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TODAY?

The Correspondence School Detective's Latest Adventures

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

IV.—HENRY

PHILO GUBB, the Correspondence School detective—graduate in twelve complete lessons of the Rising Sun Correspondence School of Detecting—confronts a problem in the transmigration of souls.

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Philo Gubb (graduate of the Rising Sun Correspondence School of Detecting, Twelve Lessons, Diploma No. 34, \$10.00 Extra) entered his office—which was also his living room and the headquarters of his paperhanging and decorating operations—and placed on his cutting table the express package he had found leaning against his door. With his trimming-knife he cut the cord that bound the package. It contained, he knew, the new disguise for which he had sent twenty-five dollars to the Rising Sun Supply Bureau, and he was eager to examine his purchase, which, in the catalogue, was known as "No. 34 French Count, with beard and wig complete. List, \$40.00. Special price to our graduates, \$25.00, express paid."

The paperhanger-detective had lifted the exaggerated thin-walsted frock coat from the package, when there came a tap on the door. He hastily covered the coat with the wrapping-paper and turned to the door.

"Enter in," he said, and the door opened cautiously and a short, ruddy-faced man entered, peering into the room first and then closing the door behind him so cautiously as he had opened it.

"Are you this here detective feller?" he asked bluntly.

"I am Mister P. Gubb, detectaking and paper-hanging done to command at your service," admitted Mr. Gubb.

"Won't you take a seat onto a chair?"

"Depends," said Mr. Gubb's visitor, wiping his hand on the doorknob. "I'll sit to you like this. Say some rye stole something from me, and I was willing to pay you for finding out who stole it and getting it back—you'd take a job like that and say nothing about it to anybody, wouldn't you?"

"Most certainly sure," agreed Mr. Gubb. "I'm into business for that very exact purpose."

"That's the idee! You'd keep it dark. It wouldn't be nobody's business but yours and mine, would it? It would be a quiet little deal between you and me, and nobody would know anything about it, hey?"

"Exactly sure," said Philo Gubb. "The detectaking business is conducted onto an absolutely quiet 'K. T. baska.'"

"Correct," said his visitor. "I see you and me can do business. Now, my name is Gus P. Smith, and I've had one of the rawest deals handed me in this town a man ever had handed him. I was coming along down my street always between streets this morning—"

He stopped short and turned to the door. Some one had tapped on the pane. Mr. Smith's attention was attracted to the nearest crack and peered out. He closed it again instantly.

"Somebody to see you," he whispered. "What I've to say I want kept private. I'll be back."

He opened the door and slipped out, and as he went a second visitor entered. Mr. Gus P. Smith was a shortish man with close-cropped hair and a stubble of a beard. The newcomer was as different as one man could be from another. He wore a silken brown beard, divided at the chin and falling in two carefully arranged points. He closed the door carefully, first looking into the hall to see what Mr. Gus P. Smith had disappeared.

"Mr. P. Gubb, the detective?" he asked.

"Most absolutely sure," said Mr. Gubb.

"My name," said Mr. Gubb's visitor, "is one you are doubtless familiar with, I am Alibaba Singh."

"Pleased to meet your acquaintance," said Mr. Gubb. "What can I aim to do for you?"

Mr. Alibaba Singh brought a chair close to Mr. Gubb's desk and seated himself. He leaned close to Mr. Gubb—so close that Mr. Gubb scented the rank odor of cheap hair-oil—and whispered:

"Everything is to be strictly confidential—most strictly confidential. Relation of client to lawyer, and so forth. That's understood?"

"Most absolutely sure."

"Of course! Now, you must have heard of me—I've made quite a stir here in Riverbank since I came. Theosophical lectures—first lessons in Nirvana—Buddhistic philosophy—mysteries of Vedantism—et cetera."

"I read your advertisement notices into the newspapers," admitted Mr. Gubb.

"Just so. I have done well here. Many sought the mysteries. I have been unusually successful in Riverbank. He stopped short and looked at Philo Gubb suspiciously. "You don't believe in transmigration, do you?" he asked.

"Not without I do without knowing it," said Mr. Gubb. "What is it?"

"Transmigration," repeated Alibaba Singh. "Hindoos believe in it. The souls of the good enter into higher forms of life, the souls of the bad enter lower forms of life. As if you were a bad man and when you died you would become a—dog, or a horse, or—something. You don't believe that, do you?"

