

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

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It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night upon the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man gripping for his musket.

So begins this thrilling and important historical romance. It is thrilling because Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote it. He has been a successful author for 33 years. He has written more than 40 novels, novelettes and plays. Some of his characters, Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard for example, will live. "The White Company" is a classic.

It is important because it is a story of the latter days of Napoleon, from the viewpoint of Scotch villagers who lie under "The Great Shadow." There are three men and a woman in the story. Two of the men die on the field of Waterloo, the culmination of the story.

CHAPTER I.

The Night of the Beacons.

It is strange to me, Jack Calder of West Inch, to feel that though now, in the very center of the nineteenth century, I am but five-and-fifty years of age, and though it is only once a week, perhaps, that my wife can pluck out a little gray bristle from over my ear, yet I have lived in a time when the thoughts and the ways of men were as different as though it were another planet from this. For when I walk in my fields I can see, down Berwick way, the little tufts of white smoke which tell me of this strange, new, hundred-legged beast with coals for food and a thousand men in its belly, forever crawling over the border. On a shiny day I can see the glint of the brass work as it takes the curve near Corriemuir. And then, as I look out to sea, there is the same beast again, or a dozen of them, maybe, leaving a trail of black in the air and of white in the water, and swimming in the face of the wind as easily as a salmon up the Tweed. Such a sight as that would have struck my good old father speechless with wrath as well as surprise, for he was so stricken with the fear of offending the Creator that he was chary of contradicting Nature, and always held the new thing to be nearly akin to the blasphemous. As long as God made the horse, and a man, down Birmingham way, the engine, my good old dad would have stuck by the saddle and the spur.

When he died we had been fighting with scarce a break, save for two short years, for very nearly a quarter of a century. Babies who were born in the year grew to be bearded men with babies of their own, and still the war continued. Those who had served and fought in their stalwart prime grew stiff and bent, and yet the ships and the armies were struggling. During that long time we fought the Dutch, we fought the Danes, we fought the Spanish, we fought the Turks, we fought the Americans, we fought the Montevideans, until it seemed that in this universal struggle no race was too near of kin or too far away to be drawn into the quarrel. But most of all it was the French whom we fought, and the man whom of all others we loathed and feared and admired was the great captain who ruled them.

It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night upon the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man gripping for his musket. He had always won. That was the terror of it. The fates seemed to be behind him. And now we know that he lay upon the northern coast with a hundred and fifty thousand veterans, and the boats for their passage. But it is an old story how a third of the grown folk of our country took up arms, and how our little one-eyed, one-armed man crushed their fleet. There was still to be a land of free thinking and free speaking in Europe.

There was a great beacon ready on the hill by Tweedmouth, built up of logs and tar barrels, and I can well remember how night after night I strained my eyes to see if it were ablaze. I was only eight at the time, but it is an age when one takes a grief to heart, and I felt as though the fate of the country hung in some fashion upon me and my vigilance. And then one night as I looked I suddenly saw a little flicker on the bea-

con hill—a single red tongue of flame in the darkness. And then the flame shot higher, and I saw the red, quivering line upon the water beyond, and I dashed into the kitchen, screaming to my father that the French had crossed and the Tweedmouth light was aflame. I can see him now as he knocked his pipe out at the side of the fire, and looked at me from over the top of his horn spectacles.

"Are you sure, Jack?" says he.

"Sure as death," I gasped.

He reached out his hand for the Bible upon the table and opened it upon his knee as though he meant to read to us, but he shut it again in silence and hurried out. We went down to the gate which opens out upon the highway. From there we could see the red light of the big beacon, and the glimmer of a smaller one to the north of us at Aytoun. The old road had more folk on it than ever passed along it at night before, for many of the yeomen up our way had enrolled themselves and were riding now as fast as hoof could carry them for the muster. Some had a stirrup cup or two before parting, and I cannot forget one who tore past on a huge white horse, brandishing a great rusty sword in the moonlight. They shouted to us, as they passed, that the North Berwick law-fire was blazing, and that it was thought that the alarm had come from Edinburgh castle. There were a few who galloped the other way, couriers for Edinburgh, and the laird's son and Master Clayton, the deputy sheriff, and such like.

But early in the morning we had our minds set at ease. It was gray and cold, and my mother had gone up to the house to make a pot of tea for us, when there came a gig down the road with Doctor Horscroft of Aytoun in it and his son Jim. The collar of the doctor's coat came over his ears, and he looked in a deadly black humor, for Jim, who was but fifteen years of age, had trooped off to Berwick at the first alarm with his father's new fowling piece. All night his dad had chased him, and now there he was, a prisoner, with the barrel of the stolen gun sticking out from behind the seat. He looked as sulky as his father, with his hands thrust into his side pockets, his brows drawn down, and his lower lip thrust out.

"It's all a lie," shouted the doctor, as he passed. "There has been no landing, and all the fools in Scotland have been gadding about the roads for nothing." His son Jim snarled something up at him on this, and his father struck him a blow with his clenched fist on the side of the head, which sent the boy's chin forward upon his breast as though he had been stunned.

