

SERIAL STORY

LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

By Alma Martin Estabrook
Author of "My Cousin Patricia"

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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CHAPTER I.

Across the brilliant parquette, from the bishop's box, Miss Winstanley openly beckoned me with her little white black-dotted fan. "Hello, Winstanley," she called, "the bishop's sister, a lady more like her own fan than anything I can think of at the moment to compare her with, a small fluttering thing, constantly in motion, creating a pleasant stir wherever she happens to be, smelling deliciously of orris root or lavender, her black eyes sparkling like the iridescent on the fan."

There were beside her in the box the bishop, Barbara Hemmings, her brother Ian—the most popular young man in town—Ankory, sitting beside her, and a young man, "Heath," and for the rest, a part of the Florion Hope, as Miss Winstanley calls the ardent band of Barbara's followers, whom she has always stoutly declared Barbara would have run off with I had been as sure of it.

The bishop looked the bishop, or he would probably have been Dr. Winstanley, as his father had been before him. Winstanley, attorney at law, following the way his maternal uncles had taken, or merely Winstanley, dealer in loans and real estate, as he once told me his predilection unduly looked, but he looked like the bishop, and his sister, who was much older than he, vowed that he should become what nature so evidently intended. No one ever understood clearly just how she contrived it, but she had triumphantly arrived with him, done could contradict. Indeed, whatever Miss Henrietta Winstanley undertakes she is pretty certain to accomplish.

She had declared to me often, and with warmth, that if she could help it Ankory should not marry Barbara Hemmings, as he very evidently proposed to do, if possible. Therefore, she was not surprised at the summons which beckoned me as her aide-camp, for Ankory had been making the most unmistakable love to Barbara ever since the curtains had gone up and that part of the Florion Hope represented in the box had yielded itself to what was going on over the footlights.

"There's gratitude for you," whispered she, as I bent over her. "It looks more like devotion," I remarked dryly.

"I launched that man socially. He has been very nice about my character, and one must make some return, you know; besides, he isn't altogether a bad sort. But he must not think he can marry Barbara Hemmings."

"Does he?"

"She made a comprehensive gesture. "You can see for yourself. Such audaciousness I never knew. He seems to forget the girl between them."

"The girl of blood, eh?" said I. "Exactly. What is there harder to get around than a girl of blood? I don't mind a self-made man—in the third generation, but Ankory is in the first, and proud of it. And he imagines that he can marry Barbara Hemmings."

"Isn't it possible that he may not meet with quite the discouragement you think?" I suggested, with a smile that was more braggadocio.

"Nonsense! You don't believe any such thing as that. Do you suppose for a minute that Barbara would care for him—or his impossible character—or his impossible character?"

ring tonight. It was sweet of him to send them. Of course, but I could afford to let the dear little girl on end of good I've no doubt; but Barbara, why—she leaned closer to my ear—"I don't know that I ought to tell you, but I think I will; that is a made-over card. She's on this little note—twice made-over, if you want the truth."

"It's the prettiest gown in the house!" I exclaimed boldly. "Only because it's on the prettiest girl," smiled she. "But they say she isn't pretty, you know."

"Who says it?" The parloir of course always says such things. I admit she isn't a classic beauty, if that's what you mean."

"Thank heaven for it!" I fervently ejaculated. Miss Winstanley twinkled as only Miss Winstanley can.

"I'll tell you what she is. Mr. 'Swine' she said, with warmth. "She is a genius, if she isn't a downright beauty. I don't know but that's better than being a radiant beauty. There is nothing so charming to my mind as simplicity. I look at her dress, her hair, her manner, her style! All simple, irresistibly simple. And it isn't an assumed simplicity; it's inbred and genuine and delightful."

I captured the hand that swayed the little white fan and arrested it long enough to press its slender fingers. "I don't blame you for loving her," she said, in a soft little voice. "I'd love her, too, if I were a man."

"You are putting it rather strong, aren't you?" I suggested. "About you caring for her? Well, how do you put it?" she turned to me with a smile.

