

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## THE KING OF DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

### MONTE

#### A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO



THROUGH THE CROWD OF FRIGHTENED SERVANTS, AUGMENTED BY A FEW DARING PEDESTRIANS, A BURLY POLICEMAN, GIGANTIC IN WATER-PROOF OVERALLS, WAS ADVANCING WITH OFFICIAL BLUSTER.

"WHAT HAS HAPPENED?" HE DEMANDED. "IS ANYBODY HURT?" THE MAN ANSWERED:

"MY HORSES WERE STARTLED BY THE STORM, I JUMPED OUT AND WAS ENDEAVORING TO EXTRICATE MY NIECE WHEN THIS WRETCHED BOY GOT IN THE WAY."

"UNCLE," PROTESTED THE GIRL, "YOU CLOSED THE DOOR ON ME, AND THE BOY—SHUT UP!" HE GROWLED, CURTLY. "GO INSIDE THE HOUSE!"

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

Philip Anson is a boy of 15, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor. The story opens with the death of his mother, killed virtually by sorrow over the death of her husband two years before, and subsequent want and sufferings. Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when the mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Philip Montford. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm breaks over London.

### Now Read On

So violent and unerving was the outbreak that the social life of London was paralyzed for the hour. Theater parties, dinners in the fashionable restaurants, the greater millions anxious to get away from offices and shops, those eager alike to enter and leave the charmed circle of the four-mile radius, were ruthlessly hindered to wait while the awesome forces of nature made mad racket in the streets. All horseflesh was afraid. The drivers of cabs and omnibuses were unable to make progress. They had sufficient ado

to restrain their maddened animals from adding the havoc of blind charges through the streets to the general confusion caused by the warring elements. Telegraph and telephone wires became not only useless, but dangerous, and the suburban train service was consequently plunged into a tangle from which it was not extricated until midnight. So general was the confusion, so widespread the public alarm, that the sudden cessation of the uproar at 5 o'clock caused more prayers of thankfulness to be uttered in the metropolis than had been heard for many a day. But worse remained. Thus far the lightning had been appalling, brilliantly lurid, but harmless. At 10 o'clock the storm raged again, this time without the preliminary down-fall of rain, and the lightning, though less sensational in appearance, was demonic in effect, levying a toll on human lives, causing fires and general damage to property, accounts of which filled many columns of the newspapers next morning. This second outbreak was succeeded by heavy and continuous rain. At the hour when the theaters emptied their diminishing audiences into the streets London, wore its normal rain-sodden aspect. It was not until the following day that people fully understood the magnitude and terrifying results of the later display.

About a quarter to eight, while the first storm was at its height, a carriage and pair dashed into a fashionable West End square and pulled up outside a mansion cast in the stereotyped mould of the early Victorian period. The horses, overfed and underworked, had been rendered frantic by the drive through the park from the further west. Fortunately, they knew this halting place or the coachman would never have succeeded in stopping them. As it was, they sweated white with fear, and the footman shouting to the occupants of the carriage that he could not attend to the door, ran to their heads after giving a vigorous tug at the horse's head.

A boy, tall and thin, and scantily attired for such weather, who had taken shelter in the dark portico of the mansion, ran forward to offer his services at the carriage door. A bundle of evening papers, covered with a piece of sackcloth, somewhat impeding the use of his left hand, and, as it happened, in his right he held a large bun on which he had just commenced to dine.

Before he could turn the handle the carriage door opened from the inside. A man sprang out. "Get out of the way," he said impatiently, and the nervous boy, glad that he had not followed his first impulse and flung away the bun. A vivid flash of lightning made the horses rear and plunge. "Look sharp, Ed!" cried the stranger, in no more cordial tone. "Gather your wraps and jump out. On a night like this these nervous brutes—"

A peal of thunder that rattled the windows interrupted him. The two animals reared and barked with one accord. The plucky footman, hanging onto the cross-bars of the bits, was lifted off his feet and banged violently against the pole. He was forced to let go, and fell, staggered backward some yards before he dropped. There was a smash of iron and wood, and the near hind wheel of the carriage jammed against the curb. A slight scream from the interior. Certainly that vehicle had alighted alarmingly, the door and spring clear. In doing so he tripped over the new-boy and fell heavily on the pavement.

ment. The boy, quicker to note that the breaking of the pole had given a momentary respite, rushed into the roadway, throwing away both precious bun and still more precious stock of unsold papers.

