

TRUTH is a structure reared on the battlefield of contending forces.-Dr. Winchell.

. . . When to Lock the Stable

By HOMER CROY

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(Continued from last week)

tumbled.

Mower.

HO'RE-you to be talking? I didn't see any conductor take didn't see any conductor take up your ticket on that train. Ain't you been acceptin' the hospitality of this company and ain't you workin' for me? Ain't you one of us? Your shirt's just as dirty as any body's. Are you going to ring in for me or not?"

''Out boys like that."

''' to boys like that."

"I ain't any lime to talk, but suppose I wanted to holler; the rest of the gang'd fall in with me where'd you be? They'd frame you, that's what they'd do."

"I'm not going to see any boy like that robbed in plain daylight,

returned Clem doggedly.
"Say, you ain't ever told us why
you left Curryville. Do you want us
to telegraph back you've been pinch-

Clem stiffened. "No, no. 'Only

Clem stiffened. No, no. Only don't you see, he was young and I know just what losing five dollars—"
Brassy dropped his hand on Clem's arm familiarly. "Come on, old sidekick, the green's good. If we don't Brassy dropped fils haid of Getal-arm familiarly. "Come on, old side-kick, the green's good. If we don't gei it somebody else will. I wouldn't take any more from him, anyway i just pull the wise ones—there ain't anybody'll give a sick felbras five-spot quicker'n I yill. Here, take spot quicker'n I will. Here, take these three fives and dritt in every new crowd and put down a plaster. You'd be the hot chocolate for cap-ping if your collar didn't button be-hind. Poultice your feet and come on."

The table under his arm, Brassy pushed through the crowd. In a ticket sellers rose a nasal sing-song: "Everybody likes a little innocent fun and amusement. It quickens the

CHAPTER VIII. ALL FLESH IS GRASS.

Mouth to mouth the word flew that Clem was cone. Mr. Kiggins ran over to Judge Woodbridge's office, the over to Judee Woodbridee's office, the morning after the disappearance, and ontit one foot in the window and one eye on the White Front told the judge everything that he had heard, filling in the barren details with what he imagined so that by the time he got through the judge knew a desperate-looking character had been hanging around town that day and was last seen going down Mulberry Street—the very street Clem was comine up to get the medicine.

The city marshal was hurrying

The city marshal was hurrying down the street as fast as his rheumatism would let him, pinning his badge on the outside of his coat. Mr. Kiogins rushed down the stairs, all but forgetting his lame toot, his wrenched shoulder and his bad heart, locked the White Front and set out how bad off I am. Look, look!" ex-claimed Mr. Kigwins, dropping on one knee, and pointing to a footprint and a torn bit of cloth. "Here's where the death struggle took place and all Curryville sleepin' peacefully—all except me, and me the only person to hear it, but sufferin' so I thought I was delirious."
"Life is a candle and death the

Mr. Kiggins rished back to the house and found Marshal Jupes and house and found Marshal Jupes and laid before him his discovery, put-ting in a few embellishments in the way of what he had heard the night before when he was suffering from his shoulder and was half delirous. It had been a terrible hand-to-hand strugele, Clem fighting desperately, but the tramp was big and burly and had so completely stunned him with the first blow that Clem could not see for the blood.

the first blow that Clem could not see for the blood.

Officer Jupes was bending over the footprints when up rushed Rick Oody.

"I found Clem's hat and coat down by the river," he panted, "and a club with hair on it!"

Rick motioned toward Dudget.

Rick motioned toward Diedrich Bend, and with one accord all started in that direction. The crowd was sugmented at every corner; Mr. Knabb hobbled off toward his buggyafter the city officer. He found Reverend Sadnow pacing up and down the front yard, his hands pushshed and in an incredibly short time was back in his democrat wagon. ed up his sleeves and his hair wildly "The work of the Lord," greeted the clerical raven. "In the midst of life we are in the midst of death. Flesh is but grass before the great Mayor." Drawing up alongside Officer Jupes he slid over in his seat and the official swung in without the rig stopofficial swung in without the rig stopping. The rural carriers, with their one-horse rigs hitched in front of the post-office waiting for the last mail followed the crowd enviously, but finally turned back. It was a silent It was a silent

Mr. Kimins listened to the questions Marshal Jupes put to Hulda and then returned to Reverend Sadnow.

Boys, Keep Out of This Till We Get Some Hounds.

