

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"No, I do not forget, James. There was but one way in which I could hope to steal him away from you, and I went about it deliberately, with my eyes open. I came here to induce him to run away with me. I would have taken him back to his mother's home, to her grave, and there I would have told him what you did to her. After hearing my story he elected to return to the man who had destroyed his mother, I should have stepped aside and offered no protest. But I would have taken him away from you in the manner that would have hurt you the worst. My sister was true to you, I would have been just as true, and after you had suffered the torments of hell, it was my plan to reveal everything to you. But you would have had your punishment by that time. When you were at the very end of your strength, when you tremble on the edge of oblivion, then I would have hunted you out and laughed at you and told you the truth. But you would have had years of anguish—years, I say."

CHAPTER XXI.

Revenge Turned Bitter.

She gave him a curious, incredulous smile, and then abruptly returned to her charge. "When my sister came home, degraded, I was nine years of age, but I was not so young that I did not know that a dreadful thing had happened to her. She was blighted beyond all hope of recovery. It was to me—little me—that she told her story over and over again, and it was I to whom she read all of the pitiful letters she wrote to you. My father wanted to come to America to kill you. He did come later on, to plead with you and to kill you if you had gone to Africa, she said. I could not understand why you would not give to her that little baby boy. He was hers and she stopped short in her recital and covered her eyes with her hands. He waited for her to go on, sitting as rigid as the image that faced him from beyond the table's end. "Afterwards, my father and my uncle made every effort to get the child away from you, but he was hidden—you know how carefully he was hidden so that she might never find him. For ten years she searched for him—and you. For ten years she wrote to you, begging you to let her have him, if only for a little while at a time. She promised to restore him to you, God bless her poor soul! You never replied. You scorned her. We were rich—very rich. But our money was of no help to us in the search for her boy. You had secreted him too well. At last, one day, she told me what it was that you accused her of doing. She told me about Guido Ferrerelli, her music-master. I knew him, James. He had known her from childhood. He was one of the finest men I have ever seen."

and draw back from them. They convict you, James." "Now I can see why you have taken up this fight against me. You—you know she was innocent," he said in a low, unsteady voice. "And why I have hated you, al—e? But what you do not understand is how I could have brought myself to the point of loving you." "Loving me? Good heaven, woman, what do you—?" "Loving you in spite of myself," she cried, beating upon the table with her hands. "I have tried to convince myself that it was not I but the spirit of Matilde that had come to lodge in my treacherous body. I hated you for myself and I loved you for Matilde. She loved you. That was it. The pure, deathless love of Matilde was constantly fighting against the hatred I bore for you. I believe as firmly as I believe that I am alive that she has been near me all the time, battling against my insane desire for vengeance. You have only to recall to yourself the moments when you were so vividly reminded of Matilde Valeska. At those times I am sure that something of Matilde was in me. I was not myself. You have looked into my eyes a thousand times with a question in your own soul. Your soul was striving to reach the soul of Matilde. Ah, all these months I have known that you loved Matilde—not me. You loved the Matilde that was in me. You—"

"I—good God, am I to believe you? If he should be my son!" he cried, starting up, cold with dread. "He is your son. He could be no other man's son. I have her dying word for it. She declared it in the presence of her God. Wait! Where are you going?" "I am going down to him!" "Not yet, James. I have still more to say to you—more to confess. Here! Take this package of letters. Read them as you sit beside his bed—not his deathbed, for I shall restore him to health, never fear. If he were to die, I should curse myself to the end of time, for I and I alone would have been the cause. Here are her letters—and the one Ferrerelli wrote to her. This is her deathbed letter to you. And this is a letter to her son and yours! You may some day read it to him. And here—this is a document requiring me to share my fortune with her son. It is a pledge that I took before my father died a few years ago. If the boy ever appeared, he was to have his mother's share of the estate—and it is not an inconsiderable amount, James. He is independent of you. He needs ask nothing of you. I was taking him home to his own."

him. He was loyal to Lydia and to himself." "And what did he think of you?" demanded Brood scornfully. "If you had not come upon us here, he would have known me for who I am and he would have forgiven me. I had asked him to go away with me. He refused. Then I was about to tell him the whole story of my life, of his life and of yours. Do you think he would have refused forgiveness to me? No! He would have understood."

"I'll be honest with you, Jim. I don't believe there is. It went in here, above the heart, and it's lodged back there by the spine somewhere. We haven't located it yet, but we will. Had to let up on the ether for awhile, you see. He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, Mrs. Brood, and my assistant is certain that he whispered Lydia Desmond's name. Sounded that way to him, but, of course—" "There! You see, James," she cried, whirling upon her husband. "I think you'd better step in and see him now, Jim," said the doctor, suddenly becoming very gentle. "He may be accepting hospitality may decline to have a drink, but in all likelihood will accept a clean collar."

