dergarten work and was cheerfully shown the records. When he turned to the pages signed "Charlotte Farnham" the last doubt vanished and issurance was made sure. The anonynous letter writer was found.

It was just here that Matthew Broffin fell under the limitations of his trade. Though the detective in real life is as little as may be like the Inspector Buckets and the Javerts of fiction, certain characteristics persist. When he found himself face to face with the limitations bound him. He thought of a dozen good reasons why he should make haste slowly; and he recognized in none of them the craftsman's slant toward indirection—the tradition of upon the methods of the deer-stalker

tack must be made. But only an apprentice, he told himself, would be foolish enough to make it without mapping out all the hazards of the ground over which it must be made In a word, he must "place" Miss Farnchase her half-way of the young woman and her environnd it's tough luck to ment, to the end that every thread of advantage should be in his hands when of a hurry to be should finally force her to a conat night, I might be fession. For by now the assumption that she knew the mysterious bank or so. But what's robber was no longer hypothetical in Broffin's mind; it had grown to the dimensions of a conviction.

20 V.---Continue

and can't be helped.

sure it wasn't, I'll scrow

t bussing you."

at over it carefully, and

tauchism after her later

ha was waiting for the

the first north-bound

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n, arranging the

possibility on tadi

to give the detec-

dy be fitted

MOE YOUR DANNEDES!

We'll take the wom-

and when you've

trivial, to escape its jotting down. To familiarize himself with the goings and comings of one young woman, he made the acquaintance of an entire with the list. Totown. He knew Jasper Grierson's amhition, and its fruitage in the practical ownership of Wahaska. He knew that Edward Raymer had borrowed money seel ten of the 17 from Grierson's bank-and was likely the might have to be unable to pay it when his notes fell due. He had heard it whispered that there had once been a love affair between young Raymer and Miss Farnseen clinging to the ham, and that it had been broken off by Raymer's infatuation for Margery Grierson. Also, last and least important of all the gossiping details, as it seemed at the time, he learned that the betwitching Miss Grierson was a creature of fads; that within the past month or two she had returned from a Florida trip, bringing with her a sick man, a total stranger, who had been picked up on the train, taken to the great house on the lake sham and nurse mack to life as Miss Gravion's

> day for Matthew Broffin when had this man pointed out to swin as Miss Offerson's companion in the high trap. But Broffin was sufficiently human to see only a very beautiful young stanting driving seat. To be sure, he saw a man, as one sees a vanishing figure in a kaleidoscope. But there was nothing in the clean-shaven face of the gaunt, and as yet rather haggard, convalescent to evoke the faintest thrill of interest or of memory.

latest defiance of the conventions.

It should have been a memorable

CHAPTER XV.

of new vistas at Miss Grierson's "evening." Griswold Raymer's interces Mr. Griswold. All things come to him sion with the Widow Holcomb having who waits. When you have left Merepared the way-took a favorable op side finally. Doctor Bertle will some portunity of announcing his intention time take you home to dinner with of leaving Mereside. It figured as a him grateful disappointment to him-one of the many she was constantly giving bim-that Margery placed no obstacles contrary, she approved the plan.

you?-on the book, I

raps and parings of

ounging-chairs and with a smile that nocent and child-

a pine tr there maki she asked. radiating li inking of doing?" time it con confessed.

the lurking

and his hat.

ed. He had siready forgotten what she had said about the object of the drive-the proving of the philosophic charge against him-and was looking forward with keenly pleasurable anticipations to another outing with her, the second for that day. It had come to this, now; to admitting frankly the charm which he was still calling sensuous, and which, in the moments of insight recurring, as often as they can be borne to the imaginative, and vouchsafed now and then even to the wayfaring, he was still disposed to characterize as an appeal to that to seek to provoke. She was standing

which was least worthy in him. blood reality, he was moved to wonder mildly why the fate which had and altogether bewitching. daily; sometimes with Miss Grierson in the trap, but oftener afoot and work?"



