

Very Fine Quality "SATADA" TEA

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The reformed crackman, Michael Lanyard, known to the police as the Lone Wolf, is attempting to recover the stolen jewels of Eve de Montalais, the woman he loves. Lanyard, who met Eve in southern France, where he rescued her from robbery at the hands of the brutal Parisian Apache, Dupont, suspects a motoring party consisting of the American, Whitaker Monk; his secretary, Phinix; the latter's brother, Jules, and the Count and Countess de Lorgnes. De Lorgnes is murdered by Dupont. Lanyard, searching Paris, finds the countess. He learns her real name is Liane Delorme and believes she has the jewels.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VAMPIRE AND THE JEWELS.
Lanyard left Athens at her apartment and immediately followed her directions to the house of Liane. It stood four-square and massive on a corner between the avenues de Friedland and des Champs-Elysees, a solid stone pile of a town-house in the most modern mode.

Heavy gates of wrought bronze guarded the front doors. The single side or service-door was similarly protected if more simply. And stout grilles of bronze barred every window on the level of the street.

To-morrow night would be too late. To-night, if there were any warrant for his suspicions, the jewels of Eve de Montalais lay in the dwelling of Liane Delorme; or if they were not there, the secret of their hiding was.

But to-morrow Liane would be on the wing; or Lanyard had been sorely mistaken in seeing in her as badly frightened a woman as he had ever known, when she had learned of the assassination of de Lorgnes.

He must adventure the consequences. Poised to leave his shelter with his point of attack selected, he checked and fell back into the shadow. Something was happening in the house across the way.

A man had opened the service-door and paused behind the bronze gate. Following a little wait, it swung slowly out, perhaps eighteen inches.



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ISSUE No. 19-27.

the man advancing with it and again listening to peer up and down the street. Then quickly, as if alarmed, he withdrew.

Listening intently, Lanyard heard no click of latch, such as should have been audible in that dead hour of hush. Evidently the fellow had neglected to make fast the gate. What was he up to? Why this furtive appearance, why the retreat so abruptly executed?

By way of answer came the soft drone of a high-powered motor. Before the corner house it stopped. A lackey alighted with an umbrella but Liane Delorme would not wait for him. The car had not stopped when she threw the door open; on the instant when its wheels ceased to turn she jumped down and ran into the house.

Now if only it were true that the man at the service-door had failed to close it securely!

It proved so. The gate gave readily to Lanyard's pull. The knob of the small door turned silently. He stepped across the threshold, and shut himself into an unlighted hall.

To one side a broad flight of stairs ascended; Lanyard went up with the activity of a cat, making no more noise.

The second floor proved to be devoted mainly to a drawing room, a lounge, and a library, all furnished in a weird, inchoate sort of magnificence, with money rather than with taste, if one might judge fairly by the furtive and guarded beam of the torch.

Lights were burning on the floor above, and a rumor of feminine voices drifted down, interrupted by an occasional sibilant rustle of silk, or a brief patter of high-heeled feet; noises which bore out the conjecture that madame's maid was undressing and putting her to bed.

A change in the tenor of the talk between mistress and maid was conveyed by a sudden lift of half an octave in the latter's voice, sounding a sharp note of protest, to be answered by Liane in accent of overbearing anger.

One simply could not rest without knowing what that meant: Lanyard mounted the second flight of stairs as swiftly, surely, and soundlessly as he had the first. Just below a landing; he paused, crouching low, his head lifted just enough to permit him to see a section of glowing rose-pink wall—it would be rose-pink!

He could see nothing more; and Liane had already reduced the maid to responses feebly submissive.

"And why should you not go with me to that America if I wish it?" Lanyard heard her say. "Is it likely I would leave you behind to spread scandal concerning me with that gabbling tongue in your head?"

"It is well, madame. I say no more. I will go."

"Fetch my jewel-case—the large one."

"Madame takes all her jewels, then?" the maid inquired, moving about the room.

