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PARIS MEDICINE COMPANY,
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The Countess of London.

CHAPTER IV.

The crowd was not only noisier but rougher, and absorbed as he was by his gloomy reflections Royce now and again put out his strong hand or shoulder to save some woman or child from being hustled and crushed. He got sick and weary of the din and the heat, but he did not leave the place, for the simple reason that he did not know where to go; and, after all, the crowd was some sort of company. The clock of St. Mark's struck eleven, the showmen banged their drums and shouted, "The last time, the last time!" and the crowd began insensibly to thin. The fair was nearly over for that year, and the red-letter day for Cumberland was drawing to a close. Royce sat down on a form near a booth and lighted his pipe, and watched some men who were already beginning to pull down the shows and pack up. He was so interested in the silent and adroit way in which they went to work that he was quite lost, when suddenly a gypsy came up and stood beside him.

Royce looked up and met a pair of small, sunken eyes fixed upon him curiously; but they shifted instantly, and the owner asked him for a match. It did not occur to Royce that the man could have got a light from one of the numerous lamp-lamps flaming near him, and he obediently took out a silver case and handed it up to the man.

"Uncle Jake—for it was that worthy—looked at the box with a sudden greedy gleam in his eyes, took a match and handed the box back with a 'Thank you, my gentleman.' Royce nodded, and the man, touching his hat, moved on. But he only went behind the nearest booth, and stood there smoking and watching the young man. Presently two men came up to the booth; one was a gypsy, the other the plant, Long Bill.

"Hallo, Uncle Jake!" began the



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MARITIME DRUG STORE.

gypsy; but Uncle Jake silenced him with a peculiar gesture, and jerked his thumb toward Royce.

The two men drew back and held a whispered colloquy with Uncle Jake for a few moments; then the three went quietly away.

Royce watched the flaming lamps go out one by one, and some of the caravans start, then he rose wearily and looked at his watch.

The nearest town was five miles distant, and he would have to reach that before he could get to bed. He was tired, physically and mentally, and he left the fair with a slow and spiritless step, going in the direction which the living van with the two girls had taken, and opposite to that which the rest of the fair-folk had gone.

He walked along slowly, smoking his pipe, and every now and then looked up at the sky, lighted only by the myriad stars and a hazy moon; and he asked himself the saddest of all questions a man can ask: "What is to become of me?" To live, a man must eat; and to eat one must have money; fifteen shillings and sixpence would not enable him to eat long or heartily.

"I can enlist," he said. "Many a better man than I has had to do that; but he hasn't been an officer kicked out of the service. I might have Trace over me, and then—" he shook his head. "No, that door's shut. I'm strong; I suppose I could earn my living as a navvy; yes, that's what I'm fit for, a barrow and a shovel. That would be a new departure for a London. Anyhow, it's honest, and doesn't require brains, and no one need know."

The thought of Irene—delicate, lady-like Irene—crossed his mind, and he sighed.

"Well, I shouldn't be further off her as a navvy than I am now," he said to himself. "Dear little Rene!" He put up his hand to push his cap off his forehead as he spoke, and at the same moment a blow aimed at his head fell upon his arm.

He sprang round with the alertness of the athlete, and saw a form on either side of him; one seemed in the dusk to tower like a giant against the sky.

In an instant he took in the situation. He had been followed by these two men, who meant to rob him. He had no more than that instant of time in which to think, for blows from a heavy stick rained down upon his head and shoulders. He put up his arm above his head to shield it, then bent down almost to the earth, and sprang upon the giant, crying:

"Give me fair play, if you are men! One at a time!"

Long Bill, staggered by the sudden attack, lost his footing and went down, and Royce, kneeling on his chest, wrenched the stick away, and dealt the other ruffian a blow; but the effort released the prostrate giant, and he got to his feet and seized Royce, uttering fearful imprecations. All Royce's weariness and lassitude had fled, and he grappled with the assail-

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Mr. Heller suggests trying a bottle, but to get the full benefit of this wonderful preparation, you should take a Course of Carbol. Carbol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

ant with all the strength he could command. The wrestling-bout on the platform was child's play compared with this struggle, and the giant groaned and panted under Royce's steel-like grip.

But, alas! it was two to one, and the second man, recovering from his blow just as Royce felt his toe yielding, crept up behind him. Something glittered dully in the starlight, and Royce felt a sharp pain shoot through his side. It nerved him to make one more effort, and Long Bill fell backward. Royce disengaged himself and turned quickly upon the gypsy.

