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Triumphs of
M. Jonquelle.

By MELVILLE DAIVISSON POST

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

M. Jonquelle, greatest of French detectives, tells this story of the great criminal at bay—brought within grasp of the law by an illness which paralyzed the lower part of his body. He is wanted for a bond theft in England. He tells M. Jonquelle how he met the beautiful American girl at Bar Harbor and how his sense of decency was outraged when he saw that Westridge, an Englishman, was attempting to marry her for her money.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

The afternoon sun lay on the terrace of the gray, stone house, where the big creature, dead to the middle, talked from his chair, clearing the mystery that had covered his disappearance from the world. It was an extraordinary story, and I wished to get it, in detail, precisely clear.

"It was fiction," I asked, "this explanation to Westridge?"

He looked at me in a sort of wonder.

"Sure," he said, "I made it up."

"There wasn't any of it true?"

"Not a word," he answered. "Don't you understand?"

"You know nothing of the girl's affairs?" The things seemed incredible to me.

"That's right," he replied, "not a thing, except that her father, a lawyer in the South, was dead, and the small coin was beginning to mean something—an' of course the little game of this Westridge person—it was a blind pool; nobody in on it but God Almighty."

I could not forbear a comment.

"He seems to have helped you in the opening."

The big creature turned heavily toward me.

"With little Westridge?" There was deep irony in his voice. "I didn't need any help to handle him. That was A B C stuff. The big trouble was ahead."

"With the girl?" the query escaped me.

"No," he replied, "that was my job too. You listen. 'I'm comin' to it.'"

"I looked out for a chance to get the girl by herself, an' about four o'clock I got it. There had been a fog in; it cleared a little and she went for a walk. She took the path along the sea toward Cromwell's Harbor and I followed her. She turned back where the path ends at the harbor, and just before a big house, that hadn't been opened that season, I met her."

"I stopped in the path?"

"Missie," I said, "could I speak to you a minute?"

"There was no sham business about her. She was clean and straight and afraid of nothin', like an angel of God."

"Certainly," she said. "What is it, sir?"

"The big man moved his loose bulk in the chair.

"I know something about stories," he said. "I've had to make 'em up so a jury would believe 'em, an' I done my best as I limped along by her."

"I ain't always been rich," I says. "I was down an' out in the eighties, an' I was agoin' to do somethin' that would have ruined me, when by luck I met Harry in Louisville. (I'd heard the old women call her father Harry, so I had that much to go on.)"

"Al," he says, "what's the trouble?"

"I suppose it was in my face. I was broke down an' I told him. He got it all in his head, an' then he patted me on the shoulder. 'Old man,' he said, 'a little money ain't goin' to do you any good. I'll git you fifty thousand dollars an' you go out to the race-course 'this afternoon an' pick a winner.'"

"I tried to turn it down. I didn't want to lose his money; I didn't know one horse from another. But he just laughed and kept patting me on the back. 'A beginner for luck,' he says. 'Where's your nerve, Al?' Well, I picked that big Darcum colt that nobody had ever heard of, a five-to-one shot, an' he romped in!"

"I was slimpin' along the seapath, aproddin' the gravel with my cane an' stallin' to my feet, same as if I was afraid the recollection would get away her neck."

"It's the young Duchess of Hurlingham," I said.

The big creature beside me was struggling to rise, his voice in an excited flutter.

"Sure," he said, "God Almighty didn't throw me down. When she went up to that conference in Montreal, He had young Hurlingham on the spot—fine, straight, clean youngster as ever was born. It was knee her at eight; an' now—he made a great gesture as though to exclude something without a visible limit—'she's got all these places in England, an' all that Standard Oil money that belonged to his mother's people.'"

The girl, radiant as a vision, was advancing on the carpet of golden beech-leaves, and I hastened to put a final query, the thing I had come here to find out. I had given up the idea of an arrest. The man was dying.

"What did you do with the registered bonds that you got when you cracked the vault of the British Embassy in Washington the night before you went to Bar Harbor?" They had Lord Dovedale's name on them, and they could not be negotiated."

The whole sagging body of the unsteady creature strained toward the advancing vision as toward an idol. His voice reached me, stuttering as with fatigue.

"That's the stuff I put up with Westridge for the loan—go and take it away from him!"

A startling story of mystery and horror, "The Thing on the Hearth," will follow this.

Real Ejoyment

Head steady as a rock, eyes fixed frantically on the froth, right arm raised in one long sweeping motion, the whole body pivoting on the waist-coat button which won't do up, they follow well through till the glass is empty.

