

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

He waited, to study his ground a little, and he glanced at Leighton, as though to make sure that the young man had not deserted him.

"Father is a little forgetful sometimes," said Zelda. "He isn't a young man, you must remember." The sympathy with which she spoke made Merriam uncomfortable, and Leighton moved uneasily. It was not a pleasant task—that of telling a young woman that her father was a rascal.

"But while the order of court can be procured and injury to the purchaser prevented, there is another side of the matter that we must consider."

"Yes, uncle—and she smiled a little forlornly. She knew that she should meet the blow bravely when it fell; but it hurt her now to feel her uncle's kindness.

"It hurts me—Zelda, it hurts me more than I can tell you, to have to say that all is not quite clear about this transaction. Your father has sold at an extraordinary price. I fear that he is in difficulties. In this real estate matter you have your remedy. It is of this that I wish to speak particularly. It is only right that I should protect you if I can."

"You are very kind; you are always good to me, Uncle Rodney."

"The failure to get the court's approval of the sale of the real estate makes it possible for us to save it—this one piece, maybe, though nearly all the rest is gone—to get it back, perhaps. The situation is not agreeable. Your father received the money and I am afraid he has made ill use of it. But we may find it possible to set this sale aside, or get an additional sum from the purchaser—"

Merriam was looking intently at the floor as he spoke these sentences. He was suddenly aware that Zelda had risen and crossed the room until she stood before him, with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes. He unconsciously rose and drew away from her. It seemed to Leighton that the air in the room grew tense. The girl stood between the two men, her lips parted, one hand on the back of a chair.

"Uncle Rodney, I never thought that you would insult me—in your own house—under the pretense of kindness! I should like to know what you gentlemen mean, and what you think I am—that I should listen to such things from you! To think that I should be willing to take advantage of the law to defraud some one, on the theory that my father was defrauding me—stealing from me, I suppose you mean!"

"Zee, one moment—"

"No, sir! I shall hear no more from you. I never want to see you again—either of you!" She had spoken brokenly, and the last three words came slowly, with a kind of hiss. "But before I go, I wish to say something to you, to ease your feelings of pity for me. It was by my request—and by my order—that father sold that property; and he gave me the money—do you understand?—gave me the money for it—and I have spent it—all of it!"

She was gone so quickly that the front door slammed on her last word, as though to add to the contempt that it carried.

CHAPTER XIX.

Zelda had carried in her heart for weeks the fear of some such disclosure as that which she had just heard from her uncle. In her ignorance of business, she had not even vaguely guessed what had taken so strong a hold upon her father. He had acted strangely during the long summer, but she had attributed his vagaries to the infirmity of years.

Zelda went at once to the living-room where her father usually sat with his newspaper, but he had not come home; and she went up to her own room, glad of a respite. She had acted her part so long; she had defended him in her own heart and by her own acts; she had even sought to clothe him in her thoughts with something of the dignity, the nobility even, of honorable age; but this was now at an end. It was clear that a crisis had been reached; and while the purely business aspect of the situation did not trouble her at all, she felt that her relations with her father could never again be the same. She had been shielding him, not from the contempt of her kindred, but from her own distrust as well; and now that this was at an end, she went slowly to her room with a new feeling of isolation in her heart.

She made a light and put aside her hat and coat with the studied care that we give to little things in our perplexities. Then she unlocked the drawer of her desk in which she kept her mother's book. It opened at the page that had meant so much to her, that had been her guide and her command, and she pondered the sentences anew. When she heard her father come in she went down in her street dress, with the little book in her pocket, slowly and with no plan formed.

He stood with his back to the flame, his hands behind him, and regarded Zelda warily, in a way that had grown habitual of late.

"Where have you been, Zee?" he asked.

"I went down to Zimmer's to look at some pictures they are showing there; and on my way home I stopped at Uncle Rodney's."

"Ah, yes; your Uncle Rodney. I haven't seen him since he came home." He did not seek the evening paper with his wonted eagerness when they returned to the sitting-room after dinner, but continued talking.

