



For Sanitary Homes

There are numerous uses in every household for Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. It costs very little but gives valuable service in cleaning and disinfecting sinks, closets and drains; softening water and making laundry soap; destroying vermin; cleaning dirty floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; removing old paint, and for scores of other purposes. Avoid inferior substitutes. Ask your grocer for the genuine—

GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE

The Imprisoned Heiress
—OR—
The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER VI.

"There is no light there," he said, long line of gently heaving waves, after observing it for a brief period. "I thought the singer came from that part of the house. It was certainly not the voice of the Lady Alexina."

"My lady don't sing like a blessed angel," observed the old man, dryly. "And it was an angel that sung but low. I never heard a voice like that anywhere else."

"I never heard a voice that thrilled my heart like this," murmured his lordship, inaudibly. "I wish she would sing again. Can the voice belong to some inmate of Egremont, some dependent, or—"

He paused, half started from his seat, and stared wildly at the window.

A light had suddenly appeared, and now began to burn steadily, and with its ruddy glare sent out streaming rays upon the sea.

"What can that mean?" he exclaimed.

"It's always the way, my lord. She is going to appear. Poor Lady Jasmine!"

At that moment Lord Ashcroft beheld a woman's form at the window, perfectly revealed by its back ground of ruddy light.

She was a slender creature, clad in antique style, with long hair flowing over her shoulders, with a pale, wild face, as well as he could perceive, and with her hands clasped in an attitude of prayer.

She was gazing upward at the moonlit heavens, and did not seem to see the boat rocking on the waves below the cliff.

There was an air of indescribable wildness about her—a weird grace and beauty, that fascinated Lord Ashcroft even more than the music had done.

It was not difficult to believe her a visitant from another sphere, and his lordship resigned himself to the fancy watching her with a reverent curiosity as she continued her observation of the stars.

For a few moments she stood thus, and then her face was turned the sea. She looked up and down the

"She always does so," muttered the old sailor.

His lordship's efforts to attract her attention were soon rewarded, for her gaze rested upon him with peculiar earnestness.

"That is the way the Lady Jasmine watched her friend a hundred years ago," said old Duncan, under his breath. "She thinks she sees him again. Look there!"

The strange being had unclasped her hands, and now extended them imploringly, as if craving friendship and protection.

Lord Ashcroft involuntarily opened his arms as if to receive and shield her from all harm.

"Poor thing!" muttered the old sailor. "She's living over the murder again after all this time. If her spirit could only be laid!"

The object of his comments continued holding out her arms, and waving them as she observed the corresponding movement of Lord Ashcroft, but suddenly her motions stopped, and he observed in a menacing attitude over her head, and a wild cry rang out upon the night air, sounding shrill and clear upon the waters.

And then, in a single moment, the strange light died out, the woman and the menacing hand disappeared, and the window had regained its former appearance.

The mansion was as black as before.

Astonishment held Lord Ashcroft speechless for many moments, and he continued to gaze, in the vain hope of her reappearance.

She did not come again.

"I must have dreamed!" murmured his lordship, at length. "I must have been the victim of some illusion!"

"Begging your pardon, my lord," said the seaman, starting up and at-

tending to his sails. "It's the ghost you have seen."

"Well, then, my good Duncan, you may include my name in the list of persons who have seen—"

Egremont! Your explanation is as good as any I can offer. I have either seen a specter, or else," his lordship added, "I have stumbled upon a terrible mystery! The latter supposition is incredible, so I must content myself with the former."

But contented he was not.

He was unusually silent as they sailed, near the mansion, and he requested old Duncan to land him at the foot of the rock stairs.

As the weather was so mild this task was easily accomplished.

He sprang out upon the lowest stair bade good-night to the old seaman, watched him sail back to the beach, and then ascended the steps to the mansion, resolved to say nothing of his evening's experience—thinking that time, perhaps, might throw further light upon the strange mystery.

CHAPTER VII.

On returning to the mansion after his strange adventure, Lord Ashcroft was pleased to note that his absence had not been remarked.

An enjoyable evening ensued, and it was late when Lord Ashcroft entered his chamber, which adjoined a spacious sitting-room.

He went to his couch, flung off his dressing-gown upon a chair beside it, laid his watch and purse, as was his custom, upon a small French stand at his bed's head, beside his decanter of drinking water, and then sprang lightly into bed.

After a short time he drew about him the silken curtains draping his bed, and shut out all sights, and nearly all sounds, except the howling of the winds around the mansion, and the steady ticking of his watch, which sounded with unusual distinctness because placed upon marble.

And then he sank into a dreamy state which was neither sleeping nor waking, and the chief sensation he felt was a vague pleasure in hearing the winds rave without and his watch tick steadily beside him.

An hour—two hours—thus passed. His dreaminess had deepened into a light slumber, in which all consciousness was not lost, and his breathing had become regular, like the breathing of a profound sleep.

Suddenly, although he did not open his eyes or change his steady respiration, every sense became active and alert, and he was broad awake.

A simple thing had aroused him. He had missed the ticking of his watch.

It was a handsome one, of the best maker, and he had used it for years without having discovered a single fault in it.

That it had stopped of itself now he did not believe.

For a moment he persuaded himself that he still heard its ticking, although so faintly as to suggest that it had been removed from the marble-topped stand and muffled in cloth, but the impression was momentary.

Not the slightest sound in his chamber was to be heard.

The very stillness was oppressive. And now came over his lordship a sense of danger that was inexplicable.

A weight seemed upon his limbs, his heart quickened its beatings, under that mysterious foreboding, and he opened his eyes in vague expectation of beholding something terrible.

But his gaze rested only upon the ample folds of the bed drapery that inclosed him.

He was a man of courage and of the greatest presence of mind in sudden dangers.

His first impulse was to bound from his bed and search his room—his second, and the one which he obeyed, was to remain perfectly quiet.

He remembered the murderous assault in the fir plantation on his journey to Egremont, and the thought then occurred to him that possibly another attempt was about to be made upon his life.

In that case what should he do? He had no weapons at command but his strong, stout arms, and upon them he depended for safety.

Suddenly he thought of a fact that he had observed before retiring.

There were two bell-ropes in his bedroom, and one of them was hung just within his bed curtains.

With a slow, cautious movement, he put out his hand toward it, careful not to make the slightest noise, and simulated the breathing of a sound sleeper.

(To be continued.)

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VALT MACON

"My little boy, Charles A. I remember," remarks Jim Sulz, "is m' o' t' sublime; the world can show no kid who's grander in intellect. I'll bet a dime."

He was a man of courage and of the greatest presence of mind in sudden dangers. His first impulse was to bound from his bed and search his room—his second, and the one which he obeyed, was to remain perfectly quiet.

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Fads and Fashions.

Of three layers is one delightful frock—white tulle, black chantilly and white net.

One's frock or skirt may have a deep, inverted pleat in center front and center back.

Chokers are now of marble-sized beads, in gold, silver or pearls, with earrings to match.

A rhinestone ornament is used on a band of black moire across a flat purse of white moire.

A wide belt of lacquer-red guede is used at a low waistline on a frock of tannish-gray crepe.

A beautiful frock of white silver cloth is elaborately trimmed with rhinestones and pearls.

Bindings and scallops of black organdie are used on delightful neckwear of white organdie.

High collars, long, tight sleeves and button trimmings are indications of a more tailored mode.

Foulard printed flat crepe with blue as the dominating color will be popular in the silk world.

Black satin ribbon is interlaced over the crown and top of the brim of a small hat of black velvet.

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