



Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Oh, ah!" he said. "Chancery cases were adjourned for half an hour, as I expected. Mr. Campbell has returned to the court. Couldn't possibly see you. No interest in further business at present. Now, if you cannot wait, and will give me a fee of two guineas—"

"Out of my way, you ugly toad!" the captain roared. "Can't you see that the young lady is fainting? She can't stand this atmosphere of roguery. The very air reeks with the reeking of human souls!"

He led Elsie into the court, and then with one startled glance about her, she whispered:

"I am better, thank you. Let us go home. I do not wish to see that man. I could not face him, and he shall never know the misery that he has made for me!"

"Poor little girl! Trust in me and the misde. We'll stand by you to the finish, and show the enemy no quarter."

There was smoldering wrath in his eyes, and at that moment he would have given half his fortune to be twenty years younger.

He helped Elsie into the carriage, and then climbed in himself.

"Shall we go through the Park?" he asked, tenderly.

"Anything you like," was the reply. "Do not forget to pay the man who has misled the pony."

"I forgot," he said. "Poor devil, he wants it, too, I'll be bound."

The man was watching him feverishly, and when half a sovereign found its way into his trembling fingers instead of the promised silver, his feelings nearly overcame him.

"God bless you, sir, and lady," he said; "but for this I might have been a scoundrel to-night. I'll never forget you."

Just then Mr. Campbell's clerk appeared, and said, deferentially:

"Excuse me, sir, but would you oblige by giving me your name? Mr. Campbell—"

"Captain Parker and Miss Elsie Sterne, tell your infernal master!" was the savage reply.

He did not trouble to bestow another word or glance upon the barrister's clerk, or he would have seen that worthy start and change color.

"By the living fingo!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "What an ass I've made of myself! Why couldn't that old fire-eater have given me the names at once? There, the governor has just stepped into Grant's place, and might just as well have gone there an hour later. I wonder what's in the wind! Nothing very pleasant, to judge by the

old man's face! And, my star! that count of his a beauty! Never saw a nicer-looking young lady! Well, it's a pretty pickle, that's all, and I don't see anything to be made out of it, either."

"She looked like an angel," murmured a voice at his elbow, "and but for her the old man might have forgotten to give me this."

He held up a bright half-sovereign, and faced the astonished clerk.

"I was just thinking of suicide, and couldn't have asked him for anything, for I was speechless with anxiety. I've been starving for three whole days—a jail-bird, d'ye see, Larkins? Only been out three days, after a term of seven years! You know me at last, do you?"

"Webster!" gasped the other, his jaw dropping.

"Yes, it's Webster, who was duped by you and Lawyer Grant. I'm going to eat and drink, Larkins! He! ha! Eat and drink, and then pay Grant a visit! Don't stand trembling like a jellyfish, Larkins. You were only a cat's-paw; about all you are good for anywhere. Grant is my game, and I only hold you in contempt for being avaricious and wholly unscrupulous in a small way. You are a coward jackal—a skulking wolf, a sneak, a toady—anything that is utterly mean and contemptible. Will you come and dine with me? I am famishing, Larkins. See, I have money, honestly earned. You may tell me something useful about Grant—about the old gentleman who gave me this half-sovereign, and the beautiful young lady."

Larkins dared not refuse. He took Webster to a restaurant where they were not likely to be noticed, and Larkins paid the bill. They talked earnestly together for an hour, and Webster rubbed his hands together gleefully.

"Larkins," he said, at last, "although you don't deserve it, you shall get off scot-free! Give me ten pounds. I must not face the old lawyer like a tattered vagabond. He might give me in charge again—accuse me of robbing him. I must appear like a gentleman. The first impression is everything."

"Meet me here at seven, sharp," Larkins replied. "I will bring the money with me."

They shook hands, and parted, Larkins muttering:

"By the living fingo! He staggered me, but if I round up on the old man now there may be something in it."

