

SWALLOWED UP

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW
ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD.

CHARLES BY BRENTANO - 0.142, BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Home Ranger, daughter of Loring Ranger, disappears after lunching at the home of her friend, Little Thorne. A hundred-thousand-dollar reward is offered by Hope's father for the return of his daughter.

Buster Bristow, attorney and friend of Ranger, assists in the search. Jimmie Charlie, adventurer and life-long friend of Loring, comes with a message from Hope's abductors. It is sent to Charlie with instructions to tell him to bring his gun and Hope and leave it at a specified place.

Charlie tells Loring that his daughter is in the hands of a group of scoundrels called the Companions. Frank Bryan is Ranger's private secretary. George Kelsey is detained at a private sanatorium.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

IT was disappointing for Kelsey to find that he had only a stray sheet of a Sunday supplement two or three weeks old, entirely taken up with the disappearance of a girl called Hope Ranger and illustrated with pictures of her reproduced from photographs, paintings and sketches.

The sense of some one being near him rather than the perception of an actual presence roused him finally from his brown study.

A girl was standing a few feet away from him, regarding him steadily, her hands clasped before her.

The involuntary smile of recognition died on his lips as he stood up. He had thought at first—a resemblance only, but to whom? Where had he seen—recently? He grasped it. One of the nurses, Miss Copley. He had talked to her the day before.

But he had now a swift impression of grace and charm of a distinction which the nurse did not possess.

"Good morning," he broke the silence which was becoming awkward. "For a moment I thought you were Miss Copley."

"Did you?" she asked vaguely. Her voice confirmed the impression of charm. It was warm, faintly vibrating.

The superintendent of the institution came striding across the lawn toward them.

As always, he was fastidiously dressed—a gray morning suit and a gray soft hat. The luster of a splendid black pearl shone in his mauve necklace.

"Well, Miss Copley"—he stopped before the girl and spoke in the sympathetic, slightly bantering tone of a physician to a convalescent patient—"is it better than moping over rejected manuscripts, don't you think?"

She still stared before her. "He gave me this pencil," she said; "but he wouldn't give me any paper." She moved on drooping toward the house.

"Good morning, Kelsey." Dr. Bristow's voice was low. It was said that he had never been heard to raise it above that modulated pitch. To do so was unnecessary; it was sufficiently authoritative without emphasis.

"You have been making friends with Miss Copley," he said. "The time was casual, but Kelsey divined discontents."

"Is that her name?" he asked uninterestedly. "I thought it might be Sisters."

The doctor's eyes were on him. "Yes—a sad case. Hopeless, I fear. She wanted to be a writer. I have seen some of her manuscripts. Pretty bad. There was one fair story, though, of a little seamstress who fell in love with an actor's picture. He played Mercutio. That was one of your favorite parts, I believe."

"You're in one of your inventive moods today," Kelsey said insolently. "Have you entirely forgotten the hit you made in that part?" Bristow was now, as Kelsey expressed it to himself, baiting him for fair. "Can't you recall the duel scene where you stagger back into the arms of your supporters, the house still? 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve a plague o' both your houses!" Then the thunders of applause.

Kelsey was a little pale from his effort at self-control, his mouth was rigid.

"Who that had ever lived through such an inspiring experience could forget it?" he murmured with exaggerated enthusiasm.

"Good!" Bristow's tone was gratified. "You are coming along nicely, my dear boy."

With a pleasant nod, he turned away and stepped back to the drive where his car was waiting.

Kelsey's face was black as he looked after him. Lost in his resentment and sense of injury, he had forgotten the girl. It was with a start that he realized that she had come back and was seated herself beside him.

"Give me some paper," she said impatiently.

Studying her, curious to see what she would say or do next, Kelsey took a note-book from his pocket and, them to her.

She began to write—words, half-words, dots, dashes, anything. Her head was bent over the paper. Any one watching her would have thought her absorbed in her task. But, while she wrote, she talked in a rapid undertone.

"You are an actor," she said acidly. "I overheard some of the things he said to you. Perhaps you were only acting when you spoke of him to me."

"He's gone," murmured Kelsey when the guard had moved out of ear-shot. "Now tell me."

"It's all rather confusing to me," she said at last, evidently hesitating to commit herself; "why I am at this place I mean, and the reason for keeping me here, and all. And I would like to get things clear. Perhaps it would help, if you would tell me first what you are doing here."

"Very well," he smiled quizzically; "since you prefer it that way. But if I stop short at any time, you'll understand that it's because some one is about."

"I won't go into my first meeting with Bristow and all that." He talked rapidly and in short sentences, moving his lips as little as possible.

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For the woman of middle age who is passing through the trials of that period, it can be depended upon that, during the trials common at that time.

You should give it a fair trial now.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four years ago, and am taking it now for the Change of Life and other troubles and I receive great benefit from it. I am willing to let you use my letter as a testimonial because it is the truth. I found your booklet in my letter box and read it carefully, and that is how I came to take the Vegetable Compound itself. It has given me quiet nerves so that I sleep all night, and a better appetite. I have recommended it already to all my friends and relatives."—Mrs. ENGLEMANN, 2032 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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