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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Colonel Holles, soldier and adventurer, returns to England, his native land. He was with Holland as declared. His Grace of Albermarle directed him to abduct the beautiful actress, Sylvia Farquharson. It is dark when the Colonel carries her to the house Bucking-ham Palace.

Upon their arrival Holles is horrified to see that Sylvia is an old toothache. The servants of the Duke, the room the Colonel is unconscious. When Buckingham attempted to embrace Sylvia, her dress falls from her throat, revealing a purple mark on her neck.

The Duke and his servants flee. Holles nurses Sylvia and saves her life. When Holles catches the Duke, he turns him back to the Duke. Holles deems himself unworthy of Sylvia and leaves her. He goes to call on his old land-

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

THE vintner pursed his lips and sadly shook his head, regarding his guest the while from under bent brows.

"Why, sir," he said, "there's no French shipping and no ships bound for France at Wapping, and mighty

"Asking for safe men? To what end?"

"Nay, the proclamation don't say. You'll find out that in Whitehall, maybe. Things being like this with you, now, you might think it is worth while to ask. It might be something for ye, for the present at least."

Holles rose. "Whatever it may be, when a man is faced with starvation he had best realize that pride won't fill an empty belly."

"No more it will," Banks agreed, eying the Colonel's uncouth garments. "But if ye're thinking of paying a visit to Whitehall ye'd be wise to put on your other suit that's above-stairs. Yer never get past the lackeykin that livery."

So you see issuing presently from the sign of The Harp a Colonel Holles very different from the Colonel Holles who had entered it an hour earlier. In a dark blue suit of camelot embroidered by a little gold lace, black Spanish boots, and a black beaver set off by a heavy plume of royal blue, without a sword, it is true, but swinging a long cane, he presented a figure rarely seen just then in London streets.

The usher at the Cockpit who went to announce him returned almost at once to conduct him into that pleasant chamber overlooking the park where His Grace of Albermarle acted today as deputy for the pleasure-loving libertine prince who had forsaken his stricken capital.

The Duke heaved himself up as the Colonel entered.

"So you've come at last, Randal!" was his astounding greeting. "On my life, you've taken your own time in answering my letter."

"Your letter?" said Holles. And he stared blankly at the Duke, as he clasped the proffered hand.

"My letter, yes. You had it? The letter that I sent you nigh upon a month ago to the Paul's Head?"

"Nay," said Holles. "I had no letter."

"But . . . Albermarle looked almost as if he did not believe him. "The landlady there kept it for you. She said, I think, that you were absent at the time, but would be back in a day or two, and that you should have the letter at once on your return."

"A month ago, did you say? But it is two months and more since I left the Paul's Head!"

"What do you tell me? Ah, wait. My messenger would speak for himself on this." And he strode away to the bell-rope.

But Holles checked him.

"Nay, nay," he cried with a wry smile. "There's not the need. I think I understand. Your messenger would, no doubt, announce whence he came, and Mrs. Quinn, fearing that the news might be to my advantage, acted so as to prevent my making further search for me."

"What's this?" The Duke's heavy face emperored. "Do you charge her with suppressing a communication from an office of state? By Heaven, if she's still alive I'll have her gaoled for it."

"Let be," said Holles, seizing him by the arm. "Devil take the woman! Tell me of the letter. You'll never mean that you had found employment for me, after all?"

"You seem incredulous, Randal? Did you doubt my zeal for you?"

"Oh, not your zeal. But the possibility of your helping one who was in my case."

"Aye, aye. But as to that, why, Buckingham improved it when he stood for your loyalty before the juries. I heard of that. And when the chance came, the chance of this Bombay command that already I had earlier intended for you . . ."

"The Bombay command?" Holles began to wonder did he dream. "But I thought that it had been required by Buckingham for a friend of his own."

"Sir Henry Stanhope, yes. So it had, and Stanhope sailed for India with the commission. But it seems that when he did so he already carried the seeds of the plague with him. For he died of it on the voyage. I wrote to you at once asking you to seek me here, and I waited a fortnight to hear from you. As you made no sign, I concluded that either you were stricken with the plague, or no longer desired the office, and I proceeded to appoint another gentleman of promise."

