

# The Uiceroy's Protege

OR A PRINCE OF SWINDLERS

BY GUY BOOTHBY

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the stableyard, and possessed a lovely view, extending across the gardens and village towards where the Downs ended and the woods of Herberford began.

"A pretty room," he said to Belton, as the latter laid out his things upon the bed, "and very convenient for our purpose. Have you discovered where you are located?"

"Next door, sir."

"I am glad of that; and what room is beneath us?"

"The kitchen and pantry, sir. With the exception of one at the top of the house, there are no other bedrooms on this side."

"That is excellent news. Now get me ready as soon as you can."

During dinner that evening Simon Carne made himself as pleasant as possible to his host and hostess. So affable, indeed, was he that when they retired to rest they confessed to each other that they had never entertained a more charming guest. It was arranged that he should be called at five o'clock on the morning following, in order that he might accompany the trainer to the Downs to see his horse at his exercise.

It was close upon eleven o'clock when he dismissed his valet and threw himself upon his bed with a novel. For upwards of two hours he amused himself with his book; then he rose and dressed himself in the rough suit which his man had put out for him. Having done so, he took a strong rope ladder from his bag, blew out his light, and opened his window. To attach the hooks at the end of the ropes to the inside of the window sill, and to throw the rest outside was the work of a moment. Then, having ascertained that his door was securely locked, he crawled out and descended to the ground. Once there, he waited until he saw Belton's light disappear, and heard his window softly open. Next moment a small black bag was lowered, and following it, by means of another ladder, came the servant himself.

"There is no time to be lost," said Carne, as soon as they were together. "You must set to work on the big gates, while I do the other business. The men are all asleep; nevertheless, be careful that you make no noise."

Having given his instructions, he left his servant and made his way across the yard towards the stable where Knight of Malta was confined. When he reached it he unfastened the bag he had brought with him, and took from it a brace and a peculiar shaped bit, resembling a pair of compasses. Uniting these, he oiled the points and applied them to the door, a little above the lock. What he desired to do did not occupy him for more than a minute.

Then he went quietly along the yard to the further boundary, where he had that afternoon noticed a short ladder. By means of this he mounted to the top of the wall, then lifted it up after him and lowered it on the other side, still without making any noise. Instead of dismounting by it, however, he seated himself for a moment astride of it, while he drew on a pair of clumsy boots he had brought with him, suspended round his neck. Then, having chosen his place, he jumped. His weight caused him to leave a good mark on the soft ground on the other side.

He then walked heavily for perhaps fifty yards, until he reached the high road. Here he divested himself of the boots, put on his list slippers once more, and returned as speedily as possible to the ladder, which he mounted and drew up after him. Having descended on the other side, he left it standing against the wall, and hastened across the yard towards the gates, where he found Belton just finishing the work he had set him to do.

With the aid of a brace and bit similar to that used by Carne upon the stable door, the lock had been entirely removed and the gate stood open. Belton was evidently satisfied with his work; Carne, however, was not so pleased. He picked up the circle of wood and showed it to his servant. Then, taking the bit, he inserted the screw on the reverse side and gave it two or three turns.

"You might have ruined everything," he whispered, "by omitting that. The first carpenter who looked at it would be able to tell that the work was done from the inside. But, thank goodness, I know a trick that will set that right. Now then, give me the pads, and I'll drop them by the door. Then we can return to our rooms."

Four large blanket pads were handed to him, and he went quietly across and dropped them by the stable door. After that he rejoined Belton and they made their way, with the assistance

of the ladders, back to their own rooms once more.

Half an hour later Carne was wrapped in a sweet slumber from which he did not wake until he was aroused by a tapping at his chamber door. It was the trainer.

"Mr. Carne," cried Bent, "in what were you plainly agitated tones, 'if you could make it convenient I should be glad to speak to you as soon as possible.'"

In something under twenty minutes he was dressed and downstairs. He found the trainer awaiting him in the hall, wearing a very serious face.

