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The Vital Flame

A Stirring Serial of Primitive Passions by May Christie

CHAPTER LXVII.
It was like a nightmare to Marcella. As in a dreadful dream, she heard Lady Warrington ramble on distractedly:
"So awful to have this happen in my house. . . I'd rented it for the season, you know. . . And now nothing could induce me to stay on. . . Whoever could have done it? You poor child! On the very eve of your wedding! And you adored him, didn't you? Such a charming man! So suitable! And Graves is saying such queer things about that delightful boy, Miles Holden! I'm furious with Graves! You know the lower classes, such odd minds! I'm wretchedly upset!"
"What—what is Graves saying?" The same instinct that makes us bite on a painful tooth forced Marcella to the question.
"Something about a late call. I was in bed, and I don't know. Graves is half blind, I think, and in any case that downstairs hall is frightfully badly lit. . . an antique stable-lantern. . . one would hardly recognize one's best friend. . ."
Thought Marcella, with quick fear:
"Is she trying to shield Miles? Is all this chatter to cover up what she suspects, against her will?"
Lady Warrington pattered on:
"It too absurd to think he could be in the neighborhood, because if so—where would he stay but here? His girl—Leonie Day—is here. I am his friend. The house is open to him."
A knock came to the door, interrupting the vehement flow.
Lady Warrington went to open it, trailing her pelisse on the floor. She was considerably 'worked up,' as was only natural in the circumstances.
An officer of the law stood on the threshold. He held something glittering in his hand.
"We found this in the long grass not far from the window, Ma'am," he said quietly, cautiously displaying a revolver.
Both women fell back at once.
"Don't be afraid. I took out the other cartridges." He turned the weapon round. "Ordinary pattern, but it'll give a clue."
He looked keenly at Marcella, and Lady Warrington said:
THE PACE THAT KILLS WOMEN
It is getting more and more difficult for many women to keep pace with the demands made upon their time and energy in family and social life without paying the penalty of ill-health—that dreadful backache, pain in side, headaches, nervousness, or the torture of a displacement. Before any more serious ailment develops, women should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which strengthens the system and brings glorious health to sick and ailing women.
"This is the young lady who was going to marry the murdered man."
"Ah!" He drew out the syllable. "We shall want her evidence. Has she just arrived?"
Marcella nodded dumbly.
The three went down to the hall. Graves was marching up and down, like a sentry.
"Come here, my man. The last person you know of, to enter the house before the murder was—"
"Mr. Holden, sir," came the quick reply.
"Did you notice anything peculiar about him?"
The butler hesitated.
"He was excited. He said he must see Mr. Treman, right away. It was important."
"And you went up to Mr. Treman's room, and knocked?"
"Yes, sir. Mr. Treman was in his dressing-gown, reading a book, in an armchair."
"Did he agree to see this Mr. Holden?"
"He didn't seem too pleased. He kind of hesitated, and then asked me what the gentleman's business was, and couldn't it keep until the morning?"
"And you said—?"
"Just what I said to you, sir—that the gentleman seemed agitated and said he must see Mr. Treman."
The police official raised his brows.
"Peremptory, wasn't he? Well, what then?"
"Mr. Treman gave a short, hard kind of laugh, muttered something that sounded like 'the fool!' and then told me to show him up."
"You did so?"
"Yes."
A pause. Graves looked uncomfortable, as though more lay behind all this, and yet he dreaded to unfold the tale.
"What time was this?"
"Round about eleven, sir. Maybe a little later."
"And everyone else in the house was in bed?"
"In their own rooms anyhow, sir," said the butler. He looked at Lady Warrington, as though for help. She nodded confirmation.
"Had you retired?"
Graves looked embarrassed.
"Er—yes—in a way of speaking. But I hurried on my things, and went to answer the door. I kept the gentleman waiting perhaps five minutes. He looked apologetically at his mistress. He wasn't supposed to retire until eleven-thirty."
The police official was jotting down the answers in a little book.
"You showed Mr. Holden up to Mr. Treman's room, and then waited downstairs?"
"Yes, sir. But I got tired of waiting, and went up again." He hesitated. "There were sounds of dispute, sir. Mr. Treman's voice was raised. I couldn't help hearing."
The head of the police looked extremely grave.
"A quarrel?"
"Practically, Sir."
Marcella shivered. The web was tightening. . . everything was being chiseled in that dreadful little book.
"What did you hear?"
Graves hesitated again, opened his mouth, shut it, and opened it again. He looked extremely like a fish.
"Well, we're waiting. I must have your deposition," gruffly said the man of law.
"—I couldn't say rightly what I heard—just that they were using violent names to each other, sir. Graves mopped his forehead.
(To Be Continued.)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barto

