

GILLETTE'S PERFUMED LYE



FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC. SOLD EVERYWHERE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

MARKS, SCRAPS AND SCRAPES.

Little Clues That Led to a Woman's Unmasking

Even before he reached the Planes Abe Cronkite caught an echo of the local sentiment against David Hague. Perhaps he sought it, for he was unusually affable to the countryman who took the seat beside him at the station below.

"Yes, I am a stranger in these parts," the detective agreed smilingly. "Sent down by the big book house of Ayrton & Fleming to put a valuation on Mr. Hague's library. My name is Cravens, James Cravens."

"So Mr. Hague is really going to sell out, close up and get over to Europe?" mused the other eagerly. "There must be something in it. Well, Mr. Cravens, I doubt if he will get away or you finish your job in peace. The people are very much aroused."

"What's the row? Has he been putting up the rents? He owns the whole place, doesn't he?"

"No, sir; so far as being fair and kind, I never heard any fault made with Mr. Hague. Indeed, if he hadn't been so quiet and offish we might have sent him to Congress time and again. I've never had anything against him; quite the contrary. He has used me good, buying all his horse tackle of me and never a word about the price. But ever since Miss Offner disappeared folks have been talking."

"Miss Offner? Pray who is she?"

"Miss Offner was the governess for the little girl, Enid. A likely young woman, though her eyes always seemed too black and her face too white for me. Besides, she had such a noiseless way about her, it used to give me the creeps. Before she died she was or the wasn't here or there. But God keep me from speaking ill of her, the poor thing, when they do say she's been murdered."

"It's this way, sir. She dropped plumb out of sight. You know how keen village folk are to what goes on at a great house. She took no train or stage; not a soul caught a sight or sound of her. Then her handkerchief was found on the shore of Brasser's pond; there were knots in it, sir."

"Didn't they drag the pond?" asked the detective.

"No, you dragging Brasser's pond, sir. Once down always down there. The waters are very cold and very deep. 'Tis said there's an underground passage to the sea. No possibility of a body being recovered from there; and nobody knows it so well as David Hague. Why he wrote an article about it for a scientific magazine."

"But she may have committed suicide. Why should he be suspected?"

"She told the milliner, yes, and old Miss Sythe, the postmistress, that she was afraid of him. You know how men are, a young widower living in that lone house. Perhaps it's all talk, but it keeps getting uglier. So tell him from me, Joe Minnick, the saddler, to watch out the night of town meeting; there are apt to be doings. Here we are, sir, and your cart over there. Slong!"

The smart trap brought Cronkite rapidly to the great gray house set among

the planes. As he entered the broad central hall a prim and elderly lady welcomed him. She was Miss Byng, Mr. Hague's deceased wife's aunt Matilda, who had come to keep house for him and look after her little greatniece. Would he step right up to the library, where Mr. Hague was waiting?

The pale and scholarly young man who led Cronkite over to the desk and smiled faintly at his message corroborated all that the worthy saddler said.

"Minnick is a good sort," he replied, "and in his shop one hears all that is going on. A rough crowd gathers after town meetings; the next one just three days off, on Saturday night. You've got short, sharp work to do, Mr. Cronkite, to save me from being lynched, I fear."

"You know nothing, sir, besides what you wrote to Judge Marcellus?" asked the detective abruptly.

"Nothing more as to Miss Offner's disappearance. She was here one night, the next morning she was gone—I heard, as I wrote, by her own strange volition."

"But as to her motive, sir?"

David Hague looked confused. There was a faint flush on his pale cheeks. "How shall I say it?" he said. "Miss Offner once and again evinced a personal interest which I didn't reciprocate of course. You understand my wife's death was an irreparable loss to me; I have only been able to assuage my grief by close study. I tried to explain, but she was very bitter. You must see I don't want to say anything against her."

"I do see," agreed Cronkite, with genuine sympathy. "And now, sir, if you will be so kind as to tell me of this young woman's habits I'll refer no more to so disagreeable a subject."

"She was very fond of reading," Cronkite quoted to himself. "It was a common sight to see her sitting in this very room with a dozen open volumes about her and her notebook on her knee. Her taste? Catholic. Poetry, history, biography, fiction, everything. One day she came long marginal mark by a passage she had liked. She said she had done it without thinking. It was an old habit of her bitter days."

