prowed my penknife to erase the

mouth.
"Why do you laugh, my good man?" he said.

man?" ne said.
"I laugh," replied Gaeki, "because a figure 5 can have so many colors."
And now my father and Lewis were no less astonished than Mr. Gosford.

Gosford.

"Colors!" they said, for the changed figure in the will was black.

"Why, yes." replied the old man,

"It is very pretty."

He reached across the table and drew over Mr. Gosford's memorandum beside the will.

"You are progressive, sir," he went; "you write in iron-nutgal! ink. just made, commercially, in

wood."
He turned and fumbled in his little

case of bottles.
"I carry a bit of acid for my people's

indigestions. It has other uses." He

whipped out the stopper of his vial and dabbed Gosford's notes and Mar-

shall's signature.

"See!" he cried. "Your writing is blue, Mr. Gosford, and Marshall's red!"

With an oath the trapped man struck at Gaeki's hand. The vial

fell and cracked on the table. The hydrochloric acid spread out over Marshall's will. And under the

chemical reagent the figure in the bequest of fifty thousand dollars changed beautifully; the bar of the

5 turned blue, and the remainder of it a deep purple-red like the body of

"Gaeki," cried my father, "you have trapped a rogue!"

his broken bottle from the table.

Another triumph of M. Jonquelle,
"The Triangular Hypothesis," will

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

PIG-HEADED FRIEND.

By Thornton W. Burgess. Pig-headedness is without use, And for it there is no excuse.

You know what it is to be pig-headed. Everybody knows that It is

to go right ahead doing what you

son when others want you to do some-

thing else or to do the thing you are doing in another way. Prickly Porky

Now Paddy the Beaver and Prickly

terfered with Paddy in any way. Per-

never been any way in which he

Paddy's new pond Paddy was glad to

see him. It was a pleasure to have

Prickly Porky simply grunted and

a visitor who did not mean mischief

for you know he was extremely busy

pile completed before the coming of

he climbed up on it. You know

Raby's

Bordens

EAGLE BRAND

Condensed Milk

The Borden Co., Limited MONTREAL

DOOR

could.

haps that was because there had

So when he made his first visit to

begin in our next issue.

"And I have lost a measure of good acid," replied the old man. And he began to gather up the bits of

the will.

WE have been discussing the growing menace to the Greeks in this Persian peace in this Persian peace in this Persian peace. of the great Persian empire under

the Egypt, we are told, Cambyses went mad. He took great liberties with the Egyptian temples, and remained at Memphis "opening anmained at Memphis "opening ancient tombs and examining the dead both Croesus, ex-king of Lydia, and his own brother, Smerdis, before coming to Egypt, and he died in the local property of the local p

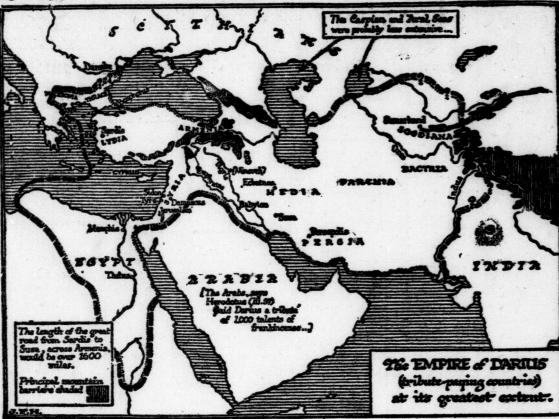
first the Greek cities of the mainlan

Darius was first incited to attack the Greeks in Europe by a homesick Greek physician at his court, Cyrus was succeeded by his son cambyses, who took an army into Egypt (525 B. C.). There was a battle in the delta, in which Greek mercenaries fought on both sides. Herodotus declares that he saw the bones of the slain still lying on the field fifty or sixty years. ing on the field fifty or sixty years later, and comments on the comparative thinness of the Persian skulls. After this battle Cambyses took Memphis and most of Egypt.

coming to Egypt, and he died in but which was then called Thrace, than that of any other man on earth,

him. They were more mobile than his troops, but they missed their quarry in the darkness. At the river the retreating Persians "were the retreating Persians "were brought to an extremity of fear," for they found the bridge partially broken down and its northern end

At this point a voice echoes down the centuries to us. We see a group of dismayed Persians standing about the Great King upon the bank of the streaming river; we see the masses of halted troops, hungry and war-worn; a trail of battered transport stretches away toward the horizon, apon which at any time the advan guards of the pursuers may appear. There is not much noise in spite of the multitude, but rather an inquir-ing silence. Standing out like a pier from the farther side of the great stream are the remains of the bridge of boats, an enigma. • We can-not discern whether there are men



Syria on the way back to Susa of They crossed the Danube, and pre- and this man Darius ordered to take an accidental wound, leaving no heirs to succeed him. He was presently succeeded by Darius the Mede Scythians.

