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Blue-jay

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Royce, driven almost beside himself with disgust and loathing. "This is not the first time you have played baccarat, Seymour. I know the signs; and you always pleaded—Lord! what a hypocite you are! As for what you said just now, I'd wring your neck if you weren't my brother, and I wasn't convinced you were out of your mind. You come with me. What! you'd go back? No, you don't!"

"Only—only for my money," said Seymour, glancing up at him with a look of impotent hate.

Royce gave him a push.

"Get it, and be sharp!" he said; "and mind, I'll keep my eyes on you for the rest of the night."

Seymour clawed up his heap of sovereigns, gazing at the table with a covert wistfulness as he did so, and then linked his arm in Royce's.

"See, now, my dear Royce," he said, setting straight his coat, which Royce's by no means gentle usage had disarranged—"see what a terrible fascination the gambling-table exerts! Shun it, my dear Royce—shun it as you would a serpent! I have never—I give you my word as a gentleman—I have never played cards before—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Royce. "You're wasting breath. I know an old hand when I see him. Pull yourself together. Here's the supper-room. Try and remember that you are the Earl of Landon—good Lord!—and deceive these people as well as you can. You can't deceive me."

Seymour glanced up at him.

"Thank you, dear Royce. If I had a glass of water—with a little brandy in it—I only take it as medicine——"

Royce went to a side-table—they were in the hall now—and mixed a weak glass of brandy and water.

"Thank you," said Seymour. "You have not put much spirits in it. Quite right—quite right, my dear Royce. Always beware of——"

Royce looked him up and down—covered him, as it were with a gaze of scorn and loathing, and left him.

He saw Madge standing near one of the tables. A crowd of men surrounded her—the kind of crowd which collects round and faithfully attends the woman, who, by general consent, has been elected queen of the ball.

"Look at her!" he thought. "And this precious brother of mine called her a vagabond!"

She stood almost as tall as the men around her, the countess's diamonds glittering in her hair.

Yes, Madge the gypsy, was queen by the divine right of grace and beauty, and it was the moment of her coronation, so to speak.

He was making his way to her, threading the gayly talking and laughing groups, when he heard a strange noise at the head of the hall—strange because it was completely and utterly in discordance with the general tone.

It was not a cry of "Fire!" though it produced something of the effect upon him. He raised himself to his full height and looked down the hall and saw a half a dozen footmen, in their gorgeous liveries, crowding together, and apparently struggling with something or some one.

No one but himself seemed to notice the discordant note or the small scene of disturbance, for the talking and laughing of the crowd were as loud as they usually are at supper-time. But suddenly he heard a voice rise from the confused group at the end of the hall—a voice familiar to him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The hall was crowded, the guests were talking and laughing with the gayety and soupcon of abandon which usually sets in at supper-time come were seated at the tables brilliant with the old Landon plate, others were standing up, plate and glass in hand, and a great many of the men were assisting the footmen to minister to the ladies. No one noticed the slight confusion near the great door—least of all Madge, who, surrounded by her court, was declining, with laughing earnestness, the many offers of refreshments.

"I think you ought to pretend to sip this wine, Mrs. Landon" said Lord Rochester, "seeing that I have almost risked my life to get it."

Madge took the glass.

"If I am only expected to pretend," she said. "But there are ever so many people who have not had anything yet."

"And there are ever so many to attend to them" he remarked, coolly, declining to take his conge. "What a splendid old place this is! I never see it but I am tempted to break one of the commandments and covet Seymour's house."

He looked round the hall and up at the staircase, upon which was clustered a brilliant throng, and Madge's eyes followed his.

"My husband tells me that you have one of the finest castles in England, Lord Rochester," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, it's not bad!" he said "But somehow it hasn't the tone which Monk Towers possesses, and I believe it's as damp as a well. I haven't seen it for years. It is too big for a bachelor, and I have always kept it until—well, until I could take a companion there to share my rheumatism."

Madge smiled.

"You ought not to have much difficulty in finding one," she said, lightly; and she looked round at the bevy of beautiful women.

Lord Rochester sighed rather theatrically.

"Oh, I am always just too late!" he said, with a gallant little bow.

Madge laughed and blushed slightly. She was beginning to understand these kind of compliments.