"Frankly," I admitted, "I haven't as yet put it at all."

"What? You know what details are?" "They are sometimes necessary and expedient," I pleaded.

"Necessary, perhaps, but never expedient. I don't believe in them."

"Then I must certainly endeavor to follow a course more in keeping with your ideas."

"Tell me why you men always have to be reminded of your p's and q's," she demanded impatiently. "A woman looks after her own."

And, being reminded of her, she turned to the bishop, whose glasses had been leveled for a full minute on the box of Mrs. Jack Ankory opposite. Mrs. Ankory is Ankory's brother.

Ankory, I felt, could have cheerfully run me through.

er's wife, a pretty young woman, with all the ambitions that her family should have had and heart; so that her way of life was a difficult one to make, since the boys are just taking their first steps.

As I glanced toward Mrs. Ankory's box, I heard the bishop's sister begin to speak to the bishop of a widow of charitable inclinations and large means whom rumor says she is anxious he shall marry. I could see that she believed firmly in plentiful reminders.

I turned to Barbara at the moment, and Barbara to me. There was, I thought, a glimmer of something like relief in her eyes. I know her eyes very well indeed, and I am not usually mistaken in what they convey. I moved my chair close, as if I meant to stay. The fluffy sleeve of her gown touched my coat. It was a white gown, and she spoke to me accurately, if that delightful state has its degrees of comparison, she is superlatively adorable in it.

"Do you care for the prima donna," Mrs. Twining asked.

"The prima donna?" I repeated vaguely.

"I'm sure it is. It's awfully nice of him, really," she insisted. "I could afford to let the dear little girl on end of good I've no doubt; but Barbara, why—she leaned closer to my ear—"I don't know that I ought to tell you, but I think I will; that is a made-over card. She's on this little note—twice made-over, if you want the truth."

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AUTO RACING.

Sever Lives Last On the Indianapolis Track Last Week.

Another lot of death was paid at the motor speedway in the closing auto race at Indianapolis Saturday, when three people were killed, three badly injured, and a number brought either being struck by wrecked automobiles or in the rush to escape, which amounted almost in a panic.

It was while thousands of persons were pushing and surging forward at the fence and while the 300-mile race was in progress that the National car with Mrs. Sever as driver and Kellum as mechanic, came down the track with terrific bursts of speed, dashed into the fence and the spectators at the south side of the speedway. The driver on the right front wheel had burst and the machine turned turtle. Kellum was pitched against the fence and Mrs. Sever was caught under the machine. In a twinkling he reached up and turned off the throbbing engine and then called to those who had gathered around to look at the wreck, having no thought of himself.

The second accident which resulted in the wrecking of the Marmon car, driven by Bruce to the south side of the overhated bridge opposite the bleachers. The car was put out of commission, but was not badly wrecked. It was badly cut about the head, but was thought to be not fatally hurt. His mechanic was painfully bruised.

After the second accident, the officials decided to call off the 300-mile race when the leading car—a Jackson with Lee Lynch at the wheel—had covered 235 miles.

The Great Crops.

The crop statistics show the agricultural districts of America, with few exceptions to be in record breaking conditions of prosperity.

In the west and northwest, the central area, part of the southwest and a great deal of the east crops were never so great. In the south, with the exception of the cotton crop, the loss in acreage of the cotton crop will probably be more than made up by the increased value of the bulk of the entire harvest. The south has safeguarded itself by diversified farming and other crops, which this year have come handsomely to the rescue.

To the fact that the harvest was old and rotten, N. E. Day, a Bellevue farmer, owes his life. His horse was struck and killed by a Grand Trunk engine, but the horse broke and the bumper in which Day was sitting was left standing clear of the track.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago—Cattle—Good grades strong; bulk 100 to 120, lower, other grades ready, but weak. Choice, 100 to 120, lower, other grades ready, but weak. Choice, 100 to 120, lower, other grades ready, but weak.

BALLOON BURST.

