contract it. Those whose blood is weak and watery and therefore lacking in defensive power are most liable to infection. Everybody may observe that healthy, red blooded people are less liable te colds and the grippe than pale, bloodless people. It is the bloodless people who tire easily, who are short of breath at slight exertion, who have poor appetites, and who wake up in the morning as tired as when they went to bed. While women and girls. chiefly suffer from bloodlessness, the ask you to let me eleep at night, for trouble also affects both boys and men. It simply affects girle and wo-"That's what I'm working for," said men to a greater extent because there is a greater demand upon their blood

supply. To renew and build up the blood there is no remedy can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They tone up the entire system, make the blood rich and red, feed and strengthen starving nerves, increase the appetite, put color feeling. Plenty of sunlight and whole-

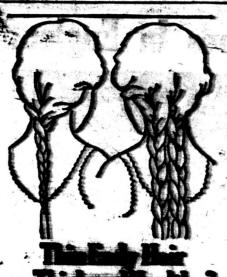
some food will do the rest. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pilla through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Salvaging of Sub. Victims

(Spec.al Correspondence of the Christian Science Monitor.)

London. England-The great, camouflaged ships, tine samples of cubist art in blues and greens and whites and blacks, to be seen in the British roadstead. look solid enough, but nearly every one has come in for repairs or is waiting to go into drydock. They are all lame ducks on a quiet pond, but they will be to sea again in que course, and better, an any rate. to be a marine "walking case" than, to be at the bottom of the sea. For at the bottom of the sea they would certainly lie, but for the ingenuity, determination, resource and unremitting toil, hour after hour, day after day, generally in circumstances of a great discomfort, ungiorified by any Kiplings or Noyes, of the Admiralty Salvage Department. Take, for example, that mass of

there, it is unquestionably a ship. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this. Impossible to say where the ship ends and quay begins, and whether the confusion of cranes. derricks, chains, is on the ship or off it. It is an interesting study in biue, white, black and confusion. Staring at it is no good. It only wavers about and mixes itself up with the landscape. You have to gaze innocently the other way-till it isn't looking, as it were—and then turn charply on it. You see then that there are two ships one behind the other, and both, by all the laws of German calculation, should be in Da-vy Jones' locker. But they are not. One. a Standard Oil tanker, one of the biggest tank steamers in the world.



A scalp cared for by Cuticura usually eans thick, glossy hair. Frequent druff, itching and irritation of the

was rammed on fire for days, and sunk, and all that not so very long ago, but there she is, on the point of returning to America. Her funnels are out of the straight and their corrugation is a study. Her decks have een waved by the heat and rise and fall from stem to stern. Forward a mass of old iron lies twisted in fantastical chapes, but she is seaworthy afer repairs, and is returning, not as a curiosity, nor even as an example of what the British salvage experts can do, but as a cargo-carrying ship, a real and serviceable unit in

the fight against Prussian militarism. The meaning of British salvage work to the Allies is told in this story morning she collided with a United States standard ship, carrying a general cargo including crude oil in her false bottom. The tanker, which was carrying benzine, nautha, paraffin and petrol. was struck in her benzine tank and in a few minutes was burning furiously. Hardly had the crash occurred before a British destroyer had hurled herself alongside the tanker, the crew and officers of the latter had jumped overboard her without further discussion and the destroyer was off like the wind. And ing oil. On the tanker,, only one or pounds of explosives. That makes a two casualties occurred; on the standard ship many men were lost. As she struck the tanker a great tongue of flame leaned from the latter's side

with three of the crew of a tux bravely boarded the blazing wreck of the standard ship. The magazine had already exploded and so intense was the heat that it was only possible to board on the quarter. They made fast the hawsers from two tugs and for rive hours they twoed her toward land. Then a mine exploded, and broke one hawser, and next, two mines exploded under her quarter. tearing another hole in her in addition to the damage done by the colliston. She was still affoat and burning fiercely that evening and it was decided to sink her so as to put out were fired at her water line avoiding the engine room, and the vessel began to sink and grounded at the base of certain of those chalk cliffs which run along the southeast and south coast of England. Similarly the tanker had been towed in elsewhere and sunk, being also alight during the

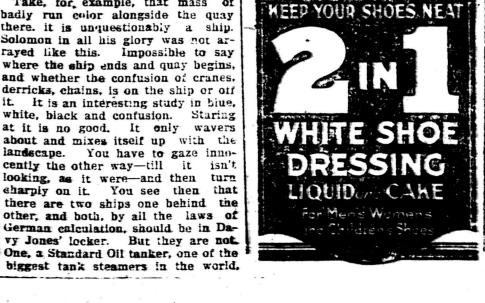
sea, but when the rescuing tugs came

on the scene, a naval commander

blazed in the burning

This incident represents the first phases of the work of the salvage ships, the rush to the rescue of a torpedoed, mined, or, in this case, burn- night-shirt."-Exchange. ing ship, the towing her near to tthe land and the beaching. It is rarely necessary, of course, to sink vessels by gunfire. Then comes the salving of I wreck. Every problem has to be considered separately, in the light of such facts as the character of the ship, its position, cargo and so forth. Sometimes the problem is found unsoluble. times the problem is found unsoluble. in so far as the expenditure necessary to raise the vessel would be greater than her value to the nation when salved. When, however, a vessel has beached herself, or been beached by the tugs, she is fairly certain to be

