

# Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

## CHAPTER I.

It was in Paris, on the last of those fatal days in June, 1848, and the St. Jacques was a pandemonium. The whole street was one long line of barricades made of stones, timber, barrels, and anything that could be used for a weapon. In fact, desperate men would lay their hands on and pile up high a haystack.

Overhead the fierce June sun blazed in a cloudless sky, and the soldiers panting with the parching heat, their faces black with powder, their uniforms torn to shreds. Shirt-sleeved and bareheaded, they fought on, leaving no man alive where they had passed.

While the frantic din roared and crashed in the street below, an old man sat on the top floor of a small, tumble-down building at the back of one of the narrow houses. He was tall and thin, a girl of some sixteen or seventeen years, as frail in figure as the man, with eyes which as yet were but little apparent promise of a beauty to come but in a curious glitter in a pair of big, top-blue eyes, crouched in a corner of the room, holding her hands to her ears. The man rose at last. His right leg was paralyzed, and he dragged it along painfully and awkwardly as he walked. He limped slowly to the closed door, and listened.

"They are coming nearer," he gasped, while his face grew whiter and his eyes glittered feverishly. "They are coming nearer. They will kill me like a dog. No, like a snake!"

The girl rose and went to him and threw her white arms around his neck and clung to him.

"There may be an escape," she whispered, hoarsely. "Surely they will not kill an old man like you, who is unarmed and can do no harm."

"I know better," he growled. "They have not forgotten that my 'Song of the Streets' was sung in every wine shop. They will kill me, and—there, I do not mind. One or two bayonet thrusts, and there will be an end. I am tired of being hunted and of dragging myself from cellar to roof, and from roof to cellar."

She clung to him again and kissed his cold lips. An instinctive shudder crept through him at the touch, and he panted, as with one convulsive and nearly agonized clutch he gripped her by the shoulder and looked into her big eyes.

"I am not so very terrible," he questioned, with a feverish tremor. "Am I a wolf or a tiger?"

"No, father, dear," she said; "you are the best and the kindest of men. If you would only tell me why you are always so troubled, why such a load seems always to be crushing you down? And now, in this terrible hour, who knows? There may be hope for you still!"

"There is somebody coming up the stairs," he cried, with frantic terror in every feature. "Go and see who it is."

ing excitedly. "You must not remain here. I know a way."

The room was a tiny one, barely ten feet square, and even part of that space was rendered useless by the slanting of the garret roof. There was but one little window high up in the wall, and it could only be reached by standing on a chair. Even that was shattered, and the light entered but sparsely.

"Open the shutter there," said the old man quietly—so quietly now that the difference of tone sounded remarkable even to Helene, who was habituated to his changes of mood. "Look out cautiously. See if you notice smoke across the unfinished building opposite, or signs of fighting."

Helene brought a stool and stepped on it, and peered out between the partly opened shutters.

"They have passed the house in the other street, father," she said. "They are fighting perhaps fifty yards away."

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed the old man. "There is time to save you yet."

He limped toward the trunk that stood in the corner, and took from it a coil of rope.

"Take this, my girl," he said. "You must get into the store closet. The little window there is at the side and sheltered from view by the projection of the main building. You can get out that way unobserved. You are light and lithe and can lower yourself with this to the roof of the shed below. Is there anybody in the yard?"

"Nobody," said the girl; "not a soul."

"I cannot do it myself," he went on, calmly. "I am too old, and I am a cripple; but you can get away in that manner. When you are on the roof of the shed you can let yourself down from that into the yard. After that you can make your way out into the street as soon as it is safe. They won't hurt a girl like you, but they would kill me like a dog."

"But, father," pleaded the girl, "I do not want to go away. I do not want to leave you. I want to stay here with you."

He feebly clasped his hands, and listened, with body forward, bent for the sounds on the staircase. The roar below continued, and he drew himself up, breathing a heavy sigh.

"Her brother's son," he muttered; "Lord Yorley's son, Agatha's nephew, and Helene's cousin. Another of the brood who sold my love away from me and afterward hunted me over the face of the earth. So he is intent on finding her." He sneered; "so noble-minded, so disinterested! Helene's millions, Helene's lands—they offer no attraction. Of course not! Master Walter is only impelled by pure love for his fair, his wronged cousin! Ha! ha! He will not find her. She shall not be contaminated by the gold which broke my life in two, which wrecked all my hopes. For gold her mother was barred away from me. She shall be untouched by the curse. He knows her not, has never seen her since she was a baby. Now she is free, and I can trust the man to whom she goes to guard her against that crew for all the world."

CHAPTER III.

The face of the tenth barricade in the Rue St. Jacques was silent; no more flashes of musketry, no more puffs of smoke. Every one of the defenders lay behind the barrier of stones, dead or dying. A little further up the street another crowd of desperate men stubbornly awaited the charge of the National Guards, who swarmed over the barricades with hard-set lips, and bayonets fixed with human blood.

"Down with them! Kill the dogs!"

And they swept on, smashing away at the doors of houses, bursting in shutters with the butt-ends of their muskets, rushing upward and onward, and planning the unfortunate wretches whom they found against the walls like so many flies.

Two men charged among that furious crowd, both of them eager to reach the heart of the fight, both of them rushing onward, sword and pistol in hand, but neither of them really bloodthirsty at heart nor cruelly disposed to their fellow creatures.

One of them was a broad-chested, straight-limbed young fellow of about four and twenty, fair-haired and blue-eyed; a set of white teeth shone beneath a stubby reddish moustache, its color barely distinguishable amid the grimace of powder and dirt with which the whole face was besmeared.

(To be continued.)

Accustomed For.

