The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA PEARSE

Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman. Copyright in Great Britain.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Mrs. Harcourt turned him over from head to foot. In this moment, with the dull anguish effled over with all-, she seemed not to recognize the handsome husband she loved so well. They stood in silence for several moments, and then she spoke. "Harold," she said, quietly, "I'm a great hand to do exactly what I feel well. I remember much, too much, in some ways, and in others I don't remember at all. Since I've been better this last week I've been asking who you are in full here, where Betty Jim I did before, and I've been wondering why you never sent me any message nor any reply to those I sent you when I was so ill and so desolate. And they've tried to explain things to me, and I've got my memory—memories of the times I used to go out in India, all mixed up with what they've told me. Harold, don't you remember how I used to ask you if there were two Mr.s, and how you used to laugh at me? How I used to say I had seen myself walking through the garden, and wonder if it were my mother's ghost, my mother and I were so alike, you know? And don't you know how I used to tell you that I had wakened from sleep at your side to see another me sending over you, kissing you? Harold, what did it mean?"

Harcourt had grown whiter than the pavilion the while. He got his hands to the forehead as if he would impose her to stop, but apparently thought better of it. Painfully he moved, chilled voice went on:

"They couldn't seem to make your meaning clear to me, Harold, and yesterday they brought me the newspapers. I've read the whole story, and I don't understand it. I don't see why you should write so much like this Hackley. Hackley. I don't see why that letter they found that time from your wife's should be a letter addressed to you by a Cetawe. I don't get this Co-Lens woman straight in my head. Do you know anything about her? Why did she love so much like me? And that girl that came to my room that night? I remembered about it when I read it in the paper. Harold, did you know this woman? This Cetawe Wayne? And if you did, who was she, and who, who am I to you? You are my husband still, Harold, and my dear baby's father, and all I possess will be yours to clear you from this unfortunate state of affairs, only be frank with me, Harold. Tell me the truth. And Harold, do you know that they say that since I quit taking the medicine you used to fill the mixer to mine, I've been so much better. My recollection of my childhood is against such—Why, Harold, what is the matter?"

Harcourt had fainted. Mrs. Harcourt cried out, and the servants came in on instant. In a jiffy they had Harcourt on his feet again. "Ask her to go away," he begged. "Ask her to go away."

But Mrs. Harcourt stood firm. Philip Hartley and the doctor, nonplussed by the confusion, entreated her to leave Harcourt alone, but she turned a deaf ear upon them.

"I have asked only three questions that a wife has a right to ask her husband," she continued. "It is hard to see your face I have seen my husband. Let him answer me, or I shall not go."

Harcourt realized the extent to which he was placed. He knew, too, that Narcissa, in her natural health, or even partially so, was a force to be reckoned with in estimating her powers of penetration. He knew well the lens with which he had to reason. Continuity would never do, that he knew. An appeal to her emotions might. He staked all on one throw. "Narcissa," he begged, "I'm sick, weak, nervous, and sight of you, after all this weary separation has been most heart-breaking. It has brought up all the old loneliness and——"

But Narcissa was not deceived. The days when the wool had been lightly drifted over her eyes were gone.

"Nonsense," said she, briefly. "There is a woman dead and buried out there in the cemetery, so like the first people mistook her for me. They found letters in your handwriting, and addressed to her among her belongings. They found a letter in your handwriting addressed to some 'Cetawe' in your wallet, along with a picture which I have seen and which never was of picture, though it is a likeness of me. These were the papers that blew from your wallet that night in the hotel, and you lied to me and said we were passports. Tell me, I command it, who was Cetawe Wayne to you?"

Harcourt braced himself before he answered. Then he shouted hoarsely:

"She was my real wife! And the woman I loved!"

Mrs. Harcourt did not move. Though Hartley stood ready to catch her. She fainted. The gamble had failed away and only Mr. Fullwright and Hartley had heard the brutal answer as Harcourt gave it. The doctor spoke first. "And Mrs. Harcourt here?"

Harcourt answered sullenly: "I married her. But I never lived with her except for that first year. After the baby came I hated her. I ceased to love Cetawe—she was a woman!"

"But she, and your wife," mumbled Hartley. "They were like as two peas."

