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Table listing names and addresses for various real estate listings across different townships and counties.

The Colfax Bookplate advertisement featuring an illustration of a man reading and the text 'By Agnes Miller'.

CHAPTER XI—Continued
One minute, please, Miss Grosvenor... Interrupted Mr. Almy; "your cousin was not in business here..."

RED RIVER FARM METHODS ARE AT TRANSITORY STAGE

Grand Forks, N. D.—Farm methods in the Red River valley are at a transitory stage, and a token of the new era is the introduction of wire fences.

A decade or two ago wheat was the only crop produced, and a solid sea of grain stretched from North Dakota to Minnesota.

In the last eight years a tremendous change has taken place. An avante-guard, the soy bean, has swept the wheat fields, forcing average yield down to seven or eight bushels to the acre.

There was but one remedy, diversified farming and the production of live stock. That brought the wire fences into prominence. Farms were reduced in size and fenced to control the stock.

Find Primitive Signs of Medicine Sound

Washington.—Any custom that has held its own for generations usually has something back of it, no matter how little it appears to be supported by modern science.

Maine Pullet Lays Yolkless Triplets

Orono, Maine.—Fresh eggs all hitched together in a string like Christmas tree ornaments started Clifton W. Meservey of Union, Maine, when he peered into one of his pullets' nests.

Almy had stepped back into the room. Mr. MacIvor, on taking me in hand, no opportunity to comment on the presence in "his" house of one he had ordered out of it the previous evening.

"By which," Mr. Almy responded, "you mean that bookplate you write out of Claribeth's 'Notes' there it is, look at it."

Taken aback as MacIvor was by this unexpected answer, he could not restrain his eagerness to see the bookplate. He snatched it breathlessly from the other man's hand.

"I don't know what you mean, Charles," said Julia. "Likely story! Got the bookplate through your new confidante, Miss Fuller, did you? I don't think you'd arouse all his sympathies if you told her your whole story."

"Miss Fuller brought me the bookplate because she knew I had an interest in it," cried Julia, aroused. "I have as much right to it as you have."

"AS much!" he echoed, "as much!" He looked at her hard, studying her. "How much is that?" She looked back at him innocently.

"I know you and grandfather both wanted that book, Claribeth's 'Notes,'" she said quietly, "and I know I wasn't allowed to go and get it. I suspect that there may be something about it you don't want me to know."

"What?" Her natural sincerity gave her away. "I don't know," she admitted. "You don't know?" repeated Charles, triumphantly. "You just implied it was the bookplate. Be careful, Julia; you're stumbling. What was it about the bookplate that interested you?"

"I felt he was testing her to see how much she knew," I glanced at Mr. Almy, imploring him silently to stop the questioning, but he did not see me. Julia looked at her cousin, affronted.

"Perhaps it was the same thing that interested you, when you tried to pry it off the cover in the exhibition room at Richmond?" she flung at him. He almost sprang out of his seat. "You were there, weren't you?" he cried. "Spying on me?"

"I have as much right in any exhibition room as any one!" cried Julia. "Don't dare speak to me that way! Why were you so interested in the bookplate yourself?"

"You'll never know that!" sneered her cousin. "And a lot of good the bookplate has done you, hasn't it? Keep it!" He gave me his final praising glance and flung it on the table.

Swing Around the Western Circle advertisement with an illustration of a person on a swing and text about Colorado Yellowstone California.

Live Opportunity advertisement for aggressive salesmen and district managers, mentioning Philadelphia Brush Co.

Work Pans advertisement for men and women, mentioning Smith Auto License Plates.

Document of Old Date advertisement for John W. A. Green, registrar of deeds of Exeter, N. H.

Filler advertisement for a filling station, mentioning 'Is this a filling station?'.

Vegetable Method Acts Quickly in Constipation advertisement, mentioning 'When the system becomes clogged with poisons...'.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge advertisement for killing all flies and worms, mentioning 'Kill All Flies!'.



