Porto Bello Gold

By

ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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Service

SYNOPSIS

...ory opens in New York, ...e middle of the Eight...enturs Robert Ormerod, ...s this tale, is talking to ...r, chief of fur trad... of enormous ...d, when Darby McGraw, ...nded boy, brings news ...pirate ship is off the ... An old sea captain an... he has been chased by ...erous pirate, Captain ... The elder Ormerod ...ert the pirate is Andrew ... his (Robert's) great... commanding the pirate ... Royal James. Murray ...dent Jacobite. Next day ... and Darby encounter a ...ed sailor, John Silver ...Darby conducts to a tav... Robert meets a young ... from a Spanish frigate ... seeking her father, Colo... O'Donnell. He takes her to ...e she designates.

...TER II—Continued

—3—

...hed by me with a click of ... and Darby and I followed ...e street. As we all three ...distress O'Donnell darted up ...er and caught at the lapels ...

...dre," she cried in a brogue ...ed and slurred her words, ... be holding it against me ... wearied of the ship and ... the earth crumbling under... me so lonely for lack of you ... to weeping the while I sat ...pin with naught to do but ...Hours.'"

...ed, as must any man have ...cing his arm around her ...ture that verged on the the...

...ush, Moira," he rebuked her ... 'twas unbecoming in you. ...Spanish lands such conduct ...d to trouble. See that you ... a second time. I will give ...harge of Juan; and, having ... taste of freedom, you must ...board, for I have matters yet ... my attention. Ah, yes, and ... thank this gentleman prop... his gallantry. Master Orme... dear! His father is a great ... of this town."

...s O'Donnell swept me a wil...tsey, and as I bowed acknowl... I wondered where he had se...ch exact information about ...

... I'll not be after trying to ...u," says my lady to me with ...e in her eye. "For I couldn't ... words would express my ... But for you, 'tis an awful ... have made of myself this ...our past."

... O'Donnell hemmed reprov...

... be a lesson to you, my girl. ...ks to you again, Master Or... My compliments to your fa... it please you. Good night, ...

...erstood that he wished to be ...e, and accepted the cue.

... night, sir," I replied. "And ...oyage to you, mistress. If I ...of further service, pray com...e."

... Master Ormerod, here our ...diverge," she answered softly, ...ced her hand upon her father's ...

...oment later I was hurrying ...d west, Darby McGraw chat... beside me.

CHAPTER III

Caller in the Night

...at late at dinner that night, for ...ther must needs have me re... length the tale of my experi... during the day, revealing a ...nation unusual in him, although ... Corlaer ate on with placid sol...

...ve heard of this Colonel O'Don...aid my father when I had made ... "He was in Scotland with ... Charles—one of the Irish crew ...gged a promising venture, if ...men say be true. I marvel at ...nerity in landing here, for there ...e a price upon his head in Eng... Doubtless he was consorting ...ome of our Jacobite sympathiz... the Whale's Head—a fitting ...for such an intrigue!

...e captain of the frigate called ...the governor this morning, so ... Colden told me, with a cock... ...ll story of a mistake in his ...ing that took him north of his ... I smell the taint of a Jacobite ...

...stress O'Donnell said they were ...e Floridas," I protested. "Sure, ...are not far out of their course."

... father smiled for the first time. ...e little maid would have no ...ledge of her father's purpose. ...If she did— No, no, lad, I had ...are of plotting in my youth. Our ...ites are a pernicious lot. But ... In such a devious business we might not hope to reach the truth, nor am I greatly concerned thereat. Most Jacobite plots are ill-planned sallies by desperate, misguided men. No, boy, what irks me most is the tidings you had of the one-legged sailor, Silver, you called him? Yes, I like it not to hear the pirates are outside our harbor. It hath the look of daring beyond the ordinary. If Murray—"

The door behind me opened, and I saw my father's jaw drop. Peter, at my right hand, let his eyelids blink, then went on quietly cracking nuts between his huge fingers.

