Far From Home.

Cecil Ryan, the baritone who is to be presented this year in the new and as yet unnamed operetta by Victor Herbert, is an Australian.

"How far is Australia from New York?" he was asked by a youthful feminine admirer.

"Well," he answered thoughtfully, "I can't tell you in exact miles, but judging from the way I feel at the present moment it is so far from here that it would require about thirteen dollars to send a postcard home."

Cause of His Plight.

Mrs. Benham—Did you ever have more money than you knew what to do with?

Benham—I don't remember it, but I must have had, or I wouldn't have got married.—Capitola Capital.

The dancing master may not have to show his wife how to take steps for a divorce.

Tame.

Mrs. Knicker—I'm afraid those horrid men beat you at poker.

Knicker—No danger, my dear; they eat from my hand.

A satisfactory wife tells her husband that she could not possibly have married better than she did.

On the ocean of life it is a case of sink or swim with a large portion of the floating population.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

This time of year, in order to have your innings, you ought to have your outings.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Petticoat Rule," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in Brussels. Louis Harris, a charming English girl of family, friends and wealth, while absently walking along the Boulevard Waterloo in a November rain, runs into a tragedy.

A man is found murdered in a taxicab; his companion who had left the cab some time before and told the chauffeur to drive to a certain address, had disappeared and is unknown.

The scene shifts to London. Luke de Mountford, Louisa's affianced, the nephew and heir of the eccentric and wealthy Lord Radcliffe is in trouble. An alleged direct heir, the unknown son of another brother, has notified Lord Radcliffe of his claims. The old man, passionately fond of Luke, claims that he has examined the papers and that the claimant is an imposter.

Suddenly the alleged Phillip de Mountford appears in London. After a short interview with Lord Radcliffe his claims are recognized and he is installed as heir. Without explanation Luke is practically disowned. Phillip seems to exert unlimited influence over Lord Radcliffe which puzzles his friends and defies investigation. Lord Radcliffe will explain to no one.

A year has passed since the tragedy in Brussels. Suddenly it is repeated in every detail in London. The victim is Phillip de Mountford. Every circumstance and a very apparent motive points to the displaced nephew, Luke as the murderer. In vain, Louisa, in her blind faith, tried to prove Luke innocent. Every investigation brightens the chains of evidence. At the coroner's inquest the startling development that the murdered man is not Phillip de Mountford but a common scoundrel denounced by his father and mother, who identified the body as their son, only complicates the situation. It does not in the least upset the appalling proofs of Luke's guilt. A warrant is issued for his arrest but because of his station in life the police secretly warn him to leave the country before the warrant is served. This he prepares to do. Louisa sees him and asks him pointedly for the truth. He confesses his guilt.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued.)

"They say," continued Luke quietly, "that Philip was killed by the thrust of a sharp dagger or stiletto, right through the neck. Well, where is that dagger? Have they found it? Or traced it to its owner?"

Then as Colonel Harris was still silent he reiterated once more:

"Did Sir Thomas tell you if they had found the weapon?"

And Colonel Harris nodded and murmured:

"Yes."

"Actually found the weapon?" insisted Luke.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Behindw the railings—in Green Park—close to Hyde Park corner."

"Was it a stiletto? Or a dagger? Or what?"

"It was a stick with a dagger fitting into it. A snakewood stick. It was covered with mud and—other stains."

There was silence in the room now for the space of a few brief seconds. A silence solemn and full of meaning. All through this rapid succession of questions and answers between Colonel Harris and Luke, Louisa had kept her eyes fixed upon the younger man's face and sunlight indifference at possible danger alternating with impatience at the singular obstinacy of his accusers. Throughout this time the face she knew so well, mirrored that perfect calm which she understood and admired, since it was the reflex of a calm, untroubled soul.

But now there came a change in the face; or rather not in the face but in the soul behind it. The change came at Colonel Harris's last words; a change so subtle, so undetermined, that she was quite sure her father had not perceived it. But movement there was none; one mere, almost inperceptible, quiver of the eyelids—nothing more. The mouth beneath the slight fair moustache had not trembled, the brow remained smooth, the breath came and went as evenly as before.

But the change was there, nevertheless! The gray tint just round the eyes, the stony look in the pupils themselves a tiny speck of moisture round the wing of each nostril. Colonel Harris had not looked at Luke whilst he spoke of the stick. He was staring straight in front of him, hardly conscious of the silence which had cast a strange and mystic spell on these three people standing here in the banal atmosphere of a London hotel.

