

Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

CHAPTER VIII.

It was early in the morning, one spring day of the year of grace, 1861, when a rather short, thick-set man, whose sparkling teeth were hidden behind a huge black mustache, and whose black beard was cut in the Van Dyke style, with all the precision of a Parisian dandy, though he was dressed only in a stained and well-worn pair of gray flannel trousers and a faded blue flannel shirt, was engaged in taking down the shutters of the Hotel de Paris, facing the levee of New Orleans.

The Hotel de Paris was a small, two-story building, which seemed so thin and gony between its two four-story neighbors that one might have imagined somebody had found it in quite another spot, and had maliciously dropped it into its place to fill up the gap. It was being flustered in a salubrious pink and green slutters and green window blinds gave it a cheerful aspect, to which the glaring signboard, adorned with the legend, "John Roberts, Proprietor," in gold letters on a green ground, added considerably.

Just then the rather unsteady and uneven tramp of many steps resounded on the broad stone flag, and a company of the newly enrolled Louisiana State Volunteers, in gray uniforms with red collars, came marching in open order carrying their converted Brown Bess muskets in any manner from the "trail" to the "right shoulder," shouting "Away Down in Dixie," and looking for all the world as if no thought of a possible death on the battlefield found a place in their minds.

The short, dark man, who had been watching the soldiers pass by, shrugged his shoulders in disapproval of their un-disciplined gait, and grunted impatiently as he dragged the heavy shutters from their places. This portion of his work being over, Monsieur Henri Sautou—for it was he—sat himself down on a wooden stool and looked about him like a man dazed by his exertions.

He had been sitting on the stool for the space of about five or six minutes, when a sharp, scowling face appeared at the top of a small staircase, a face as bearded as his own, but with the difference that the hair was of a raven red of various shades. "Look here, Henri," cried a rasping voice, "what on earth are you up to now? Are you going to kick your legs about all day? And the red-headed man, dressed in linen trousers and a flannel shirt only, came with splayed feet downstairs, and stood facing Henri with his arms crossed over his chest. "What do you think I brought you here for?" he asked, with a sneer of disgust. "Do you think it was to eat sponge cake?"

"No," growled Monsieur Henri Sautou, in reply to Mr. Bernard Quayle, for he was the gentleman who had resumed his old patronymic of John Roberts. "You not bring me for sponge cake. You bring me for clean knives, scrub floor all day, all night. You bring me for fight ven sailor call you zief and make your eyes black via growing oyster can. I rebel, I clean knife no more. I scrub floor no more. Negro cheap. You buy negro, clean knife, scrub floor. I go bed."

"You ungrateful sweep," said Mr. Quayle, with slow, hissing emphasis. "Where would you be now if I had not taken pity on you?"

"Me?" retorted Henri, defiantly. "In Paris. You come here, and zere are cafe concerts in Paris!"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Quayle; "there are cafe concerts, and there are also police and a nice figure you'd cut—you, an escaped convict. They'd have you by the neck before you were up to many of your larks. Thank your stars you are with me, and be grateful!"

"Grateful!" nearly yelled Henri. "Vat for grateful?"

"I'll tell you what you ought to be grateful for," hissed Mr. Quayle. "You ought to be grateful to me for teaching you the beastly English you are speaking. You ought to be grateful to me for allowing you to share with me when we received that splendid batch of his two thousand three hundred dollars."

"Yes," interrupted Henri, "two thousand three hundred dollars. You take zonten five hundred. You give me eight hundred. I have no more. You buy hotel. You boss. You have all you want. I scrub floor. Clean knife, take down shutter."

"At this outbreak Mr. Quayle thought it polite to change his demeanor. He became friendly, changing the subject and saying: "Confusion to that villain Adams who sent us to 'savery in the galleys.'"

"Deax to zat pig Adams!" exclaimed Henri, with great fervor. "Ve will make of 'im food for dogs, I swear!"

"And death to that wretched hussy through whom we were sent to the galleys," Quayle went on.