"Did I hear you call me, Ormerod?"

The voice from the doorway had a chill, level quality that was as resonant as the tolling of a bell.

"'If Murray—' I thought I heard my name?"

I screwed around in my chair. There in the doorway stood the most remarkable figure I had ever seen. A large man, straight as an arrow despite the years that had planted crow's feet so thickly about his eyes, his square shoulders showed to advantage the exquisite tailoring of the black velvet coat he wore. His small clothes were of a fine yellow damasked silk, and his stockings of silk to match. Diamonds flashed from the buckles of his shoes, his fob, his fingers and the hilt of his dress-sword. A great ruby glowed in the Mechlin jabot that caseaded from his throat. Over his arm hung a cloak, and under his elbow was tucked a hat cocked in the latest mode.

But it was the memory of his face that abided with you. The features were all big and strongly carved; the nose was a jutting beak above a tight-lipped mouth and a jaw that was brutally square; the eyes were a vivid black, flecked with tawny lights. His hair was of a pure, silvery whiteness and drawn back, clubbed and tied with a black ribbon. His cheeks and brows were furrowed by a maze of wrinkles, yet the flesh seemed as firm as mine. In every way he suggested breeding, gentility, wealth; but there was a combined effect of sinister power and predatory will, a hint of ruthless egotism which took no account of any interests save his own.

He acknowledged my prolonged stare with a slight bow, mildly derisive.

"Your son, Ormerod?" he continued. "My grandnephew? Robert, I think, you named him, for the redoubtable Master Juggins of London, who aided you to start life anew after you had contrived to wreck yourself upon the rocks of a foresworn Jacobite career."

My father rose slowly to his feet.

"Yes, he is my son, Murray. It is neither his fault nor mine that he is also your grandnephew. As to his name, Robert Juggins was a better man than you or I, and you cannot inspire my son against me by hinting at hidden chapters of my early life. He knows that I was deluded into serving the Stuarts, and lived to learn that country comes before king."

The man in the doorway nodded his head.

"I would not seem discourteous," he remarked suavely. "I note another old friend, Ormerod—or perhaps I should say an old enemy. Permit me to observe, Corlaer, that you wear well with the years—as well as myself, indeed."

Peter squeezed a hickory-nut between his forefinger and thumb and looked up vacantly into Murray's face.

"Ja," he said.

"Lest you should be tempted by some misapprehension," pursued Murray, "I may inform you that I have every reason to suppose myself safe from any measures you might take against me. I hope to do what I have come here for tonight without injuring anybody, and if you gentlemen will listen to me quietly for a few moments I am confident that the issue will be harmless for all of us."

He cast his cloak and hat upon a chair by the fire, and put his hand upon the vacant one betwixt my father and me.

"May I?" he asked.

My father, still standing, said nothing; and Murray, with a shrug, accepted the silence for consent, sank gracefully into the seat and drew a golden snuff-box, studded with brilliants, from a pocket.

"With your permission," he said, springing the cover.

A fragrant whiff of snuff-tobacco tickled my senses as he offered it generally.

"'Tis excellent stuff," he remarked. "Ripe Rip-Rap. What? None of you? Ah, then—"

He dusted a pinch under his nostrils, inhaled and daintily used his handkerchief, a lace-edged morsel such as women carry.

My father leaned forward across the table, a blaze of hatred in his face.

"'Tis true, then!"

Murray regarded him in some surprise.

"True? My dear sir, I assured you 'twas Rip-Rap."

My father turned to Peter and me.

"After I told you—about this man, Robert—I hoped that I was wrong—that I had done him an injustice. But now he has convicted himself out of his own lips."

Murray gently deposited the snuff-box upon the table in front of him.

"Ah," he murmured. "I see! You were referring to my nickname, or, shall we say, nomme de guerre?"

My father laughed bitterly.

"Nomme de guerre! Name of a pirate! But let us have it, fair and openly, Andrew Murray. Are you Captain Rip-Rap?"

