

ous

you?

stories.

garity."

"Only in fun."

Hardly," said Nora,

declared Mrs. Harrigan.

"Nora Harrigan!"

"Ah, but yours!"

learn to recognize a jest."

"Fine!" cried Celeste.

ibly an aria from Alda.

Nora hummed softly,

the mother inquired.

fit of a doubt."

ourselves.

"Nora, you will have me shrieking

"Did the colonel really propose to

Celeste laughed and threw her arm

around the mother's waist, less ample

than substantial. "Don't you care!

Nora is being pursued by little devils

tobacco, to say nothing of the awful

"There'll be too much Burgundy and

"With the good old padre there?

Celeste was a French woman. "I

confess that I like a good story that

isn't vulgar. And none of them look

like men who would stoop to vul-

"That's about all you know of men,"

corrigible. "Mother mine, you must

As if to put a final period to the

They engaged a carriage in the vil-

discussion, Nora began to hum aud-

lage and were driven up to the villa.

On the way Mrs. Harrigan discussed

the stranger, Edward Courtlandt, What

a fine looking young man he was, and

how adventurous, how well-connected,

how enormously rich, and what an ex-

cellent catch! She and Celeste-the

one innocently and the other provo-

catively-continued the subject to the

very doors of the villa. All the while

"What do you think of him, Nora?"

and is venting her spite on us."

<text>

### CHAPTER IX-Continued.

"I was asleep when the pistol went off. Oh, you must believe that it was purely accidental! She was in a terrible state until morning. What if she had killed you, what if she had killed you! She seemed to harp upon that phrase."

Courtlandt 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. "It would have been embarrassing if the bullet had found its mark." He met her eyes squarely, and she saw that his were totally free from surprise or agitation or interest.

- "Will you be here long?"
- "It depends." "Upon Nora?" persistently,
- "The weather."
- "You are hopeless."

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

She looked into this reply very carefully. If he had hopes of winning Nora Harrigan, optimistic he certainly must be. Perhaps it was not optim-

please himself. And I do not blame vines below. The action was without him. The women about here treat anger, excited rather by a contemptuous indifference. As for the simple him abominably. They come at all times of the day and night, use his marguerites, she took them up gingercard room, order his servants about, ly. The arc these described through drink his whisky and smoke his cigthe air was even greater than that arettes, and generally invite themperformed by the violets.

"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. They were in more or less exuberant spirits, for the colonel knew how to do two things particularly well: order a dinner, and avoid the many traps set for him by scheming mammas and eli-Adam, he'd have climbed over Eden's gible widows. Abbott, the Barone and Harrigan, arm in arm, marched on ahead, whistling one tune in three different keys, while Courtlandt set the pace for the padre.

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. This was no night rover, a fool over wine and women, a spendthrift.

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

"I beg your pardon," said Courtlandt.

"I beg yours. I was thinking aloud. How long have you known the Harin a minute!" despaired the mother. rigans?"

"The father and mother I never saw before today."

"Then you have met Miss Harrigan?" "I have seen her on the stage." "I have the happiness of being her

confessor." They proceeded quite as far as a

hundred yards before Courtlandt volunteered: "That must be interesting." "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! As a boy I was bred in the Episcopal church; but i have traveled so much that I have drifted out of the circle. I find that when I am out in the open, in the heart of some great waste, such as a desert, a sea, the top of a mountain, I can see the greatness of the Omnipotent far more clearly and hdmbly than within the walls of a ca-

"Surely! A man must pin his faith and hope to something more stable than humanity."

"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 the padre gave up, for the futility of his efforts became irksome. His own lips were sealed, so he could not ask point blank the question that clamored at the tip of his tongue.

"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."



Geysers Fill Old Crater.

Lassen peak may be approached

Beside the geveers of Iceland and

only of wonder, but of beauty, the

ored boiling waters, the whole sunk

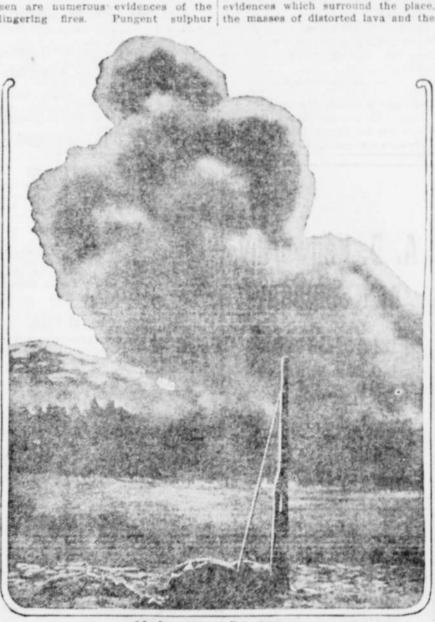
ASSEN PEAK in eruption is the | railroad 60 miles away. Three peaks most unique natural feature in in a rough circle on the summit mark the United States today. Its the broken-down walls of the ancient

present outburst constitutes the crater. Between them is a hollow 500 only volcanic activity ever seen feet deep, the filled-up mouth of the by the eyes of white folks within the subterranean passage to the fires beborders of the United States outside low. Until this summer this hollow of Alaska. It gives this country the has always been filled with snow, but last physical phenomenon needed to the reopening of the crater near the make it possible to say that every- lowest point of the depression and the thing that can be seen anywhere in violent eruptions of steam have melted the world can be seen here, writes away this healing covering over the Frederick Faulkner in the San Fran- ancient scar. sco Chronicle.

