In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prus-dence Brook, widowed at 16 and still a widow at two and twenty, while journey-ing in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman who, however, takes nothing from her except a kirs.

The two girls live with their grand-mother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, extravagant, and always in debt. She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a new gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her ap-proaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beau-desert.

Auron informs her, however, that Beau-desert is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once secrets herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantle, the highwayman who had kissed her on the moors, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday. Suddenly she recalls that according to legal custom the debts of a widow "are buried in the coffin of her husband."

She conceives the whimsical idea of marrying Robin in order to escape her debts.

Accompanied by Peggy she visits New-gate prison and Robin, who is already in love with her, consents to the ceremony.

Afterward Prue asks to be alone with im for a few minutes and allows him to iss her again and feels pity for his approaching execution.

Lord Beaucombe also visits Robin and Robin tells him that he has proof that Beaucombe is not the legitimate hair to the title and threatens if he is not re-leased to see that proof of this fact gets to Beaucombe's enemies.

On Monday Peggy is suffering keenly because of her belief that Robin, now beginning to be a hero in her eyes, is about to be hanged she is astonished at seeing him enter the house and is told that he has been reprieved and set at liberty.

For his freedom Robin, whose real name in Decliffe, agrees to make over to Lord Beaucombe a paper conveying his claim to the title and estate to him.

He has no sooner done this than Lord seaucombe treacherously tries to capture tim. Robin by cleverly disguising him-eif in a borrowed coat and hat and using ord Beaucombe's horse, escapes.

At a rout at Marlborough House the queen loses a diamond necklace and as it is known that Robin is a red domino has been present he is suspected of the theft.

Prue, who has learned where he hides, goes to him, confesses her love for him, and persuades him to give up the neck-lace which she restores to the Duchess of Mariborough for the queen.

The affair, which leaks out, is variously interpreted by the gossips.

CHAPTER XXV, Continued.

'You have those-that packet?" he 'Yes.'
"Have you examined the contents?
"The

he seized Prue's hand and drew her reluctantly farther away.
"Tell me," he whispered, "are you his wife? If so, I will make no further demur. For your sake," he added as an afterthought. "I am willing not only to free this—gentleman—but to aid his escape, although, by doing so, I play the traitor to my sovereign."

Prue gazed steadily into his eyes, as though she would read the depths of his mean soul. Then she replied firmly, "I am his wife."

"He is free! I pledge you my word

ly. "I am his wife."
"He is free! I pledge you my word
I will not pursue him. Let him go
where he pleases; your husband is
sacred in my eyes." The sinister light
in them was not in accordance with
the bland, congratulatory smile that
played over his lips, as he turned to

played over his lips, as he turned to Robin.

"The Lady Prudence has proved irresistiole, as usual, Captain Freemantle. You are free. Take my advice and use your freedom to put as many leagues as possible between yourself and London. I shall not parsus you, but there are others who seek your life, on whom the charm of Lady Prue might be exercised in vain. Untie his hands and set him free."

When he was obeyed and Robin had returned his pockets to their proper place, Beachcombe restored their ravished contents, reserving only one object. With his eyes fastened upon that, Robin pocketed his well furnished purse, his handkerchief and other belongings, and then held out his hand once more.

have forgotten my wallet."

"The contents of that wallet, Sir Highwayman, concern matters of too great importance for either of us to deal with. It shall be placed in the hands of those most interested—when you are out of their reach," was the reply, popmously delivered.

deal with. It shall be placed in the hands of those most interested—when you are out of their reach," was the reply, pompously delivered.

"I cannot leave this place without that wallet," said Robin resolutely. "It's worth more than life to me, and rather than purchase my freedom at the price of its surrender, I will remain here and risk the worst."

"Robin!" cried Prue, in a voice of anguish. "Have pity on me if not on yourself."

"Would you have me sacrifice a hundred lives to save my own?" said Robin, unfinchingly, though pale to the lips. With drooping head, she sank upon a bench, her courage for the first time falling. Lord Beachcombe looked from one to the other with a scowl as black as thunder, then with a sudden impulse snatched up the wallet and almost flung it into Robin's hand. "Go!" he shouted; "go quickly, before I have time to repent my folly, and remember that other swords will soon be thirsting for your life," and he laughed harshly, as he turned abruptly away and walked to the farther end of the hall.

