

A MAKER OF HISTORY

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Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

"You can find me a table, I suppose?" Duncombe remarked, looking round. "Where shall I sit?"

M. Alfred shook his head slowly. His hands were outstretched, his manner sad, but resigned.

"I am very sorry, monsieur, but to-night every place is taken. I have had to turn others away already," he declared. "A thousand regrets."

Duncombe looked at him astonished. The place was more than half empty.

"Surely you can find me a small table somewhere," he said. "I was here last evening, you know. If it is because I am alone I will order supper for two and magnum of wine."

M. Alfred was immovable. He remembered Duncombe well, and he was proud of his patronage, but tonight it was impossible to offer him a table. Duncombe began to be annoyed.

"Very well," he said. "I will stay in the bar. You can't turn me out of there, can you?"

M. Alfred was evasive. He desired M. Duncombe to be amused, and the people who remained in the bar—well, it was not possible to get rid of them, but they were not fitting company for him.

"There is the Cafe Mazarin," he added confidentially, "a few steps only from here, a most amusing place. The most wonderful ladies there, too—very chic and crowded every night. Monsieur should really try it. The commissionaire would direct him—a few yards only."

"Much obliged to you," Duncombe answered, turning on his heel. "I may look in there presently."

He seated himself at a small round table and ordered a drink. The people here were of a slightly different class from those who had the entree to the supper room and were mostly crowded round the bar itself. At a small desk within a few feet of him a middle aged woman with a cold, hard face sat, with a book of accounts before her and a pile of bills. There was something almost sphinxlike about her appearance. She never spoke. Her expression never changed. Once their eyes met. She looked at him steadfastly, but said nothing. The girl behind the bar also took note of him. She was very tall and slim, absolutely colorless and with coils of fair hair drawn tightly back from her forehead. She was never without a cigarette, lighting a fresh one always from its predecessor, talking all the while unceasingly, but without the slightest change of expression.



"I am very sorry, monsieur, but tonight every place is taken."

Once she waved the men and girls who stood talking to her on one side, and Duncombe fancied that it was because she desired a better view of him.

Suddenly he was startled by a voice close at hand. He looked up. The woman at the desk was speaking to him. "Monsieur would be well advised," she said, "if he departed."

Duncombe looked at her in amazement. She was writing rapidly in her book, and her eyes were fixed upon her work. If he had not actually heard her it would have been hard to believe that she had spoken.

"But why, madame?" he asked. "Why should I go? I am in no one's way. I can pay for what I have." She dipped her pen in the ink.

"I know nothing of monsieur or of his

business," she said, with a glance toward him, "but I know that M. Alfred does not wish him to remain."

"The devil take M. Alfred!" Duncombe answered angrily. "I am waiting to speak to some one who comes here regularly, and I shall stay until they come."

The woman wrote steadily for a moment. Then she blotted the page on which she had been writing and, raising her head, looked at him.

"It is no affair of mine," she said, "but M. Alfred has sent for the police. They may say that you have had too much wine or that you owe money. In either case you will be removed. The police will not listen to you. M. Alfred has special discretion. It is no affair of mine," she repeated, "but if I were monsieur I would go."

Duncombe rose slowly to his feet and, summoning a waiter, paid his bill. The man produced a second one, dated a few days back, for a large amount.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "I do not owe you anything."

"Monsieur was here with a party last Thursday night," he said glibly. "He promised to pay the next time. I will call the manager."

Duncombe tore the bill in half and turned away. He bowed to the lady at the desk.

"I see that you were right," he said. "I will leave."

"Monsieur is wise," she answered, without looking up.

He left the cafe without speaking to any one further. When he reached the pavement he slipped a five franc piece into the hand of the tall commissionaire.

"You know most of the young ladies who come here, I suppose?" he asked. "But certainly!" the man answered, with a smile. "Monsieur desire?"

"I want the address of a young lady named Mermillon. Flossie, I think, they call her," Duncombe said.

"Thirty-one Rue Pigalle," the man answered promptly. "But she should be here within an hour. She never misses."

Duncombe thanked him and hailed a carriage.

"Shall I give mademoiselle any message?" the man asked confidentially.

"I am going to call for her," Duncombe answered. "If I do not find her I will return."

To drive to the Rue Pigalle was an affair of five minutes only. Duncombe climbed a couple of flights of narrow stairs, pushed open a swing gate and found himself in front of an office in which an elderly woman sat reading.

"Can you tell me where to find Mlle. Mermillon?" Duncombe asked.

"Next floor; first door on the left," the woman answered. "Mademoiselle is not often in at this hour, though."

