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Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. Parker gave him a few commissions, which he listened to attentively; then Elsie took her seat beside him, and away they went.

"Now, my child," the captain said, determinedly, "I want you to be open and aboveboard with me. No sailing under false colors. Just tell me the trouble, and I'll sail into the enemy."

In a few words Elsie told him of the charges that had been made against Sir John, told him of her own helplessness in the hands of Lawyer Grant and the Earl of Somerton, and the determination of the latter to make her his wife, not omitting a portion of her own romantic love story.

"So this is how the land lies, eh?" he growled, his mustache bristling with anger. "By George, Sir John is either guilty or mad! But I can't believe it, I can't believe it. He was always the soul of honor, and who knows him as well as I do? Why the deuce didn't he send for me to help look after his affairs? Bah! I suppose Lady Helena objected to it. Look here, Miss Elsie, we must have this Mr. Ernccliffe at my place. It strikes me very forcibly that he knows something, and that fellow Castlemon, and the clergyman. What a muddle things are in! Just let this lordling show his face outside of my fort, and I'll open a broadside battery upon him. Now, don't be disheartened, but things are a sight worse than I thought they were, and it seems to me that Noel Campbell has got the old man cleverly ambushed. Curse the unnatural scoundrel! See him, by all means, and it may be that the sight of your pretty face will soften his heart. If there is any truth in the affair, I'll hang that Jack—your pa, I mean—morally gutless. I'm going to do a pile of thinking about this job. No wonder my little girl looks pale and upset."

He relaxed into silence, and did not speak again until they were opposite Farrington Market.

"I must not forget to make my purchases," he said, "and Mrs. Parker thinks that oysters can be bought nowhere so good as in the market. Hold the reins, Elsie, for five minutes. I won't be longer."

The captain guided the pony to the curbstone, and handing the reins to Elsie, walked into the market.

His five minutes became fifteen, and when he returned he was panting, and blowing hard.

"By George!" he exclaimed, as he climbed into his seat, after depositing a large bag of oysters in the rear of the carriage. "By George! if you had not told me that Markham, Sir John's old valet, had accompanied his master to India aboard the City of Richmond, I would have sworn that I nearly ran against him in the market, and I am not sure now that it wasn't he!"

Elsie raised a pair of startled eyes to his perplexed face.

"It is impossible," she said. "I know that he went with papa. He could not exist without Markham."

"Then the valet's got a twin," the captain declared, confidently, "and a twin that took to his heels when he saw me, nutton-chop whiskers and all! I followed him up pretty smart, and called him by name, but he gave me the slip. These extraordinary likenesses do occur at times; but what the deuce did he show a clean pair of heels for? My decks weren't cleared for action."

"A mutual misunderstanding," Elsie replied, and dismissed the incident from her mind, for they were now turning out of Farrington into Fleet Street.

"We will go back by way of the Park," Mr. Parker observed, "if you don't object. Nobody will be there worth a dollar at this time of the year, and I always think its pleasanter when that crowd of effete aristocracy is gone."

Elsie acquiesced, but did not show any interest in the subject. Her interview with Noel Campbell was so near that she shivered with nervous apprehension.

The pony crawled through Fleet street, and the lovely girl was quite unconscious of the many admiring eyes that were turned upon her.

"Whoa!" commanded the captain, pulling up the pony at Temple Court. "Here we are, my girl, and I'm going just far enough with you to keep you within sight and sound. A sort of bodyguard. Do you understand?"

Elsie nodded.

"It is necessary, after what you have told me, for there's no knowing what old Grant and Lord Somerton may be up to! May try to spirit you off right under my eyes. I am not very clear myself upon the guardian law, and shan't take any chances. Here, you!" he added, loudly, to a half-starved-looking fellow, who was hungrily eyeing his movements.

"Look after this horse, and when I come back, there will be half-a-crown for you. Don't be afraid of him, or go crased with pleasure over getting so much for doing nothing."

The man was trembling with eagerness as he seized the reins. His face was clean and intelligent, but miserably white and thin.

"Looks as though he'd nothing to eat for a week," the captain said, in an undertone, as he handed Elsie down. "Conservative governments are ruination, but I never could agree with Jack upon that score. Take my arm, child, and I'll conduct you to the den of the wolf; but don't forget that there's a lion at the back of you!"

They paused at the foot of the dark stairway where Campbell's name, among a dozen others, was painted on the wall.

"Second floor," said Captain Parker. "What comfortable places these chambers seem to be!"

They mounted two flights of stairs, and passed before a door, upon the glass upper half of which again appeared the name of Noel Campbell. The door was closed, and the captain knocked. In reply, a little dapper fellow darted out of a book-like den opposite, and looked inquiringly at the visitors, demanding:

"Well?"

It was the same, foxy, horrid individual whom Elsie had seen on the stairs on her former visit to Temple Gardens, the man whom she had believed to be Noel Campbell. Was she right after all?

"I want Mr. Campbell," said the captain, brusquely. "Is he in?"

"He is not far away. What is your business, please? I am his clerk."

He waved his right hand magnificently, adding:

"You can go in and sit down. I will be with you in one minute."

If I had such an insolent baggar as that for a clerk, I'd kick him through the skylight."

"Beg pardon, sir!" was the supercilious remark of the little fox, who had followed closely upon his heels.

"Yes, I would!" roared the captain. "See here! We are here on business. Where is Mr. Noel Campbell?"

"In the law courts. If your business is urgent, and I consider it of sufficient importance to send for Mr. Campbell, I will do so. If he is unable to leave the case he is arguing before the chancery master, I will either make an appointment for a later hour or secure you other counsel. The fee is two guineas."

The captain was about to reply when his eyes fell upon the figure of a tall young fellow slowly pacing the court below, a cigar between his lips, and both hands deep in his pockets.

"Why, you unmitigated liar!" he thundered. "Your master is hiding his time away in the court, and by the look of him and his office, he hasn't had a case in chancery for six months! Fetch him up here sharp, and no more of your threadbare prevarications."

The clerk leisurely surveyed the barrister, saying:

"Ah, um! So he is! Chancery case adjourned, I suppose. Fee, sir, two guineas."

He slipped out of the office, and the captain remarked to Elsie:

"These half-starved sharks are mad after their fees. This hatchet-faced fox gets seven and six for himself out of each fee, and represents all the barristers in the building, probably. Thieves, every one of 'em!"

"Mr. Parker!" gasped Elsie, pale as death, and clinging to one of his hands. "Did you say that was my cousin, Noel Campbell—the gentleman below?"

"Why, certainly. I've known him from boyhood—not intimately, but by sight and reputation—too much by reputation, it appears!"

"You have made no mistake?" Elsie whispered, her face ghastly white.

"Oh, Mr. Parker, look again; do not tell me that it is true—do not break my last hope, or it will kill me!"

"God bless the girl, what's the matter?" the captain cried. "There, now, don't you go and faint away. If you are afraid to face the villain—well, don't, that's all! I can do all the talking that's wanted, and a sight more besides."

"No, no!" Elsie said, hoarsely. "Let me get out of this place; I am suffocating. It is Noel Campbell. God help me! I heard the clerk call his name, and he replied to it. Oh, how grossly I have been deceived! Colin, Colin, how could you do it? This is too much for me to bear."

"You don't mean that he's been masquerading, and pretending to make love to you, while he's been boring under the foundations of your father's name and honor!"

Mr. Parker's eyes flashed like sparks of steel.

"Take me away!" moaned Elsie. "I never wish to see him again. Noel Campbell and Colin Ernccliffe are one and the same. My heart is broken! Heaven pity me!"

JOY OF HEALTH WOMAN'S RIGHT

Mrs. Evans Freed from Female Weakness by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Detroit, Michigan.—"I had female weakness with pains in my back, and I could not stand on my feet for any length of time. I was working in a factory but had to quit as I was too much on my feet. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me, and I can hardly believe it myself that I am well. Oh, it is a grand thing to have your health! I feel well all the time and can go out and see the world and not feel that awful torture. When I took your medicine first I thought it should cure after the first bottle, but I am glad my husband kept me at it. I have had nine bottles and now I am well."

