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THE ENTERPRISE

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Birth notices: 10 lines, 10 days, \$1.00; 10 lines, 15 days, \$1.25; 10 lines, 1 month, \$1.50.

Marriage notices: 10 lines, 10 days, \$1.00; 10 lines, 15 days, \$1.25; 10 lines, 1 month, \$1.50.

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HEIR TO AUSTRIAN THRONE AND WIFE ARE SHOT DEAD

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Victim of Assassins at Sarajevo

STUDENT AND PRINTER ARE CAPTURED BY THE POLICE

Royal Couple Escape First Attempt On Their Lives With Bomb Burst at Die From Revolver Wounds Shortly After.

Sarajevo, Bosnia—Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and the wife of the crown princess, were shot dead Sunday by a young Serbian student who was on his way to work at the main street of the Bosnian capital, a short time after they had escaped death from a bomb burst at the Royal automobile.

The archduke was struck full in the face and the duchess was shot through the abdomen and throat. They died a few minutes after reaching the palace, to which they were hurried by the police.

Those responsible for the assassination took care that it should prove effective. They were 25 yards from the first with a bomb and the second with a revolver. The bomb was thrown at the royal automobile as it was proceeding to the town hall where a reception was to be held.

The archduke saw the deadly missile hurling through the air and wanted to get out of it. He fell outside the car and exploded, slightly wounding the aide-de-camp in a second car and half a dozen spectators.

It was on the return of the procession that the tragedy was added to the long list of those that have disgraced the pages of the recent history of the Papaburgs. As the royal automobile reached a public square in the route to the palace, an eighth grade student, Gavro Princip, sprang out from the crowd and fired a deadly fusillade of bullets from an automatic pistol at the archduke and duchess.

Princip and his fellow conspirator, a conspirator from the name of Gabrinovic, barely escaped lynching by the infuriated spectators. They finally were saved by the police who afforded them protection.

Elke Close Meeting at Potosky, Potosky, Mich.—Shirley Stewart, of Port Huron, vice-president of the Michigan Elks' association, was unanimously elected president Thursday morning to succeed E. L. Roper of Potosky. George D. Bestock, of Grand Rapids, was unanimously re-elected secretary and John W. Baylorn, of Ann Arbor, treasurer. The number of visitors has passed the 100 mark.

The convention Thursday with a night parade and carnival of fun and a grand ball at the Cassin house.

Man Is Crushed to Death. Alpena, Mich.—Frank Glennie, aged 25, of Alpena, was crushed to death by a mill at the plant of the Huron Portland Cement company. He leaves a widow and two small children.

Glennie had entered the mill Saturday, P. M. P. B. was at the mill at his presence, threw in the clutch of the machine and a second later he was ground to pieces.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

Just before the Genesee county supervisors adjourned Saturday they voted to build a tubercular sanitarium for women and children at the county infirmary. The structure is to be completed by October. There is already ready an institution for men.

E. P. Swan, Detroit, general freight agent for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, was elected president of the Michigan Railroad Club at the banquet given at the Lake Harbor Saturday, P. M. P. B. was at the banquet.

Three noted speakers have been secured for the convention of the Michigan Commercial Secretaries, to be at Mackinac July 24 and 25. The convention will be held at Mackinac Island.

Secretary of the public domain, L. C. Wilson, chief of the state land office, and Munson Haven, secretary of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.

Fire caused by traps destroyed one of the finest barns in the vicinity of the state fair grounds, with a loss of about \$10,000.

The state treasurer reports \$10,000 on hand and the state treasury at the close of business Monday night.

This marks the first time the \$10,000 mark has been reached since 1906. Of this amount \$4,000,000 is in the general fund of the treasury and the balance in the primary school fund, ready to be distributed among the various school districts next month.

The Wonders of Panama Illustrated and Explained at the Chautauqua



Many Travelers are made up by the company that furnishes stock slides and descriptive manuals and are given by those who in most cases have never been abroad in their lives. In the "Story of Panama" an illustrated account of the great engineering enterprise will be given by a man who spent five years in the canal zone. Professor Gause, the eminent educator, was selected by Uncle Sam to take charge of the schools in Panama. He had under his supervision 5,000 American and native children. His frequent visits to the canal zone brought him into familiar contact with all the aspects of the progress of the canal. He knows his subject. His book on Panama has had the largest sale of any relating to this subject and has already gone through three editions. After the evening of the 3rd of July our Chautauqua we are sure that many will feel that they have a satisfactory knowledge of the greatest engineering accomplishment of history. Beautiful slides and several thousand feet of films are aids to Professor Gause's splendid description of American enterprise and achievement.

Sunday Evening July 5th, Manchester Chautauqua, July 3rd to 7th inclusive

TO GIVE LECTURES ALONG NEW LINES

PROBLEMS OF PUBLIC SERVICE WILL BE TREATED IN EXTENSION WORK.

ASKED FOR BY SECRETARIES

Prof. Henderson Reports That During Year Just Ended W. of M. Free Service Has Reached 87,360 Persons.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Beginning with next fall, a new phase of the free extension work at the University of Michigan will be undertaken, a direct result of an appeal from the secretaries of 22 Michigan towns and cities employing commercial secretaries, who asked that the university give assistance in connection with the public service departments.

The university will give a course of eight lectures in the university next fall, treating upon special problems connected with public service. The secretaries will come to Ann Arbor for these lectures, and the work probably will be arranged for Saturdays.

Prof. W. D. Henderson, director of the University extension service, has in his yearly report shown that the number of lectures last year was 264, and that the number of the faculty represented was 118. The number of lectures given in the University free extension service in the year ending June 1, 1914, was 212, and the total number of people reached through them was 87,360.

SAGINAW TO HAVE NEW HOTEL

Old Bancroft House Will Be Replaced With Nine-Story Structure.

Saginaw, Mich.—Henry Allen, of Cincinnati, a hotel architect and member of a firm financing hotel and business blocks, has been in this city two days, and has just returned to Cincinnati. He announced the financial plan for a new nine-story hotel, which will be built on the site of the Bancroft house, will be nine stories high and will cost about \$500,000. The Bancroft house is one of the oldest hostleries in the state and has stood on the corner of Washington avenue and Genesee street for over 50 years.

New Teachers at M. A. C. East Lansing, Mich.—With the reopening of college next September two new men will be found at the head of departments at the Michigan Agricultural college.

Professor Alfred K. Childtenden, formerly connected with the forestry department at Michigan State University, will become professor of forestry at the institution here, taking the chair vacated by Prof. J. Fred Baker, resigned. Prof. Childtenden is a Yale graduate, and has made an extensive tour of the forest conditions abroad, as well as in this state.

