

# THE SLEUTH

"You are Nell Ottaway, aren't you?" asked the boy with a touch of awe.

"You got me wrong, son," said Nell, good-naturedly. "My name is Paddy Leary from a spot called Tipperary."

"Oh, you can't fool me!" said the boy, confidently. "With your long hair and all, and hiding away like this. As soon as that came out in the paper about you changing with a stoker I began to look for you on West street. I tracked you here from the store where you wrote that letter."

"What were you going to do with me when you got me?" asked Nell curiously.

"Turn you over to the police. Then my old man would have to let me be a detective."

"Oh, I see!" said Nell.

"What are you going to do to me?" the boy asked with a shade of apprehension.

"Not a thing—if you keep away from the windows," said Nell. "Glad to have somebody to talk to. What's your name?"

"Kid Doty," the boy said with a swagger. "Doty means brave, see? I'm not afraid of anything that walks!"

"That so?" said Nell.

Kid Doty suspected irony. "Well, I followed you right into your lair, didn't I?" he said aggressively. "That's something."

"Sure, that's something," said Nell, grinning. He liked this boy.

The Kid looked around him with bright eyes. His fears at rest, he chattered like a child to his mother.

"Say this is a note! Us two being locked up together. I never read anything like it, did you? Or saw it in the movies. These rooms would make a great scene in the movies, wouldn't they? This is the real thing! Say, you'll have to keep me with you now wherever you go, to prevent me from telling the police."

"I suppose so," said Nell ruefully.

"Oh! Will you? Will you? cried the boy, eagerly. "Oh, say, I'd give anything to go with you! I'll be your man. I'll help you fight!"

"But I thought you were going to be a detective," said Nell.

"I want to see life!" cried the Kid. "I don't care how. There's nothing in a New York for a fellow like me. I'd have gone west long ago, but I don't know how to ride the bumpers. I don't know where the bumpers are on a car. You can show me."

"Well, well, see," said Nell guardedly.

"How do you feel?" asked the Kid, with respect.

"I feel all right thank you," said Nell. "Why?"

"After croaking a guy, I mean."

Nell hated to disappoint his ingenious admirer. He made an effort to play up to the part ascribed to him.

"Don't want to talk about it," he growled, as if in unhappy retrospect.

The Kid vented a long breath of excitement. "He haunts you!" he cried.

Nell looked around him apprehensively. "Ah, cut it out!" he muttered.

"I've done lots of bad things myself," said the boy, eagerly. "I thought I haven't killed my man yet. I suppose you're a dope fiend. I smoked a pill once. I wasn't very sick, neither. Had a cig?"

Nell wondered if it required a criminal to win a boy's confidence completely. He wasn't going to spoil it by a moral homily. "Cigarettes?" he said, affecting scorn. "Cigarettes are for women and dudes. I smoke a pipe!"

The boy's face changed. Unostentatiously he put away the box. "Sure!" he said. "I smoke nothing but a pipe myself. Or a good, strong cigar. I just carry these to give away."

The afternoon passed very pleasantly on both sides, notwithstanding the absence of lunch. Together they washed Nell's clothes and spread them to dry in the patches of sunlight under the front windows.

Meanwhile the Kid bombarded Nell with hundreds of questions concerning a life of crime. Nell's ingenuity was put to it to find satisfactory answers. Fortunately the boy was uncritical. At the same time Kid Doty continually forgot his assumption of the desperado, and lapsed into the normal adolescent. He entertained Nell with simple domestic details.

"My old man's a lawyer. Good head, too. But of course he doesn't understand me. Fathers always want you to study hard in school and get high marks. Huh! teacher's pet! Not for mine! They didn't do it themselves, no sir! I found an old letter that told how Dad was arrested once for breaking church windows. So he can't blame me."

"Wants me to be a lawyer. What do you know about that? Gee! If I had my way, I'd take the whole push of lawyers, barring the old man, and put them on a ship, and torpedo it. I got a young brother. He thinks he's bad, too. He's just imitating me. I won't let him be. No, sir, that kid's got to stick in school and make something of himself!"