"He is not going to die," she said at last, when she was sure that she had full command of her voice. "I can promise you that, James. I shall not go from this house until he is well. I shall nurse him back to health and give him back to you and Matilde, for now I know that he belongs to both of you and not to her alone. Now, James, you may go down to him. He is not conscious. He will not hear you praying at his bedside. He—"



"And What Did He Think of You?"

drooped as he passed close by her motionless figure and followed the doctor down the hall to the bedroom door. It opened and closed an instant later and he was with his son. For a long time, Lydia's somber, pitiless gaze hung upon the door through which he had passed and which was closed so cruelly against her, the one who loved him best of all. At last she looked away, her attention caught by a queer clicking sound near at hand. She was surprised to find Yvonne Brood standing close beside her, her eyes closed and her fingers telling the beads that ran through her fingers, her lips moving in voiceless prayer. The girl watched her dully for a few moments, then with growing fascination the incomprehensible creature was praying! Lydia believed that Frederic had shot himself. She put Yvonne down as the real cause of the calamity that had fallen upon the house. But for her, James Brood would never have had a motive for striking the blow that crushed all desire to live out of the unhappy boy. She had made of her husband an unfeeling monster, and now she prayed! She had played with the emotions of two men and now she begged to be pardoned for her folly! An inexplicable desire to laugh, the plight of the trifter came over the girl, but even as she checked it, another and more unaccountable force ordered her to obey the impulse to turn once more to look into the face of her companion. Yvonne was looking at her. She had ceased running the beads and her hands hung limply at her side. For a full minute, perhaps, the two regarded each other without speaking. "He is not going to die, Lydia," said Yvonne gravely. The girl started to her feet. "Do you think it is your prayer and not mine that has reached God's ear?" she cried in real amazement. "The prayer of a nobler woman than either you or I has gone to the throne," said the other. Lydia's eyes grew dark with resentment. "You could have prevented all—"

power to thwart death, at least in this instance, had its effect, not only on the wounded man but on those who attended him. Doctor Hodder and the nurses were not slow to admit that her magnificent courage, her almost scornful self-assurance, supplied them with an incentive that otherwise might never have got beyond the form of a mere hope. There was something positively startling in her serene conviction that Frederic was not to die. No less a skeptic than the renowned Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and her mother that he now believed in the supernatural and never again would say "there is no God." With the dampness of death on the young man's brow, a remarkable change had occurred even as he watched for the last feeble breath. It was as if some secret, unconquerable force had suddenly intervened to take the whole matter out of nature's hands. It was not in the books that he should get well; it was against every rule of nature that he should have survived that first day's struggle. He was marked for death and there was no alternative. Then came the bewildering, mystifying change. Life did not take its expected flight; instead it clung, flicker but indestructible, to its clay and would not obey the laws of nature. For days and days life hung by what we are pleased to call a thread; the great shears of death could not sever the tiny thing that held Frederic's soul to earth. There was no hour in any of those days in which the bewildered scientist and his assistants did not proclaim that it would be his last, and yet he gave the lie to them. Hodder had gone to James Brood at the end of the third day, and with the sweat of the haunted on his brow had whispered hoarsely that the case was out of his hands! He was no longer the doctor but an agent governed by a spirit that would not permit death to claim its own! And somehow Brood understood far better than the man of science. The true story of the shooting had long been known to Lydia and her mother. Brood confessed everything to them. He assumed all of the blame for what had transpired on that tragic morning. He humbled himself before them, and when they shook their heads and turned their backs upon him he was not surprised, for he knew they were not convicting him of assault with a deadly firearm. Later on the story of Therese was told by him to Frederic and the girl. He did his wife no injustice in the recital. Frederic laid his hand upon the soft brown head at his knee and voiced the thought that was in his mind. "You are wondering, as I am, too, what is to become of Yvonne after today," he said. "There must be an end, and if it doesn't come now, when will it come? Tomorrow we sail. It is certain that she is not to accompany us. She has said so herself, and father has said so. He will not take her with him. So today must see the end of things."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Joy of June.

