

# Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

## CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Bernard Quayle, alias John Roberts, had surrendered the Hotel de Paris in New Orleans for the more lucrative post of first sutler in the Confederate Army, and then as a spy for both sides, equally indifferent which he served so long as he was well paid by both. In this double capacity he saw Helene in Richmond, knew of Col. Adams' shooting by Henri Sain-ton and observed Capt. Denon's escape. He also found his way into the field hospital where both Denon and Walter Graydes were lying wounded.

As his main purpose in life was to secure possession of Helene in order to get her out of the way, he conceived the idea of getting a letter from Denon which would induce Helene to trust herself to him. As a Federal spy he had no difficulty in securing an interview with the wounded officer, and by first telling him that Helene had sent him and actually playing on his longings to see the woman he loved, he induced Denon to give him the following letter: "Dear Miss Lemure—I owe my life to you, and next to you to poor Jack, who lies sorely wounded in the hospital near us. The doctors doubt that he will recover. I send this note by a friend upon whose devotion you may implicitly rely. What would I not give or do to be able to see you again? Would that you could be here to see poor Jack! A sight of your face might save his life. A. D." Having received this note Quayle returned to Richmond and gave it to Henri to hand to Helene. That young lady, after having been informed by Sue of the meeting between Walter and Denon, naturally became very anxious as to what had become of them. In one way or another the rumor spread and came to her ears that they had fought a duel to the death on her account.

The rest of the week passed without further news. Adams was recovering but slowly, and required increasing attention. Henri called twice with letters from Captain Warner for the colonel, and Helene twice saw him standing in the hallway without recognizing him, and, in fact, without bothering to look at him.

During the previous year Henri had avoided as much as possible immediate contact with either his colonel or with Helene. Adams had seen him only once in Paris, and Henri's appearance had been much changed by his broader and burlier figure, and by the Vandyle beard and the heavy mustache. A few days more passed, and on the Thursday of the following week Henri again brought a letter from Captain Warner for Col. Adams. On this occasion Helene saw the young Frenchman cross the garden in front of the house, and went to the porch to take the letter from him.

She knew not what it was, whether the tone of the voice, when Henri said "Good morning, mademoiselle. Letter for Col. Adams," or a stray thought of her past life, or the seemingly savage gleam in the soldier's eyes, but she looked at the young man more closely.

As she did so a flash of recognition shot through her mind, and gripped her with a feverish contagion. That soldier had Henri's fierce look, when Henri was roused to passion.

She said "Thank you," and took the letter, and in doing so looked at the man again and turned pale. "Surely," she said, quite involuntarily and unknowingly, in French this time, "you are not Henri Sain-ton?"

"Surely," replied the young man, also in French, and quite unmoved, "I am Henri Sain-ton."

Helene gripped the banister of the stairs. "Who would have thought of seeing you here?" she exclaimed, continuing the conversation in French.

"You did not expect it, of course," replied Henri, in the same language. "It is a long way from the galleries of Toulon to Virginia, and now I suppose, as you have recognized me, you will betray me to Col. Adams, as you betrayed me before and sent me to slavery."

Helene was silent. Then she held out her hand, and said, in tones of tender pleading, "Forgive me, if I can be forgiven, I was a child, merely, and knew not what I was doing. How you must hate me!"

"I did hate you," was Henri's hissed reply. "I hated you for years with the bitterest hate a man can feel for a woman, and now, I dare say, you will give me further cause."

"I will not," Helene answered. "I am sorry to have brought trouble upon you years ago. I will bring no more. Ah! those were happy days in Paris, when old Father Lemure was alive, and we were children, both of us."

"If I could trust you now," said Henri, "I might tell you something you would like to know, and give you something you would like to have. But what assurance have I that, if I do place the means of betraying me in your hands, you will not immediately take it?"

"You have something to give me I would like to have? What?" was Helene's demand.

"A letter from Captain Denon." She had been cold and hot by turns before, but now Helene felt her color leaving her altogether.

"A letter from Captain Denon?" she cried. "Give it to me! You can trust me with your life!" Helene read and reread Denon's lines until she knew every word by heart.

