

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

[Copyright by Sam Loyd, New York.]



Said Billy Blinks, the diplomatic elevator boy:
"You'll have to draw lots for the first trip. I can carry five ladies and six gents, or six ladies and twelve kids, or ten kids and six gents."
Of course, the ladies went first; so who can tell just how many fair passengers Billy Blinks was able to "take up" on one trip?

ANSWER TO SEVENTY-THREE PUZZLE, PRINTED TUESDAY:
The following numbers may be spelled out on the child prodigy's pile of blocks:
One, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 30, 32, 33, 40, 42, 43, 72, 73, 90, 92, 93.

THE LOST MILLIONAIRE

BY L. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

Go down there to shoot! Good heavens! He never wanted to set eyes on the woman again! And even if that

motive had not actuated him, he had promised himself to the quest she asked him to lay down. If the poor little chap's own mother did not want to trace him and bring him back, at least there was left one champion in the world who would fight for him.
His letter back was cold. He regretted to hear that she did not want to pursue the search he was concerned in. But he himself was determined to leave no stone unturned till he was assured of the child's fate. It was undoubted that there had been kidnapping. He was starting on the hunt for the kidnappers. "And at least," he could not refrain from adding, "there will be one of his own flesh and blood glad to bring him back to his own."
He closed the letter and posted it, and he thought he had closed that episode. Not so! By return came another letter more urgent. "I forbid you to go on! And you must be a fool, too. If the child is found you are off from the inheritance. If you will accept the fact that he is dead you will remain the next heir after my death."

This was too much! It was as if the child's own mother had offered him a bribe.
He wrote two lines back: "I do not acknowledge your power to forbid me." And there came no answer to that.

It was, perhaps, the one stimulus, had he needed any that would have spurred him on.
Cue after cue seemed to spring up like mushrooms in the path during the months that followed. Once he was sure that the child was in America, and he took the voyage out and spent months in a quest that had no success. Then it was to the continent that he was directed. He wandered through France and Germany for nearly a year. It was a time of such desperation, such bafflement, that Maxwell's dark hair began to show shining threads in it, and Dr. Violet, at the children's hospital in Millingford, wore a look of anxious gravity now that a smile seldom drove away. Was there any end to that search of Maxwell's? Had she not set him a task beyond the power of man to work out?

CHAPTER XX.

As for Maxwell, he seemed to fly like a kind of wandering Jew, a flying Dutchman, whose foot might know no rest. He was seldom in one place more than a week or two. A fever possessed him to go on and on, and his wanderings were like a dream. Like Dr. Violet, his wanderings were like a dream. He was five years on since the millionaire baby had gone from Millingford, and yet there was not a trace of him. When hope is lowest, when the way seems darkest day comes, and hope again is born. It was in the depths

of their despair that the sudden flash of discovery came. No one could have forecast it—no one would have believed how it came about. It is in the very unbelievable that life loves to fulfil herself.

In the course of his wandering Suter had made many acquaintances—fellow travellers and hotel companions. He was in England again for a time, and in London. The old familiar city looked strange to him. He arrived one evening at Dover and had come on to town by the boat train. This morning he had slept rather late for he was tired with the through journey from the south of France.

When he had breakfasted in the deserted coffee-room of the hotel, where but one other belated man ate his bacon and eggs, he took his hat and strolled out almost aimlessly.

He walked along the busy Strand with that sense of pleasure in the bustle and hurry of other people's business that London always gives to the idle. People pushed past him on the crowded pavement; buses hung at the corners wildly touting for passengers in rivalry with the motors, then hurried off in the desperate effort to show the public that they had as much speed as any other vehicle. Boys with parcels, girl clerks in neat dresses, business men flurried and anxious—they all held some interest for him. And still the dream of Violet at her little hospital, and the old friendly streets of the manufacturing town that had been his home clung to him. There seemed a stir and breath of spring even in the grimy city. There came on him suddenly a gasping longing for the green fields and the trees and the daffodils and primroses. The Strand choked him. He looked round vaguely for a bus that was going westward. A big white Putney one stopped just beside him and he sprang in. He would go to the park. There at least the grass would be springing and the flower beds full. He watched the hurrying traffic from his seat on the bus and let himself sway with the jolting of the vehicle. When they came to the park gates he dropped off and made his way in through them. Yes, he had been right. The tulips were ablaze and the trees' buds were bursting. Spring had come.

