

knowledge that a thing is impossible, Faversham warned him, "and the east has driven him mad. However, I am much interested myself, not only for the sake of Miss Ruth, but from a sporting standpoint, and I promise you I'll do my best to help you."

"They considered the suggested plan of taking the idol away from the Hindu during the voyage, but Faversham vetoed this after a somewhat extensive investigation."

"You see," he told Ruth, "I know the fellow's language, and he comes from a tribe far in the north of India. Most of those chaps are looked upon as rather sacred, and this man in special, I see, is much respected by the other natives in the steage. To desecrate his image would simply mean an uproar that we could never explain to the satisfaction of the captain and his officers. In fact, we should all get into the most serious trouble."

"Then your advice is to wait?" she murmured.

"Most decidedly," said the baronet. "And the waiting isn't so bad, is it?"

The steamer was slipping easily along across a moonlit sea that night, and Ruth and Sir Donald were far in the bow watching the waves foam softly away from the cutwater. The girl had awakened during the past few weeks to the dim happiness of being always the center of men's thoughts.

She was not in love, but she was ready to be. The experienced man beside her surmised this. His own heart was beating a new tune. He had lived much, and women had not been aloof from his life.

But this fair, proud, inexperienced, yet self-contained girl awakened in him a deeper feeling than he cared to confess.

To be sure, he had John Dorr to contend with. Faversham did not underestimate him as a possible rival, when he showed himself to go so far as contemplating marriage with Ruth.

He liked the young American, and none knew better than he the effect that constant association with Dorr must have upon a young and very impressionable girl. John's own sentiments were unmistakable—he was deeply in love.

From Hongkong they transhipped to a P. and O. steamer for Bombay, and under Sir Donald's expert guidance they shortly found themselves in India and installed in a very good hotel.

"We must wait here till I discover through natives just where that fellow is bound for."

"Why not simply trace him?" demanded Dorr, impatient to be about his errand.

"That would be out of the question," Faversham explained. "In the first place, you don't understand any native tongue, and in the second place the British government doesn't look with favor on strange and unattached Europeans stumbling about among the natives."

"If you leave it to me I think I not only can ascertain the exact place where this fellow comes from, but the temple where the idol belongs."

Several days passed, during which Sir Donald was busy among old acquaintances, leaving John and Ruth to their own devices.

They occupied their time in sight-seeing. At last Faversham came into dinner one evening with a smile on his face.

"I've found your man and learned something of the history of the image," he said.

"And we can get it back?" Ruth inquired promptly.

Sir Donald shook his head gently. "Not so fast, young lady!"

"But that is what we came for," she went on.

"The fact of the matter is this," said the baronet—"that image was stolen

of the way we can go by rail, but part of the road we must travel either on foot or by litter—if we go."

"Of course we are going," said Ruth. "I most earnestly beg of you to stop here," said the baronet. "You don't know your India as I do, and even if we accomplished our purpose we should run double risk in getting back."

They argued the matter for some time, but Ruth refused to consider retreat at this stage, and John, impressed though he was by the other's evident sincerity, could not help feeling that as an outsider he did not understand the necessity of the recovery of the plans.

When he and Sir Donald talked it over alone the baronet was even more insistent.

He characterized the whole expedition as rash and plainly stated that should the British government get wind of such a scheme, immediate steps would be taken to see that the Americans went no further.

Dorr was unconvinced and finally intimated that Faversham had not meant what he said when he had volunteered to help them.

Sir Donald shrugged his shoulders and admitted himself helpless in the face of such arguments.

"At least I can go along and do what I can to save the young woman from actual peril," he remarked. "I by no means promise to give you active assistance."

"I'll be satisfied if you'll just tip me off once in a while," John responded.

They made the journey to Bhaia safely, Ruth and John viewing the novel sights that met their eyes on every hand, Sir Donald acting as general guide and instructor.

On their arrival at the looming city they were soon installed in an inn outside the center and some distance up the river.

Faversham wasted no time in looking up certain people he knew among the natives and was in a position to inform them that he had not only discovered the temple, but that he had learned that the idol had been recovered and would be restored to its proper shrine with due ceremony and great festivity.

"That will be just our chance," said John. "In the crowds we ought to be safe."

Faversham tried to convince him that this was not so, but Dorr insisted so strongly that the Englishman yielded to his better judgment.

"I'll try to get you within sight of the idol anyway," he consented. "But I must insist that you obey my instructions implicitly. Otherwise we shall all get into trouble and you will eventually kill any chance you may have of attaining your purpose."