"If you will stroll with me as far as the yard, I should like to show you something," he said.

Carne accordingly took up his hat and followed him out of the house.

"You look unusually serious," said the latter, as they crossed the garden.

"An attempt has been made to get possession of your horse."

Carne stopped short in his walk and faced the other.

"What did I tell you yesterday?" he remarked. "I was certain that that letter was more than an idle warning. But how do you know an attempt has been made?"

(To be continued.)

### A New Freckle Remover.

"A small sheet of emery paper," said the young girl.

The clerk handed her the emery paper, and after she was gone he said:

"Every now and then she buys a sheet of emery paper. She removes freckles with it."

"Freckles, eh?" said the proprietor.

"How does she do that?"

"Rubs them off," replied the clerk.

"She described the process to me the last time she was in. She said she never freckled anywhere but on the end of her nose. Whenever she is out in a high wind or in a glaring sun there appears on her nose a single big brown freckle. This she hates; she considers it a disfigurement. And to get rid of it she rubs it off with a piece of emery."

"Doesn't it hurt? Doesn't it bleed?" said the proprietor.

"It hardly hurts or bleeds at all. It merely abrades the skin a little. The end of her nose burns and smart for about a day. Then it is as well as ever and the freckle is gone, leaving no scar."

### The Popular Girl.

The popular girl is the girl— Who can always say a good word about everybody.

Who is never caught in disheveled or negligee costumes when she should be ready to receive visitors.

Who is always enthusiastic or at least interested in what is going on.

Who is not ashamed of a hearty appetite.

Who is not always complaining of her ills.

Who does not always imagine herself to be the most important member of her social circle, but who can forget herself and be easy and natural in her manners and conversation.

### Unconscious.

"Your friend Delver," said the editor, "left some verses with me today that were quite amusing."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Reader. "I didn't think he was a humorous writer."

"Neither does he."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Always Up and Doing.

"Borrower says he is always ready to do his best."

"Sure. He'd do his best friend."—Brooklyn Times.

### While That Strike Was On.

"Now we've got you!" cried the policemen. "You appear to be our meat, all right."

"Your meat?" exclaimed the poor crook, in surprise. "I didn't think I appeared to be worth as much as all that."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Privileged Class.

Church—"Do they allow children in your flat?"

Getham—"Only the janitor's."—Yonkers Statesman.

### So There!

Patience—"She says she never made a mistake in her life."

Patrice—"Well, neither have I; and I don't believe her!"

### Carling for the Hair.

If hair brushes be cleansed daily and the scalp massaged the hair and head will keep clean much longer.

If in addition to scalp massage you give the hair a soft rubbing with the palms of your hands it will be much more silky.

### Low Necks and Cameos.

Modistes predict that the high collar will soon be a thing of the past. If so, the summer girl can finish off the neck of her gown with the small cameo buttons or intaglios which she may have in her possession.

An almost invisible cement for mending glass is made of isinglass boiled in spirits of wine.

### AN ENTHUSIAST.

There's Bill— I guess you never seen A feller that's his beat. He's jest an idjut, slick an' clean, A ravin' coot, complete. He's alus tryin' suthin' which No man o' sense would dast; But some claims that's because he's sich A great enthoosiaist.

He'll figger out a poultry yard From one lone speckled hen. A naught an' one, it isn't hard To make appear like ten. Mebbe the rest of us is slow, But he's a sight too fast, Or would be— if we didn't know He's an enthoosiaist.

You jest give Bill a pint o' seed An' he has got a crop. A cast-off horseshoe's all he'll need To start a blacksmith shop. He'll build a house with half a brick An' live in it at last. It's Latin for a loonatic, That word "enthoosiaist."

### Stopped for Meals.

A year or so ago, when President Roosevelt was making a trip through the west, each town he passed through made some demonstration in honor of the event. The citizens of one town where the train schedule compelled the President to remain eight or nine hours decided to make a holiday of it when Mr. Roosevelt arrived. They arranged a series of speeches, horse races, rope throwing and bronco busting. The best talent of the country was on hand and each contributed his share of the entertainment.