He wrenched the other door open and shouted: "This way, madam! Quick!" "Madam" was quick. She sprang right into his arms, and proved to be a girl of 15 or thereabouts, dressed all in white and wrapped in an ermine cloak. Over went the carriage with a fearful crash. The coachman managed to jump from the box into the roadway. He retained the reins and whip in his grasp, and now, losing his temper, lashed the struggling horses savagely. This cowed them and they ceased their antics.

The boy and the girl found themselves standing on the sidewalk, close to the ruined vehicle. "You have saved my life!" said the girl, sweetly, and without any trace of the nervousness which might naturally be expected after such a narrow escape from a serious accident.

The boy noted that her eyes were large and blue, that she wore a great shining ornament in her hair, and that she appeared to be dressed in somewhat fanciful manner, though the big cloak she wore concealed the details.

The door of the mansion opened and servants came running out. Suddenly the boy received a violent blow on the side of the head. "Confound you!" shouted the man who had fallen on the pavement, "why didn't you get out of the way when I told you?" The boy, astounded by such recognition of his timely help, made no reply, but the girl protested vehemently. "Oh, uncle," she cried, "why did you strike him? He got me out of the carriage just before it turned over. He did, indeed!"

Another vivid flash of lightning illumined the scene. It lit up the group with startling brilliancy. The boy, still somewhat shaken by the vicious blow, was nevertheless able to see the pale, handsome, but dissipated features of his enraged assailant, whose evening dress and immaculate linen were soiled by the black mud of the pavement. The girl, dainty and fairy-like, a little maid of aristocratic type, and of a beauty that promised much in later years, was distressed now and almost tearful.

Through the crowd of frightened pedestrians, augmented by a few daring servants, a burly policeman, elegant in waterproof overalls, was advancing with official bluster. "What has happened?" he demanded. "Is anybody hurt?" The man answered: "My horses were started by the storm, I jumped out and was endeavoring to extricate my niece when this wretched boy got in the way."

"Uncle," protested the girl, "you closed the door on me and the boy—SHUT UP!" he growled curtly. "Go inside the house!" But his niece shared with him at least one characteristic. She possessed the family temper.

"I will not go away and let you say things which are untrue. Listen to me, Mr. Policeman. Lord Vanstone did close the door because he thought the carriage would turn over on top of him. For some reason the accident did not happen immediately, and the boy ran round to the other side and helped me out just in time."

real cause of the whole affair. Why was he hiding in my doorway?" Lord Vanstone was more enraged than ever by the girl's obstinate defense of her rescuer and her insistence on his seeming cowardice.

"I was not hiding. I only took shelter from the storm. I tried to help you because the footman was struggling with the horses. I do not claim any credit for simply opening a door and helping the young woman to alight, but I lost both my dinner and my papers in doing so."

Every one experienced a shock of surprise at hearing the boy's elegant diction. The policeman looked puzzled. He instantly understood the facts, but dared not brook a word.

"You do not bring any charge against him, my lord?" he said. "But his lordship declined no reply. He told the coachman to arrange for the removal of the carriage, grasped his niece by the arm and led her, still protesting, into the house."

The policeman saw the bundle of papers scattered over the roadway and near them the partly eaten bun. After a wrench at his garments he produced a penny.

"Here," he said to the boy, "buy another bun and be off. It's a good job for you the young lady spoke up the way she did."

"She merely told the truth. That man was a liar." Refusing the proffered penny, the boy turned on his heel. The policeman looked after him.

"That's a queer kid," he thought. "Talked like a regular young gent. I wonder why he is selling papers. Poor lad! He lost a bob's worth at least, and small thanks he got for it."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Varying Forms of the Tunic



A graceful gown in pale-yellow velours with a skirt draped to give the tunic effect, is shown on the left. The opening at the ankle is caught together with a shaded velvet and silk rose, a bunch of the same roses appearing at the waist. The corsage is garnished with heavy ropes of pearls. This chic model in the center is carried out in emerald velours edged with skunk. The corsage is of pale-rose tulle ornamented with gold lace and

gems and veiled with black mousseline de soie, which is continued below the waist to form the tiny tunic. The corsage is composed of large cabochons. Over a skirt of pale-pink satin this frock on the right has a tunic of white pleated tulle edged with a trimming of silk flowers. The décolletage is also finished with the flower trimming and has a becoming ruffle of the tulle. Bright-rose ribbon velvet is used for the sash.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I was talking to a man last night that is ninety years old & still very active & healthy, and he told me that the reason he had lived so long is because he has made it a practice always to sleep in the open air. I have thought the thing over, and I believe it would be a good idea for all three of us to sleep out doors. Of course, if you & Little Bobbie are not willing, he said to me, I wouldn't go so far as to command you to sleep, but I at least am going to sleep out doors & I think it would be a grand thing for all of us.

