



Papuan Savagery

In Papua, only 400 miles from Australia, and part of the British empire, cases of cannibalism still occur; the Papuans have a tradition that no youth may marry until he has shed human blood.

For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that dainty, well-groomed appearance that girls admire.—Advertisement.

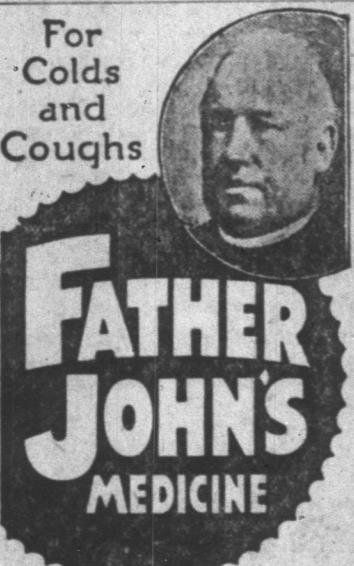
Trackless Trolleys

Both England and China, having given the trackless trolley busses a thorough test, declare them to be a success. They have a capacity equal to that of single-decked motor coaches, and cheaper operation cost is claimed for them as against the gasoline-driven type. Also, they can compete successfully with surface railway lines. The trolley busses have a radius of almost fifteen feet on either side of the wires, including extension collectors.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night will prevent and relieve tired eyes and eye strain. 275 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

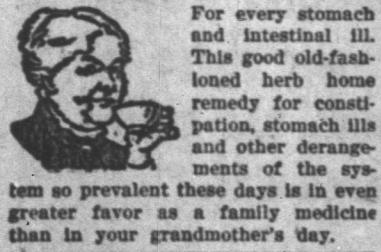
Both Experienced

Hobbs—I was hypnotized once. Dobbs—I'm a married man, too.—Boston Transcript.



"My wife and I and our children have been using Father John's Medicine for coughs and colds for over eight years, and it has always given us quick relief. There is no better medicine." (Signed) Thomas Manocchio, 88 Crawford St., Woonsocket, R. I.

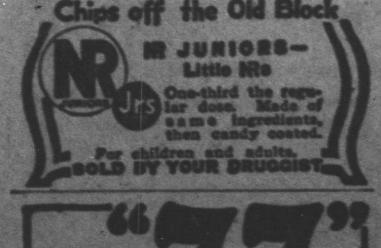
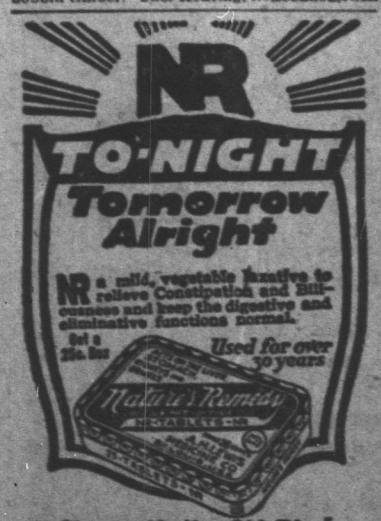
Garfield Tea
Was Your
Grandmother's Remedy



KNOW YOURSELF, RANISH WORKS, Vt., talent and experience. Send birthdate and size for complete chart to M. ZORO, Box 601, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



550-A, Farm, 1 Mi. from R. R. Sta.—Barton, Vt., 100 lbs. lumber, 100 lbs. cord wood, 2,000 cedar posts, 2,000 cords spruce, 1,000 cedar h'd'w, 400 teleph. poles, quantity hard wood, bobbin timber. Jno. Keating, W. Lebanon, N.H.



THE RED LINE TRAIL

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Copyright, W. G. Chapman

"MISS DENSLAW."

SYNOPSIS.—Thrown from his auto in a New York village, a man is carried unconscious into the room of a doctor, Dr. Grant. The doctor discovers he has been shot, fatally. Consciousness returning, he babbles of "millions."

He begs that Henry Archman, millionaire resident of the vicinity, be sent for, declaring his name is given to him. Archman cannot be reached by phone, but word is sent that his secretary is on the way. A man announcing himself as Archman's secretary, Akin, arrives, talks with Morbach and leaves with him. He gives him Morbach's name. Archman's arrival, with his secretary, reveals that the man posing as Archman is an impostor. Archman denounces Edith Grant as a girl endeavoring to snare his son Harry. Archman it appears, has given Harry a large sum of money.

