



SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Multitudinously, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gave him the address of Flora Desmoline, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanora, Courtland arranges for an alibi. Eleanora reappears and accuses Courtland of having abducted her. His alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed. Eleanora flees to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of her admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courtland also goes to Como and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired prizefighter and father of Eleanora, whose real name is Nora Harrigan. Harrigan takes Courtland into his favor at once. He introduces Courtland to his daughter, but the latter gives no sign of ever having met him before. She studiously avoids him.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.
"I have had many wicked thoughts lately," resumed Nora, turning her gaze away from the tennis players. She and the padre were sitting on the lower steps of the veranda. The others were loitering by the nets.

"The old plaint disturbs you?"
"Yes."
"Can you not cast it out wholly?"
"Hate has many tentacles."
"What produces that condition of mind?" meditatively. "Is it because we have wronged somebody?"
"Or because somebody has wronged us?"
"Or misjudged us, by us has been misjudged?" softly.
"Good gracious!" exclaimed Nora, springing up.
"What is it?"
"Father is coming up the path!"
"I am glad to see him. But I do not recollect having seen the face of the man with him."

The little eagerness went out of Nora's body instantly. Everything seemed to grow cold, as if she had become enveloped in one of those fogs that suddenly blow down menacingly from hidden icebergs. Fortunately the inquiring eyes of the padre were not directed at her. He was here, not a dozen yards away, coming toward her, her father's arm in his! After what had passed he had dared! It was not often that Nora Harrigan was subjected to a touch of vertigo, but at this moment she felt that if she stirred ever so little she must fall. The stock whence she had sprung, however, was aggressive and fearless; and by the time Courtland had reached the outer markings of the courts, Nora was physically herself again. The advantage of the meeting would be his. That was indubitable. Any mistake on her part would be playing into his hands. If only she had known!

"Let us go and meet them, padre," she said quietly. With her father, her mother and the others, the inevitable introduction would be shorn of its danger.
"Nora!" it was her mother calling. She put her arm through the padre's, and they went forward leisurely.
"Why, father, I thought you weren't coming," said Nora. Her voice was without a tremor.
The padre hadn't the least idea that a volcano might at any moment open up at his side. He smiled benignly.
"Changed my mind," said Harrigan.
"Nora, Molly, I want you to meet Mr. Courtland. I don't know that I ever said anything about it, but his father was one of the best friends I ever had. He was on his way up here, so I came along with him." Then Harrigan paused and looked about him embarrassedly. There were half a dozen unfamiliar faces.

The colonel quickly stepped into the breach, and the introduction of Courtland became general. Nora bowed, and became at once engaged in an animated conversation with the Barone, who had just finished his set victoriously.

CHAPTER IX.

Dick Courtland's Boy.
Presently the servants brought out the tea-service. The silent dark-skinned Sikh, with his fierce curling whiskers, his flashing eyes, the semi-military, semi-oriental garb, topped by an enormous brown turban, claimed Courtland's attention; and it may be added that he was glad to have something to look at unembarrassedly. He wanted to catch the Indian's eye, but Rao had no glances to waste; he was concerned with the immediate business of superintending the service.

"Oh, yes; I am very fond of Como," he found himself replying mechanically to Mrs. Harrigan. He gave up Rao as hopeless so far as coming to his rescue was concerned. He began, despite his repugnance, to watch Nora. And all the while Mrs. Harrigan was talking and he was replying; and she thought him charming, whereas he had not formed any opinion of her at all, nor later could remember a word of the conversation.

"Tea!" bawled the colonel. The verb had its distinct uses, and one generally applied it to the colonel's outbursts without being depressed by the feeling of inelegance.

There is invariably some slight hesitation in the selection of chairs around a tea table in the open. Nora scored the first point of this singular battle by seizing the padre on one side and her father on the other and pulling them down on the bench. It was adroit in two ways: it put Courtland at a safe distance and in nowise offended the younger men, who could find no cause for alarm in the close proximity of her two fathers, the spiritual and the physical. A few moments later Courtland saw a smile of malice part her lips, for he found himself between Celeste and the inevitable trump.

"Touched!" he murmured, for he was a thorough sportsman and appreciated a good point even when taken by his opponent.
"I never saw anything like it," whispered Mrs. Harrigan into the colonel's ear.
"Saw what?" he asked.
"Mr. Courtland can't keep his eyes off of Nora."
"I say!" The colonel adjusted his eye-glass, not that he expected to see more clearly by doing so, but because habit had long since turned an affection into a movement wholly mechanical. "Well, who can blame him? Gad! if I were only twenty-five or thereabouts."

