"No."

"Then, where is it?"

cried approvingly.

"And if I refuse?"

"Very well, I refuse."

"I shall insist."

their hostesses?"

mock courtesy.

"And they are?"

promised with a sigh.

"He shall walk out of the chateau

She hesitated a moment. "Yes," she

I put no great faith in that promise.

Nothing was simpler than for her to

promise. But if presently she still re-

fused, I could resort to extreme meas-

ures then as readily as now. If Cap-

did have in her possession the key

"A scratch or two, perhaps. But to

a brave soldier it is nothing. He is a

tactless visitor, your Captain Forbes.

I confess that the methods of Dr. Star-

of detaining him, I prefer not to make

it worse by releasing him-just yet."

"I could have wished you in a more

favorable mood, monsieur," she said

"Be sure of this: if I am to help you

"Myself!" she protested passionate-

it will be only to save you perhaps

from the consequences of your folly."

ly. "Merciful Heaven, I am not think-

race. Did Joan of Arc or Charlotte

Corday think of themselves? Life,

honor-everything-I sacrifice them a

She was no longer the saint praying

for the dead at the altar. A flerce en-

ergy possessed her. Her words filled

She extolled a murderess. Were her

"It is the price I must pay," she con-

treachery. Say that you despise me."

nadam, is not fortunate."

she despair already of my aid?

"The story," I cried. "Your prelude,

She shook her head wearily. Did

"Nevertheless, I say these weapons

thousand times to save my country."

I accepted her decision in silence.

that would open the door of his prison,

"He is unharmed, then?"

friend."

when you have heard my story."

"Even if I refuse to help you?"

terms."

"Women are supposed not to have

"I surprised Alphonse opening the

"Ah, you are clever. I knew it," she

"This is no time for compliments.

I looked my perplexity. Though we

were so near the chamber of death,

edy. Or perhaps she saw the useless-

"Do American gentlemen assault

She had me at a complete disad-

"Come, madam, let us come to

Even My Entrance Was Unnoticed.

race."

tain Forbes was indeed a prisoner of back children to their mothers? Say

wistfully. "I am afraid you will listen glare of fiames. The Turkish butchers

to me as a judge rather than as a had attacked our vilayet. I saw my

mer Brett."

"If I compel you forcibly-"

Captain Forbes must be released."

CHAPTER XXIII .- Continued. He attempted to close the door again. Finding that impossible, his presence of mind deserted him. I brushed by him, and had pushed open the door at the head of the stairway my person as well as you. How did before he could come to a decision. you find your way here?"

"Wait here!" I said in a tone of command. "I have an appointment door of the staircase behind the tapeswith Madame de Varnier. You were try." coming for me, of course?"

"No," he answered sullenly. "Madam is at her devotions; she is not to be disturbed."

"I am the best judge of that." And added again, "Wait here!"

I found myself in a great barn-like room when I had locked the door behind me at the head of the staircase. It was lighted dimly by narrow win- with the facile light-heartedness of the dows placed high against the roof of Latin race she banished its grim memrafters, and was almost bare of furni- ory. This woman had nerves of steel. warning." ture. At the three angles of this room | She moved in callous indifference from were the three closed doors. So far tragic scenes to those of flippant com-

But in which of these rooms should ness of enraging me. I find Madame de Varnier? And in which Captain Forbes?

the crafty knave had told the truth.

It availed me little to have penetrated so far into the enemy's stronghold unless I could accomplish still vantage. To carry out my threat was more. At any moment Alphonse might | impossible. give the alarm, and I wished to take Madame de Varnier by surprise.

I began to make a circuit of the triangular room. I paused at each door and knocked softly. At none of the rooms did I receive any response. I was at once perplexed and dismayed. There was no reason why either Captain Forbes or Madame de Varnier should keep silence. And then a maddening thought

struck me. Perhaps my crafty knave, Jacques, had been more cunning than I had given him the credit of being. What if he had cleverly whetted my curiosity, acting on instructions from Dr. Starva? What if Alphonse had deliberately lured me here? What if I were a prisoner myself?