Henri's retort was not so fervent. He pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," he cried, after a moment's pause. "But she beautiful, and if she nice viz me, I not know."

"What d'you mean?" snorted Quayle. "You are not alone to be considered in this matter. I suffered through her as well, and I have got my reckoning to do. You swore you would kill her when you got the chance."

"Yes, I swear, and I keep my swear," replied Henri. "But if she nice, very nice, I not know," he added, with a sigh.

Quayle looked at his companion again as if he would have personal him with a glance had he been able.

Quayle, "and that sound Adams is riding at the head of them."

It was indeed Col. Lacroix Adams, commanding the battalion of Louisiana Zouaves, who at that moment passed the Hotel de Paris. He was in civilian's dress, and a gentleman who accompanied him wore the same undistinguished garb. Quayle instinctively shuddered as Adams cast an unrecognizing glance toward him and rode on. He had in no wise altered since the day when Helene had knocked at his door in Paris. Indeed, one might have thought that he had grown younger, so upright was his carriage, so unwrinkled his face.

While Quayle looked at the man, Henri's eyes were glued upon the woman—Helene, in fact. She had altered in the intervening years, and from a comparatively unassuming girlhood had developed into a glorious woman. Tall, straight as a larch, she sat on her horse as if she had been born on it. Her figure had ripened and rounded, and her face had the charm which makes men's pulses sing, though perhaps no single feature could have claimed ideal perfection. But the eyes, those deep-blue eyes, which glittered with a sheen that no man might have expiated, fastened themselves upon the beholder and were not to be forgotten.

Helene was engaged in a lively conversation with the gentleman riding by her side, and Henri glimpsed Quayle's arm as he fiercely that the hotelkeeper dragged himself away with a shiver.

"Is she not beautiful?" said Henri. "Yes, confound her!" replied Quayle. "There is no question about that. You will not allow that to stand between her and our purpose, will you now?" he questioned, sneering. "You won't forget all we have endured through her—the years of torture, the years in chains, the years of lives of dogs?"

Henri's eyes still followed the column which was marching past in a steady, even tramp, tramp, tramp. "I wish she not so beautiful!" he ejaculated.

CHAPTER IX.

The threatening shadow of the war cloud, daily and hourly expected to burst its fury over the Southern States, had transformed a peaceful grove into a camp of armed men. Stern frowns in the summer sun between the dark green of the express and the pale verdure of the laurel bushes. Rows of white tents stretched in even lines in the open space made ready by the red and blue uniforms which occupied them.

The main portion of the Louisiana Zouaves was composed of boys barely out of their teens, but in addition to this raw material, the battalion embodied in its ranks a very considerable number of old French soldiers. Col. Adams was proud of his men, and only that very day had taken especial delight in showing their proficiency to no less a person than an officer of the United States regulars—a possible enemy, in fact—to his cousin, Capt. Denon.

Capt. Denon was on leave of absence from his command far out West in the wilds of Kansas. He had been slightly wounded in an action with the Apaches, and having been furloughed, had come to his native city, little dreaming that by the time he arrived there he would find the townsmen arrayed against the authority to whom he had sworn allegiance.

Adams' plantation was only divided from the camp of his regiment by a thick copse of magnolias, then in the pride of their spring bloom, which permeated the air with the sweetest scent of any tree in the wide, wide world. The house stood in a straggling erection, mostly of one story only, but standing upon a space large enough for a small village.

Adams was seated in the welcome shade of the avenue over the porch with a little writing table in front of him piled high with papers of all kinds. Opposite him sat Walter Gladys, dressed in the dark blue, gold-bridged uniform of a lieutenant in the Louisiana Zouaves.

Walter had changed but little physically since the day when he was so grievously wounded. He had allowed his beard to grow, and his face had become bronzed by exposure to a Southern sun, but beyond that he still looked the hale and stalwart young fellow who had fought against the reds in Paris.

