

THE SLEUTH

"Trouble!" Blackader snarled. "Trouble is woman's other name! I've known hundreds of 'em. Lord knows, I'm not a connoisseur, but I couldn't live as long as I have without finding out that there was something about me that gets them going. I don't take any credit from it. They simply pitch themselves at me. It takes all the fun out of the game. Then they turn on you and abuse you because they lost their heads. Once I knew a quiet woman—say, this Bourbon is rotten. Call the waiter."

"What about the quiet woman?" asked Neil with a beating heart. "Who? Oh, her! I fell for her. It didn't last long. She was too damn quiet. Goody goody. She had a way of making me out of dog without saying a word. I admit I acted mean to her. I suppose I'd be blamed for it. But I don't blame myself. The way she curled her lip raised a devil in me. . . . There's a couple of guys at the next table want to make friends."

"Oh, let them be," said Neil. "We're having a good time."

True to his nature, he was making little vagrant sketches on the menu card to steady himself. "How did you get mean to her?" he asked.

"The quiet woman," Blackader, wandering. "Oh, I used to get her in wrong. She was too holy. It was my report to show her up in a bad light, see?"

"You cut!" thought Neil. "You're going to get yours directly!" Aloud he said, "I don't understand. How do you mean, got her in wrong?"

"Oh, let her go," said Blackader. "Those two guys are interested in your drawings. Let's ask 'em over."

Neil looked over his shoulder and saw two burly, red-faced, hard-eyed specimens of the genus "bull." No mistaking those natty, sober clothes, still faintly suggesting the uniform, nor that heavy, transparent consumption of guilelessness. His heart went went down like a stone in deep water. Too late he swore never more to carry a pencil.

"They want to make my acquaintance, I guess," said Blackader pluming himself. Clearly this youth was an indiscriminate charmer.

"Don't let's get tied up to them," said Neil quickly. "They look like stiff. Let's go on to some place where there's something doing."

"Oh, you mustn't neglect to cultivate your grays," said Blackader. "You never can tell what may be in it." He lifted his glass to the next table. "Come on over," he said.

The detectives obeyed with alacrity. Neil felt as if the net were cast over his head at last. A fine perspiration broke out on his temples. Visions of fall rose before him. The heavily taste of it was still strong in his mouth. "Worse than fall was the thought of Laura's despair if he were taken, and she forced to tell the truth."

CHAPTER XV.

The first detective introduced himself as "Mr. Johnson," and his friend as "Mr. Wilson."

"Jim Smith, Blackader came back facetiously. "And this is Willie Jones."

"What's in a name?" said Mr. Johnson roughly, and they all laughed and seated themselves about the little round table. Mr. Johnson announced that the next round was on him, and called a waiter to take the gentlemen's orders.

Neil sternly fought down the signs of rising panic. Now if ever, he needed all his wits. They were not yet sure of his identity, or they would not have put themselves to the trouble to be so ingratiating. If he played his hand astutely he might still win out.

Mr. Wilson picked up the decorated menu card. "You're quite the artist!" he said with oily obsequiousness.

"Oh, it's just a amusement myself," said Neil carelessly. "Anybody can do as much as that. I never took it up seriously. No money in it."

"I think it's real good," averred Mr. Wilson. "I'm going to keep this, if

you don't mind. Souvenir of a pleasant evening."

"Go ahead," said Neil. "I'll make you all you want."

"Have you ever been in New York?" asked Mr. Johnson with an ostentatiously careless air, but boring Neil through and through with his dull, hard eyes. The assumption was so transparent the artistic Neil scarcely had the assurance to make believe he couldn't see through it.

"Oh, yes; off and on," he said. To talk a good deal, and to maintain an air of simple frankness was the line he chose. "My brother's an artist there," he improvised glibly. "He's an honest-to-God artist! You wouldn't think much of my scratching if you could see his work. Color and all, more to the life than a photograph. Maybe you've heard of him, Everard Williston? Draws for the magazines. He's got one of these—studios up on Sixty-seventh street. Some joint, believe me! With models coming in every day. His wife don't mind."

