

Where is my brother? I suppose that CHAPTER XXVII.-Continued. Madame de Varnier seated herself in the shadow, so that she would not my right to see him?"

seeking their hidden meaning. "Ah,

this infamous woman, who dragged

down my brother to disgrace when he

lived, will not spare even his memory.

She threatens to make his shame even

"Your champion has it in his power

to prevent that," suggested Madame

Helena turned on her with horror.

make traffic of a man's love."

"It is incredible that you should

"To me the love of a man like Sir

Mortimer Brett would have been a

glory, not a disgrace," returned the

adventuress calmly. "But there was

more public than it is."

de Varnier softly.

er's eves.

The two women faced each other. at once confront Helena as she entered. Her jeweled fingers touched her hair lightly; her pose suggested calamity that may befall one, madam." At these ominous words Helena the languid indifference of a woman turned to me with a gesture of pain. of the world who awaits the entrance Her courage faltered, though she of a caller. Mercy and tenderness and fought for her control before the womwomanly pity were denied this beautian whom she hated so bitterly. ful animal at her birth. Or these di-"Death is not the worst calamity?" vine qualities had been fiercely She repeated the words slowly, as if crushed by fanatic zeal.

I paced to and fro in an agony of rage and pity; and this Medusa followed my every movement with her cruel, mocking smile.

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The woman whom I had hoped to save from suffering, yes, the woman I loved, was coming to this chamber of horror. She was coming, radiant with hope. Happiness awaited her, she thought-the caresses of a loved brother, repentant of his momentary folly. And, perhaps, her heart was beating high with gratitude to me-to the man who she thought had made this much wished-for reconciliation possible.

Black despair awaited her in the little oratory yonder. She was to be tortured with a dilemma as cruel as ever racked the heart of woman.

But her decision I could not doubt. less." I had a proud faith in this lady who had sent me into the lists to fight for her. When first I had seen her on the terrace of the hotel at Lucerne-it seemed ages ago, instead of days-I remembered how her clear gaze had thrilled me. The calm, unwavering look of her gray eyes was truth itself, i had thought. A lie was not possible for her-not even a lie to be spoken by another for her sake.

But with what abhorrence would she regard me! Had I not been drawn in the subtle web of this Circe's net, the dilemma at least would not exist for her. But if the dilemma did not exist. Sir Mortimer's dishonor would still be a terrible reality. After all, the curtain had not fallen yet. Helena and I were both puppets in the hands of capricious Fortune. It was she

stood. Madame de Varnier's threat you. It is simply impossible that he was a terrible one. It was the fierce be guilty." pleading of a desperate and unscrupulous adventuress striving frantically to were very wistful. move the lofty trust of a sister in a "Because," I looked at her steadily, brother's rectitude and honor. I had "I know how impossible it would be faith in the courage and nobility of for the sister." soul of Helena. I believed that she would face shame and unhappiness entered the room, passing by Madame with calm resolution. But I could not de Varnier at the threshold. wonder that Madame de Varnier's "Au revoir, M. Coward!" the woman menace made her hesitate. The slow seconds passed, and still in the door. they faced each other in silence. That long silence seemed to me ominous. I suffered with Helena in the anguish of her decision.

To yield would be to doubt. But if mother to be thought of.

She had decided. She raised her hands slowly in a gesture that pathetically showed her submission. Madame de Varnier had conquered-so far. "Do not think I doubt because I

consent." She turned to where I stood. "But if this woman is sincere, and believes that these proofs exist, others will believe it too. There is no forgery so clever that I should not depeculiar. His honor must not be questioned because of a clever trick. Come, I will see those papers."

Madame de Varnier glided across the bare room and struck the heavy door of the little chamber she had already pointed out to me as containing the safe. To my surprise the door had not been locked. It opened ponderously, and I saw the gleam of the safe. She stood at the doorway and beckoned to Helena.

no love between Sir Mortimer Brett "Come, madam, or are you afraid to and myself in the sense you mean. trust yourself in the room alone with Whatever feeling your brother had for me was controlled. Yes, and I tempted me?"

"Has Mr. Haddon already seen these him. In that regard his honor is stainpapers that he is not to come?" "Mr. Haddon has seen copies of the

Motionless, each looked into the othoriginal papers in the safe," returned Madame de Varnier in triumph. "He "And yet you said there is a calam-



"Why do you say that?" Her eyes "Your faith strengthens mine." She

cried tauntingly, and the key turned

CHAPTER XXVIII.