"There are some business matters that I should like to speak of to-night, Zee."

"Very well, father."

"As to your affairs, the trusteeship established by your dear mother is nearly at an end. It expires by the limitations of your mother's will, on your twenty-first birthday, that is, to-morrow."

"Yes; I believe that is so."

He looked at her quickly; he found her composure disquieting. Perhaps Rodney Merriam had been giving her counsel!

"As we have just said—and I was glad to find you agreeing with me—a woman does well to let business alone. There is an immense amount of detail connected with an estate—even a comparatively small one, like your mother's. There are many accounts to keep, I have kept them for years in my own way. I am not an expert accountant, but I hope that my work is accurate. At any time that you would like to examine the books, I should be glad to aid you."

"Thank you—yes, of course," said Zelda, hurriedly. She had been thinking of other things; but she now fixed her attention upon what her father was saying.

"I have thought, Zee, that perhaps you would like to continue this trusteeship. No one else understands the nature of the property so well as I. I have given the best years of my life to studying it. The burden is a considerable one for my years. I am nearing 70—but if you would like to have me go on, I should be willing to do so. Your dear mother gave me her entire confidence; I would please me if I could feel that your own trust in me was equally great."

"I suppose there is no hurry about it, father. It would be just as well for me to go over the whole matter at the time of the change." She spoke carelessly, but a bitterness had begun to creep into her heart. The contempt that she had smothered for a year now leaped into flame.

"I wished to propose that myself," he replied, smiling. "And I will tell you now what I had expected to conceal until your birthday, of a little gift I am making you. I have placed two thousand dollars to your credit at the bank. It is subject to your check. It is from my own estate, of course. I should hardly make you a present of your own money."

"You are very kind; it is a handsome gift; but I think we'd better put it into the new trusteeship. Then I shall not be tempted into extravagances."

He had expected some exuberant expression of pleasure; but she had spoken coldly, and her manner troubled him. He took from the table a brown paper parcel and opened it, carefully untying the knot in the tape which fastened it.

"I think you have never seen a copy of your mother's will, Zee—unless perhaps your Uncle Rodney has shown it to you."

"No; I have never seen it," she answered.

He unfolded a copy of the last will and testament of Margaret Dameron carefully, and then refolded it lengthwise to remove the creases for greater convenience in examining it. He proceeded with an exaggerated deliberation. A man likes to mystify a woman about business matters; his own wisdom grows refulgent in the dark recesses of her ignorance.

Dameron read his wife's will through, and Zelda listened attentively, though few of the terms meant anything to her, and the numbers of lots and the names of additional divisions and subdivisions were only rumors. Her father paused now and then to make some comment on an item, explaining more fully what was meant.

Either her uncle had deceived her or her father was lying; and she knew that her uncle had told the truth. The situation cleared for her slowly. His request for a continuation of the trusteeship veiled his wish to keep her affairs in his own hands, without a break. It was a clever plan and in an impersonal way she admired his audacity.

"You understand," her father continued, "that the personal property—that means stocks, bonds and so on—was to be sold and the proceeds reinvested as I saw fit. It was necessary to change most of it—I had no option in the matter. Your grandfather, Zee, had been one of the early railroad holders in this part of the country, and the original small independent lines have all been merged into great systems. It should be a matter of pride to you that your grandfather was a man so far-seeing and progressive. But now, his children and their children derive the benefit. I recall that a representative in Congress from our State was defeated for re-election back in the '40s, for voting an appropriation to aid Morse in his experiments with the telegraph. They charged him with wasting the people's money. But times change, and men change with them!"

He sighed, and the thin leaves of his copy of the will rustled in his fingers as he sought the place where he had dropped his reading. He lingered over the words that described the nature of the trust. They were very sweet to him, because they were at once a justification of himself and a refutation of the slanders of his wife's family. He knew, too, that they gave emphasis to the suggestion that he was now making to Zelda, that she renew the trusteeship. He wished to put this as much as possible in the light of a favor to the girl.