Now all this has little enough to do with what I took my pen up to tell about; but when a man has a good memory and little skill he cannot draw one thought from his mind without a dozen others trailing out behind it. And yet, now that I come to think of it, this had something to do with it after all; for Jim Horscroft had so deadened a quarrel with his father that he was packed off to Birtwhistle's Berwick academy; and as my father had long wished me to go there he took advantage of this chance to send me also.

There was from the first a great friendship between Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, and me. He was cock boy of the school from the day he came, for within the hour he had thrown Barton, who had been cock before him, right through the big blackboard in the classroom. Jim always ran to muscle and bone, and even then he was square and tall, short of speech and long of arm, much given to lounging with his broad back against walls, and his hands deep in his breeches pockets. I can even recall that he had a trick of keeping a straw in the corner of his mouth, just where he used afterward to hold his pipe. Jim was always the same, for good and for bad, since first I knew him.

Heaven's! How we all looked up to him! We were but young savages, and had a savage's respect for power. What tales we used to whisper about his strength; how he put his fist through the oak panel of the game-room door. How when Long Merri-dow was carrying the ball, he caught up Merri-dow, ball and all, and ran swiftly past every opponent to the goal. It did not seem fit to us that such a one as he should trouble his head about sponges and dactyls, or care to know what signed the Magna Charta. When he said in open class that King Alfred was the man, we little boys all felt that very likely it was so, and that perhaps Jim knew more about it than the man who wrote the book.

For two years we were close friends, for all the gap that the years had made between us, and though in passion or in want of thought he did many a thing that called me, yet I loved him like a brother, and wept as much as would have filled an ink bottle when at last, after two years, he went off to Edinburgh to study his father's profession. Five years after that did I bide at Birtwhistle's, and when I left I had become cock myself, for I was as wiry and as tough as whalebone, though I never ran to weight and sinew, like my great prede-

cessor. It was in jubilee year that I left Birtwhistle's, and then for three years I stayed at home, learning the ways of the cattle; but still the ships and the armies were wrestling, and still the great shadow of Bonaparte lay across the country.

How could I guess that I, too, should have a hand in lifting that shadow forever from our people?

CHAPTER II.

Cousin Edie of Eyemouth.

Some years before, when I was still but a lad, there had come over to us upon a five weeks' visit the only daughter of my father's brother, Willie Calder had settled at Eyemouth as a maker of fishing nets, and he had made more out of twine than ever we were like to do out of the whin bushes and sand links of West Inch. So his daughter, Edie Calder, came over with a brow red frock and a five-shilling bonnet and a kist full of things that brought my dear mother's eyes out like a parter's.

I took no great stock of girls at that time, for it was hard for me to see what they had been made for. There were none of us at Birtwhistle's that thought very much of them; but the smallest laddies seemed to have the most sense, for, after they began to grow bigger they were not so sure about it. We little ones were all of one mind that a creature that couldn't fight and was carrying tales, and couldn't so much as shy a stone without flapping its arm like a rag in the wind was no use for anything.

So when this one came to the steading at West Inch I was not best pleased to see her. I was twelve at the time (it was in the holidays) and she eleven, a thin, tallish girl, with black eyes and the queerest ways. She was forever staring out in front of her, with her lips parted as if she saw something wonderful; but when I came behind her and looked the same way I could see nothing but the sheep's trough or the midden or father's breeches hanging on a clothes-line. And then if she saw a lump of heather or bracken, or any common stuff of that sort, she would mope over it as if it had struck her sick, and cry, "How sweet! how perfect!" just as though it had been a painted picture. When I used to tell her that she was good for nothing, and that her father was a fool to bring her up like that, she would begin to cry, and say that I was a rude boy, and that she would go home that very night, and never forgive me as long as she lived. But in five minutes she had forgotten all about it. What was strange was that she liked me a deal better than I did her, and she would never leave me alone, but she was always watching me and running after me, and then saying, "Oh, here you are!" as if it were a surprise.

Jim Horscroft was away when Cousin Edie was with us, but he came back the very week she went, and I mind how surprised I was that he should ask any questions or take any interest in a mere lassie. He asked me if she were pretty; and when I said that I hadn't noticed he laughed and called me a mule, and said my eyes would be opened some day. But very soon he came to be interested in something else, and I never gave Edie another thought until one day she just took my life in her hands and twisted it as I could twist this quill.

That was in 1813, after I had left school, when I was already eighteen years of age, with a good forty hairs on my upper lip and every hope of more. I had changed since I left school, and was not so keen on games as I had been, but found myself instead lying about on the sunny side of the braes, with my own lips parted and my eyes staring just the same as Cousin Edie's used to do. It had satisfied me, and filled my whole life, that I could run faster and jump higher than my neighbor, but now all that seemed such a little thing, and I yearned and looked up at the big arching sky and down at the flat blue sea, and felt that there was something wanting, but could never lay my tongue to what that something was. And I became quick of temper, too, for my nerves seemed all of a fret; and when my mother would ask me what ailed me, or my father would speak of my turning my hand to work, I would break into such sharp, bitter answers as I have often grieved over since. Ah, a man may have more than one wife, and more than one child, and more than one friend, but he can never have but one mother, so let him cherish her while he may.

