

|ions," the eyes said, while the lips CHAPTER XIV .--- Continued. I took refuge in silence. I closed asked how I had slept. "Admirably," I answered gayly, my eyes wearily.

condition.'

monsieur.'

"And we are to start at once for your "Before I bid you good night, sir, I think it right that you should know Castle of Happiness?" that your mother and sister are in this hotel. At the risk that you think me impertinent I dare to hope that your ingly as she poured my coffee. meeting with them to-morrow may be free from any embarrassment or un- my turn. "Is it not happiness to be happiness." with you, madam?"

He bowed stiffly and left the room. I stared after him vacantly.

The dispatch he had left, gorgeous and brave with its royal crest and emsome journey will repay you?" bossing, lay passively in my hand.

And now a new dilemma confronted secret, yes." me. I was supposed to be under the influence of an opiate; they would not scruple to take from me the dispatch. sincere compliment to an awkward and windows. To allow that might give them such in- truth. formation as would make their conspiracy, whatever its nature, the more effective. To resist would tell them that I had been feigning.

I must hide the papers. But where? It was a bare little chamber; my heart sank as I noted how bare.

I leaped out of bed. Again I threw open the shutters. I could hear Capt. Forbes speaking sternly; if he could but hold them half a minute!

In the garden below the marble basin of a disused fountain at once caught my eves.

I tore the corner of the envelope, inserted my penknife to weight the

It fell squarely into the basin among the leaves and moss.

To regain the room was the work of an instant.

I heard Captain Forbes wish them a cold good night, and Madame de Varnier answer him mockingly. Then the bedroom door was opened and Starva shuffled into the room.

"Who was that man?" I demanded languidly, and regarded him with listless eyes, my hand to my forehead. He shrugged his shoulders, disdain-

ing to answer. "He has left some papers here by

mistake." "Perhaps," I muttered indifferently,

and pretended to sleep. I heard him moving about the room for some time. Madame de Varnier and he whispered together. I felt so little concerned as to the result of this search that I actually fell asleep. The strain of the evening had exhausted me. No doubt the search was extended to me personally; I believe I was

vaguely conscious of it.

base and continued its stormy career, seeking a less powerful foe. "At last," breathed Madame de Var-

the spirit of romance," I cried with in the hotel at Vitznau the character "Ah, romance! What if I say to

of romance has come?" I glanced toward Dr. Starva whose shaggy head was nodding. "Even we Americans, madam, are not indifferent

to its glamour. But too often the romance of medievalism suggests dishonor.' She looked at me startled, then shrugged her shoulders. "One must

take the world as one finds it," she said indifferently. We were making the last steep

"You have a sublime faith to still ascent to the village. We crossed the believe it that?" she questioned mocknoisy stream; the driver cracked his long whip; we passed under a dilapi-"Why not?" I cried mockingly, in dated arch; we were rattling over the

cobblestones of a winding street. It was too dark for me to see much "Pas des banalites, monsieur," she of the quaint beauty of this picturreplied with an impatient gesture. "But you really believe that the tire-"Since I am resolved to hear your "Oh, ungracious!" She smiled at me ruefully. "I think I prefer an in-

their wares heaped about the doors As we passed, women and children interesting. "Madam, it is not I who made the dropped delighted courtesies, and the men took pipes from broadly grinning

"I generally try to look before I by this simple folk. leap," I returned with composture. "You seem to be very welcome," I

I was not unwilling that she think it curiosity that prompted me to accept lagers should have greeted her so cor- blazing brightly. The hooded mantel, the extraordinary invitation given with dially. "You are the Lady Bountiful Gothic in design, was also of oak and so little heed to convention. She had to these simple people, I suppose." hinted that we were to be of mutual She smiled faintly. "I have been turies. A stand of banners stood near use to each other; but of this I was here for two summers. I am the event the foot of the stairway. Not far from skeptical. I accepted the invitation of the year in their stupid lives. I try the fireplace was a curious spiral stairprecisely in the spirit in which it was to bring them a little pleasure. When case leading to the gallery that ran

say the least, to be a guest that one member me with love." packet, leaned over the balcony and might have the opportunity to play "Then I should not have said that dropped it. "Then I should not have said that the detective. But she and I had the glamour of romance is always as-

5. 3 2

made an abrupt half circle about the comed by Madame de Varnier with exaggerated deference. We were at her Castle of Happiness.