"I am very sorry that my friend and counsel, Mr. Carr, is absent, as I should like to have him prepare the new deed of trust. He is a man of the highest probity. He is the ablest lawyer at our bar. In Mr. Carr's absence I have not thought it wise to take another attorney into our confidence. I have prepared a deed of trust myself. Shall I read the deed?"

"Yes, please," said Zelda. "I should like to hear it."

He had, as he said, copied the form of a trust deed that was well-known among local lawyers. As a trust deed it was absolutely above reproach, save only that neither the property as

described nor any equivalent for the bulk of it was any longer in existence as a part of the estate of Margaret Merriam Dameron.

Zelda sat inert, listening to the recital, as her father read with deliberation and with due regard for the sonorous legal phrases. He even read through the notarial certificate; and then he drew off his glasses and settled back in his chair with a satisfied air. He hoped that Zelda would discuss some of the provisions, or ask questions, so that he might be assured that she suspected nothing.

Zelda said nothing. He rose and fumbled with the pen and ink that lay on the table by the inkstand, while he waited for her to speak. The silence grew oppressive; the girl had always responded quickly in their talk. He turned, holding the pen in his hand.

"I suggest that you look the paper over before signing, Zee."

He held the paper toward her, but she shook her head.

"Very well, I have read it to you carefully; and you can, of course, have a copy at any time. It is perfectly proper for you to sign to-night—the day before your birthday; you can acknowledge it before a notary to-morrow."

He was smiling, but he held the pen toward her with a hand that shook perceptibly. Repulsion and pity struggled for the mastery as she pondered, looking away from him into the fire. She felt that she could never meet his eyes again; but she seemed to see them in the flames, the small gray eyes that were so full of cunning and avarice. It was his deceit, his effort to lay upon her credulity, that stung her now into a fierce contempt. She rose and turned toward him.

"I wish you would not lie to me, Ezra Dameron," she said, quietly, with even the suggestion of a sneer upon the syllables of his name.

(To be continued.)

FIRST CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Sheets of Horn Protected the Pages from Soiled Fingers.

The earliest English book for children was "The Babes' Book, or a Lytl Report of How Young People Should Behave." The horn books existed in Elizabeth's reign. The writing was covered with a sheet of horn in order to protect the lettering from contact with dirty fingers.

The chap book contained most of the familiar nursery rhymes and stories which have pertained to nursery lore for generations. They exhibit very crude woodcuts, often daubed with inappropriate color, and the commonest paper as a rule was used. They were hawked about by the chapman or peddler and cost only a few pence apiece.

They served to perpetuate such familiar ditties as "Sing a Song of Sixpence," which dates from the sixteenth century; "Three Blind Mice," in use, with music, in 1609; "The Frog and the Mouse," in existence in 1580, and "Girls and Boys, Come out to Play," which was sung by the villagers in the time of Charles II. "Little Jack Horner," we know, is older than the seventeenth century, and last, but not least, "Lucy Locket," the tune from which originated "Yankee Doodle."

A few of what were called "battle-door books" have been handed down to us. They were three-leaved cards which were folded up into oblong pocket-shaped volumes. These taught reading and numerals in the dame schools in town and country. The little gilt books, as they were called, adorned on the outside with gilt Dutch paper-colored flowers, were much prized gift books of that period. Children were employed coloring such picture-books by hand, one child doing all the red in the series of illustrations, another all the blue, and so on. Of course they gained precision by repetition, but we very often find the tints overlapping, as if carried out by an inexperienced hand.—London Queen.

SIMPLE LANGUAGE THE BEST.

Two Good Examples That Should Inspire Themselves Upon the Mind.

Benjamin Franklin once decided to rewrite the Bible. He got as far as the allegory of Job. He erased the passage, "Doth Job fear God for naught?" a question supposed to have been put to the Almighty by Satan. This is how Benjamin, who was bent upon making the Bible dignified, academic and scholastic, transformed that passage: "Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of personal attachment and affection?"

