

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

CHAPTER X—Continued

"In a few minutes I went back to my regular work. Then Mr. Grosvenor was found unconscious. And he was so badly hurt! It made me ill. The sight of blood always makes me feel faint; I have a refined nature. And his wrist was so badly slashed! And presently I suddenly remembered that that yellow paper in my pocket had been all cut into silvers, too! I was so scared I absolutely didn't dare throw it away. I realized it must have been slit up during those three or four minutes I was away from the professor, because when I laid it down on the pile of four books, it was just as he had given it to me. I was so frightened I didn't know what to do, for days and days! It did seem terribly exciting that I should have picked the note up; and presently I felt that maybe I could solve the mystery of the attack with it—"

"What led you to think that?" interrupted Mr. Almy, interestedly.

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a thing very hard—that I had seen Mr. Case walking along the south gallery, to the door that leads upstairs, on Monday morning, just before the clock struck eleven!"

"Why didn't you ever say so before?" demanded Mr. Roberts, evidently as much stunned as I was—and maybe as Mr. Almy was—at this totally unexpected corroboration of Julia Grosvenor's statement that she had seen Mr. Case in the same place at the same time.

"I never thought of it again until that minute!" cried Daisy, sharply. "Why should I? And why shouldn't Mr. Case walk along the south gallery? He does, every day, nearly! But I had remembered that the attack was said to have been made shortly before eleven o'clock, and that made me uneasy, taken in connection with the way Mr. Case had lost his head before Ulysses. And then he got me a wonderful position in Fernald's; I couldn't help wondering if he had done it to put me under obligation to him, because I had heard him and Ulysses."

"Have you anything further you would like to tell me, Miss Abbott?" Mr. Almy inquired. "That is positively all you know about the yellow note?"

"Absolutely!" vowed Daisy, solemnly.

CHAPTER XI

The Spring-Lancet.

When Ernesto's box trees were half a block away, Mr. Almy said:

"Suppose you take back this key and the bookplate. If at any time you think they might get a response from Miss Grosvenor, show them to her. I give them to you because she is so sociable, you know. I'll take you to that book, and you might have a chance to win her confidence more readily. Once more, do your best to get her to talk."

We passed the box trees; we paced the blue-and-white tiled hallway; we mounted the steep staircase to the second floor, and approached the door of the Grosvenor apartment. And—

Out of it walked Mr. Case!

I decided that the hall was too dark for me to see him; what Mr. Almy did, I don't know, for he was behind me, but at all events, he didn't speak. The maid admitted us to the living room; and there sat Julia, in the same chair where we had left her the previous evening, so still that it seemed as if she had never moved.

"Miss Grosvenor, we want to do something for you, if you will only let us," said Mr. Almy.

"Nobody can do anything for me," she answered in a dead, level tone.

Mr. Almy glanced at me.

"You're mistaken," said I, rather bluntly, to rouse her. "I should not have dreamed of intruding here if I could not help you. You see, I was here last night when you and your cousin had that discussion—you remember you asked me to stay—and I think I have here what you were discussing with him, that object you want."

I took the key from my bag, and held it out to her. She looked at it with perfect blankness, her expression changing from bewilderment to disappointment, then to suspicion.

"What is it?" she demanded with some asperity. "I haven't the faintest notion."

I flung it down on the table, and drew the bookplate out of my bag.

"Is this what you want, then?" I asked.

Her eyes fairly blazed with recognition! With trembling fingers she snatched it from my hand, hesitated almost imperceptibly one instant as if screwing her courage up to a supreme effort, then turned the stout paper oblong over and scanned the blank back avidly. Then, with a heartrending cry of bitter disappointment, she flung the bookplate on the floor.

Mr. Almy snatched it up.

"Miss Grosvenor, you recognized this," he announced sharply. "You saw it at the auction galleries in Richmond, a week ago last Thursday."

Julia Grosvenor caught her breath sharply, half in chagrin, half in consternation at Mr. Almy's information.

"You wanted to buy the book with the bookplate, didn't you? Surely there was no reason why you should not have done so if you wished."

