The SKELETON FINGER

by Headon Hall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Sir Dudley Glenister, suspected of the murder of a cousin to obtain his title and estate, when a crow drops a skeleton finger into a picnic crowd, consents to a search of the lands, but Kathleen Glenister, sister of the missing man, and Norman Slater, her lover, fear Sir Dudley will attempt to dispose of the hidden body to foil the searchers, so they shadow him, and in the woods they meet up with The Right Honorable Stephen Colne, former British cabinet minister.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"Thought I was a poacher?" he laughed mirthlessly. "Very natural. No, I am not setting snares for rabbits, Miss Glenister."

The emphasis on the harmless animal he named was as good as a plain hint that he was setting snares for something else. Kathleen was tempted thereby to greater frankness.

"We are not exactly setting snares," she said. "Hunting would be a better word for it. Captain Slater and I agreed that an attempt might be made tonight to remove, or more effectually hide, my brother's body, and so forestall the official and unofficial search which will, I suppose, begin tomorrow."

"You are still convinced, Miss Glenister, that the finger was your brother's?"

"I am absolutely certain of it."

Mr. Stephen Colne sighed.

"I, too, am of the same opinion," he admitted. "I will confess that my reason for this nocturnal prowling is on all fours with your own. You will forgive me for saying that I think that you have defeated our common objective."

"How " cried Kathleen.

"Well," proceeded the cabinet minister, "while I was keeping my lonely vigil just now I heard someone advancing along the path from the Grange. The footsteps had nearly reached the glade when more distant sounds from the same direction assailed my ears, doubtless caused by yourselves. The first comer must have heard them, too, for he never arrived in the open, the natural deduction being that he broke away from the path into the wood. He has probably abandoned his enterprise, whatever it was, and I at any rate shall abandon mine."

"We had better chuck it, too," said Norman quickly. "Sorry to have spoilt your sport, sir."

Mr. Colne's laugh was friendly and tolerant. "Don't blame yourselves," he replied. "Keen as you both were in a good cause, you had not so much at stake to inspire caution as the individual in front of you. If the police take the matter up we amateurs would be wiser to leave it to them."

"The police have taken it up," said Kathleen. "The sergeant called at the Grange this evening and took the finger and ring away."

"Really? That was smart for a provincial officer. He must have acted promptly on the rumors that are flying about. Well, good night, Miss Glenister. Good night, Captain Slater.

With which Mr. Stephen Colne moved off in the direction of Colnbrook Towers. Norman and Kathleen started homeward, not wholly disappointed with the result of their excursion.

Their immediate concern was how to get back into the house and regain their bedrooms without their expedition becoming known to their host.

Emerging from the coverts into the open park, they were partly reassured by seeing no human figure on the wide expanse ahead, though Norman's military antipathy for his rear administered a prompt corrective.

"Perhaps the blighter is behind us," he whispered.

"Don't!" was Kathleen's shuddering protest.

And when they had crossed the park and passed through the gardens to the terrace under the rows of darkened windows, the young soldier's theory was demolished by the materializing of the other, if less creepy, more decisive one. The gun-room door was locked.

"What are we to do?" murmured Kathleen.

Norman looked round for a loophole of escape. The word "compromise" reared its ugly head.

He was seized with an inspiration.

"Only thing to do is to go round to the front door and ring 'em up," he said. "We can pitch a yarn about being tempted to take a stroll by moonlight, but to put us on the level we shall have to announce that we are engaged."

"We are not engaged," and we are not going to be, while George's fate is in doubt," came the indignant rejoinder. "I call that mean of you."

Norman accepted defeat gracefully. "Sorry," he replied. "Carried away by my feelings, I suppose. Here's another plan. How about sticking it out in that summer-house over there? As soon as the house is opened up and the servants are about we can sneak in. With luck we might get to our rooms without being spotted, and if not we could square any domestic who saw us. A tenner for one of the men, or a fiver if it's a maid, out to do the trick."

Kathleen looked at the summer-house, a substantial structure across the lawn beyond the rose garden, its thatched roof bathed in moonlight. Well she knew the comfortable interior, with its pitchpine walls and cushioned basket-chairs. As a little girl she had given dolls' tea-parties there.

"Come along," she said. "At any rate for a time—till we can hit on something not quite so crude."

They crossed the dewy turf and entered the building without heed for a possible occupant at that time of night. But on the threshold they came to a sudden halt. The dull red glow of a cigar in full blast met their astounded gaze, explaining the fragrant smell of Havana smoke that assailed their nostrils.

