

GRAPES START FROM NAUVOO

Early Varieties Are Being Shipped and Crop of This Year Promised to be a Banner One.

\$300 PEARL IS FOUND

Nauvoo Wants Interurban, Cigar Factory, Canning Plant and Button Factory at the Present Time.

NAUVOO, Ill., Aug. 3.—The early variety of grapes are being harvested and shipped out of Nauvoo now. Nauvoo is going to have the banner grape crop this year of 1911. We can make a conservative estimate regarding this year's crop. There will be shipped via Montrose, Iowa, about 150 car loads and about five car loads for domestic purposes. The nearby neighbors and our people will put up this delicious fruit in great quantities on account of the scarcity of other fruits. It is also estimated that over 100,000 gallons of wine will be manufactured here.

It is reported that about 600 Mormon elders will visit Nauvoo in the month of September. These people will enliven things in Nauvoo, their old stamping ground.

That dam power at Keokuk and Hamilton will bring us an interurban line from Ft. Madison through Nauvoo to Keokuk. We need it and want it and are going to have it, but will not get it until the water power plant is nearing completion. It is hoped that the promoters now in the field will succeed in providing us with this much needed necessity. It is a big paying proposition from the start and local capitalists ought to build it. First come, first served, and will receive the glad hand of our people.

Last Sunday night while two of our young men were out riding with two of Nauvoo's fair daughters they met with what might have been a serious accident. They drove down South Thirteenth street where the road is a dangerous proposition on account of two steep hills with a bridge at the bottom. The horses became unmanageable and started to back when at the dangerous point, and the occupants jumped out and the horse and surrey went over the embankment, and strange to say the only damage done was a broken shaft. Quite a crowd went down to assist in bringing the horse and vehicle on the road again.

Many tourists can be seen daily in Nauvoo now. Bluff Park supplies us with many of these people. The hill, known as Martin hill on West Muhlolland street, is being cut down.

Nauvoo has a moving picture show equal to that of Keokuk, but we have only one show during the week and on Saturday night.

The corn crop in the vicinity of Nauvoo is now assured. The late rains placed the crop in a condition that will make the crop as good as the pastures.

It looks now like Nauvoo will not have any more band concerts, and while they are trade-getters and social amusement for our people, it seems that our business men do not care for them. These concerts enliven the old town and bring the people out. The industrial association ought to take this matter in hand and bring these concerts to a successful conclusion.

The Nauvoo base ball nine defeated the Keokuk Tigers last Sunday on our home ground. The score was 4 to 2. Our ball club is open for engagements on Sundays with any amateur nine in this section.

A large part of Nauvoo's population went to Keokuk Monday to see Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill. Quite a number went to Burlington Tuesday to see the same show.

Clam diggers here in Nauvoo are making good money digging for these shells and some of them found valuable pearls. One of the diggers found a pearl of a beautiful lustre and almost perfect in shape, and knowing ones say that its value will amount to over \$200.

The grape harvest in Nauvoo will spread many dollars among the Nauvoo lads and lassies in the coming six weeks. This will enliven the trade here.

Our citizens are receiving their supply of coal for this winter's use. There is no better place than right here in Nauvoo for a cigar factory. Any enterprising individual who will come here and make good cigars will find it a profitable investment.

The Keokuk Daily Gate City is taking the lead of all daily subscriptions in Nauvoo and vicinity. It is a paper all of our people like and know when they read it they get reliable news. C. O. Starr, the king of solicitors, will soon corral the field hereabouts.

The Nauvoo Industrial Association is trying to land a canning factory. It will be a paying venture. They are also attempting to induce parties from Iowa to establish a button factory here on account of the fine

supply of clams that can be had at a much less cost than elsewhere. Both of these enterprises can be made a gold mine in grand and beautiful Nauvoo.

Loss of Time Means Loss of Pay. Kidney trouble and the ills it breeds means lost time and lost pay to many a working man. M. Balent, 1214 Little Penna St., Streator, Ill., was so bad from kidney and bladder trouble that he could not work, but he says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills for only a short time and got entirely well and was soon able to go back to work, and am feeling well and healthier than before." Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results—a good friend to the working man or woman who suffers from kidney ills. Wilkinson & Company and J. F. Kiedaisch & Son.