"Well," mused Cronkite as he proceeded with his task of cataloguing the books, "what she was wont to do without thinking she may have done without noticing afterward. It is worth trying, at any date."

It was worth trying. As the detective in his patient, dogged search kept finding the same long marginal mark he came to have a clear idea of the mind and character of the reader. Aunt Matilda and again did an obscure passage show this note of appreciation. Romantic? Yes. Wildly, fiercely so. Why, Byron's "Lara" was full of them. Philistine? Yes, once more. But coldly so. A mind must be at once merciless and selfish that could approve of the extreme passages in "The Prince of Machiavelli and Hobbes' 'Leviathan'."

There were other passages, too, of the lighter sort, in French melodrama and shilling screamers, that seemed to show a liking for craft and derring-do. Evidently this strange young woman had not only the mind to conceive, but the disposition to do a deed, unusual, illegal and heartless.

Yes, Cronkite was forced to admit to himself with a sigh, he could not picture her as dying for love. She might cause misery, even death, out of revenge, but she herself would live to enjoy the incidental yet essential fruits of the crime. They seemed inseparably joined, her violence and her avarice.

So much was gained, but a great deal more remained to be learned. It was now Friday afternoon. The next night might bring a catastrophe that would make his inquiry futile. In his short stay he had come to like—and respect David Hague. A well-intentioned, inoffensive scholarly man who should have been left tranquil in the shade of his sorrow.

There was a quiet chime, though, about six delicate features, his eloquent eyes, his refined dress and manner, which the detective could see might stir an unruly nature to love and hate, were it not for that obvious break and drag of self-interest. How would Miss Offner be benefited by his death? If he died intestate little Enid would inherit everything. So too would drown with his considerable estate would doubtless give the child a bulk of the estate, properly safeguarded, with a handsome competency for Aunt Matilda Byng and remembrances for the servants. Where was the mercenary motive?

Besides, all this was more theoretical than practical. Admitting his assumptions, they were of little use unless supplemented with a knowledge of Miss Offner's methods. Cronkite had been so diligent that now only a few books remained for his examination, and these were treatises and reports which promised but barrenly. It was characteristic of the thoroughness of the man that he fetched the steps and mounted behind the cases in order to see whether some

volume might not have fallen down on him and crushed him. There was a sound of a book, small, dingy, cheap. The sound he had been waiting for. It was "Lacy Nylon Vintage" by the late David Hague.

He turned to the page he had just opened and saw the shadow of the now vanished woman's face on the flyleaf. He had traced her to the point where he had indicated in his passage.

"But Lacy Nylon Vintage was all ways of the odd kind. It was the part of the narrative was instead of running away stating in a direct and to the point that no one would think of looking for him there."

Even as the detective read he was conscious for all his absorption of a swift fitting shadow from without. He looked out on the trim lawn and gravel paths. Jim Minnick, the bluff saddler, was turgid toward the gate with a harness thrown over his shoulder. He remembered how he had heard his voice while he was searching. Who was it, then, had this good sort of a village character been talking? By an odd freak of memory the man's own words came flooding back. "She had such a noiseless way about her, before you knew it she was or she wasn't here or there."

As the time shortened Cronkite saw more and more plainly that he could not rely upon Mr. Hague for suggestion or information. Something of a victim's merciful inertia had set upon the poor gentleman. He shut himself up in his own rooms, curtly refusing further consultation on the ground that he did not know what to do he would not have applied to his lawyer, Judge Mark Hus, for help. The detective must work out his own salvation.

Such was the situation, then, when late on Saturday afternoon Cronkite gained secret access to the room formerly occupied by Miss Offner, and where he had learned remained just as she had left it through the aversion which so soon and so often clings to whatever is connected with life unexplainable. For the first time he was enabled to do so.

Mr. Hague was in his gloomy seclusion. Aunt Matilda Byng had gone for a drive with the little girl. The servants were busy in the rear quarters. He was alone and would be alone for a time.

For a time, short, abruptly short. It was this urgency which quickened the detective's wits. One verifying look at the scrap of paper blown into a corner of the closet's top shelf; one rapid scrutiny under his glass of the thread fluttering from a nail outside the window and of a scrape in the paint along the side of the veranda roof, and he was down the stairs, back to the stables and off in a runabout to the county seat.

As Cronkite returned more leisurely through the village he drew up in front of the saddler's shop at a wave from bluff Joe Minnick. The gang of idlers within stared out at him sullenly. "Had he got me report off to the firm on the five-thirty?" he said, anticipating the man's frank curiosity.