Holles folded the pinions of his soaring hopes and let himself fall back into his despondency. He uttered a groan.

"But that's not the end," Albermarle checked him. "No sooner had I appointed this than he, too, fell sick of the plague, and died a week ago. If you're not afraid that the plague is bound up with this commission, it's at your disposal, and it shall be made out to you at once."

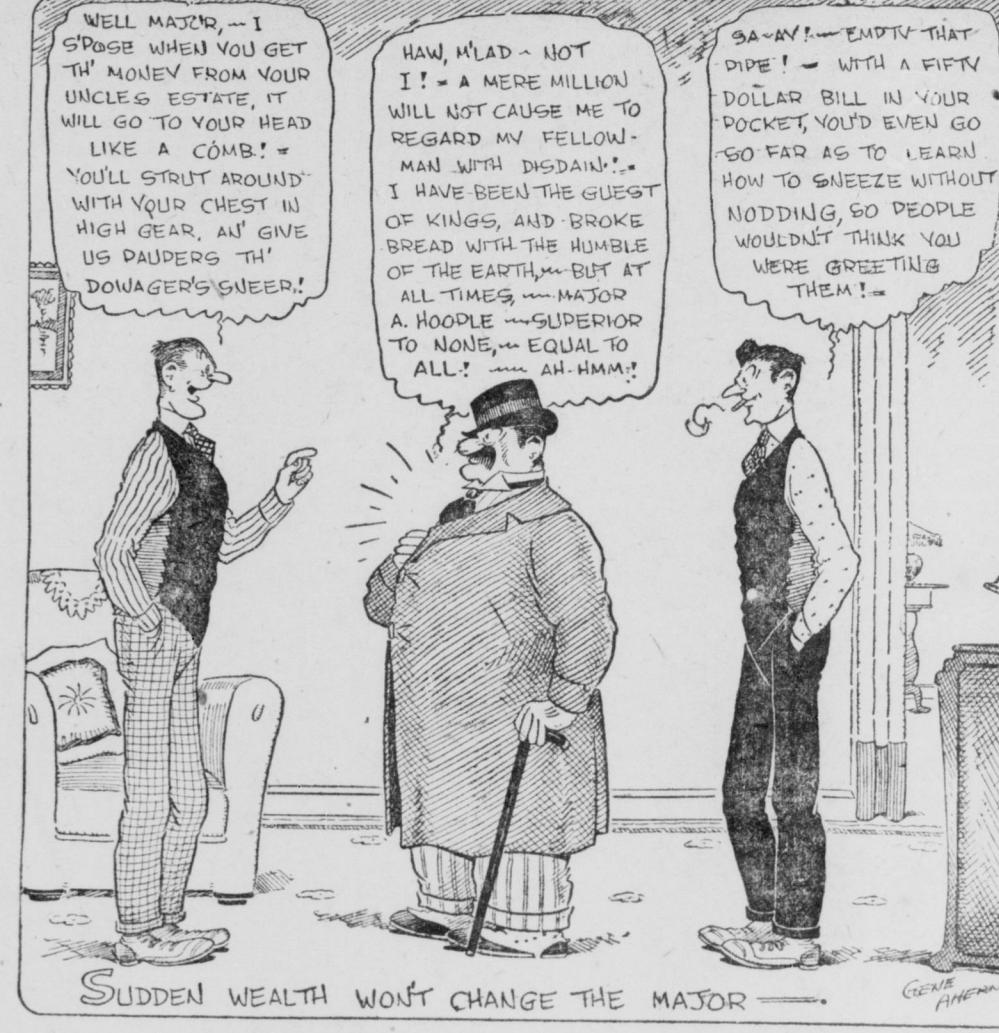
Holles was gasping for breath. "You . . . you mean that . . . that I am to have the command, after all?"

"It's incredible. He dared not believe it."