"Some day I may induce you and Royce to pay me a visit I'll have a fire or two lighted, so that you need not be afraid——"

Then the noise at the end of the hall attracted his attention, and he looked over his shoulder.

"What is the matter there, I wonder?" he said. "Something broken?"

Madge looked in the same direction and saw the small crowd of servants moving round some object.

"Perhaps it is," she said carelessly. "Royce is going to see," she added, as Royce's stalwart figure made its way down the ball-room toward the door.

The countess passed at the moment.

"Is anything the matter, madame?" asked Madge.

The countess looked at her as if she did not understand.

"Not that I am aware of," she replied. Then she saw that something was wrong. "I do not know what it is," she sid.

"I will go and see," said Rochester, and he moved away.

The buzz of voices and laughter was very loud at the moment, but suddenly a voice broke through the waves of sound and reached Madge. She started and turned pale.

"What—who was that?" she exclaimed.

The countess had not heard the voice, and turned her calm, impassive eyes upon her.

"What was that?" she asked.

"I—I thought I heard some one speak, but it could not have been," said Madge, looking toward the door.

"There has been some accident with the supper things, probably," remarked her ladyship, indifferently. "I think they were going to bring in one or two more tables. There are still a great many persons to come to supper."

"It was not that," said Madge, under her breath, a vague dread hovering over her. "I thought I heard——"

She stopped, for suddenly a harsh voice made itself heard above those of the guests.

Madge uttered a low cry and took a step forward, then stopped and looked piteously at the countess.

"What is the matter?" demanded her ladyship, coldly. Anything in the shape of a scene was abhorrent to her. "Why are you so frightened?"

As she spoke, Lord Rochester came back to them with an unusually quick step.

"I think it would be as well as if the dancing was resumed, Lady Landon," he said. His voice was calm enough, but his face was grave, and the countess looked at him with haughty questioning

"Very well," she said, "though I think every one would be glad of a little rest. Why do you wish to shorten the interval, Lord Rochester?"

"Oh," he replied, with an attempt at carelessness, "it seems to me that the break has been long enough. Let me take you back to the ball-room, Mrs. Landon. I am sure your partners must be impatient."

Madge put her hand on his arm almost unconsciously her head still turned in the direction of the "something," that was going on near the door.

"What—what is it?" she asked in a subdued voice. "Why does Royce stop there?"

"Oh," he said, airily, "they need his presence for a few minutes. There has ben—yes, an accident. It is of no consequence. Will you come now?"

She moved as if to obey, then stopped.

"I can not!" she said. "I must go and see. Take me to him, please, Lord Rochester."

"I will not," he said, quickly. "It is a mere nothing, and Royce is dealing with it very nicely. You have no cause to be afraid."

It was an unlucky word if he wanted to persuade her, as he certainly did, to leave the hall with him.

"Afraid?" she echoed.

(To be continued.)

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Where Money Makes the Mare Go

Harry K. Thaw, murderer of Stanford White, has been declared sane by a Philadelphia jury, and is now free to go and come as he likes with the possibility, nay, the probability, of committing additional offences against society. It was eighteen years ago that Harry Thaw, the degenerate son of a rich Pittsburg ironmaster, shot and killed Stanford White, architect, one of the most talented Americans of his generation, in a New York Theatre. Through the use of enormous sums of money handed over by a doting mother Thaw escaped the chair by a plea of insanity in a second trial (the first resulting in a disagreement).

As an insane man he was sent to Matteawan, from which place he escaped in 1913, coming to Canada. No doubt it was his thought and the thought of his friends that by the liberal use of money, and by engaging the best local talent possible he could avoid further incarceration. However, much to the credit of Canada and Canadian law he was given short shift, for in almost no time Thaw found himself over the boundary into Vermont and again in the hands of the authorities, having been deported as an undesirable alien. For a time Thaw remained in custody, to be later released to go his dangerous way. For three years he was free, and in this interval conducted himself in a manner which proved to the hilt his degenerate tendencies. After various escapades, including an attempt at suicide and the assault of a youth, whom he whipped, Thaw was again incarcerated, to be freed once more as stated above by a Philadelphia jury.

