

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

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TELEGRAPH POLE PUZZLE

Little Willie, who was amusing himself by counting the telegraph poles on a short line of three and five-eighths miles, from the car window, discovered that the number of poles passed per minute, multiplied by the three and five-eighths miles, would give the number of miles per hour that the train was going, and asks if you can guess "how far apart were the poles?"

ANSWER TO PUZZLE SUM PRINTED TUESDAY:
Mace, Ace, Bugle, Goose, Bug, Leg—MOOSE.

THE AMETHYST CROSS

By Fergus Hume

"You are very unkind, Lesbia," was all that Sargent could find to say. "In that case, why not leave me and go back to my father?" "Because I came from your father. He wants you to marry me. I want it also. Come," he went on coaxingly, "be my wife, and you shall have everything that the world can give you."

"I dare say. Everything but a husband." "I shall be your husband." "You!" she looked him up and down until he reddened to the roots of his straw-colored hair. "I would rather be excused."

"You wouldn't marry me?" "Certainly not." Sargent grew childish with rage. "If you do not there will be trouble. I can ruin that man you love—that bounder Walker."

"He is not a bounder; he is a man; and it will take a stronger man than you, Captain Sargent, to harm him." "But I can harm him, and I shall do so," cried the captain, and his delicate face took on an expression of cunning. Weak as he was, Lesbia could see that wounded vanity might make him dangerous. "This burglary can ruin that man you love—that bounder Walker."

"What do you know about it?" demanded Lesbia, imperiously. "Walker is guilty. Miss Ellis says so."

"For her own ends she says so, and you act in the same way. She wants to marry George, and you want to marry me. It won't do, Captain Sargent. Things are not to be settled in that way. You had better," she laughed, "marry Miss Ellis yourself."

"I love you. I want to marry you." "I am sorry," said Lesbia, sedately, "but I decline."

"For your father's sake," urged Sargent weakly, angry, and looking more dangerously cunning than ever. "I can harm him also. I can—here he saw from the startled expression on the girl's face that he was saying too much, and abruptly turned on his heel. 'I shall come for my answer tomorrow, Lesbia,' he called out, as he walked swiftly toward the house."

The girl remained where she was, wondering what this new threat meant. She could understand how he could support her father and stand in harm's way for George, but it was difficult to understand how he could harm Mr. Hale. In a flash the old unrest came over Lesbia, and she again pondered over her father's unaccountable secrecy, and recalled his shady acquaintances. Then again, there was Canning, who was a gentleman and had been to school with Mr. Hale, only to degenerate into Sargent's valet. It was all very puzzling and somewhat startling, and Lesbia puzzled over it hopelessly, until she was aroused from a somewhat painful brown study by a low whistle.

She looked up and around to see a boat by the landing-stage, and in the boat Mr. Canning, looking more frail than usual, was also shadowy, and it dawned upon Lesbia that the two might be related.

"Captain Sargent has just left me," she said, running down on the landing-stage. "He wanted to marry me and I refused."

"You were quite right, Miss Hale. If you married Sargent you would be ruined forever."

"He threatened to harm my father if I did not, and George also."

Mr. Canning threw back his head and laughed silently. "He can do his best to harm Walker by supporting me," said Sargent, "but it will take a much stronger man than Alfred to—here he became aware that he had appeared unduly familiar with his late master."

"I thought so," said Lesbia, recalling how alike the two men were in looks and fragility; "you are related to Captain Sargent. You are his brother."

"Yes," said Mr. Canning, looking very pale. "Since you have guessed so cleverly, I may as well admit it. But I shall not tell you my story now. Later on will do. Meanwhile, say nothing to your father about having guessed that Alfred is my brother. How did you—"

"Oh," said Lesbia, smiling, "you are exactly alike. Both pale and both slender, with the same cast of face and the same color of hair, and—oh, it's wonderful—I believe you are twins."

Mr. Canning shrank at this question. He came ashore and passed with Lesbia under the chestnut tree, behind the trunk, in fact, so that they might not be seen from the cottage windows. "I have discovered the truth," he said.