They crossed the Danube, and pre- and this man Darius ordered to take his stand upon the bank of the Ister (Danube), and to call Histiaeus of Miletus." (521 B. C.), the son of Hystaspes, one of the chief councillors of Cyrus.

The Vast Empire of Darius.

The empire of Darius I. was larger than any one of the preceding empires whose growth we have traced. It included all Asia Minor and Syria, that is to say, the andent Lydian and Hittite empires, all the old Assyrian and Babylonian all the old Assyrian and Babylonian empires, Egypt, the Caucasus and Caspian regions, Media, Persia and it extended, perhaps, into India to the Indus. The nomadic Arabians alone of all the peoples of what is nowadays called the Near East, did not pay tribute to the satraps in a provincial governors) of Darius.

organization of this great seems to have been on a empire seems to have been on a much higher level of efficiency than any of its precursors. Great roads joined province to royal posts; at stated intervals post the government messenger, or the government had a government burning and the usual noises and right-of-way, and the payment of realized the trick their monarch had ribute, the local government posphaged upon them, and surrendered

But the Scythlans had no cities,

and they evaded a battle, and the war degenerated into a tedious and capitated head will be sent to Darius hopeless pursuit of more mobile enemies. Wells were stopped up across the waters in a boat, and pastures destroyed by the no-mads. The Scythian horsemen horsemen | that it is "all right. hung upon the skirts of the great army

But privation, fatigue and sickness hindered and crippled the Persian army; Darius lost many stragglers and consumed his supplies, and at last the melancholy conviction dawned upon him that a retreat across the from complete exhaustion and de-

Deserts the Sick and Wounded.

In order to get a start in his re-treat he sacrificed his sick and wounded. He had these men informed that he was about to attack the Scythians at nightfall, and under permit, on to the next stage of his movements of the camp behind him themselves to the mercy of the Scy-themselves to the mercy of the Scy-thians; but Darius had got his start and was able to reach the bridge of was all to their own good And at boats before his pursuers came upon

Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Ca-

"I was troubled for years

with terrible backache, resulting from kidney disease. At times in

each month I remained in bed,

the pain was more than I could stand, and to walk was almost

impossible. I used about \$50.00

worth of other medicines, but

with little results. Now I am

completely better, after using

only five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

naan Sta., N.B., writes:

cepting this proposal. But Histiaeus had been more subthis pretense stole out of the camp the with the pick of his troops and made the Persians completely destroyed

Do you know— What warrior king first built special transports for the conveyance of war the conveyance

Do you know-What caused the ancient Athenians, proud and intellectual, to cast aside a long feud and appeal to Sparta

This worthy-a day is to come, as

we shaft presently tell, when his de-

at Susa-appears approaching slowly

There is a parley and we gather

Playing It Both Ways. The explanation Histiaeus has to

is a complicated one.

Scythians have been and have gone

discussion between the Scythians and the Greeks. The Scythians wanted the bridge broken down; they would then they said, under-

take to finish up the Persian army

and make an end of Darius and his

empire, and the Ionian Greeks of Asia

Miltiades, the Athenian, was for ac-

before definitely abandoning their cause. Would the Scythians go back

Problems In History.

gain. Scouts, perhaps, these were, t would seem there had been a

Do you know-

Why Xerxes, organizer of one of the greatest armies of antiquity, first laughed and then cried as he looked

Do you know-Why Herodotus, patriotic Greek poet, wrote an epic on the march of the Persian hordes of Xerxes upon the

Answers in tomorrow's install-ment of H. G. Wells' "Outline of

to destroy the Persians to make sure of them, while the Greeks on their part destroyed the bridge? Anyhow, whichever side the Greeks took fin-ally, it was clear to him that it would be wise to destroy the north-ern end of the bridge, because otherwise the Scythians might rush it. Indeed, even as they parleyed the Greeks got to work to demolish the end that linked them to the Scy-thians as quickly as possible. In accordance with the suggestions of Histaeus, the Scythians rode off in search of the Persians, and so left the Greeks safe in either event. If Darius escaped, they could be on his side; if he were destroyed, there was nothing of which the Scythians

could complain Histlaene did not put it quite in that fashion to Darius. He had at least kept the shipping and most of the bridge. He represented himof the bridge. He represented him-of the bridge. He represented himand Darius was not disposed to be too critical. The Ionian ships came over. With a sense of immense re-lief the remnant of the wasted Persians were presently looking back at the steely flood of the Danube streaming wide between Copyright, 1921, by the Macmillan Company. Published by arrangement

with the McClure Newspaper Syndi-DODD'S PILLS

TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

Begin Here Today.

