# The Beers-Home - Magazine - Page

# "THE KING OF DIAMONDS"

A Thrilling Story of a Modern Monte Cristo

BY LOUIS TRACY.

greatly at variance with his anticipations

that he partly expected to find further

Dr. Williams did not answer. Philip advanced a halting foot, a hesitating

Instantly a stout rope fell over his shoulders, a noose was tightly drawn.

and he was jerked violently to the stone floor of the passage. He fell prone on

his face, hurting his nose and mouth.

hand groping for a door.

## You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Philip Anson, a boy of 15 when the story opens, is of good family and has been discovered. His widowed mother has been discovered him widowed mother has been discovered by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death the boy is desperate. On his return from the funeral, in a violent rain, he is able to save the life of a little girl, who was caught in a street accident. He soes back to the house where his mother had died, and is ready to hang himself, when a huge meteor falls in the courty and. He takes this as a sign from heaven, and abandons suicide, investisation proves the meteor to have been an immense diamond. Philip arranges with a broker named Isaacstein to handle his diamonds. In getting away from Johnson's Mews, where the diamond fell, he saves a policeman's life from attack by a criminal named Jockey Mason. He has made friends with Police Magistrate Abingdorn, and engages him to look after his affairs as guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

The second part opens ten years later. Philip has taken a course at the unit of the clutches of an English brigand.

as guardian. This ends the first part of the story,

The second part opens ten years later. Philip has taken a course at the university, and is now a wealthy and athletic young man, much given to roaming. He has learned his mother was sister of sir Philip Moriand, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his nephew. Johnson's Mews has been turned into the Mary Anson Home for Indigent Boys, one of London's most notable private charities. Jockey Mason, out of prison on ticket-of-leave, seeks for vengeance, and falls in with victor Grenier, a master crook, and James Langdon, stepson of Sir Philip Moriand, a dissipated rounder. Philip saves a girl from insult from this gang, and learns later she is the same girl whose life he had saved on that rainy night. Grenier plots to get possession of Philip's wealth. His plan is to impersonate Philip after he has been kidnaped and turned over to Jockey Mason. Just as this pair has come to an understanding. Langdon returns from the girl's home, where he has attended a reception. The three crocks lay their plans, and in the meantime Philip arranges so Airs. Atherly recovers some of her money from Lord Vanstone, her cousin, and secures a promise from the daughter to wed him. Anson is lured by false measures a promise from the daughter to wed him. Anson is lured by false measures a promise from the daughter to wed him. Anson is lured by false measures to visit a seeluded spot. Anson is irapped by a gang at a ruined house.

# Now Read On

Copyright, 1994, by Edward J. Clode,

The astonianed servant took the note. Before he could repfy his master turned, crossed a room feebly lighted by a dull lamp and passed through a curtained

Green was staring perplexedly at the that ever breathed. But the stout rim of house, the kitchen, his ill-favored companion, carrying Philip's portmanteau shell, took off some of the instruwithin, when he heard his master's voice ment's tremendous impact. Philip, though again, and saw him standing between quite insensible, was not dead. His the partly drawn curtains, with his face sentient difficulties were annihilated for quite visible in the dim rays of the the time, but his heart continued its life-"Green?"

"Yes, sir."

Here are my keys. Unlock the bag glutted with satisfied hate. He lifted his and take the keys with you. You remember the small portmanteau in my safe at | great strength. Park Lane" "Yes, sir."

Open the safe, get that beg and send it to me temorrow night by train to the Station Hotel, York." Tomorrow night, sir?"

"Yes."

The keys were thrown with a rattle onto the broad kitchen table. Evidently Mr. Anson would not brook questions as to his movements, though his few words sounded contradictory. Green got down, kitchen. The windows faced toward the unfastened the portmanteau and went back to the dog cart. They're queer folk I' t' grange." said

the stable boy, as they drove away. "There's a barrow-night and a lady as hobody ever sees, an' a dochtor, an' a man-him as kem for ye."