"Yes," she finally whispered; "but I had no money. So I really went to see who would buy it—where it would be afterward."

"Your cousin entered a bid for five hundred dollars," resumed Mr. Almy. Julia made no sign or movement.

"But, as you know, he was outbid. Mr. Burton got the book. It was in Darrow's shop last Monday." She gazed steadily at the floor, in dead silence. "Miss Grosvenor, I must remind you that the authorities are still waiting for you to explain your presence at that shop on Monday morning for an hour and a half."

"I have explained it! You won't believe me! You think I followed my grandfather there to kill him!" suddenly blazed the girl, frightened and furious.

"No," denied Mr. Almy, very quietly. "I think you went there after that bookplate again. But you didn't find it, and something else happened. What, I am going to find out. Miss Grosvenor, when did you learn that Mr. Burton was Darrow's buyer?"

"When I left the auction, directly after the book had been bought, I made inquiries," she answered reluctantly.

"Did you tell your cousin that Burton had bought it?"

"No," I didn't even meet him in Richmond. If he knew, he must have found out from the galleries."

"He did," rejoined Mr. Almy. "Your constant avoidance of your cousin while both of you are attempting to get possession of this drawing makes certain only one conclusion, Miss Grosvenor: Your motive for wanting



Turned the Stout Paper Oblong Over and Scanned the Blank Back Avidly.

it conflicts with his. Now, your cousin went to Darrow's Monday morning and bought a book. Did you see him there?"

"No."

"Did you at any time during that morning know he had been there?" The question startled her, but she looked at her questioner steadily and answered point-blank, "Yes!"

"How did you know?"

"That," said Julia in a tone of finality, "I cannot tell you."

"Why did your cousin go to Darrow's Thursday night?"

"Perhaps for the book again," said Julia, in pathetic desperation.

"You know better than to say that," said Mr. Almy, with a touch of sternness. "What obligation are you under to him?"

"He has often treated me with consideration; not too many people have," returned Julia, with dignity.

Mr. Almy looked at her hard and sideward. Suddenly he shot out:

"What did he go to Darrow's to get for you on Thursday night?"

Her eyes dilated with surprise and horror. She shuddered, and gasped:

"For me? For me? Well, if he wants to tell you, let him! There are some things I can't do."

Her lips snapped shut just as they had done the previous evening in that very room, when, after all the abuse she had received at the hands of her cousin, when it was utterly useless to try to withstand the search for him, she would do nothing to betray him. Her loyalty was again making

Marriage No Light Ceremony in China

Getting married is complicated business in China. Anna Louise Strong, writing in Harper's Magazine, gives the following description of Chinese wedding customs as related to her by a Chinese student:

"If a marriage is honorable in China, the parents of the groom will pay the money needed. They will send notes from the groom's father: 'On such a date my son will marry the daughter of Mr. So-and-so. Your presence is requested at the feast.' But it is worth much to him, for at the wedding, all honor is shown to this old man, who will now be a grandfather, since his son has taken a wife.

"But if the marriage be without parents' consent, then the young folks cannot be at home on their wedding day. A proper, honorable mar-

At the Enemy's Mercy

There are now more than six hundred thousand known species of insects trying to drive the human race off the earth and more are being found each year. — Woman's Home Companion.

THE PATTON COURIER

faithful return for treachery. Equivocal as her position was, she was so admirable that, forgetting all about Mr. Almy, I broke out uncontrollably: "I heard your cousin last night, you know. He offered you a 'liberal settlement' in exchange for something he wanted. He treated you with great contempt, in such contrast to the others, almost strangers to you! They proffer you their aid freely; why do you spurn it just as you have spurned his offer?"

"I'm not ungrateful! I'm not!" cried Julia, clenching her hands. "But . . . you see, it's different. What Charles offered me was a bribe out of my own money, for all I know!"

She had started to talk, at last! And not because of my appeal, but because I had unwittingly hit on a grievance. But Mr. Almy was quite indifferent to cause, being interested only in effect:

"You think you have a legal claim on property your cousin calls his, do you, Miss Grosvenor?" he demanded swiftly.