Then Robin approached Prue and taking her hand, said gently: "A thousand pardons, dear heart of my heart. I must seem an ungrateful churl; but oh, if you could know—I will write—"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted feverishly, "but now go quickly—every moment's delay is fatal to you—and to me—" the last words were murmured inaudibly. "How soon can you reach some safe concealment?"

"Very soon; in less than an hour," he said. "I leave you in Steve's care; he will conduct you home and protect you with his life."

"First you must take him with you and send him back when you are on the road to safety. I have pledged

"First you must take him with you and send him back when you are on the road to safety. I have pledged your precious packet," she said, smiling bravely up at him," and when Steve returns to say you are safe, I shall give it to Lord Beachcombe. It is the price of your ransom."

"But you."
"Don't you understand" she only

"But you-"
"Don't you understand," she cried, impatiently, "that I am like a cat? No matter where I am thrown, I always fall on my feet. Do not fear for me, but begone, and if you love me, do not attempt to see me again. Farewell."

It was no place for the tender adject.

Farewell."

It was no place for the tender adieux of parting lovers. He pressed her hand passionately to his lips, threw his cloak round him, and with a brief salute to Beachcombe—who took no notice of it—strode away, followed by Steve.

When their footsteps ceased to reverberate under the colonnade, Beachcombe approached Prue with a friendly smile.

ly smile.

"Permit me, dear viscountess, to offer my congratulations," he said. "You
have indeed prepared a charming surprise for your friends—and enemies, if
one so adorable could by any possibility have any such."

Her answering laugh had the eld ring
of sweet contagious mirth. "Circum-

Her answering laugh had the eld ring of sweet, contagious mirth. "Circumstances have forced me to reveal my secret rather prematurely," she said, "but I can trust your lordship's discretition not to share it—with my dear friends—and enemies."

"Oh, we will give your-husband time to escape before we impart the joyful news to—Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert, for example."

Prue experienced an unpleasant

"Have you examined the contents? Surely woman's curlosity—" The lightness of his words could not veit the anxiety in his voice.

"The seals are still unbroken," she assured him, 'and, if you agree to my terms, will remain so until you break them yourself."

"But you know somewhat of the contents? No doubt," with intense bitterness, "Captain Freemantle has given you his version of their importance?" "Whatever I know about them, Lord Beachcombe, will be forgotten—absolutely—from the moment that Captain—Freemantle—is out of danger."

Beachcombe will be forgotten—absolutely—from the moment that Captain—Freemantle—is out of danger."

Beachcombe will hesitated. His curiosity was strongly roused. He had had more than one experience of Prue's unbridled caprice, but this one bewildered him. He could not grasp the only explanation; its improbability baffled him. She had led so many eligible suitors—limself one of them—a lively dance to the very sitar rail, Was it believable that this man—outlaw, fugitive, proscribed, penniless—could have won the wayward beauty, and won her so completely that having actually married him she was ready to sacrifice the future she expected to share, for his present safety?

"How am I to know that his wife, if there be such a person, will keep the promises you make for her?" he said with his crafty eyes upon her. It more to your advantage.

It is doubtful whether even his wife—as for myself," said Prue. "Question me no further. Lord Beachcome, but acque the promises you make for his wife—as for myself," said Prue. "Question me no further, Lord Beachcome, but acque the promises you make for her?" he said with his crafty eyes upon her. It is doubtful whether even his wife—as for myself," said Prue. "Question me no further, Lord Beachcome, but acque the promises you make for his wife—as for myself," said Prue. "Question me no further, Lord Beachcome, but acque the will have taken the decisive step. but for a sudden recollection that flooded his mind with rapture. If Prue ware married, Sir Geoffr

Mr. Moses Aarons sat in his private office. His pen hung idle between thumb and finger, and for perhaps the first time within his memory, his thoughts were very far from postobit and mortgage. For once something more engrossing than money occupied his busy brain, and calculations more abstruse than compound interest furabstruse than compound interest fur-

his busy brain, and calculations more abstruse than compound interest furrowed his brow and contracted his eyes into a glittering line.