Webster turned his footsteps in another direction, thinking:

"She and the old gentleman saved me from suicide! If I can help her, and from what Larkins pretends to know, I think I can—if I can help her, and see one smile of gladness in her angel face, I shall be rewarded."

He brushed a couple of hot tears from his eyes.

The first ray of sunshine that falls across the way that we have long traveled in darkness is never forgotten. The first helping hand, the first sweet sympathy that lifts a despairing soul from the brink of death! Ah, none who have suffered can ever forget!

CHAPTER XXXV.

Though blessed with the love of one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls in all England, Colin Erasmilife was not a happy man. Her kisses yet warm upon his lips, the memory of her clinging form still vibrating through every nerve of his being, her honey words still breathing in his ears, he looked along his eyes downcast, his whole appearance that of a man who is supremely miserable.

Successful in love, and surfeited with the flattery of men, he was unhappy. There was not an influential paper that had not sounded his praises. The versatility of his genius was remarkable, and had he not prostituted his talent for the sake of immediate nec-

essities, fame and fortune would have knocked at his door much earlier.

When unknown to fame, and while studying for other pursuits, Colin Erasmilife had painted crude pictures for the dealers for a few pounds each. He had made a boast that his mother was at last relieved from the payment of his tailor's bills.

But if his pictures were rugged and glaring, and the mechanical properties woefully inconsistent, the keen eyes of the Oxford street dealer saw that the young artist was possessed of no common order of force and originality. What is mere perspective, after all? An ordinary draughtsman at thirty-five shillings per week successfully masters these paltry details. The Jewish dealer made a bargain with Colin Erasmilife. He was to have the exclusive right to all his work, and in return would guarantee him a monthly check for fifty pounds.

To a youth just out of his teens, who was ashamed of being a burden upon a mother whose limited income barely sufficed to supply her own needs, the sum of fifty pounds monthly was a huge windfall—a perfect shower of gold.

Colin accepted gladly, and during the following three years painted many pictures for Lazarus Cohen. Some of his commissions were pictures of famous race-horses, from life, and critics began to believe that he was gifted with the brush of a Landseer. In this way he came under the notice—rather, his work came under the notice and approval of Lord Somerton. In addition to his legal studies, he took lessons in perfecting the art that he loved. During the summer vacations he took flying trips to Venice and Rome. He cared not for the usual holidays in which most young men delight. No fatigue was too great for him in the prosecution of his efforts to raise himself beyond mere mediocrity. Finally he fell in with a French artist, who had roved the world and made money in every capital of Europe—a man whose paintings decorated the walls of kings and princes, and several of which might be found in the glittering salons of New York.

An artist of great possibilities, he had once painted for fame, but now his wants were limited to the wine-cup. He could work no longer; he was old beyond his years; debauchery had done its worst; but he could give hints that were invaluable to a young artist of such power as Colin Erasmilife.

So far he had not dreamed of a competency from his brush. His law studies were ever before him, and he was called to the bar. He was fortunate enough to have several cases entrusted to his care, and he acquitted himself so ably that the seniors soon began to compete for his services. During one great trial that lasted seven days, he outpointed the attorney-general—single-handed. The Queen's counsel from whom he had received the brief was ill, and the young barrister's future was predicted a brilliant one. A hundred men shook him by the hand, and the papers were proud of him.

He left the courts disgusted with himself. He knew that his client was a scoundrel, and that by obtaining a verdict for him he had done a worthy gentleman a deep and lasting wrong.

In the meanwhile he had become a perfect master of his other art—the art he loved. His landscapes were Turnerque, his country scenes equal to Foster, but it was a portrait painter that he was destined to make fame and fortune.

The first of these was a likeness of Miss Adeline Cleveland, a lady whom he greatly admired—a protégé of his mother, and the stepdaughter of Lawyer James Grant, who took considerable pains to pose as the young man's benefactor.

(To be continued.)