"Surely they are well known here?" week. T' doctor chap's very chirpy, but |ish it." you uther is a rum 'un."

last few minutes, but he was discreet and be saturated. And wipe his face, I must well trained.

He liked his young master and would do anything to serve his interests. Moreover, the ways of millionaires were not

was to hear and obey. He slept none the less soundly because his master chose voluntarily to bury himself, even for a little while, in such a

weirdly tumbledown, old marrion as the Grange House. "Revenge is Mine, I Will Repay." "Can't I have a light?" said Philip,

with head screwed round to ascertain if blerful of the neat spirit and drank it the doctor were following him. Some sense, whether of sight or hear-

ing he knew not, warned him of movement near at hand, an impalpable effort, a physical tension as of a man laboring under extreme but repressed excitement He raid little heed to it. All the surroundings in this weird dwelling were so

#### New Buttermilk Product Beautifies Skin Quickly

Every woman knows that buttermilk regularly applied to the face, is the very best beautifier in the world. But to use a sufficient quantity of fresh buttermilk daily is not only expensive at the end of the month, but is a messy, unmitigated nuisance. It will be welcome information, therefore that come information, therefore, that pushs presolated buttermilk emulsion, which keeps indifinitely, may be used as a tolet cream with even better results than the liquid, and with for greater convenience. Owing to its consistency and its condensed form, a small jar of it goes as far as sixty pints of fresh buttermilk for complexion purposes. Also it renders the use of soap unnec-cessary as it cleans the skin wonderfully and is, of course, perfectly harmlens. any druggist can supply presolated buttermik emulion. It is highly recommended by Sherman & McConneil Drug Co., 16th and Dodge Sts., Owl Drug Co., 16th and Harney Sts.; Harvard Pharmacy, 24th and Farnani Sts.; Loyal Pharmacy, 297-2 N. 16th St. Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

No. 2-There Are More Ways Than One of Breaking the Ice

By Stella Flores

Copyright, 1914, International



He was skimming along on his skates one afternoon when a bend in the river revealed a group of girls on the narrow strip of ice he must pass. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed like an arrow towards the danger point. The ico might not break, but if he passed those girls some of them were bound to speak to him. However, the ice did break, and after clawing wildly at crumbling pieces, Bob realized that his strength was gone. He gave one loud cry for help, and then everything went black

He opened his eyes for the bundreth part of a second. Then he closed them again very tight. In that instant there had flashed in his sight more girls than he could count. And they were all hovering over him with bottles, and steaming cupe. "He's fainted again," one soft voice mounted. Only one of them noticed he blushed every time a girl's hand touched him. But it wasn't until his mother arrived that he opened the corner of one eye. "I'm all right now," he said.

## "Old Women Who Are in the Way"

By DOROTHY DIX.

A great-htarted woman who has re-Mason rose, panting with excitement, cently died has willed all of her fortune victim's inert form with the case of his live with relatives who do not want daughter-in-law have yet to be born who "Come on!" he shouted, and strode them, and who find them "in the way." It is a beautiful

Sometimes it is

an old mother who

has given her best

years to slaving

and tolling for her

children, but who

finds herself an

apened.

some relative-in-law. There is no an-

old women who are in the way of the

God rest the soul of the Woman who

of them may fly as to a temple of refuge

The building of this home where speci-

fic purpose is to be a shelter for the

be more than a mere sanctuary for de

pendent old women. It should bring

home to all women who are approach-

It is a harsh and cruel thing to say,

young, and happy, and selfish.