Unfortunately Neil was playing over the heads of his audience. If they had been clever men they might have been deceived by his admirably unconscious air, but, in fact, they were so intent upon their own laborious thought processes they scarcely listened to him.

"I suppose you know Coney Island," said Mr. Wilson, watching him lynx-eyed for the effect.

"Good old Coney!" sang Neil. "You bet! Say, I bought one of those strip tickets to Luna Park, and took in every darn show inside! (Lord, a year-old baby would take warnings from these bone-heads!)" he thought.

"Ever hear of Gimpy's?" demanded Mr. Johnson.

"Gimpy's? What's that?" asked Neil innocently.

"A hotel."

"Didn't know there was such a place. I've heard of Henderson's and Rensselaer's and Ricadonna's."

Blackader, the charmer, was becoming very bored because he was not the centre of this conversation. He broke into it brusquely: "I suppose you men were out at the track to-day. Wasn't that fourth race a dandy?"

Neil welcomed the interruption gratefully. It gave him a chance to breathe, and to get a fresh grip on himself. Mr. Johnson answered Blackader curtly, and turned back to Neil. Whereupon the blonde youth went into a fit of the sulks.

"I used to know a fellow hung out at Gimpy's," Mr. Johnson resumed. "A kind of sport, too. Wonder if you ever run into him. Archie Tinning by name."

"The only fellows I know in New York are my brother's friends," said Neil. "Artists and actors and writers, and so on. What they call Bohemians. Mostly long-haired guys."

There was no making any impression on their bovine stupidity. They ought to have been deceived, and they were not. That, more than his actual danger, upset Neil's equanimity. They were not listening to him. He began to wonder how long he could keep this up without losing his temper.

"I suppose you don't know Fourteenth street," said Mr. Wilson.

"Fourteenth street?" said Neil. "What about it? There are shops down there, aren't there?"

At this moment a diversion was created by a bellboy who appeared with a big box. "Mr. Warrington," Blackader, who was telescoped in his chair suddenly sat up and beckoned. Here was an opportunity for him to gain general attention once more.

"What name?" he asked the boy.

"Mr. Kenneth Warrington. Wanted on the telephone."

"That's funny," said Blackader to the table at large. "I didn't let anybody know I was in town. Must be some skirt who saw me at the races to-day. Women are the devil for remembering!"

Messrs. Johnson and Wilson gave him but scant attention. Only Neil was all ears. "Kenneth Warrington?" He wrote that down on the tablets of his brain.

"Holdin' the wire," said the boy.

"Oh, I can't be bothered," said Blackader. "Tell her I'm out."

Neil had an inspiration. "Hold on," he said. "It would be a good joke if I answered for you. Do you mind?"

"Go ahead," said Blackader.

Mr. Johnson arose with Neil. "I want a cigar from the stand," he said.

"Oh, sit down," said Blackader.

"Let the waiter bring it."

"I like to look over the stock myself," said Mr. Johnson.

He accompanied Neil into the lobby and watched him safely into the telephone booth.

Neil picked up the receiver with a hand that trembled a little. He could not foresee the outcome of this hazardous. He spoke in a disguised voice.

"It was Mr. Wilson's voice that answered him, but a man's. He was relieved. He had not welcomed the task of trying to deceive her.

"Who is this?" the voice asked. Neil instantly thought of the tall, good-looking fellow who had accompanied Laura to the race-track.

"Warrington," he answered.

"Kenneth."

"This is Geoffrey Parran. Do you remember me?"

"Can't say I do."

"It doesn't matter. I have a message for you. Perhaps you know who from. I want to be sure I have the right man."



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"I suppose it's from Laura," answered Neil at a venture.