"But naturally. I shall pack them to-night, before I sleep." ("Damnation!"—from Lanyard, beneath his breath. "More delay!")

"And we leave to-morrow, madame, at what time?"

"It matters not, so we are in Cherbourg by midnight."

Lanyard slipped like a shadow to the floor below, and took shelter behind a jug in the wall.

The maid came down, carrying an electric candle. Its rays illumined from below one of those faces of crude comeliness. She hesitated, looking up toward the room of her mistress, as if lost in thought.

But some secret thought amused the woman, a shadow deepened in the visible corner of her full-lipped mouth. One fancied something sardonic in that covert smile.

She went on down. Lanyard came out of hiding with a fresh enterprise abroad.

Liane would be at least another half an hour busy with her jewelry, and the thought presented itself that the library, immediately beneath her room, should be worthy an investigation.

The library was furnished with bulky old Italian pieces of carved oak, but suitable enough with one excep-

tion, a ponderous buffet, completely out of place in a room of that character.

But—this drew a frowning stare—there was a key in the lock of the middle door.

"There's such a thing as too much luck," Lanyard commured. "First the service gate and door, and now this, ready to my hand!"

He swung sharply round and searched every shadow in the room with the glare of the portable lamp.

Placing the lamp on the floor and adjusting its hood so that it focused squarely upon the middle section of the buffet, he turned the key and discovered, behind the door, a small safe.

The combination dial was smug with ill-grounded confidence in its own inviolate integrity. Still (Lanyard told it) it could hardly be expected to know, it had yet to be dealt with by the shade of the Lone Wolf.

Amused by the conceit, Lanyard laid hold of the knob with steady, delicate fingertips that had not yet, in spite of years of honorable idleness, forgotten their cunning. The dial whirled, paused, reversed, turned all but imperceptibly. In three minutes he sat back on his heels, grasping the T-handle, turned it, and the satisfaction of hearing the bolts slide back into their sockets, and opened the door wide.

But the rickett pigeons held nothing to interest him whose one aim was the recovery of the Montalais jewels. The safe was, in fact, dedicated simply to the storage of documents.