Dr. M. McCall will become professor of soils.

ALIENS MUST PAY ONE PER CENT TAX

INTERPRETATION OF INCOME TAX LAW FITS CANADIAN DIANS.

EMPLOYERS HELD LIABLE

Thousands of Persons Working in United States and Living Across Border Affected by Decision of Department.

Petroit.—Non-resident aliens are subject to the application of the federal income tax. This interpretation of the statute was given Collector James J. Brady, of the Internal Revenue department, and District Attorney Clyde I. Weisner, both of whom returned from Washington Monday after holding a long conference with Commissioner of Internal Revenue W. H. O'Brien and Deputy Commissioner L. P. Street, head of the income tax division. The decision will affect thousands of Canadians employed in Detroit and vicinity, and all aliens employed in the United States or territories but making their residence in adjacent border nations. It is estimated that 2,500 citizens of Windsor alone will be affected.

Employers will be liable for the tax of the alien employee. Collector Brady was informed that every employer in this district who employs alien must submit a list of such employees to him, and withhold 1 per cent of their salary, which is to be paid the government as required by the income tax statute.

EXCURSION BOAT IS BURNED

Big Excursion Steamer Manifested Burns—Great Fire at Detroit.

Grand Haven, Mich.—The big excursion steamer Manifested, formerly the Potosky, caught fire at the Johnson repair dock, early Sunday morning, and her full crew of sailors escaped by fighting their way through smoke and flames and leaping overboard. Two men were seriously burned and others sustained minor injuries.

The steamer was destroyed, with a loss of about \$250,000. Part of this was covered by insurance. She was owned by the Michigan Transportation Co. The Manifested built in 1882 and carried the Potosky. She was 483 gross tons, 252 feet long and 32-foot beam.

BIG NEGRO STILL CHAMPION

Jack Johnson Defeats Pittsburgh Fighter in Paris Saturday.

Paris.—"Jack" Johnson still holds the heavyweight championship of the world. He defeated Frank Moran of Pittsburgh, on points in a 20-round contest. Moran was game and stubborn but did most of the leading and made many friends.

Johnson's superior skill and his effective uppercutting, with down steps, clinched the fight. Johnson was a rather lame affair at all stages.

Primary Fund Is Enriched. Lansing, Mich.—The primary school interest fund was enriched \$189,306.43, Tuesday morning, when State Treasurer Hopper transferred that amount from the general fund of the state treasury to the primary school interest fund. This action was authorized by Monday after Supr. of Public Instruction Fred L. Keeler had made a demand for the money, which is in payment of penalties, paid by corporations since 1907 upon failure to pay their specific taxes when due.

SEVEN PERSONS CARRIED

Transatlantic Flying Boat Stands Brevet Test and Establishes Weight Carrying Record.

Hammondsport, N. Y.—Seven men flew over Lake Keuka Saturday afternoon in Rodman Wanamaker's transatlantic flying boat America.

Their weight, together with fuel and ballast and gasoline, totaled 1,500 pounds, and the boat carried 700 pounds more than was ever carried in a flying machine in the country before.

The number of passengers was three times the weight carrying record, and it is said to be a world's record for a flying machine.

Lieutenant John Cyril Porte, who is to pilot the machine from Newfoundland to Ireland by way of the Azores, was at the wheel of the boat.

The boat carried today was within 600 pounds of what the America will be required to carry in her transatlantic flight. Glenn H. Curtiss, the builder and Lieutenant Porte were delighted with the test.

To Stop Post Office Abuse. Port Huron, Mich.—As a result of a visit of postoffice inspectors to the city to investigate alleged abuse of the general delivery system, new regulations have been adopted, and the people who have been in the custom of receiving their mail through the general delivery window will be required to fill out a card stating name, age and address, as well as the name of the person to whom the mail is to be sent.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Detroit—Cattle: Receipts, \$70; good grades strong; others steady; best heavy steers, \$8.00; best heavy weight butchers, \$7.50; best heavy steers and heifers, \$7.50; heavy light butchers, \$6.00; light butchers, \$6.00; best cows, \$6.00; butter cows, \$5.50; common cows, \$4.25; canners, \$3.00; best heavy bulls, \$4.25; heavy bulls, \$3.50; stock bulls, \$3.50; feeders, \$1.75; stockers, \$1.75; milkers and springers, \$4.00.

Hogs—Receipts, 418; market steady; best, \$10.00; others, \$9.50. Pigs—Receipts, 1,780; market steady; best lambs, \$9.50; fair lambs, \$8.50; \$7.75; light to common lambs, \$6.50; yearlings, \$8; fair to good sheep, \$4.50; culls and common, \$2.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,819; market 50 higher; all grades, \$9.35.

Wheat—Receipts, 1,200; good dry grades steady to strong; to prime shipping steers, \$10.00; to prime shipping steers, \$9.50; plain and coarse do, \$8.25; choice to prime heavy do, \$8.50; fair to good, \$8.10; \$8.25; light to common, \$7.50; yearlings, \$8; fair to good sheep, \$4.50; culls and common, \$2.50.

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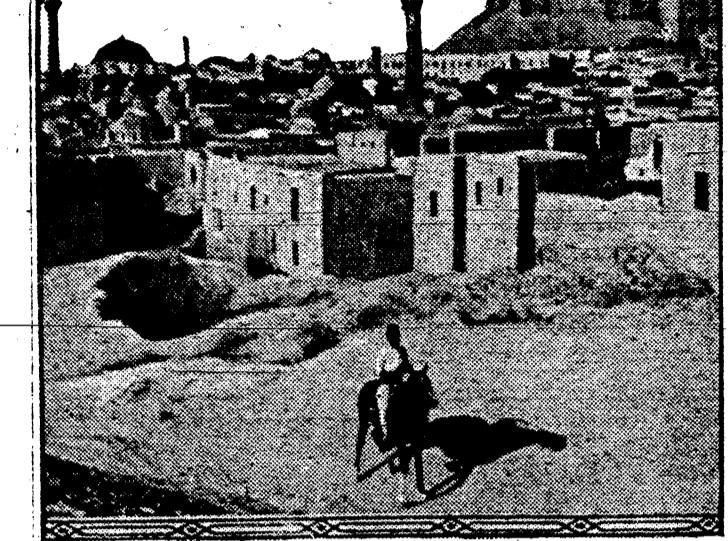
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Advertisement for 'The Sun and Substance' featuring a large illustration of a sun and text about subscription benefits.



IN THE LAND OF ARABS



EFFENDI, it is time to get up. "Don't dream again. Let me dream again."

"When do we get to Aleppo?" "And if Allah doesn't will?" "The day after, Effendi."