"I do," she cried, intent on her wrong. "Otherwise why should I have been ignored and refused so pointedly all my life? If I had really been of illegitimate birth, if I had no claim on the estate—which was all my grandfather cared about, except Charles, and everything in the world that Charles himself cares about—why should those two men have spent their time trying to safeguard themselves by repudiating me?"

"Did you ever do anything to try to prove your claim?"

"Not until the last fortnight. You know I've been home from abroad less than a year; and I came to the conclusion I've just explained, only a few months ago, and gradually."

"And how did you try to prove your claim within this last fortnight?"

With a groan, Julia cried:

"I went to Richmond!" and then fell upon a despairing silence. The grievance had cut deeper. In a minute, Mr. Almy asked gently:

"Why did you go there?"

"It's such a long story!"

"Take your time. Just begin at the beginning, and go on."

With a sort of relief, "a week ago last Tuesday evening I was reading the paper to my grandfather, as I sometimes did. He liked especially to hear all the news of book sales and auctions. And I read the notice of the auction of Judge Leavitt's library in Richmond, the coming Thursday. Of course the sale of a Virginia library was of special interest to him, particularly as this notice named many important books."

"Among them, no doubt, Claribew's 'Notes'?" inquired Mr. Almy.

"Yes; it was the last on the list, and it seemed to interest him especially."

"Did he say anything?"

"Not until I had finished reading the description of the book, or rather of the bookplate, for the book was briefly described as a clean copy in good condition. But of the bookplate the notice said: 'Pictorial bookplate inside first cover. No owner's name. Undated.' And I saw he was very much interested in the whole description, so I said, in perfect innocence then, I ought to mention: 'You know I'm going to be in Washington anyway for the studio on Wednesday—I was taking down some designs for a church window there—and I can easily go over to Richmond, and buy that book for you on Thursday, if you want it.' To my utter surprise, he was much startled; for a second he seemed suspicious and angry; then I saw him glance at Charles."

"Oh, your cousin was present, was he?" put in Mr. Almy.

"Yes, we were all in this room. Charles was studying at the other end of it. And then my grandfather suddenly changed his attitude and said, very pleasantly, that he was much obliged to me, but I had better simply attend to my employers' business, he thought; anyhow, he didn't know how suitable it would be for me to go and bid alone at a public auction in a southern city. But he admitted, frankly, that the sale did interest him; and turning to Charles, he asked him if he could arrange to go for him, as he had done, by the way, on a number of other occasions when my grandfather couldn't leave home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUSBAND TELLS HOW HE KILLED WIFE WITH POISON

South Dakota Man Gets Life Term for Cold-Blooded Murder of Spouse.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—"It all happened within an hour or less, and we were all very excited at the house about it."

In these calm words Glenn Melver, former service man, who was gassed in France, told in part about the death of his wife after he had administered a quantity of strychnine to her, giving it to her in a cup of coffee. He made a detailed confession of the crime and when taken into Circuit court entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced to a life imprisonment in the state penitentiary in Sioux Falls.

Buys Poison.

Mrs. Esther Melver was a book agent representing a Minneapolis house and was followed to South Dakota by her husband, whose home is said to be at Marshall, Minn. Mrs. Melver wanted her husband to go over into Minnesota to get their car, but he refused on the ground that he had made plans to make a trip to Watertown, S. D. This was their last quarrel, for soon thereafter Melver went to a drug store and purchased strychnine, signing the name "R. C. Meyers" to the poison register.

In his confession he, among other things, said: "My wife and I had never been able to get along very well; we argued, disagreed, and fought a good deal, and now that it is all over I wish I might be relieved of future suffering, also, like my wife."

Helps Wife to Chair.

McIver stated that when his wife collapsed after the poison took effect he assisted in getting her to a chair, on which she sat down. Then she started to have convulsions and between seizures charged that her husband had poisoned her.

