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Oily Skin and Shiny Nose

How to correct them

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With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

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For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address
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By Day or Artificial Light

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CARMEN Complexion POWDER

Does not "show powder" nor rub off. Different from all others. It retains it's natural tint under the most trying conditions of yellow gas or electric light. At the same time, it is the best daylight powder. Scientifically made, pure, harmless to the most delicate skin, lastingly fragrant and so fine that it can be applied without a mirror—without showing spots.

Purse size box and mirror containing two or three weeks' supply of CARMEN (state shade) will be mailed to any woman upon receipt of 10c in stamps or silver.

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FREE BUNION COMFORT

Don't send me one cent just let me prove to you

I am going to send you a treatment absolutely FREE.

FREE.

FOOT REMEDY COMPANY, 3511 West 26th St., Chicago

THE VOICE IN THE FOG

Continued from page 11

trinket? Better let me take it into town, anyway. I'm Irish enough to be superstitious about opals."

"That's nonsense!"

"Maybe."

"Oh, well—if the thought of having it around makes you nervous, I'll give it to you. The Crawfords and Mr. Forbes are coming down this afternoon. You must be home again before dinner. Here's the opal."

"Crawfords? Fine!" Killigrew slipped the gem into his wallet. "I'll bring them back on the yacht if you'll take the trouble to 'phone them to meet me at the club pier."

"I'll do so at once. Goodby! Mind the street crossing," she added, mimicking her mother's voice.

"I'll be careful," he laughed, stepping into the launch, which immediately swung away toward the beautiful yacht.

Kitty waved her handkerchief, turned, and walked slowly back to the villa. Who had passed her in the upper hall? And upon what errand? Neither Thomas nor Sir Henry; for she had left them on the veranda. It might have been one of her guests, going down to the library for a book to read.

She met Sir Henry coming out.

"Fine morning!" he greeted. He made a gesture, palm upward.

A slight shiver touched the nape of Kitty's neck. She had never noticed his frightfully scarred thumbs and fingertips.

"Ah! You notice my fingers? Not at all sensitive about them, really. Hunting a few years ago, and clumsily fell upon the camp stove. Scar on my shoulder where I struck as I rolled off. Stupid. Tripped over a case of canned corn. I have fingers now as sensitive as a blind man's."

"I am sorry," she said perfunctorily. "You must tell me of your adventures."

"Had a raft of 'em. Mr. Killigrew gone to New York?"

"For part of the day. Had your breakfast?"

"No. Nothing to do: thought I'd wait for the rest of them."

"Then I'll see you at breakfast."

He smiled and stepped aside for her to pass. She was rather a puzzle to him.

Kitty spent several minutes in the telephone booth.

She began to realize that the solution of the Webb-Monckton wager was as far away as ever. Sir Henry was leaving on the morrow. She must play her cards quickly, or throw them away. The fact that neither had in any way referred to the character of the wager left her in a haze. Sometime during the day or evening she must maneuver to get them together and tell them frankly that she knew everything. She wanted her sapphires; more, she wanted the incubus removed from Thomas's shoulders. Mad as March hares, both of them; for they had no idea that the sapphires were hers!

LATER she stole to the library door and peered in. Thomas was at his desk. For a long time she watched him. He appeared restless, uneasy. He nibbled the penholder, rumpled his hair, picked up the ivory elephant and balanced it, plunged furiously into work again, paused, stared at the Persian carpet, turned the inkwell round, worked, paused, sighed. Thomas was very unhappy. This state of mind was quite evident to Kitty. Kissed her and hadn't wanted to! He was unlike any young man she knew.

Presently he began to scribble aimlessly on the blotter. All at once he flung down the pen, rose, and walked out through the casement doors, down toward the sea. Kitty's curiosity was irresistible. She ran over to the blotter.

"Fool!"

"Blighter!"

"Rotter!"

"Double-dyed ass!"

"Blockhead!"

"Kitty Killigrew," scratched out.

"Nincompoop!"

"Haberdasher!"

"Ass!"

All of which indicated to the investigator that Thomas for the present had not a high opinion of himself. An ordinary young woman would have laughed herself into hysterics. Kitty tore off the scribbles, not the least sign of laughter in her eyes, and sought the windowseat in the living room. There was one word that stood out strangely alien, "haberdasher." Why that word? Was it a corner of the curtain she had been striving to look behind? Had Thomas been a haberdasher prior to his stewardship? And was he ashamed of the fact?

Haberdasher!

What's the matter with that word? If it irked Thomas, it irked Kitty no less. It is a part of youth to crave for high-sounding names and occupations. It is in the mother's milk they feed upon. Mothers dream of their babies growing up into Presidents or at least Ambassadors, if sons; titles and brilliant literary salons, if daughters. What living mother would harbor a dream of a clerkship in a haberdasher's shop? Perish the thought! Myself for years was told that I had as good a chance as anybody of being President of the United States; a far better chance than many, being as I was *my* mother's son.

Irish blood and romance will always be mysteriously intertwined. Haberdasher did not fit in anywhere with Kitty's projects. It was off key, a jarring note. Whoever heard of a haberdasher's clerk reading "Morte d'Arthur" and writing sonnets? She was reasonably certain that, while Thomas had jotted it down in scornful self-flagellation, it occupied a place in his past:

> They turne out ther trashe
> And shew ther haberdashe
> Ther pylde pedlarye.

There's no romance in collars and cuffs and ties and suspenders.

CHAPTER XXI

MEANWHILE Killigrew arrived in New York, went to the bank and deposited Kitty's opal, and sought his office.

"There's a Mr. Haggerty in your office, Mr. Killigrew. I told him to wait."

"Haggerty the detective?"

"Yes. He said you'd be glad to see him. Has news of some sort."

Killigrew hurried into his private office. "Hello, Haggerty! What's the trouble?"

"Got some news for you." Haggerty accepted a cigar. "I've a hunch that I can find Miss Killigrew's sapphires."

"No! I thought they had been sold over the other side."

"Seems not."

"Got your man?"

"Nope. Funny kind of a job, though. Fooled the customs inspectors. Sapphires are here in New York somewheres."

"A thousand to you, Haggerty, if you recover them."

"A row between two stewards on the Celtic gave me the clue."

"Why, that's the boat I came over on!"

"Sure thing."

"And the thief was on board all the time?"

"Don't think he was when you crossed. I've got to wait till the boat docks before I can get particulars. It's like this: The chap who took the sapphires engaged passage as a steward. His cabin mate saw him lookin' over the stones. He'd taken 'em out o' their settings. This man Jameson pinches 'em; but his mate follows him up an' had it out with him in a waterfront groggery. Got 'em back. Cool customer. I went on board the next morning an' quizzed him. An', say, he done me up brown! As unblinking a liar's I ever met. Took me t' his cabin an' showed me what he professed Jameson had swiped. Nothing but a pearl an' coral brooch. He did it so natural that I swallowed the bull, horns an' hoofs. I've had every pawnshop in New York looked over;

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