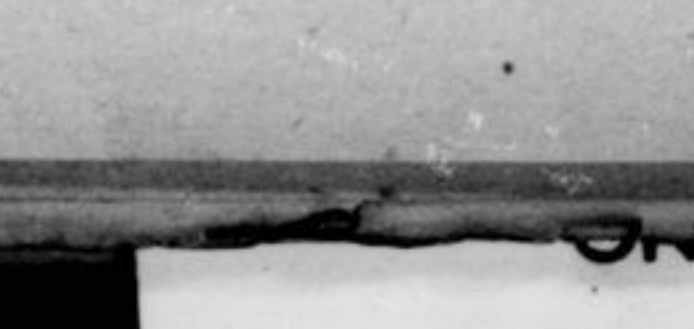
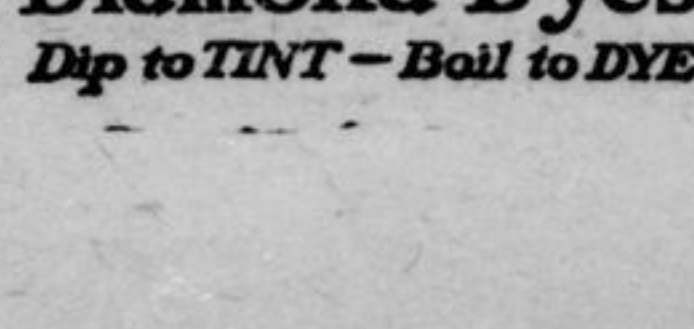
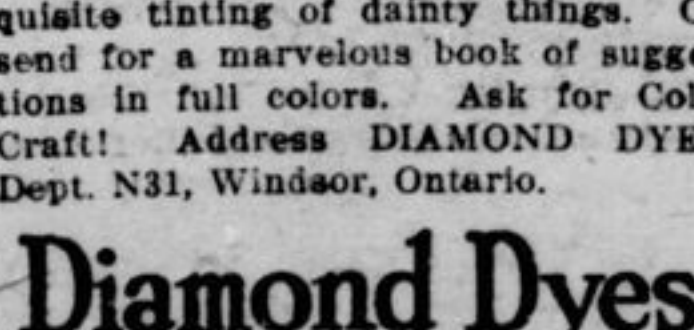
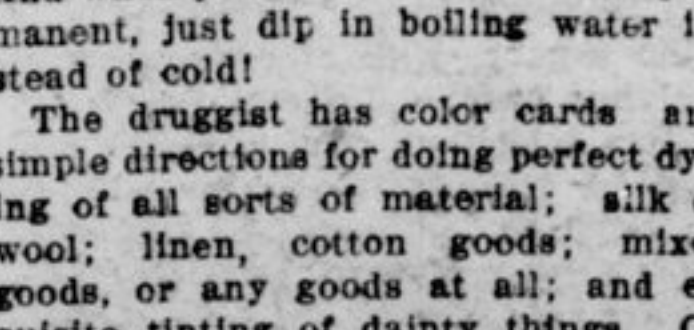
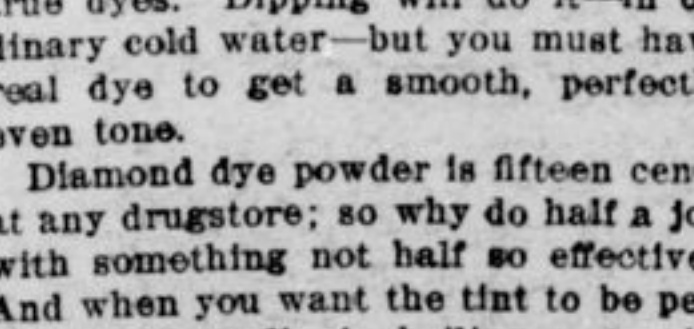
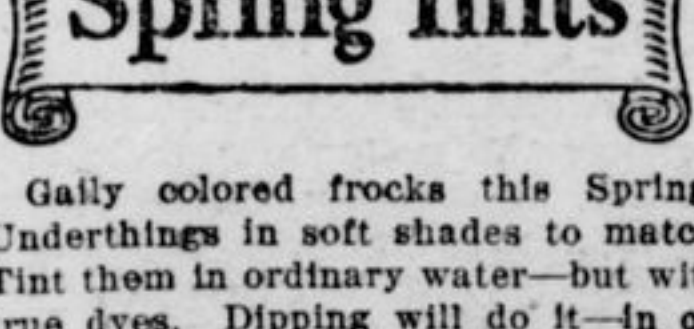
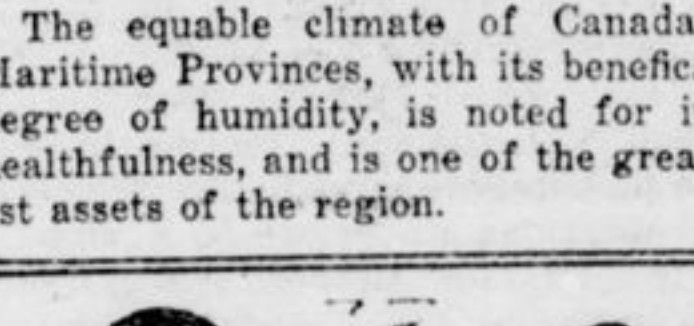
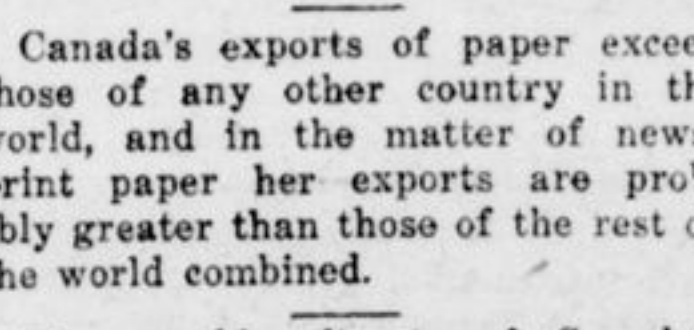
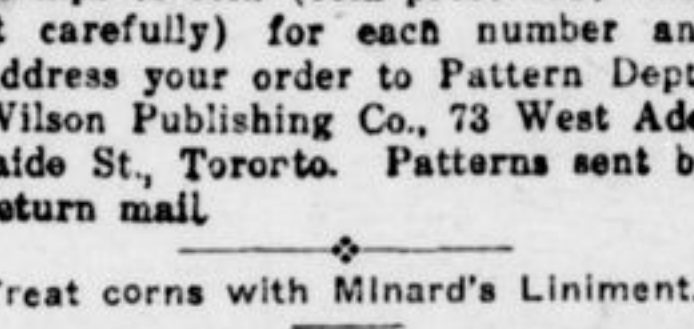
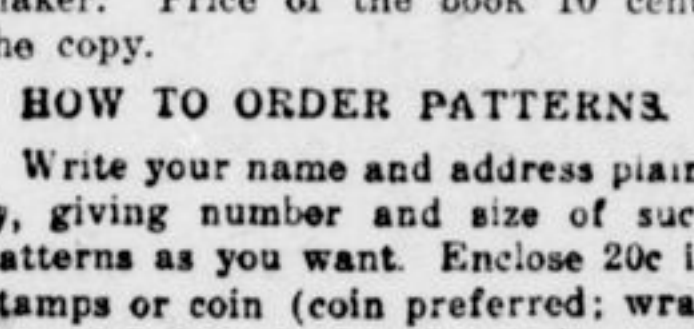
