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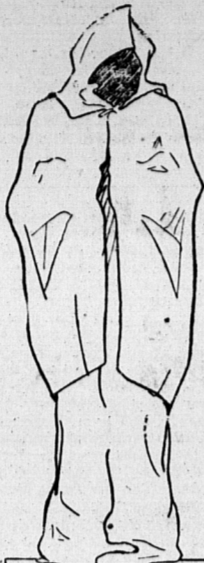
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Adapted for boys and girls from the famous story by Charles Dickens.



ENTIRE COSTUME
DEAD BLACK WITH
GOLD AND SILVER
STREAKS

IX. THE LAST SPIRIT

(Drawing: Christmas Future)

Scrooge saw a solemn, hooded figure coming toward him—The Spirit of Christmas Future. Although used to ghostly company by this time Scrooge trembled violently, more violently than any time before. This Spirit would not or could not speak, sometimes it partially answered Scrooge's questions with a nod of the head, sometimes not.

Oh the fear and the horror of it! Scrooge saw how men came to hate him more and more. He saw that people were even going to steal the clothes of him when he was dead and that there would be no one to mourn him. In fact, some people were actually glad he was dead because he was so hard and cruel. The Spirit led him on, protesting, to a little cheerless yard surrounded by high walls, where the sun could not penetrate. It was dank and ill-kept. The Spirit pointed down and Scrooge saw—
(To be continued tomorrow.)
(Copyright 1924)

WHITE SPOTS ON FURNITURE

To remove spots from furniture dip a cloth in hot water, wring it to the boiling point. Place this over the spot, remove quickly and rub over the spot with a dry cloth. Repeat if the spot is not removed. Alcohol or camphor quickly applied may also be used.

CAPTAIN BLOOD

A Romance of the Spanish Main

by RAFAEL SABATINI

Copyrighted, 1922 by Rafael Sabatini.
"CAPTAIN BLOOD," a Vitagraph picture with J. Warren Kerrigan in the title role, is an adaptation of this thrilling novel.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

Lord Julian hailed her advent with satisfaction. His lordship was one of your gallants to whom existence that is not graced by woman-kind is more or less of a stagnation. And Miss Arabella Bishop was a young woman and a lady; and in the latitude into which Lord Julian had strayed this was a phenomenon sufficiently rare to command attention. On his side, with his title and position, his personal grace and the charm of a practiced courtier, he bore about him the atmosphere of the great world in which normally he had his being—a world that was little more than a name to her, who had spent most of her life in the Antilles. It is not therefore wonderful that they should have been attracted to each other before the Royal Mary was warped out of St. Nicholas. Each could tell the other much upon which the other desired information. Considering how his mind was obsessed with the business of his mission, it is not wonderful that he should have come to talk to her of Captain Blood. Indeed, there was a circumstance that directly led to it.

"I wonder now," he said, as they were sauntering on the poop, "if you ever saw this fellow Blood, who was at one time on your uncle's plantations as a slave."

"I saw him often. I knew him very well."

"You don't say!" and came to lean beside her. "And what manner of man did you find him?"

"In those days I esteemed him for an unfortunate gentleman."

"You were acquainted with his story?"

"He told it me. That is why I esteemed him—for the calm fortitude with which he bore adversity. Since then, considering what he has done, I have almost come to doubt if what he told me of himself was true."

"If you mean of the wrongs he suffered at the hands of the Royal Commission that tried the Monmouth rebels, there's little doubt that it would be true enough. He was never out with Monmouth; that is certain. He was convicted on a point of law which he may well have been ignorant when he committed what was construed into treason. But, faith, he's had his revenge, after a fashion."

"That," she said in a small voice, "is the unforgivable thing. It has destroyed him—deservedly."

"Destroyed him?" His lordship laughed a little. "Be none so sure of that. He has grown rich, I hear. He has translated, so it is said, his Spanish spoils into French gold, which is being treasured up for him in France. His future father-in-law, M. d'Ogeron, has seen to that."

"His future father-in-law?" said she, and stared at him round-eyed, with parted lips. Then added: "M. d'Ogeron? The Governor of Tortuga?"

"The same. You didn't know?" She shook her head without replying. After a moment she spoke, her voice steady and perfectly controlled.

"But surely, if this were true, there would have been an end to his piracy by now. If he . . . if he loved a woman and was also rich as you say, surely he would have abandoned this desperate life . . ."