It is almost unnecessary to state that had Thaw belonged to a poor, in place of a rich family he would in all probability been electrocuted for them urder of Stanley White, or at best placed where he could do no further harm, in place of which he is now free to become a further menace to society. Is it any wonder under the circumstances that law in the United States in respect to capital offences is held in contempt, and that the ratio of murderers is larger there many times over than either in Canada or Great Britain.—Saturday Night.

Higgins stands four-square with Monroe.

PUNK LITERATURE.

I wonder what the fellow means who publishes rot magazines; the mags which claim a motive high, while bringing to the public eye indecent pictures, rancid tales, of erring dames and sinful males. You see the blamed things everywhere; their beastly contents taint the air. One might endure this plague unblest, as we endure some other pest, if rot were rightly labeled rot, and not worked off as Gems of Thought. The editor should write, "Indeed, our stories are not fit to read; they are the fiercest ever sprung, their aim is to pollute the young; what care we, so we get the scads, if we corrupt a million lads?" The editor who argued thus would be candid sort of cuss, and candor, in that ink-stained gent would please us all to some extent. But he who edits magazines which spill the nation's moral beans, while printing vilences always claims the most exalted, righteous aims. "We print this beastliness," he writes, "of noisome slums and godless nights, that youthful readers may beware the pitfalls and the gin and snare." I wonder what the fellow means who edits filthy magazines! Is money all he has in view, a million bones or maybe two, when he is printing yarns decayed? Ah, all the money ever made would never tempt a decent man to follow up so foul a plan.

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2 and 3 Buckle Walking Shoes, perforated toes, rubber heels; sizes 3 to 6. Price $3.50.

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1-Button Shoes, low rubber heels, sizes 3 to 6, $3.00 Same style in Brown.

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Five of One Family

WIFE'S SISTER AND HER DAUGHTER AND A MAN KILLED.

When Fast Train Strikes Auto Near Amsterdam, New York.

AMSTERDAM, N.Y., May 7.—Eight persons were killed, six of them outright, when the first section of the 20th Century Limited, west bound on the New York Central tracks, struck an automobile on Degraff's Crossing, a mile east of this city. The dead are:

John M. C. Acee, 45, Amsterdam clothing merchant.

His wife, Emeline, 39.

His sons, Thomas, 5, and Joseph, 10 months.

His daughter, Julia, 14.

Mrs. Schasnda Harb, 26, of Utica, sister of Mrs. Acee.

Her daughter, Mary, 3.

David Spirono, 40, Amsterdam.

The Acee's with Mrs. Harb and her daughter had been visiting at a farm near Degraffe's Crossing; on the way home, the automobile, an enclosed car, virtually had cleared the track when the locomotive caught it. Mrs. Acee and her son Thomas were caught on the locomotive pilot and carried almost into the city before the train could be stopped. They were dead when removed from the pilot.

The woman's body was mangled and the boy had a broken neck. Acee, his other children and Spirono were killed outright. Mrs. Harb and her daughter were picked up living, placed in an automobile and started for the hospital, but died enroute.

Household Notes.

At a time when eggs are very cheap, make a supply of egg noodles and store away for later use.

A little minced lemon peel, nutmeg and powdered mace give an excellent flavor to veal pie.

If the simple, wholesome custards and puddings are carelessly flavored, they will not prove popular.

Bits of left-over cooked meat can be used in a jellied meat loaf. Garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg.

On a very small dining table a useful substitute for the silence cloth is a large sheet of blotting paper.

Place peeled, halved bananas on lettuce and top with chopped preserved ginger, walnuts and raisins.

Rub the pan in which potatoes are to be boiled with a little garlic and cook with them a sprig of mint.

If you do a great deal of crocheting, apply two coats of liquid court plaster to your finger to protect it.

If you cannot get ice regularly, keep your milk in a thermos bottle, having it chilled when you pour it in.

For a first course fill grapefruit "baskets" with a mixture of sweet ed pulp and cubes of mint gelatin

When stringing small beads, the end of the thread in glue and low it to harden. No needle is ne sary.

Prepare the usual baked macar au gratin, using one-half as m onions as the amount of macaro

Grease stains can generally be moved from silk by sponging cold water and soap and more water.

Fill a mold with layers of diffe flavors of marshmallow gelatine, slice and serve. The layers sh be colored differently to give the sired effect.

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