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THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued)

"Was it so very important that you should know all about the Sans Souci?"

"I would have said so to the Under Secretary."

There was a pause. Warden deliberately passed the opening given by her words. In broad daylight, and whirling rapidly through a village, it behooved him to be circumspect. Between dinner and nine o'clock he would contrive other opportunities.

"Lady Hilbury must be very nice," she went on, after a brief silence.

"You will like her immensely when you know her," he could not help saying, at the same time thanking his stars that he had made no mention of Rosamund Laing.

There was a further pause. Evelyn fancied that her voice was well under control when she asked:

"Have you decided to carry out poor Domenico Garcia's last request?"

"Before answering, will you tell me what you would do in my place?"

"I would go to Rabat, if it were in my power, and there were no undue risks in the undertaking. I don't think I would be happy if I had not made the effort. Yet, Rabat is a long way from England. Would you be absent many weeks? Perhaps such a journey would spoil your leave. And then—things may happen in West Africa. You may be needed there."

"Rabat is a half-way house to Oku, Evelyn," he said. "I am going, of course, for two reasons. In the first instance, I want to set Garcia's soul at rest about those masses which, it seems to me, can only be done by obeying the letter of his instructions. And, secondly, I mean to secure that ruby."

This time she passed no comment.

He caught her arm and bent closer.

"If I bring it to you in Maderia you will not refuse to accept it?" he said.

"Now you are talking nonsense," she replied, turning and looking at him bravely, with steadfast scrutiny.

"No. There would be a condition, of course. With the ruby you must take the giver."

"Are you asking me to marry you?" she almost whispered.

"Yes."

"After knowing me a few idle hours of three days?"

"I was exactly the same mind the first time I met you. I see no valid reason why I should change a well-balanced opinion during the next thirty or forty years."

He felt her arm trembling in his clasp, and a suspicious moisture glistening in her fine eyes.

"I think, somehow, I know you well enough to believe that you are in earnest," she faltered. "But let us forget now that you have said those words. Come to me later—when your work is done—and if you care to repeat them—I shall—try to answer—as you would wish."

And then, for a few hours, they lived in the Paradise that can be entered only by lovers.

Not that there were tender passages between them—squeezings, and pressings and the many phrases of silent languages that mean "I love you." Neither was formed of the malleable clay that permits such sudden change of habit. Each dwelt rather in a dream-land—the man hoping it could be true that this all-pleasing woman could find it possible to surrender herself to him utterly—the woman becoming more alive each moment to the astounding consciousness that she loved and was beloved.

Their happiness seemed to be so fantastically complete that they made no plans for the future. They were wilfully blind to the shoals and cross currents that must inevitably affect the smooth progress of that life voyage they would make together. Rather, when they talked, did they seek to discover more of the past, of their common tastes, of their friends, of the "little histories" of youth. Thus did they weld the first slender links of sweet intimacy—those links that are stronger than fetters of steel in after years—and the hours flew on golden wings.

Once only did Warden hold Evelyn in his arms—in a farewell embrace ere she left him to join the yacht. And, when that ecstatic moment had passed, and the boat which held his new-found mate was vanishing into the gloom, he awoke to the knowledge that he had much to accomplish before he might ask her to be his bride.

But he thrust aside gray thought for that night of bliss. He almost sang aloud as he walked to the quay where Peter was waiting, after receiving a brief message earlier in the day. He was greeted cheerily.

"I'm main glad to see you again, sir," said the skipper of the Nancy. "Somehows, I had a notion this mornin' that we was goin' to lose you for good an' all."

Then Warden remembered the inquiry he had sent to Ilfracombe, and the reply that was surely waiting for him at the post-office, and he laughed with a quiet joyousness that was good to hear.

"Peter," he said, "you're a first-class pilot, but neither you nor any other man can look far into the future, eh?"

"No, sir," came the prompt answer, "that's a sea without charts or soundin's an' full of everlastin' fog. But sometimes one can do a bit o' guessin', an' that's wot I've bin doin' since Chris tole me he saw you an' the young leddy a-drivin' in a keb!"

CHAPTER VII.
Two Women.

