THE

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

yorth?"

ly asserted.

to do something he wouldn't do other-

"Not even to help out Don Ells-

"What-do you mean?" Barbara's

he married Miss O'Shay," Peter calm-

"How did you know?" The words

"Look here," Peter-said kindly, "

"But what does it matter? Why do

"It matters just this much," Peter

said steadily. "There's more in this

eye-though goodness knows it's been

meeting the eye plenty these last few

days. Suppose that young Ellsworth

had a reason for wishing his wife out

of the way. Suppose that you were

"Gracious, you do leap to molo-

drama!" Barbara's smile flashed out

married somebody else than the first

girl whose name the gossips connected

dered his wife, this world would be an

even more jolly place for the news-

He saw Barbara's teeth catch her

she released it and turned to him a

"Your own phrase, I believe, was

that Mr. Ellsworth might wish his

wife 'cut of the way.' Putting some-

one out of the way is a familiar idiom.

isn't it? Pardon me if I misinterpret-

Peter's eyes beamed upon her with

frank admiration. He could discount

personal attraction, but he knew bet-

ter than to discount quickness of wit.

"You reserve all your naps for your

"I might remind you that your in-

string tied to it, holding it down to

"I knew you were a bright girl!"

made his own task more simple.

Barbara ignored the tribute.

composed and inscrutible face.

ed your meaning."

interview."

Peter's eyebrows nose.

voice was little more than a gasp.

multi-millionaire Don Ellsworth, disapvisits Dr. Cavanaugh, the famous crim-inologist, and confesses that his married for. That's reasonable, isn't it?" life has been very unhappy. Dr. Cavanaugh agrees to investigate the case.

I'eter Piper, reporter of The Herald, is more likely to take my father's. see, I recognize a bogie when I see Cavanaugh's home. By accident he meets There's a little thing like loyalty, you one—even a grown up one." the doctor's adopted daughter, a beautiful young woman. Peter learn that she know. You play on my sympathies to is inter-ly interested in the Ellsworth get me to persuade father, as a favor,

CHAPTER VI.

Peter Piper had all the normal sus-I was very firm indeed. ceptibility of a young man to the charm of a pretty girl. The difference between him and the usual young man was that he had learned to gauge its effect discount it and lay it neatly on one side where it would not interfere with his judgment. The life of a reporter early teaches the lesson that women-even young and pretty women-are human beings. Peter had looked into more than one pair of wide came out before she could stop them. Caprice and innocent eyes had listened to more than one sweet and persuasive voice, had responded amiably to more than away again. one appealing smile, and had discovered that all these attractions might haven't any ill motive against any of net prevent their possessor from pass- you. I'm quite willing to be frank. I Is you. ig bad cheques or engaging in the art simply guessed it. Whatever Don of blackmail. Experience tends to dis- Ellsworth does has a way of getting sipate the rosy and distorting mist in into the papers, and one of the things which one sex views the other; but that got in, by way of society gossip the reporter quaffs strong and numer- from our Del Monte correspondent, By day chill winds blow from the sea ous draughts of experience beyond the was that you and he were seen tolimits of his personal affairs. If he gether a great deal just prior to his cannot carry that brew with a clear sudden marriage. I've the clipping head, he is soon advised to seek a here. But you needn't mind-the admore congenial career, in which he mission is certainly nothing against will be the only loser if his sympa- you." thies run counter to the facts.

Peter's head was very clear indeed. you want to know? You surely don't He was aware of the faint tingling mean that you're going to drag that exhilaration of following a "lead" in? I was a fool to let you trick me which had turned in an unexpected like that?" Barbara's voice was bitter direction. The fact that Barbara was with accusation of both herself and very attractive to look upon enhanced him. her newspaper value; it did not in the least befuddle Peter's faculties. He was capable of proceeding precisely Ellsworth business than meets the as if she were an angular spinster of all too certain years-which may be lack of chivalry or its fine-drawn furthest developments. As he glanced sinewise at Barbara's averted profile and noted the firm curve of her chin the reason." and the breadth of brow delying the childishness of her short titlted nose and delicate coloring he paid her the unspoken compliment of not underestimating her intelligence. She was, for the moment at least, his antagonist. And experience had taken out of with his, changed his mind and murnim any masculine conceit that, being a woman, she was therefore too helpless a foeman to be worthy of his papers than it is."