Mr. Phillips of Chicago visited with her sister, Mrs. Huthberg and family.

The gentle rain that is falling this afternoon, July 31st is very welcome, and seems to say that our drought is over at last. The first break came Sunday July 23rd and saved the late corn.

Chas. Winters has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Hawkins.

Mrs. Fred Henn and Mrs. Horace Sawyer were calling on Dentist Court-right and Optician Camp Thomas last Wednesday.

Prof. Bingen, former principal of Denmark academy visited Denmark last Wednesday, taking dinner with Mrs. Goss and Miss Cooper; the latter was one of the teachers during his principality.

Mrs. Joe Fry and daughter Laura, of Wever took dinner with the Rev. Henn family Wednesday.

Mr. Joseph Houston of Burlington, but formerly of this place made his nephew, A. F. Houston and family an extended visit and called on many of his former friends. His many friends are glad that Father Time has been as lenient as he has and that Mr. Houston is as well as he is.

Mrs. Wm. Enslow has been entertaining her niece from Pulaski, Ia.

Very favorable reports are received from Miss Charlotte Dewey who is at Graham hospital in Keokuk.

Miss Nellie Jacker has gone to her home at Oak Park, Ill.

While the work is in progress on the church sidewalk the ladies will serve dinner for the workmen.

Miss Minnie Woodruff came from Leavenworth, Neb., where she has been teaching music in the public schools for the past two years, and also teaching music both vocal and instrumental to private pupils.

Rev. Henn is improving his property in N. W. Denmark with plaster, paper, and paint. This is the place he purchased of Ed Brown about three years ago.

The old horse sheds at the Congregational church have been razed and new ones will be built soon.

Mr. Augustus Wilder has moved his family into the new house on the farm, and the new Baptist minister, from Danville will now move into the Baptist parsonage, vacated by Mr. Wilder and family.

Miss Mary Halstead of Keithsburg, Ill., who spent several days last week visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sawyer and other friends left Thursday for a visit with friends in Ft. Madison and Keokuk.

Rev. Lyman and wife leave today for their vacation which they will spend at Lake Geneva attending a convention. They will be gone two weeks and there will be no preaching services during that time.

The body of Mr. Edward Brown was brought here for interment from Middletown on Thursday July 20. Mr. Brown was a pioneer of Lee County, being born here about 75 years ago. Two wives were buried in the Denmark cemetery and he rests with them. He leaves a wife and several step children at Middletown. One step-daughter, Mrs. Cora Smith is in Vienna with her husband who is there doing post graduate work and three own sons live in Missouri and a daughter in Oklahoma. Two sisters also survive. God is thinning out the ranks of our old settlers and pioneers and in so many instances a "strange people" fill their places.

Foley Kidney Pills will check the progress of your kidney and bladder trouble and heal by removing the cause. Try them. Wilkinson & Company and J. F. Kiedaisch & Son.

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly. "You see, it's a very important matter: it must be put on a proper footing. It would never do to have any laxness in it. One scion of a noble family is sure to lead to others."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly. "Can I go with him to the Varolium to-morrow afternoon?"

"That's awkward. Suppose you were mistaken for Lady Marion Deeping?" said the Honorable John Ruffin, doubtfully.

"Pollyooly's face fell. 'Well, that can't be helped. It wouldn't be fair that you should be deprived of the simple pleasures of London because you once helped to restore a daughter to her mother. And, after all, I should think that Ronald could stand cross-examination very well. If there is trouble, tell him to refer all inquirers to me.'"

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly; and her face grew bright again. "And I tell you what: if anyone persists that you are Lady Marion, and wants to carry you off to Ricksborough House, you be firm with them; just call a policeman and give them in charge. You'll like doing that."

"I should love to, sir," said Pollyooly, fervently.

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Pollyooly and the Lump

THE DUKE'S MISTAKE

By Edgar Jepson

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(Continued from yesterday)

"The thing to do is to save money, not to spend it," said Pollyooly, with a solemn severity born of lessons in the school of necessity. "But if you do spend it, it's silly not to spend it on really useful or nice things."