Lassen was the one place in the United States where such an outburst from any one of three sides, from might reasonably have been expected. Manzanita lake on the northwest, from Geologically it is the youngest and the head of King's creek on the east. latest of all the great series of vol- and from Battle creek meadows on canoes which in days gone by poured the south. The best of all the routes out their lavas over the plains and is from the south because that way valleys of the West. Shasta was long leads through the remarkable collecdead and cold when Lassen was born. tion of active volcanic phenomena and the enormous lava fields of east- spread over the entire south slope of ern Oregon and Washington had long the mountain. since been cut down by the streams.

More than that, the Lassen region the Yellowstone it would be idle to has poured out glowing lavas within place the steam vents and boiling the century. There was no one to lakes of Bumpass' hell, but as an see it at the time, but from the Cinder example of present-day volcanic activ-Cone, ten miles northeast of Lassen ity in California, and a spectacle not peak, there flowed a field of lava two cently that the burned trees still stick on the Pacific coast. out of the edges of the flow. The lava High on the southwest flank of the lies there as new as though it was old fire mountain it lies, a steaming poured out of the bowels of the earth bowl of geysers, smoking sulphur yesterday. Neither tree nor shrub has vents, and bizarre lakes of many col yet had time to find a footing on it.

Fires Still Smolder. Then all over the south side of Las- a third of a mile across. From the



# WITH BOGUS PISTOLS

INSTANCES OF THIEVES HAVING BEEN SCARED OFF.

Trick is an Old One, But Seldom Falls of Success-Prank of New York High School Boys That Looked Serlous.

Recently Solomon Berman 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!" At the same time he ran around the side of the cabin with a dipper handle.

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. Two high school boys planned a masked holdup of a citizen after dark. They held him up all right, both presenting proper looking pismiles long and four miles wide so re- place is one of the most interesting tols with shining barrels. After the citizen handed out all of his valuables and whined abjectly that he had nothing more the boys revealed them-Belves.

> In a great rage the citizen then blew a police whistle and a mounted offi-500 feet deep in the mountain side and cer 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. 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.

## When Poisoned by Ivy.

After exposure to polson ivy, the fill 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. This often prevents the ill effects, and often when the charteristic inflammation has becom manifest it can be reduced to slight intensity by the same measure. This cannot be done, however, after the frritation has become intense; vigorous washings are impossible and alcohol painful. Witch hazel water, followed by application of dusting powder, is comforting. Salves are not well borne as a rule, and if the poisoning has reached a stage not controlled by these treatments, it is best to have professional treatment, as few, if any, of the innumerable domestic remedies prove to be entitled to reliance.

"I am willing to give them the bene-"Celeste," cried Nora, gaily, "I've an idea. Supposing you and I run back after dinner and hide in the card thedral.' "You believe in the tenets of Chrisroom, which is right across from the tianity ?" dining room? Then we can judge for "Molly Harrigan!" mimicked the in-

ism. Rather might it not be a pur pose made of steel, bendable but not breakable, reinforced by a knowledge of conditions which she would have given worlds to learn?

"Is she not beautiful?"

"I am not a poet."

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

For the first time he frowned. "Very well; I promise not to ask

any more questions." "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." "Tell it!"

"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?" aghast.

"Why, yes. We can slt 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. Who would be the stronger, Nora or this provoking man?

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. But nothing happened; not a ripple anywhere to disclose the agitation beneath.

The sun was dropping toward the western tops. The guests were leaving by twos and threes. The colonel had prevailed upon his dinner guests not to bother about going back to the village to dress, but to dine in the clothes they wore. Finally, none remained but Harrigan, Abbott, the Barone, the padre and Courtlandt, And they talked noisily and agreeably concerning man affairs until Rao gravely announced that dinner was served.

It was only then, during the lull which followed, that light was shed upon the puzzle which had been subconsciously stirring Harrigan's mind; Nora had not once spoken to the son of his old friend.

## CHAPTER X.

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

"Think of whom? "This Mr. Courtlandt."

him," carelessly. But once alone with well." Celeste, she seized her by the arm, a better than any outsider I know. But if you ever discuss that man in my presence again, I shall cease to regard you even as an acquaintance. He has come here for the purpose of annoying me, though he promised the prefect in Paris never to annoy me again." "The prefect!"

"Yes. The morning I left Versailles prefect. He had powerful friends who with respect. aided him in establishing an alibi. I was only a woman, so I didn't count." "Nora, if I have meddled in any

way," proudly, "it has been because I love you, and I see you unhappy. You have nearly killed me with your sphinx-like actions. You have never asked me the result of my spying for you that night. Spying is not one of to come up for a nightcap. my usual vocations, but I did it gladly

for you." "You gave him my address?" coldly.

