



SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"I was asleep when the pistol went off. Oh, you must believe that it was purely accidental!

Courtland turned a sober face toward her. She might be sincere, and then again she might be playing the first game over again, in a different guise.

"Upon Nora?" persistently. "The weather."

"No; on the contrary, I am the most optimistic man in the world."

"Is she not beautiful?" "I am not a poet."

"Wait a moment," her eyes widening. "I believe you know who did commit that outrage."

"That would be very agreeable to me." Then, as if he realized the rudeness of his reply, he added: "Before I leave I will tell you all you wish to know, upon one condition."

"You will say nothing to any one, you will question neither Miss Harrigan nor myself, nor permit yourself to be questioned."

"I agree." "And now, will you not take me over to your friends?"

"Over there?" agitated. "Why, yes. We can sit upon the grass. They seem to be having a good time."

What a man! Take him over, into the enemy's camp? Nothing would be more agreeable to her.

So they crossed over and joined the group. The padre smiled. It was a situation such as he loved to study: a strong man and a strong woman, at war.

The sun was dropping toward the western tops. The guests were leaving by twos and threes.

CHAPTER X.

Everything But the Truth.

"I don't see why the Colonel didn't invite some of the ladies," Mrs. Harrigan complained.

please himself. And I do not blame him. The women about here treat him abominably.

"Has he . . ." in horrified tones. "About three times a visit," Nora admitted.

"I wish I knew when you were serious and when you were fooling."

"Nora, you will have me shrieking in a minute!" despaired the mother.

"Only in fun." Celeste laughed and threw her arm around the mother's waist.

"That's about all you know of men," declared Mrs. Harrigan.

"Celeste," cried Nora, gaily, "I've an idea. Supposing you and I run back after dinner and hide in the card room, which is right across from the dining room?"

"Nora Harrigan!" "Molly Harrigan!" mimicked the incorrigible.

"Fine!" cried Celeste. As if to put a final period to the discussion, Nora began to hum audibly an aria from Aida.

They engaged a carriage in the village and were driven up to the villa. On the way Mrs. Harrigan discussed the stranger, Edward Courtland.

"What do you think of him, Nora?" the mother inquired.

"Oh, I didn't pay much attention to him," carelessly. But once alone with Celeste, she seized her by the arm.

"Yes. The morning I left Versailles I met him in the private office of the prefect.

"Nora, if I have meddled in any way," proudly, "it has been because I love you, and I see you unhappy.

"I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desmone.

"You gave him my address?" coldly. "I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desmone.

"If the Irish heart was impulsive, the French one was no less so. Celeste wanted to cry out that she was unhappy, too.

"Don't bother to dress! Just give your hair a pat or two. We'll all three dine on the balcony."

Celeste flew to her room. Nora went over to the casement window and stared at the darkening mountains.

CHAPTER X. Everything But the Truth. "I don't see why the Colonel didn't invite some of the ladies," Mrs. Harrigan complained.

"It's a man party. He's giving it to

vine below. The action was without anger, excited rather by a contemptuous indifference.

"I'm a silly fool, I suppose," she murmured, turning back into the room again.

It was ten o'clock when the colonel bade his guests good night as they tumbled out of his motor boat.

All through the dinner the padre had watched and listened. Faces were generally books to him, and he read in this young man's face many things that pleased him.

"There has been a grave mistake somewhere," he mused aloud, thoughtfully.

"I beg your pardon," said Courtland. "I beg yours. I was thinking aloud.

"The father and mother I never saw before today." "Then you have met Miss Harrigan?"

"She is a good Catholic." "Ah, yes; I recollect now." "And you?"

"Oh, I haven't any religion such as requires my presence in churches. Don't misunderstand me!

"I should like to convert you to my way of thinking," simply. "Nothing is impossible. Who knows?"

The padre, as they continued onward, offered many openings, but the young man at his side refused to be drawn into any confidence.

"So you are Miss Harrigan's confessor?" "Does it strike you strangely?"

"Merely the coincidence." "If I were not her confessor I should take the liberty of asking you some questions."

"It is quite possible that I should decline to answer them." The padre shrugged. "It is patent to me that you will go about this affair in your own way. I wish you well."

"Thank you. As Miss Harrigan's confessor you doubtless know everything but the truth."

The padre laughed this time. The shops were closed. The open restaurants by the water front held but few idlers.

"Nothing to it, my boy," said Harrigan. "I need no nightcap on top of cognac 48 years old. For me that's a whole suit of pajamas."

"You come, Ted." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Distance in Bavaria. In the Bavarian highlands signposts along the roads, instead of stating the number of miles or kilometers to the various villages, give the amount of time which the average pedestrian will supposedly take to traverse the distance, an exchange states. This is merely an official expression of the very general custom of the peasants in the region, who invariably tell inquirers on the roads not how far it is to a place, but how long it takes to get there.

For instance, one asks: "How far is it to Oberammergau?" "A small half hour," will be the answer, or perhaps "A good half hour" or "A big half hour."