Somehow in the waking of the year there is a wonderful dawning of hope. Maxwell, as he sat on a green chair, for which the park men promptly came hurrying to demand payment, felt his depression slowly melt off. How can one be desperate with dependency when the earth is full of glad song? He got up by and by and strolled on feeling as if, after all, his quest was not a hopeless one. From a carriage passing in the Row he suddenly saw a hand wave. It could not be to him. He had no friends in town that he was aware of. He glanced over his shoulder, but there was no one near him. The hand waved again, then the carriage slackened and drew up. The gloved hand beckoned to him imperatively, and a face looked out. With a dim sense of recognition he made his way over to the carriage and the champing horses. As he came close he suddenly knew that the face smiling at him was that of a lady he had met in Florence two years ago.

"Mr. Suter! I knew it! I recognized you in a minute. Now, this is nice! We've often wondered what had become of you. Do jump in! I've lots and lots to tell you. My husband is going to meet me at Harrod's presently. You must come in and see him!"
It was really a very pleasant rencontre. The Brays were agreeable people, and they had stayed in the same pension, and grown well acquainted in the fortnight. He opened the carriage door and stepped in beside her. It was more of a relief than he had had the least idea it would be to talk to someone.
"So you're back in dull, delightful old England again? Are you living in town? No? I thought of you as a confirmed globe-trotter when we met in Italy. Isn't that so?"

Suter confessed that he had done a good deal of that sort of thing in the last few years. He had not contacted with the Brays any more than with any other hotel acquaintance that was the object of his wanderings. It seemed to him that to confide in people might lessen his chances of success.

"Well, and now I suppose you've come home to settle down, just as we did? Oh, you didn't know, perhaps, that Tom was in China for years and years, and I with him? He made his pile there, and we came home and bought a little place down in Dorset. You must come down there and see us. It's nice to meet old travel friends. Tom will show you his little model farm and I will bore you with my charities. We've no young people, you know; I think I told you that in Florence. So we have to take up fads to keep ourselves healthy!" She laughed a happy, hearty laugh.

"It's so different from China! I went out to Tom so young and he kindly remembered any other home when I came back. We go abroad for our winters still. The climate in England is rather trying, don't you think? We only got back from Biarritz a month ago. And now it's lovely with the spring."

She talked on gaily as they drove along the Brompton road and at the door of Harrod's stood Tom himself, burly and kindly, ready to echo his wife's greeting to Suter.
"Oh, come along with us down to Dorset for the week-end. The misadventure has dragged me up to do some shopping, but I tell you, I hate town. There's nothing on earth for a fellow to do. Now, I can promise you a look at some of the best stock in the south of England if you'll come and see my dairy farm."

Mrs. Bray laughed. "And I'll take you round all the cottages. Do come, Mr. Suter. We go down on Friday. Come and stay till Monday with us. Won't you, when we come up here for another week?"

So Suter yielded. In point of fact there was no reason why he should not yield. There was positively not a thread before him that he could catch hold of to pursue his search. He was just back from his last long journey over the continent, to find that the child in the report of the French police who had seemed to answer to the description of little Richard was a boy with black hair and eyes and the child of French peasants. He was in the

WHY AM I ILL?

HOW TO TELL.

Does every cold affect your back, and cause a feeling of chilliness, followed by disturbance of the kidney action?