"All right; we'll go on a bus," said Ronald, yielding to this cogent reasoning.

When they had settled themselves on the top of a motor bus, the Lump in Pollyooly's lap, she said, "What did your grandmother give you the five-pound note for?"

"A tip," said Ronald. "Yes; but what did you do for it?" "Nothing. It was a tip."

"But what have you got to buy with it?" said Pollyooly, puzzled. "Anything I like," said Ronald. "Not clothes, or boots, or things like that?" said Pollyooly, knitting her brow in her perplexity.

"No; I can spend it just as I like—on tuck, theatres, cricket bats—anything," said Ronald. "Well, that is funny. Nobody ever gives me money unless I do something for it," said Pollyooly.

"That's because you haven't any relations," said Ronald. "Oh, of course Aunt Hannah sometimes gave me a penny—but five pounds all at once—it's wonderful," said Pollyooly in a tone of awe.

At the corner of Bond Street they descended from the bus, and Ronald ushered them into a confectioner's shop. The entry of an angel child and an authentic, but red-headed, cherub, under the escort of such a good-looking boy as Ronald aroused an admiring interest amidst the lunchers from the Kensingtons, of which the children were oblivious, for they devoted themselves to ices and cakes with a wholehearted intentness, Pollyooly watching over the Lump with her usual motherly care.

When, judging by his own feelings, Ronald considered that they could hold no more, they took another bus to Hyde Park corner and from there betook themselves to the banks of the Serpentine. They sat for half an hour in a pleasant somnolence, talking but little, then their natural activity asserted itself again, and they went for a row.

At a quarter past three Pollyooly said that she must be going back to the Temple to get the Honorable John Ruffin's tea ready against his return at four o'clock. Ronald escorted them back to the gate of the Temple; and on the way he invited Pollyooly to lunch with him on the stage for a bit—just to make it quite right," he said, with thoughtful caution.

"But I've been on the stage," said Pollyooly. "Why, of course, what am I thinking about?" cried Ronald. "But still I think you'd better go on it again for a bit before we get married. It might count properly, your being so young."

"All right, I should like it," said Pollyooly. "People take you to supper at beautiful restaurants."

"Well, we'd better get on, or we shan't have proper time for lunch," said Ronald.

They walked briskly out of the Temple and climbed on to a motor bus. When they had settled down in their seats, Ronald chuckled and said, "By Jove! The fellows will be sick when they hear we're engaged. It's something like a score, besides being jolly itself."

Then he turned a little gloomy and said, "But we ought to have taken a taxi. I don't believe Lascelles minor would let the girl be engaged to go on a bus."

"I shouldn't have thought he was engaged, if he wrote letters to me," said Pollyooly, in some surprise.

"Now, I come to think of it: he isn't," said Ronald. "Then how does he know what he'd do?" said Pollyooly, triumphantly.

Ronald's face cleared. After some discussion about where they should lunch, they decided, at Pollyooly's suggestion, to go to the Café Grice, in Soho, where the Esmeralda had been used to sup with the Honorable John Ruffin. She said that the French pastry there was delicious. There Ronald enjoyed another surprise. When they entered, the proprietor and his staff leapt forward to a man to greet Pollyooly, their faces wreathed in smiles of welcome. The proprietor himself took Ronald's orders with a great air of deference, and Ronald found it very soothing.

They ate some poulet en casserole, and the rest was pastry and ices. Ronald was surprised by the bill, but he said nothing till they came out. Then he said, "By Jove! That's an awfully good place for the money. I must go there when I'm lunching in Town on my own. I shall be rather short, you know, when I've bought you a decent engagement ring."

"Oh, I shall like having it!" said Pollyooly, flushing, with shining eyes. "I shall be always remembering you."

