

King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham
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"LADY NORHEYS"

SYNOPSIS.—In London the teller of the story of the adventures of "King Tommy," and known hereafter as "Uncle Bill," is informed by Lord Norheys, son of an old friend, that Lord Troyte, head of the British foreign office, Norheys' uncle, has a scheme to make him (Norheys) king of Lystria, in central Europe, through marriage to Calypso, daughter of King Wladislaw, deposed monarch of that country. A financier, Procopius Cable, knows there is oil in profusion in Lystria, and with an English king on the throne the output could be secured for England. Norheys, in love with a stage dancer, Viola Temple, is not enthusiastic over the proposition. The patriarch, Menelaus, highest ecclesiastical dignitary in Lystria, is heartily in favor of the restoration of the monarchy, and Cable has generally financed the sentiment. Calypso is making a living dancing in the "Mascotte," Berlin cabaret. Norheys refuses to entertain the idea of giving up Viola Temple, to whom he is secretly engaged. "Uncle Bill's" sister Emily urges him to secure a passport from Lord Troyte for a certain Janet Church, a strong-minded female who wants to visit Lystria in the interests of a society for world peace. Janet Church leaves for Berlin. "Uncle Bill" is again appealed to by his sister to find a certain curate (name not given) who has left his parish in Ireland for a visit to Berlin, and cannot be found. Lord Norheys and Viola Temple disappear from London.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

It occurred to me at once that Norheys, gounded to exasperation by Cable's conduct to Miss Temple, had gone off with her and got married somewhere.

"Did you," I asked, "find out whether Miss Temple is in London or not?"

"No, I didn't. You surely don't think he's gone off with her?"

"It might be worth while finding out whether she's in London or not."

I went over to the telephone and rang up the Belvedere theater. I asked whether Miss Temple was there and at what hour she might be expected to dance. Someone who was either in a hurry or a bad temper replied that Miss Temple was unable to dance owing to indisposition. He added that if I had taken the trouble to look at the advertisements of his entertainment I should have seen that Miss Temple had not danced for two nights. In that way, so he said quite plainly, I should have avoided wasting his time with silly questions. That was a plain hint to me to ring off and hang up the receiver; but I ventured on another question.

"Do you happen to know if Miss Temple is at home in her flat?"

"No, I don't," came the reply, "and I shouldn't tell you if I did. We don't encourage strangers to run after our ladies."

I told Troyte what I had heard.

"I suppose," I said, "that putting two and two together in the usual way we arrive at four."

"You mean that he's gone off with her?"

"I should have expressed myself more plainly," I said. "I should have said that putting one and one together we arrive at another one. 'They twain,' you know."

"Married?"

"He told me he was perfectly determined to marry her, and I expect he was."

My opinion was that Troyte had driven the boy into marrying rather sooner than he meant to by continuously pushing the Princess Calypso at him and worrying him about the crown of Lystria. Cable, with his attempt at bribery and his ill-timed threats, had settled the matter. But there was no use making things worse for Troyte by telling him that it was largely his own fault. I tried to soften the blow in this way.

"I'm told," I said, "that she's a nice, lady-like girl. He might have done worse."

Troyte sat sipping a glass of cognac without speaking. I went on:

"And, after all, it wouldn't have been all joy marrying a Balkan princess. I don't know this Calypso girl personally, but I can't help feeling that a young woman brought up among bearded brigands, with snowy mountains all round, and heavy barbaric jewels given her for birthday presents, might turn out to be what the French call farouche. I don't mean to hint that she isn't a lady; but she may be a bit lacking in serenity."

"I don't believe he's gone off with Miss Temple," said Troyte.

The thing seemed so obvious to me that I could see no reason for doubting it. But the next thing Troyte said startled me.

"The fact is," he said, "that Norheys promised me three days ago that he'd go out to Lystria. He said he'd be ready to start tomorrow."

"Did he say he'd marry the princess?"

"No. He didn't. If you want his exact words, he said, 'I'll have a go at that jolly old crown, Uncle Ned, just to please you.'"

I have never known Norheys go back on his word. If he said that he certainly meant to do it.

"And he promised to start tomorrow?" I said.

