

# A MAKER OF HISTORY

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one was bold enough, however, to make a second effort. Necessity at times gives birth to a swift capacity. Fresh from her simple country life, Phyllis found herself still able with effortless serenity to confound the most hardened boulevardier who paused to ogle her. Her eyes and lips expressed with ease the most convincing and absolute indifference to their approaches. A man may sometimes brave anger; he rarely has courage to combat indifference. So Phyllis held her own and waited.

And at last the handkerchief fell. Phyllis felt her own heart almost stop beating as she gazed down the room. A man of medium height, dark, immaculately dressed, distinguished, was slowly approaching her, exchanging greetings on every side. His languid eyes fell upon Phyllis. Those who had watched her previously saw then a change. The cold indifference had vanished from her face. She leaned forward as though anxious to attract his attention. She succeeded easily enough.

He was almost opposite her table, and her half smile seemed to leave him but little choice. He touched the back of the chair which fronted hers and took off his hat.

"Mademoiselle permits?" he asked softly.

"But certainly," she answered, "it is for you whom I have been waiting."

"Mademoiselle flatters me," he murmured, more than a little astonished.

"Not in the least," she answered. "I have been waiting to ask you what has become of my brother, Guy Poynton."

He drew out the chair and seated himself. His eyes never left her face.

"Mademoiselle," he murmured, "this is most extraordinary!"

She noticed then that his hands were trembling.

## CHAPTER V.

I AM asking a great deal of you, George! I know it. But you see how helpless I am. And read the letter—read it for yourself."

He passed Phyllis' letter across the small round dining table. His guest took it and read it carefully through.

"How old is the young lady?" he asked.

"Twenty-three."

"And the boy?"

"Twenty-one."

"Orphans, I think you said?"

"Orphans and relationless."

"Well off?"

"Moderately."

Duncombe leaned back in his chair and slipped his port thoughtfully.

"It is an extraordinary situation!" he remarked.

"Extraordinary indeed," his friend assented. "But so far as I am concerned you can see how I am fixed. I am older than either of them, but I have always been their nearest neighbor and their most intimate friend. If ever they have needed advice they have come to me for it. If ever I have needed a day's shooting for myself or a friend I have gone to them. This continental tour of theirs we discussed and planned out months beforehand. If my misfortune had not come on just when it did I should have gone with them, and even up to the last we hoped that I might have been able to have gone to Paris with Phyllis."

Duncombe nodded.

"Tell me about the boy," he said.

His host shrugged his shoulders.

"You know what they're like at that age," he remarked. "He was at Harrow, but he shied at college, and there was no one to insist upon his going. The pair of them had only a firm of lawyers for guardians. He's just a good looking, clean minded, high spirited young fellow, full of beans and needing the bit every now and then. But, of course, he's no different from the run of young fellows of his age, and if an adventure came his way I suppose he'd see it through."

"And the girl?"

Andrew Pelham rose from his seat.

"I will show you her photograph," he said.

He passed into an inner room divided from the dining room by curtains. In a moment or two he reappeared.

"Here it is," he said and laid a picture upon the table.

Now, Duncombe was a young man who prided himself a little on being unimpressible. He took up the picture with a certain tolerant interest and examined it at first without any special feeling, yet in a moment or two he felt himself grateful for those great

disfiguring glasses from behind which his host was temporarily at least blind to all that passed. A curious disturbance seemed to have passed into his blood. He felt his eyes brighten and his breath come a little quicker as he unconsciously created in his imagination the living presentment of the girl whose picture he was still holding. Tall she was and slim, with a soft, white throat and long, graceful neck, eyes rather darker than her complexion warranted, a little narrow, but bright as stars, a mouth with the divine lines of humor and understanding. It was only a picture, but a realization of the living image seemed to be creeping in upon him. He made the excuse of seeking a better light and moved across to a distant lamp. He bent over the picture, but it was not the picture which he saw. He saw the girl herself, and even with the half formed thought he saw her expression change. He saw her eyes lit with sorrow and appeal. He saw her arms outstretched toward him. He seemed even to hear her soft cry.

