THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"Let's get away from it and sit down, and think it over," I urged, pulling Dennis away. We made for the side of the river and sat down, at a very safe distance from the bank. I rolled up my sleeve, and had a look at my arm.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, as I dangled the pinched and purple limb painfully. "What on earth did that?"

"I'm afraid it was your own delicate touch and dainty caress that did it, old man. You seized hold of me as if you hadn't seen me for years, and I owed you a thousand pounds."

"Ron, my dear fellow," he said penitently, "I'm most awfully sorry. Why didn't you shout?"

I burst out laughing.

"I entered a protest in vigorous terms, but you were otherwise engaged at the moment, and, anyway, don't look so scared about it, old man; it'll be quite all right in a minute."

Poor Dennis was quite upset at the evidence I bore of his absorption in the miracle, and we postponed our discussion while he massaged the injured arm in order to restore the flow of blood.

"Where's Hilderman?" I asked presently, and though we looked everywhere for the American he was nowhere to be seen.

'He didn't look the sort to funk like that," said Dennis thoughtfully.

"I should have been prepared to bet he was quite brave," I concurred. "Well, anyway," I added, "the main point is, what do you think of our entertainment? You've come a long way for it, but I hope you are not disappointed now you've seen it. It's original, isn't it?"

"By heaven, Ron!" he cried, "you're right. It is original. It is even a more unholy, indescribable mystery than I expected, and I never accused you of exaggerating it, even in my own mind."

"I'm glad that both you and Hilderman have had ocular demonstration of it," I remarked. "It is so much more convincing, and will help you to go into the matter without any feeling that we are out on a hare-brained shadow-chase."

"We're certainly not that, anyhow," Dennis agreed emphatically. "It is a real mystery, Ronald, my boy. A real danger, as well, I'm afraid. But we'll stick at it till the end."

"Thanks, old fellow," I said simply, and then I added, "I wonder what can have become of Hilderman?"

"Gad!" cried Dennis, in sudden alarm. "He can't have fallen into the river by any chance?"

We jumped to our feet and looked about us.

"No," I said presently, "he hasn't fallen into the river." And I pointed a finger out to sea. The Baltimore II., churning a frantic way across to Glasnabinnie, seemed to divide the intervening water in one great white slash.

"I wonder," said Dennis quietly, "is that funk, or isn't it?"

We watched the diminishing craft for a minute or two in silence, and finally decided to keep an open mind on the subject until we might have an opportunity to see Hilderman and hear his own explanation.

"Talking about explanations, what about the left-handed schoolmaster with the red-headed wife, or whatever it was?" I asked.

"That was a bit of luck," said Dennis modestly, "and I will admit, if you like, that we owe that to Garnesk."

"Garnesk wasn't there," I protested.

"No," my friend admitted, "he wasn't there at the time, but he put me on the look-out for a left-handed sailor. I was very much impressed with his deductions about the man who stole Miss McLeod's dog, and I determined to be on the look-out for a left-handed man. I also admit that I carefully watched everyone we met, especially the fishermen at Mallaig, to see if I could detect the sort of man I wanted. I was rewarded when we were pulled out to the Fiona by those two men of Fuller's. One of them was red-headed, you remember? Well, that man was left-handed. It was very easy to observe that by the way he held his oar and generally handled things. Of course I was very bucked about it, so I paid very close attention to him. He wore a wedding ring—ergo, he was married. It is not conclusive, of course, but a fairly safe guess when you're playing at toy detectives. So when I found the knife I looked for some sign that it belonged to him, and found it. It was all quite simple."

"I daresay it will be when you explain it, but you haven't in the least explained it yet," I pointed out. "How about the schoolmaster and all that, and what made you think the knife belonged to him."

"Simply because he was very probably—working on the law of averages—the only left-handed man among the crew, and that knife belonged to a left-handed man."