"Miss Glenister and Captain Slater, I think," said Willoughby Melville. "In a little difficulty, eh? Well, if you will permit me, I shall have pleasure in helping you to surmount

"Perhaps the blighter is behind us," he whispered.

it by showing you how to get into the house. I have been waiting here in order to offer my services."

Norman tried not to look like a detected criminal.

"Nearly everybody seems to be wandering about tonight," Kathleen laughed.

The nerve specialist had risen from his seat and come to the door of the summer-house.

"You must not let your disappointment make you cross, Miss Glenister," he said pleasantly. "It is not my fault that the object of your moonlit stroll has proved elusive. Don't let that worry you, my dear young lady, for to use a coarse colloquialism, you have been barking up the wrong tree."

He struck across the lawn towards the mansion, but aKthleen, keeping pace with him, was determined that he should be more explicit.

"You seem to be pretty sure of the reason for our stroll, Doctor Melville," she said. "I wonder if you have hit on the right one."

"I seldom make mistakes in reading the human mind," was the reply.

Doctor Melville had shepherded them to one of the French windows of the dining-room, which proved to be unfastened.

"Pray take advantage of my provision for my own return," he said, standing aside for the wanderers to enter and following them in. "I must leave you to your own devices in gaining your own rooms, but I should advise caution."

CHAPTER V.

IN THE CHALK PIT.

An iron-gray man of sixty, ruddy from the weather and mighty of limb, John Grimes, listened respectfully to his master's orders. The head gamekeeper had come up to the Grange fter breakfast and was now being interviewed in the library.

"I quite understand, Sir Dudley," he said when his employer came to a full stop. "I am to collect the beaters and farm hands and go over every inch of ground on the estate. I will guarantee that if we don't find a body there won't be one there to find."

(To be continued.)

A Coast Journey

All kinds of weather you get at all seasons in Devon and Cornwall, but that only adds a spice of adventure to the tour. Of course you never get as far as you intended. A few miles of trackless moor throws you out of your allotted path, or the mountain waves of the Atlantic bid you turn right or left as the case may be; and so, weary and wet and warm, you drop into Combe Martin when you ought to be at Ilfracombe, or you find that an evening at Bireford only whets your appetite for the lovely delights of Clovelly on the following day.

Our way this journey, as the shrewd reader has guessed, is by the coast of Somerset (not Somersetshire), Devon and Cornwall. . . . It is a pedestrian tour of rare charm and beauty, and it brings you in touch with the "haunts" (I would use a better word and I know it) of many authors, some famous for all time, others less famous than they were, others never very famous but having certain qualities of workmanship, personality, or eccentricity that demand more than a passing glance.

Who are these folk? Blackmore and Hary in "Zummerzet"; Southey sheltering at Porlock; Sehlley lingering at Lynmouth; Kingsley reviving the spacious days of Great Elizabeth by his wonderful romance of "Westward Ho!"; Capern, the postman-poet of whom you may never have heard, carolling his "Wayside Warbles" as he distributed the mail over a course of thirteen miles a day, including Sundays, at a salary of half a guinea a week; Tennyson at Tintagel; and towering high the giant figure of Robert Stephen Hawker, the vicar of Morwenstow, girding at his wild parishioners for their wickedness in "wrecking," or softening his heart to their needs. . . . A gallery of literary characters, one might say ,as picturesque as might be seen in any other hundred miles of English territory.—ErnestH. Bann, in "The Homeland of English Authors."

It's easy to believe any American boy may become President when you observe some of those who have.—Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).

For frostbite use Minard's Liniment.

Moderate Use of Liquor Harmless

N. Y. Medical Association Hears Results of Experiments

EXCESS INJURIOUS

But Guinea Pig Always Drunk, Healthy as Abstainer

New York.—Drinking in moderation is not only not injurious to human health and longevity, but sometimes a positive benefit, Dr. Charles Stockard, Cornell University, professor of anatomy, declared in the course of a paper upon the effects of alcohol which he read before 200 persons of the Medical Association of New York at the monthly meeting of the Association.

The alcohol consumed by a moderate drinker, he explained, increases the resistance of the body to disease, despite the general impression to the contrary and in one after the age of 30 experiments have shown it has no effect whatever on length of life. Excessive consumption of alcohol, the professor said, was admittedly injurious.