Improving upon the simplicity of simple English always has just that effect.

By way of contrast between this pompous foolishness and the writing of a gifted man with a sense of humor, I note that Mark Twain in "Innocence Abroad" tells how he left a room at night when he was a boy, having found a corpse upon the floor:

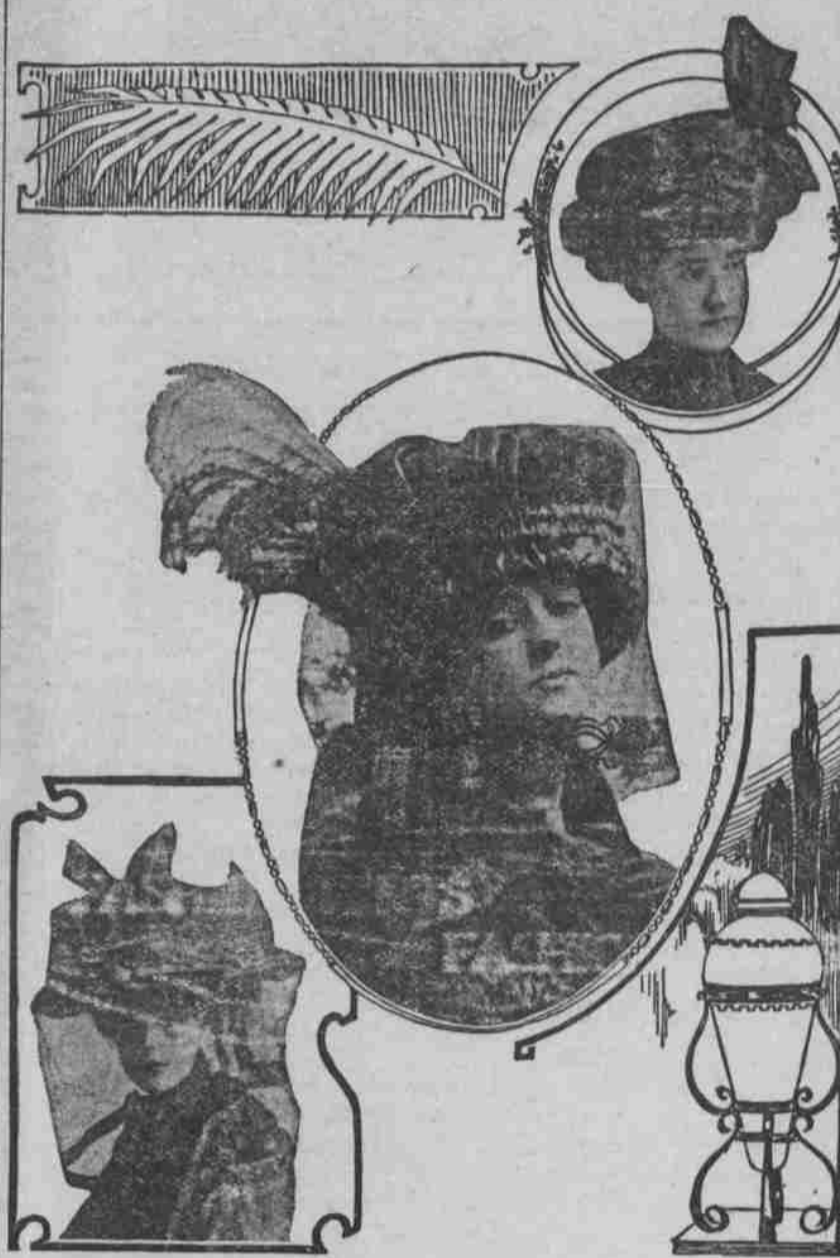
"I went away from there. I do not say that I went away in any sort of hurry, but I simply went—that is sufficient. I went out at the window and I carried the sash along with me. I did not leave the sash, but it was harder to take it than it was to leave it, so I took it—I was not scared, but I was considerably agitated."

