BEGIN HERE TODAY

Hope Ranger is abducted and her father, Loring Ranger, offers a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for his daughter's return. Receiving a letter from the abductors, Ranger deposits a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds in a specified place according to instructions.

Juarez Charlie, adventurer, is a warm friend of Ranger. He goes on a quiet hunt for Hope. Following a clew given by a girl he rides toward the Bristow sanitarium on his motorcycle. He comes across Hope and Dr. Kelsey, who have escaped from the sanitarium in Dr. Bristow's car.

The car is wrecked and Kelsey is injured. Charlie rides for a physician and Hope and Kelsey hide in an abandoned house belonging to Hope's father.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Well, they're not in the attic nor yet on this floor, we know that," said a voice. "And Kelly and Weeks don't seem to have had any better luck down stairs and in the cellar."

The sound of their voices grew fainter. Then they heard other voices raised in argument in the hall downstairs. There was more movement, and finally the banging of the front door. The men were gone.

Hope and Kelsey waited in that unearthly silence for a long time; some one might have been left behind, might even be in the room.

At last, careful not to make the least noise, she slid back the panel and looked out.

She made small, rustling noises opening the cracker box.

"Good thing I brought a knife. I'm a wise, old campaigner."

She stifled her laughter. "Oh' it's hard to spread jam in the dark. Give me your hand."

Their fingers touched, and she laid a cracker in his palm.

"I've never tasted anything quite so good," he affirmed.

"Nor I. The crackers are musty, but it improves the flavor."

"You were wonderful to think of them. But you always are—the most wonderful—" His voice broke. He caught her, and held her to him crushingly. "You're safe—still safe. What a night!" He buried his face in her hair. "But they haven't got you. If they do, they'll have to kill me first."

Her arms were about his neck, her cheek against his.

"I almost killed you with that car," she said. "If I had, I shouldn't have cared if they had taken me." She ran her light fingers over his eyes. "His dear, broken head," she said tenderly.

"Oh!" She drew back with a sudden recollection. "I forgot; we both forgot. That envelope those men gave us!"

She struck a match. The light made them blink. He ripped open the envelope.

"Liberty bonds!" with a gasp. "A bunch of them."

She struck another match, and held it until it burned her fingers.

"An even hundred thousand dollars," he said in an owed tone. "Ten bonds of ten thousands apiece."

"A hundred thous—!" She clutched his shoulder. "Why, it's my ransom. It must be it."

"We're going to get out of here," he said stoutly. "They'll be searching the woods for a while yet, but they'll get tired of that. Then will be our chance to slip out. Are you sleepy?"

"No; I'm too excited."

"Well, I am. No sleep for two nights, and this crack over my head. Here, take my watch, and wake me at the end of an hour. Then you must sleep for the same time. We'll need clear heads and all our strength, once we get started."

"Let me see the time." She struck another match. "It's just eleven o'clock. I'll wake you promptly at twelve. Now go bye-bye."

Kelsey stretched himself out, and she slipped a cushion under his head. Almost at once he was asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

Hope sat in the cramped dark space beside the sleeper, her chin on her drawn-up knees, her hands clasped about them, listening to his slow, regular breathing.

She drew out the watch and glanced at its luminous dial. Only ten minutes after eleven.

She resumed her musings. Just when she became conscious of the approach of a motor, she could not tell.

She debated a moment whether to wake Kelsey, but deciding to make sure first that an actual danger threatened them, she softly pushed back the panel and slipped out into the room and over to the window.

The car, a speedy roadster containing two men, whirled in at the gate and up the weed-grown drive, and stopped with a grinding of the brakes almost directly beneath her.

Out from the shadow of the porch came a man and walked toward it. Kelsey's prudence in not leaving their retreat too soon was justified. The searchers had left some one on guard. The driver of the car jumped out to meet him; and as they moved forward into the glare of the headlamps, Hope shrank back trembling. The figure in the long, light motorcoat was Bristow.

Never taking her eyes off them, and with infinite pains, Hope unlatched the window and raised the lower

A thin, elderly man got out and stepped toward Bristow.

sash a fraction. By a miracle it lifted easily, and without a squeak. Kneeling on the floor, she laid her ear close to the sill. The voices floated up to her distinctly.

"No doubt about their having given you boneheads the slip," Bristow was saying. He did not raise his voice nor storm, but the man cringed at his tone. "You're sure, they didn't get into the house?"

"I don't see how they could have. We went over it with a fine-tooth comb."

"Then it's no use spending further time here. You say the others have been down in the woods for an hour? That ought to be long enough to look under every bush and behind every stump. Call them in."

The man drew a whistle from his pocket and blew piercingly on it.

Bristow was tramping up and down the drive below. She saw him stop short and turn his head toward the road in the direction opposite to that which he himself had come. She caught at the same time the thrumming of another motor.

"Who's that?" Bristow exclaimed.

He had not long to wait for his answer. he car, a physician's runabout, turned in at the gate and drove up. A thin, elderly man got out and stepped toward Bristow.

"Ah, Dr. Creamer; you?" Bristow reverted to his more suave and courteous manner, although there was interrogation in his tone.

"I see you got ahead of me," said the other. "Was it a serious injury?"

"Injury?" Bristow stared at him. "I don't know what you're talking about. I'm out after two runaway patients."

"So?" Creamer clicked his tongue commiseratingly. "But I got a call to come out here to an automobile accident. I was away from my office at the time." His voice like himself was rather mild and vague.

"Oh, I see," Bristow nodded. "That must have been my two patients. They took my car and made kindling wood of it just the other side of the hedge there. But," abruptly, "who gave you word of this accident, Doctor?"

"Well, that was the funny part of it,' Creamer began in his slow way. "I was out on a call, and when I got back my wife told me that Tom Simonds, the garage man had been trying to get me. I called Tom up, and he said that about ten o'clock some fellow on a motor-cycle had come dashing up to his place and wanted to know how to get to the nearest doctor, saying there had been a terrible accident out this way--car overturned with a man and a woman in it, the woman apparently not hurt but the man either dead or dying."

"Did Simonds know this man on the motor-cycle?" Bristow interjected.

"That's the joke I was just coming to. Tom, it seems, had been talking over the wire to his brother Ben not two minutes before. You remember Ben, Doctor; moved away and started a garage up in Westchester County. Well, he had been swindled earlier in the evening by a slick stranger that came along and sold him an imitation meerschaum pipe. He gave Tom a description of the chap, and asked him to look out for him if he ever happened to come this way. And, sir, Tom had hardly got through talking to him and rung off, when in popped the identical fellow with the story of the accident.

'Tom's a deputy sheriff, you know, and he walked Mr. Swindler right over to the calaboose. He wasn't inclined to take much stock in anything the fellow said, but the man was so persistent about this accident that he finally telephoned to me."

"When I get my flown birds, I may drop over and have a talk with the fellow. At present I'm too busy directing the search. We tracked them to the point where they had overturned the car, but since then they seem to have vanished into the air. It's certain they're not in the house, and we've been going through the woods for over an hour without any results."

"Look here, Doctor," Creamer laid his hand on Bristow's arm; "wasn't it from the Rose heirs that Loring Ranger bought this property? I've got a sort of dim recollection of a story I heard when I first started in practice here, that one of the Rose houses was built with a secret hiding-place in it for escape from the Indians."

"What?" Bristow's voice was like the clang of steel on iron.

"You see," he explained to Creamer, "I've got to get those two without loss of time. The woman is a sister of my head nurse, Miss Copley. She's in a terrible state about the girl. The man is dangerous—marked homicidal mania. He made a murderous attack on me just before he left. I don't dare to think what may happen."

Hope knelt at the window frozen into immobility.

That was the end of their brave adventure. They would be taken. She realized it impersonally, the whole ignominious capture; but it didn't seem to mean anything to her.

One great, heaving sob broke through her lips.

In the pocket of her jacket was a pencil and some of the paper she had used in her senseless scribbling. Hastily she wrote on one of the sheets.

(To be continued.)

1436.—Men's and Youths' House Coat, having shawl collar, two-piece set-in sleeves with or without cuffs, and patch pockets. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast. Size 38 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material, and ⅝ yard contrasting, or 2 yards 54-inch. 20 cents.

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Canada and Empire Defence

Portsmouth Evening News: Canada has asked for tenders for two new destroyers, but in other respects she is not bearing her share of Empire defence in proportion to her size and population. Last year Australia spent 28s per head of the population on her Navy, against 25s per head of the population in this country, 7s in New Zealand and less than 1s in the case of the Dominion of Canada. H.M.A.S. Australia is visiting Canada on the way to Sydney, and this may lead to an awakening of naval interest in that great country.

Greatness

"How much greater," says Cicero, would the greatest man appear, if any one about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at whose discretion lies the felicity of nations!"

My Air Honeymoon

Dressmaking in the Clouds

When I made my first flight, four years ago, with a young lieutenant in the South African Air Force, I little dreamed I should eventually become that young pilot's wife, or that he would take me on an epic journey across Africa to London (said Mrs. Richard Bentley, who is now in England, to a Tit-Bits man).

From the bride's point of view, half the fun of a wedding is the honeymoon trousseau, but my ideas on this were summarily cut short when my husband-to-be announced: "We'll go on a flying honeymoon—to the Victoria Falls, I think. There'll be exactly twelve inches of space for your wardrobe."

I was keen to be the first woman to have an air honeymoon, but I think my record lies in the Spartan wardrobe I pushed into one little case and a hotbox. I took two silk frocks, a coatee for the evenings, a dinner gown, and a bathing suit. And a parsol—smuggled in while Dick wasn't looking. The kit passed his inspection, and aloft we went on the morning after the wedding.

Our Lucky Landings

We certainly had our honeymoon at the Falls, but just as we were thinking of dashing back to Pretoria, up flew Lady Heath, on her solo flight, and she needed an escort across the high plateaux of East Africa. Would Dick oblige?

We agreed to see her as far as Nairobi, and the adventure thrilled us both. Then, one day, my husband shouted: "What about a trip to London?" My reply was "Rather!"

