THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY BARONESS ORCZY. Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Petticoat Rule," Etc.

SYNOPSIS. The story opens in Brussels. Louisa 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 taxi-cab; his companion who had left the cab some time before and told the chauffeur to drive to a certain address, has disap-peared 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 impostor.

Suddenly the alleged Phillip de Mountford appears in London. After a short interview with Lord Radciiffe his claims
are recognized and he is installed as heir.
Without explanation Luke is practically
discovned. Phillip seems to exert unlimited influence over Lord Radciiffe which
puzzles his friends and defies investigation. Lord Radciiffe 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 Jilind 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 Fhilip 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.

fesses his guilt.

Here the heart of a woman discerns his lie and the real truth that he is protecting someone else. Immediately she asks herself—who? and intuitively reasons that Luke's love for his uncle must be bound up with the solution. In the meantime the unice has been stricken and no one permitted to see him. She demands that she be allowed to talk to him. Her request is denied but she insists, finally the physician grants permission. Lord Radeliffe recognizes no one and does not understand what is said to him. Alone with him for a moment she rehearses the story to him, although he is apparently unconscious. At the mention of Luke's name and the fact that he is accused of the murder Lord kadeliffe shows signs of induigence. When the physician returns he has spoken and demands that what he has to say be taken down and witnessed. He dictates a statement. The so-called Phillip de Mountford who has been passing as his heir was an imposter. Such a person had at one time existed and began the correspondence more than a year before. Lord Radeliffe met him in Brussels to examine the proofs which he found correct. In his indecision between his duty to the real heir and his passionate affection for Luke he invites the real Phillip de Mountford to ride with him through the streets of Brussels. Suddenly the impulse seizes him to solve the problem then and therehence, the murder in the taxicab which Louisa had witnessed.

CHAPTER XXXIII-(Continued.)

This last question came abruptly, in harsh, trenchant tones, altogether different to those of her smooth contraito voice. He turned his eyes away from her face, and looked down at his own hands, which were clasped in front of

hands, which were clasped in front of him.

"Because," he replied without the slightst hesitation, "I cannot face what lies before me if I remain."

"Why not?"

"For many reasons. There's Uncle Rad to consider first and foremost, then Edie, and Jim, and Frank."

"What have they to do with it?"

"Everything. After the evidence at the inquest today a warrant will be out for my arrest within the next few hours."

What of it?" "The evidence against me is over-

thelming. I should be tried, perhaps whelming. I should be tried, perhaps hanged, for murder, at best sent to penal servitude for life. I cannot chance that. I must think of Uncle Rad, of "You have yourself to think of first and foremost."

he retorted simply, "I have thought of myself, and I do not see how with my own dagger-stick brought up in evidence against me, and my ill-feeling toward—toward the dead man so well known. I can possibly escape condemnation." condemnation.

He spoke in such even and perfectly he spoke in such even and perfectly natural tones, that just for a moment—it was a mere flash—Louise wondered if he were absolutely sane. It seemed impossible that any man could preserve such calm in face of the most appalling fate that ever threatened human being. She, too, like the indifferent, hide-based efficient this afternoon was seized ne, too, like the indifferent, hide-und official this afternoon was seized bound official this afternoon was seized with an irrepressive desire to break through that surface of ice. The outer covering must be very thin, she thought; her presence must have melted all the coldness that lay immediately helow the surface. Without saying another word, quietly and simply she came down on her knees. Her skirts had not swished as she did so, not a sound from her revealed the movement. When he looked up again, her face was on a level with his, and her eyes—those great luminous eyes that shed no tears at moments such as this—looked straight into his own.

"For pity's sake, Lou," he said, "don't make a drivelling coward of me now."

make a drivelling coward of me now. And he rose, pushing his chair aside, leaving her there, kneeling beside the desk, humbled and helpless. And he retreated within the shadow of the

consequences of this crime cannot be faced—not by any one—not by me. There's Uncle Rad to think of first. He is broken and ill; he has more than one foot in the grave. The first. He is broken and ill; he has more than one foot in the grave. The trial and the scandal couldn't be kept from him; it would be bound to leak out sooner or later. It would be too big a scandal, and it would kill him outright. Then, you see, Lou, it would never do! I should be Earl of Radclyffe and a felon—it wouldn't do, now would it? Who has ever heard of a peer undergoing a life sentence—or being hanged? It wouldn't do—you know it wouldn't do—"

He reitersted this several times with

He reiterated this several times, with quaint insistence, as if he were discussing with her the possibility or impossibility of attending a race meeting, or a ball in Lent, she proving abstinate.

sibility of attending a race meeting, or a ball in Lent, she proving abstinate.

