The GLOW of the RUBIES

BY FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter informs the wearer that Lightnut should wear the pajamas and late at night open up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut chases his clothes intending to summon help. When he disappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of his encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries on the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky" but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in mutton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hustled off to jail. In the morning Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky college youth, who hails Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter assumes the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. Professor Doozenberry is called in to interpret the hieroglyphics. He raves over writing, calls the lost silk of Si-Ling-Chi. The writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the previous wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for experiment. "Billings" dressed in pajamas is found in the professor's room and is taken home in an automobile with Frances and a woman Lightnut calls "the vamp." Lightnut is angered by "the frump's slanderous talk about "Francis." "Billings" is taken to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a message has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a suit of black pajamas. Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of Francis' escapades. Lightnut asks permission to see "Frances." The judge declares that not another living person could tackle the job, and Lightnut, his mind occupied with the beautiful Frances, is quite mystified. Policeman O'Keefe returns the black pajamas and Lightnut sends them to Billings' room. Lightnut has an hour's outing hour with Frances. He tells of the threat the judge has been crying about "Frances," much to "Frances'" amusement. Judge Billings refuses to intercede for a man under arrest claiming to be his son Jack. The judge promises Jack to wear the pajamas that night. Next morning Jenkins tells Lightnut he found Jenkins (Lightnut) fighting a youth in the library during the night. Jack Billings tells Lightnut the judge is going to send Frances to a reformatory. Lightnut is attacked by a man he takes for the chauffeur, who objects to his attentions to Frances. Later Lightnut meets Colonel Kirkland, who tells the image of "Foxy Grandpa." Professor Doozenberry enters up the various entanglements, explaining the secret of the haunted pajamas.

CHAPTER XXXI—(Continued).

"Midnight!" ejaculated some one at length, just as the professor finished a jolly rum but interesting yarn of adventure in Tibet. We all rose and

Up the Stairway Advanced Professor Doozenberry.

fl was answering a challenge of Billings' for a Sunday morning game of billiards, when all of a sudden a scream rang out from somewhere above. Then came a greater commotion—two voices raised in rapid and excited colloquy. On top of that another scream, louder and more piercing—a woman's call for help.

"One of the maids," Billings hazarded. "A mouse—"

"Was Frances!" I answered Miss excitedly, and we all piled out to the hall and peered down its long vista.

Down one of the dimly illumined angles of the great stairway a white figure fluttered, then paused, abashed, crouching back against the wall at sight of us advancing. Above her sounded a man's voice, and even as she screamed again, he overtook her, clasping her arm.

"Frances—dear, dear Frances!" he cried. "Are you afraid of me?"

And he threw his arms around her. "Come on back, dearest!" he pleaded. "You have been dreaming."

And under the light of a great red cluster of grapes, pendent from the mouth of a grinning Bacchus, I recognized with horror the yellow mat of hair and freckled face of Billings' cub brother. On the instant, with a bull-like roar, Billings sprang forward, but I was quicker still. But fleeter than either of us to reach the scene were the two elderly men, together with Miss Warfield, the housekeeper, and a couple of maids. Frances darted like a bird to Foxy Grandpa, and then the figures of the women shut her from view.

Billings and I had paused, half-way to the landing. It looked as though the elder Billings was amply capable of handling the occasion now. He had backed the youth against the wall behind, and his language was of a kind I hated to have my darling hear. Every time the other offered to expostulate, his father broke out again.

"You are a disgrace to an honored name!" he roared. "And the only explanation left for me to offer our guests is that you are drunk and don't know where you are!"

"Oh, father!" faltered the boy. And then he turned his black shrouded figure to the pale marble against which he leaned and seemed to me his very heart would sob away.

"What's the matter, dad?" came a voice from the head of the stairway. "What in thunder is all the row about?"

"By George!" gasped Billings. Everybody looked upward—one of the women screamed. For there, slowly advancing down the angle leading to the landing, his yellow mop of hair shining above the dark collar of a dressing-robe, was the duplicate of the youth cowering under the elder Billings' wrath.

And out of a dead, tense silence, came his voice again:

"Can't any of you speak?" He touched the figure on the shoulder. "Who are you?" he asked in an odd, strained voice.

