

Hemming, The Adventurer

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

(Continued)
CHAPTER VIII.

Hemming Undertakes a Dignified Work.

Hemming went through the Turkish campaign from beginning to end, with much credit to himself and profit to the syndicate. He worked hard, and, on occasions, risked life and limb. No word of legitimate news of actions got out of the country ahead of his. When the fighting was over, he wrote a careful article on the uselessness of the sword in modern battles. He described the few occasions on which he had seen the blooded sword in action. He damned them all—the pointed blade of the infantry officer and the cutting sabre of the cavalry trooper. They would do for hill raids, or charges against savages, but before the steady fire of men on foot, armed with rifles of the latest pattern, they were hopeless. Their day had passed with the passing of the sword, he said. After reading it, "Cold Steel in Modern Warfare," he decided that it would be a pity to waste it on the New York News Syndicate; for of late he had become dissatisfied with his arrangements with the syndicate. He had found that, out of the dozen or more war-correspondents whom he had met during the campaign, only two were allowed so small a sum as for expenses, and not one was paid so small a salary. So he mailed his wise story to a big London weekly, and wrote to D. D. for a raise in his salary and expenses. At this time he was living quietly in Athens, with a number of friends, very merry fellows, all—but he missed O'Rourke's whimsical conversations and kindly comradeship.

The big London weekly published Hemming's article, and commented upon it editorially. It also sent him a modest check—more modest than to him and reputation would lead him to suppose. Mr. Dodder's letter arrived at about the same time. The manager of the syndicate was firm though gentle. He pointed out that he had Hemming draw more money than any other correspondent connected with the concern. He explained that, even now, Mr. Wells frequently grumbled. "And after all," he concluded, "you are a new man, and we are helping you to a reputation."

"Well, see about that," said Hemming, and wrote to say that he would like to take a holiday until after the fighting turned up. He sent him his address for the next six months—Maidmill-on-Dee, Cheshire, England. Then he sold his horse, packed his things, and sailed for England.

At Maidmill-on-Dee, in a stone cottage with a slated roof, lived an old couple named Thomson. During the brief married life of Hemming's parents, these two good folk had looked after their bodily welfare—Thomson as gardener and groom, and Mrs. Thomson as cook. Hemming's father, though well connected, had made his livelihood as a country doctor. The people in Maidmill-on-Dee still remembered him as a handsome, generous man with the manner of a lord lieutenant of the county, and with always a good horse in his stables. Hemming's mother had been the daughter of a scholar, though poor country vicar. She had been a beauty in a fair, white way, and a lover of her husband, her home, and good literature. When the doctor had died of blood-poisoning, contracted during a simple operation upon one of his many poor patients, she had tried, for awhile, to take heart again, but had followed him within a year. After the deaths of the parents a wealthy relative had remembered the son, and finding him a youth of promise, had given him some money.

Hemming drove from the station in the public bus. He passed the house where so much of his earlier years had been spent, and told the driver to take him to Joseph Thomson's. They rattled down the quiet, single street, and drew up at the stone threshold. He helped the driver pile his bags and boxes beside the door. Then he dismissed the conveyance and paused for awhile before entering the cottage with a warm new feeling of home-coming in his heart. The low, wide kitchen was unoccupied, but the door leading to the garden behind stood open. He sat down in a well-worn chair and looked about. The October sunlight lit up the dishes on the dresser. A small table by a window was laid with plates and cups for two. He heard voices in the garden. A woman, stout and gray-haired, entered with a head of Brussels sprouts in her hand, and with her cotton skirt lifted up, displaying a bright, quilted petticoat. Hemming got up from his chair, but she was not looking toward him, and she was evidently hard of hearing. He stepped in front of her and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Susan," he said, beaming.

"Lor, Master Bert," she exclaimed, "you're still at your tricks."

In a flutter of delight she smacked him squarely on the mouth, and then, blushing and trembling, begged his pardon.

"I can't think you're a grown-up man," she explained. She surveyed him at arm's length.

"You're not overly big," she said, "an' that's a fact. But you're surprisin' thick through the chest and wide in the shoulders. An' who'd ever have looked for Master Bert, all so sudden, in Maidmill-on-Dee."

By this time she was in a fair way to burst into tears, so fast were the old memories crowding upon her. Hemming feared tears more than the devil, and patting her violently on the back, forced her into a chair.

"There, Susan, there. Now keep cool and fire low, and tell me what you are going to have for lunch?" he urged.