Young men who are meditating a literary or journalistic career, as well as young men who think of writing for a living, will do well to study Mark Twain. Then they can pick up the thousand-legged Latin derivatives as they are needed from the writings of Burke and the speeches of college presidents and professors.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Daysey Mayme.

Daysey Mayme Appleton has a heart that responds quickly to every appeal for charity. "The prizes I won at card parties," she explains, "come in handy in giving to the sickly and needy."—Atchison (Kan.) Globe

Hats for Mourning



THREE hats of excellent design are shown for those who are wearing mourning. It will be noticed that the shapes are small or moderate in size, that the designs are simple but the workmanship intricate and beautiful. These characteristics are what the wearer should look for when purchasing mourning millinery.

The first hat, a small round turban with rolling brim, is made of tiny folds of crepe laid in parallel rows on circles about them or four inches in diameter. These are applied to the crown and brim which have previously been covered with crepe laid on plain. The wire frame is covered and lined with silk and the hat is finished with a wired bow of taffeta. A rolled border of crepe sometimes binds the edges of such bows and makes a very handsome finish for the ornament.

Fig. 2 shows a moderately large flat brimmed hat in which the underbrim is faced with chiffon and the upper

brim and crown are of crepe fitted to the shape wings made of folds of chiffon are used for trimming. They are even more effective when made of folds of crepe in hats for first mourning. The veil of point de esprit, is bordered with crepe and dull jet ornaments hold it to place. Cabochons of the same are sewed to the wings.

No. 3 is a turban made of uncut velvet which is one of the richest materials used in mourning millinery. A soft crown and puffed rim are arranged by shirrings in the material. The role trimming is a full bunch of black fancy feathers in aigrette effect, at the right side. A net veil of fine Brussels is finished with a simple embroidery design in silk. Such veils bordered with a two-inch band of crepe, or with three narrow crape folds, are very elegant. Black lynx furs are worn and black suede gloves.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

NEW SHIRT-WAIST MODEL.



This new model is of tussah silk or drap de soie. It is trimmed in an original way with applique bands of the material and with straps of passementerie.

COMBINING LACE AND BEADING

Slight Carelessness or Lack of Preparation Sufficient to Mar the Result.

When lace and beading are to be sewed to thin materials, such as muslin dresses or underwear of any kind, it must be carefully and thoroughly done to produce good results. Lace edging nearly always has a stout thread in the selvage which serves admirably as a gathering thread. Pull this thread and stroke the gathers to make them even. Roll the edge of the material and, holding the lace and edging together with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, with the lace nearest you, overcast the two together with firm even stitches. When sewed to a straight edge insertion can be sewed in exactly the same manner, but to let insertion in, to form a design, first baste the material on the right side to form the desired design, and hem it down on both edges. Cut the material from underneath the insertion, leaving a narrow strip on each side of the insertion. Crease this strip back from the insertion toward the material and turn as for a hem. Overhand this, taking stitches close to the line of the hemming.

FASHION EASY TO FOLLOW

Additions in Dress Accessories That Are Well Within the Reach of All.

There is a late fancy among some Parisian costumers for making the belts of the more elaborate gowns of a color in contrast to the whole color scheme of the garment.

This girdle, though differing in its tone, is of like material, and is merely a new touch—a little oddity—and more evident because of the attention bestowed on the waist line at present.

A dinner gown of sapphire blue, trimmed with crystal embroidery, is given an old rose girdle, and the combination could win its way anywhere, so knowing and artistic was the choice of shades.

Not in years has there been a season when small accessories could add so much to the general style of a costume as do the neck and wrist frills worn with the tailor-made suits of every color, design and material. Such frills may be developed of wide lace, plain or fancy net, chiffon, tulle and even sheer lawn. And the best feature of the fashion is that every woman may, if she wishes, be her own frill maker.

Chiffon, tulle and lawn are undeniably perishable, but then frills of these materials are inexpensive, if homemade, and quite as becoming as those of lace or net.