"Wow!" expostulated Harcourt. "She is a soulless like its picture! So is and paper like paper. Cetawe—she was the breath of the wind, the spirit of the flower—the essence of life. Narcissa—there—oh, over and, nothing more."

"But this Wayne woman—where did you meet her? Was she not Hackley's wife?" sagely interposed Hartley. "He was there in Hackley's, or the gun-pins a dual part, as well as she a dual life."

"No, Hackley's Hackley," said Harcourt. "I kill Cetawe! Nonsense. If I'd been killing it's the other one I'd killed."

"And since you weren't killing, but mistaken," soared Dr. Fullwright, "you kept her close and will continue with your deadly message?"

"Yes," snarled Harcourt. "Since by accident you've got here. Fool to a dense of belly more anyway, you and your old American police. I don't kill Cetawe Wayne. I tell you, and I don't have a thing about this girl. Why don't you let me the out of here?"

All three of the English gentlemen had flea from Harcourt. He was a true of the brute tamed. Fraser. If takes the brute out of some men. It and transfered it anew into Harcourt.

"Good-by, Harcourt," he called, gruffly. "I'm not going to talk any more." and he turned his back upon the wretch and walked over to the farther corner of the cell.

And talk any more he did not. Hartley turned to a report of the conversation with Harcourt's wife to the newspapers, and the reporter gave it to the papers, and from they took Harcourt, and put him in the worst cell, and kept him there for three days. And when he came out they knew as much as when he went in.

Mrs. Harcourt went back to the hospital. His gulf clinging and hanging with the nurses as she had grown to do, and sat for hours silently by the window, absently fumbling with some embroidery, but in reality thinking, thinking, as if to find some dim pathway that would lead her to the clue she sought.

Day after day she sat and mumbled and absently in so deep a study that she could with difficulty be roused. Even Hackley was powerless to break through the abstraction and to grow desperate. But always old Dr. Fullwright, after watching her narrowly for a while, bade them let her alone.

"She will rouse yet upon the last hill," mumbled the doctor, sagely.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Three days' journey in the yacht brought the strange cortege to a little cluster of native villages. The river was no longer navigable and they stopped to fit the yacht with queer runners and harness it to a string of camels. The party was transferred to camel back, and made slow progress over the desert, to navigable water. Tired as they all had been of the yacht, the camel travel had become more intolerable still, and even Dry Editor Burton welcomed the roll of the water again.

Lo Malleuvers had changed his mind, and instead of going to Khartoum, at Hackley's solicitation they took to the coast for Cairo. It was easier traveling on the yacht, and less dangerous than to any other way. Besides Lo Malleuvers did not wish to leave his electrical toy behind him, because there was no suitable place in which to hide it. Further, he had declared his intention of returning to America, and had offered to pilot Johnny Johnson and the Harcourts back to their own country, an offer only too speedily accepted. By now there was no distrust of any of their old companions in the heart of the three Americans. Even Hackley, the devil-to-accused murderer of the wife, had a certain claim upon their sympathies. He was so bowed down by the weight of woe. His children seemed to be welcoming their temporary duties of him, and a trace with them was already well under way.

"He's grieving himself to death over that wife of his," said Johnny. "It's a shame what an upset a woman can make. If she's beautiful and unprincipled."

Larry had made Lo Malleuvers promise him that once they were well out at sea he would permit the sending of a message to the press announcing that Betty had been found and they they all were safely married.

"You see, you know," he explained, in envious all the news till we get back. No reason why they should suffer from misunderstanding or the pressure from over Sending, you know."

So when the sea was fetch a week later, this message went flashing into New York:

"Betty Lancey found. All well. Coming home. Larry Hartley and she were married a month ago. Hackley's with us. Johnson."

Larry and Johnny had argued it all out between them that since Larry had married off the bride, the party was coming Johnny's way, so it was his name that was signed to the message.

Two sentiments thrilled at these words and one Harold Harcourt in his cell burst into tears.

"At last," he repeated to himself. "At last!"

But his hopes for release did not come at once. He was told he would have to wait till the party had landed in New York.