Mrs. Harrigan did not encourage this regret. The colonel had never been a rich man. On the other hand, this Edward Courtland was very rich; he was young; and he had the entrée to the best families in Europe, which was greater in her eyes than either youth or riches. Between sips of tea she builded a fine castle in Spain.

Abbott and the Barone carried their cups and cakes over to the bench and sat down on the grass, Turkish-wise. Both simultaneously offered their cakes, and Nora took a lady finger from each. Abbott laughed and the Barone smiled.
"Oh, daddy mine!" sighed Nora drolly.
"Huh?"
"Don't let mother see those shoes."
"What's the matter with 'em? Everybody's wearing the same."
"Yes. But I don't see how you manage to do it. One shoe string is virgin white and the other is pagan brown."

"I've got nine pairs of shoes, and yet there's always something the matter," ruefully. "I never noticed when I put them on. Besides, I wasn't coming."
"That's no defense. But rest easy. I'll be as secret as the grave."
"Now, I for one would never have noticed if you hadn't called my attention," said the padre, stealing a glance at his own immaculate patent leathers.
"Ah, padre, that wife of mine has eyes like a pilot-fish. I'm in for it."
"Borrow one from the colonel before you go home," suggested Abbott.
"That's not half bad," gratefully. Harrigan began to recount the trials of forgetfulness.

Slyly from the corner of her eye Nora looked at Courtland, who was at that moment staring thoughtfully into his tea cup and stirring the contents industriously. His face was a little thinner, but aside from that he had changed scarcely at all; and then, because these two years had left so little mark upon his face, a tinge of unreasonable anger ran over her. "Men have died and worms have eaten them," she thought cynically. Perhaps the air between them was sufficient charged with electricity to convey the impression across the intervening space; for his eyes came up quickly, but not quickly enough to catch her. She dropped her glance to Abbott, transferred it to the Barone, and finally let it rest on her father's face. Four handsomer men she had never seen.

"You never told me you knew Courtland," said Harrigan, speaking to Abbott.
"Just happened that way. We went to school together. When I was little they used to make me wear curls and wide collars. Many's the time Courtland walloped the school bullies for missing me up. I don't see him much these days. Once in a while he walks in. That's all. Always seems to know where his friends are, but none ever knows where he is."
Abbott proceeded to elaborate some of his friend's exploits. Nora heard, as if from afar. Vaguely she caught a glimmer of what the contest was going to be. She could see only a little way; still, she was optimistically confident of the result. She was ready. Indeed, now that the shock of the meeting was past, she found herself not at all averse to a conflict. It would be something to let go the pent-up wrath of two years. Never would she speak to him directly; never would she permit him to be alone with her; never would she miss a chance to twist his heart to humiliate him, to snub him.
"So I have heard," she was dimly conscious of saying.
"Didn't know you knew," said Abbott.
"Knew what?" rousing herself.
"That Courtland nearly lost his life in the eighties!"
"In the eighties!" dismayed at her slip.
"Latitudes. Polar expedition."

"Heavens! I was miles away." The padre took her hand in his own and began to pat it softly. It was the nearest he dared approach in the way of suggesting caution. He alone of them all knew.

"Oh, I believe I read something about it in the newspapers."
"Five years ago," Abbott set down his tea cup. "He's the bravest man I know. He's rather a friendless man, besides. Horror of money. Thinks every one is after him for that. Tries to throw it away, but the incomes pile up too quickly. See that Indian, passing the cakes? Wouldn't think it would you, that Courtland carried him on his back for five miles! The Indian had fallen at a wounded tiger, and the beaters were miles off. I've been watching. They haven't even spoken to each other. Courtland's probably forgotten all about the incident, and the Indian would die rather than embarrass his savior before strangers."

"Your friend, then, is quite a hero?"
"What was the matter with Nora's voice? Abbott looked at her wonderingly. The tone was hard and unmusical.
"He couldn't be anything else, being Dick Courtland's boy," volunteered Harrigan, with enthusiasm. "It runs in the family."
"It seems strange," observed Nora, "that I never heard you mention that you knew a Mr. Courtland."
"Why, Nora, there's a lot of things nobody mentions unless chance brings them up. Courtland—the one I knew—has been dead these sixteen years. If I knew he had had a son, I'd forgotten all about it. The only graveyard isn't on the hillside; there's one under everybody's thatch."