Which is puzzling until the stranger learns that a "small half hour" means 25 minutes, "a good half hour" 30 minutes and "a big half hour" 35 minutes.

Kaiser as a Censor. The kaiser has forbidden the production at Herr Reinhardt's Deutsches theater of a play called "Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia," on the ground that one of the characters is a member of the Prussian royal family.

There is no appeal from the kaiser's censorship.

ONLY ACTIVE VOLCANO IN U.S.

LASSEN PEAK in eruption is the most unique natural feature in the United States today. Its present outburst constitutes the only volcanic activity ever seen by the eyes of white folks within the borders of the United States outside of Alaska.

More than that, the Lassen region has poured out glowing lavas within the century. There was no one to see it at the time, but from the Cinder Cone, ten miles northeast of Lassen peak, there flowed a field of lava two miles long and four miles wide so recently that the burned trees still stick out of the edges of the flow.

Fires Still Smolder. Then all over the south side of Lassen are numerous evidences of the lingering fires. Pungent sulphur

courses of the former volcanic streams, the hell was once a crater of the old volcano and its smoke of today is from the smoldering embers of its bygone fires.

When I first visited the place I had just dragged my pack horses around the old trappers' trail on the face of the cliff at the head of Mill Creek canyon, where the melting snow water tumbles over from Lake Helen above, and had camped in a clump of snow-banked hemlocks a few hundred feet below the top of the eastern ridge.

A dull roar rose from the crater, a sulphurous steam stung my nostrils. I looked out from the snowbank on which I stood and saw a deep bowl in the mountain, a third of a mile across, ringed with twisted and broken lava rock.

The thicker lava accumulated around the vents and built up the great volcanic mountains, Lassen peak, Burney butte, Prospect peak, Mount Harkness, Magee peak, Crater peak and hundreds of others.

Up to a very late day in geological history, the sea occupied what is now the Lassen region and extended far into Oregon. About the close of what is known as the lone epoch that territory was uplifted, and there began a long period of volcanic activity extending down to the present day.

The bottom and walls of the great bowl were stained a dirty yellow with sulphur. Steam rose everywhere. The growling of the crater rose, it grumbled hoarsely, hissed and screamed.

When I saw the new crater on Lassen on June 4 and 5 the vent, by an engineer's tape, measured 275 feet long. Since then it has grown in size until it is 450 feet long and 150 feet wide.

railroad 60 miles away. Three peaks in a rough circle on the summit mark the broken-down walls of the ancient crater. Between them is a hollow 500 feet deep, the filled-up mouth of the subterranean passage to the fires below.

Geysers Fill Old Crater. Lassen peak may be approached from any one of three sides, from Manzanita lake on the northwest, from the head of King's creek on the east, and from Battle creek meadows on the south.

High on the southwest flank of the old fire mountain it lies, a steaming bowl of geysers, smoking sulphur vents, and bizarre lakes of many colored boiling waters, the whole sunk 500 feet deep in the mountain side and a third of a mile across.

Not until the thieves got ashore did it seem to occur to them that there couldn't have been a pistol in their disturber's hand or he would have fired. When it came to mind they retreated to a safe distance, and then shaking their fists at the grinning engineer cursed him profusely.

Over near Hunt's Point a few months ago they had an amusing case of cross "pistol" purposes. Several dwellings had been robbed and everybody in the vicinity became suspicious of the slightest unusual movement after dark.

In a great rage the citizen then blew a police whistle and a mounted officer galloped up. The boys protested they had only joked with a neighbor. The citizen declared they should be punished. The officer was willing to look lightly on the affair until it was pointed out that pistols had been brandished.

This made the matter serious. The officer arrested the boys and took from them the weapons that might bring them a term of years in prison, so heavy is the New York penalty. But when the pistols were exposed the whole matter was dropped.

When Poisoned by Ivy. After exposure to poison ivy, the ill effects can often be warded off by prompt removal of the irritating substance. Vigorous washing with soap and water, preferably using a hand brush, and after that with alcohol, will do this.

Cat Led Him Home. Smith and Jones met in the smoke end of a Pullman car one afternoon, and during a gabfest Smith referred to the town into which he had just moved.

"The streets of the blooming burg," he eloquently described, "are the crookedest of anything in that line on the face of the earth. You may not believe it, but a couple of days after we got there my wife had a cat that she wanted to lose and told me to take it over and leave it along the river about a mile distant. Well, sir—"

"I see, old pal," smilingly interjected the other. "That's where you lost the cat all right."

"You've got another guess," returned Smith. "If I hadn't followed the cat I would never have found my way back home."