'Open That Box on the Table, Please.'

alone. The walking excursions had

led him most frequently up and down the lakeside drive, but the doctor's house stood well back in its enclosure. and there was much shrubbery. Once he heard her voice: she was reading aloud to someone on the vine-screened porch. And once again in passing, he had caught a glimpse of a shapely arm with the loose sleeve falling away rom it as it was thrust upward through the porch greenery to pluck a bud from the crimson rambler, adding its graceful mass to the clambering vines. It was rather disappoint ing, but he was not impatient. In the fullness of time the destiny which had twice intervened would intervene again. He was as certain of it as he was of the day-to-day renewal of his strength and vitality; and he could afford to wait. For, whatever else might happen in a mutable world, neither an ideal nor its embodiment may suffer

As if to add the touch of definiteness to the presumptive conclusion, a voice broke in upon his reverie; the voice of the young woman whose most alluring charm was her many-sided changeful-A week and a day after the opening cupied gaze and divined its object "You must have a little more patience.

For his own peace of mind, Griswold hastily assured himself that it was only the wildest of chance shots. Since the day when he had admitted that he knew Miss Farnham's name without knowing Miss Farnham in person, the doctor's daughter had never

"How did you happen to guess that was thinking of the good doctor?" he asked, curiously.

"You were not thinking of Doctor Bertie: you were thinking of Doctor Bertie's 'only,' " was the laughing contradiction; and Griswold was glad that the coming of the man with the trap saved him from the necessity of falling any farther into what might easily prove to be a dangerous pitfall. It was not the first time that Miss Grierson had seemed able to read his inmost

The short afternoon drive paused at the curb in front of Jasper Grierson's bank and a moment later he found himself bringing up the rear of a procession of three, led by a young song. woman with a bunch of keys at her

"Number three-forty-five-A, please." entered the electric-lighted safety deposit vault and fointly opened one of the multitude of small safes. When

cally obeyed her signal to close the door. When their complete privacy was assured, she put the lapanned box on the tiny table and motioned him to

"Do you know why I have brought you here?" she asked, when he was sitting within arm's-reach of the small black box.

"How should I?" he said. "You take me where you please, and when you please, and I ask no questions. I am too well content to be with you to care very much about the whys and wherefores."

"Oh, how nicely you say it!" she commended, with the frank little laugh which he had come to know and against the opposite cell wall with her Passing easily to Miss Farnham the shoulders squared and her hands bedeal from Miss Grierson the flesh-and- | hind her: the pose, whether intentional or natural, was dramatically perfect brought him twice into critically inti- born to be your fairy godmother. I think," she went on joyously. "Tell week or more he had been going out | Wahaska that night in St. Louis, were you meaning to come here to find

then."

Doctor Farnham said-"

"What became of it?"

"I know; also he told you that we didn't find any money?" "Yes: he told me that, too.

agreed that somebody must have gone through the grips on the train." "So you just let the moi. / go?"

"So I just let it go." She was laughing again and the bedazzling eyes were dancing with de-

"I told you I was going to prove that you are a philosopher!" she exulted. "Sour old Diogenes himself couldn't for you to say whether its doors shall have been more superbly indifferent to the goods the gods provide. Open that

box on the table, please." He did it half-absently; at the first sight of the brown-paper packet within, the electric bulb suspended over the table seemed to grow black and the mahogany walls of the tiny room to spin dizzily. Then, with a click that he fancied he could hear, the buzzing mental machinery stopped and wold." reversed itself. A cold sweat, clammy and sickening, started out on him when he realized that the reversal had | heart. made him once again the crafty, cornered criminal, ready to fight or flyor to slay, if a life stood in the way of escape. Without knowing what he did, he closed the box and got upon his feet, eyeing her with a growing ferocity that he could neither banish nor

"I see: you were a little beforehand with the doctor," he said, and he strove to say it naturally; to keep the malignant devil that was whispering in his ear from dictating the tone as well as the words.

"I was, indeed; several days beforehand" she boasted, still joyously ex

"You-you opened the package?" he went on, once more pushing the im-

portunate devil aside.