Dismayed that I should have been so great a fool, I again made the round of each of the doors, not knocking this time, but shaking the handle of each. And as I seized the handle of the third door, it yielded to the touch and swung silently on its hinges. I stood at the lintel, abashed at my

angry intrusion. It was the oratory of Madame de

Little larger than a closet, and in shape a half crescent; the walls were hung with purple velvet. Facing me was an altar. Two tapers flickered on either side of the crucifix.

Before the altar, her eyes bent to the crucifix, knelt Madame de Varnier, the adventuress, absorbed in her devotions. Even my entrance was unnoticed.

But it was not piety of this extraordinary woman that held me petri-

fied in astonishment and speechless. Within arm's reach, as I stood there,

was a bier. And on it, his hands crossed on his breast, his pallid face strangely calm, lay the mortal remains of him whom I knew at once to be Sir Mortimer Brett.

It was a terrifying apparition. Terrifying, because it might have been myself lying there, so strikingly similar at first sight was the likeness of myself to the dead minister. But as the candles, which had flickered in the draught made by the open door, burned more steadily and I looked at his face closely I saw that after all the resemblance was but superficial. I recovered my senses. Now at last I was to know the truth.

Twice I opened my lips to call to the woman who knelt there. But I could not bring myself to speak. The holy dead banished passion from this place. Here I could not reproach and threaten her. I stood silently at the threshold, pitying rather than condemning, waiting for her to discover my presence.

Minutes passed before she turned Madame de Varnier, and she actually her head.

Our eyes met, myself sternly questioning with a look. Startled she was I held Madame de Varnier equally at a at my dramatic entrance, but she met disadvantage. my stern look in absolute calm. No terror or shadow of guilt distorted her tragic beauty. I had come to denounce, to demand justice. I found myself rather pitying.

"Madame de Varnier," I said gently, va are not too delicate in finesse. But "the hour has come when you must since he has committed the blunder tell me the truth."

I raised her to her feet and led her from the oratory, closing the door behind me.

She clung to me in the fervor of her

"Yes," she whispered, "it is the hour when you must know the truth."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the Tower of the Three Rooms. The great room of the central tower was almost bare of furniture, as I ing of myself. Sometimes the indihave said. In the center was a long vidual must be sacrificed to save a table such as one sometimes sees in the refectory of a monastery. Half a dozen chairs stood against the walls. I placed two of these chairs near the

"Not here," she cried, glancing toward the little room we had left. me with something akin to horror. "And why not?" Here at least we shall be free from interruption."

own hands red with murder? She went to the door of the stair-"It is locked," she cried, startled. "Yes, I have taken the precaution of murmuring. If I were a man I should seeing that we are not disturbed." I be fighting for my poor people with

said calmly. "Now, madam, in which the sword. I am a weak woman. I must fight with a woman's weapons. of those two rooms is Captain Forbes Sometimes those peapons have been spying, even what you might call a prisoner?" If my knowledge surprised her, she concealed her chagrin cleverly. She esticulated to the room at the right

"And perhaps the key of the staircase unlocks that door as well?" shook her head, smiling at me

equal fight for an oppressed race. Sister snatched from her mother's When I use them against enemies, far arms and stabbed before my eyes. A from feeling remorse or pity, I glory who is generous and strong. It is however brave and generous he may

"Such a one was Sir Mortimer Brett," I interrupted sternly.

"For my country I glory that Sir Mortimer has stooped to dishonor. For my country you must bear the burden of his dishonor."

She spoke rapidly, her voice rising from a whisper to a cry that was strident and harsh. She made strange gestures as though she were in physical pain, striking the table with her open palm as she spoke the last pockets. But I can hide a key about words.

"I must bear the burden of Sir Mortimer's dishonor!"

knew that I had expected them. For was my task.

-the woman you have sworn to help -for her you will make the sacrifice."