Seated in the quiet of his Paris tidy.

4. JONQUELLE, greatest of French detectives, reads from his father's diary the tale of a crime that study,
M. JONQUELLE, greatest of French
detectives, reads from his father's
diary the tale of a crime thattook place years ago in far-off
Virginia.
The diary talks how the son of

The diary tells how the son of PEYTON MARSHALL stole his father's will because he believed his father at his death had been strangely influenced by the Englishman

530,000.

The writer of the diary recounts how his father and the lawyer, MR. LEWIS, were suspicious of Gosford. The son admits he took the will and surrenders it to the execu-

IR. LEWIS, were suspicious of Gosford. The son admits he took the will and surrenders it to the executors, who are gathered in the plantation library with Gosford and the old doctor, JAEKI.

Go On With the Stery.

My ftaher and Lewis gaped like men who see a penned-in beast slip out through an unimagined passage. There was silence. Then suddenly, in the strained stillness of the room, old Doctor Gaeki laughed. Gosford lifted his long pink face, with its cropped beard bringing out the ugly mouth.

CHAPTER III.

"Gosford," he said, "what scheme were you and Marshall about?"
"You may wonder, sir," replied the Englishman, continuing to write his notes; "I shall not tell you."
"But I will tell you," said the boy. "My father thought that the states in this republic could not hold together very much longer. He believed that the country would divide, and the South set up a separate government.

South set up a separate government. He hoped this might come about without a war. He was in horror of a war. He had traveled; he had seen nations and read their history, and he knew what they were talking when they urged war."

He paused and looked at Gosford.

"My father was convinced that the

"My father was convinced that the South would finally set up an independent government, but he hoped a war might not follow. He believed that if this new government were immediately recognized by Great Britain, the North would accept the inevitable and there would be no bloodshed. My father went to Eng-land with this scheme. He met Mr. Gosford somewhere—on the ship, I think. And Mr. Gosford succeeded convincing my father that if he had a sum of money he could win over certain powerful persons in the English government, and so pave the way to an immediate recognition Southern Republic by Great He followed my father ome and hung about him, and so finally got his will. My father was careful; he wrote nothing; Mr. Gos-

lence of this plan, but my father old me, and it is true." My father stopped by the table and lifted his great shoulders.
"And so," he said, "Peyton Marshall imagined a plan like that, and left its execution to a Mr. Gosford!" The Englishman put down his pen and addressed my father.

ford wrote nothing; there is no evi

"I would advise you, sir, to require a little proof for your conclusions. This is a very pretty story, but it is prefaced by an admission of no evidence, and it comes as a spe-cial pleading for a criminal act. Now, sir, if I chose, iff the bequest re-quired it, I could give a further explanation, with more substance; of noneys borrowed by the decedent in is travels and to be returned to me But the will, sir, stands for itself, as Mr. Lewis will assure you."

My father seemed brought up in a cul-de-sac. His face was tense and

disturbed. He stood by the table; and now, as by accident, he put out his hand and took up the Japanese crystal supported by the necks of is pig-headed. He always has been the three bronze storks. He ap- Probably he always will be. He seems the three bronze storks. He ap- Probably he always will be. He seems peared unconscious of the act, for to delight in doing just the opposite he was in deep reflection. Then, as thing from what others want him to though the weight in his hand drew do. He began that way when he first his attention, he glanced at the started out in the great world. There thing. Something about it struck are many people just like him. him, for his manner changed. He spread the will out on the table and spread the will out on the table and Porky never had quarreled. began to move the crystal over it, had never been occasion for them to his face close to the glass. Presently his hand stopped, and he stood friends. Prickly Porky had come

his face close to the glass. Presently his hand stopped, and he stood friends. Prickly Porky had come down to the shore of Paddy's old pond many times. Never had he interfered with Paddy stooped over, staring into the Ori-ental crystal, like those practicers of black art who predict events from what they pretend to see in these spheres of glass. Mr. Gosford, sitting at his ease in victory, regarded my father with a supercilious, ironical smile.

he said, "are you, by chance, a fortune-teller?" "A misfortune-teller," replied my father, his face still held above the crystal. "I see here a misfortune to Mr. Anthony Gosford. I predict, this bequest of moneys to Peyton Marshall's son."