"I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desimone. He demanded her address, which I gave him. If ever there was a man in a fine rage, it was he as he left me to go there. If he found out where we lived, the Calabrian assisted him. I spoke to him rather plainly at tea. He said that he had had nothing whatever to do with the abduction, and I believe him. I am positive that he is not the kind of man to go that far and not proceed to the end. And now, will you please tell Carlos to bring my dinner to my room?"

The impulsive Irish heart was not to be resisted. Nora wanted to remain firm, but instead she swept Celeste into her arms. "Celeste, don't be angry! I am very, very unhappy."

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. When she turned toward the dresser she was astonished to find two bouquets. One was an enormous bunch of violets. The other was of simple marguerities. She picked up the violets. There was a card without a name; but the phrase scribbled across the face of it was sufficient. She flung no appeal from the kaiser's censor-"It's a man party. He's giving it to the violets far down into the grape- ship.

The padre shrugged. "It is patent to me that you will go about this af-"Oh, I didn't pay much attention to fair in your own way. I wish you

"Thank you. As Miss Harrigan's little roughly. "Celeste, I love you 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. The padre admired the young man's independence. Most men would have hesitated not a second to pour the tale into his ears in hope of material assistance. The padre's ad-I met him in the private office of the miration was equally proportioned

"I leave you here," he said, "You will see me frequently at the villa." "I certainly shall be there frequent

ly. Good night.' Courtlandt quickened his pace which soon brought him alongside the others. They stopped in front of Abbott's pension, and he tried to persuade them

"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 exthe convulsions in the West Indian pression of the very general custom world have ever dreamed that Caliof 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.

Caribbean volcanoes."

plains.

is known as the Ione epoch that terri-

For instance, one asks: "How far is it to Oberammergau?"

"A small half hour," will be the anthe Lassen region and extended far swer, 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.

## die.

## 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

## MT LASSEN IN ERUPTION

smoke strikes the nostrils everywhere. ( courses of the former volcanic Steam vents and boiling springs keep streams, the hell was once a crater of the ground bare in the midst of 15-foot the old volcano and its smoke of today snowbanks. Solid sulphur boils out is from the smoldering embers of its it over and leave it along the river of the springs. One ancient crater is bygone fires.

full of solfataras and fumaroles of the When I first visited the place I had type common on Vesuvius and Aetna. just dragged my pack horses around So with all these evidences that the the old trappers' trail on the face of the cat all right." old fire mountain was not entirely the cliff at the head of Mill Creek candead, it is not at all remarkable that yon, where the melting snow water Lassen peak or some one of the many tumbles over from Lake Helen above. the cat I would never have found my craters around it should burst into and had camped in a clump of snoweruption. I find in my notes of a trip banked hemlocks a few hundred feet to the Lassen region 14 years ago. below the top of the eastern ridge. I

written at the time, the following sen- | was unaware of the close proximity of tence: "Few of those who shudder at Bumpass' hell until, bent on exploring the way, I climbed the remaining Why need a life be short to be mersnowbanks to the pass, and suddenly. ry? Rather make it a long and a fornia holds a mountain which has go suddenly that I stepped back inwithin the lifetime of man, and may stinctively to avoid plunging into the in a dollar's worth of sugar than in again, parallel the titanic forces of the boiling pit below, the hell appeared below me.

Up to a very late day in geological A dull roar rose from the crater, a history, the sea occupied what is now sulphurous steam stung my nostrils. I looked out from the snowbank on is the life. The other counterfeit which I stood and saw a deep bowl in maxim came when youth and folly into Oregon. About the close of what the mountain, a third of a mile across, first tasted the quick dregs that come ringed with twisted and broken lava to those who try the short and merry. tory was uplifted, and there began a rock. Hemlock clung to the crags long period of volcanic activity extending down to the present day. From a and in their shade lay mocking snowmultitude of vents lava was poured banks. The bottom and walls of the out upon the earth. The more liquid great bowl were stained a dirty yellavas flowed far and wide to form low with sulphur. Steam rose every- life and a merry one.-Kansas City where. The growling of the crater Star. rose, it grumbled hoarsely, hissed and The thicker lava accumulated around the vents and built up the great volscreamed.

When I saw the new crater on Lascanic mountains, Lassen peak, Bursen on June 4 and 5 the vent, by ney butte, Prospect peak, Mount Harkness, Magee peak, Crater peak and an engineer's tape, measured 275 feet hundreds of others. Lassen stands long. Since then it has grown in size 10,437 feet above the sea, its snow- until it is 450 feet long and 150 feet capped peak conspicuous from the wide.

#### 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 about a mile distant. Well, sir-"

"I see, old pal," smillngly interjected the other. "That's where you lost

"You've got another guess," returned Smith. "If I hadn't followed way back home."

### Long and Merry.

A short life and a merry one! The most fallacious quip ever uttered. merry one. There's more sweetness the lump or two that goes in the coffee at dinner.

A long life and a merry one, sanely, usefully, wholesomely merry. That 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

## 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 hustle home."-Kansas City Journal.