"Naturally. How else would I have known that it was worth locking up?" Her coolness astounded him. If she knew the whole truth-and the demon at his ear was assuring him that she must know it-she must also know that she was confronting a great peril: the peril of one who voluntarily shuts himself into a trap with the fearmaddened wild thing for which the that were lifted to his were the eyes

trap was haited and set. He was of a questioning child, so guilelessly insteadying himself with a hand on the nocent that he immediately suffered table when he said: "Well, you opened | another relapse into the pit of self-dethe package; what did you find out?" "What did I find out?" He heard her half-hesitant repetition of his query. and for one flitting instant he made his own thought rather than to her sure that he saw the fear of death in the wide-open eyes that were lifted to sidewalk and the trap: "May I bid you But the next instant the eyes were laughing at him, and she was going on confidently. "Of course, as soon as I untled the string I saw it

was money-a lot of money; and you can imagine that I tied it up again, quickly, and didn't lose any more time than I could help in putting it away in the safest place I could think of Every day since you began to get well. I've been expecting you to say some thing about it; but as long as you wouldn't, I wouldn't."

Slowly the blood came back into the saner channels, and the whispering demon at his ear grew less articulate. He took the necessary forward step Wahaskan social group which includand stood before her. And his answer was no answer at all.

"Miss Grierson-Margery-are you telling me the truth?-all of it?" he demanded, seeking to pinion the soul which lay beyond the deepest depth day afternoon for his call at the house of the Hmpid eyes.

you suspect me of such a thing! No. ding head of the wintry Jove of the say to yourself afterwards what you've my good friend; no woman ever tells North In the doctor's front yard the just said to me that you'd done your on will have to his companion was saying to the young a man the whole truth when she can woman custodian, and he stood aside help it. I didn't find your money, and jonquits bordered the path with a you duty yet. The law says-" and admired the workmanship of the I didn't lock it up in poppa's vault: I bravery of color, and the buds of the complicated time-locks while the two am merely playing a part in a deep clambering rose on the porch trellis says," was her baffing rejoinder; "I and diabolical plot to-"

Griswold forgot that he was her poor beneficiary; forgot that she had taken; and closed the gate noiselessly behind your criminal." Miss Grierson came out, she was car- him in as her guest; forgot, in the him. While he had been three doors rying a small, japanned document box mad joy of the reactionary moment, away in the lake-fronting street, a case by tilting his chair. But the house under her arm, and her eyes were everything that he should have remem- small pocket binocular had assured wall was too close behind him. d; adding: "As shining with a soft light that was new bered—saw nothing, thought of noth- him that the young woman he was to the man who was waiting in the ing save the flushed face with its glo- going to call upon was sitting in a to hide him as long as you won't tell corridor. "Come with me to one of rious eyes and tempting lips: the eyes porch rocker behind the clambering his real name-what?" he grated. the one thing the coupon rooms," she said; and lips of the daughter of men.

self on the narrow table by pushing the ispanned money-box off the opposite edge.

It was the normal Griswold who picked up the box and put it on the other chair, gravely and methodically. Then he stood before her again with his back to the wall, waiting for what every gentle drop of blood in his veins was to ing him he richly deserved. His punishment was long in coming; so long that when he made sure she was crying, he began to invite it.

"Say it," he suggested gently, "you needn't spare me at all. The only excuse I could offer would only make the

offense still greater." She looked up quickly and the dark eyes were swimming. But whether the tears were of anger or only of outraged

generosity he could not tell. "Then there was an excuse?" she flashed up at him.

"No," he denied, as one who finds she asked. the second thought the She had found a filmy bit of lace-

bordered linen at her belt and was furtively wiping her lips with it. "I thought perhaps you might be able to-to invent one of some sort,

she said, and her tone was as colorless as the gray skies of an autumn nightfall. And then, with a childlike appeal in the wonderful eyes: "I think you will have to help me a little-out of your broader experience, you know. What ought I to do?"

fire of self-abasement.

"You should write me down as one who wasn't worthy of your loving-kindness and compassion, Miss Grierson. Then you should call the custodian and turn me out."

"But afterward," she persisted pathetically. "There must be an afterward."