"Most certainly not at all," said Mr. Gubb.

the show business—in the show business, and in deal wrong right now. Ever hear of John, the Educated Horse? Ever hear of Hogo, the Human Trilobite? Ever hear of Henry, the Educated Pig? Well, them are me! That's my show. Every body's heard of them—of me. Did you ever hear of a sheriff?"

"Frequently often," said Mr. Gubb, with a smile.

"Well, up to Derlingport this here Human Trilobite of mine wandered loose from my side-show tent. You know what a Human Trilobite is—cats stone like a kid eats cake. Well, this Hogo feller broke away and wandered down Main street, and when they found him he had eat about half of the marble cornerstone out from under the Dawkins Building. He's crazy after white marble. It's like candy to him. But it's bad for his digestion, and I'd been keepin' him on a diet of good, solid bluestone for a couple of weeks, and when he runs across that cornerstone he just bit into it and gobbled it up. So Dawkins attaches my show and sends the sheriff with an execution to grab the whole business unless I pay for a new cornerstone. Said it would cost two hundred and fifty dollars. I didn't have the money."

"So he took the show," said Philo Gubb.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Four-finger Steve. "He grabbed the whole caboodle. Ex-cept Henry, the Educated Pig. That's why I'm here. That sheriff's attachment is out against that pig; it is a felony to remove that pig from Derling County while that attachment is out against it. And the pig has been removed."

"You removed it away from there?" asked Philo Gubb.

"Listen," said Four-finger Steve, "all that is strictly confidential, ain't it? Good. I can speak right out to you, like I could to my door?"

"I didn't remove that pig from Derling County. It was stole from me. Just after that sheriff attached the whole show and while he was chasing round, somebody stole that pig out of the tent, and I know who stole it. Greasy Gus stole it. Augustus P. Smith, my hal shoe man, stole Henry, the Educated P., and made a get-away with him."

"Just so!" said Mr. Four-finger Steve. "He wanted you to find Henry and you did. I know! All right; I've no objections. After what Four-finger Steve called me I can't see anything of him. He told you what the sheriff did with you at Derlingport and that I stole Henry?"

Mr. Gubb said nothing.

"That's all right. You're white. You won't give it away, but that's what he was here about, and I know it. Now, listen to me. I skipped out with the pig, and I went out to a farm and saved part of his show for him, and that's the truth, but he don't believe it—nor he! He called me a thief and worse, he did. He had the nerve to say I wanted that pig myself, to start in business with, and that's a lie. No man can insult me like that, Mr. Gubb. Look at this!"

He took from his pocket a couple of feet of whiptail and handed it to Philo Gubb.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Gubb.

"That's all that's left of Henry," said Greasy Gus. "That's his tail remains up to date. That's the rope I used to tie him to. I got the whiptail of a farmer that rode us one of Derlingport. That cord was tied to Henry's left hind foot. Look at the end without the knot—was that or wasn't it?"

"I most generally reserve my opinion until later than right at first," said Philo Gubb.

"All right, reserve it!" said Greasy Gus. "Looks to me like it was a cut. No matter, I want to find Henry. Where he is, I'll find him. I was so mad I had made up my mind to take Henry and set away with him if you could find him just so. Four-finger Steve got him. Send him back to the sheriff of Derling County if you want to. The main thing I want is for you to find Henry and let Four-finger Steve Watts get him. How's that?"

"Under them certain specifications," said Philo Gubb. "I can take up the case and get right to work onto it."

"All right, then," said Greasy Gus. "Now, here's what I know about it. I got out of Derlingport with Henry and the police were looking out for Henry. So I took an alley instead of a regular street, and along we came. We came along down the alley, and of a sudden I began to wonder what I'd do with Henry now I'd get arm out of town. It would look kind of suspicious for me and Henry to go to a hotel like that. I'll rent him a stall in somebody's barn for a day or two. That was the natural thing to do, wasn't it? So then I thought, 'How'll I look going along with Henry and asking if I can put him in this barn and that barn?' I'll look suspicious. What I want to do is to go alone to rent a barn and say I'm making out a pig for a pig if I can get a place to keep him. So that's what I did."

"We left the pig alone in the alley by itself," said Mr. Gubb.

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. Smith. "I found an alley fence that had a staple in it, and tied one end of the whiptail to the staple and went down the alley to find a barn I could put Henry in. About the fifth barn I tried I found a place for Henry, and then I went back

right along I'd have to diet Henry, but I never got to it. He's one of those big, double-blinded pinkish white pigs—looks like a prize pig in a county fair. And listen! He's in this town!"

