SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By

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"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By

RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

None of the group in the next room had noticed the movement of the shade, absorbed in one another; any sound being muffled by the thump of adjacent machinery. Bailey obeyed the request, and leaned back in his chair.

"That's Darling Lestrange," he stated with satisfaction. "That's his own design for an oiling system he's busy with, and it's a beauty. He's entered for every big race coming this season, starting next week in Georgia, and meantime he oversees every department in every building as it never was done before. The man for me, he is."

Emily made an unenthusiastic sign of agreement.

"I meant a very different man from Mr. Lestrange," she replied, her dignity altogether Ffrench. "I have no doubt that he is all you say, but I was thinking of another class. I meant—well, I meant a gentleman."

"Oh, you mean a gentleman," replied Bailey, surveying her oddly. "I didn't know, you see. No; I don't know any one like that."

"Thank you. Then I will go. I—it does not matter."

She did not go, however, but remained leaning on the arm of her chair in troubled reverie, her long lashes lowered. Bailey sat as quietly, watching her and waiting.

The murmur of voices came dully through the closed door, one, lighter and clearer in tone, most frequently rising above the roar pervading the whole building. It was not possible that Emily's glimpse of Lestrange across the glass should identify him absolutely with the man she had seen once in the flickering lights and shadows on the Long Island road; but he was not of a type easily forgotten, and she had been awakened to a doubting recognition.

Now, many little circumstances recurred to her; a strangeness in Dick's manner when the new manager was alluded to, the fact that her rescuer on that October night had been driving a racing car and had worn a racing costume; and lastly, when Bailey spoke of "Darling" Lestrange there had flashed across her mind the mechanician's ridiculous answer to the request to aid her chauffeur in changing a tire: "I'll do it for you, Darling." And listening to that dominant voice in the next room, she slowly grew crimson before a vision of herself in the middle of a country road, appealing to a stranger for succor, like the Heroine of a melodramatic fiction. Decidedly she would never see Lestrange, never let him discover Miss Ffrench.

"I will go," she reiterated, rising impetuously.

The glass-set door opened with unwarning abruptness.

"I'll see Mr. Bailey," declared some one. "He'll know."

Helpless, Emily stood still, and straightway found herself looking directly into Lestrange's gray eyes as he halted on the threshold.

It was Bailey who upbraid the moment, all unconsciously.

"Come in," he invited heartily. "Miss Ffrench, this is my new engineer, Mr. Lestrange; the man who's going to double our sales this year."

Emily moved, then straightened herself proudly, lifting her small head. Lestrange had recognized her, she felt; the call was to courage, not flight.

"I think I have already met Mr. Lestrange," she said composedly. "I am pleased to meet him again."

"Met him!" cried Bailey. "Met him? Why—"

Neither heeded him. A gleaming smile had vanished in Lestrange's eyes behind curved lashes.

"Thank you," he murmured her. "You are more than good to recall me, Miss Ffrench. I was on Monday for keeping in the way, but I foolish did not dare to speak. Shall we go? I am ready when you are."

With a glance, an inflection, Lestrange had stripped their former meeting of its embarrassment and unconventionality, how, she neither analyzed nor cared.

"Good morning," said Bailey. "Shall I take you through, or—"

But Lestrange was already holding open the door, with a bright unconcern as to his workmanlike costume which impressed Emily pleasantly. She wondered if Dick would have borne the situation as well, in the impossible event of his being found at work.

The two walked together down an aisle of the huge, machinery-crowded room, the grimy men lifting their heads to gaze after Emily as she passed. Once Lestrange paused to speak to a man who sat, notebook and pencil in hand, beside another who manipulated under a grinding wheel a delicate aluminum casting.

"Pardon," he apologized to Emily, who had lingered also. "Mathews would have let that go wrong in another moment. He," his smile glanced out, "he is not a Rupert at changing his tires, so to speak, but just a good chauffeur."

The gay and natural allusion delighted her. For the first time in her life Emily Ffrench laughed out in a genuine, mischievous sense of adventure.

"Yes? I wonder you could separate yourself from that Rupert to come here; he was a most bewildering person," she retorted.

"Separate from Rupert? Why, I would not think of racing a taxicab as he would say, without Rupert beside me. He is here taking a post-graduate course in this type of car, in order to be up to his work when we go down to Georgia next week."

"Next week? You expect to win that race?"