"You speak in riddles," I said coldly. "Enough of vague menace and "She will go down on her knees to

you. She will offer you any reward, might be interesting enough, but any happiness. In saving the honor of now-" her name, you must stoop to dishonor." "Never! Honor is not to be pur-

chased in that coin." "Or what the world calls dishonor," she added in eager haste. "It is the motive that exalts the deed. Is it not always noble to suffer for another? And it is not merely the happiness of

blow felled my mother. My father in causing pain. But sometimes there was thrown to earth, manacled and crosses my path one whom I respect, trodden upon. I was taken captive. "My fate would have been even then that I shudder at the suffering I more horrible had I not been the capmust cause. But I do not spare him, tive of a Turkish officer who was kind to me and adopted me. But he was

one of that hated race, and secretly I tolerated his kindness only to be revenged. In some way he offended the Sultan; my protector was banished. We lived in Paris.

"At last the hour of my vengeance came. He had an enemy, one of his own race. I betrayed him. He died a violent death, and that night, I think,

I was happy. "I found myself rich; he had left me everything. I was beautiful and well educated; a life of pleasure lay before me. Well, I have drunk deep of the cup of pleasure. But that I might be happy? No. If I have banqueted Now that the words were spoken I with princes, it was to learn their secrets. I have flattered and cajoled this I had come to the chateau. This enemies that I might betray them. Sometimes I have betrayed my friends. "You will do this-not for me; I am In short, I am consecrated to my not so mad as to dream that now. I country. For her I have made myself am your enemy in spite of myself. an adventuress. If I could not direct-Presently you will despise me and ly further her cause, there were sehate me. But you cannot escape from crets to be bought and sold at a price. the ordeal. But for that other woman | The money purchased bread and arms. I have schemed, intrigued, betrayed, tempted-always to bring Macedonia one step nearer her freedom."

"Madame de Varnier," I interrupted, with a brutal directness, "at any other time these personal reminiscences

"You are adamant," she cried despairingly. "It is impossible, it seems, to awaken your sympathy. Then I must appeal to your intelligence. You must understand something of the political situation."

"I know enough of that already. Once more I must beg you to come to the episode of Sir Mortimer Brett." "How can you know anything of the

complexities of the Balkan situation?" she demanded, at once startled and surprised.

"Suffice it that I know this: Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will invade Turkish Macedonia, and free that territory from the Turkish yoke, if his army is financed by Kuhn, a banker of New York City but a Macedonian by birth. This banker makes one stipulation: Bulgaria must have England's promise of her moral support; England must promise Bulgaria a free field. Sir Mortimer Brett was to have gained that promise from England. You made Sir Mortimer the victim of your intrigues. How, and to what extent-that is what I wish to know."

"I was sent to Sofia to accomplish that. It seemed a hopeless task. For 15 years he had resisted every entreaty and bribe. He had the absolute confidence of the British Foreign Office. But it was necessary to win him over at any cost. We had secret information to the effect that if he advised England's interference she would

"You are impatient; I shall not weary you by telling of my efforts. Sir Mortimer was a cold man and extremely difficult of approach. For some time I despaired of influencing him. But I learned at last that beneath his calm exterior was actually a heart that throbbed-for the sufferings of Macedonia."

"How did you learn this?" I demanded, curiously, as she paused.

"You will despise me the more when tell you," she replied hesitatingly, and her face was scarlet. I stole his diary. It seems atrocious to you that I should so have repaid his kindness; but I have told you that to play the spy, to be the high priestess of cunning, has been my lot. This diary revealed to me Sir Mortimer's true char-

"I have said that he was extremely reserved, a virtue that all diplomatists must possess. He was never to be tricked or excited into a rash state-"Gladly, monsieur." She swept me one woman I place in your hands. It ment. Every word he spoke with the precision of an automaton, because is the chastity of a thousand womenevery spoken word was weighed." the appeasing of the hunger of ten

"And he found relief by giving expression to his emotions in his diary?" "Yes; what he had hidden from the world there he revealed; and in the moved by these heroics. Tell me how pages of this diary I learned two I am to save the honor of Sir Mortifacts that were of vital importance to

> "I think I can guess them," I said coldly. "First, that Sir Mortimer loved you; secondly, that he was tempted to put an end to the atrocities in Macedonia by advocating England's support of Bulgaria."