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That there is a widespread traffic in drugs no one will deny. The evidence is to be seen every day in the police stations, courts and hospitals. The war is blamed by some persons for this new scourge, while others put the responsibility on prohibition. The latter alleged cause is scoffed at by the prohibitionists. But here comes a witness in the person of Brigadier-General W. St. Pierre Hughes, D.S.O., superintendent of the penitentiary branch of the Department of Justice, an official keen for prison reform, and who does not believe in capital punishment. General Hughes rose to his high position in the war and as penitentiary superintendent he has had extraordinary experience in the ways of criminals and the causes of their downfall. General Hughes the other day lectured before the Women's Missionary Society at Ottawa and made statements that startled the delegates. He said that he was an advocate of temperance, which he practices, but he was decidedly of the opinion that prohibition was the cause of the illicit drug traffic. The authorities never had any trouble with the drug traffic until prohibition came in, he said. A man could be cured of drinking but a drug addict could not be cured, or could be only with great difficulty. They would go to any lengths to get the drugs and generally were successful. He did not think it was wise to take liquor away from men. Drugs, which they resorted to, were worse. Morphine and heroin even came into the penitentiaries, this despite the best efforts of the prison authorities. In Sing Sing penitentiary in New York state there were last year 871 drug addicts. There are many in the Canadian prisons and they manage even when behind the bars to get the drugs they are victims of, smuggled in to them. Keep the boot-licker and drugs away and there will be less criminals, concluded General Hughes. His remarks are worth pondering over by both sides to the liquor question, especially to the prohibition forces, for he is a practical temperance man.—The Review.

Nine Bullets End Dry Sleuth's Life

SCORES TRAMPLE VICTIM'S BODY IN RUSH FROM CABARET.

BUFFALO, Nov. 13.—(Associated Press.)—George A. Stewart, federal prohibition enforcement agent, was shot dead in a soft drink cabaret at Hertel and Vestal avenues at 2:15 o'clock Sunday morning. Nine bullets from two automatic pistols were fired into his body from a distance of ten feet as he made an ineffectual attempt to defend his own life.

As he fell under the fusillade, Stewart fired one shot at the two men who were pumping lead into him. His bullet went wild and two brothers named Pannavia, one a part owner of the place against which Stewart was trying to obtain evidence, are being sought by the police and federal officials on a charge of murder.

The shooting came as a climax to Stewart's all day activities trying to corral a gang of run-runners whom he traced from Niagara Falls to Buffalo.

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Each, 98c.

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In shades of Navy, Brown and Grey. Per pair 75c. to 98c. Ladies \$1.25 to \$1.59

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In shades of Fawn and Grey, draw string at waist.
Each \$1.98

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All shades.
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Good quality, will not scale or crack.
Per Yard 39c.

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trampled over the dead agent's body in their mad rush for the doors when the firing ceased. The orchestra dropped their instruments and ran. The men sought, it is alleged, emptied their pistols at the dry agent from behind a trellis-work partition which divided the dance floor from the cloak room. Stewart was instantly killed by the first bullets fired.

The other shots were fired into his body as he lay dead on the floor. A tenth shot was imbedded an inch deep in the floor alongside his body.

Two of the leaden steel jacketed bullets penetrated his heart.

Spike From Sacred Cross

The world is full of supposedly sacred relics. One writer has said that if all the wood supposedly taken from the Sacred Cross were assembled there would be sufficient wood to make many crosses. Among the treasures of the King of Italy is a historic relic of almost unparalleled interest. This is the famous iron crown of Lombardy, one of the most precious heirlooms of the Italian royal house. The crown is made partially of iron. Tradition declares that it was made from one of the nails used at the crucifixion. This was beaten out into a thin rim of iron, which was set in gold and is adorned with jewels. Pope Gregory bestowed it upon Queen Theodolinda, under whom the Lombards first changed their Adrian faith for the Catholic. Charlemagne was crowned with it, and so were Henry of Luxemburg and succeeding emperors. It was also used at the coronation of Napoleon I. The Emperor of Austria restored it to the King of Italy in 1866.

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