## "Coward!"

I heard a clock in the village strike she refused to yield, to doubt. And if the hour. It was six. The chateau there is no one here who will deny me this woman spoke the truth, and made walls cast a long shadow on the oppogood her threat- For herself she site bank of the river. The mountains would endure everything rather than in the far distance were purple and "Death is sometimes not the worst compromise with this betrayer of red in the evening light. The long men's honor. But there was the day was coming swiftly to an end; and the night was mysterious with its promise of despair.

This tower of the three rooms! Two of these rooms held their tragedies. What if the third room had its tragedy likewise!

I struck sharply the door of that room in which Madame de Varnier had said that Captain Forbes was imprisoned. I listened: there was no answer. I called the name of the tect it. My brother's handwriting was king's messenger aloud; still there was no answer. Soon the moon would rise, and its cold rays might fall on the lifeless body of Forbes; for if all were well, why should there be this ominous quiet?

> The suspense was unendurable. 1 listened at the door of the room that concealed the two women. I heard the murmer of voices. That reassured me so far as Helena's safety was concerned; but it made me absolutely certain that Captain Forbes must have heard my voice if he were living, and in that room.

And when the two women came out? I shrank from that coming with dread. I had told Helena to be brave. to ignore the evidence of her own sight. But I had been shaken in my own belief as to Sir Mortimer's innocence. Surely her faith would be greater than mine; but the evidence seemed so overwhelmingly against Sir Mortimer, if Sir Mortimer's letters and notes were genuine. At any rate the woman'I loved must hold a bitter cup to her blanched lips; it must be emptied to the very dregs. Her suffering was inevitable, whether she believed her brother innocent or guilty. I could not doubt that she would refuse to purchase the silence of Madame de Varnier at the cost of further dishonor, even though I were



**Recent** photograph of The Oyster Bay, Long Island.

**MOUNTAIN OF SILVER** 

some day.

AMERICAN MAKES FIND IN CHINA | duce the government to back him up and protect his property rights BUT CAN'T DIG. when he does begin mining operations.

is Prevented by Ancestor Worship-Will Ask Uncle Sam for Protection Against Grafting Mandarins.

San Francisco.-After watching patiently a silver mountain for 30 years, unable all that time to stick a pick into it, for fear of arousing the predatory instincts of China's grafting mandarins, J. H. Wright, shipbuilder, of by and by, has come to America to in- yard in Shanghai, while his mountain lay a pipe."

HUSBAND SELECTS SUCCESSOR.

Wearing Widow's Weeds, Obedient **Relict Again Becomes a Bride.** 

Philadelphia.-Fulfilling a deathbed

gleams white with virgin wealth somewhere within 150 miles of the spars towering above the harbor. Just where it is Wright, of course, will not say until he is sure his Uncle Samuel will help him keep the Chinese off, for fung sui, Wright believes, would be a costly adjunct of mining.

All these years he has kept his prospect a secret because if he revealed it every mandarin in the district would at once stop the digging on the ground that the steam shovels and blasts were harrowing the souls of his forefathers, and demand personal injury damages.

"Those yellow grafters make your San Francisco brand second rate," said Wright. "They would hold me off until I paid for every alleged pain my giant powder shot through the wraiths that inhabit the underground about my mountain.

"Probably it would cost me half of what's in that hill for the mandarins aldne, and when it comes to grafting the coolies are as expert and insatiable as your supervisors, who, I am told, take anything from dollars to beer checks or doughnuts. Their fung sui would take what was left, and I wouldn't get anything for the 30 years' guard I've kept on that hill."

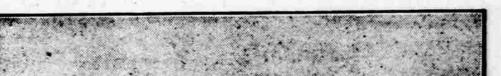
Wright says he discovered the ore leads while on a trip into the interior just after he had been sent by a Philadelphia firm to superintend some machine work in the Chinese port. He remained there so as not to let the mountain get away. When he arrives in Washington he will tell Secretary Root about his find and ask him to induce the empress dowager or some of the yamens to guarantee that the ghosts of ancient grafters will not feel more than say \$50,000 worth of

Larry's Wish. It was a sultry afternoon in mid-

summer and Larry was perspiring and Wright is going to Washington, but laying gas pipe in the blistering the success of his mission is open to trench. In a nearby tree a little bird doubt, for the constitution expressly was caroling forth, shielded by the prohibits interference with religious cool branches. "Sure," exclaimed Larliberty, and it is exactly that which ry, as he halted a moment to remove stands between Wright and the little the big beads with a red handkerchief. pimple on the face of the earth which "'tis an unjust wur-ruld. I wish I was he is certain will make him a rival that bur-rud." "And why do you wish of Midases of Montana and Nevada you were that bird?" asked the interested policeman. Larry blinked at the

It is fung sui, the ancestor worship blazing sun and smiled grimly. "Be-Shanghai, soldier of fortune, and, he of the Chinese, that has stayed his cause, me bhoy, such a day as this ut hopes, millionaire, in the sweet hand and kept him tied up in a ship- is better to pipe a lay than ut is to

American Contrivance in Central Asia



who held the balances; or, rather a just God whose wheels may turn slowly, but sooner or later He sees that justice is done.