"And you'll be going next, I reckon," suggested Minnick.

"As soon as the word comes, you may be sure. I don't care to be around a man who hasn't the sense to heed a word in season. I'm a man of peace, I am."

"Oh, did you tell him? What did he say?"

"Just laughed and said he wasn't the kind to be scared off by a pack of cowardly loafers. But you were up there yesterday; why didn't you tell him yourself?"

"I wasn't fit to go into the house in my working clothes."

"But you might have impressed the danger on Miss Byng; she was out on the grounds."

"Oh, that nice old lady tending the plants? You see, I just didn't; I don't know her. They do say, though, if the worst should come she would be a mother to the little girl and watch over the country folk fine. Sort of saintly looking, ain't she?"

"Jump in and take a spin around for the last time," said Cronkite suddenly; and honest Minnick was so gratified by the invitation, with its chance for further talk, that he did not note the detective's quick, verifying glance at the broad feet he raised to the step of the runabout.

Your Bad Taste In The Morning Is Due to Catarrh

Destroy This Poisonous Disease Before Your Health Is Seriously Injured.

Perhaps you haven't thought of calling those unpleasant symptoms that attacked your nose and throat by any particular name—but it's Catarrh just the same.

When the attack is severe, your eyes are watery and look weak. Your breath is offensive, due to inflammation in the nose and throat.

At last science has discovered a real remedy, a new scientific marvel which acts like no other Catarrh remedy on earth. "Catarrhazone" operates on a new plan; it is a direct remedy, goes instantly to the source of the trouble. Its rich, fragrant essences and healing balsams are breathed in vapor-form through a special inhaler and give instant relief.

Catarrhazone doesn't stop at the relief stage—it goes further—keeps on going till a cure is effected. Bad cases are cured, as you can judge from the following letter: "Every morning for six months last winter I awoke with a bad taste, an awful breath and stuffed up feeling in my nostrils," writes Rob. E. Rutland, of Regina. "It was simply an awful case of chronic Catarrh. Relief first came from Catarrhazone. I used that inhaler twenty times a day and took it to bed with me at night. I am cured, and by the use of Catarrhazone stay well. Now I am free from irritating throat trouble, coughs, colds, headache, or catarrh."

No medicine on earth is so simple to cure every form of Catarrh or throat trouble as "Catarrhazone." Get the large \$1.00 size, lasts two months and is guaranteed; medium size 50c; sample size, 25c; all druggists and merchants or The Catarrhazone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR Prevented by



Treatment with CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. Directions: Make a parting and rub gently with Cuticura Ointment. Continue until whole scalp has been gone over. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with directions, sent post-free. Address: Pott & Chem. Co., Dept. 2475, Newton, N. S. A.

They passed the returning carriage on the way; and it so happened that Cronkite got back to the house just as it also arrived. He raised his hat distant to Miss Byng, for his work had not enlarged their first brief acquaintance. But the old lady advanced from the porch, with little Enid by the hand.

"I am glad you took an airing, Mr. Cravens," she said in her old-fashioned way, "you have been so confined."

"Yes," agreed Cronkite, "as I had to send off my report to the firm I killed two birds with one stone. I picked up a chap I met on the train coming down, and that made it all the pleasanter."

"Oh, yes, it was Minnick, Joe Minnick, wasn't it, I saw with you? He is quite a village character. Mr. Cravens, though I have been here for so short a time I have come to call on him for all sorts of odd chores. He is so dependable, as I was telling him only yesterday."

"He told me he had got in the habit of coming to help when his hat dangled over his head; what was her name, my little dear?"

"Miss Offner," interposed the child eagerly. "She didn't have to wear big, dark glasses like poor Aunt Matilda, but her hand was always like hers, as cold as ice."

"That is a sign of a warm heart, little one," replied Cronkite patronizingly.

IV. Eleven o'clock of Saturday night; and the gang of idlers who had surrounded the house at the Planes with threats of fire and lynching were quickly quelled and corralled by the Sheriff's stout posse, admirably placed by Cronkite. It was so soon over as to be laughable, had it not been for one serious occurrence.

As David Hague in response to the cries had pluckily stepped upon the porch a shot rang out from the bushes directly opposite. Though it must have been wild it seemed that an assassin had tried to kill him and escape under cover of the confusion.