Mr. Isodore David Baumgartner was in a state of high good humor. After wasting many hundreds of cartridges he had actually shot a driven grouse. True, the method of slaughter amounted almost to a crime. Traveling fast and slow before the wind, the doomed bird flew straight toward the butts. Baumgartner closed his eyes, fired both barrels—the first intentionally, the second from sheer nervousness—and a cloud of feathers, out of which fell all that was left of legs, wings and body, showed how a gallant moorcock had met his fate.

"There's a clean hit for you, Sandy," cried the little man delightedly. "It's all knack. I knew I could do it, once I got the hang of it."

"Man, but ye stoppit him," replied Sandy, who doled out encouragement with a sour grin. The shattered carcass lay in full view on a tuft of heather. Two ounces of shot had riddled it at a distance of ten feet.

"I suppose the second barrel was hardly necessary," said Baumgartner, more critically.

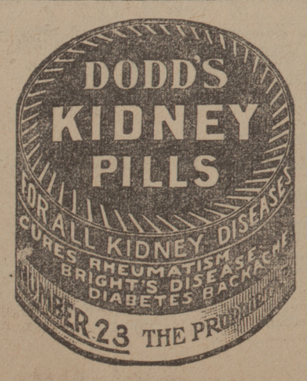
"It's best to mak' sure," said the sardonic gillie, "but now ye've got yer 'ee in, as the sayin' is, mebbe ye'll be droppin' ithers, Mr. Baumgartner."

He held forth the spare gun as a hint. Grouse were plentiful at Lochmerig, and three other men in the line of shelters were busy. Baumgartner forthwith excelled himself. Just as a novice at Monte Carlo may achieve several winning coups in succession, so did fortune favor one whom nature had not designed as a sportsman. He shot with blind confidence, and brought down half a dozen birds while they came sailing over the crest of the hill before a strong breeze that brought them to close range. That he rendered them more the most part uneatable did not trouble him in the least. Sport was merely slaying to him; his only trophies previously were some tame pigeons secured for practice.

So Baumgartner was well content. As he trudged down the brae to Lochmerig Lodge, discoursing learnedly to his companions anent the "stopping" qualities of his eight-guinea pair of guns, his eyes roved over the beauty of loch and glen, and the day-dream that it would be well to pass the remainder of his days in this quiet haven cast its spell on his soul. Rich as he was, he owned no home except a garish mansion in New York. His career had been meteoric, full of lurid energy. Beginning with the lust of money he had followed the beaten track of his order and became obsessed with the lust of power. Yet his ambition needed spurring. Already the tremendous issues involved in the project which procured him the condescending patronage of an emperor were revealing their dangers. Here, in Scotland, surrounded by sub-servient friends and well-trained servants, he longed for rest. Lairdship was proving a subtle rival to West African adventure.

Moreover, he was married ,and Mrs. Baumgartner was endowed with a will of her own and a tongue to bear witness thereto. She was learning to appreciate the easy tolerance of English society, which proved itself far more accesible than the Four Hundred of New York. Men and women of recognized social rank and pleasant manners were quite willing to shoot over the Lochmerig moors, play bridge in the Lodge, cruise on the Sans Souci, and generally live and amuse themselves at the millionaire's expense. Mrs. Baumgartner was shrewd enough to see that the gain of a big slice of British territory in West Africa would offer poor compensation for the loss of the new career which was opening up an alluring vista to her dazzled gaze. For once, therefore, discord threatened in the household. In her daughter, too, she found a powerful ally. A month of close companionship with Evelyn Dane had completely changed the life-theories of the spolied and affected girl of eighteen. Too young as yet to be jealous of Evelyn's greater attractions. Beryl Baumgartner was alert enough to see that vulgar pertness was ludicrously inadequate as a means of winning male regard. Luckily, she became enthusiastically attached to Evelyn from the first hour. The wonderful faculty of hero-worship had survived the precocity of too-indulgent rearing. It was stronger now than mere counsel. Beryl began to copy her new friend ,and at once began to improve.

(To Be Continued)



BOY LIVES SEVEN DAYS, NECK BROKEN

Lad Who Was Injured While Diving Retains Consciousness Until Short Time Before His Death.

New York, Aug. 5—To live for seven days with a broken neck, to retain his mental faculties almost to the last and to die as if stricken by lightning while the surgeons were examining his injury, was the fate of Robert Misfeldt, eighteen years old, of No. 323 East Sixtieth street.

Misfeldt was bathing in the Harlem River and had climbed a pole eighteen feet tall with the intention of diving from the top. Near the top he lost his grip, fell and struck a beam in such a manner as to break his neck.