The padre nodded approvingly.
Nora was not particularly pleased with this phrase in the play. Courtland would find a valiant champion in her father, who would blunder in when some fine passes were being exchanged. And she could not tell him; she would have cut out her tongue rather.
"Will you forgive me?" asked Celeste of Courtland. Never had she felt more ill at ease. For a full ten minutes he chatted pleasantly, with never the slightest hint regarding the episode in Paris. She could stand it no longer. "Will you forgive me?"
"For what?"
"That night in Paris."
"Do not permit that to bother you in the least. I was never going to recall it."
"Was it so unpleasant?"
"On the contrary, I was much amused."
"I did not tell you the truth."
"So I have found out."
"I do not believe that it was you," impulsively.

"Thanks. I had nothing to do with Miss Harrigan's imprisonment."
"Do you feel that you could make a confidant of me?"
He smiled. "My dear Miss Fournier, I have come to the place where I distrust even myself."
"Forgive my curiosity!"
Courtland held out his cup to Rao. "I am glad to see you again."
"Ah, Sahib!"
The little Frenchwoman was torn with curiosity and repression. She wanted to know what causes had produced this unusual drama which was unfolding before her eyes. To be presented with effects which had no apparent causes was maddening. It was not dissimilar to being taken to the second act of a modern problem play and being forced to leave before the curtain rose upon the third act. She had laid all the traps her intelligent mind could invent; and Nora had calmly walked over them or around them. Nora's mind was Celtic; French in its adroitness and Irish in its watchfulness and tenacity. And now she had set her arts of persuasion in motion (aided by a piquant beauty) to lift a corner of the veil from this man's heart. Check-mate!

"I should like to help you," she said, truthfully.
"In what way?"
It was useless, but she continued: "She does not know that you went to Flora Desmoline that night."
"And yet she sent you to watch me."
"But so many things happened afterward that she evidently forgot."
"That is possible."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Didn't Mind the Crowd.
The most embarrassing moment of my life was when I once entertained a young man friend at our camp at a popular lake, on Sunday, writes a Chicago Tribune correspondent. The young man had been very attentive all during our acquaintanceship but I never had thought the affair serious. I went to the car with him and, as usual, there was a crowd there. We stood back until the others were on board and then he stepped on the first step and stood talking.

As the car started, I held out my hand to say good-by and he held it so firmly that I could not escape. Then he leaned over and kissed me on the head while I ran along beside the moving car in sight of all our camp friends.

The Artful Schemer.
"When it comes to ways and means, my wife is a wonder."
"Some fixer, eh?"
"I should say so. Her latest stunt is to encourage an affair of the heart between the hired girl and the handsome milkman, so the girl will get up early in the morning."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Much Work on Small Box.
The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through nineteen processes before it is ready to receive the cigars.

TO LIVE AND LEARN

Don't Make Love to a Lonely Widow by Means of a Little Cherub.

By MARGARET WESTCOTT.
A bachelor, living alone until the age of forty, I had never given any thought to children. When I dined with friends, their young ones were in bed; or if some fatuous mama insisted on showing me her baby, I felt like a fool, not knowing at all what was expected of me.

But the year I was so done up in a motorcar accident, I spent the summer at a place near town in one of those summer boarding houses where the "child" is permitted to run riot, notwithstanding that the landlady had told me "no children were allowed."

Stretched all day in a steamer chair on the piazza, I smoked and read novels and magazines. To my utter astonishment, a large number of so-called "climaxes" were precipitated by a child. Innumerable were the tales in which estranged married couples, parted lovers, and even divorced men and women were brought together in the most heavenly harmony by the "timely intervention" of a child.

I began to love and long for the dear little things. I determined to snatch the first opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance, the love and intimacy of a child.
In the stories there was no complication, no misunderstanding; in short, no limitation to the healing, soothing influence of "timely intervention" on the part of a darling little child. And their quaint sayings, pretty ways and exquisite conceits of imagination!

I became saturated with the romance of childhood.
At last my chance came in the most ideal way. A young, beautiful and rich widow arrived, bringing with her a real, full-page illustration, story-book dream of a boy about seven years old. Instantly I determined that the boy should bring the widow and me together.

Soon after his arrival, I found the child standing near me on the piazza. He was all the romance I had de-voured condensed.
"Luminous, brown eyes gazing at some celestial vision beyond the horizon," hair curled on his "high, broad forehead;" rosy lips about to part to give utterance to a soulful, dainty gem of speech.
I held out my hand.
"Won't you come and speak to a poor, sick man?" I said, smiling encouragement.

Into the abstracted gaze of the beautiful boy sprang a look of eager anticipation.
"I—I'll smash your face!" he cried, taking a step toward me.
Placing my sound foot on a puffer, left near by some forgetful golfer, I hastily produced a box of lozenges from my pocket.
"Do you like these?" I asked in honeyed accents.