We left Lady Heath at Nairobi and began the really hazardous part of our honeymoon. We came down each day at noon, after ascending at 7 a.m., and everywhere we had excellent beds and food. Our trip was entirely unplanned, and we came "out of the blue" on the good people of the villages and settlements. In all, we made twenty-seven halts. We would land, wash and brush up, lunch, and walk a little, and I claim that my parasol was an entirely sensible piece of equipment. It was responsible for the preservation of my complexion, which astounded people in England.

Often I used to sleep in the air, and sometimes I would read a "thriller" and forget I was flying until I felt Dick swooping for land and lunch.

I suppose I can claim to be the first woman passenger to fly from the Union of South Africa to London, but I am much prouder of another feat. Stitch by stitch, seam by seam, I made a frock for myself while in the air.

Looking Down on Vesuvius

There were incidents that will always remain in my memory. We saw herds of elephant buck, at times causing a stampede, and once a family of lions. The Sudan behaved dustily, but we survived unscathed, even to our tempers. We sauntered over the north of Africa to Tripoli, sometimes only ten feet above the Mediterranean, but once, when we saw Bedouins, we bolted up about 8,000 feet.

We flew through the smoke of Vesuvius, close to the spitting, flaming red mouth, but the only time my heart sank was when we stalled outside Rome.

We reached Croydon three months after the wedding, and they said I had landed as if from a bandbox, with no journey stains after those thousands of miles of aerial honeymoon. I can think of no girl who has had such a unique honeymoon as myself, and I'm looking forward to the return trip at the end of the year.

Labor Troubles in Australia

Capetown Cape Argus: Australia is now at the crossroads. She is reaping the consequences of legislative experiments in the creation of purely artificial conditions, which as experts clearly saw, would only suit times of abounding prosperity. It is now clearly demonstrated that undue concessions to particular classes of workers are detrimental to labor as a whole and that the country must stand or fall by its ability to produce at costs commensurate with those of its competitors.

Canada and Emigrants

Nottingham Guaridan: Nobobdy can imagine that Canada—or Australia either—has more than a small fraction of the population she could absorb for the full exploitation of her resources, or that she would or need go outside Great Britain for a supply of the best workers. It is quite an arguable proposition that Canada would be wise in encouraging general immigration, even without any particularly systematic scheme. She could be certain that the derelicts, the old people, and the diseased would not migrate, and if they did she could reject them.

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"Pekoe" comes from the Chinese word "Pak-ho", meaning silver hair, which was applied to the tip leaves on the Chinese tea bush. Tip leaves are wiry in shape. In India they were more orange in colour, so were called "Orange Pekoe" (Pak-ho).

Ask Heavy Ransom For French Fliers

Moor Tribesmen Want Money, 1,000 Camels and 10,000 Rifles

Paris.—Two French mail fliers who were forced down in Rio de Oro, Africa, two months ago, will be released only upon the payment of a huge ransom, it was learned here. The aviators are held prisoners by Moor tribesmen.

Several million francs, 1,000 camels and 10,000 rifles have been demanded as ransom, but French officials object to giving rifles to the natives and have had great difficulty in finding the number of camels demanded.

According to a letter which Pilot Reine, one of the captive flyers, succeeded in sending to his mother, the two Frenchmen were suffering intensely from the heat. Reine said their only exercise was riding camels, and he urged haste in gathering the ransom.

The other captive is Mechanic Berre.

Hamilton Bans Radio Speakers in Street

Hamilton, Ont., has decided that loudspeakers should be heard in the home and not on the street. Persons whose radios or loudspeakers cause a disturbance to the peace and rest of others will be warned that they must abate such a nuisance. Failure to heed the warning will result in prosecution under the anti-noise by-law.

In Toronto similar complaints have been recorded. Music and radio stores are in the habit, both downtown and in the residential districts of operating loudspeakers outside their stores. Private individuals in Toronto who have caused a nuisance in this manner, government officials state, have turned their speakers indoors when requested. But the use of this form of advertising may result in a law similar to that of Hamilton in the city of Toronto, officials state

Minard's Liniment cleanses cuts, etc.

The Miner Harvesters

Aberdeen Press and Journal: It may be that the present experiment will prove a test sufficintly convincing to persuade the Canadian Government to extend its scope beyond mere harvest hands and to establish a system which will give properly-selected British immigrants the prior claims on all the work agoing in the Dominion. It is unfortunate that the heavy concentration of United States capital in Canadian manufacturing industries has tended to keep the Dominion a little under the thumb of its wealthier neighbor, but closer co-operation with Britain would shortly remedy the situation.

Political Parties in Britain

Philip Snowden in the Pall Mall Magazine (London): The most likely result of the next general election seems to be that no party will have a clear majority in the House of Commons. What is going to happen then? Suppose we assume the probable, namely that the Labor and Liberal members have together a working majority over the Conservatives. What will happen? Well, one thing will not happen. The Liberals will not put the Labor Party into office in the loose fashion in which they did in 1924. Both Labor and Liberal learnt a lesson from that brief experience which will prevent them repeating the mistake.

Will Thorne, M.P., the veteran Labor leader and secretary of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers recently celebrated his 70th birthday.

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