

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

(CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.)

Dismayed, bewildered, she stood confronting this unexpected and almost incomprehensible incident...

not upon this night so forlorn a creature as Mercy Dill. And yet some angel was guiding her tired steps...

It was half-past seven by the clock when she found herself at the entrance of a small West End square...

Had the woman been drinking? As she looked at the girl's face, a feverish hunger consumed her...

"Come with me," said Mercy, "and I will tell you all that has happened since the night of the murder."

"Who is he?" said Mercy, blankly. "What is he?" she asked.

"Stand back! Don't come so near me—don't ask questions! Off with you, I say!"

"No," said Mercy, firmly. "I will not leave you for a moment. There is something wrong with you tonight."

"What a face full of baffled fury, Moll! You are struck the girl a blow, and she is screaming with pain."

"Money," she muttered, extending her grimy left palm toward the girl. "Here, take it."

"Money, sir, for God's sake!" she urged, with stifled vengeance. "No, I tell you—move on!—I am not desiring this time to glance at her."

CHAPTER XXVI. Changes. In a moment the spot swarmed with a gaping, curious crowd...

A little later, at the quiet hospital which the outcast had found in the parlor of the sovereign surgeon...

"The banker stood with downcast eyes, his head, rigid face that betrayed no agitation."

"In Heaven's name, bring her to her seat for the greatest importance—she has something to tell me!"

"I will tell you all that has happened since the night of the murder."

"Who is he?" said Mercy, blankly. "What is he?" she asked.

"Stand back! Don't come so near me—don't ask questions! Off with you, I say!"

"No," said Mercy, firmly. "I will not leave you for a moment. There is something wrong with you tonight."

"What a face full of baffled fury, Moll! You are struck the girl a blow, and she is screaming with pain."

"Money," she muttered, extending her grimy left palm toward the girl. "Here, take it."

"Money, sir, for God's sake!" she urged, with stifled vengeance. "No, I tell you—move on!—I am not desiring this time to glance at her."

table. In one corner was a bed, and upon it a human shape lay stretched, cold and motionless as the death of Mercy Dill.

Her eyes were closed; the black tresses of her hair, spread out on the pillow, made a sort of mockery of the ghastly rigidity of her face.

"What does the surgeon say of her?" he asked of the nurse. "She is dead," said the nurse.

"The person who attempted my life is dead," said Cullen Sardis glancing at the girl's face.

"Not many hours after, a plain hearse followed the single close carriage, bore all that remained of Moll Dill out of that city, where she had suffered and sinned and striven."

"I will tell you all that has happened since the night of the murder."

"Who is he?" said Mercy, blankly. "What is he?" she asked.

"Stand back! Don't come so near me—don't ask questions! Off with you, I say!"

"No," said Mercy, firmly. "I will not leave you for a moment. There is something wrong with you tonight."

"What a face full of baffled fury, Moll! You are struck the girl a blow, and she is screaming with pain."

"Money," she muttered, extending her grimy left palm toward the girl. "Here, take it."

"Money, sir, for God's sake!" she urged, with stifled vengeance. "No, I tell you—move on!—I am not desiring this time to glance at her."

tion was good. The terrible wound made by Moll Dill's knife healed rapidly. One day when she appeared again at the house of his clerk.

"I have come all the way from New York to talk with you," said the banker, in a peculiarly gentle voice.

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

convinced with some sudden, strong emotion. "Heaven's name, don't kneel to me! I am not jesting. Don't kneel to me!"

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

"I am glad you are here," she answered, simply. "I have been waiting for you."

ENGLAND'S SHIPPING KING. He is Sir Owen Phillips, a Man of Varied Activities.

All the British business world is talking of the amazing enterprise of Sir Owen Phillips, familiarly styled the 'Ocean King'.

All this has been achieved in seven strenuous years. Sir Owen Phillips first began to make good when he took charge of the affairs of the Royal Mail Steam Packet company, which he reorganized and raised to a position of financial security.

Realizing the importance of the future opportunities in the far east that will follow the opening of the Panama canal, he secured control of the Pacific Steam Navigation company and at one bound became a magnate in the South American shipping trade.

Before Sir Owen Phillips hustled to this startling effect in English shipping, he had already marked out the Orient line as the next prize.

Some Famous Modern Treaties and Where They Were Signed. The French capital has been the scene of several peace pacts, some of which have had a mighty influence on the destiny of the British empire.

Tobacco and Brains.—That over 90 per cent of all boys who fall in the ranks of the high school are cigarette smokers is asserted by Prof. M. V. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin.

Sea Island Growers Quit.—In the opinion of Savannah Sea Island dealers the production of this cotton is no longer profitable because Egyptian is running it out of the market.

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Miscellaneous Reading.

WILSON'S VIEW OF HIS JOB

Embodied in Lectures While He Was President of Princeton. Four years before his election to the presidency, while still at the head of Princeton university, Woodrow Wilson expressed his views of the presidential office, in a series of lectures that were printed in book form under the title of "Constitutional Government in the United States."

When driving through the mountains I have been frequently astonished to see long lines of ox carts heavily laden with army stores slowly plodding along and wondering how such primitive transport could be adequate to a modern army.

The needed explanation was afforded me at Kostendil, where I had occasion to see one of these commissaries in full operation. All the ox carts in the adjoining departments had been requisitioned to the number of 1,000.

Next day he covers another nine or ten miles. Here his load is taken into horse-drawn carts, which carry it more rapidly to the nearest fighting troops, perhaps twenty miles away.

Only bread was thus transported from Kostendil. It was in good condition, appetizing loaves, weighing two pounds of half wheat, half rye bread, which remains soft and palatable for fifteen days.

A Kaiser Story.—The following anecdote of the kaiser is taken from Excelsior, where it is stated to be vouched for by a member of the German Yacht club.

The kaiser became great at the affront. "Pilot, . . . consider yourself under arrest." "I shall not leave this place," replied the pilot without turning a hair.

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."

Electricity and Its Uses. There was a sign in a downtown window which read: "It will be a mother to you."