When Dr. Kosack examined Misfeldt at the hospital he found that the slivers of the broken bone pressed upon the spinal cord causing paralysis of the limbs and speech. The surgeons removed the splinters and although they held out no hope of the patient's recovery, he was placed in splints. The boy retained consciousness until yesterday morning when he fell into a comatose state and while Dr. Kosak was examining the seat of injury, the boy gasped and died. The body was taken to the morgue.

AN HONEST DEBTOR

After Sixteen Years Pays Off Every Cent He Owed at Time of Failure.

(Montreal Shareholder.)

Compromises are frequently made between insolvent debtors and their creditors, and when the conditions are complied with and a discharge granted that is the last heard of it, except in special, and we may say isolated cases. At times we have had the pleasure of referring to these special cases in which the honesty of the debtor has exceeded his desire to make money. Such a case has come within our notice within the past few days, and we regard it as fully worthy of mention, as it may stimulate others to follow the good example thus set them:

"In August, 1893, E. Duckett, a merchant doing business at Masquinonge, having failed in business compounded with his creditors for sixty cents on the dollar. When making that payment he volunteered the statement: "Some day I will pay the other forty per cent."

On Monday last, that is to say, some sixteen years afterwards, he called upon his creditors and fulfilled his promise to pay the remaining forty per cent. In order to do this he took a salaried position and saved the required amout out of his limited salary. Were all insolvents who compromise with their creditors to act in a similar manner, the losses incurred by the wholesale trade through their insolvency would be greatly reduced. M. Duckett has proved himself to be an honest man in the fullest sense of the word.

BUMPER YIELD OF SMALL FRUITS

Toronto, Aug. 5—Fruit and railway men of the Niagara district expect a bumper yield of small fruits and vegetables this year, especially grapes and tomatoes. Last year's yield was very large, and this year it is expected to be larger. One railway official expects to see 354 carloads shipped to the Canadian west in addition to the amount which must go to supply the Ontario market. The development of the western market is of recent date, having been started two years ago, but already it is encouraging.

The railways are helping the growers along in their competition with British Columbia and California by means of the latest cold storage cars.

SEEK FOR MISSING STATE JOURNALS OF OLD DATE IN HALIFAX

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 5—(Special)— The volumes of the journals of the New Hampshire house of assembly for the years 1769 to 1772 are missing. Much of the world has been searched to find them.

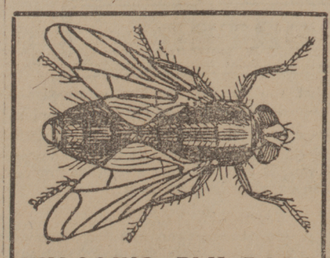
When Governor Wentworth left New Hampshire for Nova Scotia before the outbreak of the revolution, he brought with him several volumes of the charter records of New Hampshire. Sir John Wentworth, when afterwards asked for these, courteously returned them. This has caused the New Hampshire authorities to think that possibly the missing volumes of the journals might be in Halifax, and accordingly the state has sent Otis Grant Hammond, assistant historian, to Halifax to make a thorough search. So far his search has been unsuccessful.

This search has had the result of discovering in London several volumes of the legislative council journals of the old state. With the exception of the missing volumes the journals are complete since 1679 when New Hampshire was detached from Massachusets and became a separate state.

TWENTY SECOND CHILD IS BORN TO THIS COUPLE

Skowhegan, Me.,Aug. 5—Announcement is made that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickey, of Canaan, their their twenty-second child in twenty-seven years.

Mrs. Dickey was married when fourteen years of age, and Mr. Dickey was only a few years her senior. Of the twenty-two children not one has been sick, except with childhood ailments.



WILSON'S FLY PADS

Will kill many times more flies than any other known article

REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A SMART BLACK AND WHITE TURBAN.

The large turbans are much worn for traveling and motoring, for a veil is easily draped over such a hat. This white straw turban is made from a big plateau of rough white straw caught loosely to a mushroom frame. Black velvet ribbon surrounds the hat near the edge of the brim, and at the right side is a cabochon of black grapes set in vivid green leaves.