"But my dear fellow," I cried, "you don't seriously mean to tell me that you can say whether a man is left-handed or not by looking at marks on the handle of his knife?"

"Not on the handle," Dennis explained, "on the blade. Have you got a knife on you?"

I produced my pen-knife.

"I'll trust you with it," I declared confidently. "I've never held any secrets from you, Den."

Dennis opened the knife and laid it in the palm of his hand. I stood still and watched him.

"You've sharpened pencils with this knife and the pencils have left their mark. If you hold the knife as you would when sharpening a pencil and look down the blade there are no pencil marks visible. Now turn the knife over and you will find the marks on the other side of the blade."

"Half a minute," I said eagerly, "let's have a look. The knife is in position for sharpening a pencil and the back of the knife is pointing to my chest. The marks are underneath." I took a pencil from my pocket and tried it. "Yes, I've got you, Dennis. It's quite clear. If I held the knife with the point to my right instead of to my left, as I should do in sharpening with my left hand, the marks appear on the other side of the blade. It is not quite conclusive, Den, but it's jolly cute."

"Not when you're looking for it," he said. "I was struck by the fact that the knife which, by its size and weight, was a seaman's handy tool, had also been used for the repeated sharpening of a blue pencil. When I saw those indications I went through the motion and came to the conclusion that the marks were on the wrong side. Then I tried with my left hand and accounted for it. The blue pencil made me suspicious. I have no knowledge of a yacht-hand's duties, but surely sharpening blue pencils is not one of them. Then the knife had also been carried in the same pocket as a piece of white chalk. The only sort of person I could think of who would carry a piece of chalk loose in his pocket and use a blue pencil continuously was a schoolmaster. So I stated definitely—there's nothing like bluff—that the knife belonged to the left-handed man, who quite obviously had red hair, who appeared to wear the insignia of the married state, and who—again according to the law of averages—had at least one child. I naturally slumped the schoolmaster idea in with it, and there you have the whole thing in a nutshell. But it was Garnesk who set me looking for left-handed clues, and if I hadn't been looking for it, it would never have entered my head."

"But look here," I suggested, "some people sharpen pencils by pointing the pencil to them. Wouldn't that produce the same effect?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I thought of that. But the marks would have been very much fainter, because there would have been much less pressure. I put that idea aside."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I should much prefer to swallow your theory whole, Dennis, but it struck me that might be a possible source of error which, of course, might have led us to a false trail. And, I say, those questions you asked about the time he stayed in port and the hotel. Were those all bluff? Or had you some sort of idea at the back of them?"

"I had a very definite idea at the back of them," Dennis replied. "I thought perhaps the white chalk which was deposited in the blade-pocket, and was even noticeable on the handle, might be due to billiard chalk. But, of course, I didn't mention billiards, because it would have given my line of reasoning away. I thought it was better to spring it on them with a bump."

"Which you certainly did," I laughed. "As a matter of fact, I thought you were simply having a game with us all. But now that you've told me the details, Den, do you remember what happened when you did spring it on them?"

"Well, of course I do," he replied. "But even so, I hardly know what to make of it. I should like to feel confidently that Fuller is the man we are after. But we must remember that both he and Hilderman might very easily have thought I really had discovered something from the knife and been exceedingly surprised without having any guilty connection with the discovery."

"H'm," I muttered, "I prefer to suspect Fuller."

"Oh, I do too," Dennis agreed. "It is safer to suspect everybody in a case like this. But why are you so emphatic?"

"Well," I explained, "we have a few little things to go on. Myra diagnosed that Sholto was taken on a yacht by Garnesk's left-handed man in sea-boots. Then you produce a left-handed member of a yacht's crew out of an old pocket-knife, and Fuller jumps out of his skin when you mention it. That seems to be something to go on, and then there was that incident in the smoking-room."

"When you were reading the paper?" he asked. "I couldn't make that out. Did you notice anything suspicious about it?"

