

PARTED BY GOLD

CHAPTER I.

In the sitting-room of a very handsome suite of chambers in the "Arbany" sat three gentlemen, chatting, smoking, drinking and playing loo.

All three were young, two good-looking, and the third anything but unattractive.

It was cold and wet outside, for the month was December, and the weather gloriously dismal; but within, a roaring fire, a dozen wax candles, and their reflection in the plate, gleaming furniture and costly knock-nocks about the room, gave heat and light enough to make the gentlemen forget the wet pavements and the thick fog.

The apartment was so high up and so well doored and windowed, that even the rattle of the cabs and carriages was not sufficient to remind the gay pleasure hunters that somewhere was the world and somehow they could not altogether escape it.

"Your deal, Beau," said one, cutting the cards, to a dark, handsome-looking young fellow, with a face that one would have called clever, if it had not worn at that moment a so thoroughly careless, light-hearted smile.

"Mine! Jove! how it comes around. You fellows will clear me out before Jack comes."

"Ah, dear old Jack!" exclaimed the third, a fair, curly-headed darling, the lady-killer of the party, and, in truth, the hero of a thousand battles ending disastrously to the fair sex.

There was a laugh all around at his tone of mingled pity and esteem.

"What a fine fellow he is! 'Pon my word I like him every time I see him better than the last. Poor old Jack!"

"Is he coming, after all, Beau?" asked the person who had spoken first by name Leonard Walton, a lieutenant in the Guards and occupying the same agricultural operation as his companions—namely, sowing his wild oats.

"Yes," said the one addressed as Beau, the handsomest of the three, a briefless barrister eating his terms and running up a few debts from his fond and trusting father. "Yes, I got him to promise. You know what he is. Get him to say he'll do a thing and he'll do it, you can stake a cool thou; but it's hard to get the word sometimes. But he's coming, and would have been here before had it not been the night of his aunt's drum, Lady Pacewell, you know."

"I know," nodded the guardsman; "mother of Lady Maud, the belle of the season and highest lot in the market."

A slight flush, too slight to attract attention, crossed Harry Beaumont's brow, and he played his ace before replying.

"Yes, that just comes in time; your deal, Len—yes, and Jack's cousin."

"They say," said the lady-killer, by name and title the Hon. Willie Fopton, by profession nothing, in which profession he was likely to attain to great eminence; "they say that Lady Maud is running for Jack, playing the sweet cousin, sweet wife. Is that right, Beau?"

"I'm not Lady Maud's keeper, my

dear Willie. Why not ask her yourself? She'd give you a candid answer, I'll be sworn."

"Yes, too candid," retorted the Hon. Willie, making a grimace. "I'm a cool hand with most of them and not easily thrown off; but upon my honor, Lady Maud, is too much for me. She's too beautiful, for one thing."

"Oh," laughed Walton. "Come, that's too good, Willie. Too beautiful! That's a new blemish."

"But it's a fact," said Fopton; "some women pose you with their loveliness."

"Some don't," muttered Walton. "Others double you up with their confounded haughtiness; others put you in a corner with a trick of the lip, a curl and a sneer, a sort of 'I know exactly what you are and how much you are up to, so please don't trouble to play of fine'; others manage it with the eyes, just a look straight over your head or through you, a mile-beyond look or a sleepy stare, that says pretty plainly, 'I'm not listening, pray don't think so; I'm thinking of something else.'"

Walton laughed again. Beaumont smiled and said:

"And which does her ladyship affect—the stare, the sneer, or the smile?"

"All of them," replied Fopton. "There's no flirting with Lady Maud, and by Jove, I don't know another woman of our set that I could say the same of."

"And so, Mr. Solomon, you think this paragon is making sail for poor old Jack—eh?" said Walton.

"That's it," replied the exquisite, "only since Jack came into the Peace-well money, though. Before, when poor old Jack was making believe to be a lawyer like Beau, he might have whistled himself black in the face before my lady bird of paradise would have fluttered his way."

"Well," laughed Walton, "I'm sorry for it, if Jack isn't in earnest on his part, for she'll get him. There's the queen."

"And the king," retorted Beau, playing the winning card. "Luck's changed Len. So you think if Lady Maud has set her fancy upon dear old Jack, she'll get him—eh?"

"Yes, I do, and who wouldn't?" replied Walton, with another of his ready laughs. "Why, Jack couldn't withstand any woman, least of all such a beauty as Lady Maud. He's the best-hearted, the truest fellow going, we all know that, but we all know that he's the simplest and greenest also."