It was Luke who broke the silence. He said quite quitely asking the questions as if it related to a most trivial, most indifferent matter:

"Did Sir Thomas show you the stick?"

The colonel nodded in acquiescence.

"It was my stick, I suppose?

The query was so sudden, so unexpected that Colonel Harris instinctively uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Luke! By God, man! Are you mad?"

Louisa said nothing. She was trying to understand the un-understandable. Luke almost smiled at the other man's bewilderment.

"No, sir," he said, "not mad I think. I only want to know how I stand."

"How you stand, man?" ejaculated Colonel Harris with uncontrolled vehemence. "Great Heavens, don't you realize that here is some damned conspiracy as mysterious as it is damnable, and that you will have to look this seriously in the face, if you don't wish to find yourself in the dock before the next four and twenty hours?"

"I am," replied Luke simply, "looking the matter squarely in the face, sir, but I don't quite see how I can avoid standing in the dock as you say, before the next four and twenty hours. You see I had quarrelled with Philip, and my stick—which contained a dagger—was found in the park, covered with mud, as you say, and other stains."

"But hang it all, man, you did not murder your cousin."

This was not a query but an assertion. Colonel Harris's loyalty had not wavered, but he could not contrive to keep the note of anxiety out of his voice; nor did he reiterate the assertion when Luke made no answer to it.

Once more the latter passed his hand over the back of his head. You know that gesture. It is so English! and always denotes a certain measure of perturbation. Then he said with seeming irrelevance:

"I suppose I had better go now."

His eyes sought Louisa's, trying to read what she thought and felt. Imagine the awful moment! For he loved her as you know, with that intensity of passion of which a nature like his—almost cramped by perpetual self-containment—is alone capable. Then to have to stand before her wondering what the next second would reveal, hardly daring to exchange fear for certitude, because of what that certitude might be.

He sought her eyes and had no difficulty in finding them. They had never wandered away from his face. To him—the ardent worshipper—those eyes of hers had never seemed so exquisitely luminous. He read her soul then and there as he would a book. A soul full of trust and brimming over with compassion and with love. Colonel Harris was loyal to the core; he clung to his loyalty, to his belief in Luke as he would to a rock, fearful lest he should flounder in a maze of wonderment, of surmises, of suspicions. God help him! But in Louisa even loyalty was submerged in a sea of love. She cared nothing about suspicions, about facts, about surmises. She had no room in her heart for staunchness; it was all submerged in love.

There was no question, no wonderment, no puzzle in the eyes which met those of Luke. You see she was just a very ordinary kind of woman.

All she knew was that she loved Luke; and all that she conveyed to him by that look was just love.

Only love.

And love—omnipotent, strange and capricious love—wrought a curious miracle then. For Colonel Harris was present in the room, mind you, a third—if not an altogether indifferent—party there where at this moment these two should have been alone.

It was Colonel Harris' presence in the room that transformed the next instant into a wonderful miracle; for Luke was down on his knees before his simple-souled Lou. She had yielded her hand to him and he had pressed an aching forehead against the delicately perfumed palm.

In face of that love which she had given him he could only worship; and would have been equally ready to worship before the whole world. And therein lay the miracle. Do you not agree, you who know Englishmen of that class and stamp? Can you conceive one of them falling on his knees save at the bidding of omnipotent love, and by the miracle which makes a man forget the whole world, defy the whole world, give up the whole world, driven to defiance, to forgetfulness, to self sacrifice, for the sake of the torturing, exquisite moments of transcendental happiness?

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHY ALL THIS MYSTERY?

I have often smiled myself at the recollection of Luke de Mountford walking that self-same afternoon with Louisa Harris up and down the long avenue of the Ladies' Mile; the self-same Luke de Mountford who had knelt at his Lou's feet in humble gratitude for the love she gave him; the self-same Luke de Mountford who stood under suspicion of having committed a dastardly and premeditated murder.

The puppets were once more dangling on the string of convention. They had readjusted their masks and sunk individuality as well as sentiment in the whirlpool of their world's opinion.

Louisa had desired that Luke should come with her to the park, since convention forbade their looking at chrysanthemums in the Temple gardens, on the day that Philip de Mountford lay dead in the mortuary chamber of a London police court; but everybody belonging to their own world would be in the park on this fine afternoon. And yet, the open air, the fragrance of spring flowers in the formal beds, would give freedom to the breath; there would not reign the oppressive atmosphere of tea-table gossip; the early tulips bowing their stately heads would suggest aloofness and peace.

And so they went together for a walk in the park, for she had wished it, and he would have followed her anywhere she had bidden him to go.