Barbara showed that she deserved the compliment by sitting, quite still far as I know, nobody has mentioned and silent, in her corner of the coupe. that the Ellsworth case involves a "What I really came for," Peter ob- murder." served conversationally, "was to see if you wouldn't help me by using your lower lip. Then, as if warned against influence to get me an interview with allowing her features to betray her,

your father." "You said you came on the Elisworth case," Barbara took him up quickly. Her hands lay quiet in her lap, but there was a tense watchfulness in the poise of her small, alert figure. The years had dropped from her, dropped like pebbles flung soundlessly from a cliff edge into the cea. She was once again the orphan asylum child, stamped by the hard, unremitting effort to hold her own, to clutch, bit by bit, at fragmetary advantage in that regimen so inimical to the Peter disliked fools, even when they spirit of childhood.

"So I did," Peter assented. "The office sent me out to get an interview sleeping hours, don't you?" he comwith Dr. Cavanaugh on the case-his mented. views on the psychology of runaway wives, with sidelights on husbands from whom wives disappear-some- spired flight of imagination has no thing like that."

"My father doesn't see interview- mere evidence. You must know that ors-surely you knew?" Barbara you can't print any such insinuation. faced him now, once again the self- Mr. Ellsworth would be after you for possessed young woman of wealth and libel in no time." position. Her polite remote voice was calculated to put a presumptuous re- Peter's gray eyes shone with enthusiasm. "I didn't suppose society buds porter in his place.

by a "society" manner.

'Alice in Wonderland than Lady Clara hypotheses sometimes accumulate Vere de Vere really," he said with a proof while they work. Now you see disarming smile. "Look here, I hoped why it would be a good thing for you

ISSUE No. 26-31

CHAPTER VII.

Barbara pondered Peter's last statement, with its sudden shift of ground. "No," she said finally. "I don't see what interviewing my father can pos-

sibly have to do with it." "You thought my hypothesis flighty and libellous and a few little things Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furlike that-not a nice hypothesis at all. Well, I'm not wedded to it. Only I'm addicted to theories-I really can't live comfortably without one. Your father might present me with a pleasing substitute, devoid of dynamite. Even if he doesn't, he's always good copy. He would distract my attetnion from these imaginative flights."

"This sounds like a novel sort of blackmail." Barbara's face was white, but her voice was cool. Not for nothing had she spent the first fourteen years of her life on the defensive against the world. "Naturally, I don't care to have the fact that Mr. Ellsworth and I were once-very good friends dragged into print in connection with a sensational story. I should dislike it extremely. The rest of your flight into the blue is sheer piffle, and you know it." Her voice vibrated in a quick gust of anger-but under that burst of indignation Peter listened for the note of anxiety. "You wouldn't dare print a word of it-you're trying to frighten me with bogies. I used to cry all alone in the dark, because I knew there was a black leopard I you'd help a fellow out-it's my job, crouched in the corner of the room, Shella O'Shay, formerly a popular you know. I came because I was sent, where the broom and dustpan stood in and now the wife of the young but since I was sent, I've got to uce the day time. Nobody ever bothered pears leaving no trace behind her. Don every effort to get what I was sent to come and console me. Well, it was good training. I had to learn to meet "Ye-es," Barbara admitted. "That's and know my bogies, alone and in the There's a little thing like loyalty, you one-even a grown up one."

(To be continued.) Caprice

wise. Well, supposing that I could- Caprice I won't!" The set of Barbara's chin Is gold;

An orange-colored toy -- balleon, The tinkle of a tambourine, Pollen that makes the brown bee bold,-

"You and Mr. Ellsworth were pri- Is greenvately engaged to be married-before A hurdy-gurdy's tangled tune, The tassel from a jester's shoe, A faun's dream in mid-afternoon,

She bit her lip and a slow flush Is blue-

mounted to her forehead and drained Soap-bubbles blown by Pirrot, An errant dragonfly or two, Venetian lanterns hung a-row,-

-Katharine Morse, in "A Gate of Cedar."

