

## SERIAL STORY

### DUKE OF DEVIL-MAY-CARE

By HARRIS DICKSON  
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"The Black Wolf's Head," etc.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Duke consulted his watch and shut it with a vicious snap. He took one look at the bottomless read which led eastward through the swamp, and turned to Chalky.

"Put a saddle on old Beck; she knows that road at night. I want to catch the south-bound train at Rolling Fork."

He ran a few yards down the levee and crossed to the store by another plank. "I'm going to town, Harper," he called in at the door. "Look after things."

"Oh, Mr. Duke," the manager ran out and protested: "that rise in the river is due to hit here about tomorrow, and the levees may break; you oughtn't to—"

"Damn it, Harper, I know I oughtn't to go, but I'm going anyway."

"But, Mr. Duke—"

"That's enough, Harper; you are paid to do what I tell you, and when I want your infernal advice I'll ask for it. You and the whole place may go to the devil for what I care."

He stamped angrily out of the store. Merritt, the clerk, finished rolling up a bolt of calico, and glanced sullenly toward Harper, who was still standing where Duke had left him, in the middle of the floor.

Duke's attack on him had been so vicious and so unexpected, that for a moment or two Harper did not comprehend; he thought it must be some stupid sort of a joke.

But as the other wheeled and left the store, Harper's face flushed; then it turned very white. He took two impetuous steps toward the door, and stopped. His color came back, and his smile came back.

"I don't see how you can take that, Mr. Harper," Merritt said, resentfully, leaning across the counter.

"I couldn't—from any other man."

The two or three negroes who had been drying their feet around the stove were already slipping out of the back door—it was not wise for them to mix up in white men's quarrels.

"Come back here, boys," Harper called, peremptorily. His authority on the plantation was at stake, for a white man in the swamp must cover every inch of ground he stands on, or he cannot hope to control half a thousand negroes.

The negroes came back reluctantly, keeping their eyes on the door through which their angry master had disappeared.

"Boys," Harper said to them, "something must be wrong with Mr. Duke; you know he never talks that way to the meanest nigger on his place—and you know that I don't take foolishness from anybody."

"Yassuh, yassuh," Uncle Reggy assented. Regulus Jones was "Mister Noel's pet nigger," so the other darkies said.

"I s'aw d'at think dat was mighty curious o' Mister Noel—he nussur been kinder pestered in 'is mind'! I s'pec—"

Uncle Reggy stopped; a sudden step on the gallery put a period in the middle of his sentence.

Noel Duke reappeared in the door, corduroys, slouch hat, leggings—he plucked at his head, down, not looking where he went. The negroes made ready to run. He stopped, looked up.

"Harper," he said, holding out his hand, "I made a fool of myself just now; I'm sorry."

"That's all right, Mr. Duke, I didn't think anything about it. I knew you must be worried about something."

"I am. I must go to Vicksburg for a few days; the plantation is entirely in your charge. If the levee should break, or whatever you think is necessary to save the stock and take care of the tenants. Good-by, Harper; good-by, Merritt. Give these boys a drink; they've been working hard all day. Good night, boys."

Fifteen minutes later a man and mule turned their backs upon the river and disappeared through the mist along a road that was more passable for boat than beast. Through the dark and the mud they floundered on, the sure-footed mule picking her way unerringly to the highest ground.

"I'll go to that cock-fight just to show her that I don't care. Vance is rich; he lives in New York; he can give her—"

Then his check grew red, even in the blackness of the swamp, that he should impute such motives to Anna Cameron. He had only to think of her clear eyes and broad fair forehead to be ashamed.

"That old woman is at the bottom of this. I'd break every bone in her body if she were only a man."

He shut his lips very tight; and the smile stumbled out.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE MAN THAT DID NOT CARE.  
The bitterness of night had come

upon Noel Duke as suddenly as an eclipse at morning extinguishes the newly risen sun. He floundered in a rayless swamp, crossing bridges that he could not see, trusting to his mule, and struggling through the sloughs. His mud-spattered and stained him—stained him in body, and filled his soul with evil thoughts. Even the chivalric traditions of his race could not prevent him from swearing to himself: "It's that old woman—that old woman."