"Of course I was in a suspicious mood," I admitted, "but it struck me as a singularly rude thing to do to snatch the paper out of my hand like that. His remark about Hilderman's precious view was very weak. I think there was something behind it."

"What?" asked Dennis.

"It may have been that there was a letter, or something in the way of a paper, which he didn't want me to see laid inside the paper; but there was another curious point about it. There was a page torn out. I had just noticed this and was on the point of making some silly remark about it when Fuller leaned right across you and took the thing from me, as you saw."

"If the page he didn't want you to see was torn out, there was no chance of your seeing it," Dennis argued, logically enough.

"No," I agreed, "but after your exhibition, if he had anything to conceal he may have been afraid of my even seeing that the page was torn out."

"What do you imagine the missing page can possibly have contained?"

"I don't know," I answered, and thought hard for a minute. "By Jove, Den!" I cried sudenly, "I believe I've got it. This takes us back to Garnesk's idea of a wireless intention causing all the trouble. We think we have reason to believe that Fuller may have stolen the dog. We also think we have reason to believe that one of his hands is what you called 'a mathematical master.' Now, suppose the paper had got hold of this and printed an illustration of the mysterious invention, or perhaps a photograph of the mysterious inventor?"

"And the inventor, knowing that we should accuse him of blinding Miss McLeod and making off with her dog, the moment we could identify him, tears out the offending illustration in case either we or anyone else in the neighborhood should see it? He admitted, by the way, that he never went into port if he could help it."

"Well, anyway," I said, "we'll have a look for the paper and find the missing page."

"You noticed the date?" Dennis asked, anxiously.

"Oh! it was this week's issue," I replied.

"Do they take it at the house?" he inquired, again with a note of anxiety.

"Not that I know of, but we'll rake one up somewhere, don't you fret. And, I say, this is a fine way to welcome a visitor; you haven't even said how-do to your host and hostess. I'm most awfully sorry."

"Don't be an ass, Ronnie," said Dennis, cheerfully. "With the utmost respect, as you barrister chaps would say, I hadn't noticed your departure from the requirements of conventional hospitality. I wouldn't have missed this for all the world and a bit of Bond Street."

"So then we hurried to the house with a nervous energy which spoke eloquently to our state of suppressed excitement.

(To be continued.)

God of Our Fathers, Known of Old.

Rudyard Kipling, in a moment of serious reflection, wrote this remarkable "Recessional," so strikingly unlike his other war-time poems—and flung it into the waste-basket. His watchful wife rescued it (the story says) and bravely sent it to the London Times. The world owes her a debt. The hymn is not only an anthem for peace societies, but a tonic for true patriotism. When freedom fights in self-defence, she need not force herself to "forget" the Lord of Hosts.

The "Recessional" is a product of the poet's holiest mood. "The Spirit of the Lord came upon him," as the old Hebrew phrase is, and for a time he was a rapt prophet, with a backward and a forward vision. Providence saved the hymn, and it touched and sank into the better mind of the nation. It is already learned by heart—and sung—wherever English is the common speech and will be heard in numerous translations, with the wish that there were more patriotic hymns of the same Christian temper and strength.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Hindustan, in 1865. Even with his first youthful experiments in the field of literature he was hailed as the coming apostle of muscular poetry and prose. For a time he made America his home, and it was while here that he faced death through a fearful and protracted sickness that brought him very near to God. He has visited many countries and describes them all, and though sometimes his imagination drives a reckless pen, the Christian world hopes much from a man whose genius can make the dullest souls listen.

Mountains as Monuments.

America was called not after Columbus or Cabot, its first discoverers, but after a later comer, Amerigo Vespucci, and it is the most notable instance of a man's name being immortalized in this way. There are some living people who have had this compliment paid to them, so that even if history fails to keep their memory green, geography will do them that service.

There is a mountain in the Antarctic continent named Mount Asquith, another named Mount Harcourt, and still another Mount Henry Lucy.