I had left the door slightly ajar. It was pushed open with a brusque suddenness that startled. The servant must have known the tragedy that awaited the woman he was conducting here. With a Frenchman's love of the dramatic, he ushered her in with pompous ceremony, and stood waiting expectantly. As I closed the door roughly on him, Helena saw me. Madame de Varnier, seated in the shadow, she had not yet seen.

I scanned her face closely. I saw that not hope nor the expectancy of a happy meeting with her brother was her dominant emotion. Eager she was, but it was the eagerness of anxiety, and not of hope. Her quiet assurance came from courage and selfcontrol. Her brother had disappeared mysteriously; Captain Forbes had been the victim of a trick; she had put her faith in one who was almost a stranger to her; and now she had ventured to the chateau alone. Even a man might have hesitated.

But when I stood before her, I was touched to see how she leaned on me who had twice failed her.

"My brother?" she whispered. Once before she had wrung from me the bitter truth. Now, as then, a certain courage came from her presence. Her own scorn of weakness and subterfuge supported me. I answered her simply, as I knew she would have me answer-the direct, stern truth:

"Your brother is dead, Miss Brett." There followed a silence so intense that I could hear quite distinctly the river Aare beating against the chateau walls. With the curious irrelevance that comes so often in moments of tense anxiety I thought it strange that Captain Forbes had not given some sign of his presence in his prison during the past half hour. Helena leaned toward me, frowning slightly as if in perplexity.

"Dead, did you say? Not dead!" I repeated the words; unconscious ly I spoke a little louder. The scene

seemed unreal, theatric. Again the irrelevant thought intruded, how. when a boy. I used to wonder if all the things that had hitherto happened in my life-all my existence-were not one long dream; a dream from which I should awake presently, to find myself living a life utterly different.

"It seems, sir," she faltered, "that your mission is always to bring bad tidings. It was only the other day you told me that the man who loved me had died. Now it is to tell me that the brother I loved so much is dead." She smiled pitifully, a curiously twisted smile that expressed her suffering more than any tears. No reruptly to Madame de Varnier, whom pity overcome my reason. I might gloom with as little effect.

"Your Brother Is Dead, Miss Brett."

ity worse than death?" Helena ques-, was so convinced of your brother's tioned, torn between hope and fear. guilt that he destroyed these copies. "And I say it again. Dishonor is You will not be surprised then if I re-Helena turned to me, dazed and ap- originals."

dame de Varnier.

"Then I give it to you."

step, passing me where I stood.

THE SECRET OF THE STORE MAN

E-DERIC TOURS

pealing, a trembling hand drawn slow-I attempted no expostulation. I ly across her forehead. knew the uselessness of that, and we traordinary words mean?" I besitated.

"It is said-this woman says-but it is false. Do not believe her," I cried alone," said Helena quietly. "And you will give me your word of desperately at length.

orse than death."

honor that you will not follow the ex-"He has not the courage to tell the ample of Mr. Haddon in attempting to truth," cried Madame de Varnier. destroy them?" walking slowly toward Helena, who shrank back. "Your brother is known to be guilty of taking bribes."

"You are right not to believe that, dishonor?" Mr. Haddon," she said scornfully, and sighed her relief.

"There are proofs to convince the most skeptical, even you," insisted her tormentor with savage emphasis. "What you say is impossible. Where is my brother, Mr. Haddon?"

I pointed silently to the oratory. Helena turned to go thither, but Madame de Varnier barred her en

trance. "Ah, you are afraid!" she cried. standing at the door of the oratory with extended arms. "You dare not face the truth. Listen, madam; the proofs of your brother's guilt are not imaginary. They exist in his own proaches could have troubled me as writing. Not one signature which may did that pathetic smile. I turned ab- be forged; there are whole pages. You listen now: you will tremble before I she had not yet seen. My rage and have finished. At present there is no one who has seen these proofs except have appealed to a heathen idol sitting myself. But dare to doubt me, to in grotesque majesty in its temple of ignore these proofs, and they shall be

The second state of the last state of the second state of the

for the whole world to read. Do you loving from the very depths of my "life worth living."-Louise M. Wadhear? I say for the whole world; and heart: considerate and thoughtful re- dell in The Nurse.