"Since you have taken the first fact for granted. I shall not contradict you. But I told you that Sir Mortimer found relief in his diary for the emotions which he sternly repressed before the world. As to your second guess, it is only partially correct. I learned much more than that. I learned that he was in correspondence with the banker, Otto Kuhn. He had given to this banker a half-promise that he would do his utmost to influence England. provided that Kuhn financed the invasion in a sufficiently liberal manner

to insure its success.' "And with the information obtained so treacherously your task was easy." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Potent Word "If"

Used by Great Whist Expert to Rebuke Carping Partner.

thousand children—the destiny of a

"You will find that I am not to be

"What in the sight of God is a lie."

she continued vehemently, heedless of

my impatience, "if it will save the

pure soul of a young girl, if it will give

boldly that I am asking you to act a

lie? Look, we will no longer fool our-

selves. I ask you to do a little evil

that much good may come. I ask you

to submit to disgrace, not merely for

this woman of your own society; but

that you may be the savior of a na-

"First of all, though it may weary

you, I wish to tell you a little of my-

self. My parents were of that most

unhappy race, the Macedonian Chris-

tians. My father was rich for that

country; we were happy. But when I

was a child I was awakened one night

by the crash of musketry and the

tion. Monsieur, be merciful!"

"The facts!" I insisted.

Mrs. Hollingsworth Andrews, of Philadelphia, is one of the best whist players in America. She will not, however, play for money. She holds

that no mother should gamble. Mrs. Andrews at the end of a discussion on gambling, said the other tinued gloomily. "I pay it without day: "Never play for a stake if you have children, and never say to your partner in any case at the end of a game, 'If you had done this or that the

outcome would have been different.' Whenever I have a partner of the 'If you had' kind, I think of the great

"Cavendish, the famous whist expert, when a partner said to him, 'If you had done so-and-so we'd have made so-and-so,' always replied: "'Did you ever hear the story of

are sometimes necessary in my un- your uncle and your aunt?

"If the player had heard it he would at once become silent, not wishing to hear it again. If he had not heard it he would pause in his post-mortem of the game and say: "'No. Tell it to me.'

"Then Cavendish would frown and say in a solemn voice: "If your aunt had been a man she would have been your uncle."

Until recently there was a partnership existing between two darky blacksmiths in an Alabama town. The dissolution of this association was made known by a notice nailed upon the door of the smithy, which notice ran as follows:

"The kopardnership heretofor resistin between me and Mose Jenkins is heerby resolved. All persons owing the firm will settel with me, and all perrsons that the firm owes to will settel with Mose."—Harper's Weekly.





SUMMER GOWNS.

over. The trouble with linen is that it | convenient and cool jumper to escape. musses readily. A mussed linen is a deplorable sight, and one can't ride in railway trains without leaving traces of it on linen. Rajah and worsteds waistband. The short-waisted effect do not muss readily and are quite as is still very popular, but we now rarely cool and more pliable.

As for the lightweight cloths, those warm to make comfortable traveling approaching a point. costumes and those for wear around! town on warm days. Now, however, to avoid exaggeration, but I cannot that the art of making them in service- help regretting that the point in front able yet smart colors, and also of is beginning to be considered "incorlining them with silks so thin as to rect." The most becoming belt a add hardly anything to their substance, the former objections are done away with. Then, too, while starch added to the heat of linen, there is none of that in wool and worsted, and look round and slender. Of course the they clean better and are suitable for pointed belt has been done to death a greater number of emergency cases by the misguided women who insisted

ity of idea. Besides, all sorts of coats an infinitely becoming style of belt.

The day of the supremacy of the | and skirts are copied in cheap matelinen costume for hackabout wear is rial, so one could hardly expect the For the woman with a limited pocketbook they are boons indeed.

A special point about the summer gowns of to-day is the outline of the see a waistband with a decided point in front; the correct line is that which that do not wrinkle easily are ideal. circles the waist with the slightest For years they were too heavy and possible droop in front, but nothing

It is, perhaps, difficult for women woman can wear is a very narrow one which droops distinctly in front, and which is held in place by a buckle at the back. This belt makes the waist in the gown line than are the Rajahs. last season on wearing exaggerated Not a few so-called "jumper" or pin- corsets of the straight-fronted persuaafore dresses are seen on the younger sion, and who arranged their waistmatrons and girls. The jumper frocks bands in such a way that they made are extremely pretty, and made by a themselves look, when standing up,

parasol cover, but when posed on a

HAT CHAT



There is a tendency to wear the hats farther back than ever from the forehead, and added to this in many instances there is the appearance of the hats being two sizes too large andso far as the brim is concernedabnormally large at the back.