"I suppose most people would agree with your description," replied Murray; "although personally I prefer the word buccaneer. It is susceptible to so much wider use, and there is about it a suggestion of— However, we are not interested here tonight in the more abstruse branches of etymology. I am the person popularly known on the high seas as Captain Rip-Rap, and I fancy I might have logical grounds for arguing that if any disgrace adheres to me by that admission, 'twas you, Ormerod, who drove me to the practice of what you call piracy."

"'Tis like you to take that tone," said my father. "I drove you from the practice of what amounted to piracy on the land. There is no difference in the way you earn your livelihood today, Murray. You were an outlaw, and you are an outlaw."

"I fear you are incapable of doing me justice," sighed Murray. "You should know that I have always labored to serve higher ends than the mere sordid pursuit of money, such as has possessed you and those like you."

He swung around suddenly upon me.

"But I am forgetting my purpose!" he cried. "Stand up, grandnephew, and let me have a look at you."

I would not have heeded him, but my father said quickly:

"Do as he asks you, Robert. I'd not have him think you are crooked in the legs."

So I stood.

"A likely build," he remarked warmly. "You favor your father, I see—save in the face, it may be. There you are your mother, my maid Marjory. Ah, sweet chit, would she were with us now! A sad loss; a sad loss, lad!"

The expression which came to my father's face was terrible in its intensity of passion. He leaned closer to Murray, white to the cheekbones, his nostrils pinched in.

"Murray," he said, "make an end of such talk! As you value your life, mention her not again. I know not what cards you hold up your sleeve here, but if we all die in the next moment I will slay you as you sit if you profane her memory with your foul tongue."

Murray stared up at him coolly and took a pinch of snuff.

"Ah, well, you were always prejudiced," he answered. "I— But it serves no purpose to reopen old wounds. I am of one mind with you there."

He leaned abruptly across the table.

"I will be frank with you, Ormerod—and with Nephew Robert here. I am somewhat in difficulties—"

"If 'tis money—" began my father.

My great-uncle's gesture was sufficient check to this.

"I am not in difficulties for money, although I am like to be in difficulties shortly in connection with an embarrassing quantity of it. In fine, sir, I am upon the point of launching the coup of my career, one which will entail consequences of a stupendous character, and in the end, I venture to predict, echo in throne-rooms and chancelleries. Aye, kingdoms shall—"

He broke off.

"It is not necessary that I should go into that. Suffice it for the present if I say that I am in the position of a man who has partially tamed an unwieldy band of wild animals. My own ship I can rely upon up to a certain point, but I have associated with me—"

"That would be Flint?" interjected my father.

"I am flattered by the knowledge of my affairs which you display," replied my great-uncle with one of his courtly inclinations. "Yes; I had occasion, when I first went to sea, for a competent navigator. Flint served me in that capacity until I became independent, and I then fitted him out with his own ship. We have cruised in company since. I am not betraying a professional secret when I add that he is a man whose undoubted force of personality is offset by a certain turbulence and crudeness of wit which make him difficult to handle—increasingly difficult to handle, I may say. I foresee trouble with him in the future in connection with the coup to which I have already referred. I require a young man to stand at my elbow and assist me in curbing unruly spirits. I promise a great future for such."

"Command of his own pirate craft, no doubt?" pressed my father.

"That would be an offer to draw most stout youths," returned my great-uncle. "Bah, what is piracy, that you and your kind prate against it, Ormerod? Is it any worse in character than four-fifths of the business practiced in this world? What are you and those like you but men who seek to deprive others of their lawful gains that you may add to your stores what the others possessed? I take from the wealthy, who can afford to lose, what they have dishonestly got, more often than not, and much of what I win I contribute to the Cause to which you gave your first loyalty."

"An admirable code of ethics," observed my father. "But come to the point. What will you have? That I should apprentice Robert to you to be indentured a good, honest, trusty and skillful pirate?"

"Even so."

My father sat back in his chair.

