

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"I cabled to England for some information; in fact, I did so on Tuesday, the day after you first showed me the bookplate." He drew from his pocket a blue half-sheet of paper, and handed it to me. "Just to make a beginning," he went on, "I assumed, from the medical bookplate, and from the frigate, that Colfax might have had some customer who had dealings with ships or doctors. So I cabled my secretary to find out what he could for me; that's his answer."

I read the cablegram: "Made thorough Colfax investigation stop family died on eighteen sixty-nine stop last member Richard Colfax son of Hugh eighteen hundred eighteen sixty-nine stop served Chile Dardanelles Crimea stop no medical connection among family or clientele." "History's always to be taken into account in studying bookplates, of course," I agreed. "I am aware there was a Crimean war; I have even heard of the British fleet passing the Dardanelles in 1848. But I must beg my ignorance as to when Great Britain was at war with Chile."

The captain most politely refused the opportunity presented to him to smile. "She never was," he rejoined. "I believe, though, that a British fleet went to the aid of Chile when that country revolted from Spain."

"Then," said I, a little surer of my ground, but not quite ready to quote exact dates, "since those South American countries revolted in the early part of the Nineteenth century, that was, at about the time, too, when Richard Colfax was beginning his naval career, if he entered the service in 1818. Suppose he served in that fleet you mention, suppose he made some sort of connection in this hemisphere; what about some ground. In that event, for there being an original American Colfax bookplate?"

"That's just what I surmised! I wanted to see if you'd confirm it," cried the captain, delighted. "Even if it's South American and not North, the point's worth looking into, and I'll do that at once." A rapid search through reference catalogues revealed that Clarithew's "Notes" had been issued in an edition of three hundred numbered copies. The number of my copy, which appeared on the title page, was 239. But so far as I could go back in sales reports, a thorough search brought no trace whatever of Number 239.

However, this fact proved one thing, at least: Number 239 had very seldom changed hands. It had belonged to Judge Leavitt. Then why were the Grosvenor family so resolved to get possession of it? For the key? Was that connected with "Charles MacIvor's offer of 'liberal' settlement," the night before? Did he know of some treasure hidden under lock and key, to which he alluded? But why should a key belonging to the Grosvenor connection be concealed in a law book? There were no lawyers in that family.

No, there were not. And then, as I reread its title for perhaps the five hundredth time in the last six days, I suddenly got an idea. This title was "Notes on Medical Statutes in the Virginia Code." And Mr. Grosvenor's father had been a doctor; a Virginia; he had practiced at a time when he would need just such a professional reference book; and the bookplate, real or counterfeit, was a physician's bookplate!

I nearly shot out of my chair and addressed the meeting—customers, browsers, clerks, collectors, all: "There you are, folks! Just give me time; I don't need eternity, after all!" when suddenly my joyful emotions were one and all stricken with paralysis. For Mr. Case, who had hardly appeared in the shop all morning, though usually on Saturdays he was nowhere else, was just going past me out of the front door.

His pace was so quiet that it seemed almost stealthy. He passed within a yard of me, and did not notice me; I never had seen any face so terribly distraught as his. What in the world had happened to him now? Or what had he done now? I felt more upset, actually, than when I had seen him at my desk Thursday night; for now it would have been impossible not to pity him, whatever one's suspicions.

CHAPTER X

Shocks, Assorted.

I dispatched Captain Ashland a note as the clock began to strike noon; as it finished, he walked Mr. Almy, looking even more alive than ever. But before he had shut the door, the telephone rang. "Yes, Mr. Roberts," said I, "yes, that is correct. It has turned up. It is here, yes. Details will be available when I see you. What-hat? Oh, certainly. Wait, Mr. Almy, please! Yes, yes, I understand; I will do so. What earthly difference could it make to me? All right."

"Mr. Roberts has just inquired if you have arrived," I said to Mr. Almy. With outward calm, inwardly I felt madder than a hornet, and dreadfully hot, owing to a mistrifful message just transmitted by Mr. Roberts. "He would like to see you at once in Mr. Case's office."