"I feel it in my bones," he said, "that it was the tramp we been seeing loafing around here for the last couple days. Let's go down the street and see if we can't find where

they met."
"All flesh is grass and the nations are as a drop in a bucket." letting the words fall in measured beats of sad-

The two started down the street. "I was awake last night - my shoulder hurting me again like coals shoulder nutring the again like to-rolling up and down my back, never gettin' quite off, like these colored cansules with shot in them that they sell on the streets, rolling them up and down a board. Sometimes I'd think the live coals was goin' to tumble off but they'd turn around again and come thumpin' and bounc-

"No one knoweth what a night will

"No one knoweth what a night win bring forth, and life is ar a spark that flies upward!"
"While I was layut," there I heard something like a heavy thud, then a "roan, but I laid it to my mind bein!" delirious and didn't call the family. I delirious and didn't call the family is never disturb anybody no difference

hushed crowd, no one raising a voice

above a hoarse whisper.

The men slipped through the barbd-wire fence, each man getting over he best way he could, none offering to hold up the wire for the person be hind. Jupes was slightly in advance, Rick Oody at his heels and Judge Woodbridge close behind, followed by the others. On the muddied bank, loam spread over the sand like chocothe others. late over ice cream, lay the torn coat and crumpled hat. Near was a heavy stick, one end plowed into the white and black layers. The river, heavy The river, heavy with rich soil, in some places black, in other channels stirred with yellow in other channels stirred with yellow clay, lapped lazily on the bank as if maliciously hiding its mystery. A woodpecker pounded on a hollow limb, thrust its yellow head around the tree, turned it to one side as if to expostulate with the invaders, then found noisile away. A presen and flapped noisily away. A green and black knot on a log slid into the black knot on a log slid into the water and a snake wrigerled down the wet bank in a series of "s's" and slipped into the water without cutting a ripple.
"I ain't touched a thing,", whis-

pered Rick. "I was comin' back from taking Widow Wood's horse down the river when I seen this coat. pered Rick. He used to ride me on his knee

Turning over his clay-stained hand he found a clean knuckle and plowed it into his eyes. Reaching across with his left hand, he picked up his right sleeve and wiped his eyes again. "--and tickle me in the ribs."

Marshal Jupes picked up the torn and soiled coat and cap and finally the stick. "His hair," he said brokenly.

Placing the hat and coat back their former position, Jupes picked up a stick and drew a circle around them. "Boys," he said, "keep out of this till we get some hounds."

The men gathered around in a little knot, hardly raising their voices above a whisper. Slowly they all turned until they faced the black and yellow layered river. An arm was raised, pointing down the current where it rolled sluggishly against a dirty yellow bank, and a dozen heads nodded understandingly. walked back to the fence, Judge Woodbridge first through and hold-ing up the wire until all had bent under.

"I'll run to Coop Goodson's et his seine," volunteered get his seine," volunteered Rick Oody. "I'll cut across and it wor.'t take no time." Rick turned into the timber, bending his head, every few steps, to his right sleeve, and reaching across with his left hand.

reaching across with his left hand.
All was peace again except for one thing that moved; it was a figure slipping out of the underbrush. It paused behind a tree a moment, then walked quickly to the coat and picked it up. Next it studied the hat and finally turned to the heavy stick with the heavy hair.

was Rencie-Rencie Ford, It was Rencie-Rencie Ford.

Before the men returned with the
seine and began dragging the river
for the body of Clem Pointer, Rencie
had slipped away. However, his
younger cyes had searched out something that the others had not seen.
He stooped and picked it up: it was a
wash charma, round hall of markly watch-charm—a round ball of marbl with North and South American and the Old World marked off ir. black.

Men in overalls and heavy shirts swam in the middle of the river, turn about, diving down and keeping the seine on the bottom, while on the shore walked the older men, dragging the net. On coming ashore the black mud squirted out of the holes of their shoes. Grimly they searched the river, going back time after time over the lee waters where the current rosed into the yellow bank. Down to the mill they worked their way, shaking out the net at each haul and letting the turtles run spraddling back

into the water.
When the bloodhounds came they were led to the spot and their noses pushed against the hat and coat. They swung their heads up and down wisely, shook their long ears and ran, a half-dozer times, around the spot in a circle. In their wrinkled snot in a circle. In their wrinkle faces was the wisdom of all the age but time after time they came back to the hat and coat and trotted off with their cold noses to the ground. with their coid noses to the ground. Once one of them bayed, took a straight line, but stopped and again becan maring circles. Finally they came back to the hat and coat and stood wagging their tails and bobling their heads.

(The great's cald?) explained the

bine their heads.

"The scent's cold," explained the sheriff, and leashed the animals.

Parties were formed and for days the surrounding woods were searched and every thicket plumbed, but the myster was just as far from solution as ever. Mr. Kipeins supplied the powder from the White Front and shots were fired over the river, but the river flowed on as sluggishly as before.

(To be continued)

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July 1

HE m is its the majori thought u being of Social Se Ottawa is Stelzle made he said th think only hought or could put way in wh serving m this truth his lesson "We ha

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