"When one comes to think of it, it is a very interesting thing to see a man who has been so long in the land of the living."

"Yes, Effendi." "Tell him that I dream again it will be for the last time, all ready?"

"Very well, then, off we go." "The man who is a ruler has a lot to do, and the ruler has a lot to do."

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DESIGNED TO FIT ON NARROW LOT



By WILLIAM A. RADFORD. Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE.

of the ordinary family. In this plan the chimney is there for use if wanted, and the chances are that it will be used for a good many years to come.

This plan is 22 feet wide and 37 feet long. It contains six rooms and is built on the economical order, that is, the amount of material is small in comparison with the amount of the house.

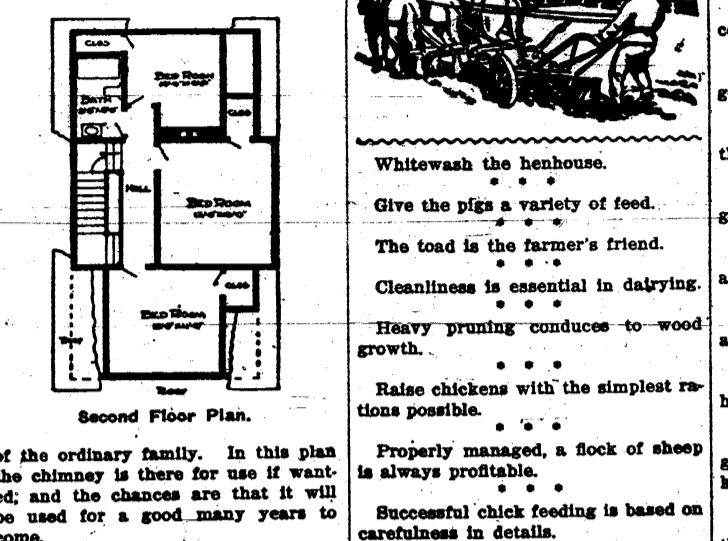
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NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



Give the chicks grit. Keep the new comfortable. Keep some sheep for mutton. Look out for the water supply.

White wash the house. Give the pigs a variety of feed. The food is the farmer's friend.

Cleanliness is essential in dairying. Heavy pruning conduces to wood growth. Raise chickens with the simplest ration possible.

Properly managed, a flock of sheep grows for family use and not for market. Early turkeys are a bad bet, and can only be had from early laid eggs.

The poultry industry has greatly increased the cultivation of the sand-piper. Ordinary dry hog, young or old, may be relied upon to eat more than it can digest.

When visiting the pasture call the cows to milk and give them some grain, a lump of sugar or an apple. A gentle mother makes gentle chicks.

Little chicks must be kept away from older ones and away from the stock of old fowls if they are expected to do well. For young pigs and milking cows, stags have no equal.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR JULY 5 THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD. LESSON TEXT—MAT. 9:1-13.

This is another lesson connected with our Lord's parables. I. The Call to Service, vs. 1-7. To get a correct setting we must read the text in its entirety.

Jesus answered Peter by saying, "Thou shalt be called to follow me, and thou shalt be called to follow me."

When the first congress met in Philadelphia, in 1774, there was a long and earnest debate on the subject of independence.

It was a great day for the nation, and the people were proud of their country. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were men of great courage and ability.

On the other hand, I was a king. I wore a golden paper crown. I had a sword and a scepter.

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It is essential to have sunshine to grow crops. The sun is the life of the earth, and without it we could not live.

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY



THE LIBERTY BELL. THE author of the Declaration. He wrote it in a house at the present site of 700 North Second Street, now occupied by the Penn National bank building.

It is not necessary to quote the solemn language of the Magna Carta or the Bill of Rights.

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CONGRESS AND INDEPENDENCE



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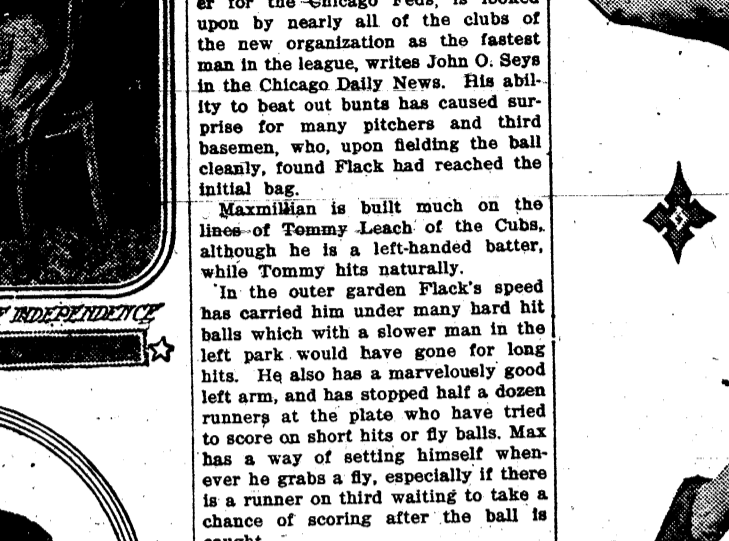
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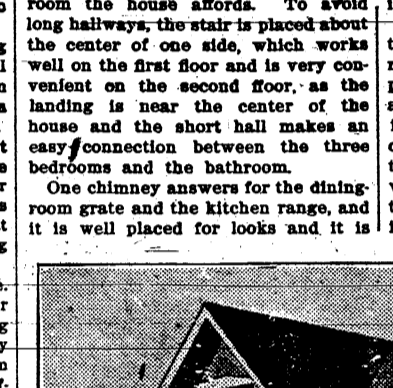
"Yes, Effendi." "Tell him that I dream again it will be for the last time, all ready?"

"Very well, then, off we go." "The man who is a ruler has a lot to do, and the ruler has a lot to do."

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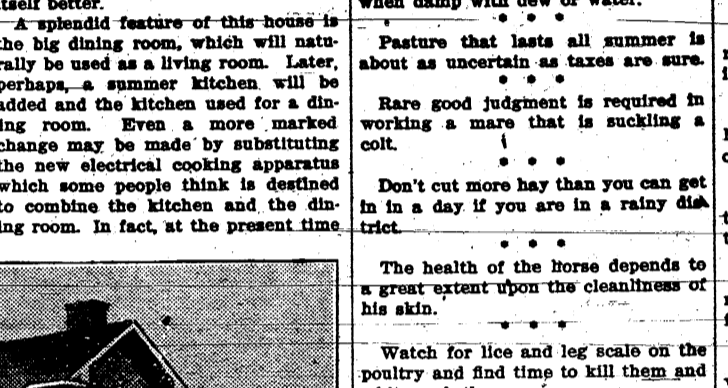
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NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



Give the chicks grit. Keep the new comfortable. Keep some sheep for mutton. Look out for the water supply.

