

one would have suspected could possibly have been the same orb of sight that only a moment before had beamed apologetically. He continued:

"Now, see here, MacFarren, you are a thief and you know that you are a thief. Miss Mullaney has proof of it. You know that you have wasted and spent without warrant a large share of the trust fund which was to go to her according to the will of her mother. You know that your trusteeship has ended and that you must make good."

MacFarren was overcome. It was plain to see that this came to him as thunder out of a clear sky, and terrifying thunder, too.

"Are you prepared to furnish your accounting and turn Mrs. Parton's property over to her at once?"

"Not here," said MacFarren, sulkily. "You know enough about the affair to know that all this property and all the papers concerning it are in England. You cannot bring an action against me here for its recovery."

"No," said the small man, with an unpleasant smile, "that it one sense is quite true. It would be difficult to bring a civil action, but, at the request of Mrs. Parton, I have already had a warrant issued for that purpose, making the complaint myself as her attorney. I have it in my pocket and can either serve it myself or send below for the man whom you brought here with you for the purpose of making trouble for her husband."

"I don't believe that he acted wisely in coming over here as he did. I have no notion that your claim on his property would have held water in the British courts; but it might have, at least, given him a deal of bother. If he had had competent legal advice, however, it is my opinion that he would have remained in England and would have fought you on your own ground there, and not only beaten you but held you up to the scorn and ridicule of all who knew you."

"It was fortunate for you that he did exactly what he did. It was unfortunate for him, because in doing it he chose a means which has resulted in the loss of the property to him as well as to yourself."

"Now, I'll give you my advice free. That is because you are a lawyer. I am charging Mrs. Parton for what I am doing for her. Stop all further nonsense about making trouble for Parton. You can drag him into court, but he can drag you out of it. I merely give you that advice because you, like me, are in the law. That I feel is one of the disadvantages of the profession."

"Now, as to the other matter, we are, for the sake of my client's peace of mind and to avoid a scandal, willing to make certain concessions. We don't know just how much you have stolen. We know that it is enough to impair the value of the legacy which her mother left to her seriously, but, as I say, we are willing to avoid a scandal by making some concessions."

MacFarren struggled hard to get his self-control. He passed through the various stages of incoherency which seemed to be necessary leaders to intelligent statement on his part that day, and finally made a fine pretense of defiance. The small lawyer waited only for a dozen foolish words and then rang the bell impressively. It was answered almost immediately by a grinning boy.

"Step down stairs," said Kammer, "and ask Mr. Bryan of the central office, the detective, to step up stairs."

The boy disappeared and the small man drew from his pocket a folded document.

MacFarren immediately weakened enough to ask his small tormentor to delay the entrance of the detective until he had had a private talk with him.

"I don't care to discuss this matter in the presence of all these people," he said with a weak attempt at a show of contempt for the man whom he had been so abjectly-fearful of a few moments before. "I should

like to have a private conversation with you."

The small lawyer looked inquiringly at Norah.

"I shall do quite as my client suggests about that," he said. "Are you willing that I should grant this man a private conference?" he asked.

Norah surprised them all by shaking her head emphatically.

"No," she said, "I'm not. I shall be glad to see him where he said that he would put my husband. Sure, it seems to me that there could be no pleasure greater than to go and watch him in a jail. I'd read to him and take him jelly—just in order to keep certain that he was still locked up."

"All right," said the small lawyer, with an air of business as if he were talking of the stall in which a horse was to be placed: "I'll jail him."

MacFarren was terrified. He who had threatened, was beset by prophecies of evil. Again he begged of Kammer for a private audience; begged with a cringing imitation of humility.

At last the little one granted his request and they went to another room.

There MacFarren wilted and confessed. A part of Norah's property had been wasted in a foolish effort to get himself into Parliament. More of it had gone in other ways.

"And part of it," said Kammer with contempt, "you used in your attempt to rob the man she loved. You deposited it as security for the reward you offered for Parton's capture."

"I did," said MacFarren writhing, "but I did not know she loved him."

He shuddered as he realized how completely he had placed himself within the power of those whom he had attempted to defraud. As all his mental courage had ebbed away when he saw Parton's eyes, so now all his moral arrogance faded before the plain presentment of his small adversary. He begged for mercy. His cringing became abject and most unpleasant.

"They are determined to ruin me, between them," he said.

"No," said Kammer, "I should not put it that way. You seem determined to ruin yourself. That, of course, I cannot help. I can tell you, though, that any attempt at further interference with the young people will probably put you beyond the possibility of any intrigue more important than a jail conspiracy for some time."

"You asked to see me here alone, and you have seen me here alone. I am rather glad of it, for it enables me to tell you that you are a miserable scoundrel, the least brave that I have ever seen and wholly unworthy of the respect that we give, even to the clever criminal. I think I shall have to leave you now. I must warn you, though, that any attempt to leave this hotel will be followed by immediate arrest. Good-day."

MacFarren stared at him with unhappy eyes, while he rose and started toward the door. Just as his hand was on the knob he called him back, half starting from his chair in his anxiety. All his pomposity had passed. He was very miserable.