The art of fine needlework is more in favor now than it has been for many years past, and where children's frocks are concerned remnants of lawn, muslin, lace and embroidery that have been secured at reduced prices during the summer sales can be made up into fascinating little garments at a nominal cost.

To Hold Her Veil Tight.

One girl has conceived the idea of running narrow beading around the bottom and threading it with baby ribbon, which she pins at back. Both beading and ribbon are, of course, of the color of the veil, and fasten under the chin, so as to be inconspicuous. She finds this a solution of the veil problem with a low-necked blouse, as her veil never looks either untidy or bulky.

New Combinations.

The latest in color combinations is a dark red and a rather bright blue, so combined as to give the effect of the modish purple. This is very smart indeed, but be careful not to trim with either of these colors; black is the best, or some neutral shade.

Blood Humors

Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption; but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.

They are expelled and the whole system is renovated, strengthened and toned by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

A Doubtful Member.

In Miss Wood's kindergarten class there were eight pupils, four girls and four boys. One of the boys, however had not yet reached the estate of kilts not to mention trousers. Accordingly when little Susan Phelps was asked by a visitor to tell how many boys and how many girls there were, her confused reasoning went as follows:

"There's eight, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, Miss Elliott," she replied. "And if he's a girl!" she pointed at one who wore dresses instead of manly garb—"why, there's five girls, and one, two, three boys. But if she's a boy, there's one, two, three, four girls, and one, two—four boys. She's really a boy, you know Miss Elliott," she confided, in conclusion—"Youth's Companion."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Certainly Annoying.

The Circle Railroad in London describes a circle whose diameter is about 10 miles. In the car was an old and very obese lady, who expressed the utmost solicitude lest she be carried past her station. A passenger assured her that her station was half an hour away, and that he would tell her when they reached it.

"Thank you very much, sir," said the old lady, "but whenever I gets out, bein' as 'ow I'm so 'eavy, I backs out; an' I ain't more than 'arf way out afore long comes a guard, an' he 'eays, 'Look lively there, mum,' says he, 'look lively, an' 'e pushes me back in again, an' I've been round the circle three times this morning!"

Worth its Weight in Gold.

It's PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, strengthens eyes of the old, tonic for eye strain, weak and watery eyes. All Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Byron Statue.

Many years ago some admirers of Lord Byron raised a subscription for a monument to the poet to be placed in Westminster Abbey. Chantrey was requested to execute it, but on account of the smallness of the sum subscribed he declined, and Thorwaldsen was then applied to and cheerfully undertook the work.

In about 1838 the finished statue arrived at the customs house in London, but to the astonishment of the subscribers the dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland, declined to give permission to have it set up in the abbey, and owing to this difficulty, which proved insurmountable, for Dr. Ireland's successor was of the same opinion, it remained for upward of twelve years in the customs house, when (1846) it was removed to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The poet is represented in the statue of the size of life, seated on a ruin, with his left foot resting on the fragment of a column. In his right hand he holds a style up to his mouth, in his left a book, inscribed "Child Harold." He is dressed in a frock coat and cloak. Beside him on the left is a skull, above which is the Athenian owl. The likeness is, of course, posthumous. Thorwaldsen was born November 19, 1770, and died on March 24, 1844.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet, cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, etc. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Druggist, Le Roy, N. Y.

New York's Night Workers.

It is generally supposed that the night workers are few in number, but careful canvass shows that the total number of persons who work after sundown in New York reaches the figure of 52,000. This is equal to the population of each of such cities as Springfield, Mass., Hoboken, N. J., Savannah, Ga., Utica, N. Y., and Elizabeth, N. J.

Tattered Terry—There goes a kind man. The last time I went to him I didn't have a cent and he gave me all he had.

Wearly Walter—What was that? Tattered Terry—Thirty days—Puck.

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man."—George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. Be Careful. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Saves Edge of Pie. A wire contrivance, patented by an Illinois man to lift a pie from an oven is designed to operate so that the edge of the crust will not be broken.

PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS