

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY



CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

He obeyed. "See! There is no one near." He held open the door to the hall. "You must speak quickly. I am to leave this house in an hour. I was given the hour."

"Blood! It is blood!" she moaned, and for the first time since the shot was fired her husband glanced at the one for whom the bullet was intended.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Shot That Failed. Transfixed, they watched him take two or three steps into the room. At his back was the swarthy Hindu, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire in the shadowy light.

"Down, Ranjab!" he commanded in a low, cautious tone, as he would have used in speaking to a dog when the game was run to earth.



Already James Brood had seen the red blotch that spread with incredible swiftness—blood red against the snowy white of the broad shirt bosom.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he buried it across the room.

EXPERT ADVISER ON DRESS

Woman Has Achieved Success in Occupation That Is Something of a Novelty.

I heard lately of a plan adopted by one young woman that has worked out well with her, and might be of use to someone else, says a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. She lives at home, but must help the family exchequer and this is how she does it.

In dress. She had an instinctive feeling for what was becoming, not only for herself but her friends, and was often called in to consult over a prospective new gown.

"God, he—he can't be dead! I have not killed him. He shall not die—he shall not!" Flung the Hindu aside he threw himself down beside the body on the floor. The revolver as it dropped, was caught in the nimble hand of the Hindu, who took two long swift strides toward the woman who now faced him instead of her husband.

He glared at the half-averted face, confounded by the most extraordinary impression that ever had entered his incomprehensible brain. Something strange and wonderful was transpiring before his very eyes—something so marvellous that even he, mysterious seer of the Ganges, was stunned into complete amazement and unbelief.

As if impelled by the power of his gaze, she faced him once more. For what seemed hours to him, but in reality only seconds, his searching eyes looked deep into hers. He saw at last the soul of this woman and it was not the soul he had known as hers up to that tremendous moment.

With incredible swiftness he was gone. The curtains barely moved as he passed between them and the heavy door made no sound in opening and closing. There was no one in the hall.

Many minutes passed. There was not a movement in the room. Brood, beside the outstretched figure of his unintended victim, was staring at the graying face with wide, unblinking eyes.

All these years he had been blind, all these years he had gone on cursing his own image. In that overpowering thought came the realization that it was too late for him to atone. His mind slowly struggled out of thrall that held it stupefied.

"Sahib! Sahib!" He hissed. This man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown fanatic's face to the white, tender, lovely throat of the woman—and a hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and as the words rang out, Yvonne removed her horrified gaze from the blot of red and fixed it upon the face of her husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides.

It was Matilde! What accursed trick of— He sprang to his feet and advanced upon her, actually stepping across the body of his son in his reckless haste.

The cold, lifeless voice of Yvonne was speaking to him, huskier than ever before. "Matilde has been here. She has always been with him. She is always near you, James Brood."

He turned wearily away and pointed to the weapon on the table. "Who is to use it, you or I?" He opened his mouth but uttered no sound.



"See! Ah, see! I prayed and I have been answered. See! God in heaven, see!" He turned. Frederic's eyes were open. He was looking up at them, with a piteous appeal in their depths—an appeal for help, for life, for consciousness.

"He is not dead! Frederic, Frederic, my son—" He dropped to his knees and frantically clutched at the hand that lay stretched out beside the limp figure. The pain-stricken eyes closed slowly.

"Sahib! Sahib!" He hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he buried it across the room.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he buried it across the room.

low and husky once more, with a persistent note of accusation in it. "It was an accident, do you understand? You did not shoot to kill—him. The world shall never know the truth—unless he dies, and that is not to happen. You are safe. The law cannot touch you, for I shall never speak. This is between you and me. Do you understand?"

He glanced at her set, rigid face. "Yes. It was an accident. And this is between you and me. We shall settle it later on. Now I see you as you are—as Yvonne. God, I—wonder—" His hand shook with a sudden spasm of indecision.

CHAPTER XIX. The Voice of the Wind. Hours afterward Brood sat alone in the room where the tragedy occurred. Much had transpired in the interim to make those hours seem like separate and distinct years to him.

He had seen a vision. Its effect on him had been overpowering. The fortitude of a lifetime had been shattered in a single instant of contact with the influence that had at last made itself felt in physical manifestation after all these years of spiritual attendance.

Now he was ordering himself to face new complexities. He was confronted by the most improbable of hallucinations. It was not an intangible shadow that he now had to contend with but something definite, something that took shape and mocked him. In his bitter indictment against circumstances, he argued that his brain was momentarily unbalanced following the shock caused by the shooting, and that in its disordered state he had pictured things that did not exist.

Two Old Men, Shaking as With Palsy, Roamed About the Place. Frederic. It was an accident in that respect. Thank you for what you would do. It isn't necessary, old man. The story that Ranjab tells must stand for the time being. Later on—well, I may write my own story and give it to the world."

Patience and Despair. There is no calamity so great that it cannot be made a little lighter by patience, or a great deal heavier by despair.

children were ordered to "come in out of the night air." It is perhaps fortunate for the children living in the Arctic circle, where the nights are six months long, that the Eskimo mothers do not entertain this crude notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors.

asking Brood a single question, although he knew him to be a witness to the shooting. Yvonne saw the reporters and later on an inspector of police. Ranjab told his unhappy story. He had taken the weapon from a hook on the wall for the purpose of cleaning it. It had been hanging there for years, and all the time there had been a single cartridge left in the cylinder unknown to anyone.

CHAPTER XIX. The Voice of the Wind. Hours afterward Brood sat alone in the room where the tragedy occurred. Much had transpired in the interim to make those hours seem like separate and distinct years to him.

He had seen a vision. Its effect on him had been overpowering. The fortitude of a lifetime had been shattered in a single instant of contact with the influence that had at last made itself felt in physical manifestation after all these years of spiritual attendance.

Now he was ordering himself to face new complexities. He was confronted by the most improbable of hallucinations. It was not an intangible shadow that he now had to contend with but something definite, something that took shape and mocked him. In his bitter indictment against circumstances, he argued that his brain was momentarily unbalanced following the shock caused by the shooting, and that in its disordered state he had pictured things that did not exist.

Two Old Men, Shaking as With Palsy, Roamed About the Place. Frederic. It was an accident in that respect. Thank you for what you would do. It isn't necessary, old man. The story that Ranjab tells must stand for the time being. Later on—well, I may write my own story and give it to the world."

Patience and Despair. There is no calamity so great that it cannot be made a little lighter by patience, or a great deal heavier by despair.

children were ordered to "come in out of the night air." It is perhaps fortunate for the children living in the Arctic circle, where the nights are six months long, that the Eskimo mothers do not entertain this crude notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors.

children were ordered to "come in out of the night air." It is perhaps fortunate for the children living in the Arctic circle, where the nights are six months long, that the Eskimo mothers do not entertain this crude notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors.

EVERY WOMAN wishes to look her best. You will never know what YOUR BEST is until you try ZONA

the wonderful healer and beautifier. Send two dimes and we will mail you a beautiful opal jar of ZONA a 10-cent silk sponge for applying and a 25-cent cake of Zona Nail Lustre.

Florida Lands For Sale to Settlers in tracts of ten acres and upwards, in Volusia County, adapted to cultivation of citrus fruits, vegetables of all kinds and general crops.

Florida Land & Settlement Co. Care Alex. St. Clair-Abrams, Attorney 615-19 Dyal-Upchurch Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

A Typewriter in Every Home The typewriter has come to be a necessity in almost every family.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co. 1819 Farnam Street Omaha Nebraska

Exercise and Music Together. "Myrtle is in a quandary." "What's the matter with her?" "She loves music, but she needs physical culture."

Wooden. The trees were leaving, and when the hackman came to take away the trunks the willows were weeping and the dogwood began to bark.

Safety First It begins with a Cand smells like "Camphor" What is it? Campholatum, of course. Is there a jar of Campholatum in your home?

Nebraska Directory TYPewriter BARGAINS Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co. 1819 Farnam Street Omaha Nebraska

KODAK FINISHING THE ROBERT DEMPSTER CO. 1819 Farnam Street Omaha Nebraska

THE PAXTON HOTEL Omaha, Nebraska EUROPEAN PLAN Rooms from \$10.00 up single, 75 cents per breakfast. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE W. N. U., OMAHA, MO., 21-1915.