I felt the insincerity of the welcome nier. "Well, my friend, does it prom-ise diversion for you?" They looked on me as a puppet to move only when they pulled the "The village and the castle breathe strings. I saw, too, that I had not left of Sir Mortimer Brett.

But before the next day was past you," she whispered, "that your day determined to know once for all the reason of this deception. I was determined to put an end to this farce.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Death-Mask Again.

One does not expect to find in Switzerland grace and charm in architecture. There are no historic chateaux worthy of a pilgrimage. This

castle of Alterhoffen gave one the simple impression of sheer strength. It was primitive and savage and bare of pretense to beauty as its founder must have been.

A rather squat tower of immense solidity, the roof steeply sloping, the windows narrow and few, it would esque village. I caught a glimpse of have been commonplace and ugly in the timbered Rathaus, its gilt clock the extreme had it not been for three proudly conspicuous on the squat tow-, smaller semicircular towers placed at er, and of the fountain in front of it, each angle of the larger one, The efits basin radiant with scarlet flowers. fect of this triangular-shaped tower, There were little shops dimly lighted, with its three supporting towers, was bizarre, but not unpleasing. It prepared one for an interior unique and

We passed beneath the arched doorway, severe and bare of ornament, into "Ah, you are a very cautious friend, mouths and doffed their hats. Evi- the great hall. At the left was the dently Madame de Varnier was loved grand stairway, the balustrades of oak

massive and dark with age, but adnfirably carved. At the end of the said smilling, surprised that the vil- hall, on the right, a fire of logs was blackened with the smoke of cengiven. It would be shocking form, to I leave I like to think that they re- the length of the room above. Tapes-

> the spaces between the narrow windows that looked out on the court-

> of the French Renaissance-covered for the most part with stamped leather of gold and dull red.

as I entered. I had passed in an instant from the world of commonplace hotels and railway trains into an atmosphere of charm and beauty. For

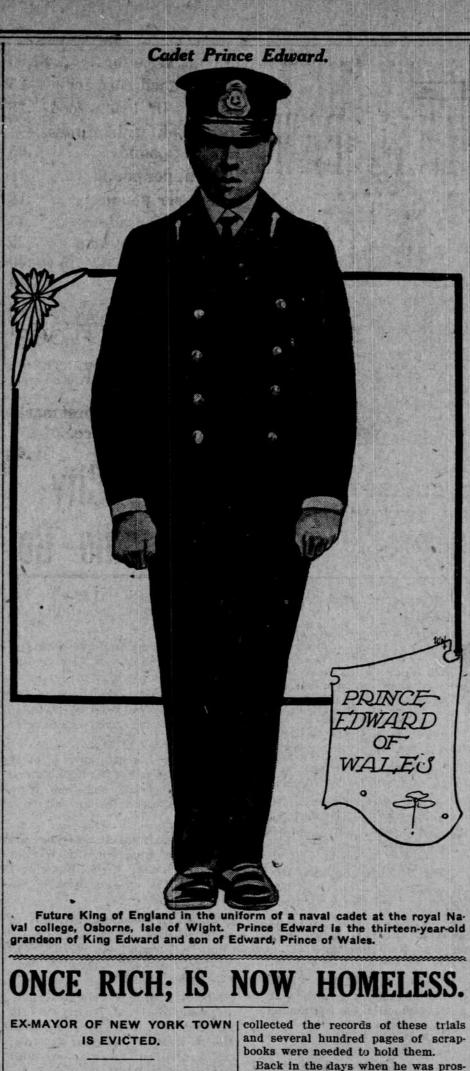
no matter how industriously the connoïsseur in America may gather about him exquisite and beautiful things, he cannot shut out the scream of the

across the seas the charm of medievalism that clings to castle walls. It is one thing to see the Cluny with a guide book; it is guite another to find

"You like my Castle of Happiness?" asked Madame de Varnier, pleased at

the pleasure I showed. "It promises its adventures," I re plied meaningly.

"I have told you that your hour of romance has come. But remember, romance in these prosaic days is a gift the gods given only to child



ROMANCE OF SERVANT FORMER HOUSEKEEPER WEDS WESTERN MILLIONAIRE.