He walked beside her absolutely unconscious of whisperings and gossip which accompanied them at every step.

"I call it bad form," was a very usual phrase enunciated by many a rouged lip curled up in disdain.

This was hurled at Louisa Harris. The woman, in such cases, always contrives to get the lion's share of contempt.

"Showing herself about with that man now! I call it vulgar."

"They say he'll be arrested directly after the inquest tomorrow. I have it on unimpeachable authority."

"Oh! I understand that he has been arrested already," asserted a lady whose information was always a delightful mixture of irresponsible vagueness and firm conviction.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you see, he is only out on—what do they call it?—I mean he has had to give his word that he won't run away—or something. I heard Herbert say something about that at lunch—oh! what lovely tulips! I dote on that rich coppery red, don't you?"

"Then does he go about in Black Maria escorted by a policeman?"

"Probably."

This somewhat more vaguely, for the surmise was doubtful.

"I can't understand Louisa Harris, can you?"

"Oh, she thinks it's unconventional to go about with a murderer. She only does it for notoriety."

But the Countess of Flintshire, who wrote novels and plays under the elegant nom de plume of Maria Annunziata, was deeply interested in Luke and Louisa, and stopped to talk to them for quite a considerable time. She said she wanted "to draw Luke de Mountford out." So interesting to get the impressions of an actaul murderer, you know.

The men felt uncomfortable. Englishmen always do when the unconventional hovers about in their neatly ordered atmosphere. Common sense—in their case—whispered loudly, insisting that this man in the Sackville street clothes, members of their own clubs, by Jove! could not just be a murderer! Hang it all! Harris would not allow his daughter to go about with a murderer!

So they raised their hats as they passed by Louisa Harris and said, "Hello! How de do?" to Luke quite with a genial smile.

But Luke and Louisa allowed all this world to wag on its own irresponsible way. They were not fools, they knew their milieu. They guessed all that was being said around them and all that remained unspoken. They had come here purposely in order to see and to be seen, to be gossiped about, to play the role of puppet before their world as long as life lasted, and whilst Chance and Circumstance still chose to hold up the edifice of their own position of their consideration, mayhap of their honor.

The question of the crime had not been mooted between them again; after the understanding, the look from her to him, and his humble gratitude on his knees, they had left the mystery severely alone. He had nothing to say, and she would never question, content that she would know in good time; that one day she would understand what was so un-understandable just now.

Colonel Harris alone was prostrated with trouble. Not that he doubted Luke, but like all sober-sensed Englishmen he loathed a moral puzzle. Whilst he liked and trusted Luke, he hated the mystery which now met him at every turn, just as much as he hated the so-called problem plays which alien critics try to foist on an unwilling Anglo-Saxon public.

He would have loved to hear Luke's voice saying quite frankly:

"Of course I did not kill my cousin, I give you my word, colonel, that I am incapable of such a thing."

That was the only grievance which the older man of the world had against the younger one. The want of frankness worried him. Luke was innocent, of course; but, d—n it, why didn't he say so?

And how came that accursed stick behind the railings of the park?

CHAPTER XXIV.

A HERD OF CACKLING GEESE.

When at 10 o'clock the next morning Louisa Harris entered the Victoria coroner's court accompanied by her father, the coroner and jury were just returning from the mortuary at the back of the building whither they had gone, in order to look upon the dead.

Already the small room was crowded to its utmost holding capacity. Louisa and Colonel Harris had some difficulty in making their way through the groups of idlers who filled every corner of the gangway.

The air was hot and heavy with the smell of the dust of ages which had gathered in the nooks and crannies of this dull and drabby room. It mingled with irritating unpleasantness with the scent of opoponax or heliotrope that emanated from lace handkerchiefs, and with the pungent odors of smelling salts ostentatiously held to delicate noses.

Louisa, matter-of-fact, commonplace Louisa looked around at these unaccustomed surroundings with the same air of semi-indifferent interest with which she would have viewed a second rate local music hall, had she unaccountably drifted ino one through curiosity or desire.

She saw a dull, drabby paper on the wall, and dull, drabby hangings to the single window, which was set very high, close to the ceiling; the latter once whitewished was now covered with uneven coatings of grime.

In the center of the room, a long table littered at one end with papers tied up in bundles of varying bulk, with pieces of pink tape, also a blotting pad, pen, ink and paper—more paper—the one white note in the uniform harmony of drabby brown; and in among this litter that encumbered the table a long piece of green baize covering a narrow formless something, which Louisa supposed would be revealed in due course.