Many are the golf links who find it easier to hole out a double whisky in one than to grasp their way round the links in a hundred and fifty.

There is a lot of mind gambling on Scots. The Caledonian does not risk money; because it excites him too much. Occasionally, when there are no Elders about, a couple of Scots will play a match, the loser to put a pen-bath into the plate at kirk next Sabbath an' the winner nothing, instead of a halfpenny each. But not often. They don't believe in risking heart attacks north of the Tweed.

Large man (in small hotel)—"You are a very little fellow to be running a hand lift, aren't you?" Small Boy—"Yes, I suppose I am. They gave me the job 'cause the rope broke so often with the heavier fellows." The large man went down the stairs.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Inebriates, in addition with Inebriates and Mental Diseases, New York City, offers the post-graduate course of training in the various branches of nursing, and the duties of hospital nurses. The hospital has selected the ablest nurses. The post-graduate course of the hospital is a monthly attendance of two months in person and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

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Russian Hymn of Hate For England Appears

Soviet Russia's hymn of hate against England has just reached London. The composer, Alexi Besymanski, is regarded as one of the most important of the purely Communist writers. Following is a rough translation of three stanzas of the "hymn":
England! You country of brainless kings!
England! In purple or ironed top-hat, Lipeticks and foxrots, dreadnoughts and grenades
Your steel-safes forming a pannuch of fat!
Home of assassins in frock-coats and walking-sticks,
On their lips lies, but bearing a crucifix.

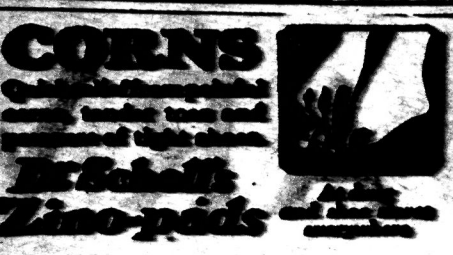
Curses creep in your ear like melted lead.
England! We have no enemy worse! Your ships' guns thunder to clear the air
For the deep caress of the long-drawn curse!
Blood, groans and death-screams from China to Egypt's sand,
Australia and India's palms join the wall with the golden band.

Curses! Weak word! We act instead! See, England! Our factories stand wide-eyed,
Mine-shafts gnash teeth, chimney-stacks clench fists,
Peasants' huts muscle-like knots are tied.
Shoulder to shoulder, our cry rises higher
England—Words become deeds. The command is: Fire!

I believe I'll become an aviatrix.
"Well, you have the 'trix' all right."

Minard's Liniment for scaly scalp.

When a man and a girl marry they become one; but it is for them to discover which one.



1575

Training an Eagle

Last summer Captain G. R. W. Knight, of the British Army, rescued a young female eagle, which he has since succeeded in training to hunt like a falcon. At first the bird was nervous, but she soon learned to perch on her master's arm and feed there. After being made to look at home, she was tempted to go for stuffed rabbit-skins and snakes of food. The bait was swung or thrown in the air, and the bird would be attracted to it from greater and greater distances. She then learned to fly up into a tree and watch Captain Wright until he produced and projected his lure. If, however, the bait was not thrown up promptly the indignant fowl would make a bee line for the trainer's head, and in order to save himself the Captain would have to toss up the bait at once.

The first time this happened the lure was not attracted in time, and the eagle swooped down on the Captain's head, opening up his neck with her talons so that three stitches had to be taken. After this episode the trainer covered his hat and forehead with mail and wore a fencing mask. To bear the weight of the bird he had to support his arm on a crutch, and the eagle was attached to a clothes-line, tied to a strap on either leg.

At capturing live game the bird proved a great disappointment. She could only catch hares and rabbits when they ran downhill—a fact the animals had sense enough to appreciate. Captain Wright believes that a goshawk is ten times as efficient at hunting as an eagle but was surprised to find the larger bird so tractable. On the whole the experiment proved a great success, since excellent slow moving pictures were secured of the eagle seizing the artificial lure, carrying it away, and perching on its master's arm. Once these films were taken the bird was set free.

A golfer missed the ball three times, ploughing up the turf. "You've revoked," said his partner. "You're not playing cards," remonstrated the unfortunate player. "All the same," was the reply, "you've been playing a spade instead of a club!"

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"She must be a wrestler, I think."
"And why?"
"Her men friends say she knows all the holds."

Minard's Liniment for sore feet.
Women don't really like wicked men—they only like them to seem wicked.

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