One of the cowboys was mounted on an especially ill-tempered beast. He caught the President's fancy on account of his daring and ability. After doing his "stunt" he was introduced to the chief executive, who complimented him on his horsemanship, and inquired: "Do you ride all the time?"

Everyone within hearing roared when the plainsman replied: "No, I stop for meals."—Denver Republican.

### Bill Nye's Cow Ad.

Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell, and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government's survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged 8 years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon."

"She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wabby legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a nonresident."—Nebraska State Journal.

### Striving to Comfort Him.

Fr. Ducey is laughingly relating a recent experience of his. He was walking along 4th av., when he saw a little boy crying. As he stopped to enquire the cause of the tears he was forestalled by a small girl, who asked, sympathetically:

"What ails you, boy? Why are you crying so hard?"

"Because mother's gone to heaven," sobbed the child.

"O, don't fret so," replied the girl, consolingly; "maybe she hasn't."—New York Times.

### IN THESE DAYS.



First Deputy—What caused the delay in the execution?

Second Deputy—The Sheriff and the condemned man got in an argument about automobiles.

### Two Sorts.

"The man who is anxious to see his name in print is usually the worst sort of a chump."

"Not always. Sometimes he may be the best sort of a wise man. He may be an advertiser."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Sageville Sage.

"When does a man begin to want to get married?" asked the inquisitive youth.

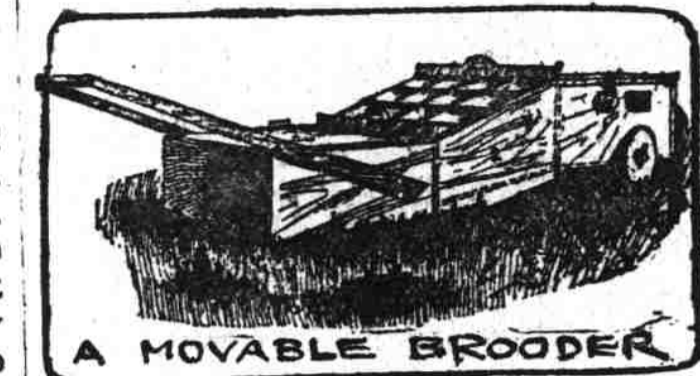
"When the woman in the case begins to want him to want to," replied the sage from Sageville.

### A MOVABLE BROODER.

Simple, Cheap and Easily Made Coop for Young Chicks.

In designing poultry houses, the important matter of having a separate apartment for young chickens is generally overlooked, and the little fellows are obliged either to take their chances among the large fowls, or be placed in a small coop—often an open, temporary affair—outside. During pleasant weather these makeshift coops answer very well, and the chickens thrive; but a week of cold, stormy weather works sad havoc among them. A strong, healthy chick just out of the shell, if it comes of good stock, is worth five cents, and with good care it is worth double that amount at the end of a week. Hence, it is evident that it will pay the poultry-keeper to provide good accommodations for them.

Another point not generally borne in mind by farmers who raise poultry, is that a good, fat hen may just as well hatch two sittings of eggs as one. If plenty of food and water is kept



A MOVABLE BROODER

where she can have easy access to them, and her nest is thoroughly cleansed, fumigated, and lined with clean straw when the second sitting is placed under her, she will continue to sit faithfully, and come off with her second brood of chickens healthy and strong. To enable one hen to properly care for two broods of, say thirteen chicks each, or twenty-six in all, she must be provided with a warm, dry coop—one that can readily be moved about, can be cleaned out without greatly disturbing her, and will protect her from the attacks of prowling vermin.