"Jack's the modern Quixote," said the Hon. Willie, frowning at his cards. "Yes, without the wrinkles, age and ugliness. He's a fine fellow, a splendid fellow; but, upon my word, he's too fresh. It's surprising how a fellow could have lived to smoke a cigar and keep so verdant a heart as he has done. He thinks the word 'woman' is synonymous with 'angel'. In his opinion a gentleman's bound to them body and soul, the highest and the lowest. By Jove, I saw him helping a watercress girl to hoist a basket on her head; his own was uncovered, I swear, and if I hadn't come up I firmly believe he would have carried it over the crossing for her."

"Just so, and sorted out the bundles," asserted the Hon. Willie. "His man sold a horse of his to Spavin, found there was something the matter with her wind, and came over to tell Jack's man. Jack overheard something of it and asked for particulars."

"Mare's wind touched!" he said; "that's fresh to me. Now, and I've driven her for the last two months. Was she winded?" he asked, turning to the man.

"Yes, sir, was the reply. "Tain't no use to deny it, for she was when he bought her. Spavin knows it," he added, with a grin, and "and for a good reason."

"Hold your tongue," said Jack. "The mare's winded, Mr. Spavin. What do you want knocked off? Ten?"

"Well, you shall have it, Jim, where did the mare come from?"

"Why from Spavin's own yard, burst out the groom, indignant at the swindle. "She was gone when we bought her and he knows it."

"Mr. Spavin—you know his way—commenced a virtuous indignation line, but Jack stopped him."

"All right," he said, "I can readily believe you value your own character and conscience above a ten-pound note. There's the money."

Walton laughed.

"That's him, that's Jack all over. Here's something as good. The other night at the Warble's concert he found a coachman of his aunt's sitting on the box without his coat. It was raining like old boots and as cold as the deuce. Jack pulls up at the step and shakes his head."

"That fellow will catch his death," said he, and, striding down two steps at a time, he pulled off his overcoat and handed it up. "You're foolish to forget your coat, Williams," he said,

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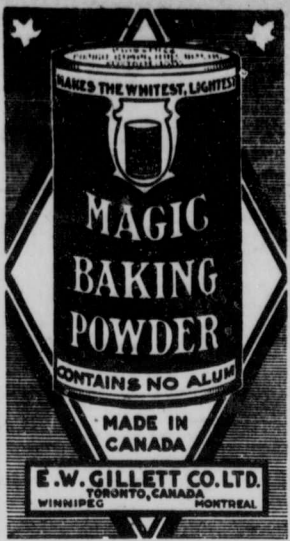
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but that isn't any reason you should get rheumatic fever. Put that on and drop me another from my rooms when you call to take me up."

The Hon. Willie nodded.

"And he'd have done it if the man had been a stranger. I saw him give his umbrella to a little girl in the street, and I have known him to thrash Yorkshire Tom four rounds out of five."

"That's Jack all over," assented Beaumont, who had been listening. "Strong as a lion and gentle as a lamb. He is late. They ought to have got the first four dances off before this. He wouldn't promise to leave them until they had, and—Hello! here he is!"

The discreet servant tapped at the door and announced:

"Mr. Hamilton."

"Hello, old fellow."

There entered the subject of all this criticism in the shape of a splendidly made fellow, with the handsome face and mustache of manhood, but the clear, open gaze and smile of childhood.

No child's face could have been freer from guile, no woman's brow less tainted with vice; the well-cut mouth itself, curved with its good-natured smile, proclaimed the pure heart and open mind within, while the voice, at once deep and melodious, rang with that true tone of perfect candor and gentle dignity which should be the birthright of every English gentleman.

The valet, who seemed in his unobtrusive and respectful way to be as pleased by Jack Hamilton's advent as his master and his friends, drew a chair to the table and waited to hear what wine he should serve.

"What a time you have been! For dances! You mean forty!" remonstrated Beaumont.

"No, four only; I said four, you know," replied Jack Hamilton, "and I'm almost sorry—don't look so offended, Beau—that I didn't say forty, for ma tante looked so cut up at my leaving before the windup. Eh?"

turning to the man servant. "Oh, Madeira, if all you fellows are drinking it, I hate to drink a solitary drink. So it's too, is it? That means, generally, lose for you, Beau. How does the luck go?"

"Confoundedly," said the host.

Nothing Like It For Bronchitis And Weak Throat

Remarkable Cures in the Worst Cases Reported Daily.

CURES WITHOUT USING DRUGS.

Doctors now advocate an entirely new method for treating bronchitis and irritable throat. Stomach dosing is no longer necessary.

The most approved treatment consists of a healing vapor resembling the pure air of the Adirondacks.