A night's reflection, so far from softening the bitterness of his anger against Prue, had intensified it to a pitch that positively shocked him. While he despised himself for the unaccustomed tumuit of emotion into which he had been plunged, he was amazed to discover that the desire of possession was vastly augmented by

will not pursue him. Let him go there he pleases; your husband is acred in my eyes." The sinister light in them was not in accordance with he bland, congratulatory smile that dayed over his lips, as he turned to dobin.

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"Your pardon, Lord Beachcombe, you amounted to discover that the desire of possession was vastly augmented by the obstacle which he did not for one moment dream of surmounting. He was too shrewd to indulge in futile hopes, but he was weak enough to crave after revenge.

Only a week ago she had visited him, attempting to obtain a loan on the announcement of her speedy marriage with Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert. Was it possible that only a week had passed since she stood in that very room, indignantly champloning one lover and that when she was already married to another? What were women made of and who could anticipate the caprices of creatures so irresponsible? And yet, who could look into her eyes—those limple sapphires—and not listen ever after for the echo of that divine music? The vision of that love-ly face, smiling archly at him over the diamonds he had deemed irresistible.

floated before him—sleeping and wak-ing—yet it never occurred to him to claim them back or demand the pay-ment he had refused. More, far more than that was necessary to assuage the fury that raged in his breast.

ment he had refused. More, far more than that was necessary to assuage the fury that raged in his breast.

She had made him suffer, had humbled his pride, befooled him and made him ridiculous in his own eyes. For that she must suffer; her pride must be dragged in the dust, and she who had made sport of hearts and reputations must find her own in the pillory of public derision.

The wife of a highwayman—a malefactor who had been sentenced to die for his crimes and had narrowly escaped the gallows! Married in Newgate prison by a drunken fleet-parson—"Lady Prudence Freemantle!" It was incredible! He laughed at the mere idea, a harsh, croaking laugh more evil than a curse. It would certainly be enough to publish such a mad freak, to cover the perpetrator with undying shame. But many considerations restrained him from taking a prominent part in her exposure. Someone else must be employed, someone whom his money could buy, and yet who would not be suspected of too base a motive. Goodridge was too mean a tool. The indomitable Lady Prudence Brooke would surely find weapons to defend herself triumphantly from so paitry a foe, even could he be brought to attack her, which was far from certain. Aaron's thoughts reverted time and against to Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert. A spendthrift at his last gasp for a guinea, no doubt he had a price, though it might be a high one. The money lender was no miser. Money he worshiped less for itself than for its influence, and one factor in his successful accumulation of vast wealth, was his intuitive knowledge of when to spend and how. But this was probably the first occasion in his life on which he contemplated an outlay, without counting the cost or discounting the return.

he contemplated an outlay, without counting the cost or discounting the re-

turn.

How could he buy Sir Geoffrey, and how could he use him? And in the first place, how could he reach him without arousing suspicion as to his own mo-

arousing suspicion as to his own motive.

Aarons threw down his pen, and leaving word that he would be back in about an hour, went on 'Change, in hopes of diverting his mind by the exciting scenes of "Bubble" speculation, then at its frenzied height. But his mind was out of tune to its ordinary interests, and within the appointed time he returned. At his office door stood a handsome charlot, and with boundless satisfaction he recognized

boundless satisfaction he recognized Sir Geoffrey's liveries.

Within, impatiently pacing the nar-row office, he found the man he was so

row office, he found the man he was so anxious to see.

During the few minutes he consumed in slowly mounting the stairs, Aarons had resumed complete mastery of himself. He was again the smooth, wily, impenetrable man of affairs, equally prepared to baffle the craft of his clients or profit by their lack of it. "Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert! This is an unexpected honor," he said. "I trust I have not kept you waiting long.""

trust I have not kept you waiting long?"

"Time is always long when one is waiting for so dear a friend, Mr. Aarons," replied Sir Geoffrey, in his jauntiest manner.

"Pray be seated," said Aarons, indicating the only easy chair and taking his usual place at the desk. "You are well, I can see for myself. How goes the wooing of the fair viscountess?"