—Mrs. JAMES EVANS, 1604 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

If you are suffering from displacements, irregularities, backache, nervousness or other forms of female weakness, you should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The reason is given in letters like these, and we have published thousands of them. You may expect that a medicine that has helped other women will help you. Try it.

An Encounter With Chinese River Pirates

The cargo-boat had just pulled one of the hardest rapids and was creeping along the bank. I was out on shore. Our trackers were ready to come on board for food before trying the hardest rapid in the river. Their bowls of steaming rice and vegetables were waiting. A hum of contentment arose. Soon chopsticks were flying and food was disappearing. A scream of agony and warning reached us from across the river. "Our captain yelled an order to the men. Throwing bowls in every direction, they sprang to the oars. The officer called to his men and they lined up as for inspection. He gave an order and they inserted cartridge-clips into the guns. Calling to some ferry-men, he bade them come alongside. Soon the officer and twenty-five men were speeding out towards the middle of the river. We followed at a slower pace.

A sandpit, reaching far out into the water, marked the upper edge of the eddy on the side to which we were going. For a period varying from ten to thirty minutes after drifting in below the spit, a boat is practically helpless. The men who row are short of breath after the hard pull and the long bamboo cables must be drawn out slowly from the coils. The thread-boat that our captain watches so solicitously was lying in the still water just below the point of sand. Men were clambering up her sides and men were standing thick all over her deck. Still others, on shore, were waving their arms as if striking one another. The men were the much-dreaded river pirates, and our companion boat was in their hands.

When we struck the main channel, near the middle of the river, the current carried our boat and our large flag, which we had taken care to affix to the mast early in the morning, could be seen from the other side. Instantly, all the forces being exerted on the far shore changed direction. Down from the captive-boat pushed and tumbled half a hundred men, some on foot and others unarmed. Up the steep hillsides, they ran like goats, until when our boat had drifted in, we saw them on the very top of the cliffs, silhouettes against the leaden sky. From the clefts in the rocks peered their turbaned heads, and the bamboo-clumps were flecked with the blue of their clothing. Up the slopes they crept, all intent on slipping away from the scene of action. When we asked the reason for the rapid exit of men with such reputation for bravery, all fingers pointed toward Old Glory and as with one voice arose the cry: "The flag! The flag!" When the flag had burst into view as our boat turned, the leader of the band screamed to his men: "Great America! Great America! Run! Run! And they ran.—Saturday Night.

She tottered across the floor, and the captain seized her arm.

"My poor child," he said. "This is the last blow! I'll call him out; I'll shoot him; by eternal!"

On the stairs they met the clerk.

(To be continued.)

A band of uncured ostrich is used on the train of a gown of chiffon velvet.

Cold Completely Removed With Two Bottles

Most colds are the result of a weakened condition of the system. Nothing will undermine your health so quickly as a cold. More consumption results from neglected colds than any other source. When you notice a cold developing build up your system. The most effective way to do this is to take a tonic—Carrol. Mr. Harry Heller, of Regina, got rid of a cold of two months' standing by taking Carrol. Read what he says:

"After having used two bottles of your Carrol, I find that it has completely removed my cold from which I have suffered since the first week of December last. All other remedies have been failures and I strongly recommend to others who have been suffering from a similar ailment to try a bottle of your Carrol and I am sure they will not regret such a purchase."—Harry Heller, 2126 Broad St., Regina, Sask.

Mr. Heller suggests trying a bottle, but to get the full benefit of this wonderful preparation, you should take a Course of Carrol.

Carrol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

Honey Ants

The honey ant is so called from certain of the wingless individuals becoming so many honey-pots, their abdomens being distended with honey fed to them by the normal workers, including both dwarfs and majors. It is found from the Garden of the Gods in Central Colorado, to New Mexico. It erects mounds six or seven inches across, and two or three inches in height, in the shape of a flattened cone. In the interior is the "honey chamber" or a rough dome-roofed vault or fissure, the honey-bearers—800 in a large colony—clinging by their feet to the roof. Their yellow bodies are stretched along the ceiling, their swollen, round, amber-colored abdomens the size of currants hanging down.

The "honey" is obtained in the night time by the workers which go in long

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