Kindly Nature and a healthy constitution had repaired all his hurts except the one which left a blank in his mind. He was still as ignorant of the past, from the day he was born to the day he was wounded, as if those days had never existed for him. Even his own name was a mystery to him. Helene had first of all called him Jack, and when they had settled at the old plantation everybody had come to call him Jack Adams, and the name had clung to him.

There was one bright light which illumined his path—namely, the near presence of Helene. She was his idol, his goddess. At her bidding he would gladly have laid down his life. He loved her with the pure and devoted affection of a faithful dog.

Helene, in her turn, had grown up under Adams' teaching, exactly what Adams intended her to be—to emulate and rule kings. That she was a beautiful woman no one might have denied, though hers was a kind of beauty which recommended itself not to all men. Adams had brought her up and trained her to despise men. He had laid open to her every weakness of the so-called sterner sex, and in the result he had fashioned a woman who, if she had a heart, was guarded at every point where love could assail it. The natural untutored girl had become a woman of the world; and though suitors came and suitors went, if she loved anybody, that being was herself.

Adams' success with his pupil was his own punishment. As Helene grew from child's estate to that of woman, the affection which he had bestowed upon her and little by little he grew to hunger for that which he had striven so hard to eradicate. Little by little he began to yearn for Helene's love, while he himself had taught her that it was unwise to love anybody. He had never dared to confess to the woman whom he had reared from child's estate that he would have been so happy could he have made her his wife, and when he saw her sur-

rounded by admirers his heart for the first time in his life felt the bitter taste of jealousy.

Adams was paying but little attention to the papers in front of him, but gazed steadfastly in the direction of the copse of magnolias, where Helene was strolling between the trees by Capt. Denon's side. Walter looked from Adams to Helene, and from Helene to Adams with a puzzled inquiry. He had discovered a new trouble. Was Adams in love with Helene as well as all the others who came and departed again? He would be nearer and dearer, if he were accepted, the load would be harder to bear.

"Denon seems to be in favor," he burst out after waiting wearily for awhile. "Yes, my poor friend," said Adams, rather enigmatically, "I am afraid he is in favor."

Walter read in the words a confirmation of his fears, and was silent. Whatever hopes Capt. Denon may have cherished were cut short by the arrival of a young lieutenant with the news that war between the North and South had actually broken out and that Fort Sumter had been attacked. Capt. Denon immediately bade farewell to his cousin and took the first train for Washington.

CHAPTER X.

The next morning Walter Adams, after a hurried breakfast, ordered his negro servant to saddle his horse. He was the acting adjutant of the regiment during the temporary absence of the regular officer, and it was his duty to present the report every morning at the brigade headquarters, which were located in St. Charles Hotel.

He rode into town at a headlong gallop. Arrived at the hotel, he threw the reins to the negro attendant and walked up the steps. A tall, distinguished-looking old gentleman was standing at the door of the hotel. His pale face was fringed by small silver-white whiskers, and his silvery white hair was combed with a scrupulous neatness. He stared at Walter for a moment and looked at him with nearly frightened eyes. Walter, in his turn, stopped with an amused interest.

"Mr. Walter Gladys?" gasped the old gentleman at last, holding out a hand. "I cannot be mistaken. You are Mr. Walter Gladys?"

"Indeed I am not," said Walter, smiling. "Surely I am not mistaken. You are Mr. Walter Gladys, Lord Yorley's son. Don't you know me? I am Mr. Robert Berinquin."

"Indeed I do not know you," said Walter, pleasantly. "My name is Jack Adams, and I am the acting adjutant of the Louisiana Zouaves."

With that Walter passed into the hotel, and the old gentleman stared after him as if he had seen a ghost who had risen from some cavernous depths to frighten him. Walter settled his business and rode back to the camp. On a sudden a thought gripped his mind. Walter looked at his watch. The time pointed familiarly to half past seven. That also sounded familiar to him. He was sure he had heard it before. But where, and when, and under what circumstances? When he reached the house he went straight to Adams.

"Have you ever heard the name of Walter Gladys?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," was Adams' reply. "Nor that of Lord Yorley?"

"I do know that name," he said. "It is that of a rich English nobleman."

