

NEW KIND OF AN IRISHMAN

Definition that by His Own Confession was Very Little Far From the Truth.

Apropos of the very telling retorts that Sam Schmecks made to Cross-Examiner McIntyre in the Boston case...

"I like to see anyone get back at an impatient lawyer. I got back at such a lawyer myself the other day."

"The man was my counsel in a custom dispute over some Gobein tapes that I'd imported. The name had like my own, a 'Mick' in it, and I said to him, as I settled my very large bill..."

"Are you an Irishman, sir?" "No," he answered, with a pompous laugh, "but I've made a lot of money out of Irishmen in my time."

"Oh, I see," said I. "I suppose we might call you an Irishman by extraction, then?"

HANDS BURNING, ITCHING

905 Lowell Place, Chicago, Ill.—The trouble began by my hands burning and itching and I rubbed and scratched them till one day I saw little red sores coming out. My hands were disfigured and swollen, and troubled me so that I could not do any work...

GOOD DESCRIPTION.



Teacher—Willie, what is a canoe? Willie—Why-er, it's like a rance full of Roman candles wid da nose open.

Frontier Medical List.

In good old frontier days castor oil was the principal medical beverage. Good full measure, too. Only the biggest person could hold a whole dose—about a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help slick it down and make it taste good...

Smelled a Grafter.

A Boston clubman recently returned from a visit to New York city in discussing his trip one of his friends asked him whether he had a policeman in his pocket. The clubman hesitated for a moment, serious, questioning his friend's sanity, when the latter added:

"I didn't know who you could be there without some grafter or other getting into your pocket."

Ominous.

"I like affectionate animals. Does this dog attach himself to people easily?" "No, if they can run faster than he can."

Chance.

"I always embrace an opportunity. But, then, you must be careful you are not begging a delusion."

A Treat

Anytime

Crisp, delicately

browned

Post

Toasties

Ready to serve without

further cooking by adding

cream or milk.

Often used with fresh or

canned fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

Battle Creek, Mich.



SYNOPSIS.

Having Kent call on Louise Parrish to propose marriage and find her house in possession over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts to leave and finds General Farish, assistant editor for Katharine, who had been forbidden by General Farish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone...

CHAPTER IX.

A New Mystery. I was up with the dawn the next morning and went downstairs to find a train schedule. The only thought in my mind was to get to the office as early as I could...

"What possible reason could have influenced her to make such a strange request?" I concluded. "A woman doesn't have to have a reason," he answered—flippantly, it seemed to me.

"You don't understand!" I cried. "Louise is not the ordinary flighty girl. She has the finest, best sense of mind of any woman I ever knew. She never acts on impulse."

"I dismissed him then, and strolled aimlessly into the park. I would wait until ten o'clock before I tried to see Louise. But, as I was waiting, I strolled along one of the park ways and found myself on a bench by the little lake where the swan boats are. There was no one about there, except an hour and I was glad of it. I wanted to be alone and think."

"What was it?" I pulled myself together with a start, and looked about me. With an exclamation of horror I sprang from the bench and gazed into the lake just in front of me. Floating on the surface, not fifty feet from

where I had been sitting, was the body of a woman. "Other suicides, other suicides!" "Other remark of two days before kept ringing through my brain. My other suicide, Katharine, Elser, the woman at Ardway—his prophecy had been right—was this another in the terrible chain?"

I ran like a madman toward the park entrance, where I remembered I had passed on previous days. It was with relief that I found him still there.

"There's a woman—drowned—in the lake," he gasped, pointing over my shoulder. He ran back to the lake with me and together we waded out in the shallow water to the body. In my horror at the unexpected sight I had not stopped to note her appearance, nor could I have told whether she was young or old, dark or fair.

I looked at her with more than interest—with a feeling of sorrow, of understanding. The deed of Katharine Parrish had brought me to a closer sympathy with unfortunate persons inclined to seek death. As I gazed at the body, I saw a woman's face. It was so pale, so fair I sadly wondered what tragedy had driven her to drowning.