A step sounded haltingly in the parcharity, for there sage. Grenier, the soi-disant doctor, livid are no tradedies in now and shaking with the ague of irrethe world more trievable crime, stumbled after his more poignant than the callous associate. Unconsciously he kicked Philip's hat to one side. He entered the fate of those old wemen who are room, an apartment with a boundless forced to eat the bitter bread of de-Here there was more light than in the pendence, and to live in the homes northwest, and the last radiance of a setof others where ting sun illumined a wall on the right, they are one too "Not there!" he gasped. "In this chair;

Mason, still clasping his inanimate burden, laughed with a snarl. "Stop that." he roared. "Pull yourself together. Get some brandy. I've done my 'Not a bit of it. On'y bin here about a work. If you can't do yours, let me fin-

his face-I must see his face!"

forward, but the savage Jerk given by his assailant brought the rim slightly

In the almost complete darkness of the passage. Mason could not see the slight

rotection this afforded to his victim, and

the sledge-hammer blow he delivered with

a life-preserver-that murderous imple-

ment named so utterly at variance with

its purpose-did not reveal the presence

He struck with a force that would have

stunned an ox; it must have killed any

man, be he the hardest-skulled aborigine

the hat, though crushed like an egg

giving functions, and he breathed with

toward a door which he kicked open.

imperceptible flutterings.

view of the sea.

over his skull again.

of an obstacle.

"Oh, just a moment! Give me time! Green was certainly puzzled very greatly hate the sight of blood. Get a towel. Bind by the unexpected developments of the it round his neck. His clothes! They will sec his face."

Grenier was hysterical; he had the where deeds of bloodshed were concerned the vays of other men. All he could do While Mason obeyed his instructions he pressed his hands over his eyes.

Bring some brandy, white-liver. Do ou want me to do everything?" This gruff order awoke Grenier to trembling action. He went to a cupboard and procured a bottle. Mason, having placed Anson in a chair and steadled his head against the wall, seized half a tum-

ing his self-control, was satisfied with a less potential deaught. "It will be dark soon," growled Mason We must undress him first, you said. 'Yes. If his clothes are not blood-

with gusto. The other, gradually recover-

in any case. The idea is your own. 'Ah! I forgot. It will soon be all right Besides. I knew I should be upset, so I

take then."

He produced a little notebook and until they creep into that last home that opened it with uncertain fingers. He glanced at a closely written page. The words danced before his vision, but he perservered.

Clothes or linen stained with blood to be burned, after cutting off all buttons. Now, I'm ready. I will not funk any more."

and criminal faculties in sinister com- themselves against it, bination, and he soon recovered his domihave been to instinct of the pickpocket and that is that every woman who lives visiting them, and having them with that led him to appropriate Philin's in another woman's house is a woman her, but having her separate interests. watch with its quaint shoelace attach- "in the way." This will seem incred- and separate life, for in that way and ment, before he touched any other article libb to mothers. They will say, "My that way alone, can she keep heraelf

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

the way. I will always have a warm seat by the fire in my children's homes." This may be true enough of one's own children, but there is Mary's husband. to build a home for poor women whose and Freddic's wife to take into considexistence is made wretched by having to eration, and the son-'n-law and the receive a mother-in-law into their houses twithout feeling that they are giving a living understudy of martyrdom, nobly borne.

If Mary's husband and Freddle's Wife are pin-feathered saints, they try to do their duty by their mother-in-law, but it is duty and not pleasure, and in her heart the mother-in-law knows that she's do trop.

And if Mary's husband and Freddie's wife are just common, ordinary human beings, the mother-in-law is not only the woman in the way, but the woman who leads the way only too often for her son or daughter to the divorce court. Of course, if a woman is old, and sick, and poor, there is frequently no way in which she can prevent herself from becoming dependent, and being forced to live with those who do not want her, but there are many other cases in which a woman brings this cruel fate needlessly unwelcome guest in her son's an- daughter's homes. Sometimes it is an old maid down upon her own head. sinter who has sacrificed her youth, and

If I could say one word more earnest her romance, and her own chances in than any other to a middle-aged woman, life in order to give younger brothers who has a little home and a little prophighly strung nervous system of a girl and sisters better opportunities than she erty of her own, it would be to hang could have, who is farmed out among on to her pocketbook to the last grasp those for whom she has done so much, of life, and not to be foolish chough. and who regard themselves as martyrs as so many mothers do, to give everyfor having to "take" Jane for so many thing she has got to her children on the months a year. Sometimes it is a foriorn supposition that she'll be perfectly happy old cousin, or a widowed aunt, childless, and need nothing, living about with

penniless, to whom, for very shame sake, them. an unwilling door has been grudingly Children are human and in-laws are doubly human, and the minute they have Always these women who must live dene mother out of her property, they in other people's homes know they are forget the obligation, and cornider her not wanted. They see themselves slighted, a burden. Between mother with her own patronized, put upon. In many cases money and able to make presents, and they realize that they are a perpetual mother who has to be taken care of, is source of discord in the family, and that the difference between a welcome guest their presence is fiercely resented by and the woman in the way.