"Why, so I thought," his lordship interrupted, "until I had the explanation. D'Ogeron is avaricious for himself and for his child. And for the girl, I'm told she's a wild piece, fit mate for such a man."

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It is Not too Late

For Your
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CHRISTMAS
Make Your Appointment
To-Day

as Blood. Almost I marvel that he doesn't marry her and take her away with him. It would be no new experience for her. And I marvel, too, at Blood's patience. He killed a man for her, do you say? There was horror now in her voice.

"Yes—A French buccaneer named Lavasseur. He was the girl's lover and Blood's associate on a venture. Blood . . . the girl, and killed Lavasseur to win her. But men live by different codes out in these parts . . ."

She had turned to face him. She was pale to the lips, and her hazel eyes were blazing, as she cut into his apologies for Blood.

"They must, indeed, if his other associates allow him to live after that."

"Oh, the thing was done in a fair fight, I am told."

"Who told you?"

"A man who sailed with them, a Frenchman named Cahusac, whom I found in a waterside tavern in St. Nicholas. He was Lavasseur's lieutenant, and he was present on the island where the thing happened, and when Lavasseur was killed."

"And the girl? Did he say the girl was present, too?"

"Yes. She was a witness of the encounter. Blood carried her off when he had disposed of his brother-buccaneer."

"And the dead man's followers allowed it?" He caught the note of incredulity in her voice, but missed the note of relief with which it was bleated. "Oh, I don't believe the tale. I won't believe it!"

"I honor you for that, Miss Bishop. It strained my own belief that men should be so callous, until this Cahusac afforded me the explanation. Blood purchased their consent, and his right to carry the girl off. He paid them in pearls that were worth more than twenty thousand pieces of eight."

His lordship laughed again with a touch of contempt. "A handsome price!"

"Your Cahusac seems to have been accurate enough. Alas!"

"You are sorry, then?"

"As we are sorry to hear of the death of one we have esteemed. Once I held him in regard for an unfortunate but worthy gentleman. Now . . . Such a man is best forgotten."

And upon that she passed at once to speak of other things. The friendship which it was her great gift to command in all she met grew steadily between those two in the little time remaining, until the event befell that marred what was promising to be the pleasantest stage of his lordship's voyage.

The marplot was the mad-dog Spanish admiral, whom they encountered on the second day out, when half way across the Gulf of Gonaves. A shot from the Milagrosa got among some powder stored in the Royal Mary's fore-castle and blew up half the ship almost before the fight had started. Before the men of the Royal Mary had recovered from their consternation, their captain killed and a third of their number destroyed with him, the ship, yanking and rocking helplessly in a crippled state, the Spaniards boarded her.

In the captain's cabin, under life poop, to which Miss Bishop had been conducted for safety, Lord Julian was seeking to comfort and encourage her, with assurances that all would yet be well, at the very moment when Don Miguel was stepping aboard. Fortunately, Miss Bishop did not appear to be in despair as to her comfort for she was in case to offer. The cabin door flew open and Don Miguel strode in Lord Julian span round to face him and clapped a hand to his sword.

The Spaniard was brisk and to the point.

"Don't be a fool," he said in his own tongue, "or you'll come by a broken shank to me, sinking. Come, all of you, aboard my ship."

Don Miguel invited them, and strode out.

As for the survivors in that ghastly shambles that had been the Royal Mary, they were abandoned by the Spaniards to their own devices. Let them take to the boats, and if those did not suffice them, let them swim or drown. If Lord Julian and Miss Bishop were retained, it was because Don Miguel perceived their obvious value. He received them in his cabin.

Lord Julian commanded himself with difficulty to supply them. They haughtily demanded to know, in his turn, the name of their aggressor.

(Continued in our next issue.)

NO FANCY ZULU NAMES FOR HIM

The Duke and Duchess of Atholl, whose silver wedding recently brought them numerous congratulations, are partners in parliamentary work as well as in the domestic sphere. They usually lunch together at the House to talk over plans, and it was at one of these luncheons that the duchess reminded her husband of a story that deserves retelling.

When Ladysmeth was relieved the duke, then Marquess of Tullibardine, was one of the first to ride into the town. Returning to his bivouac at night he forgot the password. In response to the sentry's challenge he called out, "It's all right—I'm Tullibardine."

"Nah, then!" came a Cockney voice. "None o' your bloomin' fancy Zulu names 'ere!"

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