White wash the house. Give the pigs a variety of feed. The food is the farmer's friend.

Cleanliness is essential in dairying. Heavy pruning conduces to wood growth. Raise chickens with the simplest ration possible.

Properly managed, a flock of sheep grows for family use and not for market. Early turkeys are a bad bet, and can only be had from early laid eggs.

The poultry industry has greatly increased the cultivation of the sand-piper. Ordinary dry hog, young or old, may be relied upon to eat more than it can digest.

When visiting the pasture call the cows to milk and give them some grain, a lump of sugar or an apple. A gentle mother makes gentle chicks.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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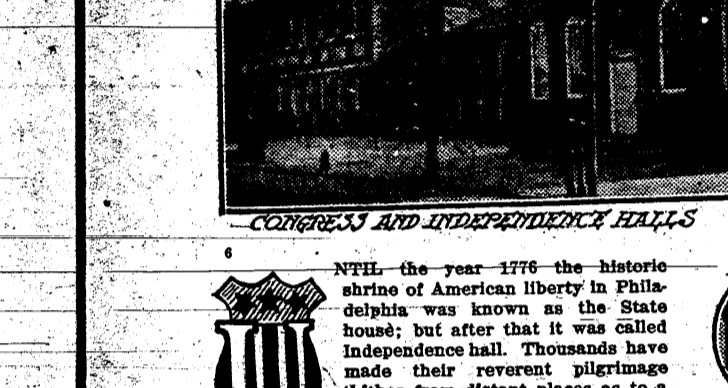
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On the other hand, I was a king. I wore a golden paper crown. I had a sword and a scepter.

It is essential to have sunshine to grow crops. The sun is the life of the earth, and without it we could not live.

CONGRESS AND INDEPENDENCE



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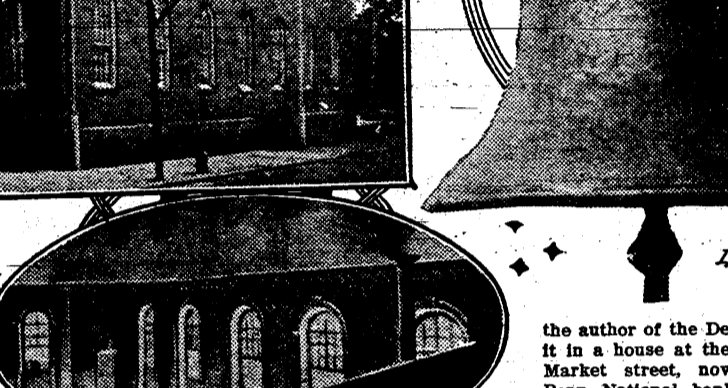
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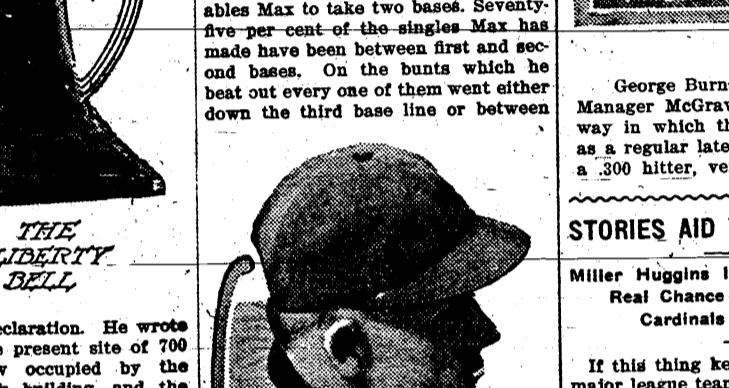
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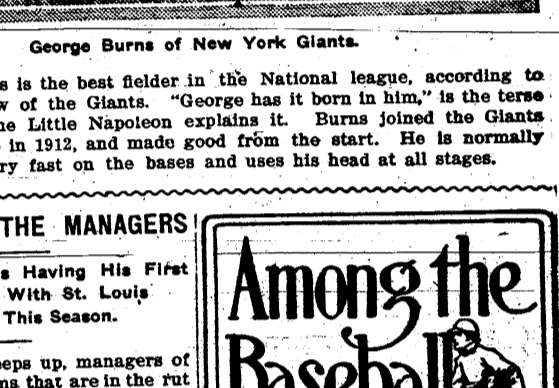
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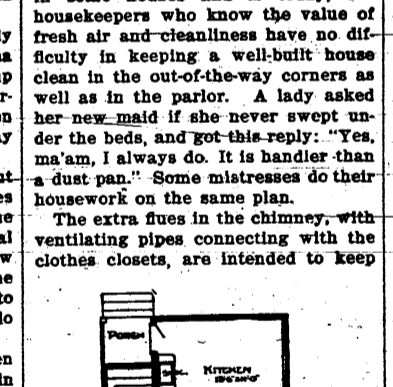
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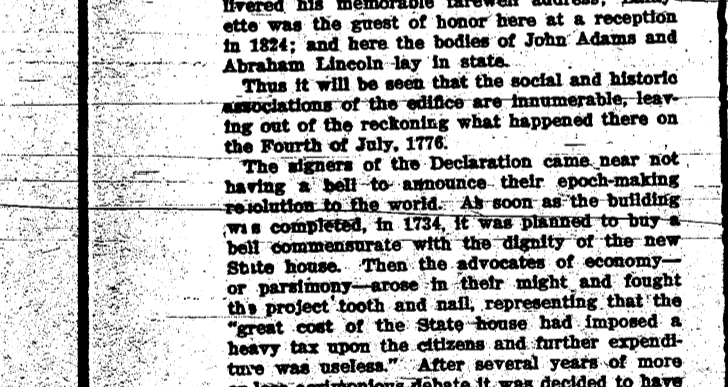
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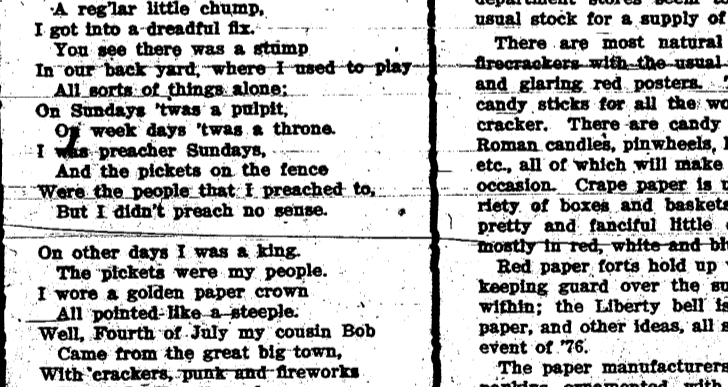