Duncombe thanked her and climbed another flight of stairs. He had to strike a match to look for a bell or knocker and then found neither. He knocked on the door with his knuckles. There was no reply. He was on the point of departure when he noticed that the door was ajar. After a moment's hesitation he pushed it open.

He found himself in a narrow passage, with dresses and other articles of apparel hanging from a row of pegs in the wall. The place was in complete darkness. He struck another match. At the end of the passage was an inner door, also ajar. He rapped upon it and finally pushed it open. Just then his match went out.

CHAPTER X.

DUNCOMBE had the nerves and temperament of the young Englishman of his class, whose life is mostly spent out of doors and who has been an athlete all his days. But nevertheless at that moment he was afraid. Something in the stillness of the room oppressed him. He could see nothing, hearing nothing, except the clock ticking upon the mantelpiece. And yet he was afraid. He fumbled desperately in his pocket for his matchbox. When he had found it he discovered that it was empty. With a sense of positive relief he backed out of the room and hastily descended the stairs. The old lady was still in her sitting room reading the paper. She set it down at his entrance and looked at him over the top of her spectacles.

"Pardon, madame," he said, removing his hat. "I find the rooms of mademoiselle are open, but all is in darkness. I cannot make any one hear."

Madame took up her paper. "Then mademoiselle is probably out," she declared. "It is generally so at

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White Goods.

India Linons, from 8 1-3 to 30c yd
Barred Dimities, from 10 to 20c yd
Barred Nainsooks, from 10 to 20c yd
Dotted Swiss, from 15 to 25c yd
Embroidered Swiss, at 30c yd
Lace striped Swiss, from 12½ to 30c yd

Silks.

Japanese Silk, 27 inches wide 50c yd
La Siren Silk, 27 inches wide 60c yd
Black Taffeta, 36 in., guaranteed... \$1 to \$1.25
Black Peau de Soie, 36 in., guaranteed... \$1.50

Crocheted Silk Hoods, each 50c
Crocheted Baby Jackets, each \$1.00

Laces and Embroideries.

Valenciennes Laces in all widths, with insertion to match, from 2c to 25c yard.
Oriental Laces and bands to match, from 15c to 50c yard.

Embroidery from 3c to 55c yard. *Come in and look our line over before buying and we will save you money.*

Hosiery

Ladies' Lace Hose, at 15 to 50c.

Children's Hose, lace or 1x1 knit, 10 to 25c, in white, tan or black.

Infants' Hose, from 10c to 25c, in lace or lisle thread, in white, tan or black.

The famous Burson Hosiery, 15c to 35c, all black, or black with white foot.

Burson Fashioned Stockings



The Only Hose that is Knit to Fit Without a Seam

No Stockings can be made with truer lines and shape, and yet there is not a seam in them from toe to top.

As perfectly fashioned—shaped—as the best foreign hose, but without the seams,

which are always present in the imported stockings.

You need not pay for the work of sewing up those seams that hurt, as there are no seams in the Burson. Knit in perfect shape—shaped perfectly in the knitting. They keep that shape from machine to rag bag.

Best in Quality and Comfort. No Higher in Price.



NO SEAMS TO SEE OR FEEL

This Cut Tells the Story

Ladies' and Children's Gauze Knit Underwear

Infants' long sleeve Vests 15 to 30c	Children's Vests and Pants, ea. . . 15 to 25c
Ladies' long sleeve Vests 25c	Ladies' Vests and Pants, each . . 10 to 50c
Ladies' long sleeve Union Suits 60c	Children's Union Suits 50c
Infants' Vests without sleeves 7c	Ladies' Union Suits 25c to \$1

This month's Butterick Patterns are 10c and 15c—none higher.

Corsets.

Batiste Girdles, at 25 to 50c
Batiste Girdles, with hose supporters, at 50c
Batiste Corsets, with hose supporters, at 75c
Corsets (like cut), with long hips, and two sets hose supporters \$1 and \$1.35
Guarantee with every American Beauty Corset.

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Corset Covers, lace trimmed, at 25c
Corset Covers, embroidered insertion and hemstitched ruffle 40c
Corset Covers, with 4 inch embroidery and ribbon beading 60c
Corset Covers, with 6 rows lace insertion and top finished with lace beading \$1.00
Skirt with two rows of 2-inch insertion and 4-inch lace 1.15
Skirt with 8-inch flounce 1.75

And a host of others which we have not space to mention. *Oh, and we will show them to you. No trouble to show goods.*



AMERICAN BEAUTY Style 736 Kalamazoo Corset Co., Makers

F. NEWHOUSE, Red Cloud, Nebr.