"You infernal coward, you have stabbed me!" he said; and he flung himself upon him.

The man raised the knife again and struck wildly as Royce flung him down and turned to meet Long Bill's headlong charge at him; but suddenly the sky seemed to reel and the earth to rock, and before the giant could strike him he fell forward on his face.

The two men stood over him, panting and tugging at their swollen throats.

Long Bill kicked him savagely, then knelt down and dragged out his watch and chain. In doing so he started and drew back with an oath, and looked at his hand.

"I know—I knifed him!" said the gypsy in a low voice.

"We've done for him!" said Long Bill in a husky whisper. "He's—he's dead as a herring!" and he looked over his shoulder fearfully.

The gypsy knelt down and put his hand over Royce's heart.

"Not he! At any rate, not yet. anyhow, you've had your revenge, mate, eh? And if I hadn't given him an inch or two of steel, I reckon he'd have done for one or both of us. I never saw such fight in a young 'un!"

Long Bill shook his head.

"As strong as a lion," he muttered, "and as game."

The gypsy looked down at the white, lifeless face.

"Well," he said, philosophically, "it's no use crying over spilt milk. Besides, it was his own fault. What did he want to try and best two of us—two men? Here, look sharp! We'd better make ourselves scarce, for there'll be trouble over this business."

Silently and rapidly they emptied Royce's pockets, the gypsy viewing the smallness of the plunder with disgust.

"Only this, and him a gentleman!" he exclaimed, with an oath. "What's this 'ere—a locket?"

Long Bill snatched it out of his hand.

"Put that back—it's worth next to nothing—and the watch and chain, and a shilling or two. I'll put 'em off the scent. Do you hear?" he added, savagely, as the gypsy hesitated.

"It's the best part of the swag," he grumbled.

"Yes, and it'll hang us if he don't pull round. Don't argue. There's no time; some one may come up. Why, look there!" and he ducked down as he pointed behind him.

The gypsy looked. A girlish figure stood against the dark-blue sky.

"It's Madge!" he muttered. "Keep on your hands and knees, and crawl till you get to them bushes. You're right about the things, I'll put 'em back."

He put the watch and chain in their places, and the locket in Royce's waistcoat pocket, and went off like a snake in the grass.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE WOMEN HAVE DONE IT.

Just think, the women have really done it! For almost the first time in fashion history, women have stood out firmly against having a fashion put over on them.

I am proud of my sex. We have reached the point where we do know what we want when we want it, and don't mean to be balked of having it by any fashion dictator.

According to their use. True, some skirts will be long. But we aren't all going to be cabined, cribbed and confined by long skirts on the street and in our sports. We aren't going to sweep up dust and germs. We are going to pick and choose. We shall wear long frocks in the house if we find that more becoming (and it is my personal feeling) than that they are more becoming to nine women out of ten) and when we go shopping or walking we are going to wear our short skirts.

A man who is connected with one of the most progressive stores in the east, commented the other day on this diversity in styles as a new sign of the new times. Styles aren't so rigid as they used to be. There was a time when practically everyone wore one type of hat in a certain season. Now, although there are trends and popular types and fashionable silhouettes, there is no one type of hat or suit or frock that everyone wears. We choose and adapt from many styles and it is possible to be smart and still have things entirely suitable and becoming. No one needs to wear unbecoming fashions—though many still do, either because they prefer ultra-smartness to becomingness, or because, or because they don't study this matter at all.

Captain Kidd's Gold

A member of the New Haven fire department, making a holiday along the Connecticut shore front in the vicinity of the picturesque Thimble and Islands, has found an extraordinary and ancient gold ring buried in the sand, and as an inevitable result the name and doubtful fame of Captain William Kidd has been called into prominence again. There is some tendency to believe that the ring is a stray possession of a British king of three centuries ago—perhaps the very one with which Lady Catherine de' Bourgh, the unfortunate Earl of Hertford were wedded even longer ago, in Elizabeth's time. If so, it could hardly have reached the Thimbles by way of Kidd's circuitous travels. But whatever its history, it is ancient, valuable and interesting and mutually eloquent of old adventure.

There is ample circumstantial ground for the long-standing report, now revived, that Kidd made harbor for a time in the Thimbles and disposed of some of his piratical cargo there; but an examination of all the documentary evidence yet available does not lend anything in the way of proof. Kidd's last and greatest adventure, perhaps the only one indeed that merits the term of piracy, culminated in Rhode Island waters. It is far more likely, on the basis of contemporary evidence, that if he did bury any treasure—which is gravely to be doubted—he buried it on Block Island.