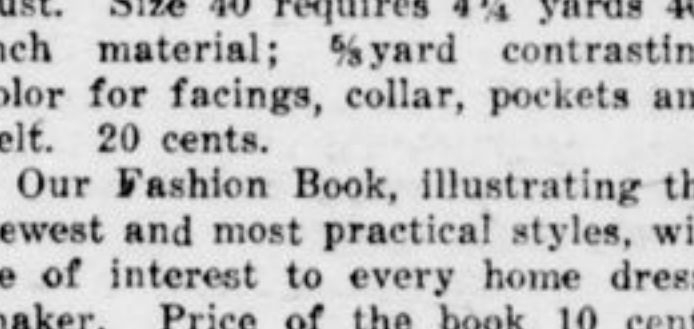
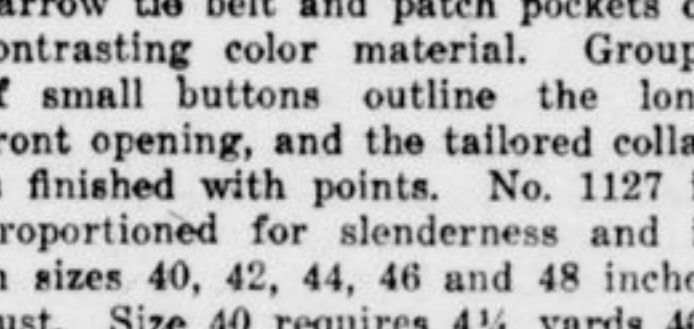
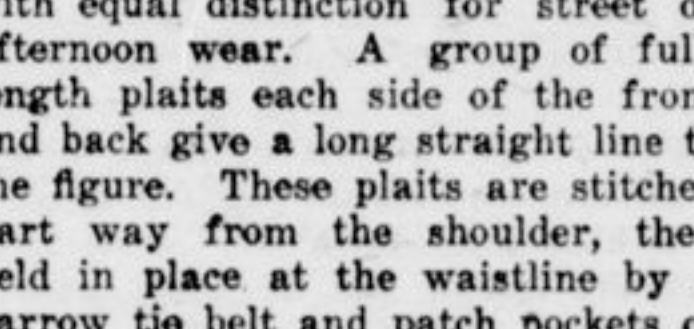
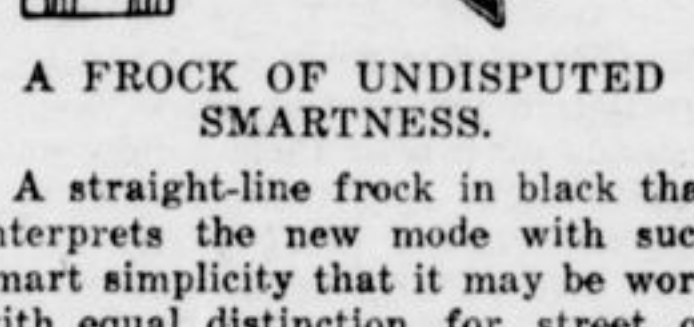
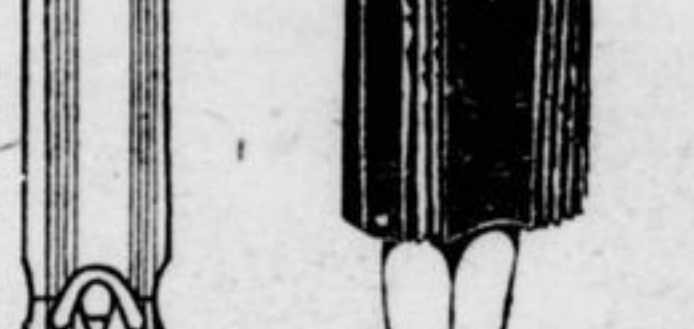
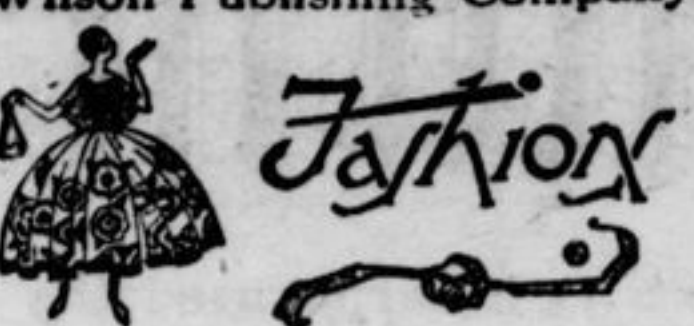
"Love letters!" Lanyard mused with a grimace of weariness. "And each believed, no doubt, she cared too much to compromise him. Good Lord! what vanity is man's!"