Was Once Companion of His First. Wife-Successfully Invests Savings, Then Educates Herself and Travels.

Spokane, Wash .-- Anna Larsen-Peterson, born of humble parents in Sweden, has become the wife of D. C. Corbin, millionaire railroad builder and sugar manufacturer, president of the Spokane International Railway company, whose line he built after selling the Spokane Falls & Northern railway to the Great Northern Railroad company. The wedding took place at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., May 22, and was not made public until the couple arrived in Spokane a few days ago. Mrs. Corbin is 35 years of age, while her husband is 70. Close friends say it was a love match.

Mrs. Corbin's romance reads more like one of Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tales than a story of modern life in the active and virile northwest. The daughter of a small farmer in rural Sweden, as a little girl she dreamed of the future, and before she attained her majority she came to America, like many of her countrymen and women, to improve her sta-, tion in life.

After working in various households in New England and the middle western states, she came to Spokane 12 years ago and entered the home of D. C. Corbin as a housekeeper and companion to Mrs. Corbin. She gained the friendship of Mrs. Corbin, who assisted the girl with her education. Shortly before Mrs. Corbin died, six years ago, Anna married Antone Peterson, at that time identified with a local hardware firm, but they lived together only a few weeks, and two years afterward the young woman obtained a divorce at Tacoma.

Before her marriage she invested her savings in realty, which she sold profitably, and with the proceeds went to Chicago and placed herself under instructors, afterward going to Boston and New York, whence she went abroad with a teacher and three other pupils on an educational tour.

She traveled extensively a year, and in the meantime entered into correspondence with her former employer, who asked her hand in marriage three years ago. She gave her consent several weeks ago, when Mr. Corbin started eastward on a business trip, and they were married at the home of a friend, the bride being given away by her brother, Hjalmer Larson, who is chief draftsman for the Spokane international system.

Mrs. Corbin is of the Swedish type of beauty and has light hair and blue posite One Hundred and Tenth street, eyes. She is a brilliant conversationand went there to live with his family. alist and speaks English with scarce-Instead of being a haven of rest, the ly a trace of accent. She is also con-New York .- At one time affluent, place proved to be another source of versant with the French and German Jeremiah Casey, formerly mayor of legal difficulties. He said he had good languages. She is a member of the



CHAPTER XV.

The Castle of Happiness. "You sleep soundly, my friend." Dr. Starva was looking down at me with grim intentness.

It was not yet dawn. His immense figure seemed even more huge than it was in this uncertain light. It appeared to threaten, to menace me. And yet I welcomed his presence; at least they had not made their escape. I looked up at him with cool assurance.

"A light conscience gives deep slumber. Do we start so early?" "Yes. Your coffee is waiting for

you in the salon." I dressed rapidly. A certain depres-

sion would have been natural. The night is the time of follies: with the morning come clear thought and prudence. But not so with me. It is true that I detested Dr. Starva. His methods were too gross; his eyes were too closely set together; his mouth too cruel and sensual. I could have wished him out of the game. And yet I believed that I was a match for him.

But this woman who tempted and pitied! This woman whose beauty fascinated and whose treachery repelled! This woman who lied and prayed in the same breath!

As I thought of her I was at once furious and eager. I was ashamed to think how eager. I had pledged myself to the cold Diana of my dreams. len, took us down on the elevator and de Varnier to know definitely that it ing, as I ascended the stairs: For her I ran these risks; for her I put our luggage in the carriage. I depended on her playing the part of might be disgraced and a felon. It confess I breathed more freely when Circe or Lady Bountiful whether the was her gratitude I coveted; her for- the hotel was some miles behind us armed truce was to continue, or giveness I craved.

And yet for the moment I was seeking the flame and the glamour of the creature of diverse moods.

Her fantastic chateau held out a promise, not of happiness, indeed, but much to relieve its monotony. of the joy of doing, of daring.

So as I dressed my spirits were buoyant. The little garden below, teau. half hidden in the mist that came from the lake, was fresh and charming in the morning dew. Patches of ing about the mountainside. Forests flowers, brave in scarlet and purple of fir were on either side. From far and blue, opened their eyes, to the below came the impetuous murmur of dawn. I followed mechanically the a stream. High above the forests of graveled paths, geometric and straight, fir trees there were herds of cattle. threading the sparkling lawns.