The Peddler and the Cook.
While Nancy and Nick and Daddy Gander were watching the King of Yum Yum Land eating the wonderful dinner that the magic fork and the magic teapot provided, things were not going so well in the palace.
The peddler sat on the throne in the king's place, with the king's crown on his head and the king's golden stick in his hand and the king's velvet robe over his shoulders.
But nobody can be a king if he is a peddler at heart and the peddler was a mean peddler to begin with.
On top of that he was having indigestion, for the cook was still sulking and serving horrible meals from the kitchen. "I should at least have been made Royal Keeper of the Bird Cages," the cook kept saying over and over again to himself.
"After doing a favor for everybody, what do I get? Nothing! I can be a cook all the rest of my days. And if I have to be a cook, I am going to take it easy. I'm not going to fix a thing that I don't have to."
So for dinner he had cold mutton and salty potatoes, and tough beans, and horrid pie with a soxy crust. And really the coffee was like dishwasher.
When the peddler went into the royal dining room and sat down at the royal table in the royal chair, he smacked his lips, (having been brought up with no manners at all) and tucked his ashpip under his chin (which also showed that he had been brought up with no manners) and thumped his knife and fork on the table.
"Bring on the food!" he commanded. "I'm not going to be a king for nothing. See to it that dinner is served at once."
So the Lord High Butler told the Second Lord High Butler, who told the Lord High Keeper of the Pantry to tell the cook that the new king was pounding for his dinner.
So in came the cold mutton and the salty potatoes and the tough beans, and the horrid pie.
The peddler, I mean the king, ate it because he thought perhaps that was the kind of food kings had. But he made a sour face, and when he was through he looked like a barrel of vinegar.
To make things worse he began to have a stomach ache about fifteen minutes after dinner, because really the pie was awfully soxy.
So while the cook was sulking in the kitchen, the peddler was sulking on the throne, and wondering whose head he'd better chop off first. He decided on the cook.
But the Lord High This and That told the Lord High Thus and So and he told it on down, until the cook heard of it. "Woe is me!" he cried. "I'll have to go and hunt up the magic fork and magic teapot if I want to save my head." And he started off.
And the peddler was saying "What a goose I was, to part with the magic fork and teapot for a mere kingdom. I must get them back."
And away he strode, robe, crown and all.
(To Be Continued.)

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RADIO

- SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.**
- KDEA (809.1) Pittsburgh.**
2.30 p.m.—Baseball scores every half hour.
5.30 p.m.—Flotilla Club concert.
8.15 p.m.—Baseball scores.
8 p.m.—Westinghouse band concert.
 - WEAF (492) New York, N.Y.**
12.45-1.45 p.m.—Waldorf Astoria Orchestra.
4 p.m.—Gross's Orchestra.
5 p.m.—Farrall's Orchestra.
6 p.m.—Waldorf-Astoria music.
7 p.m.—Hofbrau's Orchestra.
7.30 p.m.—Gordon Male Quartette.
8 p.m.—Savoy Orchestra.
9 p.m.—WEAF musical comedy.
10 p.m.—Bernie's Orchestra.
11-12 p.m.—Roife's Orchestra.
 - WGY (379.5) Schenectady, N.Y.**
6.30 p.m.—Shea's Buffalo hour.
9.30 p.m.—Van Currier dance programme.
 - WBE (835.1) Springfield, Mass.**
5 p.m.—Capitol Orchestra.
8 p.m.—Organ recital.
8.30 p.m.—Westminster Orchestra.
9 p.m.—Concert.
 - WLW (423.3) Cincinnati, O.**
7.30 p.m.—Organ recital.
8 p.m.—Organ recital.
8.30 p.m.—Air City Manjo Boys.
9 p.m.—Castle Farmers.
 - WBAI (320) Cincinnati, O.**
8.30 p.m.—The Bicycle Sextette.
9.30 p.m.—Lella Le Mar, pianist.
 - KYW (836) Chicago.**
7 p.m.—Congress musical programme.
8-9.30 p.m.—Edison classical concert.
9.30-11 p.m.—Congress carnival.
 - WOC (484) Davenport, Ia.**
5.45-6 p.m.—Chimes concert.
9-10 p.m.—Marquette Band.
 - WOCO (416.4) Minneapolis.**
4.30 p.m.—Fair Hour.
6.15 p.m.—Barlow's Nicollet Orchestra.

and found ready sale for it. Mr. Donald Moore, Regina, is visiting relatives.

Lee Valley Tidings.
Lee Valley, Sept. 7.—Miss Jean Douglas, Wsbbwood, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. D. Andrea. The monthly meeting of the Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. George Wareham last Wednesday afternoon. The October meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. James Root, October 6th. The patrons of the Lee Valley cheese factory are having a box social and dance in the hall on Sept. 8th. Mrs. Clifford Root, Miss Isabel Coburn and Mr. Lisle Graham motored to Leavack where they spent Sunday and Monday. Mr. and Mrs. M. Spencer left Monday night for Toronto where they will attend the exhibition.

FIGHT IS OFF

LANSDOWNE FAIRS.
School Fair on 9th—Big Show Entry Book Open.
Lansdowne, Sept. 8.—Miss Dora Smith left for Toronto fair, on Sunday noon, going by Str. Kingston, taking the boat at Brockville. Joseph Shields goes as judge of dairy cattle, sheep, and swine to Riceville, on Sept. 23rd, to Galesita on Oct. 1st. Messrs. Elmer Burns, and A. J. Sly, accompanied by their wives, are taking in the Toronto fair. They left on Sunday morning by motor.
Miss Alma Turner, Toronto, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. W. J. Turner. Miss Hewitt has returned from spending her holidays in Smith's Falls. Mrs. J. Currie, Currie Hill, Ont., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Thomas Steacy. The school fair will be held here on Thursday, Sept. 9th.
Services in St. John's Church, on Sunday, at 7.30 p.m.
Miss Ena Bigford, returned to Kingston General Hospital, on Wednesday. Mrs. Robert Donovan is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Boucher. Rev. J. O. Baron, was in Kingston on Thursday.
The entry book is open for Lansdowne fair. A number from here are attending Delta fair this week. Mr. Dustin from Algonquin, was in the village, on Tuesday, with a truck-load of celery, carrots, and onions.



Arnaldo Mussolini, brother of Italy's dictator, who recently challenged Gen. Benicvenga to a duel because of an article the latter wrote, won't have to fight after all. His seconds, after calling on the general, reported that he had given "an evasive answer," and that Mussolini need not fight to uphold his honor.
When trouble is brewing it takes more than hot air to kill the germ of suspicion.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
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