The late Captain Scott gave Shackleton's name to an inlet, and that gallant explorer paid his old commander back in the same coin by naming a mountain after him. Major Leonard Darwin is also immortalized in this way, as he deserves to be for his work as President of the Royal Geographical Society.

Shackleton, as he had a perfect right to do, enshrined his family in the Antarctic, for his son Raymond has a mighty peak to his name, Mount Cecily is called after another child, and Mount Emily after the explorer's widow.

Ten New Commandments.

1. Thou shalt not complain of the weather; for "God controls the wind and the waves."

2. Thou shalt have no fear of thy food and drink; "Fear hath torments and kills."

3. Thou shalt not dwell in the body and its sensations; live in the spirit. "The Soul knows no deformity nor pain."

4. Thou shalt not criticize thy neighbor; "He is God's child and entitled to thy love."

5. Thou shalt not worry over thyself or thy friends: "Trust in Him and He will give thee thy heart's desire."

6. Thou shalt not despise any living thing; "All is from God and God is All."

7. Thou shalt not pollute the morning with a doleful face; "In His presence is the fullness of joy."

8. Thou shalt not be in bondage to weakness or doubt; "He is the health of thy countenance."

9. Thou shalt not be afraid to go where thy duty calls; "He giveth His angels charge over thee."

10. Thou shalt lie down and rest in Peace; "underneath are the everlasting arms."

—Author Unknown.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

Community School Garden.

In order to make the serving of the hot lunch possible in the school, the wide-awake mothers, boys and girls in the community decided to plant a school garden.

The idea was first discussed at a meeting of the girl's sewing club which had been organized about a year before. The mothers became interested and seventeen mothers, six boys and twelve girls went to work.

Two good farmers in the community who were interested in the garden project, donated their work and their teams to plow the one-fourth acre plot. Garden plans were discussed and seeds purchased. The plot was divided into planting sections with walks between.

Beans, peas, carrots, beets, onions, cabbage, tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, green peppers and potatoes were planted in the centre and the walks were edged with flowers. The zinnias, cosmos, petunias, geraniums, hollyhocks and sunflowers gave touches of brilliant color to the rich greens of the vegetable garden.

A community garden club was organized. The members agreed to meet each week during the summer months.

The men and boys armed with hoes and hand-cultivators weeded and cared for the growing vegetables; the women served and the girls gathered the vegetables and took care of the flowers.

As the vegetables ripened, the members of the girls' canning club put them up for winter, using a simple canning outfit at the schoolhouse. Forty-five quarts of vegetables and soup mixtures were put away for the hot school lunches.

Complexion Troubles.

Complexion troubles seem to be of endless variety, freckles, perhaps, being one of the most common. Very little is known concerning the origin of freckles, save that they are caused by deposits of pigment (color) and are difficult to remove. Various remedies are recommended, but most of these, as a rule, are only of benefit for freckles of the milder kind, due to exposure to sun and wind. A person troubled with freckles might try applications of glycerine and lemon-juice, equal parts; or bath the face several times a day with buttermilk. Still another remedy calls for one ounce of lemon-juice, and half a dram each of powdered borax and sugar. Mix well, put into a glass jar or bottle and allow to stand for several days; apply several times daily with a camel's-hair brush.

It is almost impossble to get rid of constitutional freckles; for while the skin must be removed in order to remove the freckles, it is quite obvious that when the new skin forms the freckles will reappear. Those who are desperate may try the following: Buy a small bottle each of pure hydrozone and glycozone. Wash the skin well, and with a small comel's-hair brush apply the hydrozone to each freckle. Dilute the water if too strong. Let dry. Then rub the freckles with glycozone. Do this morning and evening until the freckles have disappeared, and repeat once a week thereafter, for an indefinite time. Care must be taken to use a brush with no metal about it.