"No. We are running a stock car against some heavy foreign racing machines; the chance of winning is slight. But I hope to outrun any other American car on the course, if nothing goes wrong."

She looked up.

"And if something does?" she wondered.

He shrugged his shoulders.

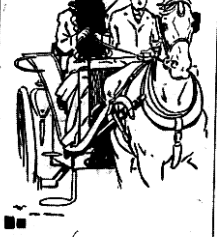
"Pray be careful of those moving belts behind you, Miss Ffrench. If something does—there is a chance in every game worth playing."

"A chance!" her feminine nerves recoiled from the implied consequences. "But only a chance, surely You were never in an accident, never were hurt?"

Lestrange regarded her in surprise mingled with a dawning raillery infinitely indulgent.

"I had no accidents last season," he guardedly responded. "I've been quite lucky. At least Rupert and I play our game unhampered; there will be no broken hearts if we are picked up from under our car some day."

They had reached the door while he spoke; as he put his hand on the



"I See Him Now and Then."

knob to open it, Emily saw a long zigzag scar running up the extended arm from wrist to elbow, a mute commentary on the conversation. In silence she passed out across the courtyard to where her red-wheeled car waited. But when Lestrange had put her in and given her the reins, she held out her hand to him with more gravity.

"I shall wish you good luck for next week," she said.

Lestrange threw back his head, drawing a quick breath; here in the strong sunlight he showed even younger, than she had thought him, young with a primitive intensity of just being alive.

"Thank you. I would like—if it were possible—to win this race."

"This one, especially?"

"Yes, because it is the next step toward a purpose I have set myself, and which I shall accomplish if I live. Not that I will halt if this step fails, no, nor for a score of such failures, but I am anxious to go on and finish."

Up to Emily's face rushed the answering color and fire to his; drawn by the bond of mutual earnestness, she leaned nearer.

"You live to do something? So do I, so do I! And every one else plays."

However Lestrange would have replied, he was checked by the crash of the courtyard gate. Abruptly recalled to herself, Emily turned, to see Dick Ffrench coming toward them.

Remembering how the three had last met, the situation suggested strife. But to Emily's astonishment the young men exchanged friendly nods, although Dick flushed pink.

"Good morning, Lestrange," he greeted. "You just caught up from the city, Emily, and there wasn't any one hanging in the station, so when one of the testers told me you were here I came over to get a ride."

"I've been to see Mr. Bailey," she responded. "Get in."

As Dick climbed in beside her, she bent her head to Lestrange. If she had regretted her impulsive confidence, again the clear sanity and calm of the gray eyes she encountered established self-content.

When they were trotting down the road toward home, in the crisp air, Emily glanced at her cousin.

"I did not know you and Mr. Lestrange were so well acquainted," she remarked.

"I see him now and then," Dick answered uneasily. "He's too busy to want me bothering around him much. You remembered him?"

"Yes."

He absently took the whip from its socket, flecking the horse with it as he spoke.

"It was awfully square of you, Emily, not to mention that night to Uncle Ethan. It wasn't like a girl, at all. I made an idiot of myself, and you've never said anything to me about it since. I never told you where Lestrange took me, because I didn't like to talk of the thing. I'm really awfully fond of you, cousin."

"Yes, Dickie," she said patiently.

"Well, Lestrange rubbed it in. Oh, he didn't say much. But he carried me down to where they were practicing for a road race. Such a jolly lot of fellows, like a bunch of kids; teasing and calling jokes back and forth at one another half the night until daybreak, everything raw and chilly. Busy, and their mechanics busy, and one after another swinging into his car and going off like a rocket. By the time Lestrange went off, I was as much stirred up as anybody. When he made a record circuit at seventy-seven miles an hour average, I was shouting over the rail like a good one. And then, while he was off again, a big blue car rolled in and its driver yelled that Lestrange had gone over on the Eastbury turn, and to send around the ambulance. It was like a nightmare; I sat down on a stone and felt sick."

"He—"

"He shook me up half an hour later, and stood laughing at me. 'Upset?' he said. 'No; we shed a tire and went off into a field, but it didn't hurt the machine, so we righted her and came in.' He was limping and bruised and scratched, but he was laughing, while a crowd of people were trying to shake hands with him and say things. I felt—funny; as if I wasn't much good. I never felt like that before. 'This is only practice,' he said, when I was about to go. 'The race tomorrow will do better. We find it more exciting than cocktails.' That was all, but I knew what he meant, all right. I've been careful ever since. He won the race next day, too."