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My reason told me of the folly of Madame de Varnier's plan. But if I yielded weakly presently, and the ruse actually succeeded, I knew that the hypocrisy of the act would become more and more dreadful to Helena with the coming years. No; if in that supreme ecstacy of her agony she should entreat me. I must still refuse. I must decide for her, even though she thought my own cowardice responsible for that refusal.

chiefly to bear that myself. But if

she demanded that? Was I strong enough to resist her tears? I must be.

Coward! How that word beat a devil's tattoo on my excited brain. It had been the keynote to all my suffering, and to all my joy. Willoughby had died uttering it; Helena had echoed it in thought; and Madame de Varnier had spoken it again and again in her flerce contempt during the past hour. Yes, it was the keynote of my suffering and my joy. It was the motif that obtruded again and again in the stormy music of these past hours. It was a baneful talisman, a watchword. Its letters seemed to have almost a magic potency. It was a countersign that opened for me the gates

of paradise and hell. A talisman! A watchword! A countersign! Suddenly I saw the word C-O-W-A-R-D written in fiaming letters. They revolved furiously. They danced before my vision.

This was sheer madness-this imposible conjecture. I reasoned the unreasoning impulse to hope against hope. But the forlorn, desperate possibility fought obstinately for recogfuse to trust him with the precious nition. It held me with all the damning power of a hallucination.

And then suddenly it became a conviction. It was no longer an impossi-"You are silent. What do those ex- had agreed that Helena was to decide ble hope, not even an intuition. It befor herself. I had faith enough in came an absolute belief, a certainty. her not to doubt her ultimate decision. And this was the reason for my be-"I will see these papers with you lief:

Whenever Madame de Varnier had mentioned the safe she had called me coward.

C-O-W-A-R-D ! That was the combination of the "My word of honor!" cried Helena safe.

At last a door opened. Helena made with bitterness. "Would you believe that if you think my brother guilty of her way toward me with uncertain steps, her hands held out before her, as one groping in the dark. Her splen-"I should believe it." answered Madid fearlessness was gone. She looked at me with the wild eyes of a wounded animal vainly seeking a way She walked to the room with a firm of escape. As she reached my side

"Be brave," I whispered. "Be on her hands were still held out as if for your guard. Refuse to believe that protection. I grasped them firmly, your brother is guilty, no matter what | but I did not speak. specious proofs this woman may show (TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Making Life Worth Living ing ever before me that exemplary

Some Golden Rules Laid Down by life as my rule of conduct toward men, thus creating an influence for Right Thinking Woman. To be happy, hopeful, buoyant, kind, good. This is my idea of making

promise to her husband, nine months ago, that she would marry his chum, Mrs. Maria Di Cicco, 23 years old, of South Sixth street, has become the wife of Antonio Di Mattio, in the home in which her former husband died. The late husband of Mrs. Di Cicco and Di Mattio were playmates in Naples, and one day the latter saved Di Cicco from drowning in the bay. Di Cicco never forgot the brave deed, and even after coming to this country

and marrying he kept up a correspondence with his boyhood chum. When Di Mattio came to this city Di Cicco insisted that he make his home with himself and wife.

Then Di Cicco contracted tuberculosis, and although everything was done to save his life, he rapidly wasted away. When he saw that death was near he called his young wife and Di Mattio to his bedside and made them promise to wed each other at the expiration of nine months after his death. They agreed and Di Cicco died happy.

The bride was attired in the black dress which she wore at her husband's funeral, and despite the occasion, relaxed none of the literal or figurative mourning, which she has expressed continually for Di Cicco since his death. - She makes no pretense of loving her new husband, but frankly states that she is simply fulfilling her former companion's wishes. Di Mattio, on the other hand, states that he has always loved his new wife.

**Boston's Woman Guide.** 

Boston is said to have the only woman guide in the United States to places of historic interest. She has equipped herself with so much useful information that she believes herself to be able to answer any reasonable question about Boston. Her specialty is taking about parties of women, teachers and school children. Though an unusual thing in thisscountry, woman guides are to be found in foreign cities; a numbe; earn their living by

## \$8,000,000 on Office Walls.

showing visitors about London.

Kansas City, Mo .- The wall paper in the offices of a commission company at the stockyards exchange in Kansas City represents an outlay of \$8,000,000. This remarkable wall paper is made up of canceled checks. There is no check on the wall that rep- | return a promise exacted from Spreuis for \$30,000. would repay the loan in labor to be

las County, Wis., to Be Cut.