She did not reply, leaving him to ramble on in his somewhat wild speech, hoping that if she let him talk on uninterruptedly, he would sooner or later betray something of that enigma which lay hidden behind the wooden mask which he still so persistently wore.

"Besides," he continued, still arguing, "there's Frank to think of—the next heir to the title. I believe that people in penal servitude live an unconscionable time—especially if they are wanted to die. Think of poor old Frank waiting to come into his own—into an old title held by a felon. It is all much too much of a muddle, Lou. It is simpler that I should go—"
"But," she said, really trying now to speak as simply, as calmly as he did himself, "all these arguments which you are using now, Luke, will equally apply if you make yourself a fugitive from justice."

"Oh, I shouldn't be that for very long!" he said lightly. he began.

"Oh, I shouldn't be that for very long!" he said lightly.

"You are thinking of suicide?"

"No," he replied simply, "I am not. Only of the chances of a wandering

life."
"You seem to look at every chance,
Luke, except one."
"Which one is that." "That though you might be arrested, though you might be accused and even tried for the murder of—of that man—

"No, Lou, I am shielding no one."

"It was you who killed that man—
Philip de Mountford—or Paul Baker—
whoever he may be?"

And he answered her firmly, looking steadily into her face:

"It was I."

his forehead

his forehead.

"Luke," she said gently, "it would do you such a lot of good if you would only let yourself go."

He had contrived to get hold of her hands; those hands which he loved so dearly, with their soft, rose tinted palms and the scent of sweet peas which clung to them. His own hot fingers closed on those small hands. She stood before him, tall, elegant—not beautiful! Louisa Harris had never been beautiful, nor yet a fairy princess of romance—only a commonplace women! mance—only a commonplace women! A woman of the world, over whose graceful form, her personality even, convention invariably threw her manconvention invariably threw her man-tle—but a woman for all that—with a passion burning beneath the crust of worldly sang froid—with heart attuned to feel every quiver, every sensation of joy and of pain. A woman who loved with every fiber in her—who had the supreme gift of merging self in love— of giving all, her soul, her heart, her mind and every thought—a woman who roused every chord of passion in a man's heart—the woman whom men adore!

desk, humbled and helpless. And he desk, humbled and helpless. And he retreated within the shadow of the retreated within the shadow and presently his hand wandered with the old familiar gesture down on the chair set of her and shadow, and presently his hand wandered with the cold familiar gesture down on the chair set of her and set of the chair set of the ch

delight of hearing him unburdening his soul at last. His love for her! Never had it seemed so great and so pure, now that he spoke of parting! And there was a quaint joy in hearing him thus rambling on—he, the reserved man of the world. Convention had so often sealed his lips and restrained his passion when he was wandering happily with her on the smooth paths of love. Now Fetched buyled stone upon Now Fate had hurled stone upon stone down that path. The way was rugged and difficult, parting too, was close at hand; all the restraint of past months tore at the barrier of conven-tion. Luke about to lose the mortal presence of his love, allowed his lips to say that which he had hidden in his heart for so long. The man of the world lost himself in the man who loved. When he had ceased speaking she said quietly:

said, quietly:
"You talk, Luke, as if we were going to part. Tonight, Lou. I must catch the night boat to Calais."
"My luggage can be sent on," she rejoined, simply. "I am quite ready to

"To start?" he repeated, vaguely.

"Why, yes, Luke," she replied with a smile, "if you go tonight or at any time, I go with you."

"You cannot, Lou!" he stammered, almost stupidly, feeling quite bewildered, for he had been forcibly dragged back from a happy dreamlike state, to one of impossible reality.

"Why not?"

"You have said it yourself, Lou. I shall be a fugitive from justice * * * * a man with whom no decent woman would care to link her fate."