Meanwhile, aboard the enchanted yacht, as Betty still called it, Hackley was winning new friends for himself. In spite of his suspicion that hung over him Betty could not help but like him, and the boys admitted that he seemed to be a very square fellow.

The old Cure dozed over his breviary continually, the children romped with Dry Editor Burton, who was a more ridiculous enemy for a lion than ever, Betty and Larry made up for lost time in love-making, and Johnny and Lo Malleuvers held pitch converse in the laboratory and battery room. Before they came to Cairo Johnny was so chock full of electrical phrases as the Betty machine of sparks. He gave an electrical clinic every time you went near him, and everybody named from Cecil, in her next little electrical letters, and Demon and Meta, whom even in silent communion, spoke away from Johnny and his newly acquired knowledge. Hackley was the only one who shunned the spell more of this time in a manner that, gazing at him any time in the day time and at the stars at night. As they neared Cairo he became ever more gilliant and subdued.

His manner at Cairo was a well-up-to-date, furnished in an old semi-mansion of oriental and occidental modes, and about a little apart from the city. The children were not well. Walter's life was bothering him, and it was agreed that it would be better to rest a week at Cairo instead of immediately setting out for America and England. Into the house walked Johnny and Lo at the door to met Demon.

"Where's Hackley?" he asked.

"In his room," pointed Demon.

Johnny followed him down the hall. "Hackley," he urged, "why don't you come up and tell us about that Cetawe? It's a big injustice being done somewhere, and it isn't right. Why don't you help us out? You've been a big man, so big inside as you are outside. We know that. Your fidelity to the Wayne family has shown itself in a thousand ways. Let us get this all straight, if a deed of crime exists why can't we get at it and still it before any more innocent people suffer from it. There's Mrs. Hackley, she never did anything to any of these people."

"She's dead," interrupted Demon. "I got some dispatches this morning."

"Poor woman," said Johnny. "what was she you got, Demon?"

"Nothing, except that Harcourt is still in jail, that his wife has recovered her health, and some time she is going to divorce him. They say he was confessed to having killed Cetawe Wayne."

"What?" shouted Johnny. "I must go tell Larry. Oh, for a newspaper," he sighed for the ten thousandth time.

"Go up and talk to Hackley," said Demon. "He may be glad to see you."

"Demon," Johnny said, gravely, "I don't believe he killed his wife. If it hadn't been that with my own eyes I saw Hackley enter that bedroom where Cetawe Wayne was found dead, sure you say Harcourt has confessed to having killed her. I'd say that Harcourt killed her. There was a garter I found, too, one in the Wayne room, and the other in Hackley's house, bore the monogram 'H.' That's Harcourt's initials, too, you see."

"Go talk to Hackley, why don't you?" repeated Demon, and Johnny climbed the stairway with his head as hers within as it was without, from instinct seeking that wound up only in blind alleys.

(To be continued.)

How Paper Is Marbled.

The process of manufacturing anything is interesting, but some articles derive a special interest from the peculiar method followed in their production, as, for instance, the way, "marbled paper" so largely used in book binding.

To marble paper a shallow bath of gum tragacanth, or goat's horn, is prepared, and upon this the workman sprinkles from a fat brush the colors required for the desired pattern. When the whole surface is covered with splotches of color, the workman takes a large comb, which he draws with a wavy motion the length of the tub. An expert marbler can so arrange his colors as to vary any pattern. Next the man takes a sheet of paper and lays it deftly upon the surface of the bath, allowing it to remain for a moment. When the sheet is lifted the entire film of color comes with it, and it is necessary to sprinkle and recomb the bath for the next sheet.

In marbling the edges of the leaves of a book, the body of the book, without the covers, is so held that the edges may be quickly dipped into the bath. In this case, of course, one prepared bath will serve for a number of volumes, as each volume removes but a small area of the color.

The Generous Donor.

"There, I say," he a bit more careful with that razor. That's the second time you've cut me."

"Well, well, so it is. But there! I always demand a tip penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won fourpence off me."—London Tatler.

Up to Her.

"I want you to give up swearing," said his wife.

"That will be easy if you'll promise one thing."

"What's that?"

"That you'll swear off letting the furnace fire go out in my absence."—Detroit Free Press.