The result of this was that Ruth late that night was awakened by Sir Donald's rapping on her door.

When she had flung on some clothes and opened she saw from his manner and his disheveled dress that all had not gone well.

"It's true," Faversham told her. "Dorr couldn't resist what he thought was a chance to get hold of the idol. He was captured, but I managed to get away by my knowledge of the language and the help of some natives who are friendly to me."

For the moment Ruth was speechless; then she inquired for the particulars, and Sir Donald gave them briefly. At the conclusion he remarked, "They won't harm him, but if it gets out that he really intended to steal that image we shall have trouble."

"But he is a prisoner!" she cried. "True," said Faversham wearily. "I didn't dare stay. If they had got me, too, you wouldn't have known anything about what had happened for days possibly."

"But you will save him?" she pleaded. In her appealing beauty Ruth stirred Sir Donald to the depths. He knew now that he loved her.

For love of her he would do what he knew might mean his own death, but he was helpless in the grip of this sweet passion.

Yet he would not go without at least a word of hope and promise.

"I'll get him," he told her. "It will be a hard job, but I'll save him for your sake, Ruth, and when I come back with him—"

She leaned forward, gloriously content that John was to be brought back to her.

She did not read aright the expression in the man's eyes. She threw out her little hands to him joyously.

"I'll always love you if you will," she whispered.

He stared dizzily, and she withdrew before he could put out his hands or say a word. Five minutes later he was hastily making his way back toward the temple.

To his dying day Sir Donald was never able to explain just how he found John Dorr nor how he extricated him from the howling mob who yelled for the life of the impious man who had laid foul hands on their god.

His own recollection was of desperately using his tongue, his muscles and his knowledge of the usual intricacies of a native city.

John himself could give no clear description, but confessed that he had given up hope of rescue when Sir Donald appeared as by magic.

It was dawn when they reached the hotel, and Ruth was on the balcony watching. When Faversham looked up and called out, "I managed it!" she leaned far over, her eyes shining, and threw him a kiss.

The baronet's heart beat high. He had won her for his wife.

The fact that Dorr and Ruth had sailed for India did not escape Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell's sharp senses, and they called, with Drake as their companion, on the next steamer.

"We can easily pick up Dorr's trail when we land," Wilkerson told them. He found this true. Within two days

he had also ascertained that they had left for the interior under the escort of Sir Donald Faversham.

Without delay they followed and in due time landed in Bhaia, not long after Sir Donald had rescued Dorr from the mob who had seized him when he had tried to recapture the idol. Wilkerson gaped when he told Mrs. Darnell of this success.

"But will you fare any better?" she demanded.

"Sure," he said confidently. "I'll let Dorr and this British baronet burn



"Then the 'Master Key' will be ours," their fingers getting the thing; then I'll get it away from them. It's a long way back to America, and if we stick tight to Dorr we'll sooner or later be able to handle the plans ourselves."

"Then the 'Master Key' will be ours for good and all."

The Substitution.

It is a well known fact that both Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir W. S. Gilbert had a horror of the titles of their operas becoming known until the very night of their performance. This fear that they might be forestalled created considerable confusion at the initial production of "Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri." The opera was rehearsed for weeks under the title of "Perola." It was only at the dress rehearsal that the company was instructed to substitute the name Iolanthe for that of Perola wherever it occurred in the text or lyrics.

A Decalogue of Conduct. Always be master of yourself. Never betray any irritation or disappointment or any other weakness. Never snoop over, never give yourself away, never make yourself ridiculous—what American would not admit that these are foremost among the rules by which he would like to regulate his conduct? It can be hardly denied that this habitual self-mastery, this habitual control over one's emotions, is one of the chief reasons why so much of American life is so uninteresting and monotonous. It reduces the number of opportunities for intellectual friction; it suppresses the manifestation of strong individuality; often it impoverishes the inner life itself. But, on the other hand, it has given to the American that sureness of motive, that healthiness of appetite, that boyish frolicsomeness, that purity of sex instincts, the quickness and litheness of manners, which distinguish him from most Europeans. It has given to him all those qualities which insure success and make their possessor a welcome member of any kind of society.—Atlantic.

Death Dealing Kisses.