"I'll ask him if we may have it." "You needn't bother; he has gone out."

"Gone out?"

"Yes, just a few minutes ago. And if you so desire, Mr. Roberts suggests my joining the two of you there later."

"Very well. We may have quite a session. I should be glad if you'd come as soon as you can, please."

Then I took my bag, and from it I took Clarithew's "Notes," and from that I took the key. The bookplate and the key I then returned to the bag. I next rose and at random snatched—for I was growing less calm—a file of prints from one of the shelves near my desk, and ran through it searching for some mediocre bookplate of small value. A laurel wreath encircling a helmet with a Navarre-like plume blowing off one side and the inspiring motto INVICTUS, rather pleased my mood. I swept the pastebrush across it, and slammed it down on the first inside cover of the law book, entirely covering the marks of the original bookplate and the hiding place of the key.

Such, indeed, had just been my orders from Mr. Roberts. And their purpose? None other than to prepare the book for the hands of Miss Wilkes! For she would shortly appear to demand it. Mr. Darrow had been reached by her plea, and had viewed the offer of her cousin Magistrate Judges with favor. And I was to be the agent to deliver the prize to her. Mr. Roberts had even chuckled about it. "Well, here she comes, I could hear icicles swaying in the gale."

"Oh, Miss Wilkes," I cried before she was half-way up the aisle, "isn't it perfectly glorious! You know what I mean." I waved the book coyly. "Sh-h-h!" I tucked it into her hand. The icicles were slightly less audible. Miss Wilkes' majestic countenance proclaimed that while she had much to forgive, she could afford to be magnanimous, if it was not, indeed, her duty.

"Now, you'd be the last person on earth to find fault with anyone for being overconscientious," I suggested blandly.

"Especially," responded Miss Wilkes, interpreting this remark as she was intended to, "one of my own 'graduates,' as I call them. Well, by-by! Be good to yourself!"

"The same to you!" said I, feeling certain my wish would be fulfilled, and picking up my bag, I went to join Mr. Almy and Mr. Roberts at the rear.

"May we have the key and the bookplate, please, Miss Fuller," requested Mr. Almy, without preliminaries.

"Oh, do you know all about them?" I exclaimed, producing them.

"He knows what you told me yesterday," said Mr. Roberts. "And how did the lost book come to light again?"

I smiled, and both men, who were extremely serious, looked surprised.

"Perhaps," I began, "Mr. Almy has told you he met me in Miss Grosvenor's apartment last night? I had gone to stay with Miss Burton. The saving feature of the occasion, in a double sense, was Miss Burton herself. She stated that book?"

"Miss Burton states that book?" ejaculated both Mr. Roberts and Mr. Almy, equally dumfounded.

I nodded.

"She took it at noon yesterday when my back was turned, to keep, as she thought, Miss Wilkes from getting it. Her brother had also warned her that 'Brandon Tower' had come to the shop, and she thought he wanted the book. You have heard of him, Mr. Almy? He nodded without looking up from the bookplate. "And do you know he and Charles MacIvor are the same person?"

Liked Old Costumes, but Stuck to Modern

Looking at some pictures of Ireland, old and new, a friend remarked the other day that men on the streets of Dublin looked like men on the streets of New Bedford, and pointed regretfully to the posed picture of the typical Irish countryman of an older day, with his breeches and his characteristic hat and stick.

"What a pity they haven't stuck to the old costumes!" "Well," I said, "they haven't; but if you are stuck on that rig there is nothing on earth to prevent you wearing one like it." He said that was different. "Doubtless," I went on, "you admire the Hungarian women in their quaint old-style dress." He said he did. "Do you want your wife to dress that way?" But he said that, too, was different. "If you are so strong for the old and the picturesque," I persisted, "you

Pedestrian's Haven

Bermuda is one of the few places in the world where the pedestrian is never wrong. Here he jaywalks at will and woe betide the bicyclist or the carriage driver who infringes on his freedom. The laws of the islands require that all vehicles, including bicycles, must give right of way to foot passengers, no matter on which side of the road these may be walking. The rule of the road is the opposite from what it is in America.—Bermuda Dispatch.