"That is what I have said. The commission is mine." Albermarle broke off suddenly, and fell back before him. "What ails you, man? You're white as a ghost. You're not ill?" And he lugged out a handkerchief that flung a reek of myrrh and ginger on the air.

Thedford's
BLACK-DRAUGHT
LIVER MEDICINE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



HE LUGGED OUT A HANDKER-CHIEF THAT FLUNG A REEK OF GINGER ON THE AIR.

few ships of any kind. The port of London is as empty as Proctor's under. There's not a foreign ship'll put into it, nor an English one go out.

Fat That Shows Soon Disappears

Prominent fat that comes and stays where it is not needed is a burden, a hindrance to activity, a curb upon pleasure. You can take off the fat where it shows by taking after each meal and at bedtime, one Marmola Prescription Tablet. These little tablets are as effective and harmless as any medicine you can buy which they take their name. Buy and try a box today. All druggists the world over sell them at one dollar for a box. They are packed in boxes from the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. You can thus say goodbye to dieting, exercise and fat. Advertisment.

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"Gets-It" is sold in this city by Hook Drug Co.—Advertisement.

IN NEED OF A LAXATIVE

Friend Told Illinois Lady of Black-Draught and She Continued to Use It From Then On.

"I have used Black-Draught for years," says Mrs. J. W. Boyd, a well-known member of St. Elmo, Ill.

"I was visiting a friend who had used it for some time. I was in need of a laxative and I had a burning in my stomach. I was constipated.

"She gave me a dose of Black-Draught and it helped me, so I used it from then on. It certainly benefited me. I think it fine for the liver, too. I am glad to recommend it.

"One day our pastor was visiting us and he said his system seemed clogged and asked me to give him something to take. I gave him Black-Draught. He was much pleased with the results and bought a package, himself."

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leaving Holles no single doubt of the thing his grace was fearing. The humor of it took Holles sharply, and his laugh rang out further to startle the Duke.

"There's no need for electuaries again," he assured his grace. "I am certified in health and carry no infection. I left Bunhill's Pleas this morning."

"What?" Albermarle was astounded. "Dye mean ye've had the plague?"

"That is the whole reason of my being here. I am a safe man now.

And I came in answer to your proclamation asking for safe men."

Albermarle continued to stare at him in deepening amazement.

"So that is what brought you?" he said at last, when full understanding came to him.

"But for that I certainly should never have come."

"Maybe, maybe," said his grace briskly. "But what matters now is that you are here, and that command yours if you still wish it. It is an important office, as I told you,

and so that you discharge its duties as I know you will, it may prove but a pen and wrote briskly for a few seconds. He dusted the writing with pounce, and proffered the document.

"Here, then, is your commission. How soon can you sail?"

"In a month," said Holles promptly.

"A month!" Albermarle was taken aback. He frowned. "Why, man,

you should be ready in a week."

"Myself, I could be ready in a day.

"But I mean to take this new-found tide of fortune at the floor, and . . ."

But Albermarle interrupted him impatiently.

"Don't you realize, man, the time that has been already lost? For four months now this office has stood vacant."

"Which means that there's a very competent lieutenant in charge. Let him continue yet awhile. You see, it may be that I shall have a companion, who cannot possibly be ready in less than a month."

"With ad odd, reckless trust in the continuance of Fortune's favor now,

he boldly added: "You have said that I am the very man for the of

ice. The government can wait a month, or you can appoint some one less likely to serve it as efficiently."