He selected a pigeonhole at hazard, and emptied it of several bundles of letters, all neatly bound with tape or faded ribbon and clearly docketed. His eye was caught by a great mass endorsed on the face of one of the packages; and reading what else was written there his brows rose high

interprets the new mode with such smart simplicity that it may be worn with equal distinction for street or afternoon wear. A group of full-length, plate each side of the front and back give a long straight line to the figure. These plates are stitched part way from the shoulder, then held in place at the waistline by a narrow the belt and patch pockets of contrasting color material. Groups of small buttons outline the long front opening, and the tailored collar is finished with points. No. 1127 is proportioned for slenderness and is in sizes 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 40 requires 4 1/4 yards 40-inch material; 1/2 yard contrasting color for facings, collar, pockets and belt. 20 cents.



Wilson Publishing Company



"Come O'er the Eastern Hills."

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach,
O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions; issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our climate.

No One Wholly Male or Female.

It cannot be lightly assumed that every "John" and every "Jane" is representative of their apparent sex because they have been dubbed "male" and "female." It is a scientific fact that total maleness and total femaleness are merely abstract conceptions of which concrete examples do not occur biologically. Our world is populated by beings composed of both masculinity and femininity in all imaginable variety of percentages, between the fifty-fifty half and half bi-sexual and the ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths approximations to uni-sexual completeness.