"I am leaving Mereside this evening," he reminded her. "It will be

ever open to me again." She took the thin safety-deposit key from her glove and laid it on the ta-

"You have made me wish there hadn't been any money," she lamented. with a sorrowful little catch in her voice that stabbed him like a knife. "I haven't so many friends that I can afford to lose them recklessly, Mr. Gris-

"Damn the money!" he exploded; and the malediction came out of a full

Her fingers had found the bell-push come here for." and were pressing it. When the cuswas her poiseful self again.

"Number three-forty-five-A is Mr. Kenneth Griswold's box, now," she announced briefly. "Please register it in his name, and then help him to put it away and lock it up."

Griswold went through the motions with the key-bearing young woman half-absently, Man-like, he was ready to be forgiven and comforted; and there was at least oblivion in her charming little shudder as the custodian shot the bolts of the gate to let

"Br-r-r!" she shivered, "I can never stand here and look at the free people out there without fancying myself in a prison. It must be a dreadful thing to be shut away behind bolts and bars, forgotten by everybody, and yet yourself unable to forget. Do you ever have such foolish thoughts, Mr. Gris-

For one poignant second fear leaped alive again and he called himself no better than a lost man. But the eyes

"You have made me your prisoner. Miss Grierson," he said, speaking to question. And when they reached the good-by here and go to my own place?" "Of course not!" she protested. "Mr.

Raymer is coming to dinner tonight and he will drive you over to Mrs. Holcomb's afterward, if you really think you must go."

And for the first time in their comings and goings she let him lift her to the high driving seat.

CHAPTER XVI.

Converging Roads.

and half of a third an unobtrusive any upon the collective activities of the only in his dealings with other men; ed the Farnhams before he decided that his last and best chance with that nothing could be gained by fur- woman lay in an appeal to her fears. ther delay.

about Friday, Broffin chose a Wedneson the lake front. It was a respien- enough now why you didn't sign it, Her laugh was as cheerful as a bird dent day of the early summer, which, and why you didn't put the man's real in the Minnesota latitudes, springs, name in it. You-you and him-fixed "Telling you the truth? How could Minervalike, full grown from the nod- it up between you so that you could grass was vividly green, gladioli and duty. But you haven't finished doin were swelling to burst their calyxes.

Broffin turned in from the sidewalk | since I came home. I am not hiding rose, reading a book.

"You are looking for Doctor Farm ham?" she began. fice-201 Main street." Broffin was digging in his pocket

for a card. "I know well enough where your gave her the round-cornered card with its biazonment of his name and em

He was watching her narrowly when she read the name and its underline and the quick indrawing of the breath and the little shudder that went with it were not thrown away upon him. But the other signs; the pressing of the even teeth upon the lower lip and the coming and going of three straight lines between the half-closed eyes were not so favorable.

"Will you come into the house Mr .-- " she had to look at the card again to get the name-"Mr. Broffin?"

"Thank you, miss; it's plenty good enough out here for me if it is for you", he returned, beginning to fear that the common civilities were giving her time to get behind her de-

"I guess we can take it for granted that you know what I want, Miss Farnham," he began abruptly, when he had shifted his chair to face her rocker. "Something like three months ago, or thereabouts, you went into a bank in New Orleans to get a draft cashed. While you were at the pay-His reply came hot from the refining ing tellers' window a robbery was committed, and you saw it done and saw the man that did it. I've come to get you to tell me the man's

> "I have told it once, in a letter to Mr. Gaibraith."

Broffin nodded. "Yes; in a letter that you didn't sign. I've come all the way from New Orleans to get you to tell me his real name, Miss Farnham."

"Why do you think I can tell you?" was the undisturbed query.

"A lot of little things," said the detective, who was slowly coming to his own in the matter of self-assurance. "In the first place, he spoke to you in the bank, and you answered him.

She nodded again, "You know so much, it is surprising that you don't know it all, Mr. Broffin," she commented, with gentle sarcasm.

"The one thing I don't know is the thing you're goin' to tell me-his real name," he insisted. "That's what I've she may make the famous plat de

todian opened the door, Miss Grierson in Mr. Broffin's field, was no less than there's no fimit to the time he may total. Charlotte Farnham had imagi- be fed along on leftovers, just so that nation, and with it a womanly gest for it's skillfully done." the matching of wits with a man



"Damn the Money!" He Exploded.

whose chief occupation was the meas uring of his own wit against the subtle cleverness of criminals. Therefore she accepted the challenge.

