

OUR SERIAL

DUKE OF DEVIL-MAY-CARE

By HARRIS DICKSON

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Monsieur's face brightened. "Oul, oui, ma'm'selle wish to see zis apartment. But zis is my chamber, I sleep in here."

"You sleep in here?" Alice repeated, vaguely. Anita glanced at the man and wondered what he meant.

Alice continued beating on the door. Monsieur Victor shrugged his shoulders at the persistence of these American girls.

"Arthemise, Arthemise," he called, and clapped his hands. The maid came, and a few words passed between them in French. "Ze room is not yet prepare, ma'm'selle," Monsieur Victor apologized, "but—"

"Open this door, open this door," Alice demanded so vigorously that Victor took the key from Arthemise and threw the room open. Alice stepped inside with Anita immediately behind her, both their faces turned toward Mrs. Ashton's bed. They barely crossed the threshold, then halted, staring and bewildered. There was no bed; it was a strange room; neither of them had ever seen it before. There was no bed with green curtains, no crasader tapestry; no Charlotte Corday on the wall, no Spanish cabinet—nothing that they recognized.

"Why—this is not—mother's room," Anita's eyes took in every detail at a glance—coats hanging on chairs, towels thrown across a screen, a shaving-stand, a line of shoes, a dressing-gown, and slippers. It was a man's bedchamber; she drew back.

The low Napoleon bed in the far corner had been slept in, and was still disordered; the heavy center table, the pictures on the wall—everything was unfamiliar.

"We have made a mistake," Anita admitted, and backed out into the hall. "I thought," stammered Alice, "that this was my mother's room. Where is she?"

"Your mother?" the Frenchman repeated, in a tone so utterly blank that it sent a shiver through the blue-eyed girl.

"Yes, my mother; we left her in here last night; I thought it was this room."

"I do not comprehend ma'm'selle." "No, it was not this room," Alice looked in again—"no, it was not this room."

The hall was very quiet. Anita could hear the parrot's chatter in the court below, the splashing fountain, the "coo-coo-coo" of the pigeons—even the scraping of Hippolyte's broom came to her from the banquette. All around her and about her was the settled serenity of the Creole life. Yet she began to fear—and tried to keep Alice from seeing it.

Anita glanced from the politely attentive face of Monsieur Victor to Alice's round blue eyes, startled and wide open. Then she looked again into that unfamiliar room. It was very puzzling, but of course nothing could have happened.

"Maybe, maybe," she suggested, as if trying to reassure herself—"maybe it's the next room; but I felt sure that this was the one. May we look?"

"Certainment, as you please, ma'm'selle."

Monsieur Victor, courteous and incredulous, opened door after door.

There were six rooms in that part of the house, three on either side of the hall, and all rented to carnival visitors. One of these rooms the girls had occupied, and in one they felt sure they had left Mrs. Ashton. But which? As Monsieur Victor opened the doors the anxious girls peered in. They found nothing.

Alice caught him by the arm. "Monsieur Victor, it was the room with the great big bed in it—with the green silk curtains—you remember the room that you put mother in last night?"

The Frenchman smiled indulgently, and looked blank.

"Anita, you remember it?"

The older girl nodded, shut her lips tightly, and went on searching. In the rear room opposite their own they found a sweet-faced old lady, very deaf, knitting beside a window. Monsieur explained something to her in French, through a trumpet. She nodded that the young ladies were free to search her room if they chose. Anita murmured an apology, and drew Alice after her into the hall.

"Monsieur Victor, where is my mother?" Alice caught the lapel of his coat, and besought him; the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders with an expressive air of painful ignorance.

"My mother, Monsieur Victor, my mother," the girl insisted, "don't you remember—try to remember—her foot slipped, she stepped in the gutter last night when you helped her from the cab?"

Piteously as she gazed up into his face, the man's expression showed that he did not remember, although

for her sake he tried very hard. He was very sorry, very sympathetic, but could recall no other lady being with the two girls when they came to his house.

Alice dropped into a chair beside the door, and began to cry. Anita was not satisfied. She kept wandering from room to room, utterly bewildered, looking for something that would set her straight. Time and again she stopped at the first door that they had entered.

"This is the room," she said, finally; "we noticed the broken knob on this door when we came out last night."