For satisfactory sex affinity it is necessary that a complete male being and a complete female being marry, even though the proportions of femininity masculinity be unevenly distributed between the two individuals. Hence, to comply with the rule everyone must find his exact complement; that is, another individual who will contribute

just that amount of the two sexes necessary to endow their joint partnership with the 100% of maleness and 100% of femaleness. A man of 75% masculine and 25% feminine will obey the law if he picks out a woman of 75% feminine and 25% masculine, while the biological complement of a woman possessing 63% of femininity will be a male possessing 37% of femininity.

It is found that animals that have had a liberal diet, store up in their bodies enough vitamin A to last a long time, if they are deprived of it.

Nicer Cakes!

Cakes baked with Purity Flour keep fresh for three or four days. Purity is a vigorous, "dry" flour that absorbs and holds more water or milk. Tasty cakes, rich pies, and large, light buns and bread are always yours when you use

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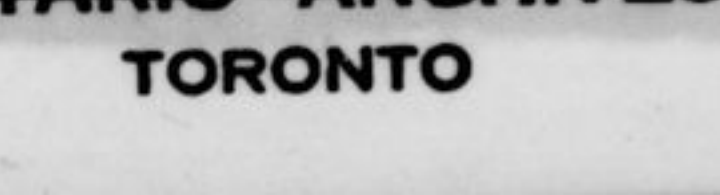
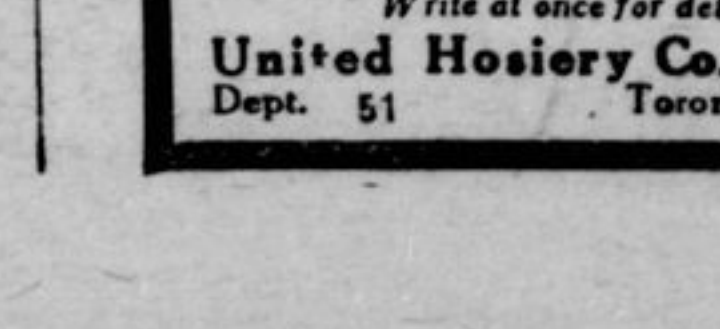
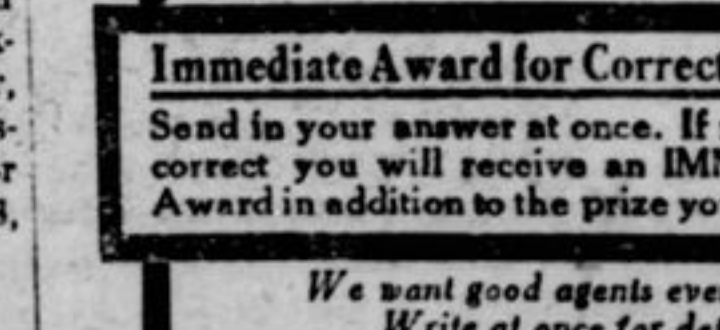
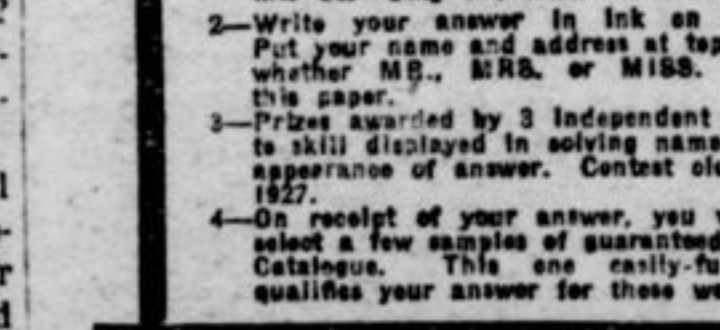
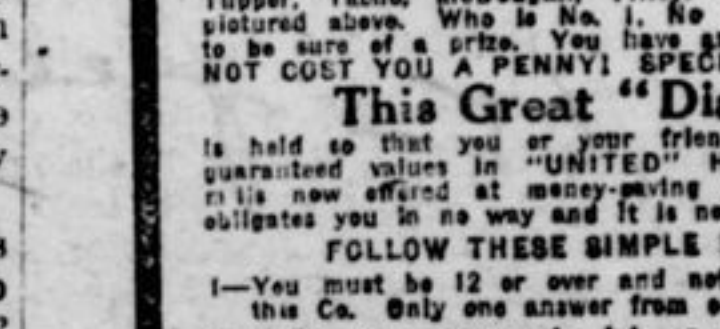
Just Ask for "Dreadnought Tissue"

