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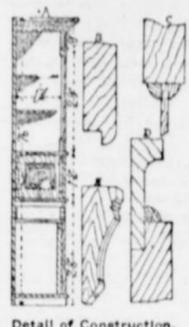
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Zelda Dameron
 By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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CHAPTER XX.
 The room was very still after she had spoken. Her father did not start or look directly at her, but after an interval of silence, he lifted his eyes slowly until they met hers.
 "You have lied to me," Zelda repeated in the same passionless voice, speaking as though she were saying some commonplace thing. "I understand perfectly well why you wish to continue this trusteeship. I shall be very glad to do what you ask; only we must understand each other frankly. You must tell me the truth."
 He shrugged down slowly into his chair, but his eyes did not leave her face. His hands had ceased trembling, and he was quiet himself. He waited as though he expected some word of contrition; but she still stood with her eyes fastened on him, and there was no kindness in them.
 "I have sought your own good. I have supposed you would be gratified to continue—the trust—reposed in me—by your mother."
 "If you speak to me of my mother again I shall find some way of punishing you," she said, and there was still no passion in her voice.
 "I suppose that when you are ready you will tell me what this means—why you have turned against me in this way," he began, with a stimulation of anger. And then changing to a conciliatory tone: "Tell me what it is that troubles you, Zee. I had hoped that you were very happy here. I had flattered myself through the summer that ours was a happy home. But if there is any way in which I have erred I am heartily sorry."
 He bowed his head as though from the weight of his penitence, but he was glad to escape her eyes. When he looked up again, he found her gaze still bent upon him. He picked up the fallen pen and placed it on the table beside the paper which he had asked her to sign.
 "You are a tremendous fraud," she said, with a smile in which there was no mirth or pity. "You are immensely clever, and I suppose that because I have some of your evil blood in me, I am a little bit clever, too."
 "Zee! You forget yourself; you must be mad!"
 "I am growing sane," she answered. "I have been mad for a year, but my reason has come back to me. I do not forget myself or that you are my father; but I remember, too, that you are an evil man and that you drove my mother into her grave. You killed her, with your pettiness and your hypocrisy; you are just as much her murderer as though you had slain her with a knife. But I beg of you, do not think that you can play the same tactics with me. I don't ask for the money that you have squandered. It isn't your being a thief that I hate; it's your failure to be a man! It's the thought that you would betray the trust of the dead—of my dead mother—that's what I hate you for!"
 She took a step toward her menacingly.
 "You are either a fool or mad. You shall not talk to me so! You have been listening to lies—infamous lies. Rodney Merriam has been poisoning your mind against me. I shall hold him responsible; I shall make him suffer. He has gone too far, too far. I shall have the law upon him."
 "You had better sit down," she said, without flinching. "I suppose you used to talk to my mother this way and that you succeeded in frightening her. But I am not afraid of you, Ezra Dameron. If you think you can browbeat me into signing your deed, you have mistaken me. I was never less scared in my life."
 When she spoke his name it slipped from her tongue gingerly, and fell upon him like a lash. In addressing him so, she cast off the idea of kinship utterly; there was no tie of blood between them; and he was simply a mean old man, despicable and contemptible, standing on the brink of a pit that he had dug for himself, and feeling the earth crumbling beneath his feet. She went on, with no break in the impersonal tone to which her words had been pitched in the beginning.
 "You have so little sense of honor—you are so utterly devoid of anything that approaches honor and decency—the hypocrisy in you is so deep, that you can't imagine that a man like my uncle would never seek to prejudice me against you—my own father. Neither my uncle nor my aunt has ever said a single unkind word to me of you. My aunt asked me to go to live with her when we came home; but I refused to do it. And I'm glad I did. This closer acquaintance has given me an opportunity that was—in one of your hypocritical phrases—quite providential, of learning you as though you were a child's primer. You have been a very bitter lesson, Ezra Dameron! My mother never rebelled, never lifted her voice against you, and you supposed she should prove quite as easy; but you see how mistaken you are!"
 "This is a game—a plot to trap me. But it shall fail. My own child shall not mock me."
 "I have something more to say to you. I have gone over it in my heart a thousand times in this year of deceit. I believe I have grown a good deal like you. It has been a positive pleasure for me to act a part—shielding you from the eyes of people who were anxious for a breach between us. I know as I walk the streets and people say, 'There is Ezra Dameron's daughter; they all pity me. They have expected me to leave you. They have wondered that I should go on living with you when every child in the community sneers at the sight of you or the mention of your name.'
 "Shame on you! Shame on you!"
 "I suppose it is a shameless thing to be saying to you; but I haven't finished yet. And you had better sit down. You are an old man and I respect you."
 "You ought to know that I believe