Twelve o'clock of Saturday night; and the runabout which had been sent again to the county seat swept up to the porch. A dignified old gentleman stepped out and advanced with the stately bearing of authority into the parlor. It was Judge Josiah Marcellus.

The scene presented to the old lawyer was a curious one. Huddled together in the rear of the room were the rioters under guard of the stout posse. On one side sat David Hague in the calm of dejection. On the other side sat Aunt Matilda Byng, prim and rigid. A table had been deputized by the District Attorney and the magistracy of this county to inquire into the recent violation of the law.

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There was a moment's pause, filled with uneasy murmurings, and then a voice cried: "We were going to rid the town of Hague, your Honor. Decent folk can't stand having a murderer among them."

"That's definite," nodded the Judge approvingly, "and now for the facts. Who is the murderer? Who was murdered?"

"It's Dave Hague, your Honor. He killed Miss Offner, the governess; every one knows that," were the responses.

"How does everybody know that?"

Again the agitated pause and then successive calls: "It was Joe Minnick as told me. And me. And me. And me."

"And where is this Minnick? Has he been apprehended?"

"Yes, Judge, here he is. Caught in the very act. He'd have killed Mr. Hague if I hadn't knocked up his arm."

It was Abe Cronkite who spoke as he advanced, driving the wretched Minnick before him.

And then it was that Aunt Matilda Byng who had maintained a contemptuous unconcern, bent forward eagerly. She raised her hand and took off her dark glasses. She gazed upon the prisoner with great black eyes as piercing as a sword. Minnick was obviously distracted between their power and the will of his own terror. He denied, he protested, he raved. Finally, he turned upon Cronkite, screaming:

He thought that Hague couldn't be skered off.

"Of course," agreed the detective. "That is what I was here for."

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A Sleep Soundly, reel Like New

All Who Lack Vigor, Those Who Are Dispirited and Worn Out, Should Read This Carefully.

Proof That Health and Renewed Vitality Quickly Return When Right Remedy is Used.

"I am only thirty years old, yet for almost two years I have felt more like seventy-five. I have found it difficult to sleep at night, and in the morning felt so depressed and heavy that effort was difficult. My hands were always clammy and perspiration on slight effort would break out all over me. It was not unnatural that I should begin to brood over the chance that I should be unable to do my work, and this brooding made my sleepless nights perfect misery. After repeated trials of medicines and mixtures, Dr. Hamilton's Pills gave me the first gleam of hope. From the very first I could see they were different in action from other pills. They didn't grip and acted as naturally as if nature and not the pills were cleansing my clogged-up system. My spirits rose. I felt much better. The sluggish action of the system gave way to normal activity. Dizziness and headaches ceased. My appetite and ambition to work returned, and have remained. I am like a new man, and I thank Dr. Hamilton's Pills for it all."

This was the experience of J. E. Parbhurst, a well-known grocery dealer in Jefferson, N. D. His address, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills for your stomach, liver, and bowels, and you will enjoy long life, health, and vigor. All druggists and grocers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price per box, 5 boxes for \$1.00 or postpaid from the Catarhazone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

THE NEW BLOUSE BODICE

Bodices are, as a rule, cut on the new blouse bodice lines, that is on the cross, with an empiece round the throat of chiffon brocade. This runs in an unbroken line right down the sleeves as far as the elbow, thus giving the long, unbroken shoulder line which is of such paramount importance at the moment.

The chiffon brocade is also brought down to a point in the front of the loose bodice.

This is cut all in one piece, and fastens, to correspond with the skirt, at the right side of the back. The sleeves are quite fascinating, full at the top, and fitting into the bodice in loose, kimono fashion, they gradually begin to tighten at the elbow, and get tighter and tighter, fastening with little buttons very closely round the wrist.

Enough importance cannot be given to the long, unbroken shoulder line, which is seen on all the newest models. This is arranged in various methods, the most popular at the moment being the style before mentioned, with an empiece of brocade, silk, lace of figured chiffon forming, as it were, an entire upper portion to the bodice, over which the material of the dress is rational or stitched up, somewhat in pin-fare fashion.

Another way is to cut the bodice with a true Magyar sleeve and insert a sleeve, long and tight to the wrist, by stitching it in at about four to six inches below the shoulder. Here it is cut to the same breadth as the Magyar sleeve, and is gradually tightened down to the wrist and finished either with cording or a fringe of lace.

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