A thought flashed into her mind, grim, humorous, as she thought, and entrancing. She would tame this wild bear; she would cut his claws and draw his teeth, and make him dance at her apron strings, as the others had done. In the midst of her troubles she could not help smiling at the idea.

"You are right, Henri," she said, beaming her brightest. "I have no right to ask. I am satisfied, and I will not betray you. But, tell me, are you the friend whom Captain Denon mentioned, upon whose devotion I might implicitly rely?" This, with a bewitching glance, which would have thrilled many a man, but left Henri unmoved.

"No," he replied, and stubbornly. "Where is the man?" "In Richmond." "I would much like to see that man. I would like to thank him, and I would like to ask him a question."

Henri paused, seemingly totally untouched by Helene's allurements.

"Very well," he said at last, in French, as before. "Write a note, and I will deliver it."

About an hour afterward Henri delivered to Quayle the following note from Helene: "Sir—May I see you to thank you for the service you have rendered to me? The news you have brought me, though painful, has greatly relieved my mind. In his letter, the writer suggests a possibility. I have been thinking whether that possibility might, perhaps, be carried into reality."

"Gratefully yours," "HELENE LEMURE." "The charm is working!" Quayle said to himself, warmly. "We shall have only to keep the bait dangling before her eyes until she gets to hunger for it, and the thing is done. We must not be too hasty. We must not consent too quickly. Women hate being kept waiting. Nothing drags so much at their nerves as suspense. When they get impatient, they lose their ready judgment and their powers of calculation."

"The difficulty is the identification of the body. It would not serve my purpose to do away with her, and to have the fact of her death disputed. It will be easy enough, if I can get her outside the lines, to put a bullet through her head, and to say that she was killed by a stray shot from the pickets, but who will prove for me that the dead woman is Helene Beringuay? There lies the difficulty."

"Well," said Henri, "what you say to her?" "I say to her nothing for the present," was the reply. "I have to make inquiries. You say that she recognized you this time?"

"Oh, yes," answered Henri, "and she made sheep's eyes like me." Here Henri gave a drowsy imitation of Helene's persuasive glances, with the result that Quayle threw himself upon his bed and roared.

"Acting is not in your line," said Quayle, still laughing. "The only part you could play to life would be that of a drunken man. You know all about him. But I have no doubt, when the time comes, you will allow this wench to do what she likes with you."

"Do not say that," exclaimed Henri, with a sneer of disgust. "I know you due to me. I not forget. I always remember Toulon."

"We will see," answered Quayle. "If I were to take you at your word—and this with a cruel glitter in the oblong eyes, and the words hissed between the set teeth—"Do you think you would have the nerve?"

"Nerve for what?" exclaimed Henri. "Nerve to pay her for the injury she did to us. Nerve to return to her with interest payment for our years in chains. Nerve to strike, if necessary, a blow that will avenge all we suffered through her."

Henri had turned pale beneath the olive of his skin, and he sat on his chair, gripping the arms with his hands. His dark eyes flashed and his brow darkened. At last he rose with his face distorted by the evil passions which his companion's speech had aroused.

"I pay out zat 'oud Adams," he said; "an' I vill pay out ze roman who betray us."

"Very well. I will send for you when I am ready."

Quayle's next step was to again penetrate the Union lines and have another talk with Captain Denon. The evening found him at Savage Station. Walter was under strict surgical surveillance, and nobody was allowed to speak to him, but the surgeon gave Quayle permission to see Denon. Denon was overjoyed when he heard that his letter had been delivered to Helene.

"Do you think she will come?" he asked. "I can't say," was Quayle's reply. "She has your letter. She has asked to see me, but hitherto I have not been able to meet her. I can only say I will try my best."

"Miss Lemure will be doubly glad to come when she knows that Major Adams has regained consciousness and that there is great hope of his recovery," said Denon. "The strange thing in connection with his improvement is the fact that he thinks he is not Major Adams, of the Louisiana battalion, but somebody else altogether."