On each side of the table were half a dozen chairs of early Victorian design upholstered in leather that had once been green. To these chairs a dozen men were even now making their way, each taking his seat in solemn silence; men in overcoats and with velvet collars somewhat worn at the back of the neck—it seemed to Louisa as if they were dressed in some kind of unifrom so alike did their clothes appear. She looked at their faces as they filed in—haggard faces, rubicund, jolly faces, faces which mirrored suspicion, faces which revealed obstinacy, the whole of middle class England personified in these typical 12 men all wearing overcoats with shabby velvet collars, who were to decide today how and when Philip de Mountford, heir presumptive to the Earl of Radclyffe, had been done to death.

Louisa and her father were able at last to reach the fore-front of the crowd, where chairs had been reserved for them immediately facing the table, at the farther end of which the coroner sat. Louisa recognized Mr. Humphreys, one of Mr. Dobson's clerks, who did his best to make her and Colonel Harris comfortable. Farther on sat Mr. Davies, who had been Philip de Mountford's solicitor when he had first desired an interview with Lord Radclyffe. Louisa knew him by sight—Luke had on one occasion pointed him out to her.

Luke and Mr. Dobson were even now making their way to the same group of seats. They had—like the jury and the coroner—been in the mortuary to have a last look at the murdered man. Louisa thought that Luke looked years older than he had done yesterday. She saw him standing for a moment right against the dull, drabby background of the court room wall; and it seemed as if something of the drabbiness had descended upon his soul. Youth seemed to have gone out of him. He appeared to be looking out onto a dreary world through windows obscured by grime.

There was a look not so much of dejection as of absolute hopelessness in the face. No fear, or anxiety—only a renunciation. But this was only for one moment; the next he had caught sight of her, and the look of blank dejection in his eyes suddenly gave place to one of acute and intolerable pain. The face which usually was so calm and placid in its impassive mask of high-bred indifference was almost distorted by an expression of agony which obviously had been quite beyond control.

The whole thing was of course a mere flash, less than a quarter of a second perhaps in duration, and already Luke was just as he had had always been: a correct, well-born English gentleman, perfect in manner, perfect in attitude and bearing, under whatever circumstances Fate might choose to place him.

(Continued Next Week.)

A Striking Series of Dates.

From the New York World.

Anybody who is inclined to be politically superstitious is invited to consider this curious chain of events in the history of the republican party and its ancestors:

Twenty years ago, 1892, was the year of the great populist bolt which defeated Harrison and elected Cleveland.

Twenty years before that, 1872, was the year of the liberal republican bolt which failed to defeat Grant but which cost the republicans the House of Representatives in 1874 and led to the Tilden campaign of 1876.

Twenty years before that, 1852, was the year the whig party went down to its death. It was the destruction of the whig party that brought about the organization of the republican party.

Twenty years before that, 1832, the national republican party collapsed, and the whig party was built upon its ruins.

Twenty years before that, 1812, the federalist party made its last formidable appearance in a national campaign.

It is a striking series of dates: 1812—1832—1852—1872—1892—1912.

His Idea.

From the Baltimore American.

"That trust magnate has a singularly fitting idea of his new abode."

"How?"

"He told the architect he wanted an octupus shaped room for his living room."

Lengthy Cough.

From the London Standard.

"The tiger came toward me, bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen he gave one of those fearful coughs which only a man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was 11 feet long."

A beauty expert says slapping the face is good for the complexion. Household economy dictates a radical change in the method of spanking girl babies so that they may grow up with no need of the costly ministrations of the beauty doctor.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Of the population of Hawaii there are nearly three times more Japanese than Hawaiians.

NEW TRIMMING FOR OLD HATS ARTISTIC

Thrifty Young Women Can Get Ideal Effects By Using Net, Lace, Linen Or Ratine.

The midsummer fad of covering straw hats with net, lace, ratine, linen silk or satin, appeals to the thrifty young woman who has kept her becoming hats over from last summer It takes little skill in millinery to convert these leftovers into the latest thing in headgear, according to an exchange.

As it is one of the features of this fashion that part of the straw may be covered and the rest left plain, a clever girl can easily decide how to adapt the covering scheme to the hat in hand For instance, if the crown of a white chip hat has been badly burned by the summer sun, over it goes a covering of material thick enough to hide the objectionable crown.

Taffeta, satin, moire or chiffon cloth is excellent for this purpose if the hat is intended for dressy wear. Linen ratine or any of the fancy printed cottons would be the choice for a hat of a more practical type.

If the edge of the brim has been burned past redeeming it may be covered with a fold or a puff to match the crown. Even with this substantial covering should the defects still be noticeable, the remaining portions of straw may be covered with tightly stretched net or with plaitings of lace, according to the whim of the wearer.