"Thomson," she called, "there is a gentleman here as wants to see you."

"Bes there, now?" said Thomson and rubbed his hands on his smock.

"Never mind your hands," she called.

Thomson scraped his heavy way into the kitchen, and blinked at the visitor.

"Howde, sir," he remarked, affably.

"How are you, Thomson? Glad to see you again," said Hemming, extending his hand.

The old gardener gave back a step, with a slight cry and an upstopping of gnarled hands.

He recovered himself with an effort. "God bless me, it's Master Herbert," he exclaimed. "Do you know, missus, I thought it was the doctor askin' how I was," he continued, turning to his wife, "but the master was a more sizable man,—yes, a redder in the face."

"Ay," replied Mrs. Thomson, "but handsome is as handsome does—meaning nothing disrespectful about the old master, God bless his memory, dear man, and Master Bert is a fine appearin' young gentleman."

The gauffer nodded. "The lassies wud believe you, missus," he said.

"What lassies do you mean?" inquired the old woman, sharply.

"Where's the lass in this village it to believe anything about one of the queen's officers—tell me that."

"Ay, I was sayin' nothin'," replied Thomson.

The woman looked quizzically at Hemming.

"Like enough there's a young lady in Lunnon," she suggested.

"There is no young lady—anywhere," said Hemming, "and I'm no longer in the army. I'm at another trade now."

"Trade?" exclaimed Thomson.

"Well, hardly that," laughed Hemming. "I write for a living."

Mrs. Thomson nodded with satisfaction.

"The queen's son-in-law wrote a book," she said.

"I hardly do that kind," said Hemming, uneasily.

"I'm, you don't, sir," cried the man, whacking the table, "not if the missus means the book she read to me out of onet."

Hemming was pleased with the old man's shrewdness, though Mrs. Thomson was shocked at his insinuations.

Hemming settled down in the cottage, much to the delight of the old couple. A fair-sized room on the ground floor was given over to him, for bedroom and study. The success of his last article had suggested to him the writing of a book about what he knew, and had seen, of the last brief campaign—something more lasting than its syndicate work, and more carefully done. This work would have colour, not too heavily splashed with style, and too aggressive, and dignity befitting the subject. He decided that he must prepare his newspaper style considerably for the book. So he settled down to his work, and after three days' honest labour, all that stood of it was the title, "Where Might Is Right."

Strange to say, this seeming failure did not discourage him. He knew soon as the right note for the expression of it was struck, it would be easy to go on. The pages he so ruthlessly destroyed were splendid newspaper copy, but he knew the objection thinking men have to finding newspaper work between the covers of a book. But at last the opening chapter was done to his taste; and after that the work was easy and pleasant. It soon became his habit to get out of bed in time to breakfast with Thomson, who was a thrifty market-gardener on a small scale. After his breakfast he smoked a cigar in the garden, and sometimes told stories of his adventures to his wife. By eight o'clock he was at his table, writing rapidly, but not steadily, until twelve o'clock. After the simple midday dinner he walked for several hours, and seldom went back to his work until candle-time. In this way, with books and magazines sent down from London, he managed to put in his time without letting himself think too often of Molly Travers. Nothing in the village reminded him of her, and his healthy days brought him, for the most part, dreamless nights.

The old people were immensely interested in Hemming and his work. They even persuaded him to read some of the chapters of his book aloud to them. It was plain to Hemming that Mrs. Thomson's signs of appreciation were matters more of the heart than the head; but not so with Thomson. He would applaud a convincing argument or a well-turned sentence by slapping his hand on his knee and for hours after a reading would sit by the chimney and murmur curses on the heads of the Turks. One morning, while Hemming was watching him at his work, he turned from the bonfire he had been tending and, without preamble, grasped his lodger's hand.

"You've a power of brains inside your head, sir," he said, with vehemence. Hemming felt that, even from O'Rourke, he had never received a more pleasing compliment. He rewarded the gauffer with a cigar from his own case.

By Christmas "Where Might Is Right" was finished, and posted to a London publisher. With this work done, restlessness returned to Hemming. He fought it off for awhile, but at last packed a bag with his best clothes, and, telling Mrs. Thomson to take care of his letters until his return, went up to London. First of all he called on the publishers to whom he had sent his book. The manager was in, and received Hemming cordially. He said that he had not yet looked at Hemming's manuscript, and that at present it was in town, having been taken away to a house-party, by their liter-

ary adviser. However, he had followed Captain Hemming's career as a war-correspondent and writer of army stories with interest, and felt that it was altogether likely that the firm would want to do business with him. The genial glow of the season must have been in the gentleman's blood, for he cordially invited Hemming to lunch with him at his club. Upon reaching the street Hemming found the fog, which had been scarcely noticeable a short time before, was rapidly thickening.