With a single bound, Tommy was beside me—or, rather, inside me, it seemed. He landed on my knees with the dead thud of a huge bag of sand; his head nearly smashed my ribs.
Recalling the widow, I resolved to "soften the child;" to win his affections; to lead him to a knowledge of the gentle, the beautiful and the good. That was another favorite "stunt" of the story books. (If the child doesn't get in his "softening" on you first, always try it on him.) For the sake of Tommy's adorable mamma, I would fix up his little soul.

Just then she came round the corner of the piazza; just at the "psychological moment." Of course, she apologized for the boldness of her little son. I was enchanted. The widow and I were "brought together" (though not exactly as I had anticipated).

ago him. With his "rosebud lips" almost touching mine, he asked quite innocently:
"Do those china t-teeth stuck on with p-pegs ever get wabbly?"
Hearing the voice of his mother near, I tried to change the current of Tommy's thoughts.

"My nephew is coming to see me tomorrow. If you're good I'll ask him to send you some candy from town."
"That's the stuff," was the delicate reply. "M-make him send b-boose drops, and I'll hide it under your bed where muddy can't take it away from me. Don't you forget it."
Next day—shall I admit it?—I was infinitely relieved to hear that Tommy had gone to a children's party down in the village somewhere.

He held up the whole affair; until after thumping his host in the ribs, Tommy mercifully stunned him with a croquet mallet. Then his mother brought her darling back to the hotel and put him to bed without his supper.
That only a strong arm and a shingle would perfect Tommy's character was obvious. That the privilege of taking it in hand might be mine for the asking was becoming more and more apparent by the widow's daily increasing cordiality—not to say tenderness.

The first of September was near. Quite infatuated with the widow—Tommy to the contrary, notwithstanding—I resolved to propose to her, and asked her to go for a walk.
My health and spirits were restored and I was as ecstatic as a youth half my age. We walked through a path along the brink of a babbling brook. We sat down to rest upon the trunk of a fallen tree. The time, the place and the widow were perfect. It was simply lovely.

I was suddenly overcome by shyness—couldn't utter a word of love to save my soul! Then it was that the child—as advertised—"intervened." Somehow, Tommy had found where we were; and galloping toward us, like an incensed goat, he landed on my newly polished shoes, and spoiled the shine.
I was almost glad to see him. I felt that the affectionate way in which he clung to my knees would touch the heart of his mother. Putting my arm about him, I said, in a pleasant tone:
"What shall I do without my dear little Tommy when I get back to my lonely apartments in town?"
"But they won't be lonely w-w-with the w-widow in 'em," bawled the child.

"What!" shrieked Tommy's mamma, springing to her feet.
"What?" I demanded, sternly.
"I—I was under your b-bed that day you told your nephew you'd caught a rich widow," said Tommy. "And he said, 'By golly, uncle, is it a sure thing' and you said, 'My d-dear boy, it's a c-celch!' That's what you said."
The widow cast a withering glance at me and swept disdainfully away. It was useless to protest.
I did say that to my nephew.
So much for the "intervention of a child!"

I do not wish to see another. The place for children is in books. Never catch 'em alive!
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LOVE TRAGEDY OF ESKIMO

Tale of a Sleeping Bag and an Adventurous Youth's Fatal Mistake.

The duke of Abruzzi, who has been trying to popularize the tango at the Italian court, is fond of telling this story, which he heard during one of his expeditions in the arctic regions, says the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

A young Eskimo loved a beautiful maiden who lived in a hut near his own, but her parents would not hear of the match and sternly ordered the young maiden to discourage her lover's entreaties. One night a great storm broke up the ice, and when the young man ventured out he found that a great crevasse yawned between the two huts. On closer examination, however, he found a narrow strip of ice that bridged the abyss, and having cautiously crossed this he crept toward the home of his adored one.

He entered the hut and found the unconscious family slumbering peacefully in their sealskin sleeping bags. Very gently, so as not to alarm her, he raised the lady in his arms and carried her with infinite care across the frail bridge of ice to his own hut. Then he hurriedly destroyed the bridge with a few blows of his ax.
Only then did he awaken the unconscious form inside the sleeping bag, but when she emerged he gave a great cry and vanished into the night. It was the maiden's mother.

A Lovely Creation.
He sported tan shoes, pink stock tings, a lavender suit, pink shirt, a necktie more glaring than a stage sun-burst, and one of those straw hats of the bedraggled brim, var-hued bands variety, such as some college men and many college girls are affecting. Yet men are prone to ridicule the dresses worn by women this summer! He was a lovely creation. Solomon in all his glory could not have held a candle to him. By the way, he wore a wrist watch and had his handkerchief tucked up his sleeve. No, he did not have any braçolet. He was bound to Cambridge.—Boston Record.

Pretty Small.
"And you call those things closets?" asked the woman flat-bunter.
"Certainly they're closets, madam," replied the owner.
"Why, there isn't room enough in one of them for the family skeleton."

RECIPES FROM FRANCE

POPULAR DISHES IN THE LAND OF GOOD COOKING.

"Pot-au-Feu," National Soup, Delicious When Properly Made—Eggs With Cheese—Bouillabaisse Resembles American Chowder.

Pot-Au-Feu.—This may be called the national French soup. It is frequently found on American menus, but seldom cooked correctly. It is a delicious, nourishing soup, and a large pot of it can be utilized for several days. It should be made in a covered earthen-ware pot.

Take three pounds of round of beef, a large marrow bone, six carrots, two or three turnips, two leeks, a bunch of parsley, several cloves, a bay leaf and one lump of sugar. Put the beef into the pot and cover it with as many quarts of water as there are pounds of beef, add a little salt and let it boil up, then skim carefully and add a little cold water. Let it boil again, skim and then add the vegetables. Cover with the lid, allowing a little air to get in, and let cook over a good fire constantly at boiling point for several hours. When cooked, remove the meat and vegetables, skim the liquor and serve in a tureen with slices of bread. The vegetables may be served separately, and the meat which has been cooked in the pot may be used in many ways; stewed, cooked au gratin, is especially delicious served with a thick tomato sauce.

Eggs With Cheese.—This is a simple and delicious luncheon dish. Break as many fresh eggs as there are persons to be served, in a china baking dish; cover over with thick, fresh cream, season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle over with a thick coating of grated Parmesan cheese. Cook for five minutes in a hot oven. The cheese must be very hot and brown and the eggs well set.

Both of these recipes are in use in almost every French kitchen, and you will find them well worth adding to your recipe book. The pot-au-feu should, of course, be cooked on a coal range or in a fireless cooker, as seven hours of boiling over a gas range would add considerably to the cost of the soup. The egg and cheese dish takes only a few minutes to make, and is simplicity itself. The French serve this, and indeed, the majority of their egg dishes, individually—one egg or two to a person cooked in ramequins or flat china egg dishes.

Bouillabaisse.—For this dish take four and a half pounds of fish—any large fish such as flounder or mullet—and a small lobster. Cut the fish into pieces three or four inches square, put them into a large saucepan with a pound of sliced onion, two cloves, two bay leaves, a small bunch of parsley, two small pieces of garlic, two shallots, and two carrots, four large tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and pepper, corns, one small chili, and two quarts of water. Cover and let cook for 25 minutes. When cooked, pass the liquor through a colander and stir in a teaspoonful of powdered saffron. Place some slices of slightly toasted bread in a deep platter or tureen, spread fish on them, pour the liquor over and serve.

Cream Meringue.—Whip up some whites of eggs with powdered sugar, allowing one pound of sugar to twelve whites of eggs. When a thick paste is formed, spread some sheets of white paper upon a making tray, and put a tablespoonful of paste on the paper at intervals of two inches. Lightly dredge with powdered sugar and cook in a slow oven. When the meringues are cooked, remove them carefully from the paper and lightly crush in the centers with a spoon. Before serving fill the centers with whipped cream.

Cream of Ham Salad.
Soak one-half envelope of gelatin in one-half cupful water until soft, then add one cupful of boiling stock and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Mix this with two cupfuls of boiled ham, chopped fine, season highly with paprika, mustard and a little catsup and put aside until it cools and just begins to thicken, then stir in lightly the stiffly beaten white of one egg and one-half cupful whipped cream. Turn into wet molds and set in a cold place until firm. Turn out on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

Casserole of Chicken.
Clean and joint a tender spring chicken. Put into a frying pan three tablespoonfuls of butter and fry in this a small onion and a carrot, both cut into tiny dice. When these vegetables are lightly brown, turn into the casserole add to them two cupfuls of clear soup stock, in which three bay leaves and a little thyme have been boiled and then remove. In this consommé lay the jointed chicken, put the closely fitting cover on the casserole and set in a steady oven. It should cook for an hour.

Labels for Silverware.
It is a great nuisance to have to open up all the rolls of extra silver to find what one wants. By pasting labels with the name on each on the flannel covering, one can find the article desired at a moment's notice and it is at the same time the cheapest means of marketing.

Making Your Own Washcloth.
A satisfactory washcloth is made of two or three thicknesses of mosquito netting. The edges are finished by crocheting a scallop in pink or blue.