

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Although he could not shout, he found he could make inarticulate noises. He made them till his throat ached and the corners of his mouth were raw from the harsh roar. He had no idea yet where he was. He supposed Bellington must have prepared this secret place and kept its locality hidden. Perhaps through it there had come men, ere this, who had spied upon him. Cramps seized him, whose agony left him white and feeble. Perhaps he would starve to death here. It was well known that his movements were uncertain, secretive, and that he was impatient of questioning. It would be found that his bed was unoccupied. They would not look for him here. They would hunt far afield while he starved to death in this tower retreat. No shame or repentance came to him. Instead he cursed himself for carelessness. In his former home he had preserved almost an excessive caution, but he had supposed in so large a household as this, with many servants and guests, he was safe. There were other rooms which should have attracted burglars more than these, rooms where women kept their diamonds. To come here argued a preconceived plan.

First of all he thought of McKimber. Could he, after all, have dared this? Was his dejected spirit assumed for putting the younger man off his guard? He remembered telling McKimber that those who underestimated him came to disaster. Perhaps he had made the mistake of thinking a man beaten to the ground when he was merely resting, awaiting an opportunity to spring. His assailant might even have been young McKimber. It was a tall, agile man who attacked him.

According to Barnes' instructions, Sneed, at breakfast, asked if he should rouse Mr. Raxon or see if he wanted his coffee in his room. As a rule Raxon was up early. In the end they discovered him. His mouth was swollen and discolored, and he could not rise to his feet when Bradney untied the bonds. He was in a deplorable condition. He would tell his wife nothing. Nor would he hear of the police being notified.

"I know who did it," he lied, "and I will attend to him myself. This must not get into the papers. If it does, I shall know it comes from one of you three." He looked coldly at his wife, his butler, and the footman.

It was Bradney alone who dared to meet his gaze. In such a rage as this Mrs. Raxon trembled. Sneed could not avoid the consciousness that it was one of the wealthy employing classes who silvered with anger. Bradney welcomed the opportunity to see a man of whom he had heard so much bad, at whose hands he had himself experienced ill-treatment, at a moment when his usual control was gone. It seemed to the scientist that for a minute the mask was lifted and the terrific emotions which he had kept hidden were let loose. He cursed his wife. He called Sneed a timid, worthless creature that he had allowed a thief to break through and assault him. Bradney, towering over them all, came in for his share. Where had this hulking fink been that the marauder had stolen upon him?

Bradney was secretly amused. Then he saw his chance to escape. He recalled some of Barnes' gestures and gave notice at once. There could hardly be a suspicion of collusion. It seemed to Mrs. Raxon that there was a courteous and efficient man servant goaded to rare insubordination. Sneed suddenly took the resolve to depart with his footman.

Raxon turned to his wife. "Pay them and see they leave at once."

Sneed turned on his heel and left the room. His second-footman followed.

"If any of those other people heard any commotion, just tell me I had a fainting spell and shall be all right tomorrow." He almost pushed her from the room and turned the key.

Raxon hoped, as he walked to the safe, that he would find the robbery had been made by professionals for readily convertible plunder. He hardly dared search for the McKimber exhibits.

The envelope which had held what would have kept McKimber a pliant and obedient tool was gone. Negotiable securities and a large sum of cash were untouched. It was plain that the intruder had come for one thing only, and had been successful. The man who would have most to gain by this abstraction was young Robin McKimber, who had been in the house a week and had learned of the danger in which his father stood. In figure young McKimber was like the man of whom Raxon had one fleeting glance.

Never again would there be the opportunity to get any more incriminating letters. The page stolen from the register could not be replaced. What a fool he had been not to have them photographed. To implicate the politician without them would be almost impossible. Were McKimber to make a bold stand and accuse his enemy of attempted blackmail, the public would probably flock to the support of the older and better-known man. It was the greatest blow Paul Raxon had ever sustained. He felt that the humiliation of it would never pass from his mind. His face was bruised and sore, but he hardly knew it. He who had warned his opponent of the folly of underestimating him had fallen himself into that very trap.

It was late in the afternoon when he allowed his wife to enter. She had

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

brought with her a pot of coffee and some sandwiches. The coffee he drank eagerly. He would not eat.

"I don't know what we are to do now those men have gone. It was most inconsiderate of you to talk like that to them. The maids won't wait at table and the agency can't send any men until tomorrow. If only we hadn't so many people staying here!"

"They won't be long here," he said grimly. "I think this social experiment is going to end. Pile the whole bunch in automobiles and take them to the chateau at Huntingdon. Telephone for reservations and see they get a good meal. They'll like the change. Now leave me alone."