"I'll not," he said.

Murray treated himself to a pinch of snuff.

"What does our young man himself say?" he asked.

"I say that you offer me no inducement," I answered as shortly as I could.

"'Odslife," he swore. "No inducement? My dear nephew, I offer you an open, bracing life—for a brief space; a share in a brave venture; an opportunity to rehabilitate your family, to rise to place, title and honor."

"On a pirate's deck?" I jeered.

"From a pirate's quarterdeck," he corrected me gravely. "I am on my last cruise. The Royal James is to vindicate her name. Aye, in years to come she will be regarded as a shrine of loyalty and devotion, and to have sailed with Andrew Murray in her—Why, sir, who remembers today of Robin Hood aught but that he was true to King Richard in adversity?"

The man's surety was amazing.

"This passes all reason," said my father wearily. "You must be insane."

"Not at all," retorted my great-uncle. "I am the leading practitioner of my profession. Winter, Davis, Roberts, Bellamy, all the more noted—ah—pirates of recent years, were small fry compared to me. I tell you, Ormerod, you stand in the boy's way."

"He is not a boy, but a man," snapped my father. "And able to judge his own course."

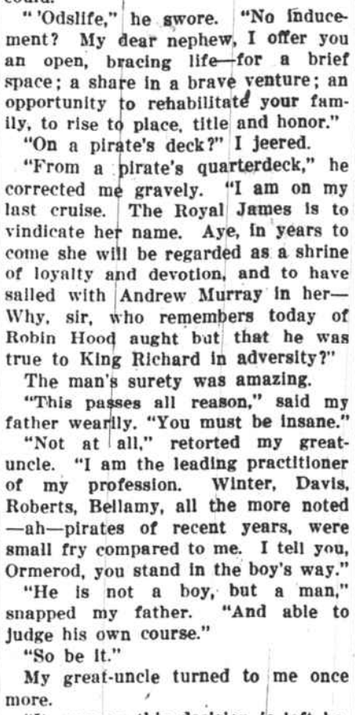
"So be it."

My great-uncle turned to me once more.

"It appears this decision is left betwixt us two, Nephew Robert," he said. "So I must inform you that I am determined to have your aid in any event—by force, if you will not accompany me reasonably."

There was a snap as a Brazil nut split apart in Peter's grip. Murray waved an airy hand in his direction.

"'Tis true that you are the most powerful man I ever met, Corlaer," he remarked; "yet I urge you not to attempt violence. I have sufficient men in the house to overpower you,



"What Does Our Young Man Himself Say?" He Asked.

and I should not hesitate to slay Ormerod or you at need. The boy is the only one of you three whose life hath value to me."

"He means it, Peter," said my father. "Keep your hands down."

"Ja," squeaked Peter.

"You were ever a wise man, Ormerod," resumed my great-uncle. "I venture to congratulate you upon the soundness of your judgment. Now for you, Nephew Robert. Come with me you shall, but I prefer that you come willingly. Therefore I lay before you these inducements: Firstly, we sail upon a venture which hath a color of state business, although a strict legalist would denounce it piratical—you see, I endeavor to deal honestly by you after my fashion; secondly, no harm is intended to you; thirdly, the rewards of our project will be singularly rich; fourthly, I design to exploit the advantages which shall accrue to me solely for your benefit—you, Robert, are my heir, and if I have need of you in the execution of my coup, nonetheless I shall be able to repay you for whatever you do in my behalf a hundredfold, both materially and otherwise. I am, after all, your nearest kin after your father, and I say in all humility my assistance is not to be despised."

"I won't go willingly," I answered. "Even did your arguments tempt me, I should resent your threat of compulsion."

"Admirably spoken," he applauded. "Egad, I perceive you have the proper spirit. You are exactly the lad I require."

"I am the lad you'll not get," I shouted. "Call in your bravos, and I'll tear their throats out for you."

"Gently, gently," he remonstrated. "My bravos, as you term them, are not lambs, Nephew Robert, and I must warn you that the killings would not be all on the one side. If you value your father, stand fast."