"What can I do to prevent this—this proceeding?" he asked.

"I am afraid you can't prevent it," Kammer said. "You would have to be a man."

There was a flash of resentment in MacFarren's eyes for a moment, but it quickly gave way to the look of cowardice.

"Isn't there some basis on which we may avoid future trouble, Mr. Kammer?" he asked. "I will admit that I have been, perhaps, a little hasty in regard to—Mr. Parton. Perhaps I have. It may be. Every one, you know, is likely to make mistakes at some time. Perhaps I may have been a little hasty."

Kammer smiled with that bland smile which had so often disconcerted the counsel for the other side.

"I thought we were discussing the affairs of Mrs. Parton," he said. "You know it is in her interest, not Parton's, that I am

engaged. All that I have to say, I have said. You have misappropriated money and you will have to pay the penalty. I am sorry for you. I am always sorry for a thief, but I cannot always help him."

So complete was the humility of the erstwhile militant MacFarren that he showed no resentment of this plain talk, but merely cringed the more.

"If I have used any of the trust funds," said he, "it has been as much for her as for myself. I certainly intended to make good all that I had borrowed when the time for the accounting came. I can—I can arrange part of it now. I can—"

Kammer interrupted him. "You are talking to no purpose," he said. "I have been instructed to proceed against you. That settles that."

"But suppose I drop all proceedings against Parton," said MacFarren.

"It does not interest me," said Kammer. "I am not his attorney. I will tell you frankly that your claim on the diamonds, even if they had not been lost, would not hold water here and I don't believe that it would have over here. You have made trouble enough and you ought to be put away somewhere where you can't make any more."

MacFarren writhed. "I will do anything you say," he whined.

"We will call Mrs. Parton and see what she has to say," said Kammer. "I don't believe that she is willing to accept any compromise whatever."

When Norah came into the room MacFarren was sitting disconsolately at the table. He looked up at her eagerly.

"Well," she said, with no signs of yielding in her face, "well, what is the bold MacFarren after now? Sure perhaps he means to have me arrested for stealing a march on him. Faith, I'll confess to it. Is it grand larceny?"

"Norah!" said MacFarren reproachfully, "how can you treat me in this way?"

"Why," said she, smiling brightly, "it's just as easy! But wait. Watch for all the goodies that I'll send to you in jail! Faith, I'll never let you starve, I'd like to watch you eat—in jail!"

"You know that you'll get every cent of that money, don't you, Norah dear?" he pleaded.

"Sure, if there's a law to give it to me," she said pleasantly.

"But you don't have to go to law, Norah," he said pitifully.

"It's no hardship—it's a pleasure," said the unresponsive Norah. "I like it. Perhaps I caught the tendency from you. Faith, you seemed to be well pleased when you were raving against Henry and preparing to make him suffer for trying to save his own from you."

"Is there nothing which I can do to change your determination?" asked MacFarren.

"There was one thing that you could have done," said Norah.

"What?" said MacFarren with some eagerness.

"Been honest," said Norah quickly. He sank back in his chair dejectedly. Norah settled graceful into another, and Kammer stood by the window. There were signs of amusement about his mouth, but he took care to keep his face turned away from the disconsolate Irishman.

MacFarren looked resentfully at his back. He would have relished a drink of Kammer's blood, but he was careful not to reveal the thirst by word of mouth. Finally he appealed to him.

"Can't you help me to make my step-daughter act reasonably?" he asked, with humble voice.

"So far as I can see," said Kammer drily, "she needs no help. She seems too be doing nicely by herself."

Suddenly MacFarren rose from his chair and went to Norah.

"What if I withdraw all charges against your husband?" he asked, unhappily.

"It might save some bother," she said, indifferently. "But they'll only trouble you. Faith, I have no thought that any jury would take your word for anything

after you have been convicted of embezzlement."

He gasped. "Norah!" he said, "as if her words had hit him like a lash."

"I wonder will you go to Portland prison, or will they put you out at Wormwood Scrubs with smaller thieves," she speculated.

MacFarren was almost beside himself. He appealed to Kammer.

"I can do nothing with her," he said to him. "Won't you talk to her for me? It seems impossible that she should mean to do such a thing."

"I mean it all right enough," said Norah. "But I hate to stay here and watch you while you're so distressed. I'd rather read about it in the newspapers. Goodby!"

And she sailed happily from the room. "Mr. Kammer," said MacFarren after she had gone, "can't you arrange this for me in some way?"

"How much did you steal?" asked Kammer coldly. The small man knew how to be as scathing as he could be suave.

"Perhaps £2,000," said MacFarren miserably. "But I didn't steal it."

"What did you steal it for?" asked Kammer, paying no attention to the denial.

"Election expenses," said MacFarren.

"Can you pay any of it back?" asked Kammer.

"I can sell what I have," said MacFarren, "and do the best I can."

Kammer brought a pen, ink and paper.

"Write a confession and a promise to restore what you have taken," said the small man. "Don't mince words. Admit that you have misappropriated the money and state in detail what means you can employ to restore it."