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After a while she decided to go on deck and see if she could find any clue in the expressions of her fellow passengers. As she passed Harry's stateroom the sound of a man's and a woman's voice within it, engaged in earnest though low-pitched discussion, came to her ears. She paid little attention to it.

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

Bess laughed. "It is best that I should leave," she quoted. "Best for you and best for me." Run along, Harry. I think I'll go myself here. It's getting pretty chilly up here." She started to rise from her chair and Lord George leaped to his feet and helped her up. "Will you come below, Miss Denslaw?" she finished.

But the governess did not move. "I think I'll stay up a little longer, if you don't mind," she said.

"Oh, not at all!" Bess took a step toward the companionway. Then she clutched at Lord George's arm with a little squeal. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, as the Englishman caught her. "I haven't gotten my sea legs yet."

"It's only a matter of practice," laughed Lord George. "In a day or two you will do quite well. It's just like riding a wheel, don't you know?" Still supporting the girl, he moved toward the companionway and the two vanished down it.

Miss Denslaw sat still in her chair. Her eyes did not leave the companionway after the two had vanished. Her whole attitude had taken on a curious tenseness. "He'll come back," she muttered. "Oh, he'll come back."

A moment later when Lord George's head appeared outlined against the glow of light that came up the companionway, she nodded to herself. "I knew it."

Lord George came aft and stood above her. "May I sit down?" he asked.

Miss Denslaw laughed. "Oh, of course," she said. "You don't need to put on any ceremony with me. I have been expecting you. I saw that you recognized me."

Lord George sat down. "Yes," he said; "I did. I fancy we would better come to an understanding, what?" Miss Denslaw nodded. "I am in your hands," she said. "It's you, move. Are you going to expose me?"

"That depends! It's jolly queer, meeting you this way, you know. It seems to call for an explanation."

"It's very simple. I was tired of things and I wanted a change. So I matched at this chance. It would do me much harm and do no one else any good for you to say anything."

Lord George nodded. "I fancy you're right," he said slowly. "I'll think about it a bit before I say anything. Perhaps you and I might be useful to each other, don't you know?"

Miss Denslaw started. She opened her mouth to speak; then turned suddenly. "Who's that?" she demanded.

"I, madam." The steward had approached noiselessly over the dim deck. As he spoke, he began to gather the cups from the table.

Miss Denslaw eyed him curiously. "Ah, yes!" she said. "Your name is—"

"Price, madam."

"You're new on the El Rio?"

"Yes, madam. Everybody's new except the captain and chief engineer, madam." He placed the last cup on the tray. "Is there anything more, madam?" he asked.

Lord George nodded slowly. "Yes," he said.

CHAPTER VIII

Without Lights.

The morning of the fifth day saw the El Rio approaching latitude 18°

longitude 64, the spot at which Captain Bunker was to open the envelope inclosing his instructions and was presumably to ascertain the exact place where he was to find Mr. Archman.

Naturally, all on board were agog to learn what the envelope contained. Bess was especially and admiringly excited.

A little before noon she had a surprise. She had torn herself reluctantly away from the deck and had gone below to get one of her lesson books. She found the book, but she also found, lying on top of it, a folded paper addressed to herself in a handwriting that she did not recognize. It ran as follows:

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Bess said nothing more. She had warned the captain in a way, without betraying the fact that she had received the note, which she more than ever believed was a hoax. A little later, when Captain Bunker announced that he would open the envelope at five o'clock that afternoon, she decided that nobody could possibly manage to steal the instructions out of a locked safe in less than four hours, and that, therefore, she would say nothing.

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The tasks of the day had been finished and the weather being good, there was little for the crew—except those in the engine room—to do. Of all on board, only Lord George was busy; he had borrowed a light rifle from Captain Bunker and was amusing himself by shooting at floating objects.

Eight bells struck. Bess sat up in her steamer chair, throwing back the light rug that covered her feet, and looked about her. As she did so, Lord George raised his rifle and fired at something directly astern. Bess rose and stared curiously across the taffrail.

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