And he drew from a waistcoat pocket a silver whistle, which he placed to his lips. A thin blast piped through the room, and a dozen hairy seadogs surged in from hall and kitchen. Raps on the two windows indicated that others mounted guard outside.

My father's face was a mask of mingled rage and fear—not fear for himself, but for me. He stared at the savage figures, the bared cutlasses, the ready pistols, almost with unbelief in the reality of his vision. And certes 'twas a weird spectacle in that orderly house in the town we of the province looked upon as the most advanced in the colonies—and became to me the more weird as I glimpsed next the hall door a grim mahogany face and a hangman look beneath a skrim of black hair, and behind the two a familiar carroty head.

"Ho, there, Darby!" I called out. "What are you doing in such company? Did you know those men for pirates when you drank with them at the Whale's Head?"

"Sure, they ha' taken me into their crew," he answered brazenly.

"And 'twas you let them into the house and betrayed your master!" returned my father sadly. "I had not expected this of you, Darby. Have we not been kind to you?"

Darby wiggled uncomfortably.

"Oh, aye; main kind, Master Ormerod," he admitted. "But they would ha' had ye, whether or no. Sure, they're a grand crew, tricksy crew. And anyway, ye see, I was born to be a pirate. My troth, I was!"

Murray laughed pleasantly.

"'Tis a valiant youth, and should go far," he observed. "Moreover, he speaks the truth when he says we should have won our way in to you without his aid. The accommodation was convenient, but by no means essential.

"Where is Silver, Master Bones?" he added.

The man with the mahogany face touched his hat.

"John was seeing to it the sarvants was all secure, sir," he answered. "Here he is now."

A gap appeared in the ranks by the kitchen door, and the one-legged man I had met on the water-front that morning stumped in on his long crutch, as cheerfully serene as any honest householder.

"Was you askin' for me, captain?" he said. "We just finished up behind there—all gagged and roped, Bristol-fashion, safe for a day, sir."

And to me—

"My duty, Master Ormerod, and I hopes we'll know each other better soon."

"I find we shall need a cart, John," said my great-uncle.

My father turned very pale.

"You—you— My G—d, Murray, you can't kidnap the boy this way! Think! There are troops in Fort George. Once the hue and cry is raised you'll be—"

"But it will not be raised," replied Murray calmly. "I regret it, but we shall be obliged to tie up you and Peter so that you will be incapacitated until some kind friend happens to call on the morrow. By that time we shall be at sea."

I snatched up the chair upon which I had been sitting and brandished it over his head.

"Call off these scoundrels of yours or I'll batter out your brains," I snarled.

"John," he said, ignoring me, "you will be so kind as to pistol the elder Master Ormerod if his son launches a blow at me."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Silver.

And he leveled a weapon at my father. I knew, without looking behind me, that Peter and I were covered by other men. It was Peter who spoke first.

"Put down der chair, Bob," he ordered quietly.

The man called Black Dog cast the noose of a rope over his head and jerked his arms close to his side.

"Neen, neen," objected Peter, and with no visible effort he snapped the hempen strands.

A gasp went up from the room, and there was a hasty retreat from his neighborhood.

"An Inkling of the Plot" in next week's installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Purple Royal Emblem From Earliest Days

...rple became associated with kings ...e early days because it was the ... and most costly dye of the an... It was obtained from two kinds ...hells found in the Mediterranean ... The ancients attribute its dis... to the Phoenicians and the ... is that it was first discovered by ...g biting a purple fish. It is stated ... Caesar's time a pound of Tyrian ...le wool cost above 1,000 denarii, ...h is, roughly speaking, equal to ...50. Purple robes were used at ...rly date by the Greeks as a mark ...ignity. Tyrian purple was intro...d into Rome in the middle of the ...t century, B. C., and from that time it became a luxury. Its use was checked by imperial decree. A complete robe of "blatta," the finest kind of purple, was reserved as an imperial privilege, and any private person wearing it was punished as being guilty of high treason.