salved. The general procedure is for the salvage shins to lay themseives alongside or over the beached vessel. Divers are sent down to investigate the affair, and they take accurate beg to acknowledge your telegram dismeasurements of the size of the hole patch to me Jan. 22, 1906, thus takmade by the torpedo or mine. Any ing 11 years to come 50 yards, that besmall hole they plug with wood. Sub- ing the distance between the local mersible electric pumps are slung postoffice and my shop." overboard and placed by the divers in of the delay. The telegram was handpumping operations may be carried ed in at Fleet street postoffice on out by the bigger pumps on the sal- | January 22, 1906, at 2.07 p. m., and vage ship. The pumping enables the was received at an Essex postoffice at



to swung up to the ourface. the sunken ship a certain mayanay, and it becomes possible, perhaps, for tugs to haul it, a foot or two at a time, into a better position higher up time, into a better position higher up the beach. A stage is reached it becomes possible to get the pumps to work on the whole ship, and pos-sibly to float her. To achieve this resuit in the case of a torpedoed or mined vessel, the hig hole has to be patched, yet, patched, with a "standard" patch, made of 12-inch-thick wooden beams. The patch is generally in three pieces, and on one ship, for example, which the writer saw, the patch weighed about 20 tone. The middle part weighed about 10 tone, the lower part, following the curve of the ship, weighed about six tons, and the upper part five tons. This patch is slung over the side and belted in post-tion partly or wholly, by the divers. It is sufficiently larger than the hole the square inch, which would burst to secure it firm support from the ship's side, and the enormous pressure of the sea, theusands of pounds to the patch by itself for a certainty, is wooden beams, 12 inches by 12 inches, supporting the patch on the inside of the ship. These standard patches are used repeatedly, and on the day of the writer's visit, one was on its way down from Newcastle. There is hardly any limit to the size of hole that can be temporarily filled by a standard patch -on the tanker the hole of the starboard side forward was 21 feet 6 inches wide, and 41 feet 6 inches long

and 25 feet wide. When a vessel has had the holes in her plugged or patched, part of her cargo removed and the water pumped out of her, she proceeds-under her own steam very likely-to the nearest port where she can be permanently regaired. In the present crowded condition of British ports and dry docks she may have to go some distance, and may have adventures by the way. One ship was torpedoed, but not sunk, and made good with a stardard patch. She proceeded on her way and was torpedoed again, the hole being made exactly opposite the standard patch. This time she was beached, patched up again, taken into the nearest dry dock and permanently repaired. This sort of thing has happened more than once.

Giants of the Sky.

"The largest war-planes are the bomb-dropping machines. They must be capable of carrying heavy loads of explosives. They are usually slow machines, speed being sacrificed to carrying capacity. The Italians have specialized in big bomb-machines. The well sne might for soon a quarter of huge Caproni airplanes carry three a mile of sea was ablaze with burn- men and three guns, besides 2,750 useful load of 4,000 pounds. The max chine is driven by three engines with a total of 900 horse-power. Such enormous machines are rather exceptiondeck, from end to end, firing the car usually convoyed by fast fighting go in the hold. For some time these planes, and do not have to defend themselves from attack in the air. Of ten bombing raids are made at night. and the big Italian machines are provided with 'searchlight bombs' to enchie to locate important spots on the ground beneath. These are brilliant magnesium torches suspended from parachutes, so that they fall slowly and give a broad illumination, while mort bebleida ei liesti ennignia edi the light by the parachute."—A Russell Bond in the St. Nichdias.

HIS REFERENCE.

A young lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a church dinner. Awed by the bishop's presence she hesitated to speak to him, waiting for what she considered a favorable opthe fiames. Thirty to forty shots portunity. Finally, seeing some bananas passed, she turned to him and

"I beg your pardon, but are you fond of bananas?" The bishop was slightly deaf, and leaning forward, replied:

"What did you say?" "Are you fond of bananas?" repeated the young lady, blushing. The bishop thought for a moment

and then said: "If you want my honest opinion, have always preferred te old-fashioned

Knew the Stuff.

"Generally run down? Want a tonic?" the wreck. Many things have been said a chemist on being consulted by a customer. The very thing for you-standardized in this war, but there is Thompson's Topcure. Four times a day, no standard method of salving a and in two days you'll feel like another

> tomers."
> "I believe you, but I would prefer something else."
> "Nonsense! I tell you the Topcure will
> do more good in one day than any thing
> else in a month. It cures everything.
> Whats your objection?"
> "Only that I'm Thompson."—Exchange.

Takes Eleven Years.

One day last week this newspaper office received the following letter: "I

2.36 p. m. the same day. At that period telegrams were placed in a chute leading from the receiving room to the counter for delivery, and it appears that on its way the naughty telegram slipped in between the woodwork and hid there for eleven years. Last week a postoffice engineer making some repairs rescued the wire from its "dugout." It was forthwith delivered by the postmaster in person. with courteous apologies for the delay and inconvenience occurred -London Chronicle.

His Suspicion.

Captain-Have you opened that bun-

e which came to-day? Private-I have, sir. "What, did it contain?"

"Six sweaters, four pairs of soci's and two shirts, sir."
"Do you know who they came from "Not the sweaters and social but I'm quite sure my wife sent the shirts." "Why do you think that?" Because there's no buttons on 'ensir."—PittsburgChronicle.