DESIRE FOR FINE CLOTHES LEADS GIRL TO CRIME

Became a Forger — Caught After Long Hunt—Fiance Gives Bail

New York, Aug. 5—Accused of passing a worthles check for $15 on Dr. A. Ernest Gallant, of No. 540 Madison avenue, Violet Benson, eighteen years old, of No. 215 East Sixty-ninth street, the daughter of A. Benson, a contractor, was arraigned in the Night Court, before Magistrate Barlow, and pleaded guilty. The magistrate held her in $300 bail for General Sessions. Her fiance furnished bail.

The girl was arrested at her home by J. M. Fuller, of the Fuller Detective Agency, and Detective Roy, of the East Sixty-seventh street station.

According to Fuller the girl called upon Dr. Gallant in his office on July 6 last and asked to be examined as to her physical condition. In the presence of a nurse the physician made the examination and informed the girl that his charge would be $10. Miss Benson, Fuller said in court, presented to the doctor a check for $15, made payable to "Mrs. E. P. Eltinge" and signed "H. E. Cohen." The check, according to Fuller, was drawn on the Fifth Avenue Bank.

Dr. Gallant gave Miss Benson $5 in change and allowed her change for car-fare.

When the check was taken to the Fifth Avenue Bank a search of the books was made with the result that the name of "H. E. Cohen" was fictitious.

According to Fuller, after he had been on the case for a few weeks he was told by a an acquaintance that a woman answering the description of the woman who had victimized Dr. Gallant had attempted to pass a worthless check on him. Fuller followed the clew and traced the girl.

The detective told the magistrate that the bank officials will ask that the girl be released on suspended sentence when the case comes up in the general sessions, as they are satisfied that she would not offend again. She said she had forged the checks so as to satisfy her craving for fine clothes. The girl's mother is an invalid. Her daughter's arrest caused her much suffering and she is in a serious condition at her home.

Miss Benson is engaged to marry Aaaron Elting, of No. 44 Greenwich avenue. Mr. Elting, when he had furnished bail, said that the arrest would make no difference in his determination to wed, but that any future efforts on her part to pass bad checks might change his decision.

THE NEW U.N.B. PROFESSOR

Professor Day is the only son of the Rev. George Day of the Nova Scotia Methodist conference. His early education was received in the Nova Scotia schools and at the Shelburne Academy.

In the fall of 1900 he entered the university of Mount Allison as a member of the sophomore class. He soon gained distinction in his studies and showed a marked proficiency in English, winning at the end of that year the prize offered in sophomore English. The succeeding years of his college course were very successful.

"In 1903 Professor Day graduated from Mount Allison, winning first class honors in English.

While at Mount Allison Professor Day not only distinguished himself in his studies, but took a very active interest in athletics. He was for three years a valued member of the university football team. He was also a keen debater and was on the college debating team two successive years.

In the fall of 1903 he was appointed head master of Acadia Villa school. The following year he returned to Mount Allison, taking post-graduate work in English. In the spring of 1905 Professor Day was appointed by Mount Allison the second New Brunswick Rhodes' scholar.

His course at Oxford was very brilliant. He entered upon studies for the degree of Bachelor of Letters. He displayed such proficiency in this course as to do the ordinary three years' work and qualify for his degree in two years. The following year, with the consent of the Rhodes' trustees, he spent at the University of Berlin, returning in the spring of 1908 to receive his degree. In the fall of 1908, Professor Day again returned to Oxford, taking up work in mathematics. While at Oxford Professor Day took an active interest in football and rowing, and was a member of his college team and crew.

A fool and his boat are soon rocked apart.

BOY WALKS IN SLEEP FALLS TO HIS DEATH

Fifteen-Year-Old Victor Nicholson Has Skull Crushed by Fall on Leinster Street.

About 11.20 o'clock last evening Victor Nicholson, a fifteen year old boy, plunged through a third story window of Leinster Hall, corner of Leinster and Carmarthen street, and fell head foremost on the sidewalk below on Leinster street, fracturing his skull.

The boy with his mother, Mrs. Lena Nicholson, had been stopping with the latter's daughter, Mrs. Dummer, who is proprietor of Leinster Hall, for about two months. It is understood that the boy was given to walking in his sleep. Late last evening, after all of the household had retired, Mrs. Nicholson, who slept in the same room, was wakened by the son walking about and on looking up saw the lad on the window ledge of the room, attempting to get out.