There is no swamp at Vicksburg, no slough of morbid thought, no bottomless road for man and beast to flounder in. The brilliant February sunshine glistened upon her glory-guarded hills, crowning her lordly crests with the halo of heroic yester-years. There's a lofty deed on every summit, a radiant glamour upon her sparkling lake, a mellow reverence in every valley where unmarked graves lie hid. There's a holiness, an uplift, an exaltation in these treasures of the siege-encircled city, in these memories of the river-girdled town.

But Noel Duke was in the same surly humor when, at ten o'clock the next morning, he opened the door to Joseph Balfour's law office.

Joe was in the act of turning away from the telephone. He saw Duke and began to smile.

"Hello, Noel, you're on time, I see—thought you were due to drop in pretty soon. It's a queer coincidence."

"What coincidence?"

"It's right peculiar—"

Joe began drumming on his desk with a pencil, that always maddened the other. "It's right peculiar, I say it's a queer coincidence, whenever she comes to Vicksburg you happen along at the same time."

"Oh, you mean Miss Cameron? Is she here?"

Joe threw back his head and

tough-looking fellow in a red sweater. They climbed into his buggy and drove away.

Anita saw the whole proceeding. She smiled and went on chatting.

Joe Balfour watched them both—the man and the girl—from his window, and chuckled: "Did anybody ever see such an idiot. He needn't try to fool that girl, she reads him like a Mother Goose book."

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE CRIME.

Joe Balfour slept soundly after the cotillon. His room was on the ground floor, scarcely ten feet from the sidewalk. The usual noises of the night did not disturb him.

About daylight he was roused by a scraping against the outer wall. A man's head and shoulders rose suddenly above the widow-sill and dropped again.

Joe slipped out of bed, cocked his pistol and hid behind the curtains. "He's dragging that bench underneath the window."

Joe watched the man outside, working away, utterly unconscious of being seen.

"My Lord," he thought, "I can't shoot the fellow without giving him some kind of a chance. I'll just wait till he opens the window, then knock him in the head." With that purpose in mind, he crept to the fire-place, picked up the poker, and resumed his position.

Presently the man's fingers clutched the window-sill, and he began drawing himself up. The slouch hat reappeared. The man outside was white. He stood erect and fumbled at the sash, but could not open it. Then to Joe's great astonishment, the man tapped on the pane, and called:

"Joe! Joe! wake up; let me in; it's Noel."

"Noel!" Joe exclaimed, putting his



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!"

laughed—laughed until that funny little bald patch got redder than Duke's face.

"Joe, shut up; can't a fellow get tired of the swamp and come to town to see a cock-fight without you making all that fuss? I haven't played a game of poker for four months; haven't touched a drop; haven't done a thing but worry with niggers and high water. Come along; my buggy is waiting down stairs, and I want you to go to the chicken-fight."

Joe shook his head; the other man insisted.

"That black-breasted red of mine, Scrapper, is to be pitted in the second battle against a Georgia shawnee of Buster Brady's. You'd better come and see it—it'll be a great fight."

"Can't go," Joe said, regretfully. "I've got to work—got to 'buy shoes for Sally an' the children," as old Judge Billings used to say."

"Come along, Joe—come along, don't be a chump; a little sport will do you good. I—" he glanced out of the window, stopped short, and snatched his hat. "Good-by, old fellow, sorry you won't go," and he bolted out.

Joe Balfour walked to the window and looked down upon the street. He knew perfectly well what he was going to see. Miss Anita Cameron and Miss Alice Ashton were standing in front of the bookstore across the street. Duke emerged from the building on the sidewalk below, and did not turn his eyes toward them, but carefully took a position where Anita would be sure to see him.