When it began to grow dark Nell prepared to go out. Dressed in the renovated clothes, and wearing the blue shirt and red tie, there was little to suggest the coal-passer. Kid Doty pressed his felt hat on his idol. With considerable stretching, it was made to do.

"Where are we going now?" the boy asked.

"You're not going anywhere," said Nell.

His face fell. "Aw, I'm your pal now," he pleaded. "Through thick and thin. I could stall off the cops. Two heads are better than one."

Nell was not a little touched. "I don't doubt you, old man. But I have trouble enough to look after myself, without another. Besides, I'm broke."

"I got a dollar and a half," the boy said eagerly.

Nell shook his head firmly.

"What did you do with the old man's roll?" asked Kid Doty.

"Never mind that now."

"Gave it to your girl, I suppose. They all do."

Nell was cutting the woolen neck-cloth into strong strips.

"What's that for?" asked the boy.

"To tie your wrists and ankles, my son."

"Honest? Doty's face was a study in delight and alarm. "But—this is a dickens of an out-of-the-way joint," he faltered.

"When I make my getaway I'll tip off the police to come and release you."

The would-be desperado's face glowed. "Oh, say, will you? That'll make some story, eh? That's pretty near as good as bringing you in myself, Gee! when they read the papers in school!"

With alacrity the boy put his hands behind him to be tied. "Make a real one," he urged, "so they can't say it's a frame-up."

There was enough of the scarf left over to make a blind for the youngster's eyes. Nell prepared to put it on.

"But what's the use of that?" asked the victim. "I'm coming back in a little while." Nell said, "And you mustn't see what I do."

"I wouldn't tell."

"I know," said Nell, "but it makes it seem more realistic."

"Oh, all right. Better gag me, too, or they'll want to know why I didn't make the neighborhood."

"Time enough for that later."

"I can see under the bandage. Pull it down a little," said the boy once conscientiously.

Nell smiled as he tied the knot. He gripped the thin shoulder in a friendly hand. "I'm off now. Lie low for awhile. I'll bring you in a bite to eat. So long, old fellow!"

"So long, old fellow," returned the boy in careful imitation.

Nell locked the room door behind him. Feeling his way down stairs, he satisfied himself with a cautious survey that there was no one immediately outside, and issued into the street. He made his way over the uneven flags towards Hudson street.

After dark it was more than ever an unsavory neighborhood. Few lights were to be seen in the little tenements sandwiched between yards and stables, yet figures occasionally passed in and out in the dark. At the corner of Washington street under the tin awning of a vacant store a group of youths with sneers fixed in their faces eyed him hard as he passed.

He had little to fear from such as



these. His shrunken, creased clothes offered little temptation to footpads, however small their way of business. He walked with a slouch and a vacant look that disguised him better than his borrowed clothes.

Turning into Hudson street, the scene was instantly metamorphosed. New York is a city of such breathless scene-shifting. A line of brightly-lighted stores stretched up and down on either hand, and the pavements were alive with after-supper shoppers. Nell went into the first baker's to obtain a bite for himself and a bag of cakes such as might appeal to a boy's salivary glands. Then he made his way north according to schedule, searching the faces of the passers-by, while careful to maintain the vacant look of his own.

Would she come? He realized now that it was herself he longed to see more than anything she might bring for his succor. Why had he not asked her to come anyhow? Fearing a sickening disappointment he would not allow himself to hope. He thought of a dozen good reasons to prevent her coming; she might not have got his letter; and even if she had, how could a girl be expected to get a man's outfit together at an hour's notice; and how could a delicate brought up to bring it to this mean quarter after dark? He should not have asked it of her—but what else could he have done?

"Of course she will not come!" he told himself a score of times, while his desirous eyes continued to search for her.

Slouching along, head down and hands in pockets, he reached Abington Square without seeing her. He started his steps the whole way, still without reward, and turned north again, considerably saddened in heart. Suddenly one of the poor housewives of which there were so many making their little purchases, brushed against him, and a voice whispered startlingly:

"Don't you know me?"