The old adage concerning the "ounce of prevention" is never more true than in connection with freckles, and as they are likely to follow exposure to both wind and sun it is well to guard against exposure. A broad-brimmed hat will afford protection against the sun's rays, a veil protects against both sun and wind. Still another method is to apply a good lotion of cream and cover this with powder. Even a thin coating of cream and powder will help.

Why Not More Omelets?

To many people an omelet is an egg concoction that looks beautiful in the pan and is a flat failure on the table. But omelets can be made easily and quickly, and their attractiveness lies in the variations of which they are capable.

There are two types of omelets, fluffy omelets and French omelets. If the directions are carefully followed the results should be a success. These recipes serve four people.

Fluffy omelet—4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 tablespoon butter. Separate the yolks from the whites. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add the salt and hot water. Beat the whites until stiff and fold carefully into the yolks. Melt the butter in a pan and when moderately hot, add the mixture. Cook slowly (for about 12 minutes) and when the mixture is puffy put the pan in a moderate oven until the top of the omelet is firm to the touch and does not cling to the finger like white of egg. Fold and turn on a hot platter.

French omelet—4 eggs, ¼ cup milk, ½ tablespoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter. Beat eggs slightly, add the milk and salt. Melt the butter in a hot pan and add the mixture. As it slowly cooks prick with a fork until it is creamy. Then increase the heat to brown the bottom quickly and when firm hold and serve on a hot platter.

Omelet varintions—These variations apply to both types of omelets and should be added just before folding.

Jelly omelet—Spread with jelly, preserves or marmalade. Raspberry jam and currant jelly are especially good.

Cheese omelet—Sprinkle grated cheese on the omelet before folding.

Oyster omelet—Fold in 1 pint of parboiled oysters, well drained. Surround the omelet with a thin cream sauce, if desired.

Vegetable omelet—Fried onions, sweet peppers, peas, chopped spinach, or other vegetables may be added. Creamed peas, celery or lima beans, or creamed chicken are also good served around a plain omelet.

Bacon omelet—Add small crisp pieces of bacon, cooked ham, chopped fine may be used.

Orange omelet—Add 1 teaspoon of lemon juice when making the omelet. Fold in one orange, peeled and sliced. Sprinkle the omelet with sugar.

Spanish omelet—Finely chop 1 medium sized onion, and ½ of a sweet pepper. Cook in a tablespoon of butter until they begin to brown. Add 1¾ cups tomatoes and cook until most of the water has evaporated or use ¾ cup of canned tomato soup. Add ¼ teaspoon of salt. Add to the omelet before folding.

The New Chinese Woman.

Many changes have taken place in the world since that historic July day in 1914 when the Kaiser started out to conquer the world. We pause aghast before the liberty claimed by our rising generation, but over in China even more startling things are coming to pass. The Chinese women, always the most docile of wives and daughters, of whom we are acustomed to think as toddling about on bound feet meekly bowing to the will of the supreme head of the family, have begun to walk about on two strong firm feet and demand their rights.

The answer to it all is, of course, education. Young men educated in western universities have the western ideas regarding women. They have returned home to marry girls educated in some mission school and the two together have joined with other couples holding their views, to bring about a change in the status of women in the New Republic.

The Chinese woman is intellectually alert and logical, and is possessed of unusual ambition. After being educated in a modern school she is never satisfied with the old life, and has no intention of returning to it. If we are horrified at the action of our young folks who have always known freedom, what must be the feelings of the venerable Chinese folk of the old school who see their rising generation breaking down all traditions and insisting upon freedom and even political equality for women?

Women Can Dye Old Faded Things New in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Not What It Seemed.

A tourist in Scotland happened to stop at a small village near Stirling. Here he saw an old inhabitant endeavoring to chop a log of wood with an ancient axe. After watching a moment he said:

"That's an old axe you've got there, isn't it?"

"Aye," was the reply. "It's a hundred years old."

"Indeed," observed the surprised tourist. "I should hardly have thought it was as old as that."

