

Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Helene was Mr. Herbert Beringuay's only child, and the heiress of his vast estates and funded monies. If she died without heirs, all those millions reverted to her uncle, Mr. Robert Beringuay. It was, therefore, a matter of great moment to Mr. Robert Beringuay to know that he was to be able to prove that Helene was his, and while Helene's cousin on the mother's side, Walter Gladys, went in search of the girl in his own honest, frank fashion, in the hope of finding and proving her alive, Mr. Robert Beringuay employed Mr. Bernard Quayle to ferret her out, and especially gave him the ominous instruction that he was to produce proofs of Helene's death.

The morning dawned as cloudless as the previous day had been. Paris was still asleep after a day of carnage and a night of suffering and terror, when Bernard Quayle awoke and jumping from his bed with the alertness of a man accustomed to early rising and speedily dressing, unlocked the little room in which Henri still slept. He stepped and took the sleeper roughly.

"Get up!" he cried. "Do you want to sleep forever? Get up and dress yourself."

With this, he flung to the young man a suit of his own clothing of English make, together with a shirt, hat and boots of similar manufacture.

"Nobody will recognize you in these," he said. "They will take you for an honest man."

"I am not so sure about that," said Henri, stolidly. "They may take me for you."

And he equipped himself in Mr. Quayle's garments. Barely ten minutes were taken up by dressing.

"Now go and find out whether that girl is alive or not," said Quayle. "If I find her, I will let you know immediately. All her letters, remember, are as usual. Speech may be silver, but silence is gold," and Quayle pulled out his purse, and took out a ten-franc piece.

"Ten francs?" cried the young man; "what do I do with that? I shall have to get lots of fellows, and spend lots of money in finding out for you what you want to know, and that cannot be done with ten francs."

"Here is another ten francs," said Quayle, adding another coin. "Surely that is enough. Now go on, and come back the moment you can."

The young man put the two gold pieces in his pocket. He was about to go, when he turned. "What is my name?" he asked on a sudden. "Henri Sainton might be dangerous. Surely you know some name which you might father on to me."

"Let me see, John Roberts is not a bad name. Do you think you can pronounce it—John Roberts? You are an Englishman, born in Canada. Your mother was a Canadian, who spoke nothing but French, and you have forgotten all the English you ever knew. You have just come over from London to be my secretary. That will do."

"What a clever man you are!" exclaimed Henri, admiringly. "Let me see—John Roberts—John Roberts," he added, in his quaint French pronunciation of the name. "Yes. That will do."

It was not yet midday when Henri returned.

"Well, is she dead?" asked Quayle, eagerly.

"No," was Henri's reply, "not at all. I have seen her."

"Seen her?" gasped the Englishman. "Where is she?"

"She is nursing the wounded at the overflow ward of the School of Medicine hospital."

"She is alive, you say, and nursing the wounded. You are sure of that? Did you speak to her?" asked Quayle.

"No," answered Henri; "I did not dare, but I know her. There is no doubt about it."

Quayle clinched his fist, and sat for awhile in his armchair, wrapped in thought. At last he pulled out his purse.

"Here," he said, "take this, but keep an eye on her, and come back to me to-morrow morning. Let me know where she is. And if she leaves the hospital follow her and bring me her address."

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CHAPTER VI.

Walter Gladys had been lying for a week in Dr. Adams' little room nursed by Helene, who divided her time between the young Englishman and the other sufferers downstairs, and as yet he had shown no appreciation of his position, of pain, or of the place in which he was, or of the people who surrounded him.

He was alive. That was all that could be said. He breathed and took occasional slight and stimulating nourishment, but motion was nearly absent. He did not speak, and gave expression to no sign or sound which showed people to judge that he heard.

"I am glad of one thing," said Adams to the young students who surrounded him as he diagnosed the case, "that the spinal concussion is of the slightest kind; but there is other damage just as serious—brain damage."

