

**PERRY DAVIS**  
**Painkiller**  
The Home Remedy

TAKE IT FOR  
**CRAMPS—COLIC—**  
**DIARRHŒA**

APPLY IT FOR  
**BRUISES—SPRAINS**  
**—SORE THROAT**

**Lord Cecil's Dilemma**

**The Picnic**  
**Woodall Forest**

The lawyer's eyelids fluttered, but he replied, steadily:

"Certainly not. I am as much in the dark as you are. I quite believe that she was at the Hall, until I heard from you a few days since."

"I only believe half you say, Lupus, for I recognise your fine Italian hand in the libelous reports that originated in a scurrilous society paper. Mind you, sir, I will obtain certain proof of this, and if you are not careful, things may go hard with you. At present I am not sure whether you are in league with this woman or not; but no matter how you play with me, you are on the losing side!"

"Sir Charles, you are mad!" blurted Lupus. "I would remind you, Sir, that another gentleman is present!"

The young baronet had not heard the door open, but he turned to encounter the eager glance of a big, bloated man, some five years his senior. So questioning was his gaze that Hastings looked at him sharply a second time, and in some way he felt convinced that the interrupted conversation had more than a passing interest for him. This conviction caused him to make a mental note of his appearance—tall, fair, and good-looking in his youth; a brown, neglected beard; a blotchy, swollen face; vicious gray eyes and eyebrows that met thickly in the center of the forehead over a short nose.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lupus," Sir Charles said, turning on his heel. "I don't know that I shall have any more use for you, unless I am provoked again!"

With this ambiguous remark he measured the waiting client from head to foot—for he had distinctly seen a glance of warning flash from the lawyer's eyes—and turned upon his heel.

"Feters," snarled Lupus, to the office boy, "watch that gentleman out of sight!"

Not till the office boy returned did the lawyer take further notice of his bloated client; but when he knew that Sir Charles was actually gone, he beckoned him to the inner room.

"That is your rival, Spiers!" he

laughed, sardonically. "I dared not ask him into the privacy of this office, lest you burst in upon us, and betray yourself. I tell you that you must drop the liquor, or we play to lose!"

"I feel that I hate him," growled Spiers, "and have yet to learn that he has not lured Lucy away from me."

"You talk like a fool," sneered Lupus, "though what can have become of her is a mystery. I have seen her but once since she announced her determination to assume the title of Lady Hastings, and she declared you to be dead!"

"But I am not, you see!" was the bitter retort. "She deserted me in Monaco, when I was supposed to be dying, and took every shilling away with her."

"Her own money!" the lawyer reminded him. "She left England with a large fortune."

"And she tired of me," continued Spiers, savagely—"tired of me and left me penniless in a strange land. I felt lenient toward her—I tried to believe that she really thought me dead, and was afraid of the infection that was ravaging the place. I was too fond of her to be harsh, until you told me that she confessed a fondness for this husband. Ha! ha!"

There was mirth in his laugh, but his face wreathed itself into a sardonic grin, and his bloodshot eyes rolled like those of a wild beast.

"If I believed that he was hiding her," he continued, with growing ferocity; "hiding her from me with her consent, for the sake of the thirty thousand pounds, which she had when she left Monaco, I would visit my gentleman, and murder them both!"

"You talk madness," interpolated Ebenezer Lupus.

"Are you working straight with me?" demanded Spiers, suspiciously, "or is it a game of double?"

"I think that I have lent you between fifty and sixty pounds already!" was the retort.

"Will you swear that Lucy said that she cared for this fellow?" he went on, moodily.

"I will, and I don't wonder at it."

"You don't wonder at it!" mimicked the other. "You know nothing at all about it!"

"You have squandered half her fortune—you have abused her! She cared for you once, but believed you to be dead, and was glad of it. You have become a mere drunken brute."

"And Lucy is in love with this baronet, eh?"

"Yes," replied Lupus, with a cunning smile.

"And you are helping her against me!"

"No; I deny that. I am of the opinion that she has again fled to escape you, and that what money I have lent you is gone. I shall lend you no more. I have simply made a bad bargain, and must put up with the loss. Your appearance has lost me a fortune. It has not only frightened away Lucy Ranklin—I beg pardon, Lady Hastings—but Sir Charles also."

"You lie!" interrupted Spiers, with drunken ferocity.

"Pray bear me out, sir," said Lupus, tartly. "You have led me astray by swearing that you had proof that Lucy was at Emden. Do not believe one word of it now. Had it been the truth, we could have put twenty thousand pounds in our pockets, and she would have still been under your control, had you desired it. By trusting to your statements, I have missed a big chance, and parted with my hard-earned ready money. I shall be pleased to bid you good-day, Mr. Spiers!"