"Let us walk—it is but a step," said the publisher, "and I've made the trip in every kind of weather for the last twenty years."

On the steps of the club Hemming stumbled against a crouched figure. There was a dull yellow glare from the lamp above, and by it Hemming saw the beggar's bloated, hungry face bedraggled red beard, and trembling hand. The eyes were cunning and desperate, but pitiful just then. Hemming passed the poor fellow a coin—a two-shilling piece,—and followed his guide into the warm imposing hall of the club, wondering where he had seen those unscrupulous eyes before. The club was brightly lighted. The lunch was long and complicated and very good. The publisher was vastly entertaining, and seemed in no hurry to get back to his work. Hemming's thoughts, in spite of the cheer, busied themselves with the beggar on the steps.

"Did you notice the beggar outside?" he asked at last.

"The chap with the bushy beard?—why, yes, he is new to this quarter," replied the other.

"He was a desperate-looking devil, and I think the beard was false," remarked Hemming. But as his host did not seem interested in either the beggar or his beard, the subject was dropped.

Next day, with an unnamable hope in his heart that something might happen, Hemming passed the Travers house. But the hope died at sight of it, for it was clearly unoccupied. He remained in town a few days longer, seeking familiar faces in familiar haunts, and finding none to his mind. He thought it strange that romance, and everything worth while, should have deserted the great city in so brief a time. But, for that matter, when he came to think of it, the whole world had lost colour. He decided that he was growing old—and perhaps too wise. After standing the genial publisher a dinner, and receiving a promise of a speedy decision on "Where Might Is Right," he returned to Maidmill-on-Dee, to spend weary months awaiting rumour of war. At last the rumour came, closely followed by sailing orders.

(To be Continued.)

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful It is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a downtown Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned, "What is your name?"

"Katinka," replied the child.

"And your father's name?"

"I never hat one," came the quick response.

"Then tell me your mother's name?" again said the teacher, kindly.

"I never hat no mudder neither," answered the little child, seriously.

"I was born off my gran'mudder,"—Lippincott's.

In a Sussex village the following legend was inscribed on a large cart, "I be for sale," and on a wheelbarrow, standing below was chalked "So be I."

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver, and excretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring, and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins will experiment with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth."

Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin disease as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers, a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

A Kansas woman wanted a set of false teeth, and wrote to a Topeka dentist thus: "My mouth is three inches across; five eighths through the jaw. Shaped something like a horse shoe, too forward. If you'd want me to be more particular I'd have to come up that."—Topeka Capital.

Here's A Puzzle For Somebody

AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"

"The hold upon the people of Annapolis county which this 'Royal Household' flour has secured of late is one of the most remarkable things I have seen in my eighteen years business experience," said an Annapolis county merchant who attended the Halifax Exhibition. I find that the majority of my customers absolutely refuse to take anything but 'Royal Household' and I tell you it is almost as to how we are going to sell the stocks we have of other fairly good flours.

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Would be read by thousands every evening

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Carpets cleaned and beaten. Dyeing and scouring.
MACAULAY BROS. & Co., City Agent

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Then be thankful! It means so much to have a box of Ayer's Pills always in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, and you need have no fear of bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation. Sold for sixty years. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Times

Asks only a Fair Trial and that won't cost you much. Try It.

Special Discount Prices at WATSON & CO'S.

We are selling lots of Wall Paper these days the reason is that we have placed in our stand papers that ranged from 5c. to 10c. roll and have just one price 5c. to clear. These prices will only last the week.

Creemers, Regular 75c., Now 59c.

Tea and Coffee Pots. All sizes at 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40 and 50c.

All sizes of Stove Dish Pans in Tin and Granite, 15c. to 50c.

Winter will soon be here and Scutlery have arrived. They are warranted to carry a full load and only 25c.

Glass Water Pitchers, 15, 20, 25, and 35c.

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Wash Boilers, Regular 85c. Now 65c.

Now is the time Lamps are useful. We sell lots of them from 25c. up.

We always have a splendid line of Stationery and Fancy Goods. Thousands of Paper Covers Books are sold by us at 10c.; some of them were a quarter. Don't forget the place.

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