That time I certainly got an effect. Mr. Roberts bounded out of his chair and repeated my "What-hat?" of a few minutes previous, while Mr. Almy laid down the bookplate and looked at me without moving a muscle. Then he said:

"Well, I thought so, but I was not certain. Thank you, Miss Fuller. How did you know?"

"Because Nancy Burton identified him. When Mr. MacIvor appeared through the window, she thought him Mr. Tower. In search of the book and disappeared through the door to her own apartment. She hid the book under her mattress and went to sleep on top of it! She gave me the information when I came upstairs. But may I ask how you associated Mr. MacIvor with Mr. Tower?"

"I suspected a connection, from the account of Mr. Tower's efforts to get Miss Burton's, or rather Mr. Burton's suitcase," replied Mr. Almy. Most of this morning I spent trying to

"It passed out of my mind; you'll see why. I heard it just after Charles MacIvor entered the room through the window. I heard this loud click, and not knowing who he was, of course, I jumped to the conclusion that he was a horsebreaker, and armed. Miss Burton also recognized the sound. In the excitement of all that had happened since, I forgot about the noise."

Mr. Almy had been listening carefully. Now he said:

"I wanted to see you not only about the matter of the returned law book, Miss Fuller; I am going to request you to accompany me this afternoon to Miss Grosvenor's. Especially in the light of these new facts you have reported, she must be urged to tell everything she knows about this mystery of her grandfather's death. She is quite plainly concealing information, and does herself more harm each day that passes."

"She's sacrificing herself," said I. "And it's not for that wretched cousin of hers, I'm much mistaken!"

But Mr. Almy said nothing further except that he would join me after luncheon for the visit to Normandy terrace, and I had risen to go, when the door opened without warning, and there stood Daisy Abbott, in her street things.

"A Trigger?" I echoed. "Dear Me, That Sounds Like a Gun."

Identify MacIvor with Tower, but without success, I admit, until your statement just now, MacIvor sent last night for his lawyer, Mr. Ballard, and declined absolutely to talk. He has been formally charged with selling the stolen bonds, and is now out on bail. I tried to have Dithin identify him as the law-student customer, and also as the fellow Burton attacked here on Monday, but he couldn't do it. The passage of several days made him too uncertain."

"Why didn't you ask me to?" I demanded.

"You?"

"I can do it! After I had looked at him a few minutes last night in Normandy terrace, I recognized him, not only as that customer, but also as the man who came in here on Thursday night, whom I saw at my desk at a quarter-past ten, when I was standing up on the south gallery in the dark."

Mr. Almy pondered a minute in silence. Then he said:

"Well, as long as MacIvor was seen and identified here Thursday night, he'll have to come across with the rest of the story sooner or later. All you've told us is very unexpected and useful."

"I always felt Miss Burton to be

"As Requested" A rather supercilious youth entered a barber's shop and asked for his hair to be cut a la mode. The knight of the shears set to work, and while his customer was engrossed in the contents of a humorous weekly, cut off all his hair. The youth suddenly caught sight of his shaven poll in a mirror, and was very annoyed. "What have you done that for?" he demanded angrily. "I cut it just as you said," declared the barber. "You wanted it all mowed, and there you are!"

"Foundation of All" Work is the inevitable condition of human life, the true source of human welfare.—Tolstoy.

Act well your given part; The choice rests not with you.—Epictetus

rather an intelligent girl," observed Mr. Roberts, with his native tact.