"Yes. But he may have changed his mind and started the day before

yesterday. I told him that everything was ready. As a matter of fact, Cable has had an agent from Lystria waiting in Berlin for a week, ready to make a dash across the frontier the very moment Norheys arrives. Every one in Lystria is prepared for the coup d'etat. The patriarch and most of the leading nobles are to be in the Schloss Amberg, one of the old royal palaces. Cable has poured money into the country and has got the whole thing thoroughly organized. In fact, he told me that he'd managed to bribe the President of the Megalian republic and three of his cabinet ministers, so that they won't make a fuss when Lystria declares its independence. I've settled things with the French, more or less, that is to say, they've agreed to leave it to the League of Nations."

"Which means?"

Troyte smiled slightly.

"Talk," he said, "and time."

"So you really think that if Norheys has gone there—"

"Everything will go quite smoothly," said Troyte. "But I wish he'd told me he was starting at once."

"And it might have been better," I said, "if he hadn't taken Miss Temple with him."

"I don't believe he's done that," said Troyte. "Hang it all, the boy's a gentleman. He wouldn't go off to marry the princess with that other woman in attendance."

I felt as sure as I could be about anything that Norheys had not gone off to marry the princess. But he might possibly have gone to Lystria to see if he could secure the crown without the princess. He told me he was anxious to please his uncle and to supply the empire with oil.

"What would happen," I said, "if he asked for the crown and refused to marry the princess?"

"He wouldn't get it," said Troyte. "The Lystrians are legitimists to the backbone."

"And if by any chance—I'm not saying that it is so, I'm only making a suggestion—if by any chance Miss Temple followed him there of her own accord, what would happen?"

"I should think," said Troyte, "that the patriarch would probably hang Norheys and imprison Miss Temple. But that can't have happened. The girl wouldn't be such a fool as to go there on her own."

Then a servant came in and murmured to Troyte that Mr. Cable wanted to see him on very important business.

"Show him in," said Troyte.

I had never seen Procopius Cable. With Norheys' description fresh in my mind I expected a repulsive looking man. Norheys called him "a Semitic toad," an "octopus," and "a slimy money-lender." I was agreeably surprised. He did not look like a gentleman, but there was no doubt about his being masterful and strong. I saw that he possessed ability of an uncommon kind. I could understand how it was that Troyte believed him to be an empire-builder. Clive and Warren Hastings, in earlier days Drake and Frobenius, later on perhaps Cecil Rhodes, must have been men of essentially the same sort of character. But looking at the man, it was tolerably certain that he was not by birth an Englishman. He had become English because England is the natural home of men of his type, the only country which has ever understood how to use them. But the foreign strain was unmistakable. It was not Semitic. It was not Latin. I do not think it was Slav. It was something that made him more excitable and more liable to display excitement than a man of our blood would be.

His eyes were sparkling. His face seemed to shine and his movements were jumpy when he walked into the room. When he saw me he stopped, half way between the door and the fireplace.

Troyte introduced me formally, told him that he need not hesitate to speak in my presence and invited him to sit down. Cable still looked at me doubtfully. Troyte explained that I was Norheys' godfather and knew all about the Lystrian business. Then Cable blurted out the news.

"I came round to tell you," he said, "that I've just had a telegram from Casimir. You recollect, don't you, Count Istvan Casimir is the most influential of the Lystrian nobles. He's my agent in Berlin."

"Yes," said Troyte. "He was to receive Norheys there."

"Everything has gone capitally so far," said Cable. "Lord Norheys arrived in Berlin. Casimir met him. They crossed the Megalian frontier today."

"Today?" said Troyte. "Norheys and Casimir?"

"Lord Norheys and the princess," said Cable. "Casimir couldn't go with them. We wouldn't have been allowed to cross the frontier. The patriarch is waiting for them in the Schloss Amberg. They ought to arrive there tomorrow evening. Next morning the wedding will be celebrated in the Royal chapel. Tomorrow afternoon the coronation will take place."

Cable was excited, wildly excited. He stepped forward, took Troyte's liqueur glass, filled it with cognac and raised it high above his head.

"God save the king of Lystria," he said.