Meanwhile not the slightest proof of his identity could be obtained. One day, however, Henri came to Mr. Quayle and said: "I have found out something new. Helene is nursing an Englishman—a tall, fair, red-mustached Englishman."

"That shows me what you are worth," sneered Mr. Quayle. "You tell me what I have known for these three days past. Do you know who the young man is? Well, I will tell you. Helene is nursing her cousin, a young man who is madly in love with her, and who has come over to Paris on purpose to find her and marry her."

"Her cousin, you say?" exclaimed Henri. "And he wants to marry her?"

"Why should not he?" smilingly asked Quayle. "He is a gentleman, and has heaps of money, and from all I am told she is very fond of him already."

Henri clinched his fists, and impatiently tapped his leg with his cane. He thought for a moment, wrapped in thought, then he burst out violently.

"I know who he is. Of course, I ought to know. Old Jean pointed him out to me once and said: 'If you love Helene, keep from that man as you would from the plague. Warn me of his presence whenever you see him.' I fired my pistol at the bound at the barricade, but I missed him. I won't miss him next time, I swear!"

"Not so fast, my friend," interposed Quayle; "you are rash. You forget that if you get yourself in the slightest trouble by a disturbance of any kind and get yourself arrested, you will go to prison. Therefore, don't excite yourself too much, but be guided by my advice. I can appreciate your sentiments, and I think with you that Mr. Walter—he arrested himself and went on more deliberately—that the young man is an undesirable acquaintance for Helene, especially," he added, with a staccato emphasis, "if she is fond of him, and you would rather that she were not fond of him. There, now," he went on, with a cunning glance, "I do believe you are jealous; but you must put a curb on your emotions. What you will have to do is to watch and wait, and above all, keep a bridle on your tongue and do exactly what I tell you."

Helene, indeed, had told him that her patient could speak English, but to every question Adams put to him he only answered "I don't know."

"Have you no friends with whom you wish to communicate?" persisted Adams.

A sigh escaped the wounded man.

"I don't know anybody," he said. "Nobody—but—the young lady there. She is very good."

"Very well," rejoined Adams; "she will continue her services while she may."

The troubled face became brighter and a happier light settled in the weak eyes.

"Yes," said Adams when he was alone with Helene, "I have got it. The injury to that ventricle of the brain has crushed his memory out of his mind, and until we can sufficiently relieve the pressure and repair the wound he will not remember anything of his past. We will have to solve the mystery somehow, for the cure may take years."

CHAPTER VII.

Helene was sixteen years of age. She had been brought up in a school in which many of her faculties had ripened beyond the normal. From her childhood forward she had known her guardian to play a game of hide-and-seek for life and liberty.

She knew little of what love meant, except such love as she felt for her presumed father. Every one of the girls she knew had a sweetheart; and when Henri came, bright-eyed, warm-hearted and voluble, Helene's acquaintances said that they would make a nice couple.

But Helene, though at times she liked to be near him and with him, had to admit to herself that Henri was not altogether the kind of man whom her girlish mind had painted as a hero.

After that came the time when Walter could speak, first of all with his eyes, and then with his tongue, and, shrouded as his mind was against all memory by the thick veil of his injury, the young man's questioning became most curious, and his questioning for his fair nurse so unbounded that a child might have read his heart's yearnings upon his face.

It was then that a new pleasure dawned upon Helene. She had never been able to conceive what a man's love for a woman could be, for Henri's attentions had roused her to but a poor appreciation. But when Walter touched her hand, the contact sent a thrill through her which, whether it were pleasurable or nearly painful, she at first could not tell, but she soon came to think that it was not to be much resisted.

She was in this happy frame of mind, totally oblivious of the fact that but a short time previously she had thought Henri a very pleasant companion, when in the late dusk of one evening, as she was returning from an errand, she was touched on the shoulder by a young man.

The young man was Henri, but his appearance and his style of dress were so changed that for the first moment she did not recognize him. Directly afterward, however, there came a glitter into the young fellow's dark eyes which put her on the right track.