Nell had his nerves under good control. He walked on with unchanged face. The woman who had spoken was in front of him; he studied her figure sharply. Surely it was not possible! She was wearing a long, ill-fitting rusty coat, much braided, the braid coming off. Below it appeared a faded skirt and deplorable shoes. She was bareheaded. Her brown hair, twisted in a loose knot, was escaping untidily in every direction. She carried a covered basket. More convincing than the clothes was the walk, the manner; the whole figure sagged wearily.

It could not be!

She stopped under pretense of looking in a shop window, and Nell had a glimpse of her profile. He was amazed. It was she, his charming girl, but terribly changed. Her skin showed the sickly pallor resulting from bad housing and insufficient food. Her nose and the skin about her lips were reddened and rough, her glance weary and listless. Nell was strangely divided in his mind between horror at the outrage to her beauty, and delight in the cleverness that had accomplished it.

His imagination was impressed for-

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ever by the notion of a woman who could dare so for a man.

He walked on, and she fell in behind him in order to avoid the loiterers by the empty store he led her through the next street, and approached his hiding-place from the other direction.

Once in that dark and furtive little street, he paused and let her catch up with him.

He sought her hand and pressed it hard. "How good of you!" he whispered. "I dared not hope you would come!"

She disengaged her hand. "Of course I came," she said. "Ah, don't thank me!"

"But I must," said Nell. "I never knew of such a thing!"

"But—but it sounds like mockery," she said, "for you to thank me—now."

"How wonderful you are!"

"Please, please! I have what you need for. Where shall we go?"

"I have a place," he said, "such as it is. You're not afraid to go alone with me?"

"Afraid?" she said with a break in her voice. "Would you be in such a place if it weren't for me?"

This note made Nell exquisitely uncomfortable. "For goodness' sake, don't take that line," he exclaimed. "I'm having the time of my life!"

"Ah, don't joke about it!" she said.

"Come on," said Nell. "I'll show you my castle."

"Is it safe for us to walk together?"

"Surely. You could go anywhere in that make-up. How did you manage it, you wonderful one?"

"A little paint works wonders. It wouldn't pass in the daylight. I studied my scrubwoman, poor soul! These are her clothes. I changed at her house. She thinks I've gone to a masquerade. It's easy for a girl to disguise herself if she wants to."

Reaching the door of his hiding-place he led her in boldly. "Don't mind the smell and the dirt," he said. "There's safety in the forlornness of the place."

"There were people across the road who could see us," she whispered apprehensively.

"Doesn't matter," said Nell. "People in such a neighborhood as this mind their own business strictly."

He led her up the rickety stairs. Her hand lay in his as soft and warm as a nestling. In the pitch blackness of the landing above he could not help trying to draw her close to him. Surely after this she must love him!

But she held off determinedly. "Ah, be generous!" she whispered with a catch in her breath. "Don't make me sorry I came!"

He released her with a little groan. He could not resist this kind of an appeal. She was safe because she was so entirely at his mercy. At the same

time he was a man and she was a woman. How was he to know that she did not secretly desire him to overpower her resistance? Boys learn out of the air that maidens must be maidenly.

When he opened the door a cracked voice from within instantly asked in accents of alarm: "Who is it?"

"A right, old scout," said Nell.

He had heard the girl give a little gasp. He pressed her hand reassuringly, and touched her lips for silence.

Nell carried the bag of cakes into his willing prisoner.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" whispered the young desperado. "The rats made a fierce racket!"

Nell squeezed his shoulder, and opening the bag put the refreshments within his mouth.

"This pleased Kid Doty more than the prosaic method of fingers." "I'll be in the next room," said Nell. "I've got to shut the door. If the rats come around again, sing out."

CHAPTER VII.

"Did you bring a candle?" Nell asked the girl, in a whisper.

She nodded, and feeling in her basket, presently put it in his hand.