"I did my whole duty at the time Mr. Broffin," she demurred, with touch of coldness in her voice. "If you were careless enough to let him escape you at St. Louis, you shouldn't come to me. I might say very justly Matthew Broffin had been two weeks | that it was never any affair of mine. Matthew Broffin's gifts were subtle

but he was shrewd enough to know " I don't know what made you write

Having his own private superstition this letter, in the first place," he said. taking the well-thumbed paper from his coat pocket; "but I know well

"I know very well that the law have taken the trouble to find out

Broffin was trying to gain a little "People will say that you are helpin"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

else was on the way home.--Provi

Knew Her Name.

I had occasion to pass a little boy a good many times one afternoon. He was sitting on the steps and although we were strangers each time I passed he greeted with me with "Hello," and I responded likewise. Finally the last

uted to the Pictorial Review a study of the methods of the French house

wife. In it she says: "She is making the pot-au-fell, which might so easily be a commonand pains that is the genius of French cookery. There must be the covered earthenware pot, which of itself insures a certain flavor. It must be rock salt that is out into the water in which the meat is allowed to boil some three or four hours. Then Madame Vinet has stepped through the curtain of green and white bamboo that swings in the kitchen doorway. on to the terrace and out to the garden not three feet from the door. She gathers one gorge, which is a vegetable looking like a small green squash, two white turnips, three celery leaves, four leeks and fifteen small carrots. These, tied neatly in a bundle, are the bouquet added to the meat in the pot. Does it matter that there should be three celery leaves and four leeks and all the rest? It is the art of it that there are. So the cheapest soup meat shall come out of the pot more delicious than a Delmonico roast, more finely flavored than the

tenderest chicken. "Now this soup meat, it is planned, shall last for more than a day. But you know how it is that the man of the house balks at eating leftovers. Haven't you tried him yourself? That Sunday's roast you may possibly get on for Monday's dinner, but by Tuesday you are almost sure to hear: 'Oh, get rid of it, my dear. Just throw it away! I don't want to see that piece of meat again.' And for all of your well-intentioned economy, into the

garbage pail it must go. But you should see the clever Frenchwoman manage. It is she who knows the heart of man. She never sets before him the same dish twiceuntil she has disguised it quite beyond his recognition. Not as she values the happiness of her hearth and home. would Azalie Vinet put that soup meat on cold, or even 'warm it over' for the second day. But she will transform it into golden brown croquettes strewn with sprigs of green parsley. And for the third day she may masquerade it as stuffed vegetables, alternating green gorges and red tomatoes and white onions filled with the meat, sprinkled with bread crumbs and cheese and baked in a brown dish. And for the fourth day ravioles of which a husband always In spite of her inexperience, which, calls for more. Really, you see,

> You can attract some attention by being a champion speller, but the fellows who have to look it up in the dictionary seem to have most of the good tobs corralled.

w Avs

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aring

enm

The bird in the hand never sings as delightfully as the one in the bush. anyhow.

SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa. - "From a small child weakness, I spoka



to three doctors about it and they did not help ber any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to ma so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vege-

table Compound ac-

cording to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy." -- Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received. proving the reliability of this grand old

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for eroman's ills.

if you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will he opened, rend and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CANTER'S LITTLE LIVER PHLLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to Cares Comstipation, in-

and Distress After Esting. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



total physician out of the chair with a great bump on their ears. From him came a coughsound, and those who were picking m up were startled to see

and the state of t in the chair fell heels | his rescuers to such a flow of lanin a chair, over head downstairs. The man fell guage that they put their fingers into

> "That's what you are apt to get in | map showing the way to the church this business," said the assistant man- | and to the house. Grinding perplexager in telling the story recently. "If Ity is the mother of innovations. we hadn't stumbled that man would is not so stated, but unquestionably have choked to fleath. He had prob-ably smallowed a lot of new oysters ing, where wedding guests have been so had that they completely filled his known to lose themselves and wan-

The Wedding Route.

It is reported that the "latest thing" in wedding invitations is an engraved