Never shall I forget the impression the picture of this suicide made on me! She lay on her back, with long blonde tresses of wellkept hair floating out on either side of her shapely head. Her eyes were closed, but on shapely brows and long dark lashes made her face almost even in death.

"I was a little scrap of yellow paper, the picture of this suicide made on me! She lay on her back, with long blonde tresses of wellkept hair floating out on either side of her shapely head. Her eyes were closed, but on shapely brows and long dark lashes made her face almost even in death.

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disappointment to a loving woman. In all likelihood, his suicide had no connection with the others. But why, then, the yellow paper?

"So intent was I on my thoughts that I did not observe the return of the policeman until I heard his voice. 'What have you got there?'"

"There was suspicion in his tone—the natural suspicion of the representative of the law. It was on the tip of my tongue to say: 'Another yellow letter.'"

"For some prudish restraint, I recalled how my too hasty speech at the coroner's inquest had led me into trouble. I could hardly expect a trustful policeman to assist in solving the mystery that was still perplexing Davis."

"Just some scraps of paper," I said carelessly. "After you had noticed that she was clutching a bit of paper in one hand, I searched around the lake to see if I could find more. It seemed as if I were being shut out a letter, but the ink has run so you can make nothing out of them."

"That's all you see?" "That's all I saw," I answered. "This," I explained, "I found in her hand and the others were over there under those bushes."

"There's nothing to them," he finally announced. "The wagon will be here in a minute. I don't suppose you'll want to be claiming any credit for finding the body?"

"I had feared that he would insist on my accompanying him to testify to his finding. It was this view of it that I had in mind. I was hearing of the arsenal and I'd been on the carpet for not covering my post properly."

"I had seen him I could not at the moment recall. I was not three minutes behind him in reaching the door. Though the other visitor had been admitted at once, there was no immediate response to my ring. I waited a while and rang again. It seemed minutes before any one answered, then one of the maids opened the door a trifle and peered out."

"Mr. Kent to see Miss Louise," I said. "To my great amazement she did not open the door to me, but still holding it just barely enough to enable her to talk to me, said: 'I'm sorry, but I have orders to admit no one to the house.'"

"Of course, I understand that you have your orders, but please tell Miss Louise that Mr. Kent is here." "I'll tell her, if you wish," she said doubtfully, carelessly closing the door before she went on the mission.

"The shutting of the door in my face gave me an odd sense of desolation. It seemed as if I were being shut out of the life of the woman I loved. Yet on second thought I smiled at my perturbation. The maid was only carrying out a necessary order. As soon as Louise knew I was there she would come running to the door herself. In a minute she would be folded in my arms and all misunderstanding would be cleared away. Undoubtedly she would have a good explanation for her telephone message of the night before. I told myself that it was only lack of sleep and the incident in the park that had upset my nerves. My misgivings were utterly foolish."

"I'm sorry, sir, she said, 'but Miss Louise says she can not see you now.' 'What?' I gasped. She repeated her message while I stood there dazed. There must be some mistake. Louise must have misunderstood the name."

"Did you tell her it was Mr. Kent?" "Yes, sir, I told her." "She said she could not see you or any one else now." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"What a pity! A member of the committee of a certain swimming club is very popular with his colleagues. Until recently the fact did not appear to trouble him greatly. On the eve of some aquatic sports, however, he made a startling discovery, and at once brought the matter before his fellow-members."

"I have discovered a dastardly plot," he began. "Certain of the competitors have conspired to throw me in the river."



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"Well, how's every little thing, now that election over?" asked the recently arrived washing machine agent.

"The banker, the storekeeper, the lumber yard man, the doctor, the stock buyer, the clubman and all the rest of the business men who have always appeared to be capable of managing their various sized affairs successfully, are going on calmly and carefully attending to 'em, while all the triffin'-one-galled incompetents that have never had any affairs of their own to attend to and wouldn't be capable of conducting 'em properly if they had any, are out hotfoot and hell-bent to try and manage the postoffice for the rest of us!"

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"What have you done toward punishing lawbreakers?" "I've replied the shady police officer. 'I have done a great deal toward hurting their feelings by taking their money away from them.'"

"Good Reason. 'Why do you call the popular game poker?' "Because it attracts things up."

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