I looked eagerly down at the battered fountain choked with refuse. I could see no trace of the long, white mosphere told me that the altitude envelope. It was completely concealed must be considerable. But this sylvan by the leaves.

I found it impossible to rescue the little packet from its hiding place. My hostess and her cousin kept too carefal an eye on me for that. But it was a tolerably secure hiding place; and frankly I was not sorry to leave the proof of my complicity, behind me.

A faint breeze, cold with the snow of the mountains, fanned my cheek. ghostly as a fairy fabric. The poetry of the dawn thrilled me. Before the evening came the placid lake might be lashed into fury. The chateau for protection, found a pre-trees, now gently swaying, might be carious foothold on the steep hillside. bent and broken by the violence of There was a maze of red-tiled roots, the storm. But now the sky was high-gabled and sloping, tier upon tier clear. When the storms came I would of them, each pierced by numbers of try to meet them. But before they did come why should I not enjoy the pres- A wild river, fed by

A wild river, fed by the turbulent ent? I threw open the door and stepped into the salon where coffee streams of the mountain snows, flung stepped into the salon where coffee and Madame de Varnier awaited me. She greeted me with vivacity. But I was not blind to the cool glance that measured. "The fool has no suspic-



But I Was Not Blind to the Cool Glance That Measured.

placed ourselves beyond the pale of sociated with dishonor," I ventured to believe you a coward. Do you beconventionality. Either distrusted the boldly.

other. An armed truce-that was the "I can see no glamour in this obword that described our relations, and scure village," she replied, yawning. she had suggested that word. "But the chateau is a part of the village?" I persisted.

Dr. Starva entered. "En route," he said gruffly. "The carriage is waiting." It was very early, scarcely past five. | tions."

The night porter, drowsy-eyed and sul-I smiled quietly. I wished Madame and we had seen neither Helena Brett whether there was to be open warfare. nor Captain Forbes.

We turned at an abrupt angle from As Madame de Varnier had warned the village street. We were entering other woman-this warm, mysterious me, the journey itself was long and a mere passageway just wide enough tiresome; nor did Madame de Vernier for the carriage. It was flanked on and her companion exert themselves either side by the houses of the village; over the arch, too, was a dwell-It was almost dusk when she pointed out to me the pinnacles of her chayard large enough to permit a squad-

ron of cavalry to perform its evolu-For the last hour the horses had tions. A low wall inclosed it. We been struggling up a dusty road wind- drew up at the doorway. I was wel-

"Monsieur!" she cried passionately.

"You weary me with senseless ques-

We could hear the faint jingle of the cow-bells. Only rarely had there been any view, but the clear and pure atscene suggested nothing of the horfors of a few days ago. The mountains, purple and pink in the dusk, were too

far away. Suddenly there was a turn in the Tale of Old Testament Too Much For road. Now we had an uninterrupted view of the chateau across a green valley. In this vague light its towers "When I was a youth in Zanesand turrets seemed as unreal and

ville," said E. S. Timms, clerk at the Hotel Normandie, the other day, At the base of its white walls a "I was an active worker in a local tiny village, crouching close to the Sulday school. I was pretty popular with the boys, I was delegated to gather the outsiders from the glass works district together in a vacant storeroom and begin their religious

> "One Sunday I gathered about 45 youngsters who had never attended Sunday school before, and as they did Sunday school before, and as they did not take kindly to the regular of the Scriptures and the regular Sunday school methods, I began telling them tales from the Old Testament. They listened with much interest to the

Artless Youth.

poets, a few women and lovers, and to the very bold. If you would claim the gift, monsieur, you must have something of the nature of all of these. The sincere trust of the child, you must certainly know what this is, monsieur. The poet's imagination, his delightful power of make-believe, you must not despise that. A woman's tenderness, and a lover's ardor, these, too, are necessary. And last of all, the daring of the hero."

She had whispered these rather comprehensive attributes as I walked across the hall to the staircase, following the servant with my bag.

"A rather large bill, madam," I suggested humorously.

"Oh, but I am serious, very serious, I assure you that it is not sentimental talk."

"I am afraid I must contradict you. The daring of the hero, for instance. even one so optimistic as yourself could scarcely expect that of me."