There he stood, looking uncomfortable, then moved off a few steps and joined a noisy group of men—men with glaring neckties, diamonds, respectable-looking sweaters, and some with tall silk hats. Many of them flourished money between their fingers and offered bets. An omnibus halted at the curb, a dozen men scrambled in, calling for other to follow. Several ran back to get a last drink.

Presently Duke came up the street again, arm in arm with a particularly

German Shocked at African Manners.

The natives of German East Africa have contracted the vulgar habit of drinking soda water directly out of the bottles instead of pouring it first into a glass. To check this the government officials have issued a regulation that all natives discovered drinking out of bottles will be liable to severe corporal punishment or imprisonment, lest refilled bottles be used should find their way to tables of Europeans.—Kölnische Zeitung.

There is no reason why men shouldn't love their enemies as they love themselves—especially if they happen to be their own worst enemies.

To prevent that tired feeling on ironing day—Use Defiance Starch—saves time—saves labor—saves annoyance, will not stick to the iron. The big 16 oz. package for 10c, at your grocer's.

#### Russia To-day.

The Marquis de Custine once defined the Russian government as "an absolute monarchy tempered by assassination." The present situation is described by Constantin Wallerewski as "an anarchy, tempered by a state of siege."

#### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the source of merit and completely destroy the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such ointments should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do to the body is too great to be possible. It is a fact that the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, in Catarrh of the Bladder, are contaminated by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contain an active and taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In Catarrh of the Bladder, the cure is sure you get the medicine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### Repartee Won Hearers.

A good story is told of Frances Lady Waldegrave, who long since paid her debt to nature. She was a woman of quick repartee and many husbands. It was soon after her fourth matrimonial venture with Chichester Fortescue, an Irishman, that she appeared in a Dublin theater with the bridegroom. From the gallery a man shouted down to her: "And which of the four do you like best?" From her box her answer rang out: "The Irishman, of course." And the Irish people house rang with applause.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

#### ELEPHANT AT THE TELEPHONE

Animal Took Much Time to Learn Ludicrous Trick.

So perfectly is this elephant broken that he works by cues imperceptible to the audience. The trainer merely raises his shoulders and the young bull strides toward the telephone box, turn the crank, ringing the bell, picks up the receiver in his long trunk and holds it to his great, flap ear. Then he hangs it up with the suddenness of disgust, rings the bell a second time, and again holds the receiver to his ear, while he listens with the sage, bland expression which only an elephant can assume. When finished, he hangs up the receiver and "rings off."

For something like two minutes this performance lasts. Yet it required a month of steady, hard work to break the elephant into this simple, ludicrous trick. More than 2,000 times, actual count, Barlow had to grasp Tom's trunk, apply it to the bell crank and teach the circular motion of ringing the bell, by leading the trunk just as you might lead the hand of a young child when teaching it to wind a music box. More than 1,000 times the trainer had to lead the tip of the big receiver of the telephone to teach the beast to hold it to his ear and hang it accurately back on its hook. And when these details were mastered, it took more than 500 trials to teach the succession of winding the crank and listening before Tom understood and knew enough to twist the crank without breaking it into halves at every contact—Aplington's Magazine.

#### A FOOD CONVERT.

Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an adv. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved."

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way."

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 10c. "There's a reason."

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Ask your druggist.

No man imagines he is as lonely as he is.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures wind, cures all the ailments of infants.

Don't accuse men of acting the fool; perhaps they are not really acting.

Stiffness, Stitches, Lameness, Cramp all disappear when you apply St. Jacobs Oil.

When a young man gets married his mother always wonders what he can see in a girl like that.

For flexibility, smooth finish, stiffness and durability, Defiance Starch has no equal—10c for 16 oz.

#### Russia After Eastern Trade.

Among the steamship lines recently subsidized by the Russian government is one from Vladivostok to Chinese and Japanese ports.