In A Nursing Home

And beat upon the grey stone walls,

While the Dean Waters monody Rises above their sough, and falls. A rushing train screams through the . night;

A hooting car takes revellers home, And echoing wheels, until daylight, Tell of balls ended, morning come. All night winged angels hover there; One they call Pain, with sad, dark

While Sleep, red poppies in her hair, Drives Pain away with lullabies. The night drags past, and now one

Figures, blue-robed, with coiffes what is the matter?" of white-

Just human women, all of these, Yet, surely, angels in God's sight. -Jean Lang, in Chamber's Journal.

Money or Her Youth

"I've just met Maude again," said Alice, "and she wanted to borrow \$5.00 a moment, and was gone. "If every for her holiday expenses." "Good gracious!" said the girl's mother. "Why is Maude always so short of money? I thought her uncle left her a lot."

"So he did," smiled Alice. "But, you see, she's not allowed to touch it until she's thirty, and she'll never own on crime. And they certainly get you?" Wife-"Yes; but I didn't know "Murder," he murmured gently. So up to that"

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

mished With Every Pattern



Here's a jaunty jacket dresssimple to make, cosy to wear and Oh! so smart!

In a thin woolen in skipper blue coloring, was the original model, with tuck-in blouse of white crepe satin. A printed crepe silk with plain

crepe is quite as attractive. Then again, it may be very interestingly carried out in black crepe sick with white crepe-a costume that is smart wherever it goes.

Rayon novelties, linen, shantung and shirting fabrics are other lovely suggestions.

Style No. 3079 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches

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Used to Animals

The village doctor was called in to attend a very testy aristocrat. "Well, sir," he commenced, "and

"That, sir," snapped the patient,

of mine and ask him to come along." | show, then performing in New York. seum in Hanover. "What ever do you mean?" asked He embodied in it the expression he . The Rhume River rises in a small the patient. friend be?"

know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions," explained; the medical man.

value for their money.

The ADVENTURES of . and his Dog SCOTTIE-

military camp into an uproar, I if he continued to refuse our request whistled softly to Scottle and groped my way through the darkness to- eral, he decided to yield handsomely ward the big, imposing tent.

to the darkness, I

lay sleeping sound- | ity.

behind his back.

Under his pilow I discovered no food. the tent wall, and marched him along off the last spyto where the horses were held by ing soldier and

Once we had put some distance be- the plane. tween ourselves and the camp, we questioned our prisoner. To our tinned food was amazement, we discovered that we a real feast and To. had secured no less a personage than even the Gen-General Fong as a hostage. "Tell him" I said, "that as soon as enjoy it. Break-

food, and if he doesn't write the Chinese labor at that job.

message. "General say he no can do", said Fu Hsu, "He say you sullender now and he'll be very easy with you". his night clothes and blanket, yet signed photo free.

What came before: After many adven- | he just could not forget his rank of tures flying over China. Captain Jimmy General. Pulling out my pistols I is forced to jard behind the enemy's lines. He oleng a raid on the military made a number of horrible faces, excamp to secure gasoline and oil. While Lieutenant Stone threw the that would certainly happen to him Being a sensible man, and a Gen-

since yield he must. Quietly I slipped under the can-1 "He say 'Yes', can do," translated lake-side, were all becalmed like weeds vas, and felt my way around the Fu Hsu; "Velly glad to do such lit- far down where not a ripple comes. As my eyes grew more used the favor for fline gentlemen."

could see the out- with the General's written order in neither from the grey fields on either line of a large cot my pocket, and his gold signet ring side, nor from the water, the woods or on which someone on my finger, as proof of my author- the sky. So still! It seemed to me

The camp was astir and immedi- such a day. Chinese could offer any resistance, taken at once to the commanding of of blue-eyed children watched us go I grabbed him and secured his arms ficer. To him I showed the ring and by. The ollern trees that fringed the

finally reached For us, the eral seemed to

it becomes light, he'll write me an fast over, we put him to work emptytwenty gallons of oil and a supply of and he proved to be about average

order pronto, I'll take him apart by! Then we took off on a level spot hand to see what makes him tick". In back of the trees and our last sight The interpreter translated my of General Fong was seeing him walking wearily back to his camp. (To be continued)

Note: Any of our young readers I scowled as fiercely as I could. writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 The poor Chinese locked so funny in Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

How "Dixie" Came

To Signify the South one side and in French on the other. the Harb Mountains.