Fancy mesh veiling is used for stretching over straw hats, but this is of little service in hiding a discolored straw. When plaited lace is used, it is as effectual as a fabric in concealing straws that have become discolored.

A covered hat recently concocted by a home milliner was of white chip, the crown and upper part of the brim having been sunburned past recovery. As the under part of the brim was still good the repairs were confined to the crown, upper brim and edge.

PARTY SUGGESTION FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Madame Merri This Week Outlines Plan Based On the Story Of the Pot Of Gold.

BY MADAME MERRI.

From our earliest childhood we have heard of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and many of us are still in quest of it. Remembering this, a mother planned a pleasing novelty when she asked 14 guests to her little daughter's birthday picnic, which was held on the lawn from "3 to 5". She had made a canopy in the rainbow colors; red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, from strips of cloth, under which the basket luncheon was served. Then she provided beanbags in the same colors, with a board containing three different-sized openings, into which the bags were thrown. This board was very much like an ironing board, one end elevated about three feet, the other resting on the ground. The large opening counted 15, the next ten and the smallest one five; the game was to see who could make the best score with the seven bags. This amused the children for some time, as each one of the 14 had to have a turn. Next there was a soap bubble blowing contest. A net made from seven narrow rainbow-hued strips of tarlatan was stretched and securely fastened. The children were divided into sides, seven in each, and all given pipes tied with a bow made from the seven colors of baby ribbon. The stunt was for the first seven to try to blow bubbles over the net, the other side trying to prevent them going over by fanning them back with little palm leaf fans or breaking them with their pipes. The blowers were placed about four feet from the net and the "fanners" an equal distance on the other side. The game was to see which side could blow over 10 bubbles. There was a timekeeper, or rather an umpire.

The most fun of all was when the hostess gave each child a sand shovel and told them to dig for the pot of gold. There was a fine big sandpile and the children went vigorously to work. Many treasures had been buried, but the finder of a small gilded pot was to be the lucky mortal, and a wee rosebud maiden of six was the fortunate one. The "pot" contained chocolate bon-bons wrapped in gilt paper. They were the little flat chocolates about the size of a cent. The children were delighted with the supper, which was daintly packed in baskets.

SNAKES BLOCK TRAFFIC; HELP! PIG IS A SUICIDE

Winsted, Conn.—Snakes are interfering with the attendance upon church meetings in Bakersville. Since the drought began the reptiles come down from the mountains to drink and get so water-logged they lie stretched across the dust-covered roads, blocking traffic. Some of the snakes are as large around as a man's arm, and horses, as well as men, are afraid of them, consequently midweek churchgoers have an excuse to stay at home—they're making use of it.

Thomas Lovely, of Lee, is showing a black woodchuck which his dog chased up a tree. Lovely dislodged the chuck by shaking the tree and killed it with a club.

Superintendent C. M. Shine, of the state bird farm in Windsor, thinks remorse or the heat caused one of his young pigs to commit suicide. He found the missing porker dead in a brook, head downward.

Allan Bissell, of Bantam, captured a 54-pound turtle in Bantam lake after a hard struggle. He was in a boat gathering water lilies when he got hold of the turtle by the tail, but before he succeeded in landing it he had been pulled overboard and towed a considerable distance.

A propensity to seek the shades of learning was fatal to 83 snakes the other day when Elmer Thompson, Dewey Thompson, Earl Snowberger and Harry Stouffer came across them in a stone wall of an old school house near Old Forge. The boys plied clubs until all were dead. The snakes were variable lengths, ranging from one foot to six feet. All were black except three, which were of the house snake variety. The massacree was so complete that no reptiles are left in the vicinity of Old Forge.

An attempt made in Maine on the Fourth of July to celebrate it by making a rooster drunk, by feeding him bread soaked in whisky, failed utterly. He was evidently used to prohibition ways.

Result of the Primary.

It had been a hard day at the polls. The addition of nearly a thousand women's votes to the poll made the counting a prolonged proposition.

"Well, James," said Mrs. Wallicky, as her husband returned from his arduous labors as a teller, "how did the vote go?"

"Nine hundred and two votes for Bildad, seven hundred and fifty-three for Slathers, eight recipes for tomato ketchup, four wash lists and a milliner's bill," said Wallicky. "It was a mighty interesting vote."—Judge.

Incredible.

"Cholly told me solemnly yesterday that he once had a brainstorm."

"Pooh, pooh! I'd just as soon believe that a jelly fish could have the backache."