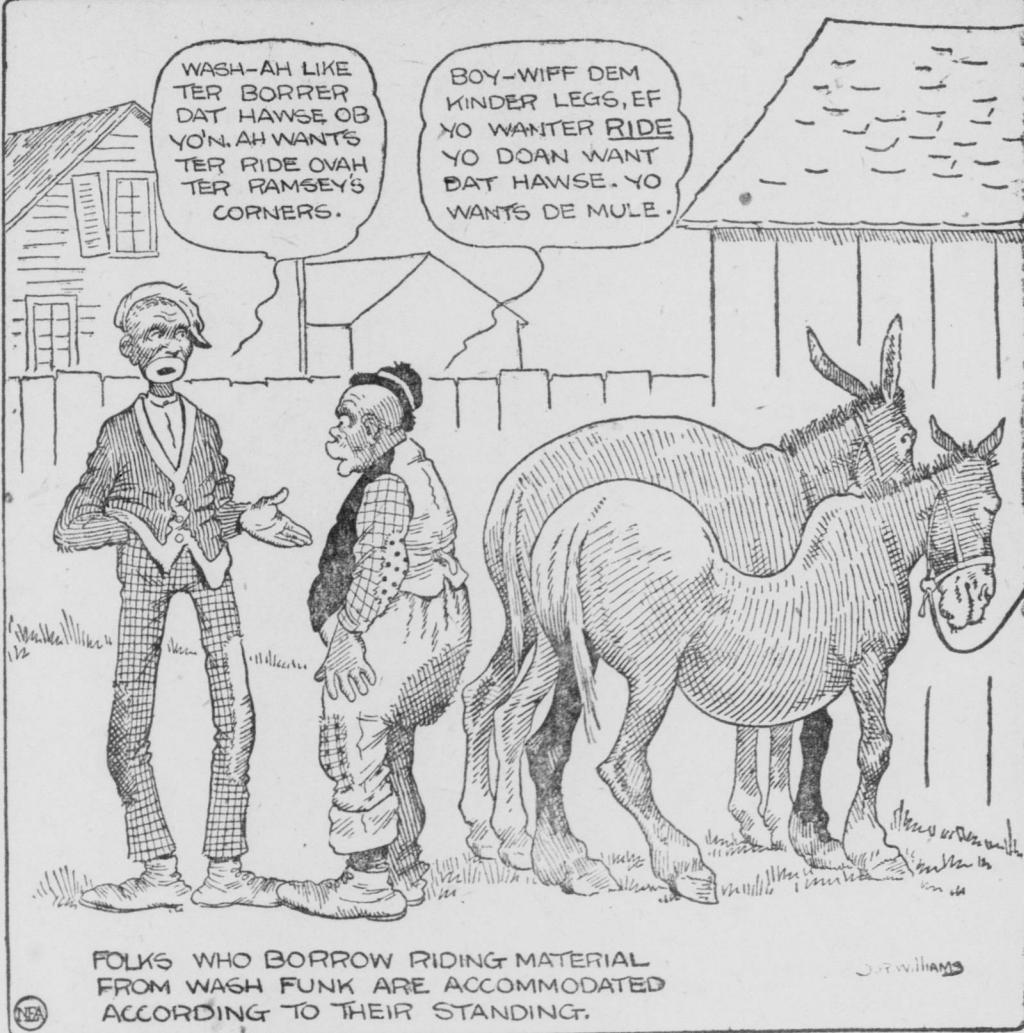
Albermarle smiled at him grimly across the table. "You're full of surprises today, Master Randal. And this one baffles me."

Holles poured out his tale and Albermarle gave him a sympathetic hearing.

When the Duke had done, the Duke signed and turned aside before replying, to examine the pages of a notebook at his elbow.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



FOLKS WHO BORROW RIDING MATERIAL FROM WASH FUNK ARE ACCOMMODATED ACCORDING TO THEIR STANDING.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—

