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The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XVII.

"She'll be here directly," said Mother Katie. "Now, Davy, go and find Mr. Jack, and come along to supper, both of you. This stew doesn't improve by getting cold."
 Davy looked up absently.
 "Mr. Jack went off dealing early this morning, and mayn't be back till nightfall, if then," he said.
 "Oh, well," said Mother Katie, "better put some aside for him, for it's like as not he won't think of getting a decent meal. He'd starve if some one didn't think for him."
 They drew round the re—on the hot-test days your true-bred gypsy prefers to eat his meals near the re—and had commenced their supper, when Uncle Jake came from between the trees.
 "Why, Uncle Jake!" exclaimed Mother Katie, "what's brought you here?" for he had gone with the other part of the tribe.
 He nodded and looked round at them, with his short pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth.
 "I've come back for something," he said. "Where's Madge?"
 "Gone to the town," replied Mother Katie. "Have some stew?"
 He shook his head.
 "Had my supper; but if any of you has got a dram of something to drink—No? Well, then, as I want to do a little business in the town, I'll go on. Mr. Jack here?"
 "Out dealing," said Mother Katie.
 He nodded, stood looking down at them with a thoughtful expression in his sinister eyes, then jumped off to Madge's caravan, tried the locked door, and went his way.
 Supper was nearly over when a light footstep was heard coming from the wood, and Tony cried out with a crow of welcome:
 "Here is Madge!"
 She had a small basket on her arm, and the children would have crowded round her, but Mother Katie shouted to them to sit still, and making room for Madge beside her, said:
 "Why, where have you been, Madge? You must be tired and hungry, too, and here's all the stew gone excepting what I've saved for Mr. Jack. But there, he'll rather you or any of the children had it than him, so I'll give it to you."
 Madge put out her hand to stay her. "No, no," she said in a low voice, "keep it for him; he will be hungry, and I am not."
 She threw the shawl from her head and took the basket on her lap, and the children set up a shout of anticipation; and Tony, setting Mother Katie at defiance, crawled in and ate the steamed figures until he had reached

ed Madge's knee, to which he clung like a limpet.
 "What's 'oo bought, Madge?" he hissed, "an' what a 'long time 'oo have been away! Have 'oo bought all the fins in the town?"
 "Very nearly," said Madge, with a laugh; and she took out parcels of sweets and sundry toys and distributed them.
 The fire-light, mingling with the rich glow of the sunlight, fell upon her face and illumined a picture which struck even her folk, who were accustomed to her beauty.
 "Our Madge gets more likesome every day; look at her," whispered one woman to another.
 Perhaps Madge heard the whispered admiration, for her color deepened, and she looked round with a sweet shyness that had something novel in it.
 "And what's the news, Madge?" asked Mother Katie, as she made her a cup of tea.
 Madge looked up.
 "News? I have heard none," she said, dreamily.
 Mother Katie laughed.
 "You're like Mr. Jack," she said. Madge started slightly, and bent over her plate. "It don't matter where you two go, you never seem to have anything to tell a body. I never seen such people to moon. I wish he'd come into camp afore the stew gets right down spofft."
 "He will be here presently, I dare say," said Madge.
 "Perhaps he won't be home to-night," remarked Davy, pulling at his pipe. "It's as likely as not."
 Madge glanced at him, but said nothing, and presently she got up and went toward her caravan.
 "Madge seems more dreamy-like than ever to-night," said one of the women. "I often wonder what she's thinking about. You can never tell, though you watch her eyes ever so good. I reckon there ain't been as much-looking a Romany as Madge for many a year. Sometimes when I'm looking at her I'm after thinking she ought to have been a great lady 'stead of a gypsy."
 Mother Katie looked up sharply.
 "Then keep your thoughts to yourself, Nell," she said, "an' don't put such nonsense into Madge's head. She wouldn't be any happier if she was a great lady, as you call it. They has their troubles as well as we common folk."
 "So I've heard," said the woman, placidly, "but it's hard to believe it when you see them lolling in their carriages, with enough on their backs to feed and clothe a Romany for a year."
 There was a murmur of approval, and the camp discussed the question sleepily, until Mother Katie, listening to the striking of a clock, got up, and remarking that she had some mending to do, and that it was time for the children to go to bed, caught up Tony and carried him off.
 One by one the cypresses left the fire, which Davy had packed up into a glowing mass, and all was still, save for the chatter and occasional cry of the children and the singing of the birds. A few moments afterward Madge left her caravan and stood by the fire, looking down at it with a dreamy smile on her lips. Every now and then she raised her head as if she were listening, and the rich color would rise to her pale, dark face, and then away as she bent her head again.
 But presently she heard a step she had never yet mistaken, and glancing round almost apprehensively, she glided quickly to the wood and waited under the thick yellow leaves.
 The sound of approaching steps grew more distinct as they crashed over the dryish bracken, and in another minute Royce's tall figure strode near her.
 She hid behind the trunk of a tree, and, woman-like, kept him standing looking for her for a minute before she stepped forward. Royce caught her in his arms and kissed her upturned face.
 "Who were you looking for, Jack?" she whispered.
 "You nearly frightened me," he said, no answer being necessary. "I was afraid you had not got back—that something had happened to my—my—Madge," and he pressed her to him.
 "I got back all right," she said.
 "But, Jack, I wanted to see you to tell you that Uncle Jake is here. I saw him as I came from the town. Why has he come, do you think?" and she looked up at him anxiously.
 Royce smoothed the dark hair from her forehead, and laughed.
 "It's a new thing to see you nervous, Madge," he said.