Monsieur Victor seemed a trifle disconcerted at the positive statement. Alice sprang up and came running. "Yes, it is, it is."

The maid followed; Alice dragged her across the threshold.

"Try to remember, Arthemise; mother sat right there, you took off her stockings and washed her foot—surely you remember that? Oh, no, it wasn't here at all," and the girl burst out crying again.

Arthemise spoke no English, but she understood, and shrugged her shoulders.

Alice came like a child to Anita, hid her head on the other girl's breast, and suffered herself to be led from the room. Anita stood perfectly still in the hall stroking Alice's hair, and trying desperately hard to think what could have happened.

For Mrs. Ashton's room had disappeared—the huge bed with green curtains—the Crusader knight—the cabinet—the memories of Lafitte—Mrs. Ashton herself, the real and the unreal—all, everything had vanished from the daylight, like night-born fantasies of a dream.

CHAPTER X.
INTO THE VOID.

Monsieur Victor Labouisse followed the girls from the room and closed the door—the door that had the broken knob. Anita and Alice stood bewildered in the hall, watching him

"I shall call the police," she said, vaguely.

"What for does mademoiselle wish ze police?" Victor inquired, blandly, with palms outspread.

"I want the police!" she almost screamed back to him.

"Oul, oul, ma'm'selle; I have zem in one minute." Victor bowed with the air of doing a foolish thing in order to pacify a child. "Hip!leet! Hip!leet!" he called, "run! quick, fetch ze police for ma'm'selle—"

Hippolyte came from the court below and hobbled up the stair, his cap in hand; he had not understood.

Anita advanced to meet him at the door. Again she stopped, a choking fear clutching at her throat.

"The man across the street," she thought, and shuddered; "what had he done? Perhaps he knew—perhaps."

She raised her hand. "Oh, no, no, Monsieur Victor, do not call the police—yet—"

Victor shrugged his shoulders hopelessly; was ever man so beset?

Hippolyte had scarcely disappeared before he came back again. Anita turned to him as she might have turned to any trifle which promised explanation.

"Two gentlemen; zey wait," he said, and handed Anita their cards—"Mr. Felix Chaudron, Mr. Woodford Vance." Anita read the names aloud, and dully wondered how Woodford Vance happened to be here.

"Oh," Alice exclaimed, "I know! Mother wrote him a month ago; he was to meet us here, and surprise you."

She tore herself away from Anita, sped through the hall, down the steps, and without noticing a stranger's presence, ran straight to Woodford Vance.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came," she burst out; "something terrible has happened. Mother was here with us last night. Now she's gone, and we can't find her anywhere. Come."

She caught his hand, led him stum-



"What's the Matter?" He Asked.

lock it, listening to the rasping bolt as it slipped into place.

"Mother did come here with us, didn't she, Anita?" Alice sobbed.

Anita tightened her clasp about the younger girl. It seemed a thousand years ago—last night—a thousand miles away, a confused entangled memory of some strange land, some vanishing castle, where men whispered, and where a pair of tense black eyes stared at her from a window.

Instinctively her thoughts turned to Noel Duke, if, indeed, they had ever strayed from their usual abiding-place. She forgot his neglect, forgot her resentment, she felt only her weakness, and hoped he might be near. She would appeal to him; even if he did hate Mrs. Ashton he would come, for her sake. He would compel this shriveled little mummy to tell the truth. Yes, yes, she would go to the street door and call him.

"Come, Alice," she said; and half supporting her cousin, Anita moved decisively toward the door at the end of the hall.

But if that were Noel, why did he sit in that window across the street and stare? Why did he look so pale and haggard? What was it that he and Victor were talking about so earnestly? What agreement was there between them? Why should Noel be so anxious to hide something? Why did he agree not to come back to this house if Victor would not tell? What was it that Victor could tell? Victor had said "ladies must be protect;" what did he mean by that? What woman did Noel mean to harm?

A thousand jumbled ideas flashed through Anita's mind. "No, no," she stopped herself at the threshold. But she must do something; Monsieur Victor—wretched little creature—kept watching her with his toad's eyes, and Alice was worse than help-

bling up the stair, round the balcony and into the back hall.