"Really indeed?" said Mr. Gubb.

"I know it!" said Four-finger Steve. "I seen Greasy Gus load that pig into a farm wagon at Derlingport, and I thought nothing of it. I thought Gus was trying to salvage the pig for me, but one feller will jump out another in time of trouble. So I come down to Riverbank on the train, expecting Gus would show up at the hotel and tell me where the pig was hid. All right! Gus shows up. 'Gus, I says, 'where's Henry?' Gus lets on to be worried. 'Stolen!' he says. 'Some guy lifted him when I wasn't looking. Of course, I knew that was a lie, and I told him so, I was red-hot. So he got mad, too. Now, he says, 'you'll never get him back. I'll mean to give him back to you, but after you have talked to me like that I'll never give him back. I'll keep him,' he says. 'If I can find him, I'll give him to the sheriff of Derling County. So there you are, Mr. Gubb. Henry is in Riverbank, and I want Henry. This story about Henry being stolen is a lie. Henry is hid and Gus Smith knows where."

Mr. Gubb looked at Mr. Watts thoughtfully.

"Now, if you're one of these fellers with a conscience," said Four-finger Steve, "you can do what you want with Henry after you find him. If you feel that way, you can send Henry back to the sheriff. I guess I can raise enough to redeem Henry and let the horse and my tent outfit go. But I won't have Greasy Gus putting a trick like this over on me. No sir! All I got to say is, you find Henry and you get that twenty-dollar bill. I'll be down at the Riverbank Hotel. That's all!"

He arose and shook hands with Mr. Gubb, and went out in a few minutes before Mr. P. Smith, who must have been waiting across the street, came in. He closed the door and locked it.

"I saw old Four-finger come out of this building," he said. "What did he want?"

"He came upon confidential business which can't be mentioned," said Mr. Gubb.

"Just so!" said Mr. Smith. "He wanted you to find Henry and you did. I know! All right; I've no objections. After what Four-finger Watts called me I can't see anything of him. He told you what the sheriff did with you at Derlingport and that I stole Henry?"

It went right to the dining room table and climbed into a chair.

"to get him, and he was gone!"

"And no class left onto the place?" asked Mr. Gubb.

"This tag end of the rope," said Greasy Gus. "That was all. At first I thought Henry had pulled loose, rope and all, and had wandered away, and I ran up and down the alley and across the big vacant field that was there, and down one street and up another, but I couldn't see anything of him. Then I went back and found this tag end of rope. And that's all I know about where Henry went, but my idea is somebody come along and seen him there and just thought he'd have a pig cheap. If the houses along there looked like the sort that would have pig-stealers in them, I'd suspect somebody in these houses, but they ain't that kind. I snooped into the back yards of some of them."

"It's a pretty hard case to work on," said Mr. Gubb doubtfully. "Somebody might have come along with a wagon and loaded him up."

"No telling at all. That's why I come to you. If he was where I could fall over him, I wouldn't need a detective, would I? He's up and look over the ground, and you ought to be able to find a clue where I couldn't. That's your business. I can tell you right where to go. The alley opens out into a sort of big field toward the north. There's a big water reservoir in the field. The fence is bare of a big white horse with a cable reef, and there's a silver poplar in the back yard. If you find Henry, I'll just give you these four five-dollar bills. I'm no millionaire, but I'll blow that much for the satisfaction of getting back at Four-finger Watts. Is it a go?"

"Under them certain specifications," said Mr. Gubb, using the exact words he had used before. "I can take up the case and get right to work onto it."

Mr. Smith shook hands to bind the bargain and departed.

He had hardly disappeared before Mr. Alibaba Singh opened the door cautiously, put his head inside and then entered.

"I thought that man would stay forever," he said with annoyance. "He isn't in any way interested in my affairs or in the affairs of Mrs. Henry K. Lippett, is he?"

"Nobody has been here that is interested into anything you are interested in the slightest form or manner," Mr. Gubb assured him, and Alibaba Singh sighed with relief.

"You never knew Henry K. Lippett, did you?" he asked.

"Never at all," said Mr. Gubb.

"He broke his neck," said Alibaba Singh, "and it killed him."

He hesitated and seemed lost in thought. He drew himself together sharply.

"It isn't possible," he exclaimed with irritation and with no connection with what he had just said. "I don't believe it! I—"

His distress was great. He wrung one hand inside the other. He almost wept.