"Sir," said the Englishman, now provoked into a temper, "do you enjoy this foolery?"
"You are not interested in crystalgazing, Mr. Gosford," replied my father in a tranquil voice. "Well, I find it most diverting. Permit me to piece out your fortune, or rather your misfortune, Mr. Gosford! By chance you fell in with this dreamer chance you fell in with this dreamer Marshall, wormed into his confi-dence, pretended a relation to great men in England; followed and per-suaded him until, in his ill-health, you got this will. You saw it writen two years ago. When Marshall fell ill, your hurried here, learned from the dying man that the will

remained and where it was. You and of whom he was not afraid. Paddy went right on about his work, letters in this room, bringing your portfolio with ink and pen and a pad and in a great hurry to get his food of paper. Then, at Marshall's death, you inquired of Lewis for legal measures to discover the dead man's will. And when you find the room ransacked, you run after the

My father paused.

"That is your past, Mr. Gosford.
Now let me tell your future. I see you in joy at the recovered will.
I see you pleased at your foresight in getting a direct bequest, and at the care you urged on Marshall to leave no evidence of his plan, lest the authorities discover it. For I see Mr. Gosford, that it was your Brook on the other side he sat down. see, Mr. Gosford, that it was your intention all along to keep this sum of money for your own use and live was a freshly cut asner broad. Intention all along to keep this sum of money for your own use and pleasure. But alas, Mr. Gosford, it was not to be! I see you writing this release; and Mr. Gosford, my father's voice went up full and strong—"I see you writing it in terror—sweat on your face!"

"There was a freshly cut aspen branch lying on the dam right at that point, and he took a notion to sample the bark.

He had hardly begun when Paddy arrived from the other end of the pond with a food log he was taking terror—sweat on your face!"
"The devil take your nonsense!

cried the Englishman. cried the Englishman.

My father stood up with a twisted, ironical smile.

"If you doubt my skill, Mr. Gosford, as a fortune or rather a misfortune teller, I will ask Mr. Lewis and Herman Gaeki to tell me what they see."

Write for free they see."
The two men crossed the room booklet that and stooped over the paper, my father held the crystal. tells what is manner and the bearing of the men changed. They grew on the instant tense and fired with interest. best for baby

"I see it!" said the old doctor, with a queer, foreign expletive.

"And I," cried Lewis, "see something more than Pendleton's vision.

I see the penitentiary in the dis-

tance."

The Englishman sprang up with an oath and leaned across the table. Then he saw the thing.

"My father's hand held the crystal above the figures of the bequest written in the body of the will. The focused lens of glass magnified to a great diameter, and under the vast enlargement a thing that would escape the ave stood out. The top

down to the old pond. Paddy reached the dam and there stopped. You see, Prickly Porky was right in his way. At first Paddy said nothing. He politely wailed, thinking that Prickly Porky would, many and the politery would many and the prickly

Porky would move on.

But Prickly Porky did nothing of the kind. He rather liked the taste of that bark and he went right on eating, with not so much as a glance at Paddy. Paddy became impatient. He was in a hurry. "If you will move aside, Prickly Porky, I'll be ver much obliged," said Paddy politely. across two uprights.

The figure 3 had been changed to 5 so cunningly as to deceive the eye, but not to deceive the yast magnification of the crystal. The thing stood out big and crude like a carpenter's patch.

Gosford' face became expression-less like word his had reliable them. Prickly Porky simply grunted and went right on eating. "You are sitting right where I haul

my logs over," explained Paddy. "If you will move just a little I won't bother you any more."

"I don't want to move," grunted Paickly Poyler.

Prickly Porky. "But you are stopping my work," aid Paddy. "Mrs. Paddy and I have a lot of logs we must get down into our food pile tonight, and this is the only place where we can get them over the dam without a great deal of unnecessary work."

Prickly Porky simply turned his back to Paddy and went right on eating as if that was the only thing of

importance in all the great world. When he turned his back that way Paddy looked right up at the thousand little spears peeping out from Prickly Porky's coat, and they gave him a most uncomfortable feeling said some sharp things. He might as well have talked to the wind. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Paddy and Mrs. Paddy Make the Best of a Bad Matter."



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