"Have you ever heard the name of Robert Berinquin, or something like that?" Walter questioned further.

"No, I do not know that name at all," Adams answered. "But why do you ask?"

"I met a gentleman at the door of the St. Charles Hotel just now," said Walter, "and he insisted that I was Mr. Walter Gladys, Lord Yorley's son. I told him he was mistaken."

Adams had turned pale. "He told you your name was Walter Gladys?" he exclaimed. "Why, of course, that is quite possible. We do not know who you are. You may be Mr. Walter Gladys, for all I or you know. We must fathom this immediately. We will both ride into town at once."

In less than an hour afterward both Adams and Walter were standing at the office window of the St. Charles Hotel. "I should like to see Mr. Robert Berinquin," said Walter to the clerk.

The young man ran over his bows. "Robert Berinquin," he said. "No 102. He's gone. He arrived by the early train this morning, and stayed only a couple of hours."

(To be continued.)

The Siberian Cosack is reared, in a well-watered region with 1,000 lakes, many of them of considerable size. Many of the inhabitants had their origin in the utilization of the territory as a penal colony for European Russia. The people are still very primitive, sheep being the unit of exchange in their barter system. Cattle breeding is extensively adopted, and it is from this source that the Russian army draws most of its horses for service in the far east. These animals are small and hardy, not particularly about food and capable of enduring extreme heat and cold, but the load they can take over on a level road is only about 100 pounds. The preparatory class of the Cosacks comprises boys from the age of eighteen, who undergo three years' training. The Cosacks of the first ranks are enrolled from the age of twenty-one for a period of twelve years, and all serve for a further period of five years in the reserves, the age of discharge being, therefore, thirty-eight.—Clipping.

A King's Library.

Frederick the Great employed architects to build a library, but they fought with true professional etiquette over their designs. The monarch who had braved the might of Europe was not to be defeated by a parcel of nagging professional men. "Confound you!" said the king, "don't waste any more time! This captured opposite me is of a very good design; copy that." They did as they were ordered.—Clipping.

"If you," a wife is always saying to her husband, "care for me, you wouldn't do that." Well, perhaps the worst is true.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Men Are to Blame.

It is customary for those who deplore the tendencies of modern life to put all the blame for everything that is wrong upon women, but Mrs. Russell Sage takes a different view of the matter. In an article in the Club Woman she holds the American man responsible, in a great degree, for modern American restlessness and homesickness.

"We hear little nowadays of the obligations of the father to his children," says Mrs. Sage. "The modern father is not like the Scotchman of Philadelphia, who said, 'I do my share in caring for these seven children.' In the contrary, the modern father says: 'Let the nurse take care of the children. We will go to the park.'"

"The paternal instinct is not strongly developed in the average man. He must be diverted, and the woman, instead of being a helpmeet to her husband, becomes a provider of amusement. No part of the day or week is so idle when fathers may become acquainted with their children. The Sabbath is given over to a mad seeking after excitement. When their father comes home in the evening his children are in bed. The strain upon the wife is great, and many dangerous temptations are made to comply with this demand of the men for amusement. The watchfulness which a careful mother should give to her home and children is expended on the selfishness of one man—the father! It is this attitude of the father which is a serious menace to home life."

Club life and apartments Mrs. Sage also mentions as partly responsible for the passing of the home. "The apartment," she says, "is really the solution of a knotty problem brought about by the topographic formation of our metropolises and the enormous increase in population, but it nevertheless makes real home life almost impossible. It is difficult to find an apartment at moderate cost that is large enough to form a sanitary point of view. All rooms are on the floor. The child cannot be visited from the mother, and the latter cannot obtain the necessary rest which is imperative to her well-being."

"This problem of space is not solved even in the country. I know one mother who finds it very difficult to secure a summer home near the city where the accommodations for the family and the five maids are sufficiently healthful and comfortable. She will not do the maids to hot little chambers and an abundance of mosquitoes."