He knew then what his answer would be to his friend's prayer. He thought no more of the excuses which he had been building in his mind, of all the practical suggestions which he had been prepared to make. Common sense died away within him. The matter of fact man of thirty was ready to tread in the footsteps of his great predecessor and play the modern knight errant with all the whole heartedness of Don Quixote himself. He fancied himself by her side, and his heart leaped with joy of it. He thought no more of abandoned cricket matches and neglected house parties. A finger of fire had been laid upon his somewhat torpid flesh and blood.

"Well?" Andrew asked.

Duncombe returned to the table and laid the picture down with a reluctance which he could scarcely conceal.

"Very nice photograph," he remarked.

"Taken locally?"

"I took it myself," Andrew answered.

"I used to be rather great at that sort of thing before—before my eyes went dicky."

Duncombe resumed his seat. He helped himself to another glass of wine.

"I presume," he said, "from the fact that you call yourself their nearest friend that the young lady is not engaged?"

"No," Andrew answered slowly, "she is not engaged."

Something a little different in his voice caught his friend's attention. Duncombe eyed him keenly. He was conscious of a sense of apprehension. He leaned over the table.

"Do you mean, Andrew?" he asked hoarsely. "Do you mean?"

"Yes, I mean that," his friend answered quietly. "Nice sort of fool, aren't I? I'm twelve years older than she is, I'm only moderately well off and less than moderately good looking; but, after all, I'm only human, and I've seen her grow up from a fresh, charming child into one of God's wonderful women. Even a gardener, you know, George, loves the roses he has planted and watched over. I've taught her a little and helped her a little, and I've watched her cross the borderland."

"Does she know?"

Andrew shook his head doubtfully.

"I think," he said, "that she was beginning to guess. Three months ago I should have spoken, but my trouble came. I didn't mean to tell you this, but perhaps it is as well that you should know. You can understand now what I am suffering. To think of her there alone almost maddens me."

Duncombe rose suddenly from his seat.

"Come out into the garden, Andrew," he said. "I feel stifled here."

His host rose and took Duncombe's arm. They passed out through the French window on to the gravel path which circled the cedar shaded lawn. A shower had fallen barely an hour since, and the air was full of a fresh, delicate fragrance. Birds were singing in the dripping trees; blackbirds were busy in the grass. The perfume from the wet lilac shrubs was a very dream of sweetness. Andrew pointed across a park which sloped down to the garden boundary.

"Up there among the elm trees, George," he said, "can you see a gleam of white? That is the hall, just to the left of the rookery."

Duncombe nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I can see it."

"Guy and she walked down so often after dinner," he said quietly. "I have stood here and watched them. Sometimes she came alone. What a long time ago that seems."

Duncombe's grip upon his arm tightened.

"Andrew," he said, "I can't go!"

There was a short silence. Andrew stood quite still. All around them was the soft weeping of dripping shrubs. An odorous whiff from the walled rose garden floated down the air.

"I'm sorry, George! It's a lot to ask you, I know."

"It isn't that!"

Andrew turned his head toward his friend. The tone puzzled him.

"I don't understand."

"No wonder, old fellow! I don't understand myself."

There was another short silence. Andrew stood with his sightless eyes turned upon his friend, and Duncombe was looking up through the elm trees to

the hall. He was trying to fancy her as she must have appeared to this man who dwelt alone walking down the meadow in the evening.

"No," he repeated softly, "I don't understand myself. You've known me for a long time, Andrew. You wouldn't write me down as altogether a sentimental ass, would you?"

"I should not, George. I should never even use the word 'sentimental' in connection with you."

Duncombe turned and faced him squarely. He laid his hands upon his friend's shoulders.

"Old man," he said, "here's the truth: So far as a man can be said to have lost his heart without rhyme or reason, I've lost mine to the girl of that picture."

Andrew drew a quick breath.

"Rubbish, George!" he exclaimed. "Why, you never saw her. You don't know her."

"It is quite true," Duncombe answered, "and yet I have seen her picture."

His friend laughed queerly.

"You, George Duncombe, in love with a picture! Stony hearted George we used to call you. I can't believe it. I can't take you seriously. It's all rot, you know, isn't it? It must be rot."