The impression that the consumption of alcohol in any quantity was injurious to health and shortened human life, he said, can partly be traced to the insurance companies' statistics on drinkers and abstainers, in which heavy, moderate and occasional drinkers are all lumped together. The heavy drinkers, he said, drag down the average of the others, so that the total effect seems to indicate that abstainers have a better chance of life and health than drinkers.

Dr. Stockard has conducted experiments with alcohol upon guinea pigs for the last 17 years, using more than 5,000 guinea pigs in his experiments. The general conclusion to be drawn from his exhaustive resources, he said, was that alcohol did not only not harm the guinea pigs to which it was fed regularly, but that it actually benefitted their health and increased their life span. The experiments of other scientists bear him out, Dr. Stockard said.

Just as Healthy.

Dr. Stockard showed lantern slides of two guinea pigs which he used for comparison in a series of tests lasting four years and two months.

One pig was allowed no alcohol; the other was intoxicated six times a week for four years. Both pigs lived approximately the same time and the health of the alcoholic pig was never worse and frequently better than the other. In all his experimentation, Dr. Stockard remarked, he had found only one harmful result of alcohol. The percentage of deaths of the embryo of guinea pigs is greater in the case of the pigs fed with alcohol than the non-alcoholic animals.

Dr. Stockard also cited tests made by other scientists upon health of children of drinkers, which showed that such children were just as tall and just as healthy on the average as the children of abstainers.

Alcohol has positive benefits as a food and a drug, Dr. Stockard insisted, citing technical uses of alcohol as a drug, and declaring that a good alcohol may help and stimulate growth and bodily development.

Dr. Stockard closed his paper with a plea for regulation of alcohol, so that the excess of the heavy drinkers should not deprive the moderate drinker of alcohol.

Other Addresses.

Dr. Stockard's paper was one of three presented. The others were Dr. Samuel W. Lambert's on "The medicinal use of alcohol in the acute infectious diseases," and Dr. Harlow Brooks on "the medicinal use of alcohol in the diseases of the aged."

Dr. Lambert, who is president of the New York Academy of Medicine, described alcohol as "a food of high caloric value. As a drug, he said, it is a necessity in the treatment of acute infectious fevers. In certain exceptional cases of pneumonia, he said, a patient might require a pint of whiskey a day, diluted and administered in small doses.

Mr. Brooks declared alcohol to be especially valuable in the treatment of the aged. Aged patients suffering from angina pectoris, he said, are often benefittted by wine or a "highball" with their meals and bed-time. Old people, suffering from general debility, will find beer "soothing, nourishing and euphoric," he said. He referred to wine as "the milk of old age."

Dr. Alexander Lambert, former president of the American Medical Association, dissented from his brother, Dr. Samuel Lambert, as to the use of alcohol in pneumonia cases, but said he considered it sometimes beneficial in exhaustion convalescence after the acute febrile stages have passed. He also recommends its use for the aged.

Several of the speakers deplored the low quality of medicinal liquor dispensed by the druggists. Dr. Wolff Freudenthal said "The bootleggers sell better stuff than these licensed vendors of our Government dispense."

Tribesmen of Australian Bush Reflect Customs of Early Man

Explorer Spends 15 Months With Aborigines Deep in Bush—Know Nothing of War and Are Peaceful, Happy, and Friendly to Whites

Contrary to general belief, the Australian aborigines are a mirthful people, full of friendship once the barriers are broken down, said E. L. Grant Wilson, zoologist, author and explorer. In an interview Mr. Watson told how he penetrated a territory from which but six known explorers have returned.

Mr. Watson spent 15 months in the land of the boomerang, seeing Australia from the "inside," living under a native name and roaming the farthest reaches of the "bush" as a member of a nomadic tribe, few of whom had ever seen a white man, a race so primitive that many of its manners and customs are said to parallel those of earliest man.

With Alfred R. Brown, professor at the University of Sidney, and a roving Scandinavian sailor to act as cook, Mr. Watson left civilization at Sandstone, a little mining town, itself in the midst of a wilderness, on an ethnological expedition sponsored by Cambridge University and the Royal Anthropological Society. Warned, he said, never to turn their back on a native, they ate with them and slept with them, and found them excellent friends.

"The aborigines have retreated into that part of Australia so barren and arid that white men fail to penetrate it," Mr. Watson went on. "There they live in a state of Communism, each tribe with a definite territory of its own, but without a trace of agriculture, and almost without culture. But some of their stone weapons and their customs indicate that valuable information may be found there upon the earlier races that inhabited Europe and England.