"See here," broke in Mr. Almy, on this revised version, resumming his study of the bookplate, "the sixteen slits on this yellow slip do correspond to the slits on that cube in the picture, just as Miss Fuller noticed. I believe they could have been made by that instrument, for if I might venture a guess after looking at this very small picture, I should say there might be blades concealed inside it, one for each cube . . . and what's this thing on top like a handle, anyhow? Is it a trigger, I wonder?"

"A trigger," I echoed. "Dear me! That sounds like a gun. Now, I heard a gun last night—"

"Where?"

"In the Grosvenor apartment," Mr. Almy pricked up his ears.

"Tell me about it," he ordered.

"You didn't mention it before. Why not?"

"I passed out of my mind; you'll see why. I heard it just after Charles MacIvor entered the room through the window. I heard this loud click, and not knowing who he was, of course, I jumped to the conclusion that he was a horsebreaker, and armed. Miss Burton also recognized the sound. In the excitement of all that had happened since, I forgot about the noise."

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FARM POULTRY

MODERN CHICKEN MUCH IMPROVED

When you sit down to your breakfast eggs or your Sunday chicken dinner nowadays you will probably enjoy much better food than you did seven years ago. For while few of us know anything of the change, the great American hen has become a decidedly improved bird since 1921.

Thousands of poultrymen in more than half of the states of the Union have adopted standard systems for improving the breeds and eradicating disease in their flocks since Wisconsin began producing "accredited" chicks seven years ago.

"The basis of the Wisconsin plan," explains the Farm Journal, "was a breeding program whereby through culling, selection of birds of standard qualifications and vigorous constitutions, with supervision of both flock and hatcheries, high-quality flocks and chicks might be produced. The chicks thus produced were designated as "accredited" and were advertised and sold as such.

"This accredited idea spread rapidly from Wisconsin and is now in operation under essentially the Wisconsin plan in Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, Texas, Tennessee and a number of other states. Some eight or ten more states are also preparing to put this plan into operation."

"In 1922, Connecticut adopted the Wisconsin idea, but made the blood test for bacillary white diarrhea the basis upon which flocks were to be accredited. Following the lead of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and a number of other Eastern states have built up an accredited system based on the disease-eradication plan. Washington, Oregon and Idaho are now on, or are adopting, this plan. New York has a plan that is a modification of this, with more emphasis on breeding."

Success of the plan is evidenced by the fact that Ohio, where the state poultrymen's association adopted the plan only in 1924, will this year produce 12,000,000 chicks from 65 accredited hatcheries.

Hot Water Very Useful in Preventing Chilling

If there is anything more aggravating than an old "mother" hen that refuses to hove her brood on cold, wet days, I don't know what it is, says a writer in Farm Life. But you know a dead chick more or less means nothing in life to an old Cluck, so it's up to us to give nature a lift in the way of artificial heat, when the hen refuses to do her duty.

Here's my way. Fill one-half or one gallon jug with hot water, make a snug cover of wooden (an old blanket is ideal) to fit the jug, cork tightly, and place in a box or in the coop with the chicks. This will give off enough heat to keep the little things cozy for several hours. When necessary refill with hot water and you'll never lose chicks from chilling.

Poultry Notes

Comfortable quarters in the very earliest days means much in the future development of the chicks and the profit which they will return to their owners.

Young chicks should have no feed for 36 or even 48 hours after hatching. Corn bread, rolled oats, and hard-boiled eggs are good feeds for the first few days.

It takes 21 days for a hen egg to hatch, about 28 days for ducks, from 30 to 34 days for a goose egg, and 28 days for turkey eggs. The time may vary somewhat according to conditions.

The all-mash system of feeding chicks after the first month furnishes a satisfactory method and also allows the person handling the flock some leisure time without damaging the young birds.

Ground oats may be used for growing stock or laying hens when fed in limited quantities.

Wheat bran is largely used in all chick mash. It is bulky but fairly digestible and has a laxative tendency which is beneficial. It is fairly high in protein.

Chicks need something green to eat. When they are out on good range they will take care of this requirement themselves. When they are housed it should be supplied.