"I expect that's what they're for," said Ronald. They walked quickly to the Varolium and enjoyed the entertainment thoroughly; and in the intervals the sight of such a charming pair, so absorbed in one another, afforded considerable pleasure to the audience

When Ronald arrived at one o'clock next day, he found her ready to go out, the Lump already in the safe-keeping of an acquaintance. Ronald smiled at her with a great contentment, for she was looking her most angelic; and on their way down the stairs, he put his arm round her clumsily and kissed her.

Pollyooly flushed a little, but returned his kiss frankly; then she said, "It's funny. I don't often get kissed except by the Lump."

"I don't care about kissing myself—much. In fact, I hate having women slobbering over me. But, somehow, you're different," said Ronald, thoughtfully.

"I like it, rather," said Pollyooly. "Aunt Hannah used to kiss me, of course; but she's dead. And the Esmeralda used to kiss me when I was dancing with her; but she's gone to Paris and Berlin."

"The Esmeralda! You danced with the Esmeralda?" cried Ronald. "Yes; at the Varolium; and I got a pound a week for six weeks. It's saved—in the Post Office Savings Bank," said Pollyooly, with natural pride.

"You were that kid! The fairy in 'Titania's Awakening!' Why, I've heard no end about you! Half-a-dozen of the fellows talked about nothing else for days after the mid-term holiday. Lascelles minor went to see you four times, and Garuthers' minor twice; and they wrote to you."

"Yes; I did get a lot of letters and boxes of chocolates," said Pollyooly. Ronald laughed joyfully, and said in a tone of great triumph, "By Jove! I wonder what they'll say when they hear that I know you and we've been going about together!" He kissed her again in the fullness of his heart.

"Fancy your not telling me that sooner! Most girls would have told me first thing."

"We were talking about you and the Court all yesterday," said Pollyooly, simply. "But when I grew up, I'm going to be a dancer like the Esmeralda myself. I'm working at it; and the Esmeralda is paying for my training."

At the bottom of the stairs they came to a standstill: Ronald could not discuss this important matter, moving.

"So you've really been on the stage," he said, knitting his brow in a thoughtful frown. "I tell you what: ever since you were at the Court I've been thinking that you're the kind of girl I should like to marry. In fact, you're the only girl I ever felt that about. But when I found you were John Ruffin's housekeeper, I was a good deal put off."

"It's a position of dignity; he said so," Pollyooly interrupted in a very firm tone. "Yes; but fellows don't marry housekeepers. But if you're going on the stage—dancing, too—that makes it all right. Lots of fellows marry girls on the stage—in the choruses of musical comedy."

"They can't dance for nuts," interrupted Pollyooly, mindful of the Esmeralda's strictures on that deserving but incompetent class.

"I dare say not; but they're on the stage, so fellows can marry them. And I can marry you, if you're going on the stage. Don't you see?" said Ronald eagerly.

"Yes," said Pollyooly, gravely. "You're sure you don't mind?" said Ronald a little anxiously.

"No; I should like it," said Pollyooly, with her angel smile.

"Then we might as well be regularly engaged."

"All right," said Pollyooly. "But, of course, we won't get married till we've been on the stage for a bit—just to make it quite right," he said, with thoughtful caution.

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around them. Pollyooly was very attentive to the dancing and discussed it very seriously indeed.

After the entertainment they walked down Piccadilly, discussing the different turns, to the Bond Street confectioner's. There they made an excellent tea.

They were strolling back down Piccadilly, still talking earnestly, when a motor car drew up at the curb, with a jerk, ten feet before them, and the Duke of Osterley sprang out of it.

He caught Pollyooly by the arm, crying, triumphantly, "Marion at last! 'I'm not Marion!' cried the startled Pollyooly, trying to tug her arm out of his grasp.

"This isn't Marion, sir!" cried Ronald. "Not Marion? What do you mean? What are you talking about?" cried the Duke, with a certain indignation.

"She's Mary Bride," said Ronald. "Yes; I'm Mary Bride. Let go my arm!" said Pollyooly, tugging harder. "Do you two impudent young devils think I don't know my own daughter?" cried the Duke; and his grim face began to redden with anger.

"I'm not your daughter!" cried Pollyooly. "Indeed, she isn't, uncle. She's Mary Bride—John Ruffin's housekeeper," said Ronald.