McIver in his confession set forth that when she made this charge he told those on the scene that his wife was only having "one of her nervous spells." Melver said he "didn't think she had swallowed enough poison in the coffee to kill her, but shortly thereafter we put her on the bed and she died."

Minister Seeks to Meet Holdup Artist in Ring

Kansas City, Mo.—Rev. John W. Keys of this city may be a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, but when occasion demands he also can use his fists to advantage.

This was revealed when Rev. Mr. Keys asked police to arrange a regular fist bout so that he could enter the ring and meet the "gentleman" who had been broken on a certain night and robbed him of \$100.

Keys said that he was a professional fighter before he entered the ministry and had an overwhelming desire to meet his assailant again. Keys offered the police \$100 to arrange such a bout to give him "satisfaction."

Foiled Burglars Break 11,000 Packed Up Eggs

Berlin.—When the police were called the other day to a big poultry farm at Karlishorst, near Berlin, which had been broken by burglars, they had to wade through a mass of 11,000 scrambled eggs. Worst of all, they were valuable brood eggs, stamped and packed ready for export.

The burglars, evidently annoyed at only finding a few marks in a safe they had broken open, had taken revenge by smashing up the contents of the egg boxes.

Weights Pound at Birth, Life Saved by Spanking

Brooklyn, N. Y.—It is easy to believe that Miss Worschilla was indignant at the manner of her reception into this world. When this miss arrived there was very little life in her body. She uttered not the slightest sound, and since a baby's lungs must fall if it does not cry, the doctor spanked her until she cried. Miss Worschilla weighed one pound at birth, but is gaining rapidly. She is being kept in an incubator and fed with a medicine dropper.

POULTRY CARE OF PULLETS WHILE ON RANGE

Just "feeding the chickens" sounds simpler than the task really is, if the chickens are to be well fed. The purpose for which the flock is being kept has a great deal to do with the matter. Rations for fattening, maintenance, growth and egg production are all different, and will also be varied according to the age of the chickens.

Twenty-one kinds of chicken feeds, all of them different in their results, and all of them suited to different purposes, are exhaustively analyzed and discussed in a new bulletin by Prof. A. R. Winter of the Ohio State university. The bulletin, No. 83, entitled "Poultry Feeding Stuffs and Rations," has been published by the agricultural extension service of the university.

In addition to the definitions and discussions of the various feeds, there are given six formulae for rations. Two of them are "starting and growing" rations and the other four are for laying hens. Along with the formulae for the rations there are directions for making simple and efficient feeding equipment for the poultry yard.

Two special fattening rations are suggested, one for hens and the other for young birds. For hens, a ration of corn meal, 40 parts by weight, mixed with 60 parts, by weight, of liquid milk, is suggested. For the younger birds a greater variety of grains is recommended. The formula calls for a mash consisting of 50 parts of ground corn, 25 parts of white flour middlings, 10 parts of finely ground oats, 5 parts of meat scrap, and 1 part of salt. This mash should be mixed with enough liquid milk to make a batter that will pour fairly easily.

Egg Production Is Cut by Uncomfortable Pens

If hens could talk, they would probably say harsh things about hot, uncomfortable poultry houses.

Ohio poultrymen are urged to keep that in mind, among other things, by poultry extension specialists of the Ohio State university in their monthly letter to farm poultrymen keeping records in co-operation with the extension service.

A hot poultry house, the specialists observe, is no place for a hen either to eat or to lay eggs.

"Open the ventilators and remove the windows; make the houses cool and comfortable," writes one of the specialists, P. B. Zumbro. "Don't expect egg production if the house is as hot as a bakeoven. Hens won't stay in hot houses long enough to consume their feed."

Another point in summer care of the poultry flock:

"Summer and fall production are greatly influenced by good green feed; old dry bluegrass or dead rye is not satisfactory. Rape is the best thing to plant now for summer pasture.

"Yard off a part of the ground around the house, and plant the rape there, allowing it to get a good start. It will provide good pasture until freezing weather."

Two other practices successful poultrymen observe at this time of year are culling the slacker hens, and getting control of lice and mites on the birds.