"What use will your, had so often heard: "I wish I were valley not far from Poehlde. Hunin Dixie." This song was later re- dreds of springs in a small pond form "He's a vet, and he's the only chap written by General Albert Pike, who the source of the river. The water gave it the battle thrill that makes always rises at a temperature of 50 "Dixio" immortal and stamps the degrees Fahrenheit. The water furname "Dixie upon the South.

Magistrate-"When you married him The United States spends \$5,000,000 you promised to share his lot, didn't then it was just a lot of trouble."

Germany's Great, Spring

Germany's biggest spring, which is Money gave to the South its pet seldom visited by tourists, pours name of "Dixie," says Fred W. forth about 100,000,000 gallons of Thompson, of the American Bank- water a day, according to the tourist stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap ers' Association. The principal information office of the German Nabills issued by a bank in New Or- tional Railways. The huge volume leans before the war between the of water comes from the Rhume-States were in \$10 denominations. sprung near Rhumspringe on the rail They were engraved in English on road from Herzberg to Bleichrode in

On the French side the word "dix" | The spring is not far from the was very prominent; it means "ten". 1,000-year-old community of Poehlde, The Americans' throughout the formerly Palathi, where King Henry Mississippi Valley who did not know I. is said to have become Emperor the French pronunciation called the of the Holy Roman Empire in 919. bills "dixies," and Louisiana came to Henry presented the Edelhof palace be known as "the land of the dixies," with its surrounding lands to Queen thatchers a bundle of straw. A black-"I see," returned the doctor calm- or "dixie land." This inspired Dan Mathilde for the creation of a cloister. esmith wore a horseshoe in his hat, "If you'll excuse me for a few Emmett, who is 1859 composed the Relics of the history of the ancient and there were a tuthree of them, for minutes, I'll go and speak to a friend original "Dixie Land" for a minstrel town are preserved in the Guilph Mu-

rishes power for factories and mills.

The vast spring lures Sunday excursionists from Duderstadt, Nordhausen and other points in the Hartz Mountains. Lectures are occasionally held to expiain the origin of the spring, which has been found to result from seepage from the Sieber and Oder Rivers, anout seven miles away. Coloring matter placed in the rivers appears in the water of the Rhume Spring about thirty hours later.

The second largest spring in Germany, which is much better known to travelers from abroad is the artesian spring at Oeynhausen, which throws a single colum of water high in the air at a rate of more than 2,000,000 gallons daily.

When Sail Beats Steam Cornwall is one of England's favorite holiday counties, and most of those

who visit it look in at Falmouth during their stay. Just now Falmouth should be especially interesting, for the grain ships

from South Australia have begun to arrive, and those windjammers are perhaps the most picturesque and interesting of all the ships affoat today. Also, there are very few of them left -and Falmouth is one of the few ports where they can still be seen. It is interesting to note that the

champion windjammer, the fourmasted Herzogin Cecile, which arrived to sail 171/2 miles in an hour, which is short?" considerably faster than the average steamer. In one twenty-four hours'; period she has sailed 360 miles, beating the Cutty Sark's best run, which was 353 miles in twenty-four hours.

On the Way to the Hiring Fair

I borrowed the Mill pony again and set out with Gideon very early, while yet the purple blosom and the green leaves of the lilac trees were all of a grey blur. I'd pulled some lilac overnight for market, so we rode with the sighing of it and the good smell of it all about us. It was a very still morning. Not a breath stirred the young red oak leaves, and even the silver birches, that will shift and shiver in any breeze, like waterweeds at the Save for our horse-hoofs on the wet At daybreak I rode out to the camp flinty road there was not a sound, some miracle might come to pass on

ing to breathe I ately we were sighted, at group of When the color came in the hedges, crept slowly for mounted men galloped out and sur the bird's eye, that was in great ward. Then be- rounded us. In a loud and com- plenty, looked down upon us, very fore the surprised manding tone I insisted that we be simple and innocent, as if thousands