The most famous example of kisses that have caused death is furnished by the story of the sprightly young Duchess of Gordon, who raised so many recruits for the famous Gordon highlanders. In the early days of the regiment recruiting was very slow, but the duchess attired herself in the regimental colors and made a tour of the various markets and fairs, offering to each recruit a guinea and a kiss. Most of the recipients paid for the kiss with their lives. No sooner was the regiment raised than it was sent to fight the French, and in the first engagement in which the duchess' recruits participated there was a loss of 300 killed and wounded. All the right flanking company was hit save one, and he, curiously enough, did not happen to be a recipient of the young duchess' kiss. He was a canny Aberdeenshire man, and for an extra guinea he sold his right to another person to a kiss from the duchess' ruby lips.—London Graphic.

The Fire Worshipers.

Azerbaijan, a province in northwestern Persia, is the home of the descendants of the Ghebers, the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia. The whole countryside is admirably adapted to the propagation of a fire-worshipping creed, for craters and caverns vomiting flames from subterranean conflagrations abound in the neighborhood of Tabriz. One of the most remarkable caverns in the world is that of Semenderah, whose character resembles the Grotto del Cone of Naples. It gives off noxious fumes, which at certain times are certain death to man and beast. But the most astonishing place in Azerbaijan is the ruined city of Takht-i-Suleimann, or Solomon's temple. The city stands on a hill 150 feet high, with a wall of thirty feet embracing the crumbling remains of temple and shrine. In the midst is a "lake of deepest azure." Although most of the buildings are of the Mohammedan period, there is one striking mass which has been identified as the temple of the fire-worshippers.

Two Bits of Wood.

Importance cannot be reduced to a matter of size. The success of a piece of work may depend on a tiny detail. Such is the case in regard to that marvel of construction, the violin. Rev. H. R. Haweis in his "My Musical Life" tells of the care and labor expended on two little pieces of wood which go to make up the perfect whole. The sound bar is a strip of pine wood running obliquely under the left foot of the bridge. A slight mistake in its position, looseness or inequality or roughness of finish will produce that hollow, tooth on edge growl called "wolf." It takes great cunning and a life of practical study to know how long and how thick the sound bar must be and exactly where to place it in each instrument. The sound post is a little pine prop, like a short bit of cedar pencil. It is the soul of the violin, and through it pour all vibrations. Days and weeks are spent in adjusting the tiny sound post. Its position exhausts the patience of the maker and makes the joy or the misery of the player.

Lawmaking.

I seldom make a law for me. It is usually you I am forcing to do something else. And when I do make a law for me I feel very free in violating it if occasion seems to require.—Life.

A Brave Patient.

Dentist (to assistant)—I think I heard a patient in the waiting room. Assistant—Yes, but I can't bring him in. He's turned the key on the inside.—Meggendorfer Blätter.

A Bit Tired.

A somewhat weather-beaten tramp, being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied: "Insomnia. It hasn't had a nap in ten years."—Christian Register.

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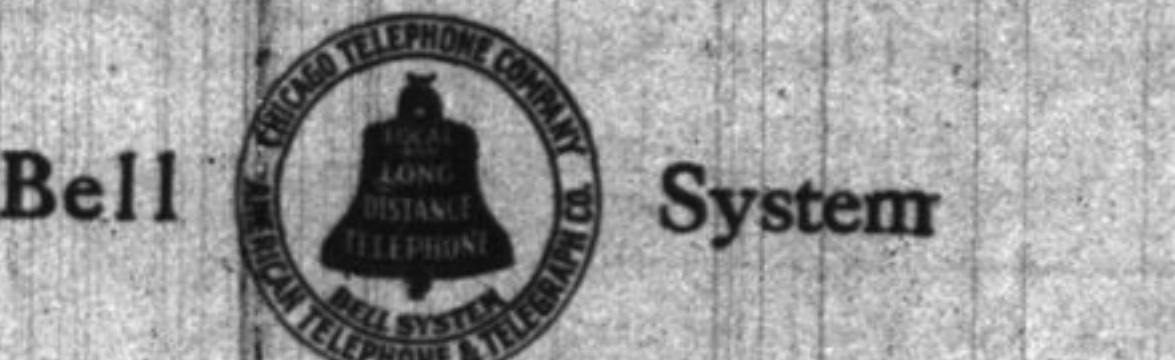
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"Not so fast, young lady!" several years ago—a great many, in truth. It is the tutelary deity of a small city on the river Bhaia, and it is about as sacred an article as you could pick up. The people of that city think that since they have lost their image the god is angry with them, and for some years they have quietly conducted a search for it.