He swallowed the cognac, and, following the best precedents, threw down the glass. It ought no doubt to have emphasized the toast by being shivered to atoms. But Troyte's

Perlan carpet is soft. The glass merely rolled about a little. I picked it up quite unharmed and set it on the tray.

"I suppose," I said, "that there's no possibility of a mistake about your news?"

"There can't be a mistake," said Cable. "Casimir is thoroughly reliable. The telegram is in my private code, so you couldn't read it if I showed it to you. But you may take my word for it that it comes from Casimir. No one else has the code."

"I don't see any reason to suppose there is a mistake," said Troyte. "Norheys told me he meant to go to Lystria, though I didn't know he meant to start day before yesterday."

"He started a week ago," said Cable.

That puzzled me. I was quite certain that I had seen Norheys less than a week ago. Certainly Miss Temple was dancing in the Belvedere four days before. I saw her there myself. Whatever Norheys had done, she had certainly not left London a week ago.

"Does your telegram say whether there was any one else with Norheys and the princess?" I said. "You've told us that the Count Casimir couldn't go with them. Did they go off to Lystria alone?"

"There was a lady with the princess," said Cable.

"Who?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Cable.

"Some lady-in-waiting, of course," said Troyte. "I was more puzzled than ever. I felt convinced that Miss Temple was with Norheys wherever he was. Unless he had succeeded in working out his plan for marrying both of them I failed to see what could have happened."

"I think," said Troyte, "that we ought to follow Mr. Cable's example, and drink the health of the king and queen of Lystria."

He rang the bell. In a few minutes we had a bottle of champagne on the table between us. Troyte filled three glasses. He and I stood up. Cable had not sat down.

"Long life to the king and queen," said Troyte.

"The restored monarchy of Lystria," said Cable.

"Oil," I said, "and plenty of it."

Troyte drank. Cable hesitated, looking doubtfully at me. He suspected that I might be poking fun at him, and that kind of man always hates a joke. I held up my glass and smiled amiably.

Then—things occasionally happen in this dramatic way even in real life—Norheys and Viola Temple walked in.

"Hullo! Uncle Ned," said Norheys. "Just ran round, don't you know, to tell you that Viola and I were married the day before yesterday. Did the trick in Dover and ran over to Paris for twenty-four hours. Excuse our not being dressed and that sort of thing. The train's only just in."

Troyte stared at him. So did Cable. Neither of them spoke. I felt it was my duty to break a silence that was becoming awkward.

"Oddly enough," I said, "we were just drinking to your health when you came in."

"Were you?" said Norheys. "Now how the devil did you know? I suppose it got into the papers somehow. What I always say is: It's no use trying to keep things out of papers. The marquis of Norheys and his beautiful bride leaving the church after the ceremony, and all that sort of thing. What? With a photograph of some other fellow and quite a different girl grinning at you. I don't know how it's done; but there it is, you know. Anyhow, I'm glad it was broken to you, Uncle Ned. I was afraid it might be a bit of a facer at first. Not that I'm going to back out of Lystria. I always told you I was quite on for that. So's Viola. Viola is as keen as I am and we'll start tomorrow if you like."

"Are you Lord Norheys?" gasped Cable.

"That exact man, and this is Lady Norheys."

"If you're Lord Norheys—" said Cable.

"I don't blame you for not recognizing me," said Norheys. "I expect the photographs you saw in the papers gave me a long white beard or something. But I'm the man, the actual and only original. Do tell him who I am, Uncle Bill. He doesn't seem to believe me."

"If you're Lord Norheys, some one else must have gone off to Lystria with the princess."

"Good old Calypso," said Norheys. "Done a bolt on her own, I suppose. Family chauffeur, perhaps. What I always say is this: If a girl has any spirit it's a mistake to drive her up against the ropes, telling her she's got to marry some fellow she's never seen. They won't stand it, and I don't altogether blame them. Jolly independent, all of them, specially since the war."

"If you're Lord Norheys," Cable said, "who has gone off to Lystria with the princess?"

He spoke in a dull flat tone. Troyte made no attempt to answer him. Norheys put his arm round his wife's waist and winked vulgarly at me. There was a long and embarrassing silence. I broke it in the end with an idiotic answer to Cable's question.