"Let us admit, then,' she said almost gaily, "that I am not a decent woman, for my fate is irretrievably linked with yours." yours."
"This is preposterous • • • •

But already she had interrupted him, speaking quietly in that even, contral voice of hers which he loved to hear. voice of hers which he loved to hear.

"Luke," she said, "you must try and understand. You must, because I have so fully made up my mind, that nothing that you could say would make me change it, unless you told me that you no longer loved me. And this," she added with the ghost of a smile, "you cannot now pretend, Luke, after all that you said just now. It is not that my mind wanted making up. My mind has very little to do with it all. It knows just as my heart does that I could not now live without you. I'm not talking nonsense, Luke, and I seem to be too old for mere sentimental twaddle! therefore, when I say that I could not now live parted from you, I say it from the innermost conviction

say it from the innermost conviction of my heart. Sh—sh—dear," she whis-pered, seeing that he wished to inter-

"No, Lou, I am shielding no one."

"It was you who killed that man—Philip de Mountford—or Paul Baker—whoever he may be?"
And he answered her firmly, looking steadily into her face:

"It was I."
She said nothing more then, but rose to her feet, and went quite close up to him. With a gesture that had no thought of passion in it, only sublime, motherly love, she took Luke's head in both her hands and pressed it to her heart.

"My poor old Luke!" she murmured. She smoothed his hair as a mother does to an afflicted child; the motherly instinct was up in arms now, even fighting the womanly, the passionate instinct of a less selfless love. She bent down and kissed his forehead.

"Luke" she reld goath, "it mould as sacred, as binding as any that are contracted on this earth. You—when you see that letter, when you first spoke to me of love — entered into a bond with me. You have no right to force me to break it."

The mellow tones of her contralto voice died down in the heavy atmosphere of the room. They echoed and re-echoed in the heart of the man, who was now kneeling before Louisa, as he would before the Madonna, dumb with the intensity of emotion which her sacrifice had brought to an almost maddening pitch. She stood there near him, so devoted, so noble, and so pure, do you wonder or will you smile, when you see him with fair, young head bowed to the ground pressing his lips on the point of her shoe?

"Luke! don't," she cried in passionate sympathy.

sympathy.

(Continued Next Week.)

HEADLINE ENGLISH. From World's Work.

Apropos of Thomas Hardy's indict-ment of American headlines for having ruined English literature, a writer says:

says:

"Headline English, bars, bans, hits, flays, halts, wires, bolts, ousts and does many other like brief and breezy feats, but it does them in season and out of season, grammatically or ungrammatically. Headline English is a language of little words which have consented to be tortured into availability for hundreds of situations for which they are not intended. It has only one a passion burning beneath the crust of worldly sang froid—with heart attuned to feel every quiver, every sensation of joy and of pain. A woman who loved with every fiber in her—who had the supreme gift of merging self in love—of giving all, her soul, her heart, her mind and every thought—a woman who roused every chord of passion in a man's heart—the woman whom men adore!

And now as Luke de Mountford held her hands, and she stood close beside him, her breath coming and going in quick gasps, with the suppressed excitement of latent self sacrifice, her eyes glowing and tearless, he half slid from the chair on which he was sitting and one knee was on the ground, and his face turned up to hers.

He almost smiled as she repeated, with a little sigh:

"If I would let myself dwindle down to the level of drivilling fools," he said.

WOMAN WORKS OUT PROBLEM

Mrs. Sarah Erickson Declares the Hen Lays an Egg at the Same Hour She Was Born.

What time o' day
Does a hen lay?
That question has puzzled poultry fanciers for unnumbered decades, but now, it seems, it has been satisfactorily solved by a woman. She is Mrs. Sarah Erickson of Falconer, N. Y. Having kept chickens for 37 years, she believes she qualifies as an expert in this line of effort,

"I have worked out the problem," she declares. "By using marked leg-bands, trap nests and alarm clocks attached to the nests I have determined that a hen lays an egg at the same hour, minute and second that she was born, or, rather, hatched. For instance, if the hen happened to be able to peck its way through its shell at 7:43 a. m., she will lay an egg at precisely 7:43 a. m. And she will do this without variation every time she is inclined to lay. I have kept close, systematic watch on my hens for five years, and I have never known the rule to fail."