Leading to Success

We are told that constant dropping of water will wear away stones. So will continuous endeavor overcome obstacles to any worth-while undertaking. Persistent adherence to right purpose creates a "successful life" in the best meaning of that term.—Grit.

Sea's Expanse No Bar to Butterfly's Flight

Not many people realize that some kinds of butterflies make enormous flights. It has been recently proved that these frail insects may journey thousands of miles, although why they should move about in this way is somewhat of a mystery.

How the butterflies manage to cross miles of ocean is a matter which it is difficult to explain. It has been suggested they may have some way of resting on the water, although this has never been proved to be the case. Certain it is that when settled in a locality, painted lady butterflies never appear to make long flights and spend virtually all their time flitting from one flower to another.

Another point which has to be cleared up is whether after this tremendous migration the butterflies make any attempt at a return journey. If there should be a flight toward the south at the end of the summer, it is probable that the insects would belong to a later generation than those that migrated in the spring. As is well known, the life of an individual butterfly is short and in most cases does not extend to more than a few weeks.—S. Leonard Bastin, in St. Nicholas.

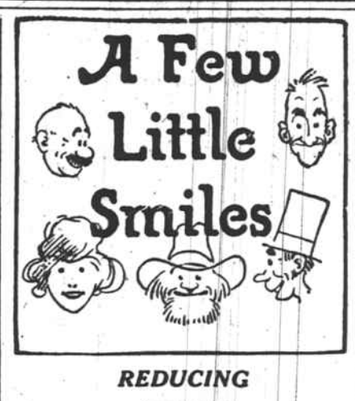
Ants' Sense of Direction

Naturalists once thought that ants returned to their home through the forests of grassblades, weeds, sticks, etc., by scent, following their own track back. As a matter of fact an ant seldom goes back over the outbound trail, and there is considerable evidence that it relies more on the mysterious general sense of direction than on sight or any other particular sense.—Our Dumb Animals.

Swimming to Work

Pacific islanders are probably the cleanest people on earth, for they spend a good part of every day in the water, and may be said to be almost as amphibious as seals. The children learn to swim almost as soon as they learn to walk. If the village happens to be at some distance from the shore, a swimming pool is formed in a nearby stream, and there mixed bathing is indulged in several times every day.

With the skin constantly greased with coconut oil, the pulp of the bitter green orange makes a good soap and lathers freely. Dame Nature also supplies them with scrubbers, the husks of the coconut, and this they apply to their shining bodies very vigorously. Their towel is provided by the sun and wind.



REDUCING

Hiram was not feeling well. So he went to the doctor.

"Buy a car," said the doctor, "and get out more. You ought to take off a lot of flesh."

Speaking of the results obtained by this prescription, Hiram said: "I got a car and got more. I got out six times in one block and took off flesh in four different places. Once I got through the windshield. That seemed to take off the most flesh."—Brooklyn Standard Union.

It Went Wrong

"You are really engaged to her?"

"Yass. I tried to make her think I was proposing without really proposing, don't you know—just to find out what she'd say."

"And what did she say?"

"Funny thing! By Jove, she made me think I was proposing."—Sydney Bulletin.

Safe and Sane

Joe—What happened to you?

Moe—They were lowering a safe and it fell on me.

Joe—And there was no one there to warn you?

Moe—There was an officer, but he told me to walk on the safe side of the street.

PULLED OUT

"You find it hard to get out of bed?"

"Yes; my bed's so soft every time I try to drag myself out I slip back."

The Right Peg

A peg that's round won't fit, I'm bound
In any hole that's square;
But if a boy that's square is round
He'll fit in anywhere.

Give It a Tanning

Foreigner—I want to buy some strong rope—my cow he changes his hide every night.

Dealer—How's that?

Foreigner—One night he hide in the creek, other night he hide in the thicket. Want to tie him up.—Good Hardware.