There is no way to keep your children guish of hurt love and brused pride that dutiful and attentive equal to having "Rot. He must go into the water naked they do not suffer, these poor, forlorn them have a wary eye on your will. And I would equally urge the woman

who is in business not to give up her job because her prospective son-in-law have everything written down here-all has remembered their sorrow, and whose invites her to come and live with him. fully thought out. There can be no mis- money will build a home to which some Ante-nuptial and post-nuptial sentiments in a man are seidom the same, and experience shows that the only possible way to keep the peace with in-laws is holds out its welcoming arms to us all. not to live under the same roof with them. Every mother who goes to live in women who are "in the way," should her son's or daughter's house jeopardizes the peace and happiness of that home. Therefore, every woman who is approaching the age at which her children are likely to marry and leave her, should may he in store for them unless they begin preparing herself to make her own living in some way if she is poor, and in any case, she should resolve that

ing middle life a warning of the fate that brgin at once to take steps to protect come what will, she will live her indecation in a guilty partnership. It must but it is a truth that we do well to face, pendent life, apart from her children, Mary and my Freddle will always want from the sad tot of being a woman who their mother. They will never find me in in 'in the way."

# Those New Sandals



Putting On the Sandals.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Wait Pive Years. Dear Miss Pairfax: I am 12, and in love with a girl about aix years my senior. Do you think it would be proper to pro-pose to her, or should I wait?

CHARLIE. Wait five years. When that time is up am sure you will decide to wait longer before proposing to a girl six years your sentor. You are still a boy, while she, at 25, is a woman grown.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been in love with a girl two years my junior, and she says she likes me. I proposed to her some two or three times and she refused without giving any reason. Shall I ask her asain?

J. D. A. It is the only way to win ker, but if I were you I would not make proposing a habit. Give her a chance to think you don't intend to ever ask her again before

You Were Very Silly. Dear Miss Pairfax: I met a young man two years my senior at a party not long ago, and we instantly took a liking for each other. He asked me if he could wear my ring, and I said yea, but to surely give it back, because it belonged to a boy friend. It is three weeks since then and I have not heard from him and can't get the ring back.

BOTHERED.

you do.

The girl who lets every stray friend borrow her jewelry is always punished and deserves to be. You must buy your boy friend another ring, and always remember the lesson.

### Hooray! Baby To Rule the House

No Longer Do Women Fear The Great-est of All Human Blessings.

It is a joy and comfort to know that those much-talked-of pains and other distresses that are said to precede child-bearing may easily be avoided. No woman need fear the slightest discomfort if she will fortify herself with the well-known and

time-honored remedy, "Mother's Friend."

'Yes. His coat first. Then his boots.

itis temperament linked the artistic

This is a most grateful, penetrating, egternal application that at once softens and makes pliant the abdominal muscles and ligaments. They naturally expand without the slightest strain, and thus not only banish all tendency to nervous, twitching spells, but there is an entire freedom from nausca, discomfort, sleeplessness and dread that so often leave their impress upon the

The occasion is therefore one of unbounded, joyful anticipation, and too much stress can not be laid upon the remerkable influence which a mother's happy, pre-natua disposition has upon the houlth and fortunes of the generation to come.

Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers, thousands of whom have used and recessmend it. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Write to-day to the Bradfield Regulator Co., 130 Lamar Bidg. Atlanta, Ga., for a most instructive book on this greatest of all subjects, motherhood,