"Oh, it is you!" she exclaimed, "Henri, I am so glad you are alive."

"For goodness' sake, be careful. I escaped with my life, but if I were discovered they might shoot me over the head."

"I am not Henri, but John Roberts."

"I am very sorry," replied the girl. "If I did anything that might harm you, you are surely certain that I would not betray you; I am very glad indeed to see that you have escaped. How are you getting on? You seem to be dressed in an extraordinary fashion."

"I am," he rejoined, rather proudly. "You are right. I am employed by a man who gives me whatever I ask."

"What are you doing, then? What is your employment?" asked Helene.

Henri gasped for an answer. Even his audacity and want of conscience did not allow him to go so far as to confess that he was employed to watch the girl who was even then speaking to him. He stroked his chin, and muttered a few unintelligible words.

"Oh! I do nothing much," he burst out on a sudden; "take messages, and all that sort of thing. My employer is an Englishman, and you will soon see him, for he has taken the flat right above the one in which you are living."

"I shall be glad," answered Helene. "I suppose I shall see you often, then?"

"Oh! very often," was the young man's rejoinder; and the girl ran away, saying that she was late already and had to return home.

As she sat again by Walter's bedside she could not help comparing the two men whose figures were uppermost in her mind. To Helene the task of waiting upon Walter became a work of delight. When at last Adams permitted her to take her patient, who was rapidly becoming convalescent except as his memory was concerned, as far as the public gardens, and to sit there with him in the sunshine among the flowers, she was as happy as a little queen.

The only thing which darkened her pleasure was that often Henri would stumble across her in her walks with Walter, and would stand near, or sit on a seat close by, with his face as dark as night, and a savage, cruel gleam in his eyes, such as she had not often seen there, but dreaded nevertheless.

Matters went on this way until one morning Adams, having risen earlier than usual, was sitting in his study, when he heard voices on the stairs. Helene was saying to somebody, "You really must not follow me about. I forbid you to do so."

"I know you are a young man," answered, "and you should not follow you about; I have known you longer than this Englishman. You did not treat me like this when Jean Lemure was alive. If he were here now, he would soon give you a piece of his mind."

Adams opened the door and saw Helene on the top of the stairs opposite his door. There were tears in her eyes. He knew not who the young man was, and for the moment cared not. He said quietly to the girl: "Come in, my dear. I will see to this."

Helene would not have willingly betrayed her former sweetheart, but she was a truthful girl, and challenged by Adams about the personality of her tormentor, she was bound to confess that the young man was Henri Sainton, and that he was employed by the English gentleman living upstairs.

This led Adams to inquire who the English gentleman might be, and when he was told that person was Mr. Bernard Quayle, a light dawned upon him. Mr. Bernard Quayle's name, and, indeed, his former appellation of John Roberts, were very well known to Mr. Adams, although Mr. Quayle was not aware that his personality was so secret to the American surgeon.

When the Louisianian learned who his fellow lodger in the house was, and that he employed no less a person than a former acquaintance of Jean Lemure, he quickly came to the conclusion that Quayle had come to the house for the purpose of spying upon him or Helene, or perhaps upon both. The same day he paid a visit to the police of the district.

The very next morning, when Henri entered his employer's rooms, a quiet knock was heard on the outer door, and Mr. Quayle, gently and guardedly opening the door, was roughly pushed into his own apartment. His amazement changed to abject fright when he saw a portly gentleman, dressed in a black frock coat, with a tricolor scarf around his waist, followed by four policemen, invade his privacy.

As neither Mr. Quayle nor the portly gentleman answered the questions of the police, they were conveyed to the cells of the prefecture to give them time for reflection upon their misdeeds.

Mr. Quayle was a wily rogue, and knew well that nothing could be gained by revealing his connection with Mr. Robert Beringuay. By affording a warning to Adams he would, he thought, endanger his chances of those possible fifty thousand pounds. Whatever happened to him, he surmised he could not be kept in prison forever, and once free again, wealth would be all the sweeter if seasoned by revenge.