"Monsieur," she protested earnestly,

lieve it yourself? You know you do not. The task I am to give you would appall any but the bravest heart. It requires audacity, absolute assurance. and a clever brain. But I believe in you. You will not disappoint me. We Southern Pacific Railroad Will Pay dine in half an hour."

Dr. Starva had stood with his back to the fire. He called after me, scowl-

"You will find, as I have said, that madam is an admirable host. But if the guest is to be quite happy he must accept the diversions madam offers and when they are offered."

It was not the words so much as the tone that menaced. It emphasized the of the Shriners' train at Honda. conviction I already felt: Dr. Starva did not welcome my coming to the castle. As I reached the gallery I saw ing. Suddenly we emerged in a court- Madame de Varnier address him almost fiercely. I was not blind to his sullen contempt, though evidently the woman was the ruling spirit here. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

stories of Adam and Eve, and Moses

in the bullrushes, and so on, but when

came to the story of Jonah and the

whale they listened with particular

"When I concluded the story of how

Did Not Believe the Story

attention.

a chaw of terbacker.

troit Free Press.

wife was so shocked by this latest bit- to pay the assessment. Threat of a ter experience that she collapsed and sale of the land for taxes brought an had to be placed in a doctor's care. adjustment, but the property had only Casey's later years have been full of just begun to give trouble. There was hard luck and litigation. About all a mortgage on it. This, in the course the money he once possessed has been of time, was foreclosed and the propspent in lawsuits.

Jeremiah Casey, of Edgewater, N. Y.,

Loses Fortune in Litigation-Rise

and Fall Due to His Inven-

tive Genius.

erty was sold at auction. Dr. M. S. His prosperity and adversity are Ayres became the owner of the Casey due almost entirely to his inventive home. The doctor took no steps to genius. Several'years ago he invented oust Casey, and it seemed as if una nailing machine. The device could kind fate had decided to give a short take the requisite amount of timber, respite to the former mayor. after it had been sawed to the proper A short time ago, however, Dr. length, and make a box of it as good. Ayers sold the homestead to a manuif not better, than one made by a carfacturing concern. Desirous of buildpenter. A company was organized to ing a new plant, the company asked

build the machines and put them in Casey to get out. He refused, assert- waukee physician, and caused him, as peration. Casey asserts he was not ing he had a right paramount to so many others have done, to secure treated properly by the concern. At theirs. They did not think so, and employment that would keep him in any rate he lost his interest in the constables ejected Casey. patent and in the company as well. Nellie Casey, daughter of the one-That started a long line of legal pro- time mayor, was a schoolmate of shipped out of this port for Honolulu

Out About \$1,180,000.

San Francisco.-Accident insurance

ceedings which dragged through many Grace George, and is now a member as "cabin boy" aboard the American courts and took much money. Casey of Miss George's company.

COST OF SHRINERS' WRECK.

\$175,000, and another company about

It has been ascertained that prac-

perous he bought the old Bayard Cut-

ting homestead on the Palisades, op-

Edgewater, on the Palisades, the oth- reason to believe he had paid for Swedish Lutheran church, and it is er day was ejected from the home he more land than he found specified in said by intimate friends that she will had bought three years ago and all the deed. More lawsuits were started, use considerable of the fortune placed the possessions he had left in the Then his taxes, to his mind, were too at her disposal by her husband in asworld were set out in the street. His high for the property, and he refused sisting her countrywomen and in works of charity.

Through her marriage she becomes the mother-in-law of the earl of Oxford, whose wife is Mr. Corbin's daughter.

DOCTOR IS CABIN BOY.

Milwaukee Physician Quits Large Practice for \$10 Job at Sea.

New York .- It was the fascination of the Pacific, the undeniable attraction of endless blue skies and rolling seas that caught Daniel Wylie, a Milthe Sandwich islands. Less than a year ago Wylie, about 35 years old, bark Nuuanu, Capt. Joselyn. Now he is purser of an island steamer plying between Honolulu, Maui, Hawaii and other islands.

The Nuuanu has come back. Capt. Josselyn, an elderly skipper, who lives at Duxbury, Mass., told of his physician cabin boy. He said: "He tically all the Shriners who were made a good cabin boy; never saw a killed had left insurance policies in better one to clean brasses than Wylie. He was a good doctor, too, by companies. The total of these poll- all accounts. A man about 35 years old, I should imagine. He got \$10 a month as cabin boy and said he left of this state has no defense against a practice of \$10,000 a year to make health, you see; nerves gone; worked company has effected some settletoo hard. Well, naturally, you can see what it led to. His health gave way and he was advised to go east and take a long sea trip.