Nell led her into the middle room and closed the door. "So the light won't give us away through the front windows," he explained. He lit the candle. "We'll have to sit on the floor," he said. He spread his coat for her.

"But—but what am I staying for?" she faltered. "I've brought you the things. I must go back."

"Ah, not right away!" he said, reaching for her hand. "I need the sight of you more than new clothes. It's lonesomeness undermeins a man, not danger. Every minute you stay gives me fresh heart."

She was persuaded to sit down. The candle threw immense, grotesque shadows of them upon the stained walls and broken ceiling. They were so quiet that tiny pairs of eyes ventured to peer at them from the corners. Nell shielded bits of plaster at them. He gazed at the girl in the light with fresh, delighted interest. The lovely depths of her eye reassured him of her beauty.

She was only human. "Ah! don't look at me!" she murmured, averting her head.

"You're still hideous!"

"You're still yourself," he said, Jeppily, "though changed on the outside."

"It's my hair," she explained. "Untidy hair undoes a woman completely."

"Looks as if it hadn't been brushed for a week," he said, maliciously.

"Oh," she gasped. Her quick fingers searched in the coil for pins. With a shake she tossed it free. It fell all

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around her in lovely, smoky coils.

"Oh, beautiful!" he cried, softly.

"You look like a cryad now."

"I didn't let it down for you to say things like that," she reproved him with her adorable primness. "It has to be fixed before I can go out."

He laughed in his throat. "Oh, well, let it wait awhile," he murmured, dreamily.

Affronted by his ardent glance she twisted it up again hastily. But Nell snatched up the pins from where she had laid them.

"What's the matter with me?" he demanded. "Can't I even look at your hair? Am I hateful to you?"

"Would I be here if you were?" she whispered, holding her hair up with one hand and extending the other for the pins.

"Oh, that may be gratitude," he said.

"I don't want your gratitude."

"It's all I have. Please give me the pins."

"No!" he insisted. "Let it down again."

"You have me at a disadvantage," she said, reproachfully.

"You said that before," he said, grimly. "It's really the other way around. You have me where you want me. You know I couldn't hurt you. But I can't guarantee my manners. Put your hair down."

With a shrug and an offended look she obeyed. She couldn't do anything else.

"Now I'm a brute, am I not?"

She made no answer.

"What is the matter with me?" he burst out again. "Tell me plainly if you don't fancy my style. I've no illusions about myself. And you're not supposed to fall in love with me just because I've had a chance to help you. But I have an instinct—I feel somehow as if you felt the same—felt what I do, and were just putting some artificial restriction on yourself. That's what drives me wild!"

"Nonsense!" she cried, quickly. "That's what every man says."

"Just vanity, eh?" inquired Nell, bitterly. "But tell me in plain words; there's no chance for me?"

"No! I told you in the beginning. Why do you make it so hard for me?"

"Hard?" said Nell, dejectedly. "What need you care?"

They were silent for awhile.

"Tell me one thing, if you don't mind," he suggested, at length. "What is your name—your real name?"

"Laura," she answered, readily.

"Suits you," he said, laconically.

A young man in love cannot be permanently discouraged by a mere verbal refusal. Hope soon began to stir in Nell's breast. "I wouldn't want her to fall in my arms like an overripe peach," he thought. "She's worth climbing for. I'll get her yet."

The continued silence disconcerted her. "I must go," she said, nervously.

"Wait a minute," he returned, with an off-hand air. "Let's look over what you brought."

(To be continued.)

of the presence of the audience, and to a considerable degree addressed it directly. Now they could interpret the story on the stage, entirely ignoring, apparently, the presence of the audience.

This change in the conception of the play as a whole, as being made up not of dialogue and recitation, but also of action and pictorial representation, has had a very far-reaching effect on our present day conception of the drama.

**Luminous Eyes.**

Cats among animals and owls among birds, says W. H. Hudson in his book, "Idle Days in Patagonia," are the most highly favored of any creatures in the matter of luminous eyes. "The feline eyes, as of a puma or a wildcat, blazing with wrath, sometimes effect one like an electric shock, but for intense brilliance the yellow globes of the owl are unparalleled."