"Yes, Laura said to ask you to come to her at once at her father's house. It is a matter of greatest importance concerning your own safety. Do you get that?"

"How did you find me?" asked Neil.

"Oh, I have been telephoning from hotel to hotel," the voice answered impatiently. "Shall I tell her you will come?"

"Oh, all right," said Neil, imitating Blackader's sulky tones. "Tell her I'll be out."

"The other man hung up. Even while he had been talking Neil was turning the pages of the telephone book. He had his finger on the entry of the Eutaw House and asked for the number.

Archie must have been waiting close to the switchboard. Promptly upon asking for him Neil heard his whistling drawl.

"Thank God I've got hold of you!" he cried.

"What's up?" asked Archie. "Got Blackader?"

"Well, I've got him," said Neil. "And the bulls have got me!"

"Well! Well!" said Archie facetiously. "What do you mean, got you? You're not pinched? Where are you?"

"The Mount Royal. No, not yet, but they've fastened on me. They're only waiting a chance to get over there," said Archie, calmly. "Try to stall them off until then. I'll try to cut you out. Whereabouts in the place are you?"

"In the restaurant. One of the bulls said, 'I don't like it. Don't matter, anyhow. They've never seen us two together. Mind, you don't know me when I come around you, see?'"

These two telephone talks together had not used more than three minutes. Mr. Johnson was waiting for him in the lobby, negligently trimming the end of his cigar. Neil assumed a silly grin for his benefit.

"There's trouble stirring up for Smitty, all right," he said.

They rejoined the other two in the restaurant. Blackader affected a great indifference to the telephone call, but Mr. Wilson was frankly curious.

"What about it?" he asked, with a leer.

Neil from a variety of reasons had determined to tell the truth. "It was a fellow," he said, "who sent me a message from a girl called Laura."

"Oh, is she here?" muttered Blackader, sullenly.

"She said she wanted to see Smitty right away. Kenneth, she called him."

"She can go on wanting," said the blonde youth with a conceited smirk at his companions.

"I said you'd be right out," said Neil.

"That was all right. Let her wait. Neil lowered his eyes to hide the rage that made them blaze. But Blackader was not to be so easily deceived. He rolled in through the street door, and stood just inside, balancing himself on uncertain legs. For a moment Neil was dismayed at seeing him drunk, too, until he reflected that his voice had been cold sober over the phone, and he could not possibly have acquired it in the interim.

Archie was doing the vacant, good-natured, wandering drunk. Men glanced after him with a smile, as he teetered among the tables, smiling, jollily, blinking and swallowing.

After the first swift glance Neil was careful to ignore him. He was aware that Archie was squinting them by a roundabout course, delayed on route by an exchange of tipsy badinage with various tables. The absurd hat was cocked askew and the hawk forehead hung over one eye. Never was there a more convincing picture of drunkenness. Blackader, who was now almost as drunk in reality as Archie feigned to be, roused himself at his sight with a scornful air.

"Here's a peach of a souse!" he said to his companions. "Watch me while I have some fun with him."

"Here, here!" he called out. "Where did you collect it?"

Archie put a hand on the table and leaned heavily upon it. "Say," he said, with an infantile grin all around, "Have you seen me fren'?"

"Whose your friend?" asked Blackader. "Diamond Dick or Peter the Whaler?"

"I name no names," said Archie, with drunken mysteriousness. "If I did, maybe it would surprise you, mister."

"He must be wanted by the police," said Blackader.

"Maybe he is and maybe he isn't," retorted Archie, with dignity. "There's many a better man than you had a run-in with the police."

The laugh was on Blackader. He smiled.

He and him come down from New York to-day," Archie continued, addressing the table at large. "Not on the same train. Oh, no; we know a trick or two."

Messrs. Johnson and Wilson began to evince a mild interest. "What's your friend look like?" said the former.

"Dark-complected young feller, twenty-four years old," said Mr. Wilson, facetiously.

