

Helen Drops Her Handkerchief

Capital Short Story by Guy Courtenay Chapman, Which Readers Will Enjoy.

BY GUY COURTENAY CHAPMAN.

THE MOST interesting visitor at the Hober Spitz Hotel, until Captain Adamant arrived there was the Hon. Helen Careening, only child of the late Lord Traquair and his American wife, Mariquita Vannorden, so that Helen inherited not only the traditional Traquair beauty, but her mother's fabulous millions.

Her rightful throne—her native haunt—was the innermost circle of London's best society, but she was famous for her whims, and one of them had caused her to leave Traquair House and the January hunting and betake herself at two days' notice to St. Spitz—which is not even a first-class winter sports resort! A place that nobody—who was anybody—had ever patronized before.

"If you had only chosen Davos or St. Moritz, where there might have been half a dozen people who knew!" moaned her chaperone plaintively.

Helen flashed a glance at Lady Balham from under incredibly long, black, silky lashes, that gave her blue eyes the softness and mystery of a sunset night.

"That's the third time you've said so today, Cousin Jane," she replied softly, soft as purring, "and it's got to be the very last if you just don't want me to ring for Marie and have her pack you in a handbox and post you back to England, labelled 'this side up with care!'"

She laughed, but Jane Balham sat up suddenly like a startled rabbit. She was altogether like a rabbit with her long, weak upper lip, and scared, brown eyes, her gentle flurried ways, and the fleecy shawls in which she still huddled herself from habit, because she had always been cold in winter till Helen took her home to Traquair.

People called Miss Careening hard sometimes, but most of the happiness Jane's starved heart had ever known had come to her in these last three magical years, and she yearned over the beautiful wayward girl with a love that made her almost clever where Helen was concerned.

And it was "not like" Helen to speak in that soft, purring tone—the voice she scratched with, as an Irish man had once called it—to poor, dependent Jane. So Jane Balham picked up her ears—and followed Helen's glance across the winter garden, where they sat at tea, to the little table by the staircase, where a man sat quite alone.

He had but just arrived and he was tall and broad shouldered, with a face as still as if it had been cut from bronze, out of which looked the steady eagle eyes of a racing motorist—or an aviator—or an explorer. Vaguely Jane felt him to be an interesting man; a man with the glamor of a great personality about him, and she turned to Helen to say so, but the words checked on her lips, for dim as was the lights in their corner under the palms she saw something new in Helen's face. Jane could not read the meaning of that intent look, but it silenced her.

"Then, in a moment, Helen turned with her everyday smile.

"Finished? Let's go upstairs; the books I wired for came this afternoon."

Traversing the great room under fire of so many curious eyes was quite an ordeal to Lady Balham. She scurried across it, and fairly ran up the first flight of stairs; then noticed with dismay that Helen was no longer behind her. She looked over the balcony just in time to see the new man stoop to pick up Helen's handkerchief and Helen turn on the lowest step to receive it from him. Tall as she was, he was taller, and their eyes were just on a level as she stood there above him. She thanked him carelessly; then sudden recognition dawned in her eyes.

"Surely—it is Captain Adamant!" she said. "I heard you lecture at the Royal Geographical."

Her voice was low and sweet, her eyes smiled, she looked wonderful as she stood there in that roomful of ordinary mortals—a princess out of a fairy tale—the vision of a dream—exquisite, regal, supremely unconscious of the eyes that focused her from every table.

And as Rex Adamant looked at her, though his expression did not alter, his face grew a little paler.

"I saw you on the platform with the duke," he said, "You are Miss Careening."

Helen's cheeks dimpled suddenly, mischievously. "I wasn't labelled!"

"But I asked your name," said the man, quite simply, and then—it was strange, in fact, Jane hardly believed her eyesight, a faint rose-flush crept into Helen's cheeks, her lashes drooped, and without another word she turned away. But Adamant stood and watched her out of sight, as careless of the crowded room as though he had been alone in one of the trackless West African forests he ruled over.

Jane, scurrying on guiltily to their private sitting room, felt unhappy for him; her soft heart always bled for Miss Careening's victims, and it seemed obvious that this man was destined to join their ranks. Somehow she felt he was too fine and simple and splendid a person to be played with and flirted with to while away a spoiled beauty's fortnight, and—it was a tribute to Rex Adamant, had he known it—she screwed her courage to the sticking point, and, timidly, stammeringly, said as much to Helen.

From the depths of the cushioned basket chair in which she lay curled up, both heads under her chin, and her violet eyes narrowed between their lashes, Helen watched her nervousness, heard her halting speeches, and when at last Jane came to the end, half expecting to be crushed with a frivolous sentence, Helen said quietly:

"You waste your pity this time, Cousin Jane. I didn't come here to play with Captain Adamant. I came to—" she broke off short, but her eyes glowed, and a little, tender smile crept about the corners of her lips, the smile of a woman who knows she has happiness in her gift—and does not intend to withhold it.

Jane Balham jumped right out of her seat; Helen laughed—a tinkling laugh that broke in the middle.

"Oh, Jane! Don't look at me with such saucer eyes!" she said. "Sit down again and tell me how pretty I am, and that you're quite sure I shall bring it off."