This soothing vapor is full of germ-destroying substances, and at the same time is a powerful healing agent. It is sent to the bronchial tubes and lungs through a skillfully devised inhaler that can be carried in the vest pocket. Simplicity itself is the keynote of this splendid treatment.

CATARRHIZONE is the name of this wonderful invention that is daily curing chronic cases of weak throat, bronchitis and catarrh. Every breath through the inhaler is laden with soothing, healing substances that destroy all diseased conditions in the breathing organs; it can't fail to cure because it goes where the trouble really exists, and doesn't attempt to cure an illness in the head or throat by means of medicine taken into the stomach. Catarrhizone is a direct, breathable scientific cure.

There is no sufferer from a grippy cold or any winter ill that won't find a cure in Catarrhizone, which is employed by physicians, ministers, lawyers and public men throughout many foreign lands. Large size last two months and costs \$1.00 and is guaranteed; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c., all storeskeeper and druggists, or the Catarrhizone Co., Kingston, Canada.

"Pop's got a golden lining to the right-hand pocket of that sweet thing in waistcoats already."

The Hon. Willie shook his head. "Don't believe him, Jack. Come, let us cut in for whilst. I hate gambling games," and to the music of the laugh with which the incredulous hearers welcomed his assertion, he cut the cards.

Sides were taken and the play commenced. There was, of course, no conversation during the game, but in the intervals chitcha and the usual gossip ran on.

"And so you've bought a new hunter, Jack—a good 'un?" asked Walton. "Yes, very good," replied Jack Hamilton.

"Hem! if it was anything else that that would be equivalent to 'very bad,' for they take you in over everything except horseflesh."

"Not everything," remonstrated the other, with a smile. "I bought some cribbage pegs in the street just now, three to a penny; no take in there," and he drew them from his pocket.

"Yes, bought them for a penny and gave the fellow a shilling in the bargain, no doubt—very cheap," muttered Fopton, inaudibly.

"It's wonderful how they make them for the money and manage to live. This poor little thing—only a bit of a thing."

"Ah! I thought it was a woman!" broke in Walton, laughing. "Anything feminine, and Jack's done for. Come, she'd got the father or mother in the hospital, and three sisters to keep, hadn't she? I thought so," he continued, although Jack had made no reply. "I never bought anything of a girl in the streets who hadn't. Oh, Jack, what a fine setting you ought to have, for no emerald was ever greener. There, diamonds trumps, that's a revoke, and the trick."

There was a round of laughter, in which Jack's voice sounded far above the rest.

"You fellows are too clever," he said, shaking his head and trying to look very wise and hard-hearted over the brim of a wine-glass. "You don't believe any one and so lose the truth in the crowds of falsehoods. Now, after all, it doesn't matter if the poor little thing hadn't a father in the hospital, and all that; she was deuced cold, wet to the skin, and miserable, any idiot could see that—or else I shouldn't, perhaps, eh? I heard you, Beau—and what does it matter for the rest? A sovereign—"

"A sovereign, and it will take me all night to win five of him!" groaned Fopton, throwing up his eyes with mock amazement.

"A sovereign will make her happy for a week, poor little thing!"

"Poor little thing!" retorted Walton, slapping the herculean shoulder, patronizingly.

"There, old fellow, you lead. All the chaffing in the world won't chaff that big heart of yours out of you. Diamonds trump again. So the ball was a success was it, Jack?" asked Fopton.

"Great," replied Jack Hamilton. "Never saw my aunt come out better, and she has the word for this sort of thing."

"And Lady Maud was beautiful tonight!" asked Walton.

"She is always beautiful," said Jack, in a voice that had a certain reverential pride. "Why didn't you fellows come? You all had cards."

"I have been up for the last week, drums every night," said Fopton. "I couldn't manage it to-night, positively; a little quiet recreation was necessary for this patient; besides, Beaumont had booked us for this. I told Lady Pacewell, and she understood."

"She's a brick," the young fop was about to say, but in deference to poor Jack, who was stupidly ticklish about strong terms for ladies, substituted "a sensible woman."

"Yes," said Jack; "spades trumps. By the way, do any of you fellows know where the Royal Signet Theatre is?"

"The what?" asked Beaumont.

"The Royal Signet, I think," replied Jack. "Stop a moment, I have it, I think," and he extracted from a pocket half filled with boxes of fuseses and other street ware, a blue box ticket and, reading from it, said:

"Yes, Royal Signet Theatre, private box—Benefit of Horatio Montague."

"What on earth have you got there, and how did you come by it?" exclaimed Beaumont, stopping his deal with point-blank astonishment.

"One question at a time, please," said Jack, laughing. "First, where is the Signet?"

"I know," said Walton. "Somewhere down east. But nobody goes there, and very few know where it is."