Archie looked Neil over with drunken calm. "That ain't him," he said. "My friend ain't no sporty kid. He's a real man, he is."

The laugh was now turned against Neil. He joined in it heartily, marveling at Archie's astuteness.

"Well, what's your name, friend, if you ain't ashamed of it?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Ashamed of it?" cried Archie, truculently. "No, sir, I ain't ashamed of it, and they ain't no man living man enough to make me ashamed of it."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"My name is Archie Tinning, and I don't care who knows it!"

Neil caught his breath sharply. Glancing obliquely, he saw Mr. Johnson's prominent eyes almost leap out of his head. Messrs. Johnson and Wilson exchanged signals, and underwent a rapid metamorphosis.

"Sit down!" "Sit down!" they cried, hoarsely. Johnson procured an extra chair, and forced Archie into it.

"I got to fin' me fren'," murmured Archie, plaintively.

"That's all right! We'll help you find him! Tell us about him!"

Blackader roused himself to mutter: "Ah! what do you want to fool with a souse for? But no one paid any attention to him, and he subsided."

"Where did you see him last?" asked Wilson.

"At the track to-day," said Archie, ingeniously. "We spotted a couple of bulls out there, and we thought we better come back to town separate."

"What makes you think he's here?" "Didn't he tell me to meet him here?" But I met some sports up-town and took a couple. Not more than six, I sure you, boys. Say, do I show it on me?"

"You'd never know it!" they cried clapping him on the back.

"That kid would give me fits if I did. He don't touch a drop. He says we've gotta keep our wits about us, we have. Well, I may take a drink or two, but I know how to stop. I don't never let it get the best of my wits. No, sir! I don't feel very good like, but I ain't drunk. No man can say it!"

"Sure you ain't!" they said, soothingly.

This kept up for a while, Messrs. Johnson and Wilson fondly supposing that they were pumping Archie. Meanwhile he led them where he chose. Neil observed with a relieved breast that the two detectives were no longer thinking about him. Meanwhile Blackader was snoozing in his chair.

Finally Archie appeared to grow restless as drunken men do. He got to his feet. "I got to be going," he said, in a dazed fashion. "I got to meet me fren'."

"Are you sure this is the right place?" asked Johnson, with an expression of craft that would have warned a drunk man that Archie was feigning to be.

"Sure, this is the place! Didn't he say ten o'clock? Wasn't he very late words to me. Meet me in the Eutaw House restaurant ten o'clock!"

The two detectives exchanged a triumphant glance. "You made a mistake, friend," said Johnson. "This is not the Eutaw House. This is the Mount Royal."

"Is it?" asked Archie, with wandering, vacant eye. "Honest?" He turned to an adjoining table. "Say, fellow, what hotel is this on the level?"

"The Mount Royal, boy."

Archie seemed about to weep. "Well, I have been in so many places to-night! How am I ever going to get back? I don't know this damn town. The kid'll give me hell!"

Johnson and Wilson sprang up magnanimously. "Come on, old fellow. We'll take you up to the Eutaw House. We'll taxi it."



Gillette's Eye

Blackader awoke and protested, but they heeded him not. Neil felt that verisimilitude required him to suggest that they all go together, and he did so.

Mr. Johnson dropped his pleasant mask. "Nah!" he said in the ordinary intimidating tone of the bull. "You stay where you are, see?"

Neil discreetly sat down again. Johnson and Wilson went out, tenderly supporting Archie between them. Neil sat demurely staring at the "ablecloth," while his heart lifted up a little song of joy.

"Wonderful, wonderful Archie!" was the burden of it.

(To be continued.)

YOUR BREAD.

Some Tips for the Amateur Cook as to Faults.

For the amateur cook who knows that her bread is not all that it should be and who doesn't know why, and for the housewife of long experience who cannot always understand why other women's bread is not as good as her own, the following reasons are offered:

Bread too coarse-grained: Not kneaded enough.