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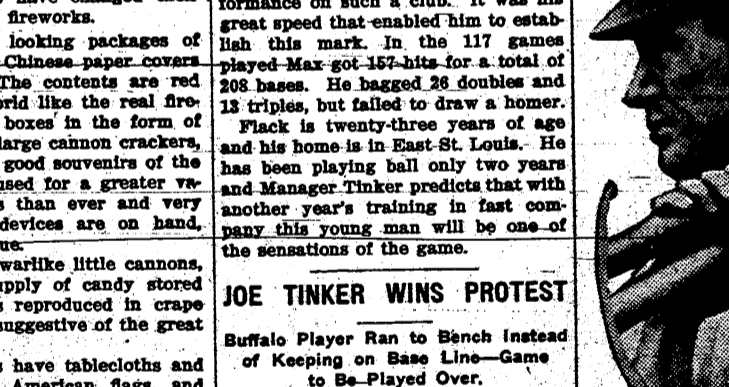


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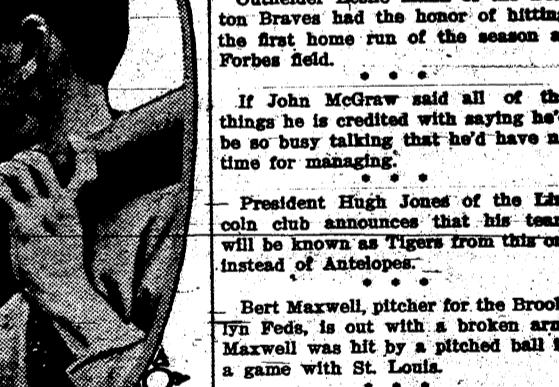


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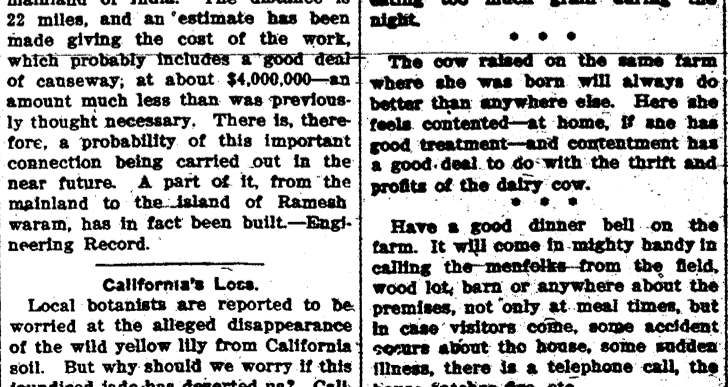
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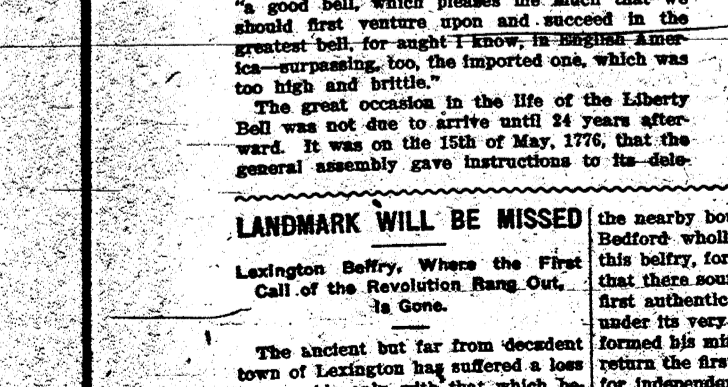
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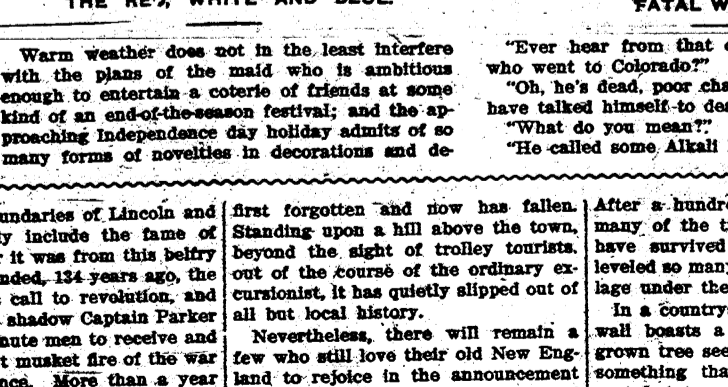
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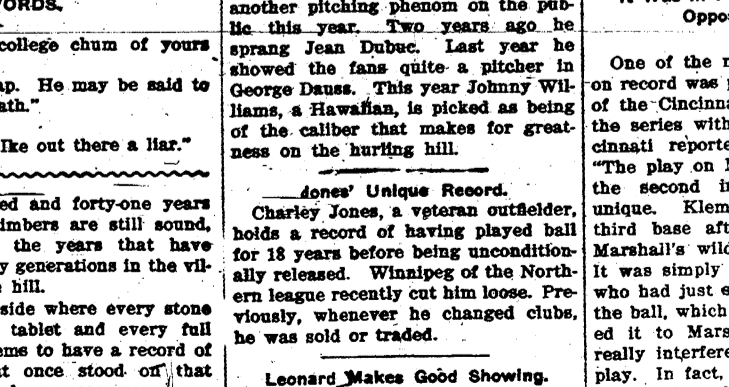
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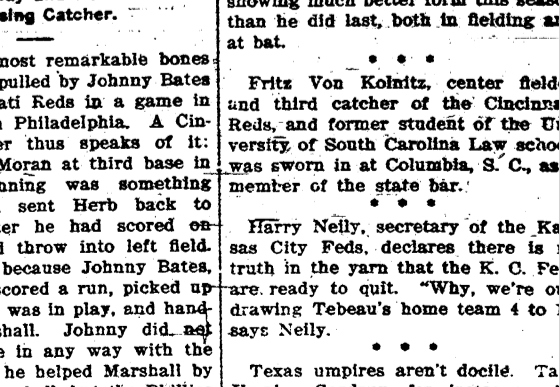
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# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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## BY THE LONG ROAD

God's Purpose in Not Leading His People by the Short Cut Is Plain to See.

The short cut is always attractive. It saves time, it saves effort, it brings us into the enjoyment of the thing we seek much quicker. Fairy stories have their attraction for children because this is always the conspicuous feature of such stories, that the good fairy opens up a short cut to safety or wealth or happiness. When we grow older we do not cease to long for some one who can serve us in that way.