At the end of five months Mr. Quayle and his friend Henri were tried by one of the summary courts then sitting. Both obtained passes to Toulon, where they were given employment, not at all to their liking, as galley slaves on the hulks.

(To be continued.)

Police Conversation.

In the days when conversation ran as an elegant art, to be cultivated with care, exception might have been taken to Miss Janet Miller's application of the word. Miss Miller, however, had her own ideas as to what constituted conversation in Brambleville.

Miss Miller was entertaining the sewing circle on the day when Mrs. Gregory, a summer resident, made her first appearance as a helpful member, and Miss Miller greeted her with great cordiality.

"You've come a mile late," she said cheerfully, "but that's no matter; the folks are in the full tide of conversation, two groups of 'em you see, and I'll introduce you round, soon as you choose which you'd rather join, and I can hand you your work. I c'rate from one group to the other. Those six ladies over in the bay window are hemming, and their subject of conversation just now is dish-mops. Those out in the back room are cutting and basting, and they are conversing about gas stoves. So you just name your choice, either one."

The hardest bird to catch is the eagle on a \$20 gold piece.

WOMEN AND FASHION

New Belts in Pretty Patterns.

Quite the prettiest things among belts that have appeared for a long time are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The first, an Oriental design, comes stamped in colors—after the manner of the cushion tops so popular just now—on a background of linen colored crash. This particular pattern is tinted in greens, browns, and dark and light blues, and is outlined in black embroidery silk. The spider webs are done in gold thread. Green

vessels on all seas. "Master" she will be known officially, although there seems a certain incongruity in the term. She is said to be alone in her honors upon the high seas, but she must share them on the examiners' books with a young Western woman, who last year won a license as master and pilot on steam vessels on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Her task may require less knowledge of navigation than that of the Philadelphia, but entails as a feat of memory an exact knowledge of every bend, bar, snag, landing, island, eddy, cutting bank, and practically every other feature, at all stages of water, in fifteen hundred miles of constantly changing river.

About Indian Wives.

From the Missouri to the Big Horn 4,000 squaw men testify that there is no wife like the Sioux woman, because there is no mother-in-law like the Sioux mother-in-law. This is why many a ranger argues that the Sioux tribe will be assimilated by the whites. Facts confirm this prediction, for reports from the reservation are that more than 300 Indian maidens became the wives of whites in the last year.

Women Barbers in India.

In India, where a man's trade is almost always determined by that of his father, the village barbers form a class apart. They always marry in caste; their wives, like themselves, are descended from countless generations of barbers. These women shave and cut

silk forms the lining of the belt, which is finished with a point at one end. The other belt is of heavy white linen. The design, tinted in light blue, and outlined with a double row of heavy white luster cotton, is especially pretty, having the effect of Roman embroidery, or cut-work. The dots are raised and worked solid. The belt is lined in light blue China silk.

Collar and cuff bands come in designs to match the belts and the whole unites a very attractive set to wear with a shirt waist suit.

Is Our Pace Too Fast.

The New Haven physician, who, in a recent address before the American Therapeutic Society, ascribed the weaknesses of the heart and the circulatory system now so common among certain classes of men and women to the high tension of modern life, was doubtless well within the truth. We keep up a fast pace everywhere, in our efforts to keep "in the swim" of business and society, gauging everything by the clock and rushing from one appointment to another at literally electric speed. "If we are actually sick," said this physician, "unless we are seriously ill, we fight and wrestle with the disease, whatever it may be, instead of calmly giving up and allowing the disease to be temporarily master of the ceremonies." "And even our children," declared the same speaker, "are early infected with this feverish, headlong haste to do something. They see too much, do too much, are amused too much, compete in school too much, are taught too much, are awake too much, for the welfare of their nervous systems." All this, or something very much like it, has often been said before, but the warning needs repetition, and, perhaps, by and by, some will hear and heed before it is too late. With all our many and ever-increasing applications of electricity, we need to remember that the laws of the human organism remain the same, and the human machine cannot be run on the electric-motor plan. A great deal of the strenuousness displayed in modern life is totally unnecessary. Quite as much could be effected in the long run by taking things more moderately.—Leslie's Weekly.

