

JETSAM OF THE SEA By Harold Child.



PRIZE SOAP advertisement text.

PRIZE advertisement text.

Germany Murdered advertisement text.

police have had a married couple advertisement text.

Government advertisement text.

March 21-Misrate advertisement text.

Trust You advertisement text.

Advertisement text.

Advertisement text.

Advertisement text.

David Tregonning leaned from his panting horse and struck loudly with his strong whip against the great door of the manor house of St. Garth.

"I have done nothing. My dear ward was always free as air; that you know. Yesterday she decided to return to France, to her convent, to take the veil."

Without a word Tregonning turned his horse away, hunched over his saddle bow, and lifted her to the moment he hardly caught, that she had been sent to her death, sent to sea in a notoriously rotten boat, which Tregonning had prophesied a gale. He remembered only that she was dead; and he came in sight of that reef where the bows of the 'Easy Come' still showed black between the waves, he stretched out his hands in despair towards it. "Wait for me, Elsie; wait but an hour!" Such was his thought; for those who fought with St. Garth did not often live to boast of it.

Then David Tregonning did the bravest deed of his life; he feigned the coward. He must live now, live to protect Elsie, and what matter his fame when his future was at stake? "St. Garth," he said, "why should you kill me? What was here yesterday in your killing me and driving my mother from her home?"

But when fate takes hold of a man, she hurries him to his doom. "No words!" said St. Garth. "I have come to kill you!"

They faced each other on the shoreward of the cliff-head. Tregonning, by love and habit a man of the sea, had no skill in fence; St. Garth brought home every year from London an ever more deadly name as a swordsman. This was his hour, the hour as he had schemed for twenty years, ever since the smallpox had left him guardian of his elder brother's one puny girl baby. He loved duelling; he hated his distant cousin David, who stood the ruins of a tower, built long ago by one of his ancestors. In the base of it was a room where he stored the sails and tackle of the boat that he had time to reach it.

on the turf. The positions were reversed, but this time David was too quick for his opponent. He sprang back into safety. Once more he gathered himself to spring and once more, with maddening coolness, St. Garth pretended not to notice him.

HIS LORDSHIP'S CHAUFFEUR By C. K. Twyford.

They were sitting in two deck chairs hidden away among the palms and flowers on the roof of the houseboat Sunshine.

Madge, really don't. "Just now, when mamma nobly announced her intention of sacrificing a whole afternoon's bridge to my interests, I said I would not go; but now, since you forbid it, Master Bob, I must decidedly obey."

and an earldom as well. Yes, there was no doubt about it; she must snub Langley well.

Just as they were nearing Shepherd's bush the broken, which had hitherto remained obstinate, seemed suddenly to grip.

others the car gave a sudden swerve and pulled up—inside the gates of Ranelagh.

The chauffeur calmly got down and handed her out. Taking off his cap and mask, he coolly remarked:

"I shall do no such thing. Besides it would not be proper with you alone," she added.

THE DREAM AND THE WAKING By Henry Lewis.

"Dear, not said Mary, very positively, with a laugh at the absurdity of such a thought. 'Marriage spoils art. But what of yourself, Robert? Why don't you take your own advice and settle down?'"

And there in the midst of a chattering, fashionably clad throng, stood Mary, pink-cheeked, smiling and talking animatedly about art; Mary in strange, æsthetic array with the train of her clinging gown coiled serpent-wise about her neck and a rose tucked behind her dainty ear.

that the realization of his ambition had given him the right to speak, there was another man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of a chance.

"That is just why I object to it. I'd rather see you happily married and settled down in what you call 'humdrum life' than living as you do here. Couldn't you paint as well as even if you were the best painter in the world?"

When the train arrived in Mapleton. She gave her orders to the driver and climbed wearily into the hack, which set off at once toward her brother's place on the outskirts of the village.

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THE BRACELET By Albert Cim.

That Paul Holger, the young merchant at Rue Royal, Marseilles, loved Lea de Montague, the beautiful Parisian actress, no one could doubt.

"Oh, what a beautiful bracelet!" Lea exclaimed. "I would give anything to own it!"

"I'll tell you what I can do," said the jeweler. "I can show you some other bracelets for that price. They are all in the same style as this one, only that the stones are not quite so large."

convince him to return and renew his offer of two thousand francs for the bracelet. You can easily make him believe that you relent, and as I will pay you the other one thousand now, you will not lose anything."

ger came here several hours ago and took it along. She can easily make him believe that you relent, and as I will pay you the other one thousand now, you will not lose anything."

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