

PASSING YEARS

Look in your mirror today. Take a last look at your gray hair. Its sure-ly may be the last if you want it so; you needn't keep your gray hair a week longer than you wish. There's no guesswork about this; it's sure every time.

To restore color to gray hair use—

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

After using it for two or three weeks notice how much younger you appear, ten years younger at least.

Ayer's Hair Vigor also cures dandruff, prevents falling of the hair, makes hair grow, and is a splendid hair dressing.

It cannot help but do these things, for it's a hair-food. When the hair is well fed, it cannot help but grow.

It makes the scalp healthy and this cures the disease that causes dandruff.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"My hair was coming out badly, but Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling and has made my hair very thick and much darker than before. I think there is nothing like it for the hair." CORA M. LEE, April 25, 1899. Yarrow, I. T.

Write the Doctor.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

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You know they are going to the

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Literature.

An Innocent Accomplice.

'Do you always ride on the wrong side of the road?' I asked, irritably, as I emerged from the wreckage of my bicycle.

'And is it absolutely necessary to touch the handle-bar with your nose when you are riding?' was the apology vouchsafed me by the girl, who, taking the wrong side of the road, around a sharp bend, had crashed into me a few seconds earlier. 'It was entirely your fault, Mr. Lascelles.'

It is useless, as a rule, to argue with a woman, so I silently turned to help the real culprit to withdraw from the hedge in which she had taken up a temporary habitation.

'Why, it's you, Miss Purleigh!' I exclaimed, in surprise. 'Are you hurt?'

'Only a little shaken, I think, but I don't feel that I owe you any thanks for that. You ought to be punished for riding so furiously round a corner,' Miss Purleigh declared, in hot anger.

'I'm sure I wasn't 'scorching,' I protested.

'You were not keeping a proper look-out. I hope you haven't damaged my bicycle; I'll never forgive you if you have.'

A mere glance was sufficient to assure me that both machines were beyond the skill of an amateur repairer.

'Oh, this is awful!' the girl exclaimed, when I told her the result of my investigation.

'Where were you off to?' I asked. 'I wanted to catch the 3.15 train to Oxford at Temple Junction—and now I can't.'

'There's another at 4.30,' I said, philosophically.

'But that may be too late. What shall I do?'

These last words were scarcely addressed to me, but seemed to be wrung from her by extreme distress. The fact, too, that she had not troubled to set her hat straight after her fall convinced me that her journey was of a serious import.

We had become good friends during her stay at Brandon Manor, and, after she had opened my eyes to Edith Bevan's treachery, I had sought to drown my disappointed love by throwing myself into a flirtation with Gladys Purleigh. It was hard luck that I should be even the innocent cause of grief to her.

'Yes, my brother—he is in trouble. I have had a telegram from him, and I must see him before it is too late. He is in such distress that I am afraid lest he should do himself an injury. Oh, I am miserable!'

'Now that I cannot ride,' she added, 'is it not impossible for me to reach the junction in time for the later train?'

The tears were streaming down her pretty face and her body was shaken by a storm of sobs.

'Hush, hush!' I said, and in a rush of pity I took both her hands in mine and drew her to me. 'I think I can manage. I'll run across the fields to the Hall and bring my sister's machine. You can ride it to the station and leave it there.'

'Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Lascelles; you are very kind,' she said, looking gratefully at me with her beautiful, tearful eyes. Then she tried to draw herself away from me. Please make haste, Mr. Lascelles, for I shall not have a minute to spare.'

My arm clasped her slender waist and temptation came strong upon me. Gladys Purleigh always used a peculiarly dainty perfume, and now the subtle scent of her hair, as her head lay on my shoulder, intoxicated me, and I said, daintily:

'Give me something to spur me on, Gladys.'

Without a moment's hesitation she turned her face and lifted up her lips for me to kiss.

With this to urge me on my way I sped across the fields in record time, and, dashing open the door of the bicycle shed, drew out my sister's machine.

'Mary meant to use it this afternoon, but Gladys needs it most,' I thought.

I was about to mount the machine and ride off, when a happy idea entered my mind. The undergardener had chanced to come by, and was standing near the lake.

'Where's your bike, William?' I shouted.

'There, sir,' he answered, pointing to the wall of the fruit garden.