The servant problem Mrs. Sage mentions as an effect and not a cause. "The growing desire on the part of women to free themselves from household cares and their consequent neglect of the duties of the mistress have created the servant problem, in her opinion."

And all these things are visited on the heads of the children. They are left more and more to the care of servants. They receive no moral training. And as for manners, there are not enough to be worth mentioning to-day. Neither does the school supply this lack. The intellect is fed, and there is no time left for moral training or the teaching of manners."

A Dainty Opera Bag.

The pink silk foundation of this dainty opera bag is covered with lace net. A single piece forms the sides and bottom, and for each end a smaller piece—rounded at the lower part—was fitted in. The seams are finished with narrow gold braid.

Miss Edith Somerville, is M. F. H. (master of foxhounds, when the title is borne by a man).

The widow of Lord and Princess of Wales when visiting Melbourne, at a luncheon given by Lady Tennison. Being in authority on journalistic and likewise an accomplished artist in water color, in both of which the Princess of Wales is proficient, Miss Cole made a particularly favorable impression on the royal guests, who expressed their pleasure in meeting a young woman interested in her hobbies.

The first woman painter to receive an order from the German government is said to be Fraulein Gretchen Walden, who decorated the hall of the German building at the Paris Exposition, and who was also commissioned to furnish paintings for the St. Louis Exposition. These last are four in number in the hall of mines and metallurgy, two representing the mines of Konigsbutter in Silesia and two of the Krupp plant. Another painting of the edifice of the building shows the famous Berlin thoroughfare, "Unter den Linden."

Courtship in Tibet. Courtship as conducted in Tibet would scarcely arouse the enthusiasm of the western girl. Bargaining between the suitor and the father of the girl goes on for weeks without any reference to the wishes of the woman. The requisite price having been paid, she is led to the house of her husband, where she is subjected to a seven-months' probation in order properly to humiliate her spirit and made to run round the village loudly proclaiming the merit and valor of her husband, meanwhile touching those objects which are supposed to have a potent influence on her welfare.

the costume as a whole appear worn.

On the other hand, by saving the street costume for outdoor wear exclusively, being careful to brush it, air it and to keep both the coat and skirt on their own special hangers, there are nine chances out of ten that the costume will not only keep its original good looks straight to the end of the season, but will be in fair condition to put on next year.—Woman's Home Companion.

Home-Made Toilet Creams.

Witch-hazel Cold Cream.—Melt one ounce each of white wax and spermaceti with one gill of oil of almonds, keep the dish in warm water, and gradually add three ounces of rose water with one ounce of witch-hazel, stirring until smooth and nearly cold.

Rose Cream.—Melt four ounces of spermaceti with eight ounces of rose water and four drachms of rose perfume, then stir in sufficient powdered sweet almonds to make a smooth cream. (Good for roughness caused by cold weather.)

A Famous Singer's Cold Cream.—Melt mutton suet strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth (warmed), add one-quarter of the amount of glycerine with ten or twenty drops of perfume (according to quantity), stir until nearly hard, and pack in tin jars well warmed.

Women Who Have Won. Though totally blind, Miss Della Pittford, of 8-1/2 Ave. B, has practical charge of a large Sunday school class and of the choir of a leading church. She also does considerable literary work and is a skillful typewriter.

Mrs. Mary J. Till, of 1111 1/2 St. Paul, has served continuously as police matron for thirteen years in Providence, R. I. She is on duty from 6:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m., when she is relieved by the night matron. During the past year over 1,200 women and girls and over 1,000 boys have come under her charge and influence.

A Chicago woman, Miss Florence Cole, has sent her by the Princess

Many women in the British Islands hunt their own barbers, but only one.

Smart Skirt Models Seen in Street Effects.

Very lovely are the Louis collars of lace and ribbon embroidery by chiffon ruffles.

Fascinating things are shown in warm room gowns of elderdown, quilted satin and cashmere.

Inch-wide bands of the cloth cut into curved designs trim many handsomely tailored walking suits.

The old-time cascade, both in lace and materials, has again burst upon us.

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