

The Mystery of the Red Flame

By GEORGE BARTON
Author of "The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents"

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THIS STARTS THE STORY
Hugh Garland, of the United States customs service, is assigned by Bromley Barnes, his chief, to discover the whereabouts of a wonderful red diamond which has been smuggled into the country.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

It was late that afternoon when Dora left the sickroom for the purpose of taking a walk around the garden. She had on a light blue dress and wore a cap and apron that gave her the appearance of a professional nurse.

"Yes," I answered, "I happened to overhear what you were saying."
"Happened!" he cried, "you mean that you were spying on us?"

"I moved over in his direction with my fists clenched and my face burning with rage. But one look at Dora's white face caused me to abandon my purpose. It would not do to have a scene."

Dora Wharton stood there during this dialogue. Her face was as white as marble and there was a dangerous glint in her eyes. She strode forward now, indignation depicted on her countenance.

"I hesitated the fraction of a second and then said in a low voice: 'I am!'
A spasm of pain twitched her face. It went a shade whiter, and she cried in a voice filled with despair and anguish: 'Meriful heavens! A spy!'"

I might never succeed in regaining her love and confidence, but I would make them know they had been in a battle.
I did not go down to dinner at the usual hour. The thought of sitting at the table with Jaquette and Jayne was intolerable. Dora and her aunt I was satisfied, would not be there. Truly a desolated home, with these two rascals making themselves comfortable and in command of the situation.

"I looked at him critically. 'I raised my arm in a gesture, which you share with that pressman, which he had edged into the living room by this time and he looked about to see if we were alone. Then he looked at me through his gold-rimmed spectacles.'"

sure you, Doctor Henderson, that I have not done a thing since I have been in this house which would cause me one moment of shame."
"Then, there," he cried, turning toward me, "I didn't ask for any explanation. You've got an honest face. That's enough for me. As for the rest of it, I think your coming here at this time and under existing circumstances may prove to be providential to Colonel Wharton and his niece."

"That's the very feeling I've had, doctor, and I've converted myself to that in my words. And I propose to see this thing through. I'll leave here in the morning—you know I've been relieved of the premises—but my heart will remain here and I will not neglect the interests of your friends."
He clasped me on the shoulder. "Spoken like a man! If you need me, I'll be here. You may depend upon my co-operation and," snuffing through his glasses, "if it is necessary to prolong your stay here I think you'd better get the consent of the mistress of the house."

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES
BY DADDY
"OO-LA-LA, the Magician"
(Peggy is visited in her home by a Hindu Magician who carries her to India.)
The Girl in the Basket
OO-LA-LA, the Magician grasped Peggy by the arm and drew her behind the well.
These Hindus approaching may be peaceful pilgrims, or they may be frenzied fanatics—none never can tell in India," he whispered.
Peggy didn't know what "frenzied fanatics" meant, but some way the strange words seemed to fit the ragged crowd trudging along toward them in a cloud of dust. With their brown faces, their glittering eyes, their straight black hair, their turbans and their robes, the Hindus looked queer and fearsome.
"Perhaps they will pass by and not see us," Oo-la-la whispered, throwing his robe over her. He did not cover himself up, but sat beside the well silent and rigid, his eyes gazing steadily far, far away, as if he were looking into a distant world.
But the pilgrims—for such they were—did not pass by. Instead they stopped at the well to drink thirstily of the water. And after they had drunk their fill they squatted about on the ground, resting their weary legs.
Peggy, peeping from beneath the magician's robe, saw a bearded Hindu place a basket in an open space before the others. At a glance she knew that he, too, was a magician. With him was a little eight-year-old brown girl who looked up at him with dread in her eyes.
The magician took from the basket a sword and a whip. Lifting the shrinking girl he stood her in the basket, and though it seemed far too small to hold her he crowded her down and down until he could shut the lid on top of her.
Then it became apparent why there was such a look of dread in the girl's eyes, for the magician seized the sword and plunged it into the basket.
DOROTHY DARNIT—So Knoop Got Off the Grounds

THE world had gone black for me. Never, since embarking upon the curious enterprise, had I felt so thoroughly depressed and disheartened as I did after that interview with Dora Wharton. The expected had happened, but, alas! I found myself unprepared for it. In the early part of this narrative I accused myself of living in a fool's paradise. The truth of that accusation was now more evident than ever. I was disgraced in the eyes of Dora. What else mattered? But presently this black mood passed. My heart was as heavy as lead, but I was determined to fight the battle until the end. I could still see the tear-stained face of the girl I loved, but beyond it I caught the grinning, beering countenances of Jaquette and Jayne, and I made up my mind that they should rue the day they brought unhappiness to the heart of Dora Wharton.

"WE SHALL have quantities of ill-effects unless another frost comes," said Agnes; then abruptly changing the subject, she said, "I have a letter from a brighter lady—poor fellow! He is his old, quietly contented self once more. Don't you think so?"
I seldom see him," Constance said, and Agnes smiled. "How long has it been? Was it her fault or Walter's, she wondered. Constance rarely or never came to their house on Sundays now, while, on the other hand, Walter had been to Miss Clark's only two or three times during the winter. Here Constance interrupted her train of thought.
"How I wish that I could feel as you do, Agnes. I don't mean to be discontented—I try not to complain, but everything is so uninteresting and so hard. It seems I am carrying a weight here. And she pressed her hand to her heart.
"Poor little girl! you—" Agnes began sympathetically; and then Miss Clark joined them, most inopportunistly, as was her way.
Constance excused herself on the plea of wishing to go through the new garage; as her father had felt hurt because she had not manifested the proper interest in its progress.
"Does it occur to you that Constance isn't very happy?" Agnes said to Miss Clark; as they watch the girl's slight frown disappear among trees.
"Isn't it, I am certain of that. I noticed all along she was low spirited. She doesn't care to talk much and she would rather be alone than in company."
"Here comes Walter," cried Agnes. "How are you this evening, brother?"
"Not at all," he replied, and when he reached them, he kissed her cheek. Agnes's happiness was contagious; love is not blind, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. Hated by, in difference is distressingly nearsighted. But love sees far and love sees kindly, which is to say that it sees clearly.
"Let us sit down," Walter said, and the three had walked through the garden, and then added quickly, "It's two o'clock. Constance has gone. She was with me, Walter, but went to look at the new garage. She is listless these days and she is used to a real sun-bath."
"Perhaps she is in love," Walter suggested. "It's not an uncommon malady at her time of life."
"Impossible!" cried Miss Clark.
"Let me guess and I'll be right," but with whom?" insisted Miss Clark.
"Who should I know?" Walter laughed. "I leave that for you and Agnes to decide." While they were dis-

THE next complete novelette—Janet.
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GEE-MISTER KNOOP YOU'RE TAKIN' CHANCES COMIN' HERE
WHY?
PAPA IS SORE AT YOU
OH I KNOW HE DOESN'T WANT ME FOR A SON IN LAW
YOU SAID WORDS
BUT ON WHAT GROUNDS DOES HE OBJECT?
ON OUR OWN GROUNDS—HELL SIC THE DOGS ON YOU IF HE CATCHES YOU ON 'EM
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