Warning

"You are charged with having thrown your wife from the window."

"I did it in a moment of abstraction."

"Well, be careful in future. You may do it as somebody happens to be passing!"

Reason Enough

"Why do we say the sun sets in the West, William?"

"If we said anything else people would laugh."

PERFECTION

She—What's your idea of a perfect marriage?

He—You and me.

Ouch!

'Mid Arizona's deserts,
Are things for us to frown on,
They grow the finest cactus
That ever I sat down on.

Naming the Twins

"What has become of the fine old names of Prudence and Patience?" the old sage was asked.

"They wouldn't be appropriate these days," he replied. "If I had a couple of daughters I'd christen them Extravagance and Hysteria."

Eyes Only for Each Other

"Theirs was a case of love at first sight."

"Yes, I should judge that very little foresight was displayed.

Reassuring

"Has anyone ever been lost in crossing here?" asked a timid woman who had hired a boatman to ferry her across a river.

"No'm," was the reply. "Mah brotheh was drowned heah las' week, but we found him th' nex' day."

Wild Keets

Literary Visitor—And, Miss Hayfield, what do you think of Keats?

Farmer's Daughter—I think they're too wild—we prefer hens.

Sure Relief

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Hot water
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BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

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GALLSTONES and Related Ills

Chronic Indigestion, Gas on Stomach, Distress in pit of Stomach, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, Dizzy Spells, Sick Headaches, Pain or Heaviness in Right Side, Constipation, Colic, Vomiting, Stomach Trouble in any Form.

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Modern Crusaders to Visit Old Strongholds

After 900 years, England is to have another crusade to the Holy land. With full pomp and ceremony, 100 knights and ladies of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem will start on a pilgrimage to some of the ancient strongholds of the order famous in history. The countess of Cromer, the dowager countess of Airlie and Countess Haig will be among the woman pilgrims, while among the men will be Viscount Galway, Lord Lamington and Maj. Gen. Sir Percival Wilkinson. A special steamship chartered by the order will carry the pilgrims through the Mediterranean. They will embark from Venice in March. An admiralty order of 1700 directs all ships of the navy to salute the flag of St. John, and as this order has never been canceled it is presumed that the salute will be received during the cruise. The Order of St. John is the oldest and only survivor of the many orders founded during the crusades.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

Rare Old Volume in Rubbish Heap

In a rubbish heap at Colchester, England, was recently found an excellent example of Caxton's handiwork, supposed to have been removed from Castle museum during the air-raid menace. The work, a fine copy of the Boethius "De Consolatione Philosophiae," consisting of 93 pages, dates back to 1478. For 150 years it had been in the Castle library when, during the war, it was taken, for greater safety, to Birch hall, near Colchester. The original custodian died nine years ago, and his brother, who also knew of the hiding place of the manuscript, died during the war. Other members of the family generally understood that the copy was somewhere in the hall, and many fruitless searches were made. The library of the hall was disposed of four years ago, but the Caxton was not among the volumes sold, or it could hardly have escaped notice. In the past few weeks a further search was carried out, and, wrapped in brown paper and lying amid the dust and refuse of the cellar, was discovered the beautiful specimen of the great printer's work.

Colds Fever Grippe

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Stop them quickly—all their dangers and discomforts. End the fever and headache. Force the poisons out. Hills break colds in 24 hours. They tone the whole system. The prompt, reliable results have led millions to employ them. Don't rely on lesser helps, don't delay.

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Up and Down

"You must take more exercise."

"Doctor, I get plenty of exercise. I walk six blocks to my office every day."

"How can you get exercise walking six blocks?"

"Dodging automobiles."

An Unexcelled Remedy

for Cuts, Burns, Wounds and Sores. Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh prevents infection; heals quickly. 35c all stores.—Adv.

Strategy

Mother—What moved you to kick Junior, Harold?

Pedantic Harold—I thought that, in the event he was thinking of kicking me, it might be better to get mine in first.—Life.

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