

THAT INEFFABLE TOUCH



In perfecting **THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER**, the aim of Richard Hudnut has been not only to furnish ladies with that ineffable touch that only the most exquisite cosmetic can give, but to combine in its preparation, the knowledge of the foremost skin specialists of the world. The result is a powder of extraordinary quality and haunting fragrance.

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The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I don't think I can tell you," said Madge, with a heavy sigh, "and yet you will soon know the truth—all the world will know it. I have left the Towers, and—and my husband, because I have brought shame and disgrace upon him—upon all of them."

She spoke with the awful calmness of despair. Why should she not tell the woman the truth? All the county knew it were probably discussing it at this moment.

"Shame, disgrace!" echoed Martha Hooper.

"Yes," said Madge. "You know—perhaps you do not, but it will be known before daylight—that I am a gypsy."

"A gypsy?" the woman looked at Madge's brown dress and red shawl—*"a gypsy?"* I thought you were play-acting. You look like a gypsy in those clothes."

"I am a gypsy," said Madge, sadly.

"It was in a gypsies' camp that Jack—that my husband first saw me, and—her voice broke—"loved me. I did not know the harm I was doing in letting him marry me. How could I have known?" She was scarcely speaking to the pale, frightened woman before her as communing with herself. "Then I came to the Towers, and—and I tried to be like the others, to be a lady, and—worthy of him; and to-night—her voice broke—"to-night I thought I had done so, that he would be proud of me. Then, just when I had forgotten what I had been a man came into the midst of them all, and told them all what I was!" Her eyes were dry and hot, yet as the washed tears were burning in them "Poor Jake!" she breathed, with a weary sigh; "he did not know the harm he was doing—"

Martha Hooper broke in with a low cry.

"Jake!" she breathed.

Madge looked up at her wearily.

"Yes, that is his name," she said faintly. "He is one of our tribe, and he followed me, I suppose, to get money. I would have given him all I could get; Jack would have given him anything to spare me, I know that. But it is all over now. The blow has fallen. Everybody knows, everybody looks down upon me and him with scorn!" She put her hands to her face and sighed.

There was no light in the room, and he struck a match. As he did so, he saw that he was not alone. Seymour was sitting in the chair by the table, his head on his arms. The room was redolent of brandy, and a decanter of that fascinating but destructive spirit had been overturned by the sleeping man's elbow.

Royce looked at him with infinite disgust. He had always doubted Seymour's elaborately paraded and loudly proclaimed virtues, but to-night Royce knew that the man had been torn from the arch-hypocrite's face.

He went up to the motionless figure and shook it by the shoulder.

"Wake up!" he said sternly.

"Wake up and get to bed," Seymour moved slowly and look-

Martha Hooper looked straight over Madge's head, with a strange expression on her face.

"Did he—Jake—come only to tell the grand people all he knew about you?" she asked in a dry voice.

Madge shook her head.

"I suppose so; I do not know. It does not matter. It is all over—all I can never go back. There is only one thing for me to do—to hide away from Jack till I die. I must never go back to my own people." She paused a moment, then raised her eyes to the white face in front of her.

"Will you help me? You have known sorrow and trouble, have you not?"

"Yes," she said, with a long breath.

"I will help you," Madge raised her eyes gratefully, and with a touch of surprise, for a change seemed to have come over Martha Hooper's face and voice. It was as if Madge's appeal had aroused a touch of resolution and an indication of strength in the nervous, fear-haunted woman.

"Come upstairs with me," she said in her new and firmer tone. "You will be ill if you do not get rest. Do not be afraid, ma'am. You will be quite safe here, I will protect you—"

Madge looked at her with increased gratitude.

"If you will hide me till night," she said.

Mrs. Hooper put her arm round the slight girlish figure and helped Madge up the narrow stairs to a small room. It was scrupulously neat and clean, like Martha Hooper herself, and Madge looked round with a weary sigh of relief.

Martha Hooper helped her undress—and such help was necessary, for poor Madge was almost incapable of lifting her hand—and when Madge had dropped her tired, aching head on the pillow, Martha Hooper sat beside her and held her hand.

"You have been very good to me," Madge murmured, and her eyes closed. "You will not give me up to any one."

"No," said Martha Hooper. "You are safe here, no one shall harm you or take you away. You said that I had known sorrow and trouble. You spoke the truth. But I have deserved them, whereas you have not, poor lady."

Madge smiled bitterly.

"Don't call me 'lady,'" she said, almost inaudibly. "I am only a gypsy—only a gypsy!"

The sweet, sad voice continued to murmur—sometimes broken with a sob—for an hour or more, until sleep fell like a blessed calm upon the weary spirit, and all that time Martha Hooper sat beside the bed and held the hand which burned like fire one minute and then struck like ice the next. And the look of resolution which Madge had noticed grew stronger in the elder woman's face as the dawn broke, and the thin lips, usually so weak and tremulous, grew firm and determined.