#### TERRIBLE SCALP HUMOR.

Badly Affected with Sores and Crusts—Extended Down Behind the Ears—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"About ten years ago my scalp became badly affected with sores and itching humors, crusts, etc., and extended down behind the ears. My hair came out in places, also. I was greatly troubled; understood it was eczema. Tried various remedies so called, without effect. Saw your Cuticura advertisement, and got the Cuticura Remedies at once. Applied them as to directions, etc., and after two weeks I think, of use, was clear as a whistle. I have to state also that late last fall, October and November, 1904, I was suddenly afflicted with a bad eruption, painful and itching pustules over the lower part of the body. I suffered dreadfully. In two months, under the skillful treatment of my doctor, combined with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, I found myself cured. H. M. F. Weiss, Rosemond, Christian Co., Ill., Aug. 31, 1905."

#### American Autos Abroad.

During the 12 months ended June 30, 1905, the value of American automobiles exported was \$3,497,915, which is \$1,800,000 more than during the previous year. England took the greatest proportion, \$194,709, with British North America second, Mexico third and France fourth.

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of Defiance Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 16 oz. for 10c, sold by all good grocers.

#### May Return to America.

William Waldorf Astor, Jr., who lives in England with his self-exiled father, has been visiting in Kentucky, and it is rumored that he intends to purchase a country place in the blue grass state. Mr. Astor was accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Danby Langhorne, of Charlottesville, Va.

## OPERATIONS AVOIDED

Two Grateful Letters from Women Who Avoided Serious Operations.—Many Women Suffering from Like Conditions Will Be Interested.



When a physician tells a woman, suffering from female trouble, that an operation is necessary it, of course, frightens her.

The very thought of the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart. As one woman expressed it, when told by her physician that she must undergo an operation, she felt that her death knell had sounded.

Our hospitals are full of women who are there for just such operations. It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but such cases are much rarer than is generally supposed, because a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after the doctors had said an operation must be performed. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be used to secure instant relief, this medicine is certain to help.

The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, have escaped serious operations.

Margie Ryan, Treasurer of St. Andrew's Society, Indianapolis, Ind., writes of her cure as follows:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I cannot find words to express my thanks for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me. The doctor said I could not get well unless I had an operation for the trouble from which I suffered. I knew I could not stand the strain of an operation and made up my mind I would be satisfied for life. Hearing how Lydia E. Pinkham's

#### A WOMAN'S KIDNEYS.

Women have much to do, so many pains to suffer, so many critical periods to go through, that it is important to keep the kidneys well, and avoid the backache, bearing-down pain, headache, dizziness, languor and other common signs of weak kidneys. Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of 22 Boyden St., Woonsocket, R. I., says: "My kidneys were weak from childhood, and for eight or ten years past my back was very painful and I had many annoying symptoms besides. When I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I weighed only 120. To-day I weigh 165, and am in better health than for years. Doan's Kidney Pills have been my only kidney medicine during four years past. They bring me out of every attack."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vesuvius Dusk Traveled Far.

Paris was overcast with a dry, yellowish fog the morning of April 11 of this year. A scientist, believing that the fog had been caused by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, placed upon the roof of his dwelling a series of plates covered with glycerin to catch the dust in the fog. It was found that part of the deposit on the plates was a very fine sand, completely identical with the ash sent up by Vesuvius in 1822. In addition to this sand the fog contained some perfectly spherical globules of oxidized iron.

Monkey's Bite Fatal.

Though bitten twice by a monkey and warned that a third bite would be fatal, Mrs. Powell, of Bath, England, refused to part with the animal. She was bitten again, blood poisoning set in and death from heart failure followed.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is

Beware the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Denatured Alcohol.

Denatured alcohol is used in a hat factory at Manchester, England. The manufacturers use the spirit, recover it, and resell the product in their own factory, and use it over again until it is used up.

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

Mexicans Have Fine Harbor.

The Mexicans claim to have the finest harbor on the Pacific coast at Manzanillo. About \$3,500,000 (gold) has been spent on it, and \$2,500,000 more is to be spent in perfecting it.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.