Quayle stared. "Somebody else altogether?" he asked. "Who does he think he is?" "He says that his name is Walter Graydes, and that he is the son of an English nobleman, Lord Yorley."

If a bullet had struck Quayle at that moment, he could not have started up more excitedly. His face was ashen.

"Does the doctor think he is likely to recover soon?" he asked. "The doctor has every hope that a week or ten days will see him fairly on the road to recovery."

bothering my head to get the body identified. Mr. Walter Graydes—massif shall identify her when she is dead."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Helene decided, if facilities were afforded her for so doing, to risk the journey to the Northern camp. She was not prompted by love or pity, by affection or charity, but the idea had the charm of danger and of romance about it. She was not a romantic woman, but her life had been one of very even terrors lately, and the excitement of the venture thrilled her already.

Col. Adams had recovered so far that the doctors had given permission to have him removed to the residence of a friend in the country some forty or fifty miles from Richmond, where the greater quiet, and the air unadulterated by the vicinity of Chickahominy swamps, would hasten his restoration to complete health and activity.

The colonel was to be sent there on the following day, and Helene was to accompany him. Where an excuse is to be found for anything, a woman is sure to find it in a fashion one. Helene arranged with Col. Adams to go with him to his friend's residence, and then to return to Richmond for the purpose of superintending certain household affairs. These, she said, would occupy about a week.

Adams readily consented. Helene had become desirous to him every day, and from regarding her as a daughter, his feeling had changed to an affection of a different kind, and he hoped and longed for the day when he would dare to ask her to become his wife.

His attention had become more marked, and Helene was glad of the opportunity to escape them. The excuse of the journey to Richmond gave her time to go to the federal camp, and return if her mysterious guide and protector could so arrange. She, therefore, wrote a note as follows:

"I wish the colonel to Columbus the day after to-morrow, and shall be free to meet you on Monday or Tuesday next at my place you may appoint. Kindly send me your instructions, and I will implicitly follow them."

She enclosed this little note in an envelope, and sent Sue with it to the camp to give it to Henri. The next morning she received the following reply, brought to her by Henri:

"If you can arrange to be at Ashland on Tuesday evening next, the 24th instant, about seven o'clock, I will meet you at Crockett's tavern, and I will then comply with your wish. Will you also do me the favor to ask the colonel for a week's leave for the bearer of this note?"

Helene had no difficulty in obtaining the requisite permit for Henri. She did not even mention who the soldier was. Adams was only too happy that she should ask him for anything, no matter what, and he granted her request without a question of why or who.

When the young Frenchman came to Quayle's rooms and brought him Helene's reply, agreeing to meet him at the appointed place, Quayle for the first time felt a shiver creep through him, and a repugnance which he had not known before chilled his blood.

"Beh!" he said to himself. "It is not a nice job, but it has to be done. Besides—who knows? I may be able to get that sweep to do it for me. Ah! Mr. Robert Beringuay," he said, "you don't know how much nearer you are today to those millions of Mademoiselle Helene than you were yesterday. When this job is over, Dickland will know me no more, nor Yankeeedom either. It'll be 'Ho, for old England!' And I shall be glad to get back to London. I'll have a better chance this time with one hundred thousand pounds in my pocket."

Quayle's plan was feebly simple. After meeting Helene on Tuesday evening at Ashland, a village about eighteen miles to the northwest of Richmond, he would take her northeast, outside of the pickets of both armies, to a ruined hut in a field not far from the Union lines at Beaver Dam creek.

He had provided himself with a couple of short, but very heavy, revolvers, carrying bullets of the Southern army pattern. He had also secured a small vial filled with a powerful narcotic, which he intended to mix with the water Helene would be given to drink.

(To be continued.)