Mrs. Nicholson quickly sprang to take hold of him to prevent him from falling. His weight, however, was too much for her and he broke from her grasp and plunged through the window to the sidewalk below. He struck on the right side of his head and was instantly rendered unconscious. The distance he fell was about forty feet.

Mrs. Nicholson quickly aroused the household and the boy was carried into the house, while Dr. L. A. MacAlpine, Dr. T. D. Walker and Dr. E. A. Preston were hastily summoned. On their arrival it was found that the mother was almost crazed with grief. All that could be done for the boy later was done, but the unfortunate lad died shortly after midnight without regaining consciousness.

It was stated at Leinster Hall last night that besides his mother the lad is survived by one sister, now in the States.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FAILING MEMORY.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Old Chap—Yes, sir; I am 93 next birthday, and I don't recollect ever telling a lie.

Young Man—Well, you can't expect your memory to be reliable at that age.

GOT TO

Have Sharp Brains Nowadays or Drop Back.

The man of today, no matter what his calling, needs a sharp brain, and to get this he needs food that not only gives muscle and strength but brain and nerve power as well.

A carpenter and builder of Marquette, who is energetic and wants to advance in his business read an article about food in a religious paper and in speaking of his experience he said:

"Up to three years ago I had not been able to study or use my thinking powers to any extent. There was something lacking and I know now that it was due to the fact that my food was not rebuilding my brain.

"About this time I began the use of Grape-Nuts food, and the result has been that now I can think and plan with some success. It has not only rebuilt my brain until it is stronger and surer and more active, but my muscles are also harder and more firm, where they used to be loose and soft and my stomach is now in perfect condition.

"I can endure more than twice the amount of fatigue and my rest at night always completely restores me. In other words, I am enjoying life and I attribute it to the fact that I have found a perfect food." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CHARGE NEGRO BOY WITH BRUTAL MURDER OF SISTER

Guysboro County Nova Scotia Scene of An Atrocious Crime—Had Beaten Little One to Death.

Sydney, N. S., Aug. 4—The belated information has come to hand of the atrocious deed of a vicious negro boy of Boyleston, Guysboro county. This lad is a son of Joseph Isset, generally known as "the violinist."

The father and mother were away on a picnic on Thursday last and upon returning home found that the son, thirteen or fourteen years of age, had tied his little six-year-old sister to a ladder and beaten her to death.

The father applied to the overseers of the poor for assistance to bury the dead child and an order was given him to have this done. Subsequently suspicion was aroused and the local authorities had the body disinterred and exhumed. Coroner Atwater empanelled a jury and held an inquest. At this inquiry Magistrate Desbarres was present and Dr. Buckley, who made the autopsy, testified as to the cause of death.

The boy, who is charged with the deed, was arrested and lodged in jail and will be tried before a magistrate at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. Two brothers, one younger and another older by a couple of years, are held as accomplices.

GOVERNMENT MAY TAKE OVER HISTORICAL SITES

Ottawa, Aug. 4—It is probable that the historical sites of Canada will be placed under the jurisdiction of the commission which has been dealing with the site of the Quebec battlefields. There are a large number of these sites in the maritime provinces, Quebec, Ontario and the west. At the present time little or no attention is being paid to most of them and not a few cases they have been made use of for commercial purposes.

It is recognized that the longer they remain neglected the more difficult it will be to take them over for the purpose of preserving them as the property of the nation and as memorials of great events in the history of Canada.

At the time the Quebec battlefields commission was appointed it was suggested that the scope of the commission should be widened to enable them to deal with other historical points but at the time it was thought the commission would have its attention fully occupied with the Quebec site. Already the commission had secured the deeds to the greater portion of the Quebec battlefields and there is a substantial balance from the $400,000 which was appropriated and collected for the purpose.

The proposal to extend the work to other historical points meets with the approval of the government here. The members of the commission are the mayor of Quebec, Hon. Adelard Turgeon, Quebec; Byron E. Walker, Col. G. T. Dennison and Col. Hendrie, of Toronto.

CARPENTERS TO GO TO MONCTON

Some very important business was transacted at the monthly meeting of the local carpenters' union in Berryman's hall last night. A representative of the union was appointed to confer with a representative of the masons' union to see if some sort of fraternal trade arrangements could not be reached between the two bodies by which the members of both could secure better rates. The union decided also to attend the Labor day demonstration in Moncton and efforts will be made to have a special train.