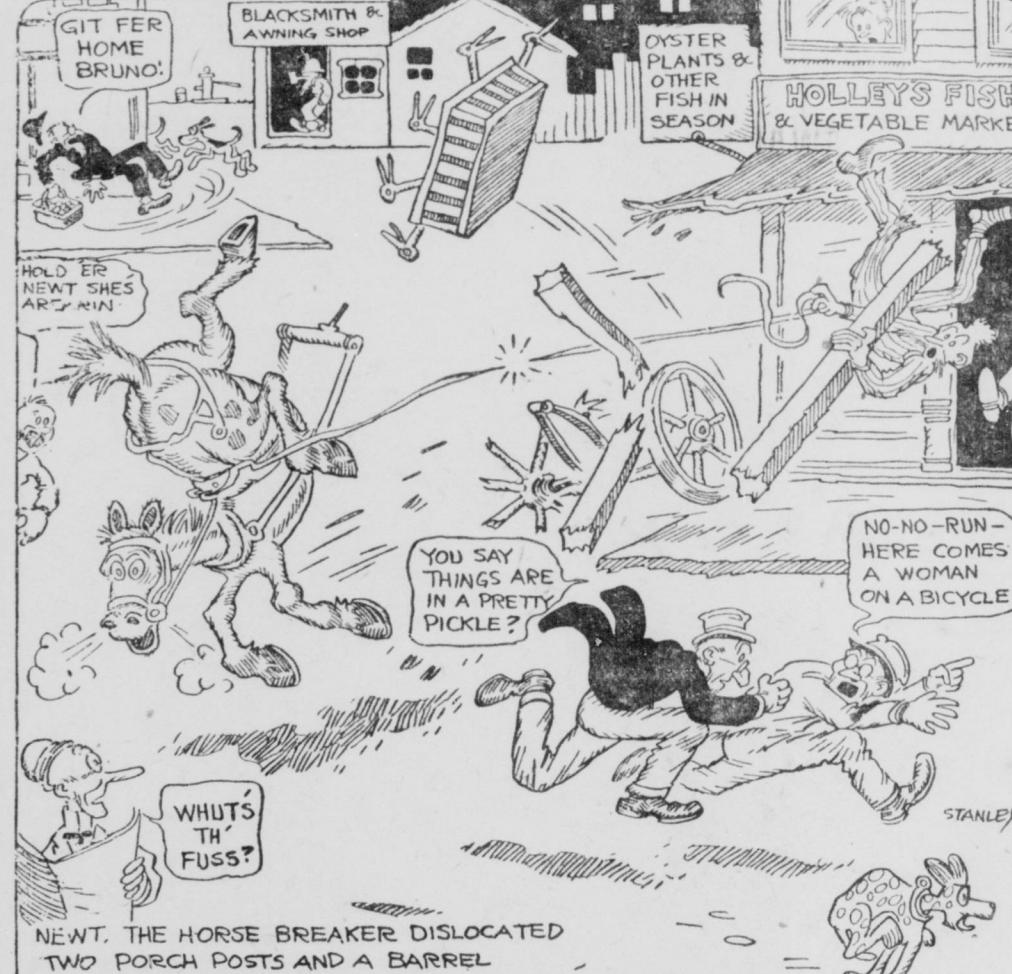


Knighthood Is in Flower



—By MARTIN

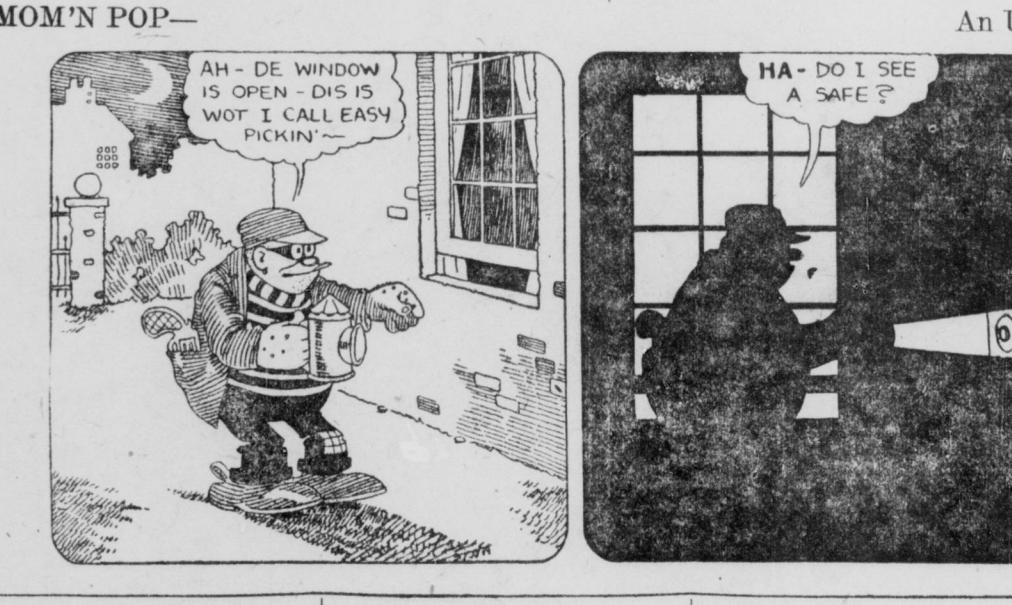
THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