'Lend it to me for an hour or two,' I said, and, jumping into the saddle, rode down the avenue, wheeling my sister's machine by my side.

Gladys Purleigh had not wasted her time. I was surprised to find how far she had walked before I caught her up.

'I thought you were never coming,' she informed me, curtly, as she lightly sprang into the saddle of Mary's bicycle.

That was all the thanks I received for my raid on the bicycle shed. Nor could I flatter myself that Miss Pur-

leigh was particularly well pleased to find that I was going to accompany her to the station. If I had hoped to gain any more sweet favors from her I was disappointed. She gave me absolutely no opportunity, pedalling so vigorously that I found some difficulty in keeping my old-fashioned cushion-tyred bicycle level with hers. So rapidly did we spin along that, as we were passing through Rudleigh, a policeman shouted out a warning.

At the station we dismounted, and I hurried into the booking office to take her ticket for her, but when I came out again I could see no sign of her. After a brief search I guessed that she had mistaken the platform, so I strolled across to the up-line. I soon discovered her in one of the waiting rooms, but she had already found a cavalier. As I entered I saw Miss Purleigh and a stranger bending over some luggage placed out on the table. They had their backs turned towards me, and as I was wearing rubber-soled shoes, they did not hear my entrance. The mention of my name stayed me momentarily at the open door.

'It's no use blaming me, father; but for Mr. Lascelles lending me his sister's bicycle I should not be here now—the stupid little fop! Pah! I had to kiss him before I could get the machine.'

The words were bad enough, but she had the effrontery to take her handkerchief and pretend to wipe out the stain of my kiss. It was most unfair. I may be stupid, but I certainly am not little, and I do not believe I am a fop. But, above all, I do protest that I had no intention of meanly forcing a kiss from Miss Purleigh in return for the loan of the bicycle—I was stupid enough to think that she was willing.

'I wonder your woman's wit could not find an excuse to keep him from coming to the station with you,' the man grumbled. 'You've been foolish about this fellow.'

'I assure you I didn't want him. It's true he amused me during a very dull month, but that's all,' the girl answered defiantly. 'He was so madly attached to a plain frump of a girl—Miss Bevan—that I amused myself by making him believe she was false to him. In his mistaken gratitude he transferred his attentions to me; then I nearly undecieved him. All the same, I should have been much later if I had had to walk here. As for the risk, he won't think of looking for me on this side, as I told him I was going to Oxford. That's quite enough to put his limited intellect off the scent.'

'That I don't know, but she has absented-mindedly taken with her Lady Brandon's diamonds—worth £20,000.'

'Oh, that's the mystery!' I ejaculated. 'She told me she wanted to go to Oxford because her brother was in trouble. She and I collided with one another just outside the Hall gates, and as she was in such a hurry I ran across and fetched machines and rode with her to the station.'

'Against her wish, I guess!'

'Well, I didn't think at the time that she objected.'

The colonel laughed grimly.

'As far as I can make out, from a short interview I have just had with Lady Brandon, the girl has been making fools of you all. I've heard several tales of your flirtation with her, my boy.'

I flushed as I remembered how complete my folly had been, and to cover my confusion told my companion what I had overheard.

'Ah, that's better. But I expect it was jealousy rather than intelligence, Lascelles,' he added, jokingly, 'that made you linger to obtain a good view of the girl's companion. We must wire a description of both all along the line, as they may get out anywhere, and possibly separate again—in which case the man will probably take the diamonds. I must go on to Langport by a special.'

'Now, Mellor,' he said to the policeman, as we dashed into the station yard, 'go and wire a description of these two to Langport and to all the intermediate stations.'

'I want a special, Barclay, at once,' he exclaimed, as the station master appeared.

'I'm sorry, sir, but it'll be half an hour, at least, before I can have one ready.'

'Then it'll be no good; I want to be at Langport before the 3.40 gets in.'

'Can't do it, sir. Well, there's one way, perhaps. There's a light engine coming back after piloting the express. If you badly want to get to the 3.40, they generally go back that way, because, although it's a bit farther, there's less traffic and not so much chance of a block. Would the engine answer your purpose, sir? I haven't a spare carriage.'

'Splendidly, Barclay! I wouldn't waste time in having a carriage coupled on, if you had one to spare. When will she be in?'