Prepared for the Test.

Miss Brown—Are you going to spend the latter tonight?

Mr. Harlem—Why tonight?

Miss Brown—The football season closed yesterday, and I'm afraid you soon will be out of training.—Judge.

Genealogical.

He—How far can your ancestry be traced?

She—Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.

Social Formula.

"Did he tell the whole truth?"

"Practically. He told the truth with a hole just large enough for him to crawl out of it."—Puck.

REAL REFORM FOR CONGO.

Plans of Many Organizations of World Go Into Effect.

Brussels—Congo reform, for which the governments, churches, missionary societies and other organizations throughout the large part of the civilized world have been working for the same as accomplished last July 1, when the plans formulated by the Belgian ministry of the colonies and approved by King Albert became effective. Simultaneously a large area of the Congo region is opened to free commerce.

The reforms include the suppression of polygamy, the substitution of native for white officials, a reduction in the taxes, which will be collected in money, and not paid in labor, and the restriction of obligatory labor on the part of adults to the works dedicated to the improvement of their own condition.

The most vital feature of the reform program is the provision for the suppression of forced labor, a situation which has rendered possible the horrible conditions which in the past have caused the horror of the civilized world.

Under the Leopold regime the collection of taxes through labor instead of money, enabled the monarch to work his monopoly rubber trade free of expense. A quota of so much rubber, in lieu of taxes, was demanded from each village, an amount which would require the labor of every adult in the village virtually all of his or her time. Failure to produce the allotted portion of the required time was followed by immediate punishment at the hands of the black soldiers of the Congo government, consisting too frequently of torture, mutilation or death.

BEVERLY IS SUMMER CAPITAL

President Taft and Family Settled for Hot Weather.

Beverly, Mass.—With the arrival of President Taft this city became the "summer capital" of the United States. The president plans to spend most of the summer at the pretty homestead where members of his family have been installed for some time past.

Few persons were at the station when the president's train pulled in, and there was no demonstration. After he had greeted Mr. Taft and other members of his family, who were there to meet him, the president drove to the summer White house.

In observance of Beverly's name as the "summer capital" of the nation, American flags fluttered from all the public buildings in the city, and from many business blocks and private residences. This was the extent of the observance, however, as it was at the specific request of the president that citizens make no plans for a formal welcome.

Benefit French Working Girls.

Paris—The decree of the ministry of labor prohibiting night work on the part of seamstresses, milliners and other working girls, which became effective July 1, marks a great forward step in the movement for the amelioration of the condition of the women workers of France. For many years the sweating system has been greatly abused in France, and especially in Paris, where the employes in many fashionable dressmaking and millinery establishments have often been compelled to work until midnight during the busy season.

Car Upsets: Driver Safe.

Indianapolis—Louis Chevrolet, the noted automobile racing driver, had a narrow escape from death on the Indianapolis speedway, when his car overturned while going more than a mile a minute. He was making one of the turns of the course, when the giant Buick he was driving struck another racer, loitering along the track. Chevrolet lost control of his machine and car plunged into the soft earth on the edge of the track. For 200 yards it careened along, and then turned completely over.

Passengers Dance: Ship Burns.

Philadelphia—While the crew of the liner Grecian were engaged in a race with death by fire in the oil-laden hold of the vessel, 80 passengers aboard the vessel danced in the ship's saloon, oblivious of the danger. The news of the fire had been kept from the passengers, save only the plucky wife of the captain, who volunteered to play dance music for the passengers to prevent a panic. The fire was discovered at midnight; the vessel arrived at dawn.

Biggest Battleship Yet.

London—Chile has placed an order with Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. for the largest battleship in the world. The vessel will be faster than any other warship afloat. She will have a tonnage of 32,000. Her guns will fire shells as heavy as those used by Nelson guns of 80 years ago.

Build Bigger Ocean Liners.

London—The largest steamships in the world are soon to be built by the Cunard Steamship company. Work will start on the first ship within a few weeks. The new liners will have 60,000 tonnage, or 15,000 tons more than the White Star steamers Olympic and Titanic, and 30,000 tons more than the Lusitania and Mauretania.

Kaiser's Yacht Wins Race.