But the eyes grow accustomed these cloche and mushroom hats of neculiar outline. However, just at enciennes drapery veiling the crown, first they strike everyone in the same way—they appear to be falling off the

ACCORDING TO ONE'S TASTE. Eskimo Woman Had Her Own Ideas

About Luxuries.

As the days lengthened and the sun, asserting his power, pushed higher and higher above the horizon, the glare upon the white expanse of snow dazzled our eyes. and we had to put on smoked glasses to protect ourselves from snow blindness. Even with the glasses our driver, Mark, became partially snow blind, and when, on the evening of the third day after leaving Northwest river, we reached his home at Karwalla, an Eskimo settlement a few miles west of Rigolet, it became necessary for us to halt

travel again. Here we met some of the Eskimos that had been connected with the Eskimo village at the world's fair at Chicago in 1893. Mary, Mark's wife, was one of the number. She told me of having been exhibited as far west as Portland, Ore., and I asked:

"Mary, aren't you discontented here after seeing so much of the world? seem foolish.—Quintillan.

very narrow black velvet ribbon. This veil may be arranged in several ways. It may be caught in at the throat, allowing the pleated frills to drape themselves round the neck in a peculiarly becoming style. At other times the veil may be left perfectly loose-hanging like a curtain all round the hat; or it may be drawn towards the back and held in place by fancy pins. As to the hats displayed in our the same glace

picture the top one is soft brown straw, whose brim is lined with black silk and then caught against the crown by a big and deftly tied bow of

The hat in the middle is a fascinating cloche hat, whose white net is patterned with shadowy pink roses and trails of wee forget-me-nots, its gauged fulness being finally bordered by two little frills edged with Valenciennes lace. For its further decoration there is tied right across the front of the full crown a bow of pink silk ribbon with a cluster of roses and buds in the same lovely shade, caught in the center with the prettiest possible effect.

The third hat displayed is fashioned of white Valenciennes net, the transparency of the down-dipped brim being bordered with a broad band of black straw, over which fall the laceedged handkerchief points of the Valwhile then, tied in front, is a manylooped bow of the same flimsy and decorative fabric.

| Would you not like to go back?" "No, sir," she answered. "'Tis fine here, where I had plenty of company.

"But you can't get the good things to eat here—the fruits and other things," I insisted. "I like oranges and apples fine, sir-

'Tis too lonesome in the states, sir."

but they has no seal meat or deer meat in the states."-Outing.

Caught Alligator in Trap. Says the Mindanao Herald: "The Moros of the little village of Tabuc, on the island of Basilan, were in a great state of excitement the other day when they visited the town fish trap and found an alligator of size. Their cries attracted the attention of until his eyes would enable him to the officers of the Rover, who went to their assistance. After several shots the alligator was ready for careful measurement and close inspection. It was 16 feet long and presented a very handsome set of ivories.

> Fools and the Wise Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise men

FOR THE GARDENER

SOMETHING NEW IN FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

Germany Has Contributed a Rose in Bright Coral Pink-Rubber Plant with Fine Foliage-Proper Method of Grafting.

There is a new variety of the polyantha rose. It originated in Germany and is named the "Aennchen Muller."

The color is a bright coral pink. The novelty about this especial variety of polyantha rose is the fact that its petals curl back longitudinally in a very even and curious way, giving it its name of revoluta.

It grows only a foot and a half to two feet high, and so it is very desirable for bedding out in compact masses, also for forcing in pots. Abroad it is being grown successfully. It keeps in flower from June until late in the

A New York dealer is the agent for a new rose that originated in faraway Queensland, Australia, which is different from other tea roses. It is the first rose from that land to win a gold medal.

The fine blossoms are borne singly, with strong guard leaves, on the ends of good stalks. The color is crimson at the base, shading to white, with a crimson flush beneath the petals.