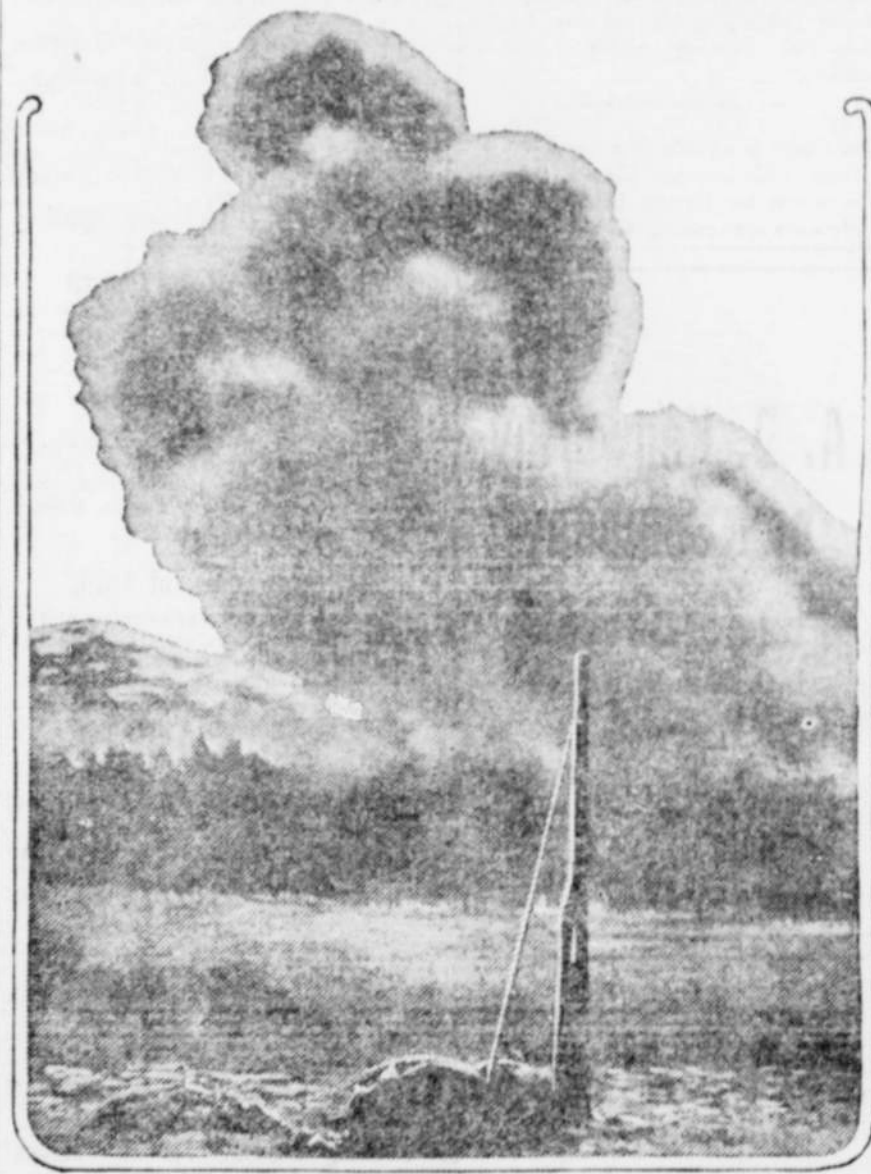
Long and Merry. A short life and a merry one! The most fallacious quip ever uttered. Why need a life be short to be merry? Rather make it a long and a merry one. There's more sweetness in a dollar's worth of sugar than in the lump or two that goes in the coffee at dinner.

A long life and a merry one, sanely, usefully, wholesomely merry. That is the life. The other counterfeit maxim came when youth and folly first tasted the quick dregs that come to those who try the short and merry.

A short life and a merry one! Bah! There's no such thing, unless it be by accident—the chance cutting off of a life that was to have been a long life and a merry one.—Kansas City Star.

Benedict's Dilemma. "You seem to be having a struggle over that letter."

"Yes; I want my wife to think I miss her, but I don't want her to get to feeling so sorry for me that she'll huetle home."—Kansas City Journal.



Mt Lassen in Eruption

WITH BOGUS PISTOLS

INSTANCES OF THIEVES HAVING BEEN SCARED OFF.

Trick Is an Old One, But Seldom Fails of Success—Prank of New York High School Boys That Looked Serious.

Recently Solomon Herman of Manhattan scared into flight two thieves who entered his store by pointing his index finger at them and fooling them into supposing that he had a revolver. It is an old trick and yet it succeeds, just as the confidence man can always sell a gold brick to a farmer who never heard of Hungry Joe.

A short time ago river thieves boarded a tug moored along the Hudson and attempted to enter the captain's cabin and secure money and valuables from a small safe he had there. The engineer of the little boat heard the thieves, and creeping up out of the engine room called: "Halt! Who's that? Halt, or I'll fire!"

Not until the thieves got ashore did it seem to occur to them that there couldn't have been a pistol in their disturber's hand or he would have fired. When it came to mind they retreated to a safe distance, and then shaking their fists at the grinning engineer cursed him profusely.

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This made the matter serious. The officer arrested the boys and took from them the weapons that might bring them a term of years in prison, so heavy is the New York penalty. But when the pistols were exposed the whole matter was dropped. The pistols were first rate imitations of the real thing, only in this case they could explode nothing more deadly than a cap.—New York Herald.

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