The black figure turned toward him a face agonized in grief.

"I—I don't know," came a voice pitifully—his voice, it seemed.

The cub just stood like a statue for a moment—stood as we all stood. Then slowly his hand went out and touched the hand of his double. Slowly his fingers swept the face, the hair; gradually his eyes closed, as though he were sensing by touch alone.

Suddenly a loud cry leaped from his throat.

"Sister!" he shouted. And he swept the black figure to him.

Then, tossing back his head, the youth faced us with blazing, angry eyes, looking as David must have, when he faced old what's-his-name.

"If there's a man among you, I'd like to know what this means?" he cried.

There was a blank silence for an instant, and then—

There Was a Flash, a Lightning Blaze of Red.

"Perhaps I can explain," said a voice.

And up the stairway advanced Professor Doozenberry.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the Glow of the Rubies.

Evening had come again.

In fact, it was almost bedtime. Frances and I sat before the hearth in the library, looking silently into the red heart of the dying embers of fragrant pine cones. For in the heights of the Pocantico Hills it often is chilly on summer nights.

My darling sat on a low tauteuil, her chin resting upon her hand, her beautiful eyes fixed dreamily, in scrutably, upon the fading coals. In her lap lay the spread of the crimson pajamas.

She was thinking—thinking—I wondered what! And I was thinking how jolly rum it all was; that Francis wasn't Frances, that the professor wasn't Billings, Colonel Francis Kirkland wasn't Foxy Grandpa and wasn't the frump's father after all; and that the frump, herself—bless her, her name was Elizabeth—wasn't Frances, and wasn't a frump at all, but just a jolly, nice, homely old dear, you know. And I was trying to catch and hold some of the deuced queer things the professor had discoursed upon about ancient Occidental what's-its-name, and astral bodies, obsession, psychical research and all that sort of thing. Somehow, dash it, it had all seemed devilish unreasonable and improbable to me—couldn't get hold of it, you know; but everybody else had said "Ah-h-h!" and had wagged their heads as though they understood, I just said: "Dash it, of course, you know!" and recrossed my legs and took a fresher grip on my monocle.

The most devilish hard thing to get hold of had been that Frances had never sat on the arm of my Morris chair, had never told me she liked me better than any man she had ever met, and had never called me "Dicky" at any time or anywhere. I wondered if she ever would, and how the deuce fellows went about it when they proposed to the girl they madly loved. I was devilish put out, you know, that I had never tried it so I could know. From across the hall droned the voices from the smoking-room—Colonel Kirkland and the judge debating something about treaty ports and the Manchurian railway. Through the French windows from the open loggia came the eager, pitched tones of the professor and the frump—no, Elizabeth, I mean—discussing Aldeberan and Betelguese, dead suns, star clusters and the nebular hypothesis.

Within the room Billings had snapped out the lights, to bring out the blazing fire of his treasured ruby, and from the tray in the dark corner where he was closing it in his collection vault, it gleamed like the end of a bright cigar. The other four were absently clutched in my darling's hand and the crimson shine gleamed bravely through her finger bars. "Carbuncles—ancient carbuncles," the professor had called them, "that the Chinese believed their dragons carried in their mouths, in their black cases in days of old, to furnish light whereby they could see to devour their victims." And that I believed, for I could see some practical sense about it!

"What I should like to know," said the dear, precious cub, hugging his knee by the mantel, "is where I come in!"

"You don't come in," said Billings, lifting him playfully by the ear; "you come out!" And out they went.

And my dear girl and I were like what's-his-name's picture—alone at last, you know. She stirred softly and her sigh came like the wind through the trees at night.

"I suppose we will have to burn them," she said dolefully; "the professor says it is the only thing to do."

"Jolly shame, I say!" I murmured indignantly.

"It seems a crime," she said softly, and there was a little choke in her voice. She slipped to the soft-fibered rug before the fire. I gently brought my chair closer to her.

For a moment she pressed her cheek against the crimson mass, then kneeling forward, laid it gently on the glowing coals. There was a flash, a lightning blaze of red that almost blinded us, and then for a brief space a field of shining ash. Against this the tiny serpent frogs writhed and twisted and turned at last to leaden gray. Over the spread of all, sweep wave after wave of golden, crimsoned pictures—temples and pagodas —dragons that licked fiery tongues at us—strange faces that came and went, leering hideously into our own.

And then of a sudden it was all faded—gone! The breeze from the open window stirred the ashes to the side. She dropped back with a deep sigh.

"They're gone," she breathed mournfully.

"Never mind," I said; "you've these left." And daringly I laid my hand upon the one that clasped the rubies. And I thrilled as it lay still beneath my own.

"Good-by, you dear old, wicked, enchanted pajamas," she said. "I don't care—I just love you, because—" She paused.

"Because they brought us together?" By Jove, I didn't know I had said it, till it came out!

An instant, and then I caught it—just a little whisper, you know.

"Yes—Dicky!"

By Jove! And then, dash it, my monocle dropped! But I let it go.

Presently she looked at the glowing rubies in her hand.

"They are from India, you know, Dicky—from Mandalay, the professor said." And she murmured: "On the road to Mandalay, where the old flotilla lay"—don't you remember? I've been there, Dicky."

"By Jove!" I said. "Have you, though? Is it jolly?"

"The poet seemed to think so—" She laughed. "Do you know Kipling, Dicky?" I tried to think, but dashed if I could remember.

I wondered if it would be a good place to take a trip to!

I hitched closer. "What does—er—

this poet chap say about it? What's it like, you know?"

She laughed. "I'm afraid it's wicked, Dicky, a good deal like the haunted pajamas." She leaned forward, crisped upon her hand again, looking into the fading coals. "I'll tell you what he says."

Then her voice went on:

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez," where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst."

"By Jove!" I said, interested.

"For the temple bells are callin', and it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea."

I brought my hand down on my knee.

"Oh, I say, you know—er—Frances," I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "we'll go there for our honeymoon, by Jove! Shall we—eh?"

And then the jolly rubies rolled unheeded to the floor. And nothing stirred but the ashes of the haunted pajamas!

And then— Oh, but Frances says that's all!

THE END.

Making Recovery an Object.

The Eskimo gives his doctor a fee as soon as he comes. If the patient recovers, it is kept; if not, it is returned.

ANOTHER INNOVATION

To Be Seen at the Michigan State Fair Will Be Great Farm Tractors.

There will be over forty individual exhibitors in the annual automobile show at the State Fair grounds, the first opening show of the fall and winter season. These exhibitors include a great majority of the leading makers of the country. This show taken with the automobile factory to be inaugurated this year in the Industrial Building and employing 300 men, will interest automobile men from all over the country in the fall show. The exhibitors at the show include the United Motors Detroit Co., showing the Maxwell, Columbia, Chevoldard Dayton and other lines, the Oakland Motor Car Co., Commerce Motor Truck Co., Century Electric Motor Car Co., Reo Motor Car Co., Elmore Motor Car Co., Abbott Motor Co., Colonial Electric Co., Grant Brothers, Seitz Auto and Transmission Co., R-C-H Corporation, Hudson Motor Car Co., Pumpurelesa Tire Co., the Emergency Wheel Co., Thompson Auto Co., Overland Motor Co., Regal Motor Car Co., Cadillac Motor Car Co., Paterson Motor Car Co., Neumann Lane Co. (Chalmers), Warren Motor Car Co., Detroit Electric, Co., Essenkay Tire Co., Barber Asphalt Sales Co., (Barrenitroiter), Studebaker Corporation, Cole Motor Car Co., Michigan Motor Sales Co., Jackson Automobile Co., International Harvester Co., Carcarcar Co., Wahl Motor Sales Co., (Rambler), Jeffrey-De Witt Co., Waverly Electric Co., Rauch Lang Co., Standard Electric Co., and others. A majority of the exhibitors will show 1913 models, adding interest to this show more than ever this year.

Now, with a dozen and probable a score or more firms interested in the manufacturing of tractors will take part in the greatest contest and demonstration ever held in America not barring the great one at Winnipeg, the Michigan State Fair having added one more to its great list of innovations for the State Fair this year opening Sept. 16, and closing Sept. 21. The demonstrations and contests will be held in the William H. Rice Farm which adjoins the Fair grounds and visitors will be passed in upon checks enabling them to return after witnessing the events. The great farm tractors will plow the field, will prepare it for seeding, the closing Sept. 21. The demonstrations and contests will be held in the William H. Rice Farm which adjoins the Fair grounds and visitors will be passed in upon checks enabling them to return after witnessing the events. The great farm tractors will plow the field, will prepare it for seeding and every style of tractor known, both those for the small farm and those for the larger farm, will be seen in action. Not so far by far the most important of the score or more new features that have been added to the State Fair of Michigan this year, but one sure to attract the attention of the world at large. That many additional visitors will come to Detroit of this account cannot be doubted as hundreds journeyed to far off Winnepeg to witness the only tractor contests known, when these events were held during the spring. At the Winnepeg exhibition a majority of the tractors were crude as compared to the finished products that will be seen at this contest. Most of those in Canada were manufactured in that country, but few exhibitors from the states being on hand. The Michigan State Fair is laying its plans to make the tractor contests an annual feature and for the present year among many others has secured entries of a number of machines from each of the following concerns: The Oliver Chilled Plow Works, South Bend, Ind., the Rock Island Plow Company, Rock Island, Ill., the Usher and Gibbs Plow Co., Canton, O., the Port Huron Engine and Threshing Co., Port Huron, Mich., the International Harvester Co. of America, the Buffalo Pints Co., Buffalo, N. Y., A. D. Baker Co., Swanton, O., the Huber Manufacturing Co., Marion, O., and many more. The addition to this active demonstration of the utility of farm tractors in connection with the demonstration of good roads building, the working exhibits in the Industrial Building, and other live demonstrations, will give the Michigan State Fair the lead easily among the state fairs of the country as a Fair of Innovations and a fair that is "So Different."

STATE FAIR ITEMS.

Several millions of dollars will be represented in the various industrial plants that will prove one of the most interesting of the many added features at the Michigan State Fair, Detroit, Sept. 16 to 21, inclusive. The main building has been given over entire to exhibits showing process of manufacturing, and here will be found a complete automobile plant with a million dollars worth of machinery in operation manufacturing cars. An automobile factory will be represented in actual course of operation. This is an exhibit never before seen at any fair of the country and the Michigan state fair management has again introduced a novelty to make the country set up and take notice. In the same building pianos will be manufactured as well also low priced players. There will be bread making there as well. The manufacture of binding twine, shirts, cloth, clothing and type and steel screws will be among the other prominent exhibits in the process building.

In adding these features the management of the Michigan State Fair added much to the annual exhibit. Still life exhibits, while interesting in the main building, now known as the Process Building, did not attract one-half nor one quarter the interest that will be taken in the manufacturing exhibits.

Canadian Day at the Michigan State Fair, Sept. 16 to 21, inclusive, will be an event in Detroit. The 21st regiment of Canada and the Boy Scouts of Windsor, will parade Thursday, Sept. 19 and at the Fair grounds a number of events will be put on for the visitors from Canada with special fireworks in the evening, including Maple Leaves and the King and Premier in fire. Several big races will be carded including the 2:29 trot for the King George purse, the 2:10 pace for the Canadian purse and the free-for-all for the Borden purse. The 2:07 trot will be for the Windsor stake.

In the dairy building butter and cheese will be made and milk will be pasteurized and bottled. Milk will also be clarified and ice cream will be manufactured.

Owing to trouble experienced in obtaining a suitable site for the erection of a tuberculosis sanitarium, the Kalamazoo board of health has determinted to turn the matter over to the public grounds committee of the council. Several sites have been determined on, but public sentiment in the districts where the property was located caused each project to be given up.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY EPITOMIZED.

The National Dairy Show, having arranged for a permanent home in which to forward the Dairy Industry in all of its branches, and recognizing the cow as the foundation of all things Dairy, is undertaking to build an annual Exposition that will not alone prove to be a school for the farmer, but an advocate of the highest type for the more general and varied use of the products of the Dairy. To do this successfully we must first have the attention and interest of the farmer and dairyman; next the support of the many interests allied with and collateral branches of the industry.

With this thought in mind, the management of the National Dairy Show desires to report progress made for the 1912 show to be held in Chicago, October 24 to November 2. We have assurances from the best breeders of the different breeds of cattle that they will be with us, and for purposes of competition we have arranged a very complete classification, and by obtaining the very strongest talent for judges, who will be selected with the sole purpose in view of making a ribbon at this great National Show an article of supreme value, settling the question of show yard supremacy each year after the herds have done battle in the fairs and shows in their respective territories. We will make this show yard the mart for highest type of selection and the place from where all matters of breeding and feeding will be demonstrated in a guide to the old-timer and new beginner. Here is what we will have for you: Judges of National and International repute to pass upon the cattle; a Government exhibit in charge of experts that will display breeds with record of test performance, the kind to own and the kind not to own; the test of feeds for results; the proper and improper methods of handling the products and marketing of same; civic sanitary and hygienic requirements will be illustrated and explained by experts of National prominence. We have prepared a splendid premium list for Dairy Products which will bring out a strong lot of contestants with milk and cream exhibits for honors; butter and cheese makers will enter their products for competition and everything that can be developed for the benefit of the visitors in direct connection with the cow will be shown.

The Borden Milk people, at an enormous expense, will give daily demonstrations of the pasteurizing, cooling, bottling and distributing of milk. They will erect in the show a plant equal in size to that used in a city branch. This must be helpful in allaying all agitation of the pure milk question for the city consumption. The Blue Valley Creamery will erect a plant in the show capable of making a ton of butter each day, showing the pasteurizing process, and the cleanly, sanitary methods of a creamery. The Consumers Company will manufacture ice cream in a glass machine in full view of the visitors, showing the thoroughly healthful and sanitary manufacture of this now extensively used condiment. Demonstrators from domestic science schools and colleges will give exhibitions and distribute recipes covering the more general use of milk as a food. The Universal Cement Company will erect an educational silo exhibit of large proportions, so that methods of preparation and care of ensilage, as well as the construction of silos, may be thoroughly discussed and understood. There will be exhibits from the many machinery houses, who will actively display and explain every new and modern device to their better understanding, and, in fact, the ten-day period of the show will have crowded into it more of real value for the dairy industry than any other show ever before held for such a purpose. The man engaged in producing dairy products and the consumer will get immeasurable benefit by an attendance upon this entire detail working of all that pertains to dairying under one roof.

Needed Help.

Charles D. Hilles, secretary of the president, says the funniest advertisement he ever saw was stuck up in front of a grocery store on a side street in Cincinnati. It read thus:

"Twins are come to me for the third time. This time a boy and a girl. I beseech my friends and patrons to support me stoutly."—Popular Magazine.

The Main Impression.

"What did the minister talk about in his sermon this morning?"

"About an hour."

A CURE FOR PILES.

Cole's Carbolsalve stops itching and pain and cures piles. All druggists. 25 and 50c.

It Seems So.

"He's a man of parts."

"But aren't the important ones missing?"

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile.

Better a pavement made of good intentions than no pavement at all.

NERVOUS DESPONDENT WOMEN

Find Relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound —Their Own Statements So Testify.

Plates, Pa.—"When I wrote to you first I was troubled with female weak-

ness and backache, and was so nervous that I would cry at the least noise, it would startle me so. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and I don't have any more crying spells. I sleep sound and my nervousness is better. I will recommend your medicines to all suffering women."—Mrs. MARY HALSTEAD, Plates, Pa., Box 98.

Here is the report of another genuine case, which still further shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon.

Walcott, N. Dakota.—"I had inflammation which caused pain in my side, and my back ached all the time. I was so blue that I felt like crying if any one even spoke to me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I began to gain right away. I continued its use and now I am a well woman."—Mrs. AMELIA DAHL, Walcott, N. Dakota.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

35 Evans St., Buffalo, N. Y.

June 8, 1911.

"I was troubled with dandruff, which caused such severe itching that I could not sleep. It also caused my clothes in a very annoying way, and my hair began to drop out.

"I prepared and tried many remedies without success. I finally purchased a different jar of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, and every morning, after washing my head with Resinol Soap, rubbed on my scalp a little Resinol Ointment. A week later my dandruff was entirely cured."

(Signed) FRED POLITO.

Resinol cured his dandruff

And if you, too, are suffering from this annoying trouble, so often accompanied by itching scalp and loss of hair, ten to one it will do as much for you.

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If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size box, charges paid.

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