If a rubber plant is to be had for foliage, why not select the majestic kind known as Ficus pandurata? Thishas very different leaves from the common kind. No handsomer green, but in shape somewhat like an oak, or the liriodendron, or tulip poplar, as it is generally called.

The leaves are often ten inches wide by 15 inches long. It does not "sprangle," to use an expressive country expression, as the old kind is apt to do. It has a more tree-like effect. Of course the rubber plant which has grown awkwardly or has become too large can be made over into other trees. This is the way: You root the cuttings on the tree, which is an Irish bull. That is to say, instead of cutting the branches and then rooting them in the usual way in sand, another method has to be adopted for this milky juiced plant. A sponge or some sphagnum moss must be tied about the place that is to be severed later. This packing is to be kept wet. Little roots will start out, and when those are sufficiently developed then the branches may be severed and each will make a new tree.

Plants will not grow without food

and water. There generally is enough rain to supply their needs, as the roots will go down more deeply in dry weather to secure the needed moisture. If there is a necessity for water, which will be shown by the plant beginning to wilt, it ought to be soaked thoroughly. Mere sprinkling will have to be good dressmaker are so far different like ill-made dwarfs! These short- constant to do any good. Food is an from the ordinary jumper dress one sighted persons not alone made them- important matter for plants as well sees by the dozen that the wearers of selves objects of polite ridicule, they as animals. Only three substances the former need not mind the similar- also brought undeserved disgrace on have any value as plant food. These are nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid. If each plant was to get exactly of these what it required it would be The circular veil is a Paris innovation. At first sight this arrange an ideal way, but we have to strike a ment of net and lace suggests a dainty general average on this as on other matters. If thoroughly rotted manure can be had it is the best, but the usual large cloche hat it gives the most picturesque and satisfactory effects. The supply is full of weed seeds, which new veil is cut in a perfect circle, and give no end of trouble. Still, if the is, as I have said, large enough to soil is stiff it should be used to lighten it up, or if sandy to give it substance. cover a small parasol. It is edged all round with pleated frills or with The artificial manures are free from little quillings of narrow ribbons; or seeds and can be had from any responagain, it is inset with fine lace all sible dealer. It is much easier to use round the edge and further enriched them, and the results are so favorable by the introduction of several rows of that they are meeting popular approval. It is hardly necessary to say that all weeds must be kept out. In dry weather they can be hoed out, and will die, but when the ground is wet it is better to pull them out. The earth ought not to be allowed to become hard, as air is needed for the roots, but when plants are set out it is necessary to firm the soil around them to prevent their being washed out in the first hard storm.

Cucumber Sandwiches.

Cucumber sandwiches must be freshly made and kept cold until ready to serve. They are simply sliced cucumbers well dressed with a French dressing of oil and vinegar. with plenty of salt and pepper, between little rounds of bread. Put only one slice of cucumber in each sandwich. Arrange overlapping on a plate and pass with cold meats or with a plain lettuce salad.

Cress Sandwiches.

Wash watercress and dry it, rejecting the tougher stems and all withered leaves. Dip each spray in a French dressing made by mixing a tablespoonful of vinegar with four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a teaspoonful of salt and a salt spoonful of white pepper. Stir until the mixture is thick and smooth before putting in the cress. Have ready white bread buttered and cut thin, and lay the cress between two slices of bread.

Celery Salad.

Six heads of celery, one egg yolk, one teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt and pepper, the juice of one lcmon. three tablespoonsful of water, four ounces of olive oil. Wash the celery and dry; cut in pieces into the salad bowl. Mix the egg, mustard, pepper, salt, lemon juice and water. Pour the olive oil over it, drop by drop; then add a teaspoon of boiling water and pour the whole over the celery.

Prepare Pineapple.

Cut off top and bottom, first with a arge sharp butcher knife, then slice any thickness desired. Lay each slice flat on the table and trim off the edge with a small, sharp and pointed paring tnife. Then take up in the fingers and emove what is left of the eyes. This method saves time, trouble, waste and the cutting of one's fingers.

Delicious Luncheon Course. Make a jelly with gelatine, lemon juice, sugar, and sherry or maderia. Mold in oval wine glasses or egg shells. When partly set push a marshmallow in center of each. Turn into champagne glasses and serve with a little sherry.