"Let go my arm, or I'll call a policeman!" cried Pollyooly, fiercely, mindful of the Honorable John Ruffin's instructions.

Already a large group was regarding with interest the dapper, but purple, gentleman, squabbling with two elaborately dressed children in the middle of Piccadilly; and alive to the risk of seeing his domestic affairs once more in print, the Duke picked Pollyooly bodily up and stepped into the car with her. Ronald sprang in after him, and the Duke cried, "Home!"

During the four minutes it took them to reach Ricksborough House, the Duke said nothing. He panted and scowled at the scowling Pollyooly, smoothing her ruffled frock. When the car stopped, he hurried her into the house, through the hall, calling to the butler to send Mrs. Hutton to him at once, and into the dining-room.

"Now, what do you mean by this cock-and-bull story?" he said, with all the truculence he could master. "It isn't a cock-and-bull story; it isn't, really. It's the literal truth. She isn't Marion at all. She's Mary Bride—John Ruffin's housekeeper. She has been for months," said Ronald.

"That's that's who I am; and I've got a little brother called Roger—so there!" said Pollyooly, with a truculence that more than matched the Duke's.

"Yes; she has. I've seen him," said Ronald. "I went to the Temple to see John Ruffin and I found her there; and she's so like Marion I asked her to come out with me. And she's been on the stage, which Marion couldn't have done, because she's too much of a duffer—dancing with the Esmeralda at the Varolium. Hundreds of people can tell you so."

The Duke was rather staggered. The attitude and firmness of the two children shook his conviction that his daughter Marion, whom, after all, he only knew by sight, was before him.

Then Mrs. Hutton, Marion's maid, a stout and purplish woman of some fifty summers, bustled into the room, and, at the sight of Pollyooly, cried fustily, "Why, if it isn't her ladyship come back! Oh, if your ladyship only knew the trouble and anxiety you've given everybody, especially your good father—"

"He's not my father! I haven't got a father!" cried Pollyooly, interrupting her.

"That settles it. Mrs. Hutton recognizes you at once," cried the Duke, triumphantly. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken."

"She's a silly old idiot!" said Pollyooly, with intense conviction.

"But it is a mistake, uncle. Can't you see how much better looking and intelligent Mary is than Marion?" Ronald protested earnestly, with more regard for the truth than for a father's pride.

"Both of them say that this isn't Marion, that it's another little girl, Mrs. Hutton," said the Duke, shaken again.

"There can't be two Lady Marions, your Grace," said Mrs. Hutton. "Of course there can't," said the Duke.

As he spoke, Ronald's fox terrier Wiggs trotted into the room, and, with no hesitation whatever, greeted Pollyooly, whom he had met at Ricksborough Court, with every demonstration of affectionate regard.

"That does settle it," said the Duke in a tone of mingled relief and triumph. "That dog couldn't know you, if you weren't Marion. Take her to her room. Mrs. Hutton, and lock her in it. Pack her things, and take her down to the Court by the 10:15 to-morrow. If she gets away from you again, I shall discharge you."

"I won't go," said Pollyooly firmly; and she sat down in an easy chair.

The exasperated Duke sprang forward, caught her by her arm, and jerked her to her feet. Pollyooly uttered a shrill and piercing scream. She had heard the Honorable John Ruffin maintain to the Esmeralda at supper one night that a woman's most powerful weapon is her scream; and she had taken his teaching to heart.

The startled Duke loosed her arm, and stepped back. "Oh, I see what it is," he said, grinding his teeth. "Your mother has put you up to this."

"My mother's been dead years and years. You leave me alone," said Pollyooly, firmly, and she sat down again.

"Take her upstairs, Mrs. Hutton!" said the Duke, thickly.

"If she touches me, I'll bite her," said Pollyooly. The Duke scratched his head and said, "Look here: if you don't go with Mrs. Hutton, Lucas shall take you, you naughty child."