This coop is thirty inches wide and seven feet long. The sides are shaped from two boards twelve inches wide, and it is divided into three compartments by sliding doors, s, s; 1 is the brooding compartment. It is thirty inches square and is lined with building felt, and bedded with straw beaten soft. The top consists of a close-fitting lid fastened with hinges. A small ventilator in each side is covered with wire screen and fitted with sliding covers. 2 is the feeding compartment, twenty-four by thirty inches covered with glass, and contains two feed troughs which are attached to the sides. Compartment 3 is thirty inches square, has no floor, and is covered with wire netting. It may be placed over any little patch of grass or other green stuff for the chicks to feed upon. The wheels are sawed out of two-inch oak stuff, and may be tired with hoop iron if desired. In cold or stormy weather only the door between compartments 1 and 2 is opened. In fine weather both doors are raised, and the chicks have the run of the nest and feed-room when these are to be cleaned out.

This coop is simple, cheap, easily made, and will give excellent satisfaction. Chickens kept in it will neither be chilled to death by cold weather, drowned by sudden storms, nor destroyed by prowling vermin. It is easier managed than an artificially heated brooder, while it is totally free from the accidents to which they are constantly liable.

### Sheep are Good Payers.

If properly understood and handled right the sheep business pays better than any other branch of livestock but nothing goes to grief sooner in this country in the hands of unsuitable men. Sheep are expected to get their living by rustling for themselves the year round and when they have once been over a range they know where the best feed is to be found and invariably make for the coveted places as they travel along. An American herder may see a nice plat of grass and turn his sheep toward it but they never stop, preferring to do their own choosing. Mix-ups often occur on the range.

### Suckling Mares.

A mare that is suckling a colt should have her feed increased every day or two. Half oats and half bran is a good ration, if she has grass or hay. She should not be too fat, but should be kept in good order. If worked it will take liberal feeding to do that. Unless well fed, it will not be very long until she will have the appearance of being devoured by her colt.

### Housework is Dignified.

Why should girls dread housework? Every worthy woman in the world understands housework which is important and the mark of a capable, useful woman. Every man who succeeds in the world understands his trade. Every woman should understand hers. If there is any work in the world that is dignified and respectable it is housework. A good housekeeper is nearly always a successful, useful woman, a woman who is respected.—Athenaeum.



### GOOD POTATOES BRING FANCY PRICES

To grow a large crop of good potatoes, the soil must contain plenty of Potash. Tomatoes, melons, cabbage, turnips, lettuce—in fact, all vegetables remove large quantities of Potash from the soil. Supply

## Potash

liberally by the use of fertilizers containing not less than 10 per cent. actual Potash. Better and more profitable yields are sure to follow.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars booming special fertilizers, but contain valuable information to farmers. Sent free for the asking. Write now.

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When you begin to tell your troubles to a man, he nearly always interrupts you for the purpose of telling you his. Isn't this so?

### Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved," writes Mrs. W. Watkins, of Pleasant City, Ohio. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound and well." Everybody ought to know it's the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Lung Diseases. Guaranteed by J. D. Morris, Druggist, Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

A New York business man has had his tongue removed in order to save his life. Just suppose he had been a woman!

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

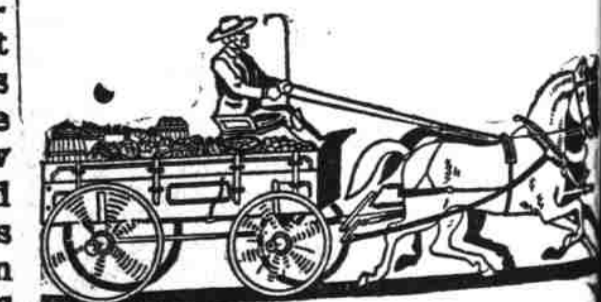
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

John Little has been carried to the penitentiary from Richmond county. He was sentenced to serve a term of eight years for criminal intimacy with and abuse of a girl under 14 years of age.



## The Prosperous Farmer

has a right to be buoyant, because he carefully prepares his lands at seed-time, and uses liberally every season

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