"The wooing speeds gloriously," said Sir Geoffrey, "but the wheels of Hymen's chariot do not run fast enough to satisfy an impatient lover. Truth to tell, they need greasing, and that quickly. Women are proverbially fickle and I would fain secure my lady while she is in a yielding mood."

Aarons with difficulty repressed a sneer. This fatuity at the same time gratified him and excited his contemptuous amusement.

"The Lady Prudence has great temps."

gratified him and excited his contemptuous amusement.

"The Lady Prudence has great temptations," he said, suavely. "I understand that there are several rivals in your honor's way. With high titles and vast fortunes at her feet, I do not wonder at your eagerness to secure the prize before it is snatched from you. Yet without ready money—"he shook his head regretfully as he met Sir Geoffrey's clouded eyes.

"You will not believe in the wealth

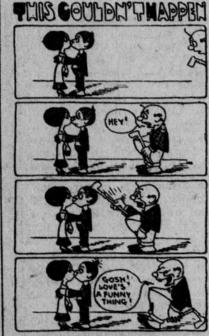
met Sir Geoffrey's clouded eyes.

"You will not believe in the wealth of old Lady Drumloch without positive proof, I suppose?" the baronet hinted, "yet I give you my word of honor that my information is from a source impossible to discredit. And furthermore, I shall receive 5,000 guineas on the day I marry Lady Prudence—entirely independent of the fortune she will inherit from her grandmother."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Aarons. "Five thousand guineas on her wedding day! I was not aware of this change in her fortunes, and yet," an idea struck him suddenly, "to tell you the truth—this is in sacred confidence between us, Sir Goeffrey—yesterday I returned her ladyship's necklace which I have held as security for moneys advanced a long time ago, and I have reason to know that, although she tried to borrow from me last week, she now has money to redeem her dimonds, and tossed hundred-pound notes about like curl papers!"

(Continued Next Week.)

Empress Augusta, of Germany, is so afraid of airships that she has had them forbidden to fly over royal resi-



MEPBEOP MICHE FOR MUBBY

If there holes in your socks, a good plan is to cut off the tops of wifey's sulk stockings. A very classy bair of socks is the result. Try it.

FLOWERS IN THE HOUSEHOLD

Snapshot of Quiet Domestic Scene When Rivals Fought for the Control of Mexico.

To make flowers last a week or more, four things are necessary. First, do not try to arrange them the moment you get them, but put them in a pail of water for a few hours, so that every stem will be under water up to the flower. Second, cleanse the vase thoroughly before putting in the flowers and change the water every day. Third, the cooler you keep the flowers the longer they will last. If you are too busy in the morning to enjoy them or have to go out for the afternoon, do not leave them in the living room, for they are not used to such a temperature. Every night put the vase in a cool place, or better still, plunge the stems up to the flowers in a pail of water. Fourth, cut about a quarter of an inch off each stem in the morning. It is more trouble to do this under water, but it pays. If you cut the stems in the ordinary way air bubbles get into the stems and impede the taking in of water.-Delineator.

THE CARD CLUB.



"How is your wife getting along at her card club?" "Fine. So far nobody's put up better lunch than she did.'

BABY IN MISERY WITH RASH

Monroe, Wis .- "When my baby was six weeks old there came a rash on his face which finally spread until it got nearly all over his body. It formed a crust on his head, hair fell out and the itch was terrible. When he would scratch the crust, the water would ooze out in big drops. On face and body it was in a dry form and would scale off. He was in great misery and at nights I would lie awake holding his hands so that he could not scratch and disfigure himself. I tried simple remedies at first, then got medicine, but it did no good.

"Finally a friend suggested Cuticura Remedies, so I sent for a sample to see what they would do, when to my surprise after a few applications I could see an improvement, and he would rest better. I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and before I had them half used my baby was cured. His head is now covered with a luxuriant growth of hair and his complexion is admired by everybody and has no dis figurements." (Signed) Mrs. Annie Saunders, Sept. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Personality.