The young Creole followed—a slender fellow with tiny mustache, and indolent-looking eyes. Victor greeted this man with elaborate politeness, for he knew the Chaudrons.

They came upon Anita standing in the hall where Alice had left her, her deep eyes gazing through the doorway. She held out her hand to Woodford Vance without a word.

"What's the matter?" he asked after he had hurriedly presented Chaudron.

"I don't know—exactly; we came down from Vicksburg last night with my aunt. She went to sleep in that room—I think it was that room—"

"No, Anita, it was not that room," Alice corrected.

"I'm sure that was the room," Anita insisted, "and now she isn't here; she isn't in the house. These people say she did not come."

"Impossible! How foolish!" Vance was a practical business man, and would have laughed outright but for Alice's hysterical distress. Felix Chaudron looked from one mystified girl to the other, then straight at the hotelkeeper.

"What about this, Monsieur Labouisse?"

"Ma'm'selle ees mistake." Victor spread out his palms with a deprecatory gesture, heart-broken at having to take issue with a lady. "Ze two young lady zey come to my house las' night; I give zem a room; zis morning zey speak of one more lady. I know nutting of her. One young lady say her muzzer sleep in zat room—one say she do not. One say 'yes,' one say 'no'—as you hear, m'sieu; I am in one great perplex. Zat ees my room; I sleep zere las' night." The bewildered Frenchman shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRICKS OF MEMORY

STRANGE PHENOMENA THAT PUZZLE SCIENTISTS.

Accounted for by Some on the Basis of Transmigration of Souls—Second Explanation is a Physical One.

"Have we ever lived before?" is a question which is interesting many correspondents of British newspapers. Dr. Andrew Wilson analyzes the strange phenomena of memory given by the contributors in part as follows: "The doctrine of metempsychosis or transmigration of souls represents a very ancient belief. Not merely did it credit the possibility that the soul after death could be transferred from one human being to another, but it also held that the human soul might take up its abode in another form of life and be transferred from the purely human to the lower animal domain. The theory asserts that as each stage is ended and a new era begun the soul sheds most of the features it illustrated in the life it left, retaining now and then, however, vague memories of some of its antecedent states. Such memories, forcibly projected into the foreground of our existence today, it is held, should convince us that we have 'lived before.'"

"Everything we have heard or seen or otherwise appreciated through the agency of our sense organs—every impression, every sensation—is really stored up within those brain cells which exercise the memory function. True, we may not be able to recall all of them at will; many are doubtless beyond the reach of the power that revives and prints off for us positives from our stored-up mental negatives. But it is none the less significant that on occasion we can disinter memories of events whose date lies very far back in our lives—recollections, these, perhaps, we have never realized after their reception, but lying latent, and only waiting the requisite and proper stimulus to awaken them and to bring them to the surface of our life."

This expresses briefly what we mean by 'subliminal consciousness.' It is that under-layer of stored-up impressions and memories which is only fully awakened in certain brain states and of which, in our ordinary life, we only receive the faintest and most occasional reminders of its existence. We do not recognize the source of every bit of ancient news the subliminal consciousness may bring to light and so we treat its resurrections as if they were reflections from some previous phase of existence. But often the clew is supplied us and the apparent mysterious awakening of past life appears merely as a recollection, the origin of which we did not at first recognize.

Even the idea that sometimes strikes us on entering a strange place, hitherto unknown to us, that we 'have been there before,' is capable of rational explanation. Our brain is built on the double principle, and acts in appreciating our surroundings through the simultaneous work of its two intellectual centers. If there exists a slight discrepancy in this simultaneous work, so that one half of our brain appreciates the scene a little before the other half, we are presented with the false memory of having seen the place before."

A Submarine Kite.

A strange kite, devised by a Swedish engineer, is made to fly under water.

It is constructed of light canvas, spread upon a strong but light metal frame, and is made in two sections. The lower and smaller section depends from the upper and is connected with it by a kind of coupling.

The mission of the apparatus is to warn vessels of shoals or places where there is an insufficient depth of water. A small wire cable runs from the kite to the vessel's deck.

As the ship sails along the kite trails beneath or beside the craft at such depth as will insure safety.

If at any time the bottom of the kite touches ground a device relieves the coupling connecting it with the upper part and the alarm bell is sounded on deck.