A most satisfactory roll for the bathroom. A soft, absorbent tissue made, like all Eddy Toilet Rolls, under the most exacting sanitary conditions.

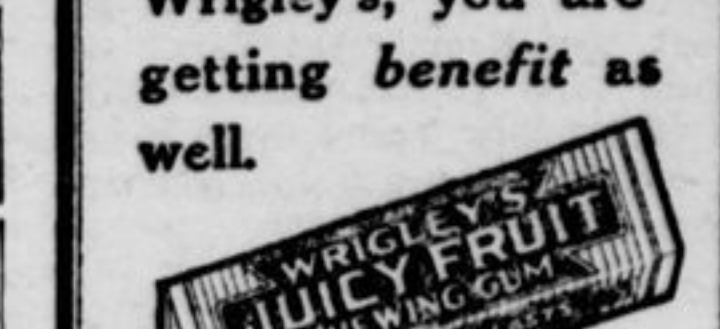
Big value for the housewife seeking a good tissue at a moderate price.



THE E. B. EDDY CO. LIMITED HULL, CANADA



While you are enjoying Wrigley's, you are getting benefit as well.



After every meal

just that amount of the two sexes necessary to endow their joint partnership with the 100% of maleness and 100% of femaleness. A man of 75% masculine and 25% feminine will obey the law if he picks out a woman of 75% feminine and 25% masculine, while the biological complement of a woman possessing 63% of femininity will be a male possessing 37% of femininity.

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When Billy's mother opened the door the stranger picked up his burden, and entered the house.

Billy slid down out of the tree, entering through the row of trees bordering the lane, doped his black coat with light and shadow. He was an odd-looking man, with a great pack on his back, and the dust of the road on pack and clothes. He swung his pack down beside the kitchen door and removed his hat, and Billy saw the gleam of earrings against the darkness of his skin.

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THE WHISTLE

Billy leaned back in the old carriage seat, and surveyed the ground below him. A hen led her brood of chicks beneath his lofty seat, and scratched industriously in the soft earth around the roots of the willow tree. The carriage seat, fastened in the forks of the tree, creaked as Billy moved, and the hen moved away hurriedly, with one eye on the tree as she ducked and called to the family that trailed along behind her.

It was great, up there in the willow tree, Billy decided, as he decided every day all summer long, up there in the willow tree in the exact centre of the great round bowl of the sky, with the rim of the horizon the same distance away on every side. He closed his eyes, and the sound of the wind in leaves and grass was like a level, whispering plain of even sounds, with the bird calls rising in sharp peaks of music, and the far-off lowing of cattle like heaped-up, rounded hills of sound. The gate clicked sharply, an upping jagged pinnacle, sudden and sharp. Billy's eyes flew open, and he sat bolt upright.

Treasures Galore.

A man was coming up the short lane from the front gate. The sunshine, filtering through the row of trees bordering the lane, doped his black coat with light and shadow. He was an odd-looking man, with a great pack on his back, and the dust of the road on pack and clothes. He swung his pack down beside the kitchen door and removed his hat, and Billy saw the gleam of earrings against the darkness of his skin.

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