"So this is your new hand!" snarled Spiers. "You are playing into the hands of this baronet now! but I'll be revenged. I'll kill him—I'll kill her, and you!"

He sprang at Lupus, and tried to seize him by the throat. He bore him to the office floor, but Lupus slipped out of his grasp like an eel, his deepest gray eyes gleaming with fury. In a moment he had snatched a revolver from a private drawer, and the musk was thrust into his assailant's face.

"One movement," he panted, "and I will make carrion of you! Out of my office, rascal! and if ever you put foot over the doorstep again, I will shoot you!"

Spiers glowered at him, and retreated to the door, which the half-scared office-boy was holding open.

"You have bested me in every way, Mr. Lupus," said the fellow. "You have got my papers from me; you have wormed everything out of me with promises; but my turn will come. I am going in search of Lucy to kill her; I will kill this baronet who has taken my place in her heart—who is spending her money; then I shall come back to you!"

He recoiled into the street, and Ebenezer Lupus smiled in a sickly fashion, and shuddered.

For a little while he remained in deep thought. Should he send for Sir Charles and warn him? Should he sell him the whole truth? Would the young baronet believe him? Would he be willing to pay a substantial sum of money down? Ebenezer Lupus came to the conclusion that he would not, and he relinquished the idea with a sigh. He had clearly overreached himself—he had missed a fortune by a streak of ill-luck just when it was within his grasp. The unexpected appearance of Spiers had been the first shock to his plans. Then he had hoped to still make a large sum by taking Spiers partly into his schemes. He was informed that Lucy Ranklin was at Emden, and believed it. Sir Charles Hastings' actions gave color to it—until his last letter. Then came his visit that day, and Lupus was convinced that Lucy was gone, and with her vanished his dreams of gold.

"No, I will not warn Sir Charles," he exclaimed; "I will tell him nothing. He is not the man to part with money. Even if he were inclined to do so, he is quite capable of commencing the suit against me for conspiracy. Let him go his own way, and I will bide my time—I will bide my time!"

(To be continued.)

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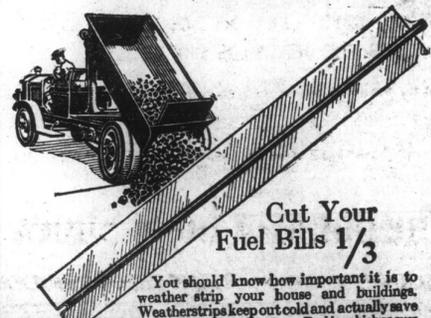
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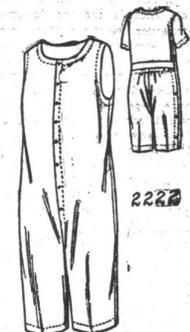


4009-4012. For business, shopping and outing, this jaunty model will be very satisfactory. Skirt and blouse could be of the same material, or finished in contrast. As here shown white flannel, was used for the skirt trimmed with a broad band of white on which squares of black satin form a "checker board" trimming. The free edges of blouse and skirt show a matched binding.

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**Ex-Kaiser's Cruel Conduct.**

AS HIS FATHER LAY DYING.

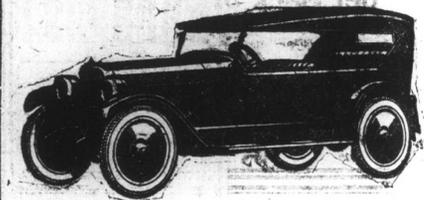
"Why didn't father fall at Woerth?" meaning the battle of Woerth-a-der-Sauer in the Franco-German war in 1870, when the then Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm defeated the French. "It would have been lucky," said the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm to his mother, the daughter of Queen Victoria, according to Robert Dohme, who was a member of the court of Wilhelm's father, Friedrich III. In his memoirs, now being published, Dohme in referring to the well known differences between father and son, describes the selfish behavior of Wilhelm's entourage on the occasion of his father's death. The day before he died officers attached to Wilhelm's

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suits forcibly entered the castle and occupied its rooms, making themselves at home and behaving like masters toward the attendants.

The castle was surrounded by troops under the command of Wilhelm's friends; who cut the castle off from all communication with the neighborhood. While Kaiser Friedrich was dying nobody, not even his children, could enter or leave without permit from Wilhelm's friends.

Dohme concludes: "How the scene had changed! A mild regime had place to the sword. One could see oneself in the midst of Russia!"