"Dick, didn't it ever occur to you that you as well as Mr. Lestrange might do real things?" she asked, after a moment.

He turned his round, good-humored face to her in boundless amazement.

"?? I race cars and break my neck and call it fun, like Lestrange? You're laughing at me, Emily."

"No, no," in spite of herself the picture evoked brought her smile. "Not like that. But you might be interested in the factory. You might learn from Mr. Bailey and take charge of the business with Uncle Ethan. It would please uncle, how it would please him, if you did!"

Dick stirred unhappily.

"It would take a lot of grind," he objected. "I haven't the head for it, really. I'm not such an awfully bad lot, but I hate work. Let's not be serious, cousin. How pretty the frosty wind makes you look!"

Emily tightened the reins with a brief sigh of resignation.

"Never mind, Dickie. I—uncle will find a substitute. Things must go on somehow, I suppose, even if we do not like the way."

But the way loomed distasteful that morning as never before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUT END TO FROG-FARMING

Audubon's Scheme Might Have Been Good but for One Small, Unforeseen Incident.

There is an amusing story told in connection with the first venture in frog-farming ever made in the United States.

Early in the last century Audubon, the great ornithologist, went down the Ohio river from Pennsylvania in a little steamer of his own, stopping at various points to obtain specimens of little-known birds.

While at Hendersonville, Kentucky, which he made his home for some time, he built a mill and proposed to raise frogs on a large scale, preparing for that purpose a pond near the river.

The frogs multiplied wonderfully, and on warm summer evenings it was the practice of Audubon to sit under a tree near the pond, listening to the concert given by his stock, and calculating the amount of money he should derive from the sale of the grown frogs.

But one night, when the frogs were nearly grown, they heard the booming of bullfrogs in the Ohio. Their curiosity was overwhelming, stepping out of the pond, they made their way to the river, into which they plunged and disappeared!

Judicial Advice.

"I hope you won't be hard on me, judge," he said. "You see, I was under the influence of liquor when I done it."

"You seem to have been under the influence of something equally bad when you studied grammar. During the next thirty days you are going to have, permit yourself to be hidden in solitary study of the conjugation of irregular verbs. Now it can be done with—thirty days."

DELICIOUS MEAT DISH

POT ROAST OFFERS MOST NUTRIMENT AND SMALLEST WASTE.

Can Be Made of the Cheaper Cuts of Beef With Excellent Results —Eye of Beef is Best Cut.

Pot roast is one of the delicious meat dishes that can be made of the cheaper (not the cheapest) cuts of beef with excellent results. It is a great mistake to imagine that the cheaper cuts of meat are less nutritious, the fact being that these offer the most of nutriment and smallest waste. For example, the first ribs of beef contain about 12.6 per cent. protein or body building material, and the hindquarter 12.7 per cent. of protein material.

Perhaps it is not fair to call pot roast a cheap dish, because the prices vary so widely in different localities, and the cuts vary so much. In the vicinity of Providence, R. I., for example, our correspondents report prices of 12 to 18 cents a pound; in Philadelphia, 14 to 20 cents, and in New York, 18 to 22 cents.

In Providence they sell for pot roast the rump (14 to 16 cents), shoulder (12 to 14 cents), and bottom round (16 to 18 cents); in Philadelphia and vicinity the chuck roast, next to ribs (14 cents), shoulder cut (16 to 18 cents), and the ribs (18 to 20 cents). In New York City and the west prices are higher and their range is greater. The cuts are bottom round, top sirloin (which is too expensive, as a rule, and requires less cooking), top round and brisket, 16 to 22 cents.

The eye of the beef is considered the epicurean cut for pot roast. This is a triangular piece of meat taken from the hindquarter between the top and bottom round after the bone has been removed. In the west, pot roast is often made by cutting vertically through the bottom and top round (inside round) instead of cutting either the bottom or the top round (inside round) separately, as is done in the east. This top round or part on the inside of the hindquarter is exceptionally good for pot roast.

In different localities the names of beef cuts are entirely different. In some places, for example, the flank is cut so as to include more of the loin, in which case the upper portion is often called the flank steak. Sometimes the rump is called the rump steak; the inside round, the top round; the plate, the rattle. Often the cross ribs and brisket are included together under the name of cross ribs; the forepart of the cross ribs is often called the shoulder clod and the leg underneath the second round is called the hind shoulder. Often, too, the socket and rump together are called simply the rump. Consequently one must know from what part of the beef the meat should be cut and how it looks. This knowledge must be acquired in actual marketing.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

NICE LEMON LAYER CAKE

Recipe That Insures a Product That Will Do Credit to the Cook.

This calls for one generous cupful of butter, two of sugar, three of pastry flour, one small one of milk, the yolks of five eggs, the whites of three, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and the juice of a fresh lemon or one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Cream the butter and sugar, add the flavoring and the yolks well beaten. Stir the whole into the flour, soda and cream of tartar, which should be sifted together three times. Beat the egg white to a stiff froth. Fold them through the batter and bake in two layer tins. Ice when cool. One teaspoonful and a half of baking powder may be used instead of the cream of tartar and soda.

Dry Pumpkin Pie.

Stew pumpkin or squashes as for any ordinary pie, putting a layer about half inch thick in tins and place in warming closet in range to dry. If the pumpkin is stewed till quite dry it will take only a very short time to dry sufficiently to keep all winter. There is no danger of the spoiling, as with canned pumpkin. Soak a portion of this dry pumpkin over night in milk; in the morning place in saucepan on stove until hot, stirring occasionally. Mash through colander and proceed as in making any other pumpkin pies. Dry pumpkin pies equal those made from fresh or canned pumpkin.

Asparagus Toast.

Wash and cut the asparagus in half-inch lengths. Bring two quarts of water to a boil, add one scant teaspoon of salt and one quart of asparagus and boil thirty minutes or until tender. Toast several slices of bread and melt one-half cup of fresh butter. When the asparagus is tender remove from the liquor and drain. Dip the toasted bread in the asparagus soup, then in the melted butter, lay in a dish and spread the asparagus over it. Add balance of butter and serve hot. Delicious.

Sweet and Pure.

After washing them in cold water, put in a vessel and pour boiling water over them. Let your teacups stand over steam; then let not until ready to use them, put on to cook in boiling water. Will cook tender in a short while.

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Her Advantages.

"I should think Biggs made things very uncomfortable for his wife when he has a habit of storming all over the house."

"What need she care how he storms, as long as she is reigning it?"

In an Epigram.

Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes (Rose Pastor) stated epigrammatically at a dinner in New York the value of an education.

"Many poor people," she said, "are spending their second childhood in the almshouse because they spent their first in earning instead of learning."

OF NO IMPORTANCE.

"Are they to be married soon?"

"Well, he thinks they are."

"Oh! that's not of the slightest consequence in an affair of this kind. What does she think about it?"

DIFFERENT NOW.

Since the Slugger, Coffee, Was Abandoned.

Coffee probably causes more biliousness and so-called malaria than any one other thing—even bad climate. (Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it contains caffeine, the drug in coffee).

A Ft. Worth man says:

"I have always been of a bilious temperament, subject to malaria and up to one year ago a perfect slave to coffee. At times I would be covered with boils and full of malarial poison, was very nervous and had swimming in the head.

"I don't know how it happened, but I finally became convinced that my sickness was due to the use of coffee, and a little less than a year ago I stopped coffee and began drinking Postum.

"From that time I have not had a boil, not had malaria at all, have gained 18 pounds good solid weight and know beyond all doubt this is due to the use of Postum in place of coffee, as I have taken no medicine at all.

"Postum has certainly made healthy, red blood for me in place of the blood that my drinking impoverished and made unhealthy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum makes red blood.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ground Postum must be boiled 15 minutes to develop full flavor. A level teaspoonful dissolves instantly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a beverage that looks, tastes and cost like coffee.

CLEAR COMPLEXIONS

may be permanently enjoyed by all. Sallow skins and mortifying abrasions may be eradicated forever by living in accordance with the dictates of Nature. Medicines cannot be a guarantee to desired results. "Complexes More Than Skin Deep," a concise copyrighted treatise upon these subjects, is a non-technical, sensibly scientific, immensely practical, delightfully bold book, invaluable to all, especially to those who are troubled with facial disorders, and who ought to understand themselves and become their own doctors. It is brim full of truths which the author has been years learning and proving. It makes surprising admissions and shattering and startling statements, but is simple and absolutely dependable in its recommendations. It is the open door to a wholesome countenance. Twenty-five cents. (No stamps). E. A. Andrews, 132 North 3rd St., Newark, N. J.

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