How the Queen of West Inch arrives in black.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Drink Water When Tired.

Dr. Eliza B. Mosher of Brooklyn urged the members of the Women's Medical society of New York state to drink a glass of water at 10 a. m. and others at 3, 4 and 5 p. m. This, she told them, would dilute the products of fatigue which were entering the blood and causing that tired feeling.

Betty Ross Clark



Betty Ross Clark, the charming screen star, has aided wonderfully in making Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle famous in the "movies." She is regarded as one of the prettiest and most talented of the younger motion picture actresses.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

KEEP THE NECK YOUNG

AGE shows itself in so many places, that the woman who seeks to keep young in spite of increasing years, must do more than massage her face, to preserve her youthful appearance. She must keep her neck young, as well as her face, for a flabby-lined throat will give away all the years the well-cared-for face might hide.

And here massage is excellent, provided it is gently given. The neck should be massaged with flesh-building cream, for as age comes on, the supply of natural oils diminishes in the glands beneath the surface of the skin. This means a drying of the skin, a weakening of the muscles, inasmuch as these oils have been continuously repairing the natural breaking down of all fleshy matter. The cream will help to take the place of these oils.

The neck is stroked crosswise in front, with the tips of the four fingers of each hand. The left hand



Exercise and Massage Will Keep the Neck Youthful.

starts under the right ear, the right hand under the left ear, the strokes alternating. The fingers naturally leave the neck after they have passed the wind-pipe. Then the fingers are started at the top of the shoulders, and run upwards to the hair and to the ear. Front again, the tips of the fingers start at the chin and press downwards to the chest, cross and smooth the lines that run about the throat. Superfluous cream is wiped off, and a piece of ice is rubbed all over the throat, to close the pores upon the cream and to strengthen the muscles. This also helps prevent sore throat.

(Copyright.)

Turtle Serum.

The famous "turtle serum" invented by Professor Friedman, which created such a sensation several years ago when he announced it as a cure for tuberculosis, is now under investigation by a committee of the most eminent German doctors, including Professors Kraus of Berlin, Kruse of Leipzig and Braun.

Around Boston.

"This candidate says he belongs to the plain people."

"Ah! Did he ever split rails?"

"No, but when he was a boy he used to split an infinitive occasionally."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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and

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English Conquest of Ireland

The conquest of Ireland by the English was a gradual process. The first step was taken by Henry II, who is said to have obtained a bull from Pope Adrian IV, authorizing him to take possession of the country. The Tudors steadily pursued the policy of taking land from the Irish chiefs and giving it to English settlers. The final act of the union was passed and proclaimed on January 1, 1801.

White Faces for Brown Women

The women of the Macua tribe of Africa have a rich brown skin, but ever since they saw the white skin of some Caucasian travelers they have been making a paste which they smear over their faces until it gives them the appearance of wearing a false face.

Color Blind, Books Won't Tally.

A curious instance of extreme color-blindness recently came to light. A post office clerk could never balance his accounts. Examination proved that he was unable to distinguish between the colors of the stamps he sold.

"And Daughter."

Signs with the addition "and daughter" can be seen in London almost as often as the older "and son" partnerships.

Suspicious.

The head of the firm had secretly called in an expert accountant to check up the cashier. "Have you discovered any evidence of dishonesty?" asked the expert accountant. "Well, I've noticed that he carries a different umbrella every time it rains," explained the head of the firm.

Childish Vocabulary.

The number of words used by children two years old varies from a very few words for the backward child up to 1,000 words for more precocious children. The average number is put at between 200 and 400.

Value of Ton of Gold.

The mint value of gold does not vary, but remains constant at \$20.67182462 per troy ounce, or \$18.84151 avoirdupois. Basing a calculation upon this value, a ton of gold would be equivalent to \$662,928.

Microscope Bares Nettle Sting

Through a powerful microscope such things as a nettle sting, the scales of a butterfly, or the solid particles in smoke are plainly seen.

Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pains. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Brilliant Scheme.

On their fourth birthday Frances and Rita, twins stood watching the finishing touches being put on a cake by their mother when Frances exclaimed "Mumver let's have today for my birthday and we'll have another for Rita tomorrow."

Cotton Spinning in Japan.

Cotton spinning in Japan is regarded by many to be as important commercially as the silk industry.

Her Real Love.

"I heard that pretty little woman say the other day that she was going to do her best to make her Billy's life perfectly happy. She must be very much in love with her husband." "That wasn't her husband she was talking about; it was her pet poodle."

From an English paper: Rev. E. Thomas will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday next. The choir will render an anthem of joy and thanksgiving specially composed for the occasion.—Boston Transcript.

"Pape's Diaprepain" Corrects Stomach.

"Pape's Diaprepain" is the quickest, most relief for indigestion, Gases, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Fermentation or Stomach Distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only 60 cents at drug store. Absolutely harmless and pleasant. Millions helped annually. Best stomach corrective known.—Adv.

It is claimed that the term "hyphenated Americans" dates back prior to the year 1876, when John Boyle O'Reilly applied it to a remnant of the old time toryism who were objecting to the nation-wide celebration which took place that year.