nothing you say—not a word!" But in her heart she felt a foreboding that this might be true.
 "You should ask your uncle; or your Aunt Julia. Possibly we three are the only people that remember. I should like to have you quite sure about it, now that you have decided not to marry the son"—and he laughed with ugly glee.
 The front door-bell rang out harshly, and the old man sprang up: "You are not at home; you must see no one."
 Polly's step was heard in the back hall.
 "Never mind, Polly. I'll answer the bell," said Zelda. The slight of any other face than that of her father would be a relief; but it was 2 o'clock, an hour at which no one ever called. She expected nothing more than a brief parley with a messenger boy.
 "Pardon me, Miss Dameron—"
 Leighton stood on the step with his hat in his hand. He had been wandering about the streets. He had passed the Dameron house a dozen times, held to the neighborhood by a feeling that Zelda might need his protection, and he finally stopped and rang in a tumult of hope that he might see her again and reassure himself of her safety. As he stepped into the hall, he saw Ezra Dameron peering at him from the living-room door.
 "Good evening, Mr. Dameron," said Leighton. The old man turned back to the table and his papers without reply; but he listened intently.
 "I was passing," said Leighton, truthfully, "and I remembered a message that Mrs. Copeland gave me for you this afternoon, and I'm sorry to say I forgot about it until now."
 He looked at her, smiling; she understood well enough why he had come.
 "Please put off your coat and come in. We are alone, father and I, having a quiet evening at home."
 "Thank you; I can't stop; but Mrs. Copeland wished me to ask you to come in to-morrow afternoon. She has an unexpected guest—a friend from Boston—and you know she likes everybody to appreciate her friends."
 "Thank you, very much. I shall come if I possibly can."
 (To be continued.)

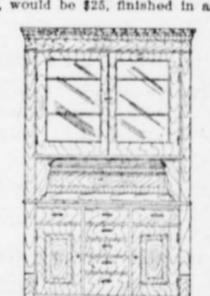
IN THE FARM HOME
CHINA CABINET A CONVENIENCE CHERISHED BY HOUSEWIVES.
 A Combination Cabinet and Sideboard Which May Be Built Separate and Portable or Erected in the Wall Solid.
 Many otherwise well-arranged dwellings are built without any thought whatever of a china cabinet. This is a great mistake, as there are few housewives who do not have more or less cherished china or glass or silver, and no other ornament will go so far toward improving the appearance of the dining room as this same china, glass and silver, if properly displayed in a neat china cabinet.
 A combination china cabinet and sideboard has been designed for the moderate-priced home. As seen in the cut, A is a cross-section of the cabinet, B is the drawer front, C is a section of the doors, D a section of the panels and E a perspective of the face board.
 The cabinet may be built separate and portable, or built in the wall solid. The latter method is preferred with face of cabinet flush with the dining-room wall and extending out into the pantry or kitchen. The space below the doors is left open and forms a sideboard.
 If desired, the panel above the base shelf may be swung on hinges, which will be handy in passing food and dishes to and from the dining-room.
 Many wives object to the doors with the small panes, claiming they obstruct the view, and hide the pretty pieces of glassware. This, however, is a matter of fancy, and the doors may be made to cost much or little.
 With the exception of the doors the stock used is 3/4 or 1 inch thick; the doors are 1 1/4 inch thick. The head trim should be the same as other trim in the room, if the cabinet is built in the wall.
 Of course, if possible, the wood used should be the same as that used on the doors and windows. Hard wood may be used with good effect. Birch finished with mahogany stain looks very neat.
 Any good carpenter will be able to build this cabinet from the cuts accompanying this description, and the cabinet should not be prohibitive in cost. The approximate cost, built of pine, would be \$25, finished in any of the stains and varnished. The extra cost for hard wood would be slight, as there is not much needed.
 The panels of the rear walls may be mirrored if the cost be no object. The cabinet may be built in new or old walls, and will cost less than a modern sideboard.
Cod de Luxe.
 Even cod steak will make a company luncheon. According to a well-known chef if this fish were to retail at 30 cents a pound it would be considered as delicious as salmon.
 Roll the steaks, cut into neat little cutlets in egg and bread crumbs, and fry a nice brown, being careful to drain on blotting paper. Serve with mashed potatoes beaten very light and arranged in the center of a meat platter with the fish grouped upright around it. Put a basket cut from a lemon skin on top filled with parsley or lemon juice and decorate with dice or half-moon shapes cut from cold boiled beets.
 There will be no thought in the mind of the guest of a pot luck repast.
Caraway Cookies.
 One cup lard, two of sugar, one and one-half water, one teaspoon soda, two of cream of tartar, nutmeg, salt, flour enough to roll out. The more they are kneaded the better they will be. At last, mould in one teaspoonful of caraway seed. Very nice.
An Ice-Chest Suggestion.
 To prevent a dish from slipping when placed on the ice, put a rubber ring (such as comes on all ordinary fruit jars) underneath it.—Woman's Home Companion
The Way They Mate.
 "It hardly ever fails."
 "What are you talking about now?"
 "When a woman is called a bundle of energy nine times out of ten she has a husband who isn't."—Birmingham Age-Herald.
 Within the last two centuries about fifty metals have been discovered by chemist explorers, but use has been found for only a few of them.
 It's easier to become a hero than it is to hold the job.



Detail of Construction.



Knife and Fork in One.



Front Elevation.

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