

# A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

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

Copyright, 1905, 1906, by LITTLE, BROWN, and COMPANY.

[CONTINUED.]

"I am up for a month's membership, but I am not elected yet," Duncombe answered.

"Then you shall come in as my guest," the baron declared.

"You are exceedingly kind," Duncombe answered. "I wonder whether I might presume still further upon your good nature and ask you a question."

"The asking," the baron murmured, "involves nothing."

"You hear, I am told, an honorable name, and you are well received in society. Why do you associate with murderers and thieves in that hell of a cafe where I saw you first?"

The baron smiled.

"My friend," he said, "I seek always the life amusing, and I find it there."

"I was robbed before your eyes, baron."

The Frenchman sighed.

"I am so sorry," he said, "that I did not see it. That indeed would have been amusing."

"You know that the young lady who sat with us is dead?"

"A most bizarre happening," the baron assented, with a little sigh. "I cannot imagine how it occurred. The newspaper reports are not convincing. One would like to reconstruct the story. Poor little Flossie! She was most amusing, but just a little, a very little, too fond of flourishing her jewelry. One will miss her though."

"Referring for one moment to our meeting at the cafe. You told me a story there—you and your friend madame—of a young English lady, which the facts seem scarcely to sustain."

The baron sighed.

"My friend," he said, "we did the best we could at a moment's notice. I rather fancied the story myself. As to facts, what have they to do with it? You demanded a story, and you got it. I rather flattered myself that under the circumstances it was not bad."

"You admit now, then, that it was not the truth?"

"The truth! My dear Sir George! Supposing that the whereabouts of your charming young friend had been known to me, do you suppose that I should have permitted myself to have been bullied into disclosing it? Forgive me, if I speak plainly, but if you really wished for information which you supposed that I had your method of seeking it put you at once out of court. A French gentleman does not permit himself to be bullied."

Duncombe was silent for several moments. There were many things which he could have said, but where was the use?

"As a French gentleman, then," he said at last, "will you permit me to make a personal appeal to you? Miss Phyllis Poynton is a young lady in whom I am deeply interested. She was last seen at the Cafe Montmartre, from which place she disappeared. I am an Englishman of your own station. Tell me where I can find her or what has become of her."

"My dear Sir George," the baron said, "you might have saved yourself a great deal of trouble if you had spoken like this to me at the first. Frankly, then, I have not the least idea. Young English ladies come and go every evening at the Cafe Montmartre and such places. One remembers only those who happen to have amused one and not always those. Forgive me if I speak plainly. A young lady who had visited the Cafe Montmartre alone—well, you might look for her anywhere, but most assuredly in that case if your anxiety was to induce her to return to her friends you would be a little too late. Ah! We have arrived. Now, my friend, I must make you free of the place."

Duncombe was fuming with anger, but he had discretion enough to remain silent.

"Do you play bridge?" the baron asked as they entered the card room.

"Occasionally," Duncombe assented.

"I will go and see if I can find any men," the baron remarked. "I will leave my young friend De Bergillac to entertain you. The Vicomte de Bergillac—Sir George Duncombe."

Duncombe shook hands with a pale, weary looking youth, most immaculately dressed, but whose whole appearance was distinguished by marked symptoms of lassitude and ill health. They sat in easy chairs almost opposite to one another, and Duncombe found the other's scrutiny almost embarrassing.

"You speak French perhaps—yes?" the young man asked at length.

"Yes, I speak French," Duncombe admitted.

"Then listen to me," the vicomte said slowly. "I speak as one man of

honor to another. Do not play cards in this club."

"Not play cards? Why not?" Duncombe asked, amazed.

"You can take my advice or leave it," the vicomte answered calmly. "I have no explanation to offer you. If you choose to repeat my remark you would place me in an exceedingly awkward position. You see, I rely upon you as a man of honor."

"I am only too much obliged to you for the hint," Duncombe declared.

"But this club—the Cercle Anglais"—

"The club is all right," the vicomte admitted calmly. "Unfortunately there is no place in Paris which would be entirely safe for you. You have the misfortune, you see, to be in opposition to some of my friends, who have really unlimited opportunities for making things disagreeable for you. Now I am beginning to talk, and it is very foolish of me. Why don't you leave Paris, Sir George?"

"Why should I?" Duncombe asked a little sharply. "I break no laws here. I wrong no one. I am here on my own business, and I only ask to be let alone."

The vicomte regarded him as one might look at a spoiled child whom it was yet advisable to humor.

"Ah," he said, "they will not let you alone. You are so obstinate, like all your country people, or you would recognize it without my risking so much by speaking. You will have to leave Paris and very soon. It is so easily to be managed. A dispute at cards here—you would certainly be in the wrong and an ugly scandal if you were not away in twenty-four hours. It is one method of a thousand."

"You know so much," Duncombe said. "I have no doubt that you know the one thing which I would give years of my life to be satisfied about."

The boy's dark eyes were fixed steadily upon his.

"Sir George," he said, "there is nothing which I can possibly say to you. My warning has been exceedingly foolish, but after all if I can persuade you to leave Paris I shall have done no great harm. As for the cards—well, I must plead guilty to weakness there."

I have not the slightest objection to taking the life of a man who is making a nuisance of himself, but his honor I think one should not tamper with. May I offer you a cigarette? Well, Louis, what luck?"

The baron had strolled into the room and was sitting on the arm of a chair.

"It will be all right directly," the baron answered. "We have three, and old D'Arcon has telegraphed that he will be here in five minutes."

Duncombe rose to his feet.

"It was really very careless of me," he said, "but I completely forgot that I had an engagement at the hotel at 6 o'clock. I am afraid that I shall not be able to stop."

The baron glanced quickly at his young friend. There was nothing whatever to be learned, though, from his pale, boyish face. His own countenance had darkened for the moment, but he recovered his composure immediately.

"As you will," he answered carelessly. "Perhaps you can drop in later. Come and dine, will you, at half past 8?"

"I am much obliged to you, baron," Duncombe said, "but I cannot accept your invitation. I am a lover of plain speaking, so I will not plead a previous engagement. But the one thing I want from you, the thing which I have almost a right to demand, you will not give. I do not feel, therefore, that any more than ordinary intercourse is possible between us."

The baron bowed gravely.

"My dear Sir George," he said, "I am answered. I wish I could drive out of your mind that extraordinary hallucination relative to my supposed knowledge of your young English friend. It is impossible. Very good. I shall look forward to a time, Sir George, when we may meet on a better footing."

Duncombe left the hotel with the recollection of that curiously ironic smile fresh in his mind.

## CHAPTER XVII.

FOR three days Duncombe saw nothing of Spencer. Three long days devoid of incident, hopelessly dull, aimless and uninteresting. On the fourth the only change in the situation was scarcely a reassuring one. He became aware that he was being watched.

There was no particular secrecy

(Continued on Page Six.)

# Our Big Bargains



## 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 ..... 12 1/2 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



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!**



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.*

## Muslin Underwear.

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. *op'ia* and we will show them to you. No trouble to show goods.

# F. NEWHOUSE, Red Cloud, Nebr.