"Mr. Gubb," he said, "since I was here I have been up to Mrs. Lippett's house again, and it is worse than ever. It couldn't be possible. I haven't the power. I know I haven't the power. You ought to try to explain your-



self more plain to your detectaking," said Mr. Gubb.

"I'll tell you everything!" said Alibaba Singh in a sudden burst of confidence. "Mr. Gubb, I am an impostor. I am a fraud. I am not a Hindoo. I was born in Delancy street, New York. My name is Guffins, James Guffins. I did slight-of-hand stuff in a Bowery show. I took up this mystic, yogi, Hindoo stuff because I thought it would pay and it was easy to fool the dames. They fell for it easily enough, and I made good money. But I'm no yogi, I'm no maricle man. I couldn't bring Mr. Lippett back in his own form or any other form, could I?"

"Undoubtedly hardly so," said Mr. Gubb.

"Glad to hear you say it," said Mr. Guffins with relief. "A man gets so interested in his work—and there is a lot you can learn in books about this Hindoo mumbo-jumbo business—but of course, I couldn't bring Mr. Lippett back. I'm no spiritualistic medium. I couldn't materialize the spirit of a pig."

As he said the word, Mr. Guffins shuddered. He had come out unintentionally, but it seemed to jar him to the depth of his being. He had evidently not meant to say pig.

"Mr. Gubb, I will be frank with you. I need your help," he continued. "Mrs. Lippett attended my lecture, and she became interested. She formed a class to study yogi philosophy. We went deep into it. I had to read up one week what I taught the next. The lights turned low and my Hindoo costume helped, of course. Air of mystery, strange perfume, and all that. You said you never knew Henry K. Lippett."

"Never at all," said Mr. Gubb.

"Fat man," said Mr. Guffins. "He must have been a very fat man. And a hearty eater. Rather—rather an overheartly eater. He must have lived to eat."

Mr. Guffins sighed again.

"Of course, there was remuneration," Mr. Guffins went on. "For me, I mean. To pay for my time. Mrs. Lippett was most generous. I told her, he said angrily, 'I couldn't guarantee to materialize her dead husband, but better not try. My power may be too weak. And think of the risk. He may be pure spirit, floating in Nirvana, and come to us as a pure spirit, or he may have passed into the next circle and be something purer than a mortal, but what if his life was not all it should have been on earth? What if his spirit has passed into a lower form as a punishment for misdeeds? You will pardon me for speaking so of him, but men are weak, I said, and he may now be a bird of the air. It would be a shock, I said, to see him changed into a bird of the air!'"

Mr. Guffins paused and wiped his forehead.

"But she would have it," he went on. "She would have me make the attempt. So—"

Mr. Guffins looked at Mr. Gubb appealingly.

"You don't believe, I could do it, do you?"

"Mr. Guffins, I said, 'and he may now be his loving wife. I will try to help him to live so that in his next incarnation he may rise into the body of a higher form of life. Oh, Henry, if you had only been less of a pig when you were alive before! And what do you think that pig did?'"

"What did it do?" asked Philo Gubb.

"It sat up on its hind legs and begged," said Mr. Guffins, "begged for food. It was a painful sight. Mrs. Lippett couldn't stand it. She wept. He was always so hungry in his other life," she said. "I can't begin to be harsh with him yet. Tomorrow, but not when he has just come back."

(Continued on Page 14.)



Ever hear of Hogs, the Human Trilobite? Ever hear of Henry, the Educated Pig? Well, them are me!

"I don't want her to land in jail," he whispered. "It would make trouble for me. The lady, Mr. Gubb, is Mrs. Henry K. Lippett."

"Well?" queried Mr. Gubb.

"What I don't know," said Alibaba Singh, wiping his brow nervously. "I wonder if I did reincarnate her late husband or whether she's liable to be arrested for stealing."

Alibaba Singh stopped short and arose hastily. Some one had knocked on Mr. Gubb's door. Alibaba Singh moved toward the door.

"I don't want to talk about this with anybody around," he said, nervously. "I'll come back later. Not a word about it!"

He brushed past Mr. Gubb's new visitor as he went out, and Mr. Gubb arose to greet the newcomer.

This third visitor was a large, red-faced man with an extremely loud voice. He wore a high hat of gray beaver, and a large but questionable diamond sparkled on his finger. He walked directly up to Mr. Gubb and shook hands.

"Sit down," he commanded. "Now, you're Gubb, the detective, ain't you? Good enough! My name is Stephen Watts, but they mostly call me Steve for short—Four-finger Steve," he added, holding up his right hand to show that one finger was missing. "I'm in