

By LOUIS J. VANCE

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

For the present, however, Lanyard wasn't taking any. He met that challenge with a look of blank non-responsiveness, folded his arms, lounged against the desk, and watched Mme. Ober acknowledge none too cordially the sergeant's query.

"I am Mrs. Ober—yes. What can I do for you?"

The sergeant gaped.

"Parson!" she slammed, then laughed as she so tamely appreciated a joke. "It is well we are here in time, madame," she added—though it would seem you have not a great deal of trouble with this mesecant. Where is the woman?"

"She moved a pace toward Lanyard," she said, "but she is not here."

"A moment, if you please!" Madame interposed. "The woman? What woman?"

"The woman who was supposed to have been with you," she said, "is not here."

"His accomplice, naturally! She was our instructions—to proceed at once to Madame's home, enter quietly by way of the servants' passage, which would be open—and arrest and burglar with his female accomplice."

Again the stout sergeant moved toward Lanyard; again Mme. Ober stopped him.

"One moment, if you please!" Her eyes, dense with mystification as she gazed upon Lanyard, who, with a significant nod toward the jewel case still in her hands, gave her a look of dumb bewilderment.

sign and was struggling to hold it still long enough to snap a handkerchief over the wrist, while the commissaire had started with a bellow of rage that the witness's throat was free. The first received a hair-raising jab from the point of his chin that jarred his teeth and without in the least undervalued the sergeant's force of himself being whirled around and laid prostrate in the commissaire's path. The latter tripped, fell and planted himself with the bulk of his weight against the door, on the zenith of the sergeant's retort.

At the same time Lanyard, leaping from the doorway, noticed that Parson was tugging at a revolver in his hip pocket.

A vivid flash, then came a slow knock, with a well-aimed kick in an elementary movement of its conviction and causing a short gasp which extinguished every light in the house.

With his hand this apparently cleared the police in confusion, and then abetting him, Lanyard plunged on; but in midair, as he crossed the threshold, his ankle was caught and jerked from his foot by the still prostrate young sergeant.

For the next minute or two Lanyard fought blindly, madly, viciously, striking and kicking at random.

golden shadows and the ancient light shining aloft and there was no more doubt in his heart but that, whatever should ensue of this, the restless of the Lone Wolf was laid at last.

But in time he remembered how urgent was their plight; and remembering the courage to break in upon her devotion.

"We must go," he said again. "We haven't much time, and we must be quick. We cannot stay here if we're to live, to see another sundown. I think that will be all right—I've a staid arrangement with the minister of war."

She rose quietly, with a serene radiant face.

"I know you would be here," he said slowly, kneeling and kissing her hand.

"I know you would come here for me," she told him in turn—"I knew you must. It was praying that you might be spared to me, my Geared."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Wings of the Morning.

About half past six Lanyard left the dressing room assigned him in the barracks at Port Aviation and, walking quickly in the heavy wind-proof garments, made his way between two hangars to the practice field.

Now the eastern skies were pulsing with the light of the two suns, and within the vast enclosure of the aerodrome the gloom of night lingered as stubbornly that two huge searchlights shined like giant eyes on the dark sky.

which they were presently to intrude their lives.

"Some day," he said doubtfully, "I don't feel in the least upset or embarrassed only at rare intervals when the drift of air opposing the planes developed irregularities in its velocity. These succeeded, in contrast, the subtlety of the Parrott, and in their favor it is a thing of gossamer gold. Continually the air buffeted their sails, and the floor of icy water."

Below, the scroll of the world unrolled like some vast and intricately woven carpet.

"What it is?" he screamed to the effort in futile effort to lift his voice above the roar of the engines.

But the Freuchman understood, and responded with a sweep of his arm toward the horizon ahead. And seeing Lanyard bent in the quarter indicated, Lanyard began to grasp the nature of a phenomenon which from the first, had been vaguely troubling him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was true enough Ducroy was moving toward them again.

"All is prepared!" he announced in a hoarse voice.

In a sober silence they approached the machine.

Vauquelin kept himself aloof while Lanyard, with the young aviator, sat on a seat on the right of the pilot and strapped her in. When the adventurer had been similarly secured in the left seat, the two suns, which had been six feet above the ground, Lanyard found his perch comfortable enough.

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MANY USES FOR SOURED MILK

Beverage That Has Become State May Be Made Good in a Variety of Ways.

If the housewife will put these recipes in her cookbook, it will not be long before she can show the milk she obtained from her cows, that her cream has soured. And she will find that the family liked the new things better than what she had made before.

Case—Cream one cupful of sugar and one cupful of shortening together. Sift together one and one-half cups of flour and a teaspoonful of salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Add this to the sugar. Alternately with cupful of sour milk. Chop a couple eggs, add a couple of sprigs of thyme with half a cupful of flour. Bake in a hot oven. Frost with soft chocolate icing.

Cherry Pudding—Beat one egg with a third of a cupful of sugar. Add a cupful of sour milk in a cupful of a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and a teaspoonful of melted butter. Add one cupful of stoned cherries. Bake in a hot oven. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Sour Cream Pie—Beat two eggs till thick. Add one cupful of sugar. Add a cupful of thick sour cream. Add a cupful of raisins and half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake for twenty minutes.

Dressing for Cooked Whip—a cupful of sour cream, half a cupful of half a cupful of vinegar, a pinch of salt, a cupful of sugar, and salt to taste.

Ginger Rolls—Cream half a cupful of sugar with half a cupful of shortening. Add one egg, well beaten, a cupful of molasses and a cupful of milk in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Sift a half-teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg. Add a cupful of sugar. Add a half cupful of raisins. Bake in a hot oven.

Hermits—Beat one egg and add a half cupful of butter. Then add half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Add one egg, well beaten, a cupful of molasses and a cupful of milk in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Sift a half-teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg. Add a cupful of sugar. Add a half cupful of raisins. Bake in a hot oven.

Pancakes—Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in two cupfuls of sour milk. Add one and one-half cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter and two or three eggs. Enough flour must be added to make the right consistency.

FOR THE FIRELESS COOKER

- Important Points to Be Remembered if the Best Results Are to Be Attained:
1. The cooker must be well packed with non-conducting material.
 2. The heat of the cooking buckets must fit in the heater and heat covers.
 3. The pails and lids should be enameled aluminum, or of non-rusting material.
 4. Be sure the lid is rusting.
 5. Points to Keep in Mind When Using the Fireless Cooker:
 1. All the hot material should be put in the stove first in the pail which fits into the "bay box" or cooker.
 2. The food must be taken directly from the stove and put into the cooker.
 3. If the box is opened during cooking process pail must be reheated.
 4. Never let food cool in the cooker.
 5. Keep the cooker open when not in use. Have the pails well scalded, dried and aired to prevent the box from getting a musty odor.

Hazelnut Cream Cake.

Beat one cupful of sugar and four eggs. Add one and one-half cupful of flour. Add one and one-half cupful of cream. Add one and one-half cupful of hazelnut nuts. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a hot oven.

Delicate Cornstarch.

Heat one pint water, add two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls sugar, pinch of salt, mixed together. Then add well-beaten whites of two eggs and cook until thick. Custard sauce for above—one pint hot milk, one teaspoonful cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls sugar, mixed together. Add one and one-half cupful of sugar. Served with cream or ice cream.

Stewberry Shortcake for Two.

One large cupful of prepared flour, one teaspoonful of salt, mix with cold water, and add two large biscuits and bake in quick oven. Spread with center and butter and pour over same one box of strawberries which have been sliced and sweetened with granulated sugar. Served with cream or ice cream.

Popovers.

Mix together one cupful of flour, one cupful of milk, half teaspoonful of salt and two eggs and beat together until very thick and airy. Pour into hot greased oven. Cook for ten minutes. Turn over very hot at first and then reduce the heat. Bake until a few brown color.

feeling sure of finding his beloved, if she had not been dead. He knew that she had not been dead, and he felt that she would never again be known to him.

But she was when—when and where? He knew that she had not been dead, and he felt that she would never again be known to him.

Women's Styles Follow Stage Fads or National Customs—Helped by One Young Lady.

It is interesting to note that the fashion for unadorned feathers was a result of a wet day. Costly ostrich feathers were on every hat, when, at some fashionable function, the rain had been so heavy that the women's hats were soaked and the feathers were matted.

Strange Fashion Freaks

Milliners, always alert for an idea, were struck with the appearance of these feathers and hurried to copy the demand.

The fashion for wearing the ostrich feather originated in the reign of Louis XVI of France. A certain Mile Fontange used to have a branch of the feather cut and placed in her hair, and she was called the "Queen of the Feather."

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