### HE WOULD BE SEARCHED.

"Several years ago I took a late train from Boston to New York," said a man in business in Kansas City. "In the morning I was awakened earlier than usual by the porter, who said that a robbery had been committed on the sleeper during the night, and that all the passengers would have to get up. Some one had taken six \$100 bills from the clothing of a gentleman who occupied a berth in the middle of the car. Every section had been taken before we left Boston, and as the train had been almost constantly in motion it seemed certain that the person who had committed the theft was still on the car. The porter said no one had been aboard but the passengers, and that none of them had left. It was proposed to search everybody. A man who had a berth directly opposite from the one who had been robbed, objected. He told his name and said any one might easily find that he was a man of good reputation. In the meantime some officers boarded the car, and after a little sweating got the money from the guilty one. Then the passenger who had refused to be searched asked the officers to examine his pockets. This seemed strange, but he insisted. In an inside pocket they found six \$100 bills. It was merely a coincidence that he should have the same amount of money as the other passenger had lost, and in exactly the same denominations, but he knew that under the circumstances he could hardly establish his innocence. How was that for a case of circumstantial evidence?"—Kansas City Star.

### SHOCKING.

Mr. Hyatt—For every had a and experience on his last trip to Philadelphia.

### MR. HYATT—ACCIDENT?

Mr. Hyatt—Yes; he lost the London and Paris labels off his grip.—New York Press.

### ABOUT POLITENESS.

The reason that the French people enjoy the well-earned reputation of being the politest people in the world is because is politesse, or good breeding, is an accomplishment they always acquire at home and in childhood. A Frenchman, his wife, and a couple of children will observe all the most exquisite social amenities in the privacy of their own vine and fig tree, and the family life presents all the social advantages they require. A French boy

of even the humblest parentage does not wait to go out in the world to learn how to offer a woman a chair, invite you to dine, or discover the topics of conversation that engage your interest. He has lived from his babyhood in an atmosphere of family deference and cheerfully unselfish consideration, and he is charmingly polite by precept and example wherever he may find himself.

### A Well-Bred Woman.

Rarely wears elaborate or startling costumes on the street. Never leaves her house before putting on her gloves. Never dresses too elaborately when receiving guests in her own house. Is always the same in her manner toward other people and never by any means allows herself to show by glance or speech her dislike of any one else.

### What Pleases a Man.

Generally speaking, a man likes to be told he is handsome, whether he is or not. He likes to be told he has small feet. This is a tip for wives. There is more virtue in a pair of tight shoes in keeping a man at home in

# WOMEN AND FASHION

### Men Will Marry a Laugh.

Girls spend considerable time trying to find out how to be popular. It is natural that a girl should seek approval and admiration. Her popularity means a good time, boxes of candy, theaters, dances, flowers, everything that the hearts of the young delight in.

The girl that is popular is the girl who laughs. Not the girl that simps and puckers or giggles, but the girl that laughs and means it. The girl that laughs can have candy and flowers and theaters every day in the week.

Men flock about her. They adore her. She laughs herself straight into the hearts of beaux and admirers and straight into all the good times that a girl can dream of.

She laughs, but she is careful when she laughs. She laughs with her beaux, but never at them. She laughs at what they say when they say it, but never after them. She laughs at their jokes, but never about them. She never laughs at anyone's blunders or misfortunes.

She laughs when the beaux give her flowers, she laughs when they give her candy, she laughs when they take her to the theater. Why shouldn't she? Her laugh is her fortune. Above all, the girl who knows how to laugh knows when to laugh and never laughs when she should be silent.

She merely goes through life with her laugh ready and into many dark corners does she flash its cheer. Many a heart she makes glad just by passing. Many a burden she lightens by the music of her voice.

Women forget to worry when they hear the cheerful girl's laugh. Old men are warmed at the sound of it. Young men listen and follow it, pay court to it, marry it. For it is the laugh that keeps the heart young, the laugh that keeps the face bright.

What man wants a wife that cannot laugh? And the boy following the laugh is looking for a wife. He may not know it, but he is. And he will find her when he finds that cheerful, wholesome, honest, wholesome, healthy laugh.—Kansas City World.

### Pleasant Meal Times.

Many people must have been struck by the utter absence of interesting conversation that is so marked a feature of modern meals. In the olden days all the wit and brightness of the day seemed to be focussed into the breakfast and dinner hours, and nearly all the celebrated stories of brilliant repartee that have come down to us were delivered during a meal. But nowadays people talk over their worries and bothers at the table, look out trains and read papers during breakfast, and if they have got anything disagreeable to say to another member of the family, very often choose a meal time in which to say it.