Mr. Hudson asserts that nature has done comparatively little for the human eye either in these terrifying splendors or in beauty. He says that in Brazil he was greatly impressed with the magnificent appearance of many of the negro women, but that if they had only possessed the "golden irides" of certain intensely black tropical birds their "unique loveliness" would have been complete.

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Lac Bouchette, Lac St. Jean Co., Que., April 22nd.—(Special.) "I can assure you Dodd's Kidney Pills made me well." So says Joseph Larouche, well known and highly respected here. For two years he was a sufferer from cramps in the muscles and headaches. He was treated by a doctor, but got no permanent relief till he used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"You may publish my statement that Dodd's Kidney Pills made me well," says Mr. Larouche in an interview. "I was ill two years. I had cramps in my muscles, and suffered from terrible headaches. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

That Mr. Larouche's troubles came from his kidneys is evidenced by the fact that he found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills. "They are simply and purely a kidney remedy. The reason they are credited with cures of rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy, backache, diabetes and heart disease is that all of these were either kidney diseases or diseases caused by sick kidneys."

**Grow Alfalfa**

(Experimental Farm Note.)

The pressing need for increased farm production, on the one side, and the scarcity of farm labor on the other, have created a situation in Canadian agriculture that is somewhat embarrassing to the two chief parties concerned, viz: the farmer and the consuming public.

With a serious farm labor confrontation the producer, it will be difficult to increase farm production, and the expanding acreage under crop. However, the need for increased production remains, and under the circumstances, there seems to be only one way to make the best of the situation, and that is to make every produce more, in quantity as well as in quality, than it has produced in the past.

With special reference to increased production in the forage crop line, the question is: "What forage crop is, under present conditions likely to produce the heaviest character and greatest quantity of the highest quality of feed for all-round purposes?"

In our opinion there is no forage crop that better answers their purpose than alfalfa. It can be grown to advantage under a diversity of soil and climatic conditions and has, generally speaking, a wider geographical range of usefulness in Canada than any other forage crop. Alfalfa is a choice food for all kinds of farm animals, and, on a more economical feed per acre than does any other hay or pasture crop, it, furthermore, requires comparatively little labor. Once well established, it continues to yield heavy returns. On account of its lasting character, a good deal of money and labor is saved annually, as no re-seeding is necessary for years, and for this reason, if for no other, alfalfa should command special attention just now from any farmer handicapped by scarcity of labor.

It is true that there is an urgent need to meet the immediate demands of Canada and the Allies, and that therefore every ounce of energy should be mobilized to realize the situation as quickly as possible. But, Canada will be called upon to produce record crops not only this year, but for many years to come, peace or no peace. The mere ending of the war will not bring about a relaxation of the efforts in farm production. On the contrary, with the return of peace, the necessity of making the utmost out of the soil will likely be felt more keenly than ever before. In view of this it would seem to be a good policy to prepare for the future now, and as far as forage crops are concerned, special attention should be paid to alfalfa as a crop that, better than any other, is likely to fill the bill as the crop of the future.

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**REALISTIC STAGECRAFT.**

The Electric Light is Responsible for Many Innovations.

The introduction of electric light was, of course, responsible for greater innovations in the art of stage decoration than any other one thing. It was now possible to light up equally well any portion of the stage, and so the "apron" was dispensed with and the picture frame proscenium introduced.

The cry for realism which Ibsen's dramas had aroused was now taken up by the scene builders with enthusiastic vigor, and "nature" was reproduced in material detail. "We must show life exactly as it is," became their motto.

These changes naturally also had an effect upon the actors themselves and upon what they said. Formerly the actors were continually conscious

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There is no sufferer from a flippy cold or any winter ill that won't find a cure in Catarrhzone, which is employed by physicians, ministers, lawyers and public men throughout many foreign lands. Large size lasts two months and costs \$1.00 and is guaranteed; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

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