Best Plan to Separate Cockerels and Pullets

As the flock reaches the broiler stage the roosters and pullets should be separated, for the pullets need no forcing but will make better layers if let grow along normally, with plenty of exercise. Broilers, on the other hand, should have only enough exercise for health and should be fed a fattening ration. At the final stage the broilers should be shut in a pen only moderately lighted and fed all they will eat of fine ground corn and semi-solid buttermilk. Some prefer to use a prepared fattening mash, many of which are on the market. Green or succulent feed should be fed also. Lack of exercise causes them to fatten very fast and makes tender juicy flesh.

Duck Meat Breeds

One of the most common breeds of ducks is the Pekin breed. These ducks are white or creamy white in color and are as large as any of the breeds of ducks with the exception of one. Drakes weigh eight to nine pounds and ducks weigh seven to eight pounds. In the meat class this breed is perhaps the most popular over the United States as a whole. Pekins may be mated in the proportion of one drake to every six or eight ducks.

Prevent Chick Loss

Cleanliness is highly important in the prevention of chick losses. Always scrub the brooder floor with hot lye water and let it dry before putting in baby chicks. Clean litter, free from mold and small kernels of grain should be used and changed often enough that filth does not accumulate. It is better to keep chicks partially confined, when provided with sunlight, than to let them out on old ground which may carry disease germs and parasite eggs.

How Much Water Should Baby Get?

A Famous Authority's Rule

By Ruth Brittain



Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight-pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast-fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle-fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.

Just a word in caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty-cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

Happy Widow

I know a widow who is supremely happy. When other widows weep from loneliness, she continues to smile. And I do not blame her; I knew her husband, an exceedingly disagreeable man.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Code Defies Experts

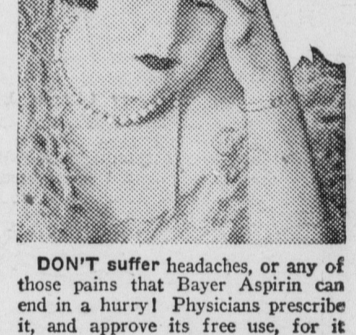
A typewriter that embraces the only known method of producing a cryptogram that is impossible to solve without a key has been invented in England. On the machine it is possible to write a code message that will defy the greatest brains in the world.

His Specialty

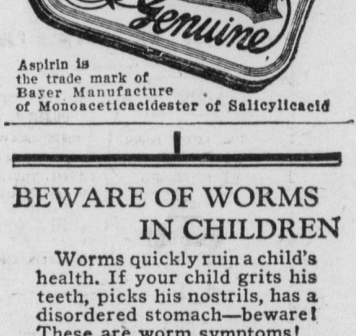
First Student—What will you do when you finish college?

Second Student—Dunno. Dad says my chief forte is to write for money!

Weakness of an emotional disposition is that it reveals its hates as readily as it does its loves.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every drug-gist has it, but don't fall to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red:



BEWARE OF WORMS IN CHILDREN

Worms quickly ruin a child's health. If your child grinds his teeth, picks his nostrils, has a disordered stomach—beware! These are worm symptoms.

Quickly—without delay—free your child's body of these health-destroying parasites. Give him Frey's Vermifuge—America's safe, vegetable worm medicine for 75 years. Buy it today! All druggists!

Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms

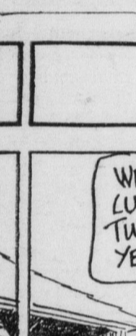
FINNE



YES, SIR, MONDAY'S A BUSY DAY

WHAT CAN I DO TO STOP MY QUINQUARY FROM SMOKING?

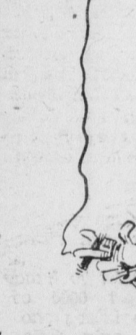
WHY DON'T YOU OFFER IT ONE OF YOUR EGGARS?



WHAT CAN I DO TO STOP MY QUINQUARY FROM SMOKING?



WHAT CAN I DO TO STOP MY QUINQUARY FROM SMOKING?



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