Royce left the countess's room and mechanically went toward his own, but he stopped at the door. He would not go in and let Madge see the trouble in his face, for he knew that it would only add to her suffering. He listened a moment, expecting to hear her crying, but all was still, and hoping—though against hope—that she might have fallen asleep, he went down-stairs. The library door was open, and he went in to sit down and think over his future course, for he had resolved that he would take Madge away from the Towers that day.

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Swift fingers, keen mind, and nourishing Kellogg's just naturally go together. So delicious and easy to digest—far better than heavy foods.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
Oven-fresh always

ed up at the stern face with the stare of a drunken stuper.

"Er—er—is that you, Royce?" he said. "I have been busy with my blue-books and reports, as usual, and dozed off—"

"Get up," said Royce, with increased loathing, "and spare yourself any lies. I know you quite well now, Seymour."

Seymour staggered to his feet.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he snarled.

"You dare come and talk to me after—after to-night's business, do you? You order me about! I should have thought you would have felt more like a beaten cur. But you don't know what shame is, do you?"

"Yes, I do—when I look at you," said Royce, grimly. "But I know what you mean, and I'll tell you, if you have sense to understand, what I am going to do."

"I can understand," said Seymour. "There's only one thing you can do. All the—the country's laughing at us—at us; do you hear?—not you alone. You've brought disgrace on my name—you and your gypsy—"

Royce caught him by the arm.

"Stop!" he said, with his face white, his eyes blazing ominously, then he remembered that he was dealing with a drunken man, and flung him from him. "There! go to bed. Wait," he said, as Seymour, sneaking at his door, he will not see me again, try and remember these, my last words to you: You are a fraud, Seymour. You talk of the shame and disgrace I have brought upon the old

name. You forget that the people who have just gone have something else to talk about as well as that poor wretch's presence here to-night. You forget your performance in the card-room, and the man's assertion that he had seen you in a gambling den in London."

"It—it was a lie! He was drunk," stammered Seymour, glaring at the stern face.

"No, it was the truth, I know it, feel it," responded Royce, grimly.

"Take my word of warning, Seymour. You are on the road to ruin. Draw back while there's time, or you will bring a deeper shame and disgrace upon the house than any I—or my dear wife—have done. Don't speak. It is useless to lie to me about it. I—we—are going from the Towers—in an hour or two—forever!"

Seymour's eyes glowed.

"It is time," he snarled.

"Yes," said Royce, sadly. "We should never have come. But enough of that. I want to speak about yourself. My mother—Irene—will be left in your care."

For lead tea, pour hot, freshly brewed tea over crushed ice. Sweeten and serve with sliced lemon. Do not try to make lead tea out of cold or left-over tea that has stood until every bit of bitterness is extracted from the leaves and every bit of delicious aroma and flavor destroyed.

A charming, dance frock has a bodice of blue silk, a skirt of gold face and a rose-embroidered circle of silk.

(To be continued.)

The Purity of Cuticura
Makes It Unexcelled
For All Toilet Purposes

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.
Makers of Westclox: Big Ben, Baby Ben, Sleep-More, America, Good Morning, Jack o' Lanterns, Blue Bird, Black Bird, Old Ben, Pocket Ben.

Buried Treasure Found

The British Treasury has admitted the validity of the claim of the Bristol Corporation to a large number, several thousand, of ancient silver coins recently found buried on the Walsley Bank. They were claimed by the Town Clerk under the provisions of the old town charter, and will now be restored to Bristol.

It was on December 6th, 1923, that the hoard was discovered at the rear of premises occupied by Messrs. Elders and Fryde, Ltd. It comprised a number of silver coins of the reigns of Elizabeth, Charles I., Charles II., James II. and William and Mary. They had evidently been in a sack placed in a hole two or three feet beneath the floor. The sack was in shreds and the coins were in a loose heap. The coroner decided that an inquest was not necessary and the Treasury instructed the Chief Constable to send the coins to London, as Treasure-Trove, belonging to the Crown, which instruction was promptly obeyed.

The Town Clerk, however, soon took steps to recover the find under the provisions of one of the city's old charters. He formally made the claim on behalf of the Corporation. A Treasury official paid a visit to the Council House and read the Charter. Evidently he was satisfied, and the coins are to be returned. This is an important concession of the right of the Bristol Corporation to Treasure Trove discovered within the city bounds.

To Make Tea

How do you like your tea? With hot milk as John Bull takes it; with lemon and sugar; with cloves, orange and candied cherries after the Russian; with ceremony and flowers, as in Japan; with cream and plenty of buttery muffins and jam like the lucky people who have no dangerous curves ahead, or feed in long slim glasses, whose tinkle brings a touch of comfort to the hottest July day?

However you take it, please, please make it correctly. More crimes are committed in the name of tea than any other—unless it is coffee. Made correctly it is a precious beverage, fragrant, stimulating, delightful in aroma. Boiled and bitter it is atrocious. Read and heed. First, of all, scald out a crockery teapot, and while it is warm, put in a teaspoonful of tea for every two cups—pour on freshly boiling water (but be sure it is "bubbling" boiling) and allow it to steep for five to eight minutes. Then pour it off the leaves into another warmed teapot and serve. It poured of the leaves in this way, it will keep fragrant and delicious to the last drop. Follow these directions and you will have perfect tea.