An open meeting was held from 7.30 to 8.30, which was addressed by Marusse Arcand, of Montreal, organizer for the international union in the province of Quebec. M. Arcand's address was most interesting and related to the progress of the union since its inception and the value of the organization to its members in obtaining shorter hours and higher wages. All that had been brought about along this line, he claimed, had been procured in most instances without resorting to strikes. Statistics proved, he claimed, that since the organization of the brotherhood strikes in the carpenter trade had decreased ten per cent.

WEDDINGS

Mott-McDonald

Yesterday afternoon Rev. Gideon Swim, at his residence, 116 Waterloo street, united in marriage Herbert S. Mott, of Belyea's Cove, Queens county, and Miss Cora A. McDonald, of McDonald's Point, Queens county. The young couple were unattended. They left by the steamer Majestic last evening for Belyea's Cove, where they will in future reside.

Ritchie-Wadmore

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 4—(Special)—J. Norman Ritchie, barrister, son of the late Judge J. N. Ritchie, and Miss Louie Wadmore, daughter of Colonel R. L. Wadmore, of the Royal Canadian Regiment, were the principals in a matrimonial event this morning. The gathering was fashionable and the pretty dresses of the ladies contrasted well with the bright uniforms of many of the officers who attended the function in their regimentals. The altar of the church had been neatly and artistically decorated with potted plants and flowers. The band of the Royal Canadian Regiment was present. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Lorna Wadmore, and Dr. Bruce Almon acted in the capacity of groomsman. The happy couple will reside in Lethbridge, Alberta.

THEN HE GOT BUSY.

(Life.)

Him—"What would happen if I were to attempt to kiss you?"

Her—It would scare me awfully."

Him—"And would you scream?"

Her—"Oh, no. Fright always renders me speechless."

TAFT WANTS $10,000 SALARY FOR JUDGES

Washington, Aug. 4.—President Taft is much annoyed and embarrassed by the action of the senate in cutting the money appropriated for the salaries of the judges of the new customs court so that the salaries will be $7,000 instead of $10,000. He is trying to have the house refuse to concur in the senate's economy and to restore the appropriation to a $10,000 basis.

The president has the five judges already selected, in case the salaries are $10,000, and all the men he has chosen have consented to serve. These are, for the most part, the personal choice of the president, and he has distributed them geographically. But if the pay is cut to $7,000 a year, few of the five men chosen will serve and the president will have to go over the country again and select $7,000 men for the places.

President Taft regards these positions of as much importance as federal judgeships, and has applied the same care in making selections as he would have done had the positions been on the circuit or district courts of the United States.

Samuel Powers, formerly a representative in congress from Massachusetts, was one of the men chosen. The president is also understood to have offered a few of the places to men on the Board of General Appraisers at New York. These men now get $9,000 a year, and they will not leave these posts to become judges at $7,000.

Personal appeals have been made by the president to have the house stand firm and not accede to the senate amendment. The salaries were reduced on motion of Senator Borah, of Idaho.

BETRAYED BY DISGUISE

In one of the principal western cities the proprietor of a large jewelry store reported to the chief of police an extensive diamond robbery. He was asked by the chief if he suspected anyone.

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly answered the merchant, "although we have no proof. But a man whom I have known for twenty-five years was in the store a day or two before the diamond robbery. He was asked by the clerks what he wanted and appeared to be ill at ease. He has since disappeared.

"What kind of looking man was he?"

"Dark complexioned, tall, with long, curly hair and a heavy mustache."

"Well," said the chief, after a moment's thought, "I hope to be able to give you some news of him soon."

Then he sent this telegram off to the police authorities of several other cities: "Arrest tall man with close-cropped head and white upper lip. Diamond thief."

The next day he received this despatch from a town in Missouri:

"Got diamond thief. Have recovered goods. Am holding him subject to your order."—Youth's Companion.

The Lady in the Sunbonnet—"Oh, I guess you think whatever you say goes."

The Lady in the Curl-papers—"If you hear it, it does. It goes all over the neighborhood."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



A DULL TALE.

The morning sun was hiding low
When he came forth the grass to mow.
With painful creaks and aching neck
Across the lawn he did trek.
Find a neighbor.

With moaning cogs and aching back
He covered the returning track.
He looked about, alack, alas!
He hadn't cut a blade of grass!

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Seventy-five.