"What is it?" "I have only repaid my debt—that is, if such a debt ever existed. An avowal, Miss Hale," said the shabby cap with all the good breeding of a gentleman, Canning pulled away with an easy, clean stroke, which could only have been learned at a public school.

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"What wickedness!" murmured Lesbia, as Canning moved towards his boat.

"Oh, such things are classed under the head of business by people of Mr. Hale's nature. But I must get away before my brother or your father sees me," and Canning loosened the painter, and took the oars, and without an anxious glance or so at the cottage, he rowed away.

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said, in his usual whisper, "but at present you must not ask me how I came to learn it. But George Walker is innocent." Mr. Tait had the jewels stolen so as to get the insurance money.

Lesbia gasped with amazement. "Are you certain?" she demanded, and when he nodded asked another question. "How did you learn so quickly?"

"That is a secret. Just now?" said Canning, equably. "Remember that I warned you before, that you must not ask that question. It is sufficient to say that I found out how Mr. Tait insured these jewels for a large sum of money, and then employed two clever London thieves to steal them. Tait will get the insurance money, and also he will get the jewels and sell them in India and America. Of course, the thieves will have to be paid for the risk they took, though it was not a great one, as Tait left the gallery doors open and gave them the key which he had on his watch-chain to open the safe. If Miss Ellis had not come down, if Walker had not followed, there would have been no scandal."

"Mr. Canning," said Lesbia, after a moment's thought, "did Miss Ellis know that this robbery was about to take place. From all that I have heard of her she is deep in her uncle's confidence."

"I cannot be sure if she is an accessory before the fact," replied Canning, speaking in legal phraseology.

"But I can," cried the girl, leaping to a conclusion with the intuitive certainty of a woman. "I see the whole scheme. Miss Ellis knew that the jewels would be stolen somewhere about three o'clock in the morning, and so appointed that hour to meet Mr. Walker and implicate him in the crime. It was a carefully arranged trap into which he walked wholly unconsciously."

"But her reason?" asked Canning, somewhat perplexed.

Lesbia laughed. "You are a mere man, Mr. Canning, and cannot understand. It takes a woman to fathom the duplicity of another woman. Miss Ellis loved George, and as he would not marry her willingly, she lured him into this trap, so as to—oh!" Lesbia broke off, clenching her little fists and stamping with anger. "But she shall not! She shall not! I shall see her and defy her. And you, Mr. Canning—"

"I am returning to London to hide," said the man quietly; "but I can come down here when it is necessary. I shall send you my address as soon as I can arrange where to conceal myself."

"But why should you conceal yourself?" "That is too long a story to tell you at present. I have discovered about Tait—that I have told you—is dangerous to me. No, Miss Hale, do not ask me further questions, for I dare not answer. I have jeopardized my liberty, and perhaps my life, by what I have done for you."

"I do not understand," said Lesbia, somewhat scared.

"It is as well that you do not," said Canning somberly. "Bluebeard's claim-bear is a dangerous room to look into. When it is necessary—if ever it is—you shall know. What I am concealing now. Meanwhile, I shall go into hiding in London."

"What am I to do?" "See Miss Ellis," rejoined The Shadow promptly. "Tell her what I have discovered, and give my name as your authority—that is, say how Captain Sargent's servant looked into the matter. You can suppress the fact of my being a gentleman and Sargent's valet."

Tell Miss Ellis also that when the time comes I can prove that her uncle had the jewels stolen so as to get the insurance money, and the money from the sale of the jewels themselves in order to tide over a financial crisis. Twenty thousand from the jewels and a like amount from the jewels, ended Canning cynically, "will give Mr. Tait ample funds with which to retrieve his position. He was in danger of bankruptcy, but this crime, engineered by himself, has saved his credit."

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When your food has not been properly digested, your body has not received the benefit it should. The exertions of the gastric juice have been confined entirely to removing the unassimilated undigested portions of food which they cannot properly digest as speedily as possible from the body, thereby only giving the blood a small percentage of nourishment with which to feed the tissues. Bile, which regulates the bowels, promotes perfect digestion, makes pure blood, tones the stomach, and thus restores perfect health and strength to the debilitated system.

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snapped Hale, changing color.