The subject of the photograph is the last horse-ferry on the Mississippi. The raft is propelled by stern-wheel paddles driven by horse-power, the horses pulling levers on the deck exactly like the old-fashioned Scotch threshing-mill. The Peking-Paris motorists found a similar machine in use in Central Asia.

performed for his benefactor at the LIEN ON MAN'S LEG. rate of \$20 a month. The deal was made. The money was Shylock Case in Which Flesh turned over for the purchase of the

Blood Judgment is Asked. leg and the addition made to Spreu-Seattle, Wash .- Suit has been betel's anatomy. All went well for a

gun in Justice Carroll's court, the nature of which may well cause Shylock of the drama to retire. For not only does the present litigant demand an entire right leg, but in addition, asks judgment in the sum of \$25 from the defendant named in the action.

be given the care and custody of the artificial leg until such time as Spreu-In the complaint filed Jules J. Pentels is prepared to produce the balance sis alleges that last May the defendof the loan held to be still unpaid. ant, John Spreutels, who was in sore need of a leg, asked for the loan of \$45 Golf Playing in England. with which to provide an artificial sub-

England has 2,000 golf clubs with stitute. The money was given, and in 300,000 members who use 500,000 golf resents less than \$1,000. The largest tels that when fully equipped he balls per week and walk over the links about 250,000,000 miles per year.

time, and then, the complaint says, the

defendant in the present action be-

came dissatisfied. Soon he left his em-

Now Pensis wants his money, and

failing to get that, demands that he

ployer, taking both legs with him.

BIG DEMAND FOR "HORSE BOOK."

Million Copies of Famous Volume **Printed by Government.** 

Washington .- Uncle Sam is a successful publisher. He issues annually the "horse book." which has an enormous circulation. Over a million copies of the book have been printed. and still the public demand for it is not satisfied. Another edition of 250,-

Minneapolis.-Preparations are be ng made this summer for logging the last of the standing pine timber in Douglas county, Wisconsin. The timber is owned by a Chicago lumber company and is southeast of Dedham. The estimated amount of timber left

000 feet of laths, shingle and minor

Last of the Pine Forest.

Almost a Habit.

products, making a total of 130,000, 000,000 feet. Fifty billion feet probably were cut prior to 1873, which would bring the total product of the lake states to about 280,000,000,000 feet.

000,000,000 feet cut in the last thirty

years must be added about 3,000,000,

Remains of Standing Timber in Doug-

"It is for you to do that, monsieur." She spoke with assumed indifference, fingering the cross that hung from her neck. """ Hedden" stid Helena proudly "The two women measured of the second statement of the second statemen	ose garding the peculiarities and eccent ate tricities of human nature, adjusting myself to each so as to produce har mony and not friction; to be pure in word, thought and deed; broad ink minded and liberal, not given to petty denunciation of my fellows; moderate in methods of life; never adding a burden or sorrow where a little fore thought would give pleasure; no hasty in speech or action; sincere candid and truthful in every detail; to conscientious in the execution of "every duty; composed, unpretentious and simple, keeping close to nature's	Professional Secrecy. Twenty or 30 years ago Dr. Meigs and his old mare Peggy, were familiar figures in Derby Line, Vt., and the sur- rounding country. The doctor was very brusque in manner, and disliked being questioned concerning his patients. One day a farmer was taken sick and Dr. M. sent for. When returning from his call, one of the neighbors anxious to know the man's condition, hailed the doctor and the physician pulled up.	Hayward, Wis., to be sawed. The forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota originally contained about 400,000,000 feet. Lumbering began in Michigan and Wisconsin dur- ing the '30s and was of small import- ance until the early '70s, when the vast untimbered plains west of the Mississippi began to throng with im- migration. In 1873 the cut was about 4,000,000,000 feet. It reached the high water mark in 1892, when it was over 8,500,000,000 feet. Since then it has fallen steadily and in 1906 was a little over 3,000,000,000 feet.	How did he do that?" cover a space fifty miles long, and piled up flatwise would make 108 p	Dis- n or- cop- nd is and cy to have con- gres- litude the 361,- rould ad if piles
"Mr. Haddon," said Helena proudly, "you will make no appeal to Madame de Varnier to spare me from suffering. duel from the open window whe	the heart and always relying upon Him .	"What ails Mr. Smith?"	over 3,000,000,000 feet. To the enormous total of about 200,- alighting on the	g out of his balloon and piled up flatwise would make 108	piles

where the top it will be a state -

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an all it showing a make