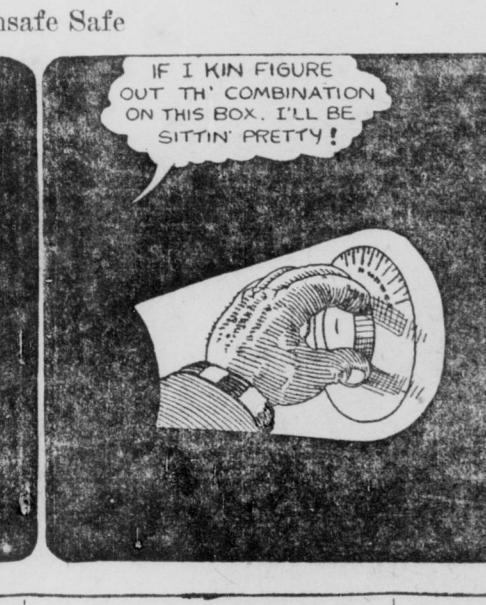
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



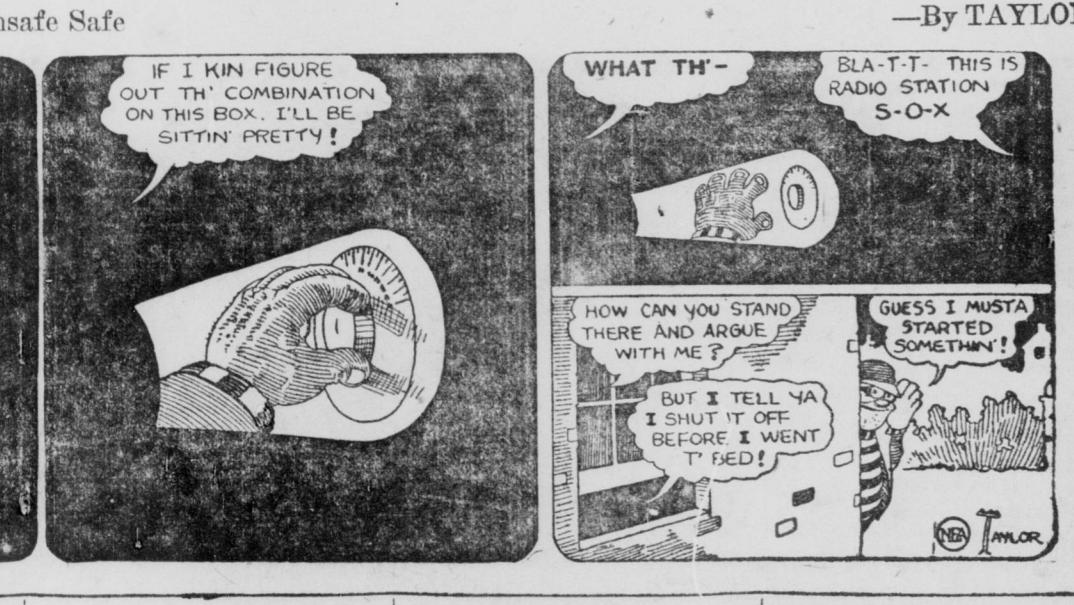
MOM'N POP—



An Unsafe Safe



—By TAYLOR



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