Kiel, Germany—Emperor William's American built Meteor won the 29-mile handicap race from Eckernforde to Kiel. Harry Krupp Von Bohlen and Halbach's Germania was second, the Hamburg of the Nord Deutsche regatta wernin third, and the schooner yacht Westward, owned by Alexander S. Shepard, of New York, fourth.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

SUMMER SCHOOL OPENS.

Sixth Annual Session Begins at Oregon University.

University of Oregon, Eugene.—The sixth annual summer session of the university of Oregon now open, under the direction of Professor H. D. Sheldon, is expected to be the most successful and best attended since the summer school was started. It will last six weeks, closing Friday evening, August 5.

Plans are being made for at least 150 students. About fifty of these will be regular students taking extra work to get in graduate in less than the required four years, and the rest will be students who have no time to study in the winter.

Courses are given during the summer session in botany, chemistry, education, English composition and literature, French, Spanish, German, history, mathematics and physics. With the exception of English composition and literature, all the courses will be under the regular heads of the department. Professor Henry David Gray, of Leland Stanford university, will have charge of the English department.

In addition to Professor Gray, other well known educators will give advanced work in the educational department. The course they are grouped under will comprise a series of thirty lectures on the various phases of school organization and administration.

OREGON GETS HER CASH.

Work Will Start immediately on Oregon Rivers and Harbors.

Now that the president has signed the rivers and harbors bill, engineer officers of the Oregon districts are making active preparations to carry on the work made possible by the appropriations allotted to these districts by congress. In all the appropriations made for these districts amount to $2,273,800 for maintenance and improvement. The list of appropriations is as follows:

Improvements at Coos Bay, $600,000; improvement of Tillamook bay and bar, $5,000; improvement of Chetamie river, $5,200; improvement of Coos river, $3,000; improvement of Siuslaw river, $50,000; improvement of Willamette river in regard to buying present locks or building new ones, $300,000; improvement of Willamette and Yamhill rivers, $60,000; improvement of Columbia and lower Willamette rivers, $175,000; improvement of Columbia river, $1,200,000, including repairs and operation of dredge; for gauging waters of Columbia river and measuring tidal and river volume, $1,000; improvement of Columbia, Washington, $10,000; improvement of Columbia at Cascade, $5,000; improvement of Columbia and tributaries above Celilo falls to the mouth of the Snake river, Oregon and Washington, $10,000; improvement of Snake river, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, $25,000; improvement of Owyhee and Lewis rivers, Washington, $12,100; and improvement of Grays river, Washington, $500.

It is expected these amounts will carry on the government work at the places designated for the fiscal year beginning July 1.

Remodel Map of Oregon.

Salem—Though initiative petitions have already been presented at the office of the secretary of state which propose by direct enactment to create five new Oregon counties, namely: Nesmith, petitions are still being circulated in different parts of the state asking the electorate to create two additional ones, making the list of new counties to be created by the people at the next general election a total of seven. Four of these new counties are to be located in Eastern Oregon and three in Western Oregon. If they all carry, the map of Oregon will be so badly mutilated the state's own sons will be unable to recognize it.

Lebanon-Crabtree Work Progressing.

Lebanon—The grading and laying of the track on the Lebanon-Crabtree branch of the Southern Pacific extension has been completed and the first train has gone over the line. For the present all the trains running over this new piece of road are work trains, but it is thought that regular trains will be running by July 10. The bridge over the Santiam river is not completed, but the track is laid on piling. A large force of men is at work industriously.

State Gives 6,000 Acres.

Salem—The state has deeded to the Federal government 6,000 acres of land in Crook county, formerly embraced in the Columbia Southern project. The land was patented to the state on the strength of certificates that the land had been irrigated.

When the government learned that the land had not been irrigated, suit to recover was threatened. To head off the impending litigation, the state has reconveyed the land to the government.

Try for Artesian Water.

Merrill—The beginning of a big project for developing the Sand Hollow dry land country has been started in the transfer of E. G. Wilson's traction engine to that section, to be used in drilling for artesian water. It is believed that a good supply of water can be had at a moderate depth in that section, and if secured it means a big development for that locality.

THINGS HUM IN SOUTH.