Just how to make the baby eat is often a more puzzling question than what to give it or when to feed it. Very little children, especially those that have an early morning bottle, are rarely willing to swallow anything solid at breakfast time. This is, of all meals, the one that gives anxious mothers the most trouble, yet there are some children who have so small an appetite that their aversion to food lasts throughout the day. All kinds of plans have been adopted by mothers to suit the particular child with whom each has had to deal. Plying upon the imagination sometimes succeeds; again the spirit of emulation is aroused, or it may be that the child's attention is so intensely attracted to something else that it eats mechanically without realizing what it is doing. Simple bribes or rewards are often effective, but the moral influence of these is questionable. This method, however, is better to use than that adopted by a maiden aunt who fed the boy in her charge a 5-cent bag of gumdrops daily before he could be induced to take his egg.

A Woman "Master."

A young woman of Philadelphia has successfully passed the examination prescribed by Congress, and has been granted a license as master of steam

hair as skillfully as their husbands, fathers and brothers. Most customers steer clear of them, however. The barber's wives are most in request as nurses and are useful in attending sick children. The barber's wife has regular customers in all the Brahmin widows of the village, who must have their heads shaved twice a month or so, in token of their mourning.

up on the right side instead of the left, as always heretofore.

Skirt bounces caught down at the bottom in puff effect are new—old.

Every gown has its shoe or slipper to match and the stocking follows suit.

Exquisitely lovely are the pale green or nouveau combs with jeweled floral tops.

The blouse with strapped front and a long silk scarf pulled through is popular.

Hats of moss, with clusters of red berries tucked in the green, are a lovely novelty.

Velvet blouses, both simple and elaborate, are to be taken into consideration this year.

Gold and silver touches here and there set as high lights to most of the evening gowns.

Women in Counting Rooms.

Women are coming to the front rapidly as bookkeepers and accountants. In 1890 over 28,000 filled these responsible positions in commercial houses of the United States, and in 1900 that number had increased to nearly 74,000 or over 100 per cent. The number of men in the same business in 1890 was 31,000, and in 1900 it was 140,000, an increase of only about 50 per cent.

George Understood.

"Katie," he said, timidly, "I have allowed myself to hope that you regard me as something more than a friend."

"George," she answered softly, with half averted face, "you—you are away off."

And George understood. He came nearer.

To Sharpen Scissors.

Take a small glass bottle and gently rub the cutting on its neck, turning the scissors first to the right side, then to the left. Tighten rivet with the screw driver.

When Sweeping a Room.

When brushing a carpet sweep toward the fireplace; otherwise the dust from the chimney draws the dust in that direction, and so smother it all over the room.

Boxes for Palms.

When palms have outgrown the ordinary pot, deep boxes will be found very satisfactory for their further development. Let them be about fifteen inches square at the top, tapering to about ten inches at the bottom, and at least twenty inches deep. Twenty-four would be better. In such boxes the roots can run down, and that is what the palm likes. They never spread out very far, on all sides, if given a chance to go down into the soil.

Victims of Blunder.

Blunderous stories told of three young women in Brooklyn—three sisters—drove two of them into the Flat-

bush Asylum for the insane, and prostrated the third so that she lies at the point of death—a nervous wreck. After the gossipers had done their evil work they were forced to admit that there was no truth in their accusations. There should be a stern punishment inflicted upon such cowardly assassins of character. The common thief is reputable in comparison.



Soft fabrics prevail for afternoon wear.

That French little velvet bow is being overworked.

Warm colors reign supreme in the complete wardrobe.

A curious red on the crushed strawberry color is favored.

Hand embroidery on trunks is dainty for the debutante's frock.

The finest fans are of peacock feathers with tortoise-shell sticks.

It is odd to note that many of the new hats for fall and winter wear are