"Despite a state so primitive that they have neither house nor tent, but sleep under a few bushes that they tear down at night, they have system, and a clear-cut and definite, though barbarous, system of education that instills in every boy an unimpeachable respect for tribal laws and customs.

"In educating the boys," Mr. Watson continued, "every age of childhood is distinctly marked. Until they are 12 they play and are free, but at that age they undergo their first initiation, and receive a mark that clearly places them a stage above those who are younger. They are then taught to hunt, and to make weapons, and given a hint as to the mythology and secrets of the tribe. Periodically after that time the boy takes other degrees until with the final one he is a man.

"We saw not a trace of war. There was rather a marked feeling of friendship between the nomadic bands. They even gathered for inter-tribal games. Their idea of sport is amazing. They are expert spear throwers, and have a device whereby they can propel a spear with great accuracy for 200 yards or more. It is a stick approximately five feet long with a pin on the end that fits into a slot on the spear. By jiggling the stick they keep the spear balanced. It is thrown in a sweeping arc, the stick giving the same leverage as though the thrower's arm was five feet longer.

"Their favorite game is to hurl a spear at another man's legs, as he stands to protect himself with a narrow hide shield, which does not stop the spear but merely deflects it to one side and into the ground, and they are enormously proficient at it. They also throw the boomerang with great accuracy, and have built up games around that."

Mr. Watson described the wilderness into which the aborigines have retreated as an immense and almost flat table-land, the base of which is granite covered with a fine red dust that filters everywhere, turning people, bushes and beasts a dull red. Th only vegetation during the dry season is a short, tough bush, growing rather far apart, and from which the country has atken its name.

"The climate is excellent," he continued. "During the day the temperature often reaches 100 degrees, but at night there is usually a frost. In the short rainy season the whole area blooms with pink and white flowers, that spring up almost over night.

"The natives, contrary to a general belief," said Mr. Watson in conclusion, "will get along excellently with white men if they are handled properly. If allowed to play and to amuse themselves at their work they will make wonderful workmen, and if given food instead of trinkets or money for their labor they can be induced to stay in the proximity of the whites indefinitely."

NEW MINING FIELDS ARE GREATLY NEEDED

Royal Mint Official Urges Economy in Gold

London.—Unless we are prepared to face a prolonged fall in commodity prices, it is imperative to economize gold both as a commodity and as money" This official warning of the growing world scarcity of gold is contained in a report by Colonel Johnson, the comptroller of the Royal Mint, published here. The report attributes the deficiency of the growing demand for yellow metal to the return to stabilized conditions of one country after another.

It reviews all sources of production and concludes that unless new mining fields are discovered, the difficulty of making the supply suffice must increase. The report also gives curious reasons for the various currency phenomena here. The sudden increase in the demand for copper coins, for example, is connected with the use of pennies in gas meters hurriedly adopted during last year's coal stoppage. The unpopularity of the 5s, piece, on the other hand, is associated with the fact that the "shopping sex have not pockets, owing to the lack of material in which to conceal them."

There is only one way to get ready for immortality and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can. —Henry Van Dyke.

"SALADA" sealed in air-tight metal is the modern tea—dust-free—pure—fresh—delicious. Sold by all grocers, 75c to $1.05 per lb. Bulk tea, with dust weighed in, is a relic of the old days—new methods have displaced it.

"SALADA" TEA

256

Wilson Publishing Company

A SMART TWO-PIECE SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

The two-piece suit shown here is a smart and easily fashioned style. The tunic has a V front with a vestee and shaped collar. A patch pocket is placed at the upper left side, and the long sleeves are finished with cuffs. No. 1499 is in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch, or 1¼ yards 54-inch material, and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 20c the pattern.

Every woman's desire is to achieve that smart different appearance which draws favorable comment from the observing public. The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are originated in the heart of the style centres and will help to you acquire that much desired air of individuality. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

ABSENT-MINDED BARBER

"Shave or a hair-cut?"

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

Mr. Coolidge Closes the Door

New York Sun: In his speech to the Republican National Committee President Coolidge swept away the lingering hope of his countrymen and his party that his name might be taken into the 1928 convention. There are doubters still. They . . . simply refuse to abandon hope that something will happen which will compel Calvin Coolidge to run next year. There is such a chance, remote though it be. A national crisis, wherein the President's re-election would be highly necessary, or a convention threatened with the chaos which engulfed the Democrats in Madison Square Garden—such a contingency might compel Mr. Coolidge to put aside his own inclination. Either situation might break down the door which he has closed.

PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST

71