If God is considerate of the comfort and happiness of his people we might expect him to make frequent use of the short cut. He has sometimes used it. When the wire ran short at Cana, there was a miracle which avoided the long operations of nature. Water is being turned into wine every year, the rain and the dew being transformed into the juice of the grape. That was making use of the short cut. But it is not God's custom to resort to the miracle, or even follow the shortest natural ways.

When the Israelites marched out of Egypt it is recorded that "God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near." By that road Canaan might have been reached in ten days, but he kept them on the march for 40 years. The reason for the selection of the longer road is plain there. They would have been compelled to meet the warlike Philistines, and God knew they were not ready for the conflict. It was a mercy to keep them out of the focus of forces that would have distressed them, until the powers of resistance and endurance had been developed. To have thrown them into the conflict would have given no time for the education so much needed. They must be led around by the Red Sea and Sinai and the wilderness, that they might learn their own weakness and God's strength. The customs and ideals and methods of thought of the land of their captivity, which had entered into the very fiber of their being, must be replaced by new customs and ideals and methods of thought. Some one has said that it required only one night to take Israel out of Egypt, but it required 40 years to take Egypt out of Israel.

### By the Long Road.

As God chooses the roundabout road for Israel, so he usually chooses the longer road for us. At any moment, in all the past ages he might have revealed the hidden place of all mineral treasures, the method of employing the forces of nature. But he has not done us by a long road in which at least intervals some treasures have been discovered, and no one knows how many are still hidden. It is not likely that human nature could have stood the strain of having all the earth's treasures and forces put into its possession at one time. Solomon was given uncounted wealth, and his good fortune was a moral disaster. Men less wise than Solomon would be ruined by unlimited prosperity. Because God is careful he has not taken the short cut which would put into our power at one time all the riches stored up in the earth.

We have to follow the longer road in gaining an education. If we could choose between having a well-trained and richly endowed mind as an immediate gift, or by a score of years of hard application, most of us, perhaps all of us, would choose the short cut. No doubt God, who has given instincts to birds and animals, could have given the cultured instincts which would equal the most liberal education. But for our good he compels us to go the longer way. That desert road was not all desolation and tedium. Miriam had her timbrel and chorus of women, and there must have been many songs. There must have been other instances besides the one at Elim. And the long road by which we travel to an education is the happiest part of life's journey.

David's Example Well to Follow. The noblest men are those who are content to be led by the longer way. David once had the sleeping Saul at his mercy. One thrust of the sword, as his followers urged, and the only obstacle to the throne promised to him would have been removed. But David would not take a short cut. The Son of God came into the world to obtain a kingdom, and Satan promised, "All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." But our Lord refused the short cut. He took the longer and harder road that led by Gethsemane and Calvary. The fact is that the short cut is usually the device of Satan. What makes sin so alluring is that we are tempted into it as a short cut to some things that we much desire and may think it our right to have. When two paths open to us, one the short cut, and the other a longer road, it is generally safe to assume that God prefers we should travel by the longer road.—United Presbyterian.

Pray Without Ceasing. "Many people fail to exactly understand the true meaning of the words, 'Pray without ceasing.' Rowland Hill speaks of them thus: 'The bird is not always on the wing, but he is ready to fly in an instant; so the believer is not always on the wing of prayer, but he has such a gracious aptitude for the exercise that he is prepared in an instant when in danger or need, to fly for refuge to his God.' Does this not make it plain?"

Faith a Cathedral. Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any. Standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.—Hawthorne.

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### SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Mrs. Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the road she meets a young woman who she who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. The story of the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who through she loved deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from perils on account of the tragedy. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall. She marries his friend, the artist, Brاندون Booth, in company with his friend Brاندون Booth. An artist, Brاندون Booth, confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of her. Booth, an English actress, who resembles her very much. Much to her chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Booth and Hetty confess their love for each other, but the latter declares that she can never marry as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Booth insists that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must be made to pay his brother's debt to the girl. Hetty repeats the story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word. Sara insists that the picture of Hetty is in fact, a picture of her. Booth insists that she can remain no longer. Hetty starts for Europe. At sea she receives a message from Booth, that he is still on a faster steamer and will be waiting for her on the other side. Booth meets her and accompanies her to London.

and oh, I shall always believe in faires." "A long time afterward the throbbing ceased, bell-buoys whistled and clanged about them; the sea suddenly grew calm and lifeless; they slid over it as if it were a quivering sheet of ice; and lights sneaked out of the fog and approached with stealthy swiftness. Bells rang below and above them, sailors sprang up from everywhere and calls were heard below; the rattling of chains and the thumping of heavy luggage took the place of that steady, monotonous beat of the engines. People began to infest the deck, limp and groaning, harassed but voiceless. A mighty sigh seemed to envelop the whole ship—a sigh of relief. Then it was that these two arose stiffly from their sheltered bench and gave heed to the things that were about them. The channel was behind them.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### Rattling Old Bones.

They journeyed to Paris by the night mail. He was waiting for her on the platform when she descended from the wagon-tit in the Gare du Nord. Sleepy passengers crowded with them into the customs department. She, alone among them all, was smiling brightly, as if the world could be sweet at an hour when, by all odds, it should be steepest.

"I was up and on the lookout for you at Amiens," he declared, as they walked off together. "You might have got off there, you know, with a wry grin.

"I shall not run away from you again, Brاندون," she said earnestly. "I promise, on my honor."

"By Jove," he cried, "that's a relief!" Then he broke into a happy laugh.

"I shall go to the Ritz," she said, after her effects had been examined and were ready for release.

"I thought so," he announced calmly. "I wired for rooms before I left London."

"Really, this is ridiculous!" "Don't frown like that, Hetty," he pleaded.

As they rattled and bounced over the cobblestones in a taxi-meter on the way to the Place Vendome, he devoted the whole of his conversation to the delicious breakfast they were to have, expatiating glibly on the wonderful banquet that would come first in that always-to-be-remembered meal. She was too tired to be interested, but she listened to his dissertation on chops and rolls and coffee as they were served in Paris, to say nothing of waffles and honey and the marmalade that no Englishman can do without.

Alone in his room, however, he was quite another person. His calm assurance took flight the instant he closed the door and moodily began to prepare for his bath. Resolution was undiminished, but the facts in the case were most desolating. Whatever it was that stood between them, there was no gaining its power to influence her lives. It was no trifling fact that caused her to take this second flight, and the sooner he came to realize the seriousness of opposition the better. He made up his mind on one point, that that half-hour before breakfast, if she asked him again to let her go her way in peace, it was only fair to her and right that he should submit to the inevitable. She loved him, he was sure of it. Then there must be a very good reason for her perplexing attitude toward him. He would make one more attempt to have the truth from her. Failing in that, he would accept the situation as hopeless, for the time being at least. She should know that he loved her deeply enough for that.