"Very little. But you certainly told me in an expansive moment, that Lord Charlington, as your cousin, allowed you a small income."

"Precious small," muttered Hale, not contradicting.

"But why does he allow you anything?" asked Lesbia, very directly, "with two thousand a year you cannot wish for his help."

Hale took a turn up and down the room, then stopped opposite his daughter, and spoke in quieter tones, but none the less emphatic. "I am not enjoying two thousand a year at present," he declared slowly, "and so accept an annuity from Charlington, who, being my cousin, has every right to assist me."

"I don't see that," murmured the girl, shrugging.

"It doesn't matter what you see, or what you don't see," cried Hale, his temper again getting beyond control. "Do as you are told, or chance the consequences."

"Be a pawn, in fact," she rejoined, ironically. "A pawn, on your chess-board."

Hale shrugged in his turn. "Put it how you like," he retorted, "but obey."

"Certainly not. I am a human being and have the right to—"

"You have the right to do nothing," broke in her father desperately. "See my girl, you are making a great mistake by not letting me guide you. Had you been open about that amethyst cross, I should never have allowed you to give it to George Walker. Its possession means more than you think. The two thousand a year depends on its production."

"Oh!" Lesbia opened her eyes widely. "I see. Then you are willing that I should marry George if you get this two thousand."

"Yes," said Hale bluntly, "but for circumstances which do not concern you—I prefer that you should marry Sargent."

To Be Continued.

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"I believe all skin diseases such as pimples and eruptions originate through the failure of the eliminating organs to pass certain poisonous wastes from the body."

"There is at all times a large accumulation of foul matter in the system, which, if not destroyed, gets into the blood. Germs and disease-producing matter are thus circulated through the body. Ultimately they force their way through the pores of the skin, produce pimples, swelling, red blotches and often eruptions horrible to look upon."

"I usually found the primary cause to be with the kidneys and bowels—these organs are too slow. My pills of Mergal and Butternut contain very active vegetable extracts that act on these organs instantly. They give strength, tone, and vigor to the eliminating organs that positively insure a clean healthy body."

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10-c-vzx

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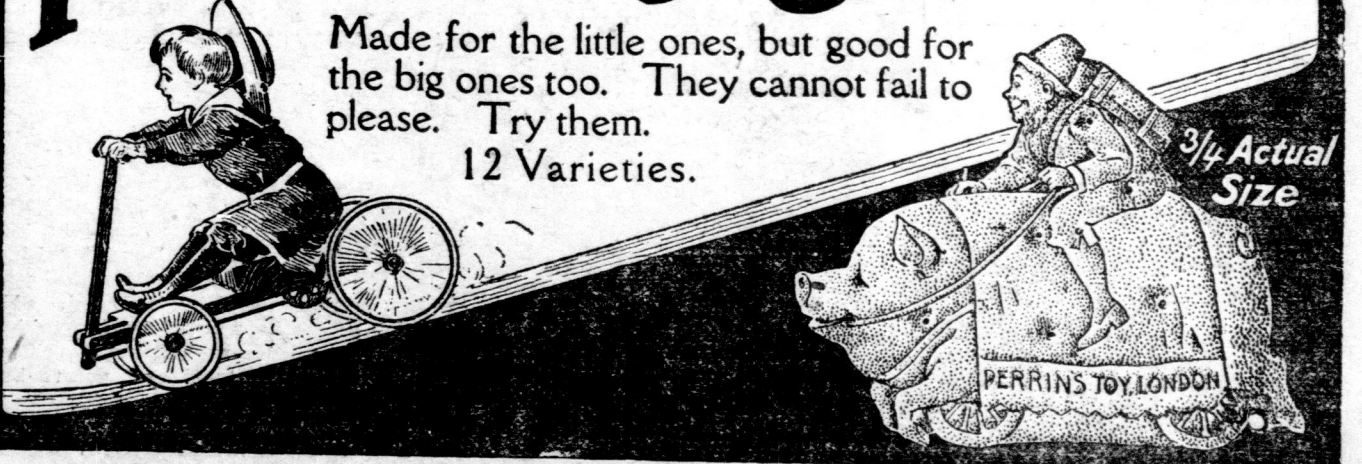
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