"Unless it's my sister Emily's lost curate, I don't see who it can be." Then I giggled nervously.

Well, well! If this Lord Norheys has married Viola Temple, who's the other Lord Norheys?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIVE STOCK

SUCCESSFUL SHEEP RAISING ON FARMS

(By H. M. RINEHART, Knoxville, Ill.)

The successful raising of sheep on a farm depends a great deal upon the lambs produced by the flock. In fact, the meat side of the industry bears a direct relation to the profits of the flock.

The three essentials in the production of desirable lambs are: Good breeding, proper feeding and castrating and docking. The latter concerns us most and is also the most important since desirable and profitable lambs cannot be produced without castrating and docking them. The influences at work to educate the American people to eat more lamb and mutton cannot succeed if lambs are not properly bred, fed and castrated, and as these products must sell in competition with beef and pork, it is essential that the quality is at least as good as that of the others. No one thinks of marketing bull calves and boar pigs, and yet this is just what is being done in the case of lambs. The castrating and docking of lambs is essential if the farm flock is to produce a real profit and the veterinarian is in a position to help bring about the needed change.

It is estimated that 80 per cent of native lambs arrive at the markets entire and undocked and the shipments are often branded as "a trashing bunch of natives" by the buyers. Lambs which are undocked, uncastrated, uneven in size, weight, quality and condition, coming from the farming states, sell from \$2 to \$4 less per hundred weight than lambs properly docked, castrated and graded. In short, if the westerner did not find it profitable, castrating and docking would not be so universally practiced in the western states, where sheep raising is a vast industry. The benefits derived from the early castration of lambs are: More weight per age; no pregnancies from cohabitation of the sexes, greater docility, improved body development and quality of meat.

The castration of lambs is not a dangerous operation if properly done. Lambs should be castrated at about the age of fifteen days, provided the weather conditions are good. Damp, chilly days are very unfavorable for such operations.

It is essential to sort out the males before the work begins in order that they may be caught with the minimum of excitement. A clean, dust-free place should be provided, and there should be clean quarters provided for them to run in after the operation. Clean hands and knife are essential and scalpel, which is the best knife for the purpose, must be sharp. To avoid catching them the second time, docking should be done at the same time. Docking improves the appearance of lambs, prevents filth from accumulating on the tails and removes a useless appendage. And besides, feeders are more likely to buy docked lambs than undocked ones.

The veterinarian can make himself useful by advising farmers who raise lambs, along these lines, and can reap the benefits in the confidence good advice always brings a practitioner when it serves such a useful purpose.

Cost of Producing Hogs on Farms in Corn Belt

Studies of costs in producing hogs are being made by the bureau of agricultural economics on some 150 farms in the corn belt. These studies include the management of swine herds and the feed and labor requirements on hogs that are handled under the different methods of pork production practiced in the belt.

Acres of two crops—alfalfa and sugar beets—are increasing rapidly in Pennington county, Minn., according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture. Farmers of the county are endeavoring to establish a cropping system which will provide for more than one source of income and for maintaining good soil conditions. Only a few acres of alfalfa were well established in the county in 1919. At this time the county agricultural extension agent arranged with one or two farmers in each community to plant demonstration plots of this legume so that farmers in all parts of the county would have an opportunity to see how the crop is grown and what results might be expected from it. So successful were these demonstrations that over 2,000 acres were planted in the next two seasons, and by last year the total acreage approximated 10,000 acres. The sugar-beet crop reached 800 acres by 1924 and the farmers who have watched the progress of the crop say it has demonstrated its value for growing in their county.

Take Care of Ewes

When the lambs are to come while the weather is cold, the ewes should have access to a yard on the sunny, sheltered side of the barn where they will not be disturbed by other animals. When the weather is pleasant, one should continue to induce them to take a good deal of exercise, but when a ewe is about ready to lamb she should not be allowed to wander far from shelter, for a lamb dropped outside is almost certain to chill to death.

Why That Bad Back?

Is backache keeping you upset? Feel all tired out—so nervous and dispirited you can hardly keep going? Then look to your kidneys! Your kidneys rid the body of poisonous waste. But if they lag, impurities accumulate and poison the whole system. Then one is apt to suffer backache, stabbing pains, headaches, dizziness, and other annoying kidney irregularities. If your kidneys are sluggish, help them with a diuretic. Use Doan's Pills. They are praised the world over. Ask your neighbor!

An Idaho Case

Mrs. Sam Robinson, 34 N. Pine St., Blackfoot, Idaho, says: "My back was lame and I had heavy bearing down pains through my kidneys. There was a continual ache in the small of my back. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. I decided to try Doan's Pills and two boxes cured me of the attack."

DOAN'S PILLS
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STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

Duluth Harbor Ranks

Second to New York

Although its harbor is closed approximately four months of the year by ice, Duluth is rated the second largest cargo shipping port of the nation in the annual report of marine commerce of the Duluth-Superior harbor, issued under direction of Maj. E. H. Marks, of the United States engineer's office, New York harbor only had more shipping than Duluth last year, and Los Angeles was third, according to the report. Then came Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ash-tabula, Ohio, and Boston harbor, Mass. Cargo freight, with a value of \$516,837,517 in 45,416,956 tons, for a season of 238 days, was recorded for Duluth harbor. The net registered tonnage of the 8,993 cargo vessels which entered and left the harbor during the season was placed at 37,673,722 tons, while the total number of vessels of all classes to enter and leave the port was 9,783.

Peru Fosters Industries

The government of Peru is considering the issuance of several "patentes de introduccion," which constitute a recent innovation in Peru. Under these grants a company of individual undertakers the establishment of a new industry in Peru, that is, the manufacture of some article not previously manufactured in the country, is assured by the government that no one else may start a competing industry within a term of years, although importation of the article may continue. The purpose, of course, is to foster the development of new industries.

World's Largest Book

Vienna claims the biggest book in the world. It is in the Dominican cloister carefully mounted in a case in one of the corridors. The book is made up of parchment leaves mounted on thin wooden borders. On the parchment is maintained a death list of the cloister. The first entry was made in 1410, but even this date is 184 years more recent than the date of the cloister, for this home of Dominican monks was founded in 1226, under the Babenbergers.

Art, an Indicator

The condition of a nation's art is a true gauge of its energy and vitality. Excepting the necessities of life, art is the last thing which a country will relinquish. The oratorio, the music hall, the pub and afternoon tea are England's most normal manifestations, the regular occurrence of which denotes a healthy organism. A cessation of any of these institutions would be a sure indication that something was wrong with the little island.—Samuel Shostzoff, in Vanity Fair.

Responsibility Placed

Men are responsible for women's gowns. A century of cheap jokes about women buttoning their dresses up the back, has led to almost nothing.—Hopkins (Mo.) Journal.

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SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house.

"Costs little—helps much"

WRIGLEYS

Was Right on the Spot
William Egger of Middleboro, Mass., had just conveyed a patient from Middleboro, in an ambulance, to a Boston hospital and had started on his return trip when he was a witness of an accident where a woman was knocked down by an automobile. He promptly placed her in his ambulance and within a few minutes was back again at the hospital with a patient whose identity was unknown to him.

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The Wonder Sole for Wear—Wears twice as long as best leather! —and for a Better Heel "U. S." SPRING-STEP Heel

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Time Enough
The impatient diner sent for the manager of the restaurant. "See here!" he exclaimed, "I ordered cold roast beef 30 minutes ago and I haven't got it yet."

"How long ago?"

"Thirty minutes."

"Good gracious, I'll have to see about that. It should be cold by this time."—Boston Transcript.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes
That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each.—Advertisement.

Economic Seismographs
A slight decline in food costs is announced by the Department of Labor, which has instruments delicate enough to detect things that would escape the attention of the unscientific observer. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All joking aside, these intelligence tests really do indicate those who have brains. Those who have, don't take them.—Purple Parrot.

MonaMotor Oil

Dick, it was terribly embarrassing

"There I was with a car full of friends and the motor knocking along without a bit of power. Dick, can't you do something about it?"

"Yes! He can buy MonaMotor Oil and give his motor a chance to stage a come-back."

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