Personality is just one's centralized experience of the world, and there is no way of making it greater except by making that experience greater and more centralized; in other words, being a bigger, broader, better man or woman. Every intellectual achievement, every moral victory, every bit of solid work, will leave personality richer, profounder, more delicate. In fact, to cultivate it, the plan is don't cultivate it. Let it alone and do your duty and it will grow.-E. B. Andrews, in the International Journal of Ethics.

Appreciation Coming. "You'll never realize your husband's true value until he has gone," counseled Mrs. Goodman. "I know it," replied Mrs. Nagg. "His life is insured."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe. Adv.

Matching It. "I see your coming lecture takes a rosy view of life." "Yes; pink always was my color."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c a bottle. A boiler shop by any other name, would be just as noisy.

SEEDS—Alfalfa \$6; timothy, blue grass & cane \$2; sweet clover \$9. Farms for sale & rent on crop paym'ts. J. Mulhall, Soo City, Ia.

But it isn't every high flyer who eaches the top.

"Do you favor the open door pol-"Not if I am on the warm side."

"What makes you think those rumors are groundless?" "Because they are so much in the

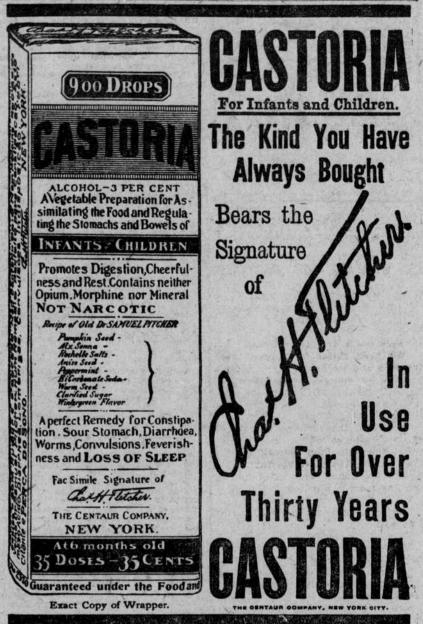
Her Ambition, "Does that stenographer want to marry you?" "No; only wants to be a sister to

DIMINISHING TO WOMEN HIMMINING Now Is The Time

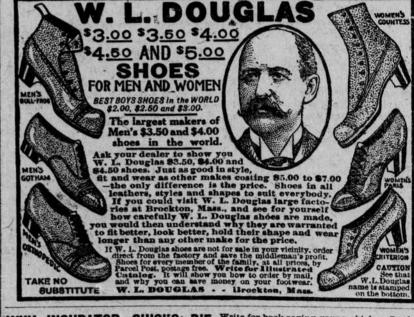
those pains and aches resulting from weakness or derangement of the organs distinctly feminine sooner or later leave their mark. Beauty soon fades away. Now is the time to restore health and retain hearty. DR. PIERCE'S **Favorite Prescription**

That great, potent, strength-giving restorative will help you. Start teday.

MILIE Your Druggist will Supply You HITHE



Rogers Silver Given Away with Galvanic Soap Wrappers regular These teaspoons are the kind that you'll be proud to own They are the genuine 1881 Rogers ware, heavily triple plated silver on a white metal base. The pattern is the famous LaVigne, or Grape, with the beautiful French gray finish. With ordinary wear these spoons will last a life time. Start saving your wrappers today, or better still buy a box of Galvanic and you'll have 100 wrappers, just expenses to the start saving your wrappers. inch Here Is the Offer For each teaspoon de-sired send us one twowrappers, just enough for a set of vanic Soap wrappers (front panel only) or coupons from John-son's Washing Powder. Special Offer for Six Teaspoons Send 100 Galvanic Soap wrappers and 5 two-cent stamps to pay postage; we will send you a set of six Teaspoons ABSOLUTELY FREE. GALVANIC SOAP IS KNOWN AS "The Famous Easy Washer" It's a white Soap and the cocoanut oil in it makes it the easiest lathering soap on the market. Test it out your next wash day and don't forget to save the wrappers. Mail them to the Premium Department of B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY WISCONSIN



WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE write for book saving young chicks. Send us names of 7 friends that use incubators and get book free. Raisall Remedy Co., Blackwell, Okla.

THOMPSON'S Quickly relieved to the paper desired to



FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS. THERAPION

FADELESS