In the building or maintaining of a high quality flock of poultry, no one factor is as important as the male's heading the flock.

Buckwheat is lower in feeding value than corn, oats, or barley. Furthermore, it is higher in fiber and lower in digestibility than these grains.

When bluegrass is pastured too closely by geese, it will kill the grass out just the same as it will if bluegrass is pastured excessively close by cattle, or particularly by sheep.

Breaks Window So He Can Sleep in Cell

Chicago.—Emmett Kane, thirty-nine years old, can no longer work at his old trade of burglary. He was handicapped several years ago when he lost a leg in a railroad accident. Nor can he find honest work to do. The other morning he was cold and hungry when he used his wooden leg to kick in a window of the Harrison orange hut at 27 West Madison street. A policeman came. "Take me to jail," said Kane. "I broke that window so you'd have to arrest me and give me some place to sleep."

JIBES DRIVE BOY TO TRY SUICIDE

Ill Health Prevented Participation in Games.

Detroit.—Goaded to distraction by the taunts of his schoolmates who jeered at him because he could not participate in their rougher games because of ill health, George Shully, an eleven-year-old Detroit boy, tried to end his life recently by hanging himself from a beam in the basement of his home.

His body was discovered a few minutes later by his mother, who cut him down. He was rushed to a hospital by his father.

Although his condition was considered serious, hospital attendants said that the boy would recover.

The motive for his attempt at self-destruction was revealed when the parents questioned their son at the hospital.

"I asked him what had made him do this terrible thing," the mother explained.

"He said some boy at the school which he attends had called him 'sissy' and threatened to hit him," Mrs. Shully said. "He told me the boys made fun of him and that he felt so bad about their treatment that he didn't want to live any longer."

"George has been sick most of his life and was just recuperating from an attack of scarlet fever when this thing happened. He was always weak and could not run and play with the other boys, and he was many grades behind most boys of his age because of his illness."

The boy had cried when he came home from school in the afternoon, she said, but refused to explain the reason. Next day he seemed quite cheerful, but stayed near home.

"The following morning I was preparing breakfast and asked George to go to the corner store for some milk," Mrs. Shully said.

"He left by the back way and I paid no attention until he failed to return in ten minutes. Then I went to call him. He did not answer. Then I tried the cellar door and found it locked on the inside. I looked in through the transom of the door and saw him hanging from a rope.

"I screamed and called for my husband. He broke down the door and we untied the rope when he was dead, but then we could hear his heart beating faintly."

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Reported Dead in War, Man Turns Up Alive

Norfolk, Neb.—William Braun, reported "killed in action" during the World war, is well and happy with a family in Boothtown, Ala.

A letter received here recently by his uncle, Emil Braun, from the nephew, who asked the whereabouts of his father, Rev. August Braun, formerly of Norfolk, but now living in Boothtown, Neb., revealed that he was still alive.

Braun explained in the letter that 12 years ago, after a disagreement with his father, he left home, enlisted and soon was in action in France. He offered no explanation of the fact that he was reported "killed in action" in France.



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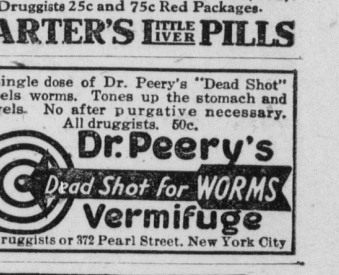
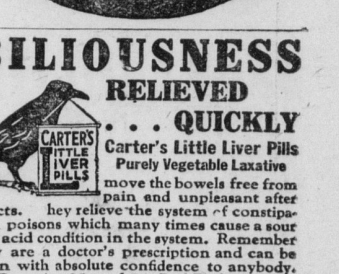
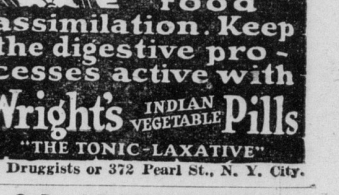
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