

she'll do that she'll do more. It was a likely start."

Robert smiled with renewed determination. "Well," he laughed, "for a jump that was pretty good."

They carried the nearly demolished glider into the machine-shop. "She needs the attention of a surgeon," grinned Robert. "I'll have to set a few busted ribs and graft on some skin before she's fit to appear in public again."

Emory Taine crouched close and gained a view of the interior of the ship through an open window. For a time he watched Robert and Old Tom as they overhauled the smashed glider, and his ears caught fragments of their conversation.

"It's the balancing that must be fixed up," decided Robert. "She'll glide, but her equilibrium is uncertain. I'll get at it and work that out, and when I have solved it, the thing is as good as done. I've got to discover how she can be kept from tipping to either side or from tilting back or forward—although the elevating plane in front and the rudder in its frame and braces behind will do a lot to steady her up."

"You'll do it, Bobby," Old Tom said proudly. "I'll back you against any boy on the state on any kind of a mechanical proposition. Ain't I worked alongside of you for years? I guess I have. When that flying race comes off I know the lad I'm going to bet on."

Bobby laughed at his old friend. "You're prejudiced. I think you're complimenting yourself, for you taught me all about the mechanics. I know 'Come over here and look at these plans and designs. I've never explained them to you."

Emory watched Robert and Tom Sands bend over the rough desk and strained his ears to catch what they said as they examined a thick sheaf of papers and blue prints. For the half-hour that the pair spent going over the designs the eavesdropper did not remove his gaze, and if he missed a word it was because it was spoken so softly that it failed to carry to his eager ears. At last the papers were folded and laid away in a cabinet.

"I'll be going home," he heard Robert say. "Do you stay here all night?"

"Yes, I've a cot in the office and I sleep there."

"Well," Bob laughed at the idea— "don't let anybody get at those plans. If anything should happen to them it would come pretty close to putting me out of the race, for it would take a good long time to replace them."

"I'll keep a sharp eye on them, Bobby," assured Old Tom. "Don't you worry about them. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," called Robert, who was already at the door. "And don't let anybody carry off the shops."

Emory made haste to secrete himself before Robert should emerge into the open air and see him; but as soon as the coast was clear he crept again to his window. Old Tom was no longer in the shop. It was deserted. For a long time Emory sat still with his head resting on his hands. Then he spoke to himself:

"If anything should happen to them it would come pretty close to putting me out of the race." That was all he said. "Come pretty close to putting me out of the race."

Softly he tried the window which Old Tom had closed. It gave under his

hands and he raised it quietly. Then, with a furtive look about him, he stepped over the sill and was inside the shop.

(To be Continued.)

## In the Little Old Leather Trunk

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placed a chair for her. He smiled as he returned her bow, asking her meantime what service he could render her on such a beautiful summer morning.

With an impulsive gesture Ellen laid the envelope containing the deed on his desk, dropped the square, thin package into her lap, and, grasping the arms of her chair a trifle tightly, said:

"Judge Bentham, do you remember Mr. Eben Penfield of Bedfordshire County?"

The judge, ensconced in his chair once more, had begun to polish his eye-glasses with his handkerchief, and he looked up and smiled again cordially.

"Why, of course I knew Eben Penfield," he returned. "He was one of my first and best friends here in Bedfordshire County. Did you want to know anything about him? If so, I can direct you—"

"Oh, no, thank you," the girl replied. "You see, I'm his granddaughter—my name is Ellen Penfield—and I just dropped in to see whether you would be so kind as to tell me about some property that he bought down in Texas a good many years ago. I wanted to ask you whether you thought it was of any value—whether it was located anywhere near the new oil-fields down there."

The judge set his lips tighter, then he shook his head dubiously. He placed the deed on the desk before him and reached for the gazetteer in the revolving bookcase beside him. Before replying he opened to that section of the volume devoted to the geography and history of Texas. He unfolded the large colored map of the State and turned the book so that Ellen could see it conveniently, and he soon made it clear that the oil-wells were many, many miles from her grandmother's land.

The judge was refolding the deed to return it to Ellen, and as the girl arose to go, she said:

"It's been ever so kind of you, sir, to explain this matter to me, though I must admit that I'm very much disappointed that I can't take better news home to Grandma. I did so hope that there would be something in it! But there was another, very much smaller, matter I'd like to ask you about. It has nothing to do with law, though. Yesterday when I was hunting for that deed up in Grandma's attic, I found an old book with several hundred postage-stamps on it which Grandma says her son Paul collected when he was a boy, over thirty years ago. Now I wonder if you could tell me where to go to find out whether they are worth anything? Couldn't somebody in the post-office tell me?"

As Judge Bentham listened to her, Ellen noted a new interest growing in his eyes. He laid the deed down again unsealed and motioned Ellen to be reseated.

"This sounds doubly interesting," Miss Penfield, he returned. "When you speak of stamps you touch me in a vital spot, for stamp-collecting has long been my favorite hobby. If you can let me see what you have unearthed, perhaps I myself can tell you what you want to know."

Thus encouraged, Ellen rapidly undid the covering of the impromptu album and handed the book to the judge. He opened it and began to scan the pages. His interest seemed to grow more pronounced as he proceeded.

"Well, I declare," he vouchsafed at length, "this is most interesting! And a moment later, 'Most unusual! Where did you say this collection came from, Miss Penfield?'"

Ellen related briefly the story of how she came to find the stamps and repeated the remarks which her grandmother had made about them. Judge Bentham listened attentively. When she had finished he turned again to the revolving bookcase and selected a thick, red-bound manual, which, Ellen observed, bore the title, "Complete Catalogue and Price-List of all Adhesive Stamps—Postage and Revenue."

"Miss Penfield," he said a few moments later, as he paused with the stamp-album open before him and one finger in the red-bound manual, "I don't want to startle you unnecessarily, but from a cursory examination of these stamps it strikes me that you have here one of the most valuable little collections that I have ever been fortunate enough to see. In fact, there are several specimens in this book that I have never seen duplicated outside of museums, they are so rare."

Ellen started forward with widening eyes, and a slight exclamation of mingled joy and amazement as the force of Judge Bentham's remarks broke upon her.

"And do you think they would be worth as much as twenty-five dollars?" Ellen asked, in a tone tinged with eagerness and a sense of incredulity.

The judge gave way to a peal of laughter. "Why, my dear young lady," he said, turning the stamp-album toward Ellen and pointing with his finger to an obscure triangular stamp engraved with the legend, "Cape of Good Hope—One Penny," "if that stamp there is genuine, which it has every appearance of being, it alone will sell for three hundred and fifty dollars or more at any philatelic auction. It belongs to the series of 1862 and is among the rarest stamps known to collectors. I have only seen two of that issue before, myself, and one of those is the particular gem of my own collection."

"Three hundred and fifty dollars!" Ellen repeated blankly. "Can it be possible that a little postage-stamp is worth as much as that?"

The judge had begun to study the stamps minutely again, and was too absorbed to reply at once. He turned the yellowed pages of the old ledger with the undivided interest of a connoisseur, only pausing now and again to consult the red-bound manual or examine a stamp with the magnifying-glass which he had taken from a drawer in his desk. As he continued to pore over the collection, he omitted queer judicial ejaculations of pleasure and surprise. At last he looked up over his glasses at Ellen again. "This is certainly a most unusual find, Miss Penfield," he said. "I don't know when I have come across anything that has interested me more. Besides that Cape of Good Hope rarity, you have here two specimens of the Spanish orange two-real issue of 1851, which will bring over a hundred and fifty dollars in any auction-room; an incomplete but highly valuable series of United States proprietary revenue-stamps that I dare say are worth fully sixty dollars; one of the very rarest specimens of the crude British Guiana issue of 1850, listed at seventy-five dollars; while these three-cent scarlet stamps, bearing the head of President Jackson, on the old-envelopes here, are of the issue of 1862 and are worth at least a hundred dollars apiece. There are four of them, you see, and the fact that they have not been removed from the envelopes greatly enhances their value. I haven't looked over the com-

moner varieties, that make up the body of your collection, very carefully, but I should think that they might bring you at least an additional twenty or thirty dollars."

Ellen listened to Judge Bentham's words like one in a maze. Surely he must be joking with her! But when she looked squarely into his eyes, she knew that he was sincere in what he said. The only words that came to her lips were:

"What will Grandma say?"

The judge had pulled a scratch-pad toward him and began to compute a little column of figures. As he finished, he looked up with a smile.

"Now that is something you will have to find out for yourself, Miss Penfield," he said. "But first, if you will take these precious stamps to a dealer in New York, whose address I will give you (I believe you said you lived there yourself), he will examine them carefully, and when he has satisfied himself that they are genuine, as I have no doubt he will, he will give you eleven hundred dollars cash for the lot, if you ask it, or maybe even twelve hundred, and that will be enough money to pay off the mortgage that you say has been worrying your grandmother so long, and also leave over two or three hundred dollars for emergencies. I can't imagine just what your grandmother will say then, but I have no doubt it will be something very nice."

Ellen's face was glowing with conflicting emotions, and she had to wink hard and suddenly to keep back the tears of joy and gratitude that were rising to her eyes.

"But, Judge Bentham," she exclaimed, "how can I ever repay you for this?"

The judge removed his glasses and began to wipe them vigorously again.

"My dear young lady," he replied, "I want you to know that it gives me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to be of this slight service to you. Your grandfather was foreman of the jury that decided the first case I ever won in Bedfordshire County, when I was a struggling young attorney, and it was the winning of that case that gave me my start in life."

## Kiss and Make It Well.

By Mary Morrison.

Little childish faltering feet  
Pattering everywhere;  
Clambering on the banister,  
Climbing up the stair.  
"Ah, be careful!" comes too late.  
"See where baby fell!"  
Quivering lips to mamma say,  
"Kiss, and make it well."

Little toddlers off to school  
From the sheltering nest,  
Weep their little hurts away  
On the mother's breast.  
Little wounds by malice given  
Bruise the heart as well;  
"Never mind, for mamma will  
Kiss, and make it well."

Soon the little barques set sail  
On the sea of life.  
Wild the waves which buffet them,  
Strenuous the strife.  
If they strike the rocks of sin  
"Neath the surges' swell,  
Mother-love is harbor safe;  
"Kiss, and make it well."

Geniuses are in some respects like high candle-power electric lamps; their lights dispels the shadows far and wide while they last, but their constitutions are delicate.

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**HART-BROWN WING CARRIERS**  
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