Old Roman Wall Unearthed. A part of the wall which once enclosed old St. Paul's, London, has been discovered in excavations at the corner of Paternoster Row and St. Paul's alley in London. The wall, which is about 60 feet long, is made of chalk and rubble, and was built in the twelfth century. On the same site pieces of a Roman amphora, Roman vases and some Samian ware have also been found. Other "finds" include a camel's skull unearthed in High Holborn and a large quantity of pipes of the eighteenth century. Under some old stables in Bartholomew Closeone of the oldest parts of Londonthree Norman arches have been found. They are close to one another, and are believed to have formed part of the cloisters of the priory which once stood on this site.

Obliging.

A young man who had never testifled before was called before the court as a witness in a certain case. He was somewhat flustered over the attention that was being paid him, and mumbled his words so that the young woman stenographer could not hear them distinctly. He was told to speak plainly and to turn toward the stenographer.

"Speak to the stenographer," said the prosecutor. At that the young man arose and

with a deep bow to the lady said, "How do you do?"—Satire.

Crime to Kiss. In Russia it is a crime for lovers to kiss in public, and not very long ago two young women and two young women were arrested in Odessa for having been guilty of this offense They had all been dining together in a restaurant, and kissed on parting. They were condemned to short terms of imprisonment, and the sentences were confirmed on appeal. The general fine in Russia for a kiss in the open street is 15 shillings, but in a tramcar it may cost anything up to 25 shillings.

The Educational Step-Ladder. We know what kindergarten is for: It is to educate children for the primary grades.

We know what the primary grades are for: they are to educate children for the grammar grades. We know what the grammar grades

are for; they are to educate children for high school. We know what the high school is

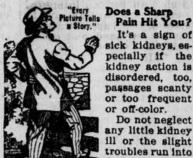
for: it is to educate children for college. But what does college fit you for?-

Riga's Trade Distinction. The growth in lumber shipments from Riga, totaling 97,400,000 cubic feet in 1910, ranks this port among the world's greatest timber exporters. The greater part of this trade was in sawed lumber. Britain took over half of the amount exported.

idrs. Winslows Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamme-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Adv.

Many a man fools himself with the pelief that his wisdom is superior to that of the late Mr. Solomon.

Whenever You Use Your Back



It's a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered, too, passages scanty or too frequent or off-color. Do not neglect

any little kidney ill or the slight troubles run into dropsy, gravel, stone or Bright's disease.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills. This good remedy cures bad kidneys. A TYPICAL CASE—

L. C. Warner, 1206 N. Garfield Ave., Pocatello, Idaho, says: "Kidney complaint often confined me to bed for weeks. I passed kidney stones and the pain was terrible. Morphine was my only relief until I used Loan's Kidney Pilis. After taking this remedy the stones dissolved and passed without pain. I am now free from kidney trouble."

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it; for there is no better value anywhere.

Duke's Mixtu



City Cousin-The hotel you were stopping at, was it on the American or European plan?

Country Cousin-Waal, I don't jest exactly know, but I think it must hev bin on th' get-rich-quick plan.

A Pen and Ink Shakespeare. Woodrow Wilson, on a recent visit to Atlantic City, referred good humoredly to his rather illegible handwriting. "But my hand is nothing," he said.

to that of Horace Greeley. "Poor Greeley once quoted from Shakespeare in a leading article, "Tis

true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.' This appeared the next day: "'Tis two, 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty, 'tis

Improved Vacuum Cleaner. A new vacuum cleaner, designed to be operated by water power in a sink or bathtub, consists of two suction pumps driven by a water wheel. and a chamber in which the dust is collected, to be washed away by the waste water.

Art Statistics.

We imported last year \$17,643,000 worth of works of art, 20 years old and over, free of duty, besides \$673,-135 worth of art works produced abroad by Americans. We exported \$989,321 worth of paintings and statu-

Minor Bookkeeping Item. A small item was overlooked in the bookkeeping department of the United States navy. It was the charge for guns installed on the battleships Florida and Utah. The item was for the trifling sum of \$1,800,000.

The man who shoots at random never hits the target.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

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