Kidd was sent out from New England by Lord Bellomont, Irish peer and king's governor of Massachusetts, to apprehend pirates. He journeyed in the Adventure Galley, an ill-starred ship which was burned or abandoned in Madagascar, and in exchange for which Kidd secured an appropriate name. The Quidah-Marchant, not with but forcibly against the consent of its occupants. In this ship he amassed what was beyond question a vast fortune, and sailed for the West Indies. In St. Kitt's and elsewhere he was told that Bellomont, his proprietor and authority, had denounced him as a pirate, and he put into a remote bywater somewhere in or about Porto Rico or San Domingo—a spot left tantalizingly vague in all recorded accounts. Here he "bought" a sloop, singularly named the "St. Anthony," the records say, and having left a prize crew

Corns



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(To be continued.)

Everyone Gave It Away.

Of course the corollary of this variation in styles is that last year's hat is not as distinctively and inescapably last year's hat as it was when it was the one kind that everybody wore last year and that everyone who could afford it gave away to the poor relative or the washerwoman this year.

Another thing I like about the fashion situation is that more and more of our women are coming to realize what good lines in a frock or coat mean, and to try to get them. When we used to blast ourselves in the middle with waists and skirts there wasn't much chance for beauty of line. But with the general popularity of the one-piece frock we have a chance to develop beautiful lines in our designs; and where women used to look chiefly at color and goods in buying a gown, many women now study the line to see if it is attractive in itself and becoming to their figures.

This tendency, also, helps us to do away with the all powerful sway of fashion. If a woman takes pains to get a dress with a smart and beautiful line, a dress that is distinctive and becoming, she can wear it with pride through several seasons.

Distinctive Dressing.

I know a woman who works for her living and works hard. She pays sometimes \$100, sometimes \$150 for her good frocks, sometimes more. She has white hair and a lovely skin and she always wears black with a square cut neck and a piece of fine lace in the opening. The dresses are of beautiful line and perfectly fitted to her figure. She wears them three or four years or even longer and always looks beautifully dressed.

That programme is my idea of the way women should dress, and the way I hope they are going to dress more and more as the years go by.

LOOSEN UP THAT COLD WITH MUSTEROLE

Have a jar of Musterole handy. The moment a cold starts use it freely. Just apply this clean white ointment with your finger to the congested parts. You will immediately feel a warm tingling sensation and the pores, followed by a soothing cooling sensation and quick relief.



Sold and Recommended by Maritime Drug Store.

Jan 13, 1924

aboard the Moor, together with a fortune of perhaps a hundred thousand dollars in gold, silver and goods, sailed for Boston, bringing perhaps another hundred thousand dollars in his smaller craft.

Trying "off and on" outside Block Island he conducted negotiations with Bellomont for a safe entrance into Boston, but being told that he must prove his innocence or be imprisoned if he came he meanly disposed, in mysterious ways, of most of his cargo. When he reached Boston there remained but a few hundred pounds in goods in his sloop. Kidd's fate is common history, but the destination of his wealth is wholly unknown. Captain Thomas Clarke, Coroner of New York, was charged by Bellomont with having taken fifty thousand dollars of Kidd's treasure into Stamford, but the issue of that allegation is missing. It was sufficiently proven that a great number of small craft, visited Kidd off Block Island and sailed for New York, probably with piecemeal cargoes of the New Haven fireman's ring will of his ill-gained fortune. At any rate the mystery is forever joined, and fortune-seekers may and doubtless will dig up the sandy New England shores for generations to come hunting for the vanished wealth. Whether or not the New Haven fireman's ring will point a clue remains to be seen. The chances, on the evidence of many past incidents of similar character, are gravely against it.—Providence Journal.

BEFORE THE COMMANDMENTS.

In connection with the recent production of George Bernard Shaw's play "Back to Methuselah," a very amusing story is told. The first scene opens in the Garden of Eden, and a little lad of eight was taken by his parents to see H. On his return he was asked by his mother, "What commandment did Eve break when she ate the apple?" Most superior was the boy's smile as he said: "Don't you know, mum, that when Eve ate the apple there weren't any Commandments!"

Sale Prices

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HENRY BLAIR

Feb 27, 1924