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Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"But I desire you to do so," Elsie said, with a flash of her old spirit. "This is merely idle prevarication. I will not submit to it."

She faced him angrily.

"Miss Sterne," the lawyer said, looking steadily at her, "I am sorry for you, but you force the last bitter truth from me. If Sir John dies, you have not the shadow of a claim to one penny of your father's money. He knew this when he made some will of which I have heard but never seen. It is quite possible that he himself destroyed it afterwards, though Mr. Vallance believed that it was stolen—stolen with other documents that may some day turn up to condemn him."

"You are his bitterest enemy," Elsie said, almost fiercely. "Heaven help me! Why did I not see it before?"

She half-turned to the door, adding: "You and Mr. Noel Campbell appear to have plotted together for my father's ruin, and I believe that he half-suspected this at the last. I shall ask you for no further advice, Mr. Grant, and if need be will place my affairs in the hands of justice, through the courts."

She spoke with much bitterness and anger.

"My dear Miss Sterne, why do you misjudge me?" was the bland rejoinder, though the lawyer's deep-set eyes flashed vindictively. "I told you that you insisted upon forcing the last unpalatable truth from me. I say that you have not the shadow of a claim, in the event of Sir John's death, to even the personal property that he may leave. One-third of the estate, together with the title, goes to the male heir in succession. This includes the Park, and is one of the reasons why the baronet has hated the son of the man he killed. There being no will, young Campbell takes all, because Sir John leaves no legitimate child."

Elsie sprang forward with flashing eyes and burning cheeks.

"What dare you imply next?" she cried. "Oh, why have I no one to protect me from such creatures as you? I may yet ask you and Mr. Noel Campbell to return the will and the other papers that have been stolen! It appears to me that I am surrounded by traitors!"

She wrung her hands bitterly.

The lawyer's face had grown white and hard while she was speaking. "I have been too gentle with you," he said, sneeringly, "and this accusation you make against me and my client is outrageous! Let me put the whole thing in plain language, and have done with it, and at the same time advise you to make the best terms you can with the Earl of Somerton. He wishes to marry you, not withstanding the fact that you are penniless, and have no claim even to the name you bear. Miss Elsie Sterne, your father was never married to the woman who was your mother!"

She clutched at the wall for support, and the lawyer started forward, frightened by her ashen face, but she waved him back, with a scorn that he never forgot, and staggered from the room.

She sat down on one of the seats in the Gardens, and there Annette found her half-an-hour later.

She gave utterance to a little shriek, startled by Miss Sterne's deadly pallor.

"You are ill! What can I do for you? Dear Miss Sterne, will you come home with me to my people? My father and mother live on the Old Kent road."

Elsie looked up, a piteous light in her soft eyes.

"Not now, Annette, thank you. I may be glad to do so to-morrow, or next day. I must return to Blairwood at once, and after I recover myself a little, I think that it will do me good to confide in you. I have no other friend in the wide world."

"You have heard bad news?" said Annette. "Oh, I am so sorry, but it will be all right again soon. I am sure that it will."

Elsie shuddered.

"Don't, please," she whispered. "Your sympathy, your kind words, only add to my pain, because I know that it can never be."

Annette listened in wonderment and sorrow. She had returned from her shopping expedition overflowing with gladness. She had intended telling her young mistress of all the beautiful things that she had seen, and now safely hidden in the folds of her dress was a handsome silver watch which she had bought for her lover.

They walked slowly through the mazes of the court toward Fleet street, and at the foot of a dark stairway that led to a score of offices beyond, Elsie paused involuntarily—paused and read among other names, painted on the wall, in solid, black letters:

NOEL CAMPBELL, Barrister.

"Do you see that, Annette?" she asked, half-hysterically. "That is the name of my father's enemy; that is the name of the man who is hunting him to death!"

"I have heard that he is your cousin, Miss Sterne," replied the maid; "but he may not be so wicked as people make out."

"You do not know, Annette," Elsie shuddered. "You do not know what this kinsman of mine has done, what he is doing to obtain possession of my father's money, he and the lawyer together. He is worse than an assassin; and now that my father has been tortured to death, his savage hate is turned upon me; his fiendish mind has conceived a plot of the most diabolical nature, by which he hopes to drive me from his path forever. I

TODAY I AM REAL WELL

So Writes Woman After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Jamestown, N. Y.—"I was nervous, easily excited and discouraged and had no ambition. Part of the time I was not able to sit up as I suffered with pains in my back and with weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, both the liquid and tablet forms, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash for inflammation. Today I am real well and run a rooming house and do the work. I recommend your medicine to every woman who complains, and you may use my letter to help any one else. I am passing through the Change of Life now and I keep the Vegetable Compound in the house, ready to take when I feel the need of it."—Mrs. ALICE D. DAVIS, 235 W. Second St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Often some slight decomposition may cause a general upset condition of the whole system, indicated by such symptoms as nervousness, backache, lack of ambition and general weakness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine for such troubles. In many cases it has removed the cause of the trouble.

Shall We Ever Get Rid of Tips?

ITALY'S EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF EUROPE.

(By ALAN HARRIS.)