Too large holes in grain: Raised too light.

Crumbs doughy: Not baked enough. Crumb stiff: Too much flour.

Too hard crust: Too quick baking at first.

Uneven in form or color: Uneven heat.

Sour smell to bread: Either too warm while rising or even not hot enough at first.

Bread too white: Either not baked enough or too much lard used.

Streaky bread: Either uneven heat while baking or too much flour added to dough at a time, or bread was not covered when rising so that a crust was formed and later worked into the bread.

Bread too dark: Too much heat at first.

The art of bread baking lies chiefly in knowing how to regulate heat, and although general rules can be given, the question depends a good deal on the individual stove. The oven should be hot enough to raise the bread the first 15 minutes of baking, but not hot enough to brown. The second 15 minutes the bread should begin to brown, but if it browns too quickly, cover with paper. The last half hour should finish the baking and browning all over.

Never put the finished loaf flat on the table. Put it sideways on a rack so that the air can get to it on all sides. When cool, place in a dry bread tin or in an earthen jar. Do not leave bread in a damp place as it will mold.

THE DANGER OF THIN BLOOD

If Not Corrected in Its Early Stages Consumption May Follow.

In no disease is delay or neglect more dangerous than anæmia, a poverty of the blood. It is very common in young girls and in persons who are overworked or confined within doors, a manner that it is often well developed before its presence is recognized.

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These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Constitution of the United States vests in Congress power to raise and support armies, subject to the provision that "no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years." This limitation was designed as a check on the possible abuse of power by the president as commander-in-chief. An army appropriation must be made every two years the military branches the government is completely dependent on the will of Congress. Congress holds the purse strings and a military President who should attempt to take things into his own hands or use the army for improper purposes would soon find its supplies cut off at the fountain head.

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CONTRASTING COAT

Is the Feature of Fashions Just Now.

Contrasting coats have been perceived for some time, however, in the house and now the young has burst forth in a range of materials that start with satin and end with tulle de soie, with crepe de Chine and tulle.

Since the disposition to express these in bright colors, the young will of necessity accompany either dark suits—black, navy blue and brown—or else white and very delicate neutral tones.

A further predilection with regard to these jackets is to render them rather "easy" or "easy" in outline. They are obviously intended to attract and retain the eye, to represent a violent, whirling storm of great area, and no such storm could occur on land. The so-called "cyclones" of the West are "tornadoes," which are whirling storms of great violence, but contracted in area. Tornadoes have been known whose greatest width did not exceed a few rods, and whose whirling covered several miles in width are very unusual.

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WELSH NECTAR.

One pound raisins, three lemons, two pounds loaf sugar, two gallons boiling water. Cut peel of lemons very thin, pour on boiling water; when cool add strained juice of lemons, sugar and raisins; strain and chop very fine. Let it stand four days, stirring daily, then strain through jelly bag and bottle for present use.

MIXED FRUITS.

One-half pound each of strawberries, raspberries and currants, one peach, one lemon, one-half pound loaf sugar, one quart boiling water. Beat fruit to pulp with fork, stir in strained lemon juice and sugar, pour boiling water over, cover closely, and let stand for 12 hours. Strain and serve.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH.

One pound loaf sugar, one small tin pineapple, 12 large strawberries, one pint water. Boil sugar and water for five minutes, skim, pulp pineapple, and put in its own syrup and strained juice of lemons. Strain and pulp strawberries and add. Pour out all the sugar and water, still and chill.

BOMBAS.

Two ounces each of sweet and bitter almonds, two ounces castor sugar, one quart cold water. Blanch almonds and pound to a pulp, mix with sugar, add water very gradually, stirring all the time, chill.

Life.

"Young man, there is nothing worse than high salary," said the young man who is always giving advice. "Oh, I don't know," replied the young man who knew a thing or two himself. "It's no worse than a low life on a high salary."