Somebody once suggested that children should be trained to be bright and cheerful during meals, just as much as they are trained to eat properly, for the one habit, like the other, would cling to them when they grow up and make them much sought after companions.

Worry is very bad for the digestion and so is another fashion of seeing how fast you can get through your breakfast or lunch; certainly both things react upon one's neighbor's enjoyment of the hours that should bring relaxation and good humor.—Home Monthly.

### Skirt of Checked Suiting.

Here is a skirt of checked suiting in green and blue with heavy embroidered dot. The skirt is full, finely plaited at the waist, with wide box plait in front. A wide band of velvet simulates a tunic, and is joined by shaped tabs to the front plait; another fold of the velvet of equal width borders the skirt. Suitable for no-liner.

### Beauty's Downfall.

A warning note is struck by a lady, who has both medical and literary skill, against the reckless disregard of those laws which make for beauty. We Americans are growing plainer, she avers, simply because we allow our children to be affected by the stress and strain of modern life. The smartness, the ability to look after themselves and the athleticism of the women and children of the present time spell physical ruin. Beauty is rarely seen nowadays in its unadorned style. Lovely women are artificial products, and really lovely children are as scarce as snuk's eggs. The reason is that our expressions have grown anxious, eager, cold, our limbs and members are strained out of shape by over-exercise and our complexions and hair are starved for lack of nerve force. The exquisite complexion, luxuriant locks, delicate features and



Bracelets have returned on a wave of popularity. Broadtail is as popular as anything so expensive can be. Flat, turndown collars finish most of the fur cloaks and coats. There are big fluffy muffs of marabout to match the pretty boas. Persian trimming is largely used for rests and gown decorations. Even the debutantes indulge in satin, so soft and light has that fabric become. The smartest model of a tailored coat is a tight-fitting affair, 36 to 50

## EVENING TOILETTES.



1. Simple frock of white satin, trimmed with real lace and festoons of chifon roses.
2. Debutante costume of white chifon.
3. White net, spangled with gold and having an applied design in black ostrich tips. Black jet shoulderstraps and golden tissue girdle.
4. Dinner gown of green silk, with diamond design in velvet and corded silk.

lilies long, perfect in adjustment and finish. Buttons cannot be too big and fancy, even the fur coats fastening with most ornate jeweled disks. Plain rich velvet, ornamented with lace, is the most attractive expression of the winter modes yet heralded. Turbans with entire crowns of silk blossoms and brims of fur are a beautiful anomaly of this riotous year. Such a smart skating rig is made of white corduroy, trimmed with sable and worn with sable toque and muff. When a woman must wear a stiff collar one of embroidered linen turned over a smartly tied black bow is the best. For the blue and green gown there are petticoats of blue mohair with accordion-plaited flounce in the two shades. Some of the tricorn hats whereof the tops are heavier are simply smooth black velvet on the under side of the rolling brim. The new kid gloves for business wear come lined with bright plaids in silk and wool and afford an excellent substitute for a muff.



### Etiquette

At a small dinner or tea the conversation should be general. It would be bad form to devote one's self to the next neighbor exclusively. When a gentleman asks a mutual friend to introduce him to a lady it is customary to ask her permission before the request is granted. When visiting you should ask permission of your hostess to have your friends call. If strangers to her they should invariably be introduced. At a dinner it is not necessary to wait until all have been served, it is perfectly proper to begin eating as soon as two or three have been served. A bride selects her bridesmaids from among her most intimate friends, if the bridegroom has a sister she is usually asked to be maid of honor. When giving a house party the period of the visit should be definitely stated in the invitation, this will prevent any confusion or misunderstanding.

### New Fruit Mixtures.

Grapes divested of skins and stones and mixed with pineapple frappe is one of the latest combinations. Only two kinds of fruit are allowable in a salad, according to certain cooks. Sliced oranges and bananas, oranges and apples and pears, without other accompaniment than a dash of flavoring, are among the favorite bands.