made the demands for gas, oil and road, dripped with yellow catkins. Beyond stood the hills, mounded out of less than two pistols and a knife. We got plenty of immediate action. sapphire stones like the New Jerusa-The knife I threw away. One pistol | Burros were loaded with gas, oil lem, and all becalmed under a sky I pocketed; with the other I induced and food and we set out for camp. without so much as a cloud. Not a him to follow me. Wrapped in a Leading off in a round-about way, it bird nor a trail of mist or smoke stirblanket, I shoved my captive under was over four hours before we shook red in all the plain. It seemed to me, as I rode alongside of Gideon, without a word, while he frowned and darkened, thinking of Beguildy, that it was like a great open book with fair pages in which all might be read. Only it was written in a secret script, like some of Belguildy's books that he never locked away, knowing they were safe. For indeed-every tree and bush and little flower and sprig of moss, every least herb, sweet or bitter, bird order for 150 gallons of gasoline, ing cans of gasoline into the plane that furrows the air and worm that furrows the soil, every beast going heavily about its task of living be to us a riddle with no answer. We know not what they do.

I said to Gideon that it was like a

"Book?" he says. "Why, no, I see no book. But I see a plenty of good land running to waste, as might be under

So we see in the script of God what we've a mind to see, and nought else. We came beneath a wild pear tree in early blow, and it put me in mind of Jancis.

"Now I wonder," I said, "where Jancis'll sleep to-night?"

"At Grimbles'."

"How can you tell?"

"I can tell because I say it is to be. Missis Grimble is for changing dairymaids; and I hear tell she's after one this year."

After that, pony and I were very careful. We kept our thoughts on the road and the market, and as you always come, at long last, where your thoughts are, so we came to Lullingford and found the Hiring Fair just

The long row of young folks, and some not so young, who were there to be hired, began near our stall. Each one carried the sign of his trade or hers. A cook had a big wooden spoon, and if the young fellows were too gallus she'd smack them over the head with the flat of it. Men that went with teams had whips, hedgers a brummock, gardeners a spade. Cowmen carried a bright tin milk pail, a few big farms would club together and hire a blacksmith by the year. Shepherds had a crook and bailiffs a lanthorn, to show how late they'd beout .- Mary Webb, in "Precious Bane."

Ambition

Look to the end of the worldly ambition, and what is it? Take the four greatest rulers, perhaps, that ever sat upon a throne. Alexander, when he had so completely subdued the nations that he wept because there were no more to conquer, at last set fire to a city and died in a sense of debauch. Hannibal, who filled three bushels with the gold rings taken from the slaughtered knights, died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unwept,. and unknown, in a foreign land, Caesar, having conquered \$00 cities, and dyed his garments with the blood of one million of his foe, was stabbed by his best friends, in the. very place which had been the scene. of his greatest triumph. Napoleon, after being the scourge of Europe, and the desolater of his country, died in banishment, conquered and a captive. So truly the expectation "of the wicked shall be cut off."-G.S.B.

He Was Both

The business man returned from lunch and rang for his office boy. "Anybody call while I was out?" he.

"Yes, sir, a gentleman called," said:

"Who was it?" asked the business.

"Wouldn't give a name, sir," he was. "Well, can you describe him?" went.

"Both, sir," explained the office hoy .. "He was tall and he wanted to borrow."

"Hard times, like measles, run their-The Cutty Sark, by the way, is also course, clear up and are forgotten."-Roger Babson.

Mothers and Wife Say. "Bon Voyage"



Four intropid Montreal canoemen started on Saturday a 5000-mile journey over the waterways followed by at Falmouth recently, has been known on the employer. "Was he tall or But Peter was not to be intimidated had a chance to accumulate that much La Salle in his historic journey from Montreal to New Orleans. They are Paul Paquin, leader of an Acrosscommon sense. The point is, it's a Canada canoe expedition last year; Jean Maison, R. Be audry and M. Bourcier. Relatives witnessed their start "You're ever so much more like working hypothesis and working from Lachine, on historic Lake St. Louis when the mothers of Maison and Bourcler, (left and right) and the wife of Paul Paquin were on hand to wish them godspeed on their journey which is expected to take them 10 months. The party, in two "Canayank" cances, will follow the St. Lawrence west to the Great Lakes, and padto get your father to give me that dling westward as far as Duluth, will then strike south ward to the southern metropolis.

-Caradian National Railways Photograph. in Falmouth Harbor.