Does the use of spirits, tea or beer excite the kidneys? Are you easily worried and annoyed over trifles? Are the feet and hands cold? Circulation bad? Do the feet and legs swell? Is there puffiness under the eyes? Do you have rheumatism, poor eyesight, headaches and backaches? Is there gravel or any unusual action of the kidneys?

If you have any of the above symptoms your kidneys are either weak or diseased, and these symptoms are warnings of more serious troubles to follow: Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy.

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In ordering specify "Doan's."

mood when despair is creeping and can hardly be kept at bay. It seemed relief to meet the Brays, and the invitation to go down and see them in their home in the country was hard to say no to. So he said yes instead and on Friday afternoon he was at Waterloo station, waiting for them to join him.

They came rather late. Mrs. Bray laughing at their hairbreadth escape of losing the train as if it were a huge joke. Her husband and Suter raced for the tickets and had the luggage labeled, and in the end they all tumbled into the nearest carriage just as the door was banged. Mrs. Bray laid her head back against the cushions of the carriage and laughed hard. She was a jolly, good-natured woman, with a mouth that seemed made for laughing, and a smooth forehead that had never known a frown.

"That was a close shave, Tom," "It was, my dear. Your usual shave, I should say." She cast a comical glance at Suter.

"Yes, I never was born with a punctual talent, and it's been too much trouble to grow it since. When we first married I had an awful time. Tom had business habits, and he wanted to share them with me—a kind of 'all my goods I these endow' arrangement. It wouldn't answer. It wouldn't really! The clothes and the boots got into a perfect way of always being late because they said I was, and it seemed ungrateful to spoil their kind efforts!" She laughed again and Maxwell joined her. It was such infectious merriment.

Her husband unfolded the evening paper with a shrug. "Ah, take warning, Suter. Don't you marry a woman without punctual habits," and Suter, still smiling, answered, "No, I won't." They then plunged into the foreign telegrams and his wife moved her ample round shoulder an inch nearer Suter and dropped her voice. "Tell me about her," she said, coaxingly, and as Suter started in surprise she laughed in a low murmur. "Oh, I know. She's handsome. You would be so positive over her virtues if it wasn't. Tell me about the woman who is the opposite to me!" And while Suter, confused, tried to deprecate the remark she laughed again. "So you're back in dull, delightful old England again? Are you living in town? No? I thought of you as a confirmed globe-trotter when we met in Italy. Isn't that so?"

A Farmer's Trials

WEAK AND WORN OUT THROUGH OVERWORK AND LONG HOURS.

The farmer's life is always a hard one, but if he is weak and worn out, it is almost unbearable. The hours are long and the work so hard that none but the strongest can stand it. An illustration of the effect of hard work on the system is given by Mr. George Hunsberger, a farmer of Spry, Ont. He says: "I have lived nearly all my life in the Bruce peninsula. I am a farmer, and have always had my share of hard work, and like a good many other men, I thought there was no secret to my system. In this I was mistaken, for about a year and a half ago I began to go gradually down hill. I would tire at the least exertion; my appetite failed me; I had a severe pain in my side and around my heart. The doctor told me I was suffering from pernicious anemia, that I was almost bloodless. I doctored for six months, but instead of improving I grew sicker and sicker. I could hardly move without assistance. I lost flesh till I was almost a skeleton. A friend from Stokes Bay told me of the great benefit she had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and advised me to try them. My sister-in-law had also received great benefit from their use, so I decided to give them a trial. After using the pills about a month I began to gain strength and from that time on I improved rapidly. New blood seemed to course through my veins; my appetite improved, the pain left my side and heart and I gained in weight. After using about a dozen boxes of the pills I was again enjoying the best of health. I have nothing but praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they cured me after medical treatment had failed. I really believe they saved my life."

Good health is the secret of health. Keep the blood pure and such diseases as anemia, rheumatism, scurvy, indigestion, heart palpitation, eczema and the secret ills of women will not exist. The most perfect blood purifier and restorer in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

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