She joined him in the little open-air cafe, and they sat down at a table in a remote corner. There were few people breakfasting. In her tender blue eyes there was a look of sadness that haunted him, even as she smiled and called him beloved.

"Hetty, darling," he said, leaning forward and laying his hand on hers, "can't you tell me what it is?" "She was preparing for the question. In her heart she knew the time had come when she must be fair with him. He observed the pail that stole into her warm, smooth cheeks as she regarded him fixedly for a long time before replying.

"There is only one person in the world who can tell you, Brاندون. It is for her to decide. I mean Sara Wrاندall."

He felt a queer, sickening sensation of uneasiness sneak into existence. In the back of his mind, a hateful fear began to shape itself. For a long time he looked into her somber eyes, and as he looked the fear that was hateful took on something of a definite shape.

"Did you know her husband?" he asked, and somehow he knew what the answer would be.

"Yes," she replied, after a moment. "She was startled. Her lips remained parted."

He watched her closely. "Has this secret anything to do with Challis Wrاندall?"

"It has," said she, meeting his gaze steadily.

His hands clutched the edge of the table in a grip that turned the knuckles white.

"Hetty!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "You can't mean that—you—"

"You must go to Sara," she cried hurriedly. "Haven't I told you that she is the one—"

"Were you in love with that infernal scoundrel?" he demanded fiercely.

"Sara knows everything. She will tell you—"

"Were you carrying on an affair with him while professing to be his friend or his wife? Tell me that! Did she see you out and—"

can tell you no more. Why do you glare at me as if I were the meanest thing on earth? Is this love? Is this your sea of greatness? Isn't it enough for you to know that Sara is my loyal, devoted friend; that she—"

"Wait!" he commanded darkly. "Is it possible that she did not discover your secret until the day you left her house so abruptly? Does that explain your sudden departure?"

"I can answer that," she said quietly. "She has known everything from the day I met her. I have not said anything, Brاندون, to lead you to believe that I was in love with Challis Wrاندall, have I?"

His eyes softened. "No, you haven't. I— I hope you will forget what I said. You see, I knew Wrاندall's reputation. He had no sense of honor. He—"

"Well, I have!" she said levelly.

He flushed. "I am a beast! I'll put it in this way, then: Was he in love with you?"

"You are still unfair. I shall not answer."

He was silent for a long time. "And Sara's lips are sealed," he mused, still possessed of doubts and fears.

"Until she elects to tell the story, dearest, my lips are also sealed. I love you better than anything else in all this world. I could willingly offer up my life for you, but—well, my life does not belong to me. It is Sara's."

"For heaven's sake, Hetty, what is all this?" he cried in desperation.

"I can say no more. It is useless to insist, Brاندون. If you can wrest the story from her, all well and good. You will hate me, then, dear love. But it cannot be helped. I am prepared."

"Tell me this much: When you refused to marry Leslie, was your course inspired by what had happened in—in connection with Challis Wrاندall?"

"You forget that it is you that I love," she responded simply.

"But why should Sara urge you to marry Leslie if there is anything—"

"Hush! He is the waiter. Come to my sitting-room after breakfast. I have something to say to you. We must come to a definite understanding. This cannot go on."

He was with her for an hour in that pinched little sitting-room, and left her there without a vestige of remorse in his soul. She would not give an inch in the stand she had taken, but something immeasurably great in his make-up rose to the occasion and he went forth with the conviction that he had no right to demand more of her than she was ready to give. He was satisfied to abide by her decision. The spell of her was over him more completely than ever before.

Two days later he saw her off at the Gare de Lyons, bound for Interlaken. There was a complete understanding between them. She wanted to be quite alone in the Alpine town; he wanted to follow her there. She had reserved rooms at the Schweitzerhof, and the windows of her sitting-room looked straight up the valley to the snow-covered crest of the Jungfrau. She remembered these rooms; as a young girl she had occupied them with her father and mother. By some hook or crook, Brاندون Booth arranged by wire for her to have them again, not an easy matter at that season of the year. Let her see to go to Lucerne, and then to Venice.

The slightest shred of hope was left for Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set himself—the conquest of Sara in respect to the untold story—he still had Hetty's dismal prophecy that after he learned the truth he would come to see why they could not be married. But he would not despair.

"We'll see," was all that he said in response to her foreboding cry that they were parting for ever. There that they were parting for ever. They were parting for ever.

grimness in the way he said it that gave her something to cherish during the months to come; the hope that he would come back and take her in spite of herself.

He sailed from Cherbourg on the first steamship calling there. Awakened, he thought of her; asleep, he dreamed of Challis Wrاندall. There was something uncanny in the persistence with which that ruthless despot of peace forced his way into his dreams, to the absolute exclusion of all else. The voyage home was made horrid by these nightly reminders of a man he scarcely knew, yet dreaded. He became more or less obsessed by the idea that an evil spell had descended upon him in the shape of a ghostly influence.

The weeks passed slowly for Hetty. There were no letters from Sara, but an occasional line or so from Mr. Carroll. She had made Brاندون Booth promise that he would not write to her, nor was he to expect anything from her. If her intention was to cut herself off entirely from her recent



"Hetty!" He cried, in a hoarse whisper.

world and its people, as she might have done in another way by pursuing the time-honored and rather cowardly plan of entering a convent, she was soon to discover that success in the undertaking brought a deeper sense of exile than she could have imagined herself able to endure at the outset. She found herself more utterly alone and friendless than at any time in her life. The chance companions she formed at Interlaken—despite a well-meant reserve—served only to increase her feeling of loneliness and despair. The very natural attentions of men, young and old, depressed her, instead of encouraging that essentially feminine thing called vanity. She lived as one without an aim, without a goal, without a purpose, as if she were dead.

After a time, she went on to Lucerne. Here the life on the surface was gay, and she was roused from her state of lethargy in spite of herself. Once, from her little balcony in the National, she saw two of her old acquaintances in the chorus at the Gaiety. They were wearing many pearls. Another time, she met them in the street. She was rather quietly dressed. They did not notice her. But the prosperous Hebrew gentlemen who attended them were not so careless.

One day a card was brought to her rooms. For the next two weeks she had a true and unavoidable friend in Lucerne. It would appear that Mrs. Rowe-Martin had not been apprised of the rift in the Wrاندall lute. She had no reason to consider the exclusive Miss Castleton as anything but the most desirable of companions. Mrs. Rowe-Martin was not long in finding

out (though how she did it, heaven knows), the Lord Murgafford's grand niece was no longer the intimate of that impossible person, Sara Gooch. She couldn't think of Sara without thinking of Gooch.