CHAPTER XII

The evening that saw the Raxon guests taken to dinner at Huntingdon found the Japanese garden in Lower Fifth avenue occupied by the Milman conspirators. During the dinner which was perceptibly better served because Sneed had dropped back into his old



He Was in a Deplorable Condition.

place and Achille was less hurried, there was no word said about Great Rock. It was when Sneed had taken the coffee away that Milman began. Sitting in the center of them, he showed no sign of triumph. Watching him, Nita thought that she had never seen a man more perfectly courteous than he. Milman complimented them all on what they had done, but it was her father who came in for the greatest praise. The daughter watched him growing younger as he listened to Peter's encomiums. Barnes felt that at last he had been able to do his share.

"We are now," Milman went on, "in the position of holding what Raxon was going to use to lever himself into a senatorial seat. I have little doubt in my mind but that he will pay the price asked, which is a million dollars. Without this evidence he has no actual hold on McKimber. With it he can command his absolute obedience. I feel certain that with McKimber's help Raxon can win. Without it he has little chance. The question is this: Is the senatorship worth a million dollars to Paul Raxon? If not, we are worse off than when we began. If it is, we have won."

Peter Milman looked about him as the chairman of a meeting does when he desires suggestions. None would have supposed that there was a very real risk of disgrace and imprisonment if Raxon refused to buy and determined to prosecute.

"If you had looked into his face," Bradney remarked, "and had seen all the passions of hate and disappointment, fear and despair graven on it, you would have no doubt at all on the subject. I'm certain he will buy them back."

"But he'll try and get us," Barnes reminded him. "I wasn't any too gentle."

"There's always that danger," Peter Milman observed calmly; "but when a man has so overpowering an ambition as his, he may use caution which is really abhorrent. I have no doubt he will wish he could put us in Sing Sing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Ideas Revived by Experiments in Diet

Some remarkable cases of fasting have attracted attention lately, but one striking experiment in diet has met with less attention than it deserves.

This experiment was carried out by three scientists who lived for several months entirely on potatoes and vegetable margarine, with a slight addition of oil.

One of the results of this experiment is that science is now beginning to believe that there may be something in the old idea that potato water is a remedy for gout. The potato does appear to have considerable virtues where this disease is concerned.

Another result is that it is now claimed that the diet of the peasantry in some parts of Europe, in which meat figures very rarely, is healthier

as well as cheaper than more elaborate fare.

Sir Rowland Hill, founder of the penny post, was very keen on dieting experiments. He lived for many periods of three days each on not more than two articles, such as boiled green peas and salt, and damson pie and sugar.

Ballooning Spiders

Ballooning, says the Dearborn Independent, is the method of migration used by many species of spiders. Standing in an open space, with the body elevated, the spider projects from the spinnerets a line of silk which continues until the spider feels the pull of the wind. It releases its hold as it is borne away.

CASCADE DRAPES NOW IN STYLE; FEATHER TRIMS MODE IN PARIS

To cascade or not to cascade, that is the question which hosts of autumn frocks are definitely answering in the affirmative, even unto the point of extreme style distinction.

The model in the picture admirably demonstrates the popular new cascade treatment. From the illustration one is apt to get the impression of a black and white combination. In reality the color scheme for this stunning after-



Shows Chic Styling.

noon frock is black with corn color, for black and yellow have found a very fashionable alliance for the coming fall costumes.

So pronounced is the vogue for cascade treatment, even the separate skirt is falling into the habit of taking unto itself a side or a front cascade or two, the reason for this being that cascades are often the "means to an end" of attaining the much-coveted irregular hemline. Then, too, cascades so intriguingly suggest desired fullness, without destroying the much-to-be-desired slender silhouette.

As to the material of which this dress is made, it is crepe satin. Such an enthusiasm as is now on for crepe satin! The gown of crepe satin used on the lustrous side and distinguished by its absence of any trimming save a begetting manipulation of the fabric itself, is the "talk of the town" in Paris.

Not only black satin, but satin in glorious autumn tones is made up in the simple perfection of its own draping, shirring, cascading and the like. A navy-blue crepe satin thus fashioned is of incomparable mode for daytime wear. Other new colorings stress various wine shades, honey beige, cinnamon brown and various tones of green.

If you are casting about for the smartest and most utilitarian dress with which to initiate the autumn season, choose satin by all means. Making it up sans trimming is such a practical as well as a fashionable thing to do. Especially does this apply to the simple classic styling receive encouragement, now that such adorable lace accessories are being worn on the new frocks. Then, too, gold costur-

made of them. Again they are stacked about the crown of the hat with a brim, or perhaps they tumble down, a whole cluster of them, over the side, forming a becoming side-drop trim.