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South Sea Pearls

CLOTHES TAHITIANS IN SILKEN RAIMENT.
 PAPEETE, Tahiti (A.P.)—Pearl diving off the island of Hikueru has yielded rich returns during the season just closed. Both pearl shells and pearls of high value have been found in large numbers in the waters of the lagoon.
 These pearl oyster beds have been under restriction for a number of years and for that reason the jewel crop was unusually good.
 The diving is done by natives who have trained themselves from childhood to descend to great depths and remain under water a long time. No diving machines are permitted.
 The Tahiti merchants establish stations at the island during the season to buy the shells and to sell provisions and luxuries to the divers and their families. Representatives from Paris jewelry houses always are on hand to compete for the better quality of pearls. Pearls of lesser value fall into the hands of speculatively inclined Chinese and European scholars. From long experience the natives are fully aware of the value of their finds, so that not many bargains are available.
 The South Sea Island native reacts to prosperity ostentatiously. The wife of the successful diver parades the white coral beach of Hikueru clad in brilliant silks, high heel shoes, picture hats and the most costly Chinese shawls. In the island of Bora Bora, where the high price of vanilla beans has raised growers of that staple to temporary affluence, the Chinese shawl has been appropriated by the men as the insignia of great riches. It is worn draped around the neck, with the embroidered ends hanging gracefully down the back and chest. The real vanilla barons wear, in addition, a shawl of a different color about the waist.
 Many stories of lucky finds at Hikueru have drifted into Papeete. One tells how the keeper of a semi-private signal at Papeete, who went to the island on a holiday, happened to see a large pearl oyster lying in shallow water near the beach, dived for it, and upon opening it found a pearl for which he received 15,000. Another relates that an old native woman, while fishing on the reef, stubbed her toe against an oyster that yielded a gem worth \$1,000 gold.
 Riches, however, never do a Tahitian native any permanent good. They are dissipated immediately in fine clothes, cases of tinned salmon (no native will wet his toes in the sea in search of fish if canned salmon can be had), guitars, accordions, and all manner of trivial amusements.
 Then, when the tide of affluence ebbed, and the Tahitian returns to his plain diet until another crop of copra or vanilla has matured, or the restriction has been taken off another pearl island. But in the prosperous era he has lived gorgeously.

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He hung her head.
 "I am afraid; he might suspect."
 "Oh, nonsense!" he said. "He has only come back for his favorite pipe or to borrow some money from Davy or me. And he shall have it, too, I couldn't refuse any one anything to-night. And they say that there is no such thing as happiness in the world!"
 He laughed, and though it was softly enough, Madge looked round and clung to him.
 "Oh, hush!" she murmured, lovingly, warningly; "they are all around us—they may see us. Happy! are you really happy?" and her dark eyes dwelt upon his searchingly, yet with passionate tenderness.
 "The happiest man that ever wore shoe-leather," said Royce. "Come a little further into the wood, dearest."
 "No, no," she said, putting him from her, yet with a caress even as she did it. "I must go back and put Tony to bed."
 "And after?" he said, still holding her. "Will you come out afterward, Madge? Come to the brook. There is going to be a splendid moon presently. See!" and he took her face in his hands and turned it upward.
 She just glanced at the sky, but her eyes went back to his, as—grudging even a moment.
 "Let me go now, Jack," she murmured, "and I will come back in an hour. Listen! what is that?" and she broke from him.
 He raised his head.
 "One of the horses broke loose," he said. "It is the young colt, contending him! Now I shall have to go. But in an hour, Madge—an hour."
 He let her go inch by inch, his eyes holding her even when his hands had released her, and Madge went slowly back to the caravan.
 She put Tony to bed, and then came out and sat beside the camp-fire, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her eyes, with the strange, novel shyness glowing in them, hidden under their long lashes. A late thrush sang in a tree near her, the evening breeze made music through the leafy boughs, and the minutes glided by with fairy footsteps, for Madge was tasting that brief delirium which the gods give perhaps once in her life to every woman, and which we call joy.
 (To be continued.)

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DO NOT DELAY!

While your mind is alert and active is the time to make your Will. Do not wait until you think you are going to die. Consider now how your Estate will be distributed and managed. Confidential discussion of this matter is invited without obligation or charge.

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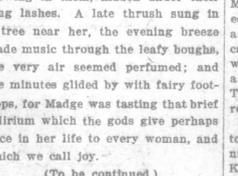
Typewriter is Press for Mayo Yukon Newspaper

VANCOUVER, B.C., March 19.—(Canadian Press)—With a typewriter, some bundles of typewriter paper and a few score sheets of carbon paper as its mechanical plant, Canada's newest newspaper made its appearance in Mayo, in the Yukon, recently. The first edition of the Mayo-Keno Bulletin, "owned and edited" by Mrs. Marie Fotheringham, a well known figure in the Yukon, came from the "press" on January 25, with the express intention of making a similar exodus each succeeding Tuesday and Friday. A copy has just reached Vancouver.
 Mayo and Keno are two mining towns which sprang up almost overnight a year ago, following upon the Keno Hill silver discoveries. Mayo is now a community rivaling Dawson City in activity, but almost isolated as far as possibility of knowledge of current outside activities is concerned. The establishment of a government radio service between Mayo and Dawson, some sixty miles away, not only brought the two camps into the world, but gave Mrs. Fotheringham her opportunity, and she believes she has given her fellow townsmen theirs.
 "For," observes The Bulletin, "expressly, it is a truism that non-circulation of news is conducive to intellectual dry-rot, or, in other words, it is cheaper to buy news items at half a cent a word than to build a bughouse."
 Acting on this theory, The Bulletin, for two dollars a month, brings the whole world to the door of Mayo and Keno. The first issue carries dispatches from London, New York, Washington, Moscow, Ottawa and other capitals. But while it announces the assumption of government by the Laborites in England, that Lenin is dead in Russia, and that the Shevchenko is preparing for a Polar flight,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sweeten the Stomach
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