Grants Pass Man Tells of Great Work Ahead.

Portland.—Everybody in Southern Oregon is doing the best in the world, says T. J. Dorsey, of Grants Pass. "Things are booming, they are many settlers are coming in and will be remarkable development in that part of the state within the few years.

"The Rogue River Irrigation company has put in a project which will irrigate 40,000 acres, although 60,000 are contemplated in the entire project. The contract calls for water to irrigate the district, some 40,000 acres, for the season of 1911, and water to the district, containing about 20,000 acres, for the season of 1912.

"The districts are being subdivided and the irrigation ditches are in many places there is actual irrigation in some gold mine values are also prohibitive figures. The new settlers are taking up the lands left by those who are leaving the country and are producing well. Many of the men who are taking good crops are regular will, but water is a premium a possible result of the product means of the soil.

"Irrigation was not contemplated until a real company was formed and promoted a project for it. It was a pumping proposition, but it was found the pumping company and not water to be run down the main canal. Grants Pass is now for water was possible. Turn up water and of the mining company was wanted way, the decision the company became irrigation among themselves, and pure water made. The last company is now part of the Rogue River Irrigation Power company will carry the new project through.

Forest Fire Danger.

Marshfield.—A fire in the Coos Lumber company's mill pile river has now endangered. The fire was caught and but the logs which are not taken out—the camp is did. There have been such dry this year but this one will be damaging. It is believed by lumber and timber men in county associates which will do more to protect be.

Preserve 90 Tons of Berries.

Eugene.—The Eugene Fruit association has received order of barrels in which to preserved local fruit. Each berry each barrel will hold about 90 of fruit, it will mean that handle about 160,000 pounds of fruit, or 80 tons.

New Steel Bridge.

Enterprise.—The Tim-ne is nearly ready for use. Work approaches the bridge is 175 feet long and wide, resting on concrete piers.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Blue stem, 99c; club, 99@98c; red Russian, valley, 81c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, $[illegible]

Rye—Track prices: Tim[illegible] Chamitte valley, $2@2.1[illegible] per cwt; eastern Oregon, $2[illegible]; alfalfa, $1[illegible] per ton; grain hay, $17@18.

Oats—No. 1 white, $[illegible]

Green Fruits—Apples, Oregon, $2 per box; cherries, [illegible] per pound; apricots, $1.50@1.[illegible]; peaches, 75@$1.25; plums, [illegible]; gooseberries, [illegible] per box; currants, $2@2.[illegible] per box; melons, $1.50@1.[illegible] per crate; lemons, $3@3.50 per box; bananas, $[illegible] per crate.

Vegetables—Artichokes, $[illegible] per dozen; beans, [illegible] per pound; cabbage, 2½@2.5c; cucumbers, [illegible] per dozen; head lettuce, [illegible]; onions, 3c; onions, 60@[illegible]; carrots, $1@1.[illegible] per sack; beets, $1@1.[illegible]; parsnips, 75@$[illegible].

Potatoes—Oil: Oregon, [illegible] hundred; new California, [illegible] pound; new Oregon, [illegible].

Butter—City creamery, [illegible]; country creamery, 2[illegible]; Butter fat prices average [illegible] pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranchs, [illegible]; Eastern, 24@25c.

Poultry—Hens, 15@16c; broilers, 22@25c; ducks, 15@22c; geese, 11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, $3 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 12@12½c.

Veal—Fancy, 10@11c.

Lambs—Choice, 11@11½c.

Cattle—Beef steers, good to choice California, $5.50@6.75; good to choice Eastern Oregon and valley, $5@5.60; fair to medium, $4.[illegible]; cows and heifers, good to choice, $4.[illegible]; fair to medium, $3.[illegible]; bulls, $3@4; stags, $3.50@[illegible]; light, $5.75@6.75; hogs, [illegible]; Top, $10.10; fair to medium, $8.50@9.40.

Sheep—Best wethers, $4.[illegible]; best ewes, $4@4.25; lambs, $[illegible]; $8.50@9; fair, $4.75@5.25.

Hops—1909 crop, 10@12c; according to quality; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, 18@20c; nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, [illegible] pound; valley, 16@18c; mohair, 22@23c.