A certain football club had received its first reverse of the season. This was the more galling when the defeated ones reflected that their conquerors had absolutely no pretensions to "class" being, on paper at least, the weakest team in the district.

# WOMEN AND FASHION

## Over-Careful Housekeeping.

When a child of twelve years I visited at the house of a lady who prided herself upon her housekeeping, and whose neighbors justly gave her credit for a great degree of proficiency in that department of life, says a writer in the Housewife. My remembrance of that visit always brings a chill, and I turn my thoughts as quickly as possible into another channel, even though I am now middle-aged. If a chair in any room was left awry it was immediately set straight; if a window shade was raised or lowered above or below the regulation line, it was at once put in place. If by any carelessness dirt or litter, however small in quantity, or harmless in its nature, was to be seen anywhere within the limits of that household the broom, always at hand, was brought into use, to the shame of the individual guilty of such carelessness.

The husband was, unfortunately, not in sympathy with the strict regime in vogue, so he had his fair share of trouble, for in my presence he bore scolding and snubbing so patiently that my child heart pitied him, and I remember that more than once, in my simplicity, I tried to be kind to him, to atone for this lack of appreciation and privilege in his own household. Since that time I have known of other households of like character—where no dirt accumulates, no freedom in the use even of chairs is encouraged, because disorder causes; no flies linger pleasantly buzzing in the sunshine, for no sunshine is welcomed or tolerated for reasons well known, and the housewife soon learns wisdom and departs for Paris less despondent; no children are welcome, except accompanied by watchful mamma's or faithful attendants, who will nervously restrain every attempt at investigation or familiarity with people or objects on the part of these little folks who soon wish to leave such an atmosphere and enter that of some loving housekeeper, who will kindly allow them all reasonable privileges, and who will enjoy the spontaneous outburst of childhood innocence, no freedom is tolerated that encroaches upon the set regulations of "the good housekeeper."

Now, I would like to inquire if it is not better to live in a comfortable manner, making all around feel at home, even if disorder and a certain amount of dirt, actual dirt, is sometimes apparent? Is it not better to relax the hold than to keep in the grip the entire family, and all guests who are so hardy as to venture within the lines? Is it "good housekeeping" to make your home a model of neatness, exactness and regularity, at the expense of personal enjoyment and comfort? Is not the so-called "good housekeeper" many times misnamed? No; that we advocate untidiness, disorder and indifference concerning the details of home life, upon which so largely depend our comfort and happiness; but is it not better to take medium ground, and strive to be a caretaker without letting our right hand know what our left hand doeth?

Is it not more polite and safer to ignore the carelessness and lack of thoughtfulness on the part of our guests than to painfully remind them by our haste to make amends or restore order in their presence? It is wise to train our children to ways of order and care-taking, but if we judiciously "nag" them we shall fail in our object, and possibly estrange them from the home life.

O mistaken wife and mother, such a habit in your busy life would be a grand investment and return you a hundred-fold. Many a husband and father has wandered into some gilded saloon just to while away a few moments, until the habit has grown upon him, and his home has lost its charm—he seeks it only as a duty at a resting place. Young wives and housekeepers, even those who have no domestic help, we counsel you to give your husbands all of your society that their business relations allow. The dishes can wait—so can the broom and the duster—but your husband's affection and devotion will surely wane and wither if you do not foster and cherish as a tender plant. Without love and contentment, of what avail are the commendable qualities of good housekeeping? With love and contentment they are all important factors. Let us then, one and all, old and young strive to avoid the breakers of "over-careful housekeeping."

To Wash Lace Curtains.

First brush them with a turkey wing, such as many have for dusting purposes. Make a good strong soap suds; put the suds and curtains in a tub, and with a steamer, that is not rusted, press them, turning the curtains over often, and you will be surprised to see how the suds on the steamer will take out the dirt. Use clean water until they are thoroughly cleaned. Rinse in the same way. Do not wring, but squeeze out the water. Stretch up a barb wire, and when there is no wind blowing, hook the curtains on the bars, stretching them carefully. Or perhaps a better way is to make a frame the size of the curtains. Drive finishing nails about the distance of the scallops, and turn the nails a little to form hooks. Hook

## DAINTY COIFFURES AND SMART BLOUSES.



the curtains on, stretching them as desired. Clamps used for bed quilt frames on the corners are very convenient for making the frame of any desired size. Several curtains can be dried at the same time by putting them one on top of the other. They can be starched and dried in this way and be better than ironing, it being much easier.

When Writing a Letter.

Use only black ink.

Avoid writing over the head of your correspondent.

Never use words with which you are not familiar.

Do not fill your letter with lengthy excuses for your silence.

Always use unruled paper of fine texture. Avoid a pronounced color.

## Modified Gibson Waist.



Waist in modified Gibson style with three wide plaits between a group of narrow ones back and front. The narrow plaits are held in front by overlapping shaped pieces that are finished with buttons. Full sleeves with deep cuffs.

Fashion Notes.

Small jet buttons are in vogue.

Colored velvets are preferred to black.

For blue hats blue roses have been provided.

High crowns are trimmed against the crown.

## Good Things to Eat AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM.

Granulated sugar makes a better meringue than powdered sugar.

When making coffee scatter a pinch of salt over the grits; this will bring out the flavor.

When mixing mustard for the table, it is a great improvement to gradually add a little salad oil.

Corn should be boiled as soon as possible after picking, for no vegetable loses its flavor more quickly.

A good thick gravy is procured only by bringing it to the boil while stirring and cooking till it leaves the sides of the pan.

## Suit for Young Girl.



Suit of golden-brown Venetian cloth. Gored skirt and bolero with flowing sleeves and extended shoulders. Triumfing of fancy braid a shade darker. A good model for mohair setting.