"If he touches me, I'll bite him," said Pollyooly, undaunted. The Duke panted and rang the bell. The portly butler came to the summons. "Take Lady Marion to her room, Lucas," said the Duke. "If you touch me, I'll bite you," said Pollyooly, glowering at him and baring her teeth. Lucas scratched his head. "Do you hear what I say? Take her

to her room!" cried the Duke. Lucas advanced slowly, looking unhappy.

"Look here: you go quietly. You'll only get hurt and get your clothes torn," said Ronald. "And I'll go and fetch John Ruffin. He'll make them understand."

The thought of getting her clothes torn hampered Pollyooly's freedom of action; and, scowling at Lucas and the Duke, she said: "All right; if you'll fetch him, I'll go quietly." And she rose with a most ungracious air.

Ronald bolted out of the room and the house. Pollyooly followed Mrs. Hutton upstairs, closely guarded behind by the relieved Lucas. They conducted her to a large and airy bedroom, with a pleasing view over the Green Park; but they did not lock her in because, with a forethought admirable in one so young, she contrived to reach the door of it just before Mrs. Hutton, and sequestered the key. This compelled that stout Argus to sit on a chair against the door; and Pollyooly, admiring the view, paid little heed to her reprimands.

Meanwhile the Duke sat in his smoking-room, recovering from the perturbation occasioned by the conduct of Pollyooly, and haunted by a certain dread, aroused by the steadfast attitude of the two children, that he had imprisoned a perfect, but red-haired, stranger.

Then Ronald arrived with the Honorable John Ruffin, whom by the luckiest chance he had actually found in his chambers.

The grave and gloomy air with which the Honorable John Ruffin entered the smoking-room was, to an observant person, utterly belied by the sparkle in his eye which showed him simmering with quiet joy.

"To say nothing of the assault, an action for malicious imprisonment will certainly lie," he said, in a gloomy tone, without any phrase of greeting to the Duke.

"Look here: you're not in this cock-and-bull story, too, Ruffin?" said the Duke anxiously, rising hastily as he spoke.

"I shouldn't dream of being in any cock-and-bull story, Osterley," said the Honorable John Ruffin, with a most dignified air. "I'm talking about my unfortunate housekeeper, whom you have abused, assaulted, and maliciously imprisoned. Really, Osterley, if your peevage were five centuries older, I could have understood it. I should simply say that the old robber baron strain had suddenly broken out in you. But you Trissells were ordinary London Burgesses till the middle of the seventeenth century. You have no excuse for behaving like this. It's up-plateau—more up-plateau."

"Oh, stop your confounded rotting!" said the Duke irritably. "Do you mean to tell me that that red-haired child is not Marion? Why, Mrs. Hutton, Marion's maid, recognized her at once; and, what's more, Ronald's dog Wiggs recognized her, too. I'll swear he did."

"Old woman and dogs! Do you mind my feeling your ducal skull, Osterley? You must be suffering from softening of the brain. The child is my housekeeper, Mary Bride. She has been about the Temple for the last two years; and scores of people can swear that she was at Muttie-Deeping for ten years before that," said the Honorable John Ruffin, in an incisive tone.

"If I could only be sure that Caroline had not put you all up to this game," said the Duke desolately.

"Look here: do you think I'd have Marion as my housekeeper?" said the Honorable John Ruffin, with some heat. "Do you think that Marion could grill bacon so that a self-respecting human being could eat it?"

"She might have been taught," said the Duke.

"Taught! Taught!" cried the Honorable John Ruffin. "Oh, this is a father's fond partiality! I did not expect to find it in a man of the world like you, Osterley. You must know that the power of grilling bacon is a heaven-sent gift. It can't be learnt."

(To be continued)

Many a Suffering Woman Drags herself painfully through her daily tasks, suffering from backache, headache, nervousness, loss of appetite and poor sleep, not knowing her ills are due to kidney and bladder troubles. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from pain and misery and a prompt return to health and strength. No woman who so suffers can afford to overlook Foley Kidney Pills. Wilkinson & Company and J. F. Kiedaisch & Son.

Much Sought Gem. The gem most sought after is the Australian black opal, which is found nowhere else in the world. It appears in limited quantities in the matrix of limestone and sandstone in the Lightning Ridge district of New South Wales.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA