SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By

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Author of

"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 French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, 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 French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French, 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 French, wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

Rupert got up, his dark, malign little face twisted.

"If I'd broken a leg they'd have sent a cart for me," he mourned. "Now I'll have to walk, and I ain't used to it. Hard luck!"

"If you go around to the stables they will give you my pony cart," Emily offered impulsively. "You," her dimpling smile gleamed out, "you once put a tire on for me, you know. Please let me return the service."

Rupert's black eyes opened, a slow grin of appreciation crinkled streaks of dust and oil as he surveyed the young girl.

"I'll put tires on every wheel you run into control, day and night shifts," he acknowledged with sweet cordiality. "But I'm no horse-chauffeur, thanks; I guess I'll walk."

"He is a gentle pony," she remonstrated. "Any one can drive him."

He turned a side glance toward the motionless car.

"That's all right, but I'm used to being killed other ways. I'll be going."

"Jack Rupert, do you mean to tell me that you will race with Lestrange every season, and yet you're afraid to drive a fat cob?" cried the delighted Dick.

"I'm not telling anything. I had a chum who was pitched out by a horse he lost control of, and broke his neck. I'm taking no chances."

"How many men have you seen break their necks out of autos?"

"That's in business," pronounced Rupert succinctly. "I'm going on, Darling; it's only a two-mile run."

"Here, wait," Dick urged. "Emily, I'll stroll around to the stables with him and make one of the men drive him down. You don't mind my leaving you?"

"No," Emily answered. "I will wait for you."

She might have walked back alone, if she had chosen. But instead she sat down on a bench near the hedge, folding her hands in her lap like a demure child. The house was so dull, so hopelessly monotonous contrasted with this fresh, wind-tossed outdoors and Lestrange in his vigor of life and glamour of ultra-modern adventure.

"You and Mr. French are very good," Lestrange said presently. "I am afraid I appreciate it more than Rupert, though."

"Is he really afraid of horses?"

"I should not wonder; I never tried him. But he is amazingly truthful."

Their eyes met across the strip of gravel road as they smiled; again Emily felt the sudden confidence, the falling away of all constraint before the direct clarity of his regard.

"You won your race," she said irrelevantly. "I was glad, since you wanted it."

"Thank you," he returned with equal simplicity. "But I did not want it that way, so far as I was concerned."

"Yet, it was the next step?"

"Yes, it was the next step. I meant that one does not care to be victor because the leading cars were wrecked. There is no glorious in defeating a driver who has put on the courts. But, as you say, it helped my position. Yes," he hesitated for the right phrase, "you are most kind to recall that I have a purpose."

It was the convent-bred Emily who looked back at him, earnest-eyed, exactitudy serious.

"I have thought of it often. Every time I think that I know just how the very things happen—there are only a few people who grasp things and make them happen. That is real work; so many of us are just given work we do not want—" she broke off.

"Yes, the not want the work. It is [illegible] work," said Lestrange. "Only we have caught it [illegible] by a fluke we must do—I need not speak of that to you. One must not make the mistake of assuming some one else's work."

He spoke gently, almost as if with a clairvoyant reading of her tendency to self-immolation.

"But may not some one else's fault be given us to undo?" she asked eagerly. "May not their work be forced on us?"

"No," he answered.

"No?" bewildered.

"I don't think so. Each one of us has enough with his own, at least so it seems to me. Most of us die before we finish it."

Emily paused, contending; with the loneliness and doubts which impelled her to speech, the feminine yearning to let another decide her problems. This other's nonchalant strength of decision allured her uncertainty.

"I am discouraged," she confessed. "And tired. I—there is no reason why I should not speak of it. You know Dick, how he can do nothing in the factory or business, or in the places where a French should stand. All this must fall into the hands of strangers, to be broken and forgotten, when my uncle dies, for lack of some one who would care. And Uncle Ethan seems severe and hard but it grieves him all the time. His only son was not a good man; he lives abroad with his wife, who was an actress before he married her. You knew that?" as he moved.

"I heard something of it in the village." Lestrange admitted gravely. "Please do not think me fond of gossip; I could not avoid it. But I should not have imagined this a family likely to make low marriages."

"It never happened before. I never saw that cousin, nor did Dick; but he was always a disappointment, always. Uncle Ethan has told me. And since he failed, and Dick fails, there is only me."

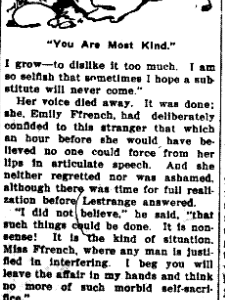
"You!"

She nodded, her lip quivering.

"Only me. Not as a substitute—I am not fit for that—but to find a substitute. I have promised my uncle to marry the first one who is able to be that."

The silence was absolute. Lestrange neither moved nor spoke, gazing down at her bent head with an expression blending many shades.

"It is a duty; there is no one except me," she added. "Only sometimes



"You Are Most Kind."

I grow—to dislike it too much. I am so selfish that sometimes I hope a substitute will never come."

Her voice died away. It was done; she, Emily French, had deliberately confided to this stranger that which an hour before she would have believed no one could force from her lips in articulate speech. And she neither regretted nor was ashamed, although there was time for full realization before Lestrange answered.

"I did not believe," he said, "that such things could be done. It is nonsense! It is the kind of situation, Miss French, where any man is justified in interfering. I beg you will leave the affair in my hands and think no more of such morbid self-sacrifice."

Stupefied, Emily flung back her head, staring at him.

"In your hands?"

"Since there are none better, it appears. Why," his vivid face questioned her full and straightly, "you didn't imagine that any man living could hear what you are doing, and pass on?"

"My uncle knows—"

"Your uncle—is not for me to criticise. But do not ask any other man to let you go on."

Her ideas reeling, she struggled for comprehension.

"You, what could you do?" she marveled. "The substitute—"

"There won't be any substitute," replied Lestrange with perfect coolness. "I shall train Dick French to do his work."

"You—"

"I can, and I will."

"He can not—"

"Oh, yes, he can; he is just idle and spoiled," the firm lips set more firmly. "He shall take his place. I can handle him."

Emily sat quite helplessly, her eyes black with excitement. Slowly recollection flowed back to her of a change in Dick since his light contact with Lestrange; his avoidance of even occasional highballs, his awakening interest in the clean sport of the races, and his half-wistful admiration for the virile driver-manager.

"I almost believe you could," she conceded.

"I can," repeated Lestrange. "Only," he coolly smiled, "it will be hard on Dickie."

It was the touch needed, the antidote to sentiment. Emily laughed with him, laughed in sheer mischief and relief and leap of youth.

"You will be gentle—poor Dickie."

"I'll be gentle. He is coming now, I think." He took a step nearer her. "You will leave this in my care, whole? You will not trouble about—a substitute?"

"I will leave it with you. But you are forgetting your own doctrine; you are taking some one else's work to do."

"Pardon. I am merely making French do his work. I have seen a little more of him than you perhaps know; I understand what I am undertaking. Moreover, I would forget a great many doctrines to set you free."

"Free!" she echoed; she had the sensation of being suddenly confronted with an open door into the unexpected.

"Free," he quietly reasserted. "Free to live your own life and draw unhampered breath, and to decide the great question when it comes, with thought only of yourself."

She drew back; a prescient dismay fell sharply across her late relief, a panic crossed with strange delight.

"He's off," called Dick, emerging from the park. "I made Anderson take him down with the limousine. At least, Rupert is driving while Anderson sits alongside and holds on; when they came to the turn in the avenue, your previous mechanician took it full speed and then apologized for going so slowly because, as he said, he was an amateur and likely to upset. Is he really a good driver, Lestrange."

"Pretty fair," returned Lestrange serenely from his seat on the edge of the ditched machine. "When I'm not using him, he's employed as one of the factory car testers; and when we're racing I give him the wheel if I want to fix anything. However, I'm obliged to that steering-knuckle for breaking here. Instead of leaving me to a long walk in the wilds. Come down to the shop tomorrow at six, and Rupert and I will even up by taking you for a run."

"Who; me? You're asking me?"

"Why not? It's exhilarating."

Dick removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, gratification and alarm mingling in his expression with somewhat the effect of the small boy who is first invited into a game with his older brother's clique.

"You—er, wouldn't smash me up?" he hesitated.

"I haven't smashed up Rupert or myself, so far. If you feel timid, never mind, of course; I'll take my usual companion."

Dick flushed all over his plump face, the French blood up at last.

"I was only joking," he hastily explained. "I'll come. It's only that you're so confoundedly reckless sometimes, Lestrange, and— But I'll come."

Lestrange gave his fine, glinting smile as he rose to salute Emily.

"All right. If you don't get down to the factory in time, I'll call for you," he promised.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCINDA HAS A GRIEVANCE

Annoyed at Glare in Return for What Was Intended as a Kindly Action.

"You know how the wind blows around the Flatiron building?" said Lucinda interrogatively. "Well," she continued, "yesterday when it was so windy just as I was passing the nose of the building—you know the nose, that's the show window that projects from the building's northern point—just as I was passing the nose I felt something touch my foot, and when I looked down I saw there a man's hat.

"Now you know most girls won't pick up a man's hat. They simply let it blow past them unless it's an old man's or a cripple's for fear that the man will presume on this to add too many smiles to his thanks, but it seems to me that men are likely to be gentlemen. And anyway there was that man's hat at my foot and here was the man running after it, coming from Twenty-third street way, and I just stooped, or started to stoop, to stop it for him, but just as I did that another gust of wind struck it and away it went on around the corner down Broadway.

"All this, you understand, occupied only a brief space of time, and almost the next instant the man running for his hat come along past me, and do you know as he went by he glared at me? He fairly glared at me as if he thought I'd pushed his hat when I bent over or given it a kick, when really I had tried to stop his hat for him.

"My brother Claude tells me that we are apt of us liable to be misunderstood, even what our motives are of the best, and we must not bother, and I guess that is so. But still this wasn't pleasant, and I guess I'll have to stop picking up even old men's hats and join the ranks of the girls that let men's hats roll by."—New York Sun.

Concerning Warts.

Strange beliefs relating to warts are by no means confined to the young and illiterate. They are sometimes found among persons of mature age and high intelligence.

The noted German physician, Gerswein, recorded a case in which the cutting off of a single wart from a patient's hand was speedily followed by the disapearance of all the warts on his other hand. The same authority mentions another case in which the removal of a wart from a patient's hand was followed by the disappearance of one from his chin.

In a country neighborhood the boy who is without his special wart cure is an object of pity. One way to remove a wart is to rub it with a bit of stolen bacon. Another was to persuade a friend to count the warts and a third man to rub them with a cent piece and then bury the cent in a pond.

DIVORCEES REUNITE

MR. AND MRS. JACK CUDAHY, DIVORCED, ARE LIVING TOGETHER.

CHURCH GREATER THAN STATE

Couple That Figured in Sensational Stories in Connection with Jere Lillis and Subsequent Separation Reunited Through Children.

Kansas City, Mo., June 20.—Although they were divorced two years ago Mr. and Mrs. John P. ("Jack") Cudahy have become reconciled and are living together again. "Jack" has gone to the home of his former wife.

The reconciliation involves the church and follows the old question of the supremacy of the church or the state, and whether canonical law is greater than the law of the government. In the Cudahy case it has settled itself, that what the church has bound together no law can break asunder. For the Cudahys have reunited on that idea.

Catholics in religion and heredity, they came to the belief that their marriage in the Catholic faith was not broken by the divorce two years ago, and thus they began their married life anew.

Mr. Cudahy was at the apartment of Mrs. Cudahy when a reporter called there Tuesday afternoon. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cudahy said that their differences had been settled and that they hoped there would be no further occasion for newspaper notoriety. The four children of the Cudahys have played an important part in the reconciliation. The youngest, Michael, is only four years old. The others are Edna, eleven; Catherine, nine, and Elizabeth, eight.

Since the divorce obtained by Mrs. Cudahy from her husband two years ago Mr. Cudahy has been living at the Hotel Baltimore and on his farm near Bolton.

Mrs. Cudahy has been living in an apartment at 3527 Main street. The children, who were taken from the mother under the divorce agreement, were given to the parents of Mr. Cudahy, with whom they have been since that time.

The children, when the case shall be taken before the city court here, probably will be allowed to return to the home of the parents.

The formal decree of divorce was issued to the Cudahys following a sensational attack of the husband upon Jere Lillis, a banker, two years ago.

At the Cudahy home Tuesday night few details of the reunion were given out. It was admitted that the two had begun to live together again, and it was stated that an effective reconciliation had been made.

HOUSE HITS "COFFEE RING"

Passes Norris Resolution Forbidding Combinations to Control Prices on All Import Commodities.

Washington, June 20.—Registering its opposition to the "coffee ring" the house passed the Norris resolution Tuesday making it a penal offense for agents or representatives of importers to enter into foreign pools or combinations for the control of supply or prices of any article imported for consumption and providing for confiscation of all such articles as contraband when the American courts shall have declared a trust or monopoly exists.

The bill which passed unanimously provides that every combination, conspiracy, trust, agreement or contract is illegal and void when made by or between two or more persons or corporations, either of whom is engaged in importing any article from any foreign country into the United States and when such contract is intended to operate in restraint of lawful trade, or free competition in trade, or commerce or to increase the market price of any article or articles imported.

TONG LEADER MURDERED

Young Chinaman Fires Five Bullets Into Body of Yee Toy in New York.

New York, June 20.—A Chinaman who is said by the police to have been the real leader of the tong wars which have been frequent in Chinatown for many years, was assassinated as he stood in front of the headquarters of the Four Brothers' society on Pell street shortly before midnight Tuesday.

The victim is Yee Toy, a wealthy member of the Hip Sing tong.

Paulist Choristers Home.

New York, June 20.—Having been hailed by Pope Pius as setting a new standard in the rendition of ecclesiastical music, the 65 boys comprising the Paulist Choristers of Chicago landed back on American soil Tuesday.

Three Children Die in Fire.

Detroit, Mich., June 20.—Three children were burned to death in a fire Tuesday which destroyed the home of Wellington Banks here. The dead: Orville Banks, fifteen; Adolph Banks, ten; Obal Banks, four years old.

Probe for Hard Coal Rates.

Washington, June 20.—The interstate commerce commission Tuesday ordered upon its own initiative an investigation of the rates, practices and regulations which apply to railroad transportation of hard coal.

THEIR MOST JOYOUS MOMENT

Of the Trio, Probably Representative Redfield Had the Best Occasion to Smile.

The talk in one of the cloak rooms of congress turned to the thought of the happiest moments in one's life. Senator Bailey said his came the day he wore his first pair of trousers. And Paul Howland of Ohio declared his big moment of joy was when he was permitted once to drive a chariot in a pony and dog show parade.

Representative Redfield, who is a wise chap, even if he does hail from Brooklyn, said it was when he was going to school and trying to master long division. Three or four aisles over from where he sat a boy yawned. It was not an ordinary yawn, but one of such genuine expression of feeling toward things in general that it attracted Redfield's attention. He was fortunate in having a paper wad right at hand, ready for any emergency, and he aimed this at the boy's cavernous mouth. The wad went, right square into the coal and—well, Fourth of July fireworks are tame to the stunts that boy did in the next few minutes.

He says he almost smiled once on shipboard when the vessel gave a lurch and threw a platter full of beefsteak, gravy and all, over the open-faced shirt front of a pompous passenger across the table.

ECZEMA DISFIGURED BABY

"Our little boy Gilbert was troubled with eczema when but a few weeks old. His little face was covered with sores even to back of his ears. The poor little fellow suffered very much. The sores began as pimples, his little face was disfigured very much. We hardly knew what he looked like. The face looked like raw meat. We tied little bags of cloth over his hands to prevent him from scratching. He was very restless at night, his little face itched.

"We consulted two doctors at Chicago, where we resided at that time. After trying all the medicine of the two doctors without any result, we read of the Cuticura Remedies, and at once bought Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Following the directions carefully and promptly we saw the result, and after four weeks, the dear child's face was as fine and clean as any little baby's face. Every one who saw Gilbert after using the Cuticura Remedies was surprised. He has a head of hair which is a pride for any boy of his age, three years. We can only recommend the Cuticura Remedies to everybody." (Signed) Mrs. H. Albrecht, Box 883, West Point, Neb., Oct. 26, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Nature Faker.

"Tommy," queried the teacher of a small boy, in the juvenile class, "what is a swan?"

"A swan," replied the youthful observer, "is an animal with a turkey's body and a giraffe's neck and a goose's head."

Instead of liquid antiseptics, tablets and peroxide, for toilet and medicinal uses, many people prefer Paxtine, which is cheaper and better. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

And Very Quickly.

"The building of airships is bound always to be a success in one way."

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The Proper Course.

"Is there a powder trust?"

"I don't know, but if there is, somebody should go gunning for it."

Garfield Tea promotes and ensures health. Try it to be convinced. Druggists keep it.

Silence and blushing are the eloquence of women.—Chinese Proverb.

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hooper, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles so I was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used local treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to sit up nights to sleep and my friends thought I could not live long. At my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. At one time for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen boarders with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine after seeing what it did for me. I would not take $1000 and be where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone."—Mrs. SUSIE TEMPLETON, Hooper, Nebraska.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair.

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Lydia E. Pinkham

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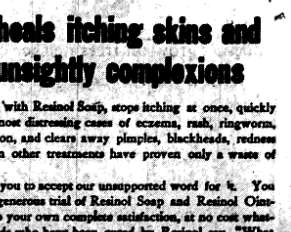

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