> "Seems his wife was dead and he had letf two children out west there. Wylie stood the test well. When we were out a few days he was very bad and could hardly get about. After that he braced up however, and steadily recovered his health."

SEES IN MERCHANT A BANDIT.

Respected Citizen of Houston, Texas, Identified as a Train Robber.

Galveston, l'ex.-Joseph Bertmann. a respected merchant of Houston, was confronted the other day by John T. Dickey, who positively identified him as one of the robbers who held up a train and robbed the express company of about \$25,000 18 years ago. Dickey was the Wells Fargo express nessenger on the Houston & Texas Central line and the hold-up took place on the night of Sept. 24, 1889, ten miles south of Fort Worth. Two men did the work and for a half-hour the express messenger was face-to-face with the man who robbed the safe while his companion covered the engineer and fireman.

Dickey made a study of this man's features and voice, and declares he could recognize either among 1,000 men. He has not been in south Texas for fifteen years and upon entering Bertmann's store he was astonished to be greeted by the robber. Bert-man is said to have offered to restore the amount if the case be dropped.

Bets Himself on a Race. St. Louis Girl Will Marry Owner of prize. He had proposed to her before Horse If He wins Cupid Handicap.

St. Louis, Mo .- Miss Helen Burs, of 2024 Fair avenue has bet herself on a horse race.

Laws against bookmaking didn't-other Miss Burs, and Frank Grimes when they put their wager, 2s re-markable a one as the turf ever saw, nto writing and had it witnessed beore a notary public.

Jonah was cast overboard from the The great Cupid handicap will be run at Priester's park, near Belleville, on the afternoon of July 4. If the ship and received by the whale who afterwards cast him up on shore, one fellow broke the silence by saying: "I believe that's a d— lie. Give me fourth horse, Grime's Robbie G., mes first under the wire Miss Burs "Well, everybody joined in a laugh will come down from the grand stand and will take Grimes by the hand, the judge's bell will be rung in wedding day fashion, a real judge will step and I passed over the remark. In time I got about 30 of those boys to attend Sunday school regularly."-Detorth and the dashingly pratty St. Louis girl will become Mrs. Grimes. Miss Burs made the wager after a iscussion as to the merits of two tes in the race, in which Grimes d her to put herself up as the

her to consent. .

Woman Landed Prize. When Mrs. Lizzie Spencer of Mex-ico, was going to Louisiana on a visit

the train stopped to take coal at Far-ber. Several women were fishing beside the railroad and one of them hooked a large fish which became de-

through the window into the coach. The passengers scrambled for it and Mrs. Spencer landed the prize.--Kan-

sas City Times. Electricity in Turkey.

Electricity in Turkey. Turkey is practically a virgin soll for electrical enterprise. Up to a year ago there was not a single city or town in the 300,000 square miles of Turkish possessions which could boast of a telephone system or of a central station for electric light or power pur-poses. Now Damascus and Beirut are electrically lighted.

but had been refused. Miss Burs says the novelty of the situation won

tached from the hook and flew

north of Santa Barbara, in which 32 ments and will settle all the cases as quickly as possible. One of the railmen and women were killed and 16 badly injured. Inquiries by the rail- road officials expressed the opinion road officials indicate that many of that the company would get off by setthe Shriners who were killed had actling in the aggregate for \$600,000. Under the law of this state, save in cident policies, which contained the

\$25.000

usual specifications that the amount the case of contributory negligence, a be doubled in case of death in a train railroad company practically insures wreck. One company will have to pay the life of a passenger holding a accident losses amounting to about ticket he has paid for.

policies, \$200,000. Regular life polivarying amounts in about six or seven cies. \$320,000. Railroad damage settlements (estimated), \$600,000. Damcies approximate \$320,000. age to train, etc., \$60,000. Total, The Southern Pacific under the law \$1,180,000. These figures represent the finan- | claims for damages by those injured the sea trip. He was shattered in cial phase of the recent terrible wreck and the relatives of those killed. The