Courage is a strange thing. It braves men to make false income tax returns or even to refuse to pay rates, both involving some risk of unpleasant consequences; yet probably not one of these men would face the fury of an untipped taxi-driver. Still less the decorous contempt of an untipped manservant.

Few people have any precise idea of how much they spend on tips in a year.

If they had, some would probably be surprised to see how large an item they form in their budgets. Merely going to dine at a restaurant and on to a theatre generally involves tipping at least eight separate individuals.

Giving a tip implies one's social superiority, and, apparently, the bigger the tip the more unquestionable the superiority. People who are anxious to consolidate their positions tend to tip extravagantly; so do timid people, especially men, because they are terrified of being thought mean. Generosity in such matters is an aristocratic virtue; therefore, to be mean with any assurance, one must have started by being unquestionably noble.

No doubt the tipped are quite content (unless they have thoughts above their station) with this aspect of social inferiority. But the "smile on the face of the tiger" undoubtedly belongs to their employers.

It seems incredible that society should have agreed to pay, over and above their other charges, a large portion of the hotel and restaurant keepers' and the railway and cab companies' wages bills, but the fact remains. Else why should it be worth talking up in certain rare places where tipping is not allowed that "the staff is adequately paid by the management"?

It would be best if the whole system could be abolished altogether (as has been done in Italian hotels); and quite a few lion-hearts, if they would only combine, could probably send it packing. But one sheep waits for another to do something about it, and meanwhile the flock goes on being fleeced.

There is, however, one part of the course of which we can get rid, at least in public places. That is the terrible mental agony involved in estimating the right amount to give, which to most people is far more distressing than the expense.

The usual object is to make the maximum show of generosity for one's money. "Suppose I give the head waiter so much and the chambermaid so much, then the boots gets . . ." and then one finds that the lift-boy will get as much as the hall porter, which would certainly cause a revolution. So one has to start calculating all over again.

The system of having 10 per cent added to the bill for service and distributed among the servants does at least obviate all that. It is already well established in Italy and is gaining ground in France, and is an undoubted improvement. It removes invidious distinctions between the richer and the poorer visitors, and is really much fairer to the staff itself. For, under the present system, more often than not the hardest work goes unrewarded.—Daily Mirror.

America's Weakness

CORRUPTION, INCOMPETENCE AND LOW-GRADE IMMIGRANTS.

Does America get her ideas from England? Would America be a rather third-rate nation if it were not for her original Anglo-Saxon stock? One American worth listening to answers both questions in the affirmative, as witness the following:

Mr. H. L. Mencken, an American, in "Prejudices, Third Series," says:—It is one of my firmest and most sacred beliefs, reached after an inquiry extending over a score of years and supported by incessant prayer and meditation, that the Government of the United States, in both its legislative arm and its executive arm, is ignorant, incompetent, corrupt and disgusting—and from this judgment I except no more than twenty living lawmakers and no more than twenty executioners of their laws.

The truth is that the majority of non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants since the Revolution, like the majority of Anglo-Saxon immigrants before the Revolution have been, not the superior men of their lands, but the botched and unfit.

Whenever ideas enter the United States of America from without they come by way of England. What the London "Times" says to-day about Ukrainian politics, the revolt in India, a change of Ministry in Italy, the character of the King of Norway, the oil situation in Mesopotamia, will be said week after next by the "Times" of New York, and a month or two later by all the other American newspapers.

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BOYS' HEAVY DULL RUBBERS—With red sole. Sizes 11 to 2 \$1.70

BOYS' HEAVY DULL RUBBERS—Sizes 3 to 6. Only \$1.95

LADIES' BLACK TAN RUBBERS—Medium heel and pointed toe. All sizes. \$1.10

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LADIES' BLACK LOW CUT RUBBERS—Medium heels and toes. Pointed toes. Only \$1.05

LADIES' LONG RUBBERS—Extra good quality. All sizes. \$3.60
The Pair only

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MISSIE'S BLACK RUBBERS—Rolled edge. Sizes 11 to 2. Only 98c.

MISSIE'S LOW CUT RUBBERS—Rolled edge. Sizes 11 to 2 only.

CHILD'S TAN STORM RUBBERS—Extra good quality 89c.

CHILD'S TAN LOW CUT RUBBERS—The Pair 85c.

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BOYS' STORM RUBBERS—Rolled edge. Sizes 11 to 2. Only \$1.05

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THE SHOE MEN

Judge and a Workman

RIGHT TO REFUSE TO WORK OVERTIME UPHOLD.

Judge Ruegg, at the Stoke-on-Trent County Court, recently, upheld the right of a workman to refuse to work overtime.

He gave judgment for two days' wages to a colliery timberer, named John Edward Cox, Bucknall New-road, Hanley, against the Shelton Iron, Steel and Coal Company.

The plaintiff's case was that because he declined, after working his ordinary shift, to help to remove debris owing to a fall of roof in the mine he was suspended for two days for disobedience.

Mr. H. W. Adams, who appeared for the company, contended that the company were entitled to ask the man to carry out their reasonable and lawful commands.

"Going Back to Slavery."

The Judge: Within working hours, but not otherwise.

Mr. Adams: If a servant does not carry out my reasonable commands, even outside his working hours, then I am entitled to dismiss him.

The Judge: What an extraordinary proposition! That sort of thing means going back to a state of slavery.

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