The kite may then be drawn up, re-adjusted and thrown overboard again, to resume its silent but useful vigils.

Not Worth Noticing.

Hawley—But, surely, you don't propose to let Huskie's remark pass unchallenged?

Crawley—That's just what I propose to do.

Hawley—Why, man alive, he called you a blithering idiot!

Crawley—Exactly; but, my dear sir, there is no word in the English dictionary as "blithering."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Even Worse.

"I can't imagine anything more unsatisfactory," remarked the chronic kicker, "than a meal at our boarding house."

"No," replied the sentimental youth. "Evidently you never got a kiss from your best girl over the telephone."

Strong Denial.

New Minister—I am glad you enjoyed your trip. Foreign travel broadens one so.

Mrs. Cumus (portly)—Why, Mr. Solup; how can you say that? I don't weigh an ounce heavier than when I started.

Held Back.

"That big foundry over there can't get ahead very fast."

"Why not?"

"It's always casting anchors."

A Well-Known Remedy.

One of the oldest, safest and most favorably known remedies in the world to-day is Brandreth's Pills—a blood purifier and laxative. Being purely vegetable, they can be used by old or young with perfect safety, and while other remedies require increased doses and finally cease acting altogether, with Brandreth's Pills the same dose always has the same effect, no matter how long they are taken. One or two pills taken each night for a while is the best thing known for any one troubled with constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia or any trouble arising from impurity of the blood.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century, and are for sale everywhere, plain or sugar-coated.

After Many Trials.

Johnny had been fighting. His mother was telling him of the evils of resorting to violence to obtain redress for a wrong.

"I don't care," said Johnny, "he took my ball."

"Did you try to get it from him peaceably?"

"Yes'm."

"How many times did you try, Johnnie?"

"I tried once, twice, thrice and force; and I didn't get the ball till the last trial."

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.

True friendship is imperishable.—Phythagoras.

AWFUL SUFFERING.

From Dreadful Pains from Wound on Foot—System All Run Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"Words cannot speak highly enough for the Cuticura Remedies. I am now seventy-two years of age. My system had been all run down. My blood was so bad that blood poisoning had set in. I had several doctors attending me, so finally I went to the hospital where I was laid up for two months. My foot and ankle were almost beyond recognition. Dark blood flowed out of wounds in many places and I was so disheartened that I thought surely my last chance was slowly leaving me. As the foot did not improve, you can readily imagine how I felt. I was simply disgusted and tired of life. I stood this pain, which was dreadful, for six months, and during this time I was not able to wear a shoe and not able to work. Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. The consequences were I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies of one of my friends who was a druggist, and the praise that I gave after the second application is beyond description; it seemed a miracle for the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap before applying the Ointment and I took the Resolvent at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure, can hardly believe their own eyes. Robert Schoenhauer, Newburg, N. Y., August 21, 1905."

Dick (looking at picture-book)—"I wonder what the Noahs did with them selves all day long in the Ark?"

Mabel—"Fished. I should think."

Bob—"They didn't fish for long."

Dick and Mabel—"Why not?"

Hobbie—"Well, you see, there were only two worms!"—Punch.

FEARFUL PAINS

SUGGESTIONS HOW WOMEN MAY FIND RELIEF.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. This is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. When pain exists something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

Thousands of women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes woman's special pains and irregularities.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes, of 540 N. Division Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women. I suffered misery for years with painful periods, headaches, and bearing-down pains. I consulted two different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the east advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and no longer suffer as I did before. My periods are natural; every ache and pain is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound sooner; for I have tried so many remedies without help."

"I dreaded the approach of every month, as it meant so much pain and suffering for me, but after I had used the Compound two months I became regular and natural and am now perfectly well and free from pain. I am very grateful for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rests upon the well-earned gratitude of American women.

When women are troubled with pain or irregularities, displacements or ulceration of the organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lyana, Mass.

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

The Power Behind the Dough!

K G BAKING POWDER

25 ounces for 25 cents

A real power that raises and sustains the dough with absolute certainty. No failures. A cake made with K C cannot fall.

We insist upon refunding your money if a trial does not convince you.

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

Jacques Mig. Co. Chicago