Walter Wellman's Second Failure to Reach North Pole.

Walter Wellman's second attempt to sail over the north pole in a balloon has resulted in failure. The giant dirigible balloon America, in which Wellman and his party of three set out on their perilous flight August 16, met with a mishap after it had traveled about 32 miles from the starting point according to dispatches from Spitzbergen. Wellman and his party succeeded in making a landing without injury to any member, and returned to Spitzbergen on board the steamer Fram, which awaited the disabled balloon.

After long preparation and waiting for favorable weather, the opportunity, came August 15, and Wellman decided early in the morning to make the attempt. Everything had been in readiness for some time, and only the final details of setting out on such a hazardous flight remained to be carried out.

The Speer Case.

Victor Speer was killed by a blow on the head from a heavy cane in the hands of one of the most prominent members of Buffalo, during a fight over the merchant's wife, with whom Speer was madly infatuated, and who was deeply enamored of Speer—their marriage having become a matter of gossip in their social circle.

The fight took place in the bar of the Mansion house, a road house in Williamsburg, a suburb of Buffalo, in which Speer and the woman had gone on the night of June 16, in Speer's automobile, knowing themselves closely followed by the raging husband. After Speer was struck down and lay dead on the barroom floor the woman fled, and was later caught by her husband, Speer's body was sent home lifeless to his horrified wife, and money was liberally applied to buy up the tragedy.

But when the case gets to the jury the terrible truth of the killing, the bribery and the scandal be switches two families will all be told, and Mrs. Speer will be a grief-stricken woman for life by the revelation of her husband's career, her rival will be forever disgraced, and mercantile prices will leave Buffalo by way of the electric chair.

Pellagra's Cause.

The disease known as pellagra comes from eating corn affected by the blight. This blight is a deadly poison that kills its victims by slow degrees and in great agony. It tortures the skin, undermines the strength, weakens the mind and converts the victim into a gibbering idiot, and finally brings death.

While the Hotel Royal burned in Montgomery, Ala., Mrs. L. A. Tierra, housekeeper, stood at the top landing and saw that every guest was safely out. Then she retired.

WILL LEAVE JOHNNY AT HOME.

Next Time Mother Visits Grandfather Youngster Is Not Likely to Accompany Her.

"I think the mother of a six-year-old boy should have a pension to make up to her for the mental agony she suffers," said one such a mother. "I took Johnny to his paternal grandfather's last week, and believe he has cut us out of grandfather's will. Of course, we send him to Sunday school and we both attend church, but we do not sit a blessing at the table, nor do we have family prayers. Grandfather, when he arrived Johnny was mourning from the table and went out in the yard to play. Grandfather told me to take him to the sitting room and we knelt down in prayer. Imagine my error to see Johnny's little face peering curiously through the blinds and hear him sing out: 'Hey, in there, what kind of a game is that you're playing? Ain't you the rotten bunch not to let me in on it?' I arose and softly whispered to him to run on and play, and he sang out: 'You're mamma, you're a; make a home run.' Now, what can you do with a small boy, anyway? I can never explain matters to his grandfather."

PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Gorydian, la. says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble. I—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disturbed. A week ago I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed. I am still perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50¢ a box. Foster-McBirn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WIFELY SOLICITUDE.



Burglar—Hands up! Wife—Oh, John, be careful of those globes; you'll break them!

Within Her Means. A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the showcase, she asked where was the clerk replied: "That is a secret bag."

"How cheap?" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

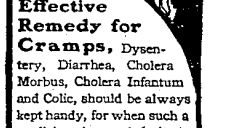
The Prospect. "I am sorry that there is a craze for these aeroplanes flights."

"Why so?" "Because the lovers who want to take them will be more in the clouds than ever."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

Sign of For 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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Dr. D. Jayne's Cathartic

has been successfully employed for over eight years in relieving all cases of constipation of this nature. Stops pain immediately. It is a household necessity in 5 minutes where there are children. Your druggist will supply you. Per bottle, 25¢.