"It sounds like it," Duncombe answered quietly. "Put it this way, if you like: I have seen a picture of the woman whom if ever I meet I most surely shall love. What there is that speaks to me from that picture I do not know. You say that only life can beget love. Then there is that in the picture which points beyond. You see, I have talked like this in an attempt to be honest. You have told me that you care for her. Therefore I have told you these strange things. Now do you wish me to go to Paris? For if you say yes I shall surely go."

Again Andrew laughed, and this time his mirth sounded more natural.

"Let me see," he said. "We drank Pontet Canet for dinner. You refused liqueurs, but I think you drank two glasses of port. George, what has come over you? What has stirred your slow moving blood to fancies like these? Bah! We are playing with one another. Listen! For the sake of our friendship, George, I beg you to grant me this great favor—go to Paris tomorrow and help Phyllis!"

"You mean it?"

"God knows I do. If ever I took you seriously, George—if ever I feared to lose the woman I love—well, I should be a coward to rob her of help when she needs it so greatly for my own sake. Be her friend, George, and mine. For the rest the fates must provide!"

"The fates!" Duncombe answered.

"Aye, it seems to me that they have been busy about my head tonight! It is settled then. I will go!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TELEGRAMS TERSELY TOLD

Father James Hayes of Liverpool died at Rome after receiving the benediction of the pope and the administration of the last sacraments.

The lower house of the Michigan legislature adopted ten of the fifteen insurance bills drafted at last summer's Chicago conference of governors.

The annual synod of the Reformed Presbyterian church that has been in session in Allegheny, Pa., closed after deciding to hold the next synod in Philadelphia.

The appeal of Count Boni de Castellane against the decision of the court, Nov. 14 last, granting a divorce to his wife, was again postponed at Paris. It probably will not be heard until December.

Dr. W. T. Lynn, who has been a prominent physician at Pana, Ill., for years, celebrated the 102d anniversary of his birthday by entertaining 500 guests at dinner. He is apparently hale and hearty.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad announced that it will abandon four passenger trains incident to the financial loss owing to the 2-cent railway fare enforced by the Ohio legislature during its last session.

Articles of incorporation of the "United States syndicate," the capital stock of which is \$500,000,000, were filed at Phoenix, Ariz. The purpose of the company is to build a railroad to connect North and South America.

Alexander Agassiz, director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., and president of the National Academy of Science, was elected an honorary member of the Imperial Austrian Academy of Science.

Insane Woman Kills Two.

Chicago, May 29.—Miss Philaner Swinen, believed to be demented, shot and killed her mother, attempted to kill her father and then set fire to her garments and was burned to death.

Pettigrew and Williams Visit Bryan.

Lincoln, May 23.—George Fred Williams of Massachusetts and Senator Pettigrew and wife of South Dakota are guests of William J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan says the visits are purely social and not of any political significance.

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## MURDEROUS ATTACK ON WOMAN

Unknown Man Assaults Wife of Farmer and She May Die.

McCook, Neb., May 23.—An unknown man made a murderous assault on Mrs. Claude Spaulding, wife of a young farmer. No one was at home at the time but the three-year-old daughter of the woman. The room in which the crime was committed bore every sign of a desperate struggle, the assailant using a large steel wedge and a hammer. The woman's skull was fractured and other terrible wounds were caused about the head. She has not regained consciousness and the probabilities of her recovery are regarded as small.

## LINCOLN MEMORIAL SERVICES.

W. J. Bryan Delivers Address to the Typographical Union.

Lincoln, May 27.—William Jennings Bryan delivered the address at the Lincoln printers' memorial exercises. Mr. Bryan spoke extemporaneously, dwelling on the value of ideals and the beauty of fraternity. Referring to the Typographical union, whose members he praised as a class of tradesmen of the highest intelligence, he said in his early life he was opposed to fraternities, but between the age of twenty and thirty his views changed radically, and he saw in the fraternal spirit the broadest kind of brotherly love. Memorial services were praiseworthy, he said, in that in a way they removed the pangs of earthly parting and brought to the participants a realization of the hereafter.

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## Cramps

cause women some of their most excruciatingly painful hours. Mrs. Lula Berry, of Farmington, Ark., writes: "I suffered with terrible cramps every month, and would sometimes lose consciousness for 4 to 9 hours. On a friend's advice I took

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