MacFarren looked at him with dumb pleading in his eyes, but there was no sign of relenting in the face of Kammer. MacFarren wrote. He handed the paper to Kammer, who glanced at it calmly.

"That seems to be all right," he said, "but if you will take my advice you will add something to it."

"What?" asked MacFarren with the eagerness of cowardice.

"Write as I dictate," said Kammer. "After you have done that I will submit the matter to my client and perhaps she will consider the matter of dropping the prosecution. I don't know."

"What shall I write?" asked MacFarren.

"And furthermore," dictated Kammer, "by my own desire and without duress, I make statement that I hereby absolve Henry Parton of all charges which I may have made against him, completely and forever relinquishing all right and title to and in the diamonds or other property which I have wrongfully charged him with having misappropriated, agree to reimburse him, so far as lies within my power, for all expenses which he may have incurred in leaving London because of the false accusation which I lodged against him and to make public a statement in London, England, declaring him to have been wholly guiltless of wrongdoing."

MacFarren wrote. His hand trembled a little and his face was very pale. When he had finished, Kammer looked at him and said:

"Aren't you pretty thoroughly ashamed?"

"Yes," said MacFarren.

"You ought to be," said Kammer. "Sign it."

And MacFarren signed.

"Hold on," said Kammer. "I think we'd better have that witnessed."

He rang for a boy and told him to bring up a notary. The clerk at the hotel came up, in a moment or two, with his seal under his arm, and the statement was sworn to and attested.

"Now," said Kammer, "how long do you suppose that it will take you to get out of this hotel?"

"I can go at once," said MacFarren, humbly.

"All right then," said Kammer. "Do it."

And he did.

(To be Continued.)

The Husband of Donna Eugenia

(Continued from Page Seven.)

locked in by the Senhor Sebastiao?" "Perhaps the Father Pedro may tell," said the Donna Eugenia.

The Father Pedro was called to testify.

"May it be possible to explain," asked the corregedor, "how the negro could escape from the closet after he had been locked in?"

"That is not possible," said the priest.

"Yet I have heard it said by those who knew the marquis of Pombal that he had told of how the Brazilian negroes are cunning, and know charms, and how they bewitch that with which they come in contact, so that even things which have no life may be made to do their bidding."

"Should one think, then," continued the corregedor Amillo, "that in this case such

the gods.

"It is not possible," says the priest.

"Other witnesses were called to tell."

proof of guilt on the part of the negro was found. The negro went free. He was in the house of the Donna Eugenia, and, with

Carmen, the maid, went with his mistress when she walked abroad.

III.

A year later the Corregedor Amillo and the Donna Eugenia were married, and there was a great ceremony on the church of La Conceicao. Jao Vincente, the boatman of the fortress, decked his boat gaily, and sailed with Amillo and his wife across the Fayal roads—that wonderful channel which divides Fayal from the mount of Pico.

Up the mountain side the Senhor Amillo had a great vineyard and there the honeymoon was spent.

And upon a day when there was no cloud on the mountain and when the orange trees bloomed, and when the loquots were sweet in the mouth, Amillo took his wife tight in his arms as they looked off over the sea.

"But the slave was let out from the closet," he said.

"Yes," said the Donna Eugenia.

"But who should let him out? I who love thee, would have done it, if only for the punishment of one who should strike thee across the cheek with a lash. Who should it be that let him out, and who was it who locked him in his closet afterward?"

"I did," said the Donna Eugenia.

"My most beloved!" said the Corregedor Amillo.

Then together they went into their house, as the light grew dim on the tip of Pico.

His Consolation

Weary of the search for the fountain of perpetual youth, Ponce de Leon at last gave it up.

"What's the use, anyhow?" he exclaimed, wiping his forehead with a trembling handkerchief. "Even if I should find the right fountain it wouldn't be ten days till John D. Rockefeller would own it and be piping the fluid all over the country!"—Chicago Tribune.

Patent Leathers

The edict has been promulgated in New York that patent leather shoes will henceforth occupy a place only in the vulgarian's wardrobe. The divers grades of low-priced goods of the material have resulted in the dandy banishing "pats." In their stead enters varnished footwear. By special process calfskin is so treated that the enameled vamp does not present a garish effect, but, on the contrary, affords pleasing appearance. The varnished shoe in retail stocks ranges as high as \$10

per pair, either laced or buttoned. Russet shoes, which have been sidetracked for several seasons, are again considered in good form. Heavy advance orders on tan Oxfords have been booked for spring delivery.

Pointed Paragraphs

A woman is never too good to be true. If you would get up with the lark go to bed without one.

Worry is as useless as it is to tell people not to worry.

Sometimes a little learning saves a man from jury duty.

A swallow of brandy often turns out to be a bird of ill omen.

It's a case of quick consumption with the man who bolts his food.

If a man is satisfied with one meal a day he can afford to write poetry.

A woman uses a glass to color her face and a man uses one to color his nose.

A few splinters have been disappointed in love—a great many married women.

When a man is unable to make a living at anything else he is eligible for a government job.

A woman's idea of mutual pleasure is to spend the money her husband earns by the sweat of his brow.