For lead tea, pour hot, freshly brewed tea over crushed ice. Sweeten and serve with sliced lemon. Do not try to make lead tea out of cold or left-over tea that has stood until every bit of bitterness is extracted from the leaves and every bit of delicious aroma and flavor destroyed.

500
Curtain Scrim.

We have just in, a large shipment of special value. These Scrimas are worth up to 30c per yard. Our price
Per Yard 14c.

NEW ARRIVALS.
CHARMING MILLINERY MODES

Interpreting this Season's Styles, this assemblage of becoming new hats is one of much interest to every woman. Including small "off-the-face" and smart, close-fitting turbans; also the larger shapes, with graceful brims. Lovely new Shapes.

Curtain Rods.
Brass tubing, silvered ball ends, extends 34 to 41 inches.
Each 19c.

Boys' Sport Hose.
Jacquard top Golf Hose, assorted colors, splendid heavy hose for rough and tumble wear, full line of sizes in stock.
Per Pair 49c.

Men's Felt Hats.
Latest styles in headwear. The felts are softer, the colors better, the designs snappier and above all we were fortunate in placing our orders so as to secure the best grades, at remarkably low prices.
Each \$1.98 and \$2.98

Men's Balbriggan Underwear.
Men's Summer Underwear. Good weight clean yarns, shirts with collarette neck, pearl buttons, drawers 5 buttons, double seat, long sleeve shirt, ankle length drawers.
Per Garment 69c.

Pro-phy-lac-tic.
Regular 65c. Brush, white handle, adult size, pure white bristles.
Each in Box 49c.

TESTIMONIAL.
LADLE COVE,
May 10th, 1924.
I received the goods which I ordered from you, in good condition and everything proved satisfactory, as we are doing business, I am ordering more goods for stock.
MRS. GEO. WELLOX.

Ladies' Hose.
Patent toe, spliced heel, hemmed top, in Black, Brown and White.
3 Pairs for 49c.

Ladies' Gauntlet Gloves.
Ladies' Strap Wrist Gloves, 13 inches long, 3 rows of silk embroidery back with hand and wrist, extra quality, suede cloth, colors: Beaver, Fawn and Grey.
Each \$1.48

Ladies' Gauntlets.
Strap wrist, wide Gauntlets, 13 inches long, 3 rows of silk embroidery back with hand and wrist, extra quality, suede cloth, colors: Beaver, Fawn and Grey.
Each \$1.48

Men's Caps.
Tweed and worsted, in Grey and mixed goods, silk linings in some; worth much more than we are asking for them.
Each 59c. to \$1.48

Ladies' Silk Underwear.
Bodice style, fancy figured border ribbon, hemmed top, with silk inserted in Pink, Blue, Cream, Peach, Lavender and White; buttons to match.
Per Set \$3.48

Boys' Wash Suits.
Balkan Blouse Suits, Sand and Grey Crash, fast colors and best quality, sailor collar, full length sleeves, collar and cuffs, in several shades.
Per Suit \$1.48

Ladies' Dresses.
A splendid line. Novelty braided, the sides, in Navy, Brown and Reindeer.
Each \$5.48

PHIL MURPHY
317 WATER STREET
Open Every Night and Holidays

Murphy's Good Things

There's no use of living unless you enjoy life. Can anything give you more joy than having some new, beautiful things to wear? No. Then come into our store and get them. We have them, enchanting to hold—Not only in our store, but when you wear them. Just come in and take a look.

Children's Stockings.
In Black, White; to fit up to 4 years.
Per Pair 12c.



Men's Work Pants.
While men frequently comment on the neat appearance of these work trousers, the quality most appreciated, is the full measure of wear and service which these garments give; of heavy fine weave material.
Each \$2.98

Ladies' White Shoes.
There are no nicer shoes for Summer wear, with light colored dresses, and for comfort they are unexcelled. They are cool, easily cleaned and possess lasting qualities.
Per Pair \$2.50

Children's and Misses' Hats.
In the newest of Foke Bonnet and Mushroom shapes. Some made of straw, others of metallic braid, very pretty, trimmed with ribbon streamers and novelty ornaments.
Each \$1.25 to \$2.98

Infants' Rubber Pants.
We have just in, a large shipment of special value. These Scrimas are worth up to 30c per yard. Our price
Per Yard 14c.

Boys' Suits.
We have only 4 of these left, to fit boys of 9 years and over.
Per Suit \$8.48

Boys' School Suits.
We have only 4 of these left, to fit boys of 9 years and over.
Per Suit \$8.48



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Tweed and worsted, in Grey and mixed goods, silk linings in some; worth much more than we are asking for them.
Each 59c. to \$1.48

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Conquer the enemy army of physical ailments, such as sick headache, Beecham's Pills for over 80 years, is and remove it. It is vegetable, harmless, and sets pills straightening.

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