"A cabman could find it, I dare say," said Walton, "but you haven't told us where you got the ticket from, Jack."

"Bought it."

"I don't doubt that, but how and of whom?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I was in at Puff's, the tobacconist's, getting some cigars, when a man came in and stood waiting. I told Puff I wasn't in any hurry, but he laughed, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Montague can wait a minute or two, it's only business." But Mr. Montague couldn't wait, and after thanking me quietly, laid a small packet upon the counter, and said:

"There are the tickets, I am rather in a hurry."

"All right," said Puff, and threw the packet into a corner and came back to me. The man raised his hat again and smiled. Something about him made me curious; he had a certain air of a gentleman, mixed with a slight swagger that was singular. Puff saw me glance at the packet, and picked it up.

"Benefit tickets, sir," said he. "Per-

2 Cakes Cuticura Soap and 3 Boxes Ointment

Heal Two Weeks Old Baby Of Skin Trouble.

"When about two weeks old my baby turned blue, and in a couple of days broke out in a rash. Then she turned sore around her ears and on the top of her head, and on her arms and legs. The skin was red and she scratched till she made it bleed. She could not sleep."

"I wrote for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It was a great relief, so I bought more, and I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Ointment when she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Alfred Ryan, 167A St. Martin St., Montreal, Que., August 10, 1917.

For every purpose of the toilet Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

haps you know the gentleman?"

"I asked who he was."

"That's Montague, from the Signet," he replied. "Fine man in his time, but broken now and used up. He's got a benefit on, and has brought a pa few tickets to sell; sometimes I can get rid of one here and one there."

"He handed me one or two, and I bought one for the box, ten shillings; cheap as dirt, isn't it?"

"And almost as nasty," said Beaumont, laughing.

"It's a good thing you are well lined, Jack, 'pon my soul. Ten shillings thrown away."

"Not a bit," said Jack; "I shall go." The three friends stared, then laughed.

Jack gravely pulled a bill from his pocket and unfolded it.

"Here's the bill of the play, 'The Happy Couple.' A screaming farce, and the deeply exciting melodrama of 'The Pirate's Gorge.'"

"Complimentary to the pirate. I thought it was only box constrictors and the serpent kind that indulged in that pastime," said Fop, commendingly.

"Nonsense," said Jack. "This is a different gorge, a ravine, a mountain pass. Alfonso, the Pirate—by Horatio Montague."

"That'll do, Jack," laughed Beaumont, "spare me the dramatic personae. And so you mean to go? It'll be the death of you, Pop, you can recommend him a good undertaker! Good heavens, 'The Pirate's Gorge!'"

Jack joined in the laugh, but folded up the bill carefully.

"Chaff away," he said, "but I'm serious and I'm curious, too. Something about the man interested me—"

"A great many people possess that valuable something, Jack; too many for your pocket, old fellow. Pitch that stuff in the fire, you'll be tired to death in five minutes. Besides, you're engaged to-morrow, little Wildman's spread, you know."

(To be continued.)

Gas Masks and Whiskers.

To be clean shaven or bearded like the pard is the alternative presented to the German first-line troops. The reason is the gas mask. Some authorities hold that the mask cannot be relied upon to protect any but clean-shaven faces; others again hold that a dense hirsute growth within the mask acts as an additional hair filter. But it must be a real patriarchal beard—no mere seven or fourteen days' bristles, says an article in the Deutsche Tageszeitung. The writer holds that the full beard is a perfectly Teutonic attribute, and should be cultivated as such. Besides, according to ancient traditions, it adds "frightful aspect," he naively adds. Gas tests at the front in airtight cubicles are carried out every fortnight, and full-bearded men testify to the additional security afforded by their beards.

Sunken Eyes Brighten Quickly, Health Returns

In a Message to Ailing Women Doctor Hamilton Tells How It is Done.

In speaking of the ills from which women suffer, Dr. Hamilton points out that nine out of every ten women are by nature inclined to habitual constipation. Harsh purgatives are resorted to which only intensify the trouble. Although not generally known, it is a constipated condition of the bowels that causes half the sickness and tired weariness with which all mankind is so familiar. It was after long years of study that Dr. Hamilton perfected the pills which have been of such marvellous benefit to women the world over. In his pills of Mandrake and Butternut every sufferer will find an absolute specific for constipation, sick headache and biliousness. It is safe to say that Dr. Hamilton's Pills bring better health and keep the system in a more vigorous condition than any other medicine ever discovered. At all dealers, in 25c boxes.

Broad of Brim.
The aeroplane model. Is the latest in sailor hats. Needless to say, it is large.

MOTHERS TO BE Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