"Weel," said the old man, "it's no exactly that. It's had three new heads and two new handles since then."

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

REDUCE 2 POUNDS A MONTH by taking Price $1.00 Box GROWTOX Price $1.00 Box and following the Growtox Diet. Sold by all druggists, or by mail. ROSS MEDICINE COMPANY 72 Jarvis Street, - Toronto

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation.

The Spider and the Pitcher Plant.

An interesting story is told of the spiders which dwell in the flower of the pitcher plant of India and Australia. This flower is an insect trap. Around its upper edge it is brilliantly colored and sweet with honey. Lower down the walls are waxy and so smooth that no insect can gain a hold upon them. The bottom of the pitcher is filled with a liquid containing several acids which possess the power of digesting organic matter.

The luckless insects which fall into this liquid are gradually absorbed by the plant. But while most insects carefully avoid this death trap, a particular species of spider chooses it as a dwelling place. By spinning a little web like a carpet over a part of the waxy interior of the pitcher it is enabled to stay there in safety

These spiders have apparently chosen their singular home just because of its dangers. In such a place they are protected against their enemies. If alarmed the spider drops into the liquid at the bottom of the plant and remains there until its enemy has disappeared, escaping afterward probably by means of a silken cable which it had spun as it fell.

A short submergence in the digestive fluid is not injurious to the spider.

Secrets of Sight.

When we state we "see" an object we believe that we actually see the thing itself, whereas all that our eye takes in is the light which is reflected from the object. This light, by reason of the varying shadows and strengths, gives us our impression of what the object looks like—which is the reason that the same thing will often appear to be different to a number of persons.

Because light is necessary to "sight," it follows that the absence of light will prevent sight and make the things which surround us totally invisible. Without light, our eyes are useless; and even the light itself is scarcely more necessary than reflection, as may be proved by looking into a mirror and then into a sheet of plain glass. The former, on account of the reflection obtained by the coating of mercury at the back, reflects the light. The latter reflects only a portion of it from its polished surface, and the image which we see is in the nature of a vision. If anyone could invent a scientifically perfect black paint which would absorb all light and reflect none, he would solve the riddle of invisibility, for it would be impossible to see such objects even in the brightest sunlight.

Made of Duralium.

British builders are constructing a very large seaplane, entirely of the light weight duralium.

All the Trimmings.

Mrs. Newlywed (on her first day's shipping)—"I want two pieces of steak and—and about half a pint of gravy."

Charity begins at home, but don't let it end there.

ORCHESTRA LEADERS Send for Dance Orchestrations. BE FIRST WITH A HEARST MOVING PICTURE PIANO PLAYERS and SINGERS - Send for Professional Copies

Join Our Popular Song Club -

GET 3 NEW SONGS - REAL SONGS - HITS EACH MONTH

Subscription Rates:- $1.00 for 1 month :- $2.00 for 3 months :- $5.00 for 6 months

Ask your dealer for these HEARST Song Hits -

IT'S ALWAYS PA OR MA - FOX TROT - MANY YEARS - WALTZ

WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR SMILE - FOX TROT - THAT ELUSIVE WALTZ

IRELAND (DEAR IRELAND) FOR ALL SOLO VOICES PEP ONE STEP

15¢ PER COPY - 3 COPIES FOR 40¢ POST PAID - PHONE WIRE OR WRITE

HEARST MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD. WINNIPEG

DON'T LET THAT COUGH CONTINUE!

Spohn's Distemper Compound

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

will knock it in very short time. At the first sign of a cough or cold in your horse, give a few doses of "SPOHN'S." It will act on the glands, eliminate the disease germ and prevent further destruction of body by disease. "SPOHN'S" has been the standard remedy for DISTEMPER, INFLUENZA, PINK EYE, CATARRHAL FEVER, COUGHS and COLDS for a quarter of a century. On sale at all drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY. GOSHEN, IND., U.S.A.