Charles MacIvor Stood Before Us.

broadcast his deed, either. Mr. Almy's source of information about Richmond is the clerk from the galleries. And ever since that purchase, Peter has been in no end of hot water."

Julia groaned—moved, indeed, far beyond what I had expected. "What has happened?" she gasped. "Mr. Darrow was furious over the price, to begin with, Peter Burton bore the blame in silence. The least society which had ordered the book—for which Peter ostensibly bought it—then refused it. Then your recognition of him in the shop on Monday caused a great deal of comment, which he entirely ignored. He is not in the best of spirits; but if I know Peter Burton—I have known him seven years—he is seeing this thing through without flinching. So I can't help hoping you'll finish your story, Miss Grosvenor; tell us all you know about the mystery surrounding your grandfather's death; clear yourself of suspicion, for suspicion does hang over you. Oh, don't make a poor return for the unswerving confidence shown in you by this week of silence and suffering!"

Julia's face was blanched, her breath came in gasps. At first she could not speak; when she finally raised her eyes from the floor, they were again full of tears. "Oh," she whispered huskily, "but you don't know how poor my best return would be—"

Carillon Playing at Its Best in Belgium

Belgium is the classic land of bells. To the Belgians belongs the honor of having first felt and used bell tones as truly musical sounds, and, accordingly, they devised that colossal musical instrument and tower and belfry known as the carillon.

Indian Names Indian place-names, it is pointed out, may refer to physical characteristics of the place, to incidents in the history of the time, or to associations of a tribe with a region.

Don't Blame the Women Nothing is going to stop the prodigality with which women spend time and money on cosmetics because not only women, but the men who admire them, are convinced that it is worth all it costs.—Woman's Home Companion.

frightened, but did not reply. Mr. Almy, however, broke promptly in. "Special kindness." Since it suits your taste to refer to such a thing, MacIvor, you'll not mind saying if you mean that trip you made to Darrow's Thursday night?"

"That d-d sneak Case!" he shouted. "So he's a friend of yours, too, is he, Julia?"

"He certainly is—a good one!" cried Julia, outraged. "You shan't speak so of him! He was here today to offer me the aid refused me by the men of my own family—and he a stranger! He said he knew you, had seen you off and on all your life; he warned me against you! And he did right!"

"He warned you against me, did he? And he told the police I broke into Darrow's late at night to steal, I suppose, by way of helping you?"

"No," interposed Mr. Almy, suavely. "Mr. Case did not mention the circumstance." MacIvor turned violently on his cousin.

"Then you did! You're the one person who knew I was going, and you knew well why! For your own safety, you try to betray me, do you?"

"Charles," Julia denied, "I did not say one word about it." "Do you expect me to believe that? Who did, then?"

"I did," said I, boldly, "I saw you at my desk, from where I was standing in the north gallery!"

"Then it's a conspiracy against me, in behalf of you, is it?" shouted the infuriated MacIvor to his cousin. "Very well, then it's time for me to explain why I went to Darrow's. Here's the reason!"

Headless of her cry, of her hand stretched out to stop him, he dashed to the rear of the room, threw open one of the glass-doored bookcases, and snatched a small object from a lower shelf.

"That's what I went to get!" he cried, and flung it on the table, while Julia, overcome by his fury, sank back and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Almy picked up the small object. It was a cube-shaped brass box, the bases of which were about an inch and a half square. He revolved it slowly in his hand, and he could see from every angle. From the top protruded a thick black metal shaft nearly an inch in length, out of a wide slot about half the length of the base. Beside this shaft, in the very center of the top, was a flat black screw that stood out perhaps a quarter of an inch on the round base of its own, sunk into the box. On the side of the box, just below the shaft, was a small black lever projecting from a small slit. And on the bottom, as he slowly turned it toward me, I saw a pattern of slots which I instantly recognized! Straight across the bottom base they ran, in just the formation I had seen elsewhere, clinching for me that conviction which had instantly sprung to my mind as Mr. Almy picked up the instrument; I had seen it on the bookplate in miniature; I had seen the pattern of these slots on my yellow note!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)