By the way, side-trims of either feathers or immense choux of velvet are "in" again. Note in this picture the draped satin toque to the left at the top, also the modish soleil velours beret shown at the bottom of the group; they each flaunt an ostrich brush, which presents a popular silhouette for this fall. The black velvet toque illustrated to the right adopts a smart shaving-brush side trim.

The russet-colored little cloche of velvet centered in this collection emphasizes the use of clusters of bird feathers, which French modists regard so favorably this season.

There is every evidence of a spirited competition in the realm of tiny hats, between the skullcap and the cloche.



Some Hats From Paris.

Jewelry is the outstanding new note of the season, and with the classically simple satin frock, what more effective than a gold cloaker collar matched with the inevitable bracelet?

"A feather in your cap," is the latest millinery message. Almost every Paris collection bears testimony to this featherward movement. Most of the new feather trims feature the unusual, which of course adds zest to the mode. For instance there is the little feather ornament on the hat shown first in this group. Merely "a touch," but it imparts convincing smartness to the hat it trims. These little feather "swirls" are an outstanding novelty for this season.

Pasted feather motifs, such as adorn so many of the new felt and velvet hats, achieve the unique in form of applique flowers, flat birds, bow-knots and bands, with hosts of other novel effects. Novelty quills are also included in the list of popular feather trims.

Just now it is the little feather toque which all fashionable Paris acquiesces. With the wearing of these feather caps, ears disappear, which they should, according to the latest

Rather Pretty Story Told of Great Orator

While we were working I had a good deal of fun with William Jennings Bryan. In his long adventurous career he had grown well accustomed to banter, which, in private at least, he never resented.

For instance, I said, "Mr. Bryan, why do you wear your hair in that funny way over the ears?"

"Well," he replied, "there's a romance connected with that."

"I never would have guessed it. What is the romance?" I asked.

"You see," said he, "while I was courting Mrs. Bryan, she objected to the way my ears stood out, and so I let the hair grow to cover them."

"And now that you've caught the street car," said I, "don't you think you ought to do something for humanity at large—with scissors?"

"No," said Bryan slowly; "the romance is still going on." And that is the prettiest line I ever heard him utter.—Joseph Cummings, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Husbands Get Together

In an Illinois town a man sued his wife for divorce, and the neighbors knew he had cause for his restlessness.

The wife promptly began selling his goods and took some unfair advantages of him.

Being a rather helpless sort of man, the other men raised money and hired a lawyer to see that the protesting husband got a fair break.

It is the newest thing I have heard of this month.

Usually the men throw jokes and rocks at a protesting husband.

Are husbands realizing the necessity of standing together more?—Ed Howe's Monthly.

The Uproar

"What was the racket in the lobby last night?" inquired a guest.

"Aw, it was nuth'n' but Tobe Sagg and old Dad Fetchett, both of which know everything and know it different, telling it to each other till they got mad and both went home in a huff," responded the landlord of the Mansion house. "I'm sorry if they disturbed you, Mr. Sellers, but I'd hate to turn 'em out into the weather. I'm hoping they'll sooner or later empty each other and quit arguing for good."

—Kansas City Star.

New York's Busiest Clerk

A deputy clerk in New York city's marriage bureau declares he has married \$5,000 couples in five years. A Kansas editor figures that would be one marriage ceremony every 15 minutes, 10 hours a day, every day in the week for five long monotonous years, and argues that half that much matrimony would send a man to the bug-house. Sometimes one ceremony will do that.—Capper's Weekly.

A Lesser Evil

Ted—Now, you old bum, you're married. How do you like it?

Sam—Well, it has its faults, but it's better than working.

HELP FOR SICK WOMEN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Restored the Health of Thousands



Brooklyn, New York.—Mrs. G. Hegmann of 228 Schaefer St., was in a run-down condition and could not do her housework. She could not sleep at night. Her story is not an unusual one. Thousands of women find themselves in a similar condition at some time in their lives. "I found your advertisement in my letter box," wrote Mrs. Hegmann, "and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got relief." Mrs. Hegmann also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Herb Medicine and Lydia E. Pinkham's Pills for Constipation, with good results. She says, "I am recommending your medicines to all I know who have symptoms the same as mine, and to others whom I think it will help. You may use my statement as a testimonial, and I will answer any letters sent to me by women who would like information regarding your medicines."

There are women in your state—perhaps in your town—who have written letters similar to this one telling how much Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped them.

The Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass., will gladly furnish other women with these names upon request.



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Hunting From Automobile

One of the sporting pastimes of Texas is shooting coyotes from automobiles on the prairies. A North-cerner who has just returned from the Lone Star state has the following to say: "It is great sport to hunt coyotes with a high powered car. They run on the prairies and can't get away unless they escape into the timber. They are fleet, but of course they can't outrun a car. I've shot them from a car going 50 miles an hour."

Early to bed and early to rise is not had as a theory.

Demand

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