That is about as foolish a notion as I ever heard of in my life. I was talking to a man last night that is ninety years old & still very active & healthy, and he told me that the reason he had lived so long is because he has made it a practice always to sleep in the open air. I have thought the thing over, and I believe it would be a good idea for all three of us to sleep out doors. Of course, if you & Little Bobbie are not willing, he said to me, I wouldn't go so far as to command you to sleep, but I at least am going to sleep out doors & I think it would be a grand thing for all of us.

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## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man one year my senior and would like to know how to win his love.

It is my observation that a woman soonest wins a man's attention and love by showing that she cares for neither. The independent-hearted girl, my dear, is more attractive than one with her heart on her sleeve, and her hope set on prey.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man eight years my senior. He said he loved me and would wait for me till I got older. Do you think the difference in age would deprive us of happiness?

The difference in your ages is not great enough to consider. I advise him for his good sense in waiting till you are older grown, instead of marrying you when you are too young to really know your own mind.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I must have that hot drink. So Ma & me moved the bed back in the bedroom & Ma fixed Pa's sling for him, & I guess that is the last we will hear about anybody sleeping out-doors at our house.

## Make No Efforts

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## Comb Sage Tea in Hair to Darken It

Grandma kept her locks dark, glossy, thick with a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage. Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Wyneth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" for about 25 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can disagree it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyneth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair—Advertisement.

Advertisement.

## Sir John Moore

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 165 years ago, January 16, 1860, that Sir John Moore fell mortally wounded at Corunna, to be buried that night by his grief-stricken comrades and "left alone with his glory."

As has been well said, Sir John holds a unique place in English military history, being the "only British general who has gained everlasting fame by the conduct of a retreat."

In November, 1808, Moore was ordered to Spain to help stem the tide of French success in that country, and the 13th of the month found him concentrated at Salamanca, where he was forced to remain inactive, watching the triumphant successes of Napoleon and his marshals. About the middle of December Moore began his famous "retreat" from Salamanca to Corunna. To know what that retreat was and why it was that it made Moore's name immortal in British annals, one needs but to read the account of it in Napier's "Peninsular War," which account has been called the "finest piece of military history in the English language."

But the account could not have been so fine unless the retreat itself had been fine. For nearly a month Moore was fighting every day with the largely superior numbers of the French, who pressed upon him, and never once did he either lose his courage or his head. As often as he was attacked he beat back the enemy, and finally reached Corunna, where he hoped to connect with the fleet. But the fleet was not there, and Sir John, right after his exhaustive march with his constant fighting, was obliged to join battle with the French marshal who had been repulsed, and in the midst of the victory Moore received the wound that killed him.

A finer piece of manhood than Sir John Moore the annals of his race cannot show. Modest, faithful, supremely unselfish, brave without being rash, and with an eye single to the proper performance of what he believed to be his plain and simple duty, he received and merited his country's eternal gratitude. Brian will never forget Sir John Moore, and it will never be a young man then to say to him: "Read and study, and try hard to imitate the life and conduct of Sir John Moore."



## The easy Resinol way to get rid of pimples

PIMPLES and blackheads disappear, unsightly complexions become clean, clear, and velvety, and hair health and beauty are promoted by the regular use of Resinol Soap and an occasional application of Resinol Ointment. These soothing, healing preparations do their work easily, quickly and at little cost, when even the most expensive cosmetics and complicated "beauty treatments" fail.

For 15 years Resinol has been a doctor's prescription and household remedy for eczema, ringworm, rashes and other skin eruptions, dandruff, burns, sores, etc. Stops itching instantly. Resinol Ointment (50c and \$1) and Resinol Soap (50c) are sold by all druggists. For sample of each, write to Dept. B-4, Resinol Baltimore, Md.