'She's signalled now, sir,' the official replied, and seizing a red flag, he waved it energetically over the rails. The engine emitted a shriek.

'That's all right, then, sir. I wish I could offer you better accommodation.'

'This will do very well, Barclay. Now get up, Lascelles, I shall wait you at Langport.'

When the driver knew what was wanted he forced his engine along at its quickest pace. Jumping and

rocking, puffing away, we sped through the country. With his watch in hand, the colonel braced himself against the tender.

'Shall we do it, driver?' he anxiously asked.

'Yes, sir, if the signals are not against us at the crossing. Unless she's before her time the slow train won't be ahead of us.'

'The signal's down for us,' he added a moment later. 'We shall be in first, and you'll probably have five or six minutes to spare.'

'We will place ourselves on the bridge, Lascelles,' the colonel said, as we walked up the long platform.

'We shall then be able to watch the passengers as they come along. If as I suspect is their intent, our couple mean to go to Euston, they will have to cross the bridge. If they have not already left the train we are bound to stop them.'

'Could they get out on the other side and cross the line?' I asked, when we had taken our stand on the bridge.

'I have told off a man to watch on that side—they won't escape in that direction. Indeed, they would be just giving themselves away.'

Six or seven minutes after our own arrival, the passenger train rolled into the station. My pulses beat rapidly as I watched the people passing up the platform.

'Well, Lascelles, are they here?'

'I'm afraid they are not here, colonel. They must have got out at another station.'

'Look carefully, my boy. I see a man and a woman near the end of the platform.'

'Yes, but it is a young man, and an old woman, whereas our couple should consist of a very good looking girl and her father.'

'Ah! then we've had our run for nothing,' the colonel said lugubriously.

'I'm afraid so.'

The couple whom we had noticed came up the stairs, and, after a moment's hesitation whether to turn to the right or the left, went towards the exit. By what seemed at the time a curious freak of my brain, my thoughts went back to the moment when, in the road outside the Hall gates, I had clasped Gladys Purleigh in my arms.

'What's the joke?' Colonel Miles asked, testily, as I involuntarily laughed at the recollection of a folly I was far from wishing to repeat.

'Nothing, colonel,' I answered. Then I suddenly realized that my thoughts had been turned towards my brief triumph by a strongly pervading odor of scent that had floated towards me as the last passengers had passed us. A second later I became conscious that it was undoubtedly the peculiar intoxicating perfume, which I had come to associate entirely with Miss Purleigh. I sprang forward.

'It is the perfume!' I exclaimed.

'What about it?' my companion asked, curtly.

'Did you not notice it—a strong, peculiar perfume?'

'I really don't know,' Colonel Miles snapped, for he was feeling very irritable after his disappointment. 'I don't pretend to be an expert in scents. This station possesses, I should say, a score of them, at least.'

'I could swear to it as a perfume which Miss Purleigh always uses,' I exclaimed. Then as the truth flashed upon me, I almost shrieked, 'That must be Miss Purleigh,' and I pointed to the young man in front.

'I hope you are not causing me to make a fool of myself, Lascelles. Do you mean that she has changed her clothes in the train and is disguised as a man?'

'That must be it. Quick, colonel, or she will escape.'

My companion did not hurry his steps, but kept his eyes fixed upon the outer doors of the booking office.

'You are quite sure?' he demanded.

'It must be,' I repeated, doggedly.

'It's worth trying,' I heard him mutter, and, just as the supposed young man reached the exit, he raised his hand. One of the ticket collectors at once blocked the doorway, stopping egress.

'Ah, you must be right, Lascelles, and the old woman's an accomplice. Did you see that he passed a package to her?'

But the action had been done so deftly that it had quite escaped my notice.

Despite their angry protests they were both taken into custody, and, when searched, the stolen jewels were found in the possession of the father. The coup which had been so nearly successful had been arranged by the latter—a man who had formerly moved in good society. He had succeeded in obtaining an invitation for his daughter to Brandon Manor—to gain possession of the valuable jewels being his special object. The girl watched her opportunity, while the father spent his time at the Temple Station Hotel, ostensibly engaged in fishing.

The raid on the diamonds was carefully planned, and but for my collision with Gladys Purleigh the girl would have escaped with the

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