Jane sat down again. She was inured to shocks from Miss Careening. Presently she recovered her powers of speech.

"Then you knew he would come here?" she accused. Helen nodded.

"Overheard the Duke tell Major Darwin—they both thought it such an odd choice for a man who spends his days around about the equator. I'd made up my mind about him at once, you know—when he lectured—and this seemed such a very convenient meeting place because, of course, he must never guess I came to—find him." She laughed again, very softly and sweetly. "He would be so frightfully shocked, he would think it quite—unwomanly. I am sure he is terribly old-fashioned, men from the wilderness all ways are!" She leaned forward and patted Jane's hand. "You're such a comfort to me, Janey, so nice and silent and safe, such a mother-confessor."

Lady Balham squeezed the strong slim fingers. "I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy, dear. I thought he had a good face."

Helen flashed a glance at her. "You make very sure!" she said.

Jane Balham only smiled, Helen stood up and went to stare critically at herself in the long mirror between the windows.

"I am really very beautiful," she said at last, as though the face in the glass were just a picture. "I used to find it quite a nuisance—so many stupid moths fluttering around, who would never take no for an answer, but now—I'm glad."

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

Don't use any kind of an old box for shipping dressed poultry, nor old, stained, rusty crates for eggs. They detract from the appearance of the goods and put the shipper in the baghouse along.

Mr. Merchant!

Since "TIMES ARE HARD," now is the time for you to realize a profit on your old bundle of freight bills that you have perhaps regarded as nothing more than waste paper.

Do you know that the freight and express charges that you pay are many times in error, due to oversight on the part of the clerk in assessing proper charges, or to errors in classification, weights, etc., and that which you pay to the transportation companies in excess of what actually belongs to them for their services under their legally published tariff rates amounts to considerable money that you might count as profits in the conduct of your business? It is a fact that unless business concerns, however small, employ expert rate and traffic men to look after their transportation affairs they lose annually a large amount of money that could be saved. **OUR BUSINESS IS TO SAVE THIS MONEY FOR YOU FROM YOUR OLD FREIGHT BILLS.**

We can greatly benefit you and your business as a member of this association, our staff of traffic experts are the best that money can produce, and we are saving merchants throughout the country thousands of dollars yearly in overcharges found on expense bills which were erroneously charged by the railroads and express companies. A membership in this association entitles you to these savings, together with such further services as quotation of rates, routing of freight to receive lowest rates, collection of loss and damage claims, InterState Commerce Complaints, and many other services beneficial to merchants.

The cost of membership is only \$10.00 for the first year's service; the second year's service does not cost you anything in cash, as we take \$7.50 to cover the second year's service from the overcharges found in the expense bills only, and we further guarantee to refund to you under our contract more than the amount of cash that you originally pay for the membership.

Let us have your application today.

THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAFFIC ASSOCIATION.

411-415 Panama Building, Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

I hereby apply for membership in the above named Association to receive all of the benefits under your general membership contract, and I enclose herewith check for \$10.00 to cover membership fee.

.....Name.

.....Address.

SULPHURRO

Sulphurro Co., Seattle, Wash.

Gentlemen—I want you to know what Sulphurro has done for my rheumatism and piles, from which I suffered since 1879. I had one of the worst cases of piles any man could have, and I tried everything that the doctors ordered, and every new remedy for the piles, and all to no good. The doctors told me the only cure was to cut them out, which I refused to have done, and I suffered untold misery until I got a bottle of Sulphurro. After I had used one-half of the bottle I began to feel better, and I could see that my piles were nearly gone, and how good I was feeling, and now let me tell you that no amount of money would get me to suffer the way I did since 1879, until I got your Sulphurro. That cured me. It is the greatest medicine for these two ailments—rheumatism and piles—and I want to thank you a thousand times for what it has done for me.

One dollar is no price for a bottle of Sulphurro. It is worth \$100 to any one that was in the condition I was, and I will always keep it in the house. W. A. HAGUE, Fullerton, Cal.

WHY DOES SULPHURRO GET RESULTS?

Because it is an antiseptic and germicide; it purifies the blood and allays inflammation internally and externally, and always benefits the general health. An interesting booklet of explanation sent free on request.

SULPHURRO, 71 Columbia St. ALL DRUGGISTS. SEATTLE, WASH.



National Stamp & Seal Works
RUBBER, STEEL
and BRASS
STAMPS

Stencils, Seals,
Badges and
Trade Checks.

Brass Signs, Box Printing, Plates and Engraving
Brands, Numbering Machine
Experts.
MAIN 2468

250 Oak Street, Opposite Police Station.

5 Acres for \$250.00

\$10.00 DOWN AND \$5.00 PER MONTH.

Buy 5 acres of good level logged-off land, between Portland and Centralia, on the main line of three railroads, 1½ miles from a town of 1,000 population, sawmills and other industries. We have 160 acres to choose from, some of these tracts are about ½ cleared; also a fine trout creek runs through them. You can get any kind of laying tract that you want. Some of this land is bottom land.

Perfect Title and Warranty Deed.

CHARLES DELFEL

312 Railway Exchange Bldg., between 3rd and Fourth, on Stark St., Portland, Ore.