On a warm morning toward the middle of the month of June Frederic and Lydia sat in the quaint, old-fashioned courtyard, in the grateful shade of the south wing and almost directly beneath the balcony of Yvonne's boudoir. He lounged comfortably, yet weakly, in the invalid's chair that had been wheeled to the spot by the dog-like Ranjab, and she sat on a pile of cushions at his feet, her back resting against the wall. Looking at him, one would not have thought that he had passed through the valley of the shadow of death and was now emerging into the sunshine of security. His face was pale from long confinement, but there was a healthy glow to the skin and a clear light in the eye. For a week or more he had been permitted to walk about the house and into the garden, always leaning on the arm of his father or the faithful Hindu. Each succeeding day saw his strength and vitality increase and each night he slept with the peace of a care-free child. As for Lydia, she was radiant with happiness. The long fight was over, she had gained through the campaign against death with loyal, unflinching courage; there had never been an instant when her steady heart had faltered; there had been distress but never despair. If the strain told on her it did not matter, for she was of the fighting kind. Her love was the sustenance which she threw despite the doctor's warnings that were laid before her during those weeks of fam-

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MRS. LYON'S

ACHES AND PAINS

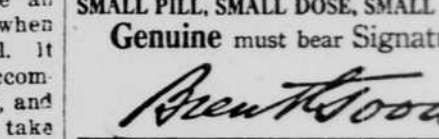
Have All Gone Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Terre Hill, Pa.—"Kindly permit me to give you my testimonial in favor of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it I was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches—pains in lower part of back and in sides, and pressing down pains. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.

It is true that nature and a woman's work has produced the grandest remedy for women's ills that the world has ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, forty years ago, gave to womankind a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for women's ills. In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.

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Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



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Drink Denison's Coffee. Always pure and delicious. A woman never entirely forgives her husband for not being a hero.

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Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. See large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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It begins with a C and smells like "Camphor" What is it? Campholatum, of course. Is there a jar of Campholatum in your home? It is the most reliable remedy you have ever used. This wonderful remedy, which is giving thousands relief and comfort every year from Hay Fever, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomachic, Rheumatism, Pains in the Head, Stings, Neuralgia, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Burns and Scalds, and a host of other conditions? You should acquaint yourself with its household usefulness by taking a few pennies worth of Campholatum. The advantage of this golden opportunity. Cut out before you forget, fill in your name and address and mail us with 15 cents in stamps, receive a full size jar of this wonderful ointment. There is but one Campholatum and thousands of imitations. Insist upon this and so other.

Campholatum Co., 3704 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

TELLS OF LIFE IN VIENNA

Wherein Conditions Are Different From Those That Prevail in American Cities.

Life in Vienna offers many incongruities to the American. First, he will find, unless he has taken the precaution to equip himself with large sums of money, that he cannot possibly afford to live anywhere except in a flat. No one except the nobility and aristocracy, which foreigners can hope to

have a whole house to himself. He will find that he can ride upward in an elevator, but that he must walk down. He will find that if he wants to see anything of the place, and how its inhabitants enjoy themselves, he must stay out all night. When he comes home late he must tip the doorkeeper in order to get into his own house. The people frequent the cafes of Vienna so constantly that peddlers of linen derive a smart income from sales to be used on the spot. The guest who

is accepting hospitality may decline to have a drink, but in all likelihood will accept a clean collar. In Vienna the retired chorus girls are pensioners, and the flower girls are grandmothers and the messenger boys are men. These grown-up messenger boys are known as "commissioners." They are dressed in distinctive uniforms and are licensed to perform many kinds of work other than running errands. It would doubtless be more correct to style them "men of all chores" rather than "Jacks of all

trades." Witness the varied and unusual service rendered by one of them in a single day: His first job was to rebottle some wine; then he cleaned a pipe for an invalid bachelor. After that he clipped a dog for an actress; next he beat a carpet for a boarding-house keeper; then he carried a cabman's horse, pulled an officer's sword, and after packing a trunk for a departing traveler wound up the day by helping a plumber deliver a bathtub. Yet the "commissioner" did not hesi-

tate to complain of the times. He was quite willing to be quoted as stating that he hoped conditions would improve soon so that he might be kept busy. A Pathetic Letter. In the height of the great cotton situation many interesting letters were received by representatives and senators from Dixie. The following one—most pathetic in spite of its odd spelling—was received by Senator Bank-

head: "Gents: I have heard that foreign countries in Europe are issuing merrytroutisms, so that the people can put off paying their debts a while. Now, I have 18 bales of cotton and owe debts amounting to about six hundred dollars. I can't sell my cotton for enough to pay out and leave anything to pay taxes and live on next year. If they are selling merrytroutisms in New York I wish you would see what it will cost to buy me one for the amount of my debts, good for six mos. Yours truly, ———"