But at last Mrs. Rowe-Martin departed, much to Hetty's secret relief, but not before she had increased the girl's burthen by introducing her into a cold-nosed cosmopolitan set from which there were but three ways of escape. She refused to marry one of them, denied another the privilege of making love to her, and declined to play auction bridge with all of them. They were not long in dropping her, although it must be said there was real regret among the men.

From Mrs. Rowe-Martin and others she heard that Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall and Vivian were to be in Scotland in October, for somebody-or-other's christening, and that Leslie had been doing some really wonderful flying at Pau.

"I am so glad, my dear," said Mrs. Rowe-Martin, "that you refused to marry Leslie. He is a cad. Besides, you would have been in a perpetual state of nerves over his flying."

Of Sara, there was no news, as might have been expected. Mrs. Rowe-Martin made it very clear that Sara was a respectable person—but heavens! The chill days of autumn came and the crowd began to dwindle. Hetty made preparations to join in the exodus. As the days grew short and bleak, she found herself thinking more and more of the happy-hearted, symbolic dicky-bird on a faraway window ledge. His life was neither a travesty nor a tragedy; hers was both of these.

Something told her too that Brاندون Booth had wormed the truth out of Sara, and that she would never see him again. It hurt her to think that while Sara believed in her, the man who loved her did not. It is a way men have.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Vivian Aims Her Opinions.

Chief among Booth's virtues was his undeviating loyalty to a set purpose. He went back to America with the firm intention to clear up the mystery surrounding Hetty Castleton, so matter how irksome the delay in achieving his aim or how vigorous the methods he would have to employ. Sara Wrاندall, to all purposes, held the key; his object in life now was to induce her to turn it in the lock and throw open the door so that he might enter in and become a sharer in the secrets beyond.

A certain amount of optimistic courage attended him in his campaign against what had been described to him as the impossible. He could see no clear reason why she should withhold the secret under the new conditions of which the shape of happiness was at stake. It was in this spirit of confidence that he prepared to confront her on his arrival in New York, and it was the same unbounded faith in the belief that nothing evil could result from a perfectly just and honorable motive that gave him the needed courage.

He stayed over night in New York, and the next morning saw him on his way to Southport. There was something truly ingenious in his desire to get to the bottom of the matter without fear of apprehension. At the very worst, he maintained, there could be nothing more reprehensible than a passing intimation, long since dispelled, or perhaps a mildly sinister episode in which, virtue had been triumphant and vice defeated with unpleasant results to at least one person, and that person the husband of Sara Wrاندall.

Pat met him at the station and drove him to the little cottage on the upper road. "Ye didn't stay long," said he reflectively, after he had put the bag up in front. He took up the reins. "Not very," replied his master. "After a dozen rods or more, Pat tried again. "Just seventeen days, I make it. "Seems longer." "Perhaps you'll be after going back soon."

"Why should you think that, Patrick?" "Because, you don't seem to be takin' much interest in your surroundin's here," said Pat loftily. He delivered a smart smack on the crupper with his stubby whip, and pursued his lips for the companionship to be derived from whistling.

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"I suppose you know why I went to Europe," said Booth, laying his hand affectionately on the man's arm. "Sure I do," said Pat, forgetting to whistle. "And was it bad luck you had, so?"

"A temporary case of it, I'm afraid."

"Well," said the Irishman, looking up at his employer with the most profound encouragement in his wink, "if it's any help to you, sor, I'll say that I've never found bad luck to be anything but temporary. And, believe me, I've had plenty of it. Mary was dom near three years makin' up her mind to say yes to me."

"And since then you've had no bad luck?" said Booth, with a smile.

"Plenty of it, begob, but I've had some one besides meself to blame for it. There's a lot in that; Mr. Brاندون. When a man marries, he simply divines his luck into two parts, good and bad, and if he's like most men he puts the bulk of the bad luck on his wife and keeps to himself all he can for the good for a rainy day. That's what makes him a strong man and able to meet trouble when it comes. The beauty of the arrangement is that bad luck is only temporary and a woman enjoys talking about it, while good luck is wid us nine-tenths of the time, whether we know it or not, and we don't have to talk about it."

This was fine philosophy, but Booth discerned the underlying motive.

When the night boat from Dover to Calais slipped away from her moorings that evening, Hetty Castleton and her maid were on board, with all their bags and trunks, and Brاندون Booth was supposed to be completely at sea in the heart of that glittering London-town.

The night was fog-laden and dripping, and the crossing promised to be unpleasant. Wrapped in a thick sea-uleter Hetty sat huddled up in the lee of the deckhouse, sick at heart and miserable. She reproached herself for the scurry trick she was playing on him, reviled herself and yet pitied herself.

A tall man came shambling down the narrow space along the rail and stopped directly in front of her. She started in alarm as he reached out his hand to support himself against the deckhouse. As he leaned forward, he

laughed.

"You were thinking of me, Hetty," said the man.

"For a long time she stared at him, transfixed, and then, with a low moan, covered her eyes with her hands. "Is it true—is it a dream?" she sobbed.

He dropped down beside her and gathered her in his strong, eager arms. "You were thinking of me, weren't you? And reproaching yourself, and hating yourself for running away like this? I thought so. Well, you might just as well try to dodge the smartest detective in the world as to give me the slip now, darling."

"You—you spied on me?" she cried, in a muffled tone. She lay very limp in his arms.

"Did," he confessed, without shame. "Gad, when I think of what I might be doing at this moment if I hadn't found you out in time! Think of me back there in London, racing about like a madman, searching for you in every—"

"Please, please!" she implored.

"But luck was with me. You can't get away, Hetty. I shan't let you out of my sight again. I'll camp in front



She Stared at Him, Transfixed.

of your door and you'll see me wither and die of sleeplessness, for one or the other of my eyes will always be open.

"Oh, I am so tired, so miserable," she murmured.

"Poor little sweetheart!" "I wish you would hate me."

"Lie where you are, dearest, and—forget!"

"If I only could—forget!"

"Rest. I will hold you tight and keep you warm. We're in for a nasty crossing, but it is paradise for me. I am mad with the delight of having you here, holding you close to me, feeling you in my arms. The wilder the night the better, for I am wild with the joy of it all. I love you! I love you!" He strained her closer to him in a sort of paroxysm.

She was quiet for a long time. Then she breathed into his ear:

"You will never know how much I was longing for you, just as you are now, Brاندون, and in the midst of it all you came. It is like a fairy story,







