

# The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,  
Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)

He knew what all this meant. He had seen what was in his master's eyes as well as if he had been taken to the full confidence, and openly shared his part of the business with the alacrity, even to the point of giving Fairbrother with suitable assistance as to the ability of one well-willed to fill a waiter's place in a number of functions. It was not that he had given him. Seventeen years before he had written the same last phrase. That was when the master and Fairbrother had parted but he did not mean to play the part of a traitor, for all his acquiescence. He began by taking the other's instructions. He dressed himself with him and other clothes, and took the train for Elmore at or near the time that Fairbrother started east. But once at Elmore he registered there as Abner Fairbrother from New York—he took a course from the one laid out, a course which finally brought him to his master's wake and land at the same hour in New York as what he did. Instead of shutting himself up in his room, he expressed an immediate desire to visit neighboring mines, and, procuring a horse, started off at the first moment. He rode north, lost his way in the mountains, and was found by a guide intelligent enough to lend himself to his plans and guide he confided his horse for a few days he intended to be gone. He had money and promising him money if, during his absence, he succeeded in circulating the rumor that Abner Fairbrother had been killed in the mountains, bound and such a camp.

Such a plan provided an alibi, not for himself but for his master, whose case he should need it, he took the road to the nearest railway station and started on his long ride. He did not expect to overtake his master, but he had been personating, but he was kinder than is usual in cases, and, owing to a delay by some accident to a freight train, he arrived in Chicago within a few hours of Mr. Fairbrother, started out of that city on the train. But not on the same car, and caught a glimpse of Fairbrother on the platform and was carried out of his sight. This was enough. He bought a compartment in the sleeper and stayed in it until he arrived at the Grand Central. Then he hastened out and, favoring him with another alibi, the man in whose move he was so interested, followed to the streets.

Abner Fairbrother had shaved off his beard and changed his name. He had left Elmore. Soars had this off on the train. Both were the former the more owing to clarity of his month which up to that time he had always thought best to wear. Soars therefore walked the streets without fear and was almost always seen with one of the city's most notable mansions with a spruce air the doors of a great caterer.

Understanding the plot now and having nothing to fear for his mistress, he led the streets for some hours in a state of great indecision. Then he went up to her apartment. But he never came within sight of her. He saw a disloyalty struck him, and, when it was only to come side when it was too late and she had fled for the ball.

Understanding with apprehension, but not divided in his impulses, he went to serve master and mistress without disloyalty to the one or the other, he hesitated and with himself till his fears for her drove him to Mr. Ramsdell's.

It was a stormy one. The snow of the season was falling in a high gale blowing down from the north. The house, as we know, is one of the modern in the Riverside district, but the heart full him. But as he came and got the full effect of glancing at the seductive music and the noise of crowding carriages he saw the man's eye such a picture of a beautiful mistress, threatened herself in a quarter she liked, that he lost all sense of his own safety. He had there his great chance, he had the entrance with the possibility of seeing and warning her.

He was presently perceived, was surprised. He could neither see her expect her to come to the window. The time was passing, his master was there—The hands he had dizzy, and, all the while among the carriages, he had been run over in his eyes had not suddenly a lighted window, the shade had been inadvertently left

and he ready with all his wit when he saw the woman in the alcove. She was the thought, and such the place of the quiet, attractive man who, with his very calm and coffee and just came and went unannounced until the twenty other units similarly and similarly attentive. He waited as long as he could, and when, on the passing of Mr. Durand from the alcove, he passed in there with his tray and his two cups of coffee nobody heeded and nobody remembered.

It was all over in a minute, and he came out, still unmoted, and went to the supper room for more cups of coffee. But that minute had set its seal on his heart forever. She was sitting there alone, with her side to the entrance, so that he had to pass around in order to face her. Her elegance and a certain air she had of remoteness from the scene of which she was the glowing center when she smiled, awoke him and made his hand loosen a little on the slender stiletto he held close against the bottom of the tray. But such resolution does not easily yield, and his fingers soon tightened again, this time with a deadly grip.

He had expected to meet the flash of the diamond as he bent over her and dreading doing so for fear it would attract his eye from her face and so cost him the sight of that startled recognition which would give the desired point to his revenge. But the tray, as he held it, shielded her breast from view, and when he lowered it to strike his blow he thought of nothing but aiming so truly as to need no second blow. He had had his experience in those old years in a mining camp, and he did not fear failure in this. What he did fear was her utterance of some cry, possibly his name, but she was stunned with horror and did not strike—horror of him whose eyes she met with her glassy and staring ones as he slowly drew forth the weapon.

Why he drew it forth instead of leaving it in her breast he could not say. Possibly because it gave him his moment of gloating revenge. When it, another instant her hands flew up and the tray tipped and the china fell the revolution came, and his eyes opened to two facts—the instrument of death was still in his grasp, and the diamond, on whose possession he counted, was gone from his wife's breast.

It was a horrible moment. Voices could be heard approaching the alcove—laughing voices that in an instant would take on the note of horror. And the music—ah, how low it had sunk, as if to give place to the dying murmur he now heard issuing from her lips! But he was a man of iron. Throwing the stiletto into the first place that offered, he drew the curtains over the staring windows, then slid out with his tray, calm, speckless and attentive as ever, dead to thought, dead to feeling, but aware, quite aware in the secret depths of his being that something besides his wife had been killed that night and that sleep and peace of mind and all pleasure in the past were gone forever.

It was not he I saw enter the alcove and come out with news of the crime. He left this role to one whose antecedents could better bear investigation. His part was to play, with just the proper display of horror and curiosity, the ordinary mental brought face to face with a crime in high life. He could do this. He could even sustain his share in the gossip, and for this purpose kept near the other waiters. The absence of the diamond was all that troubled him. That brought him at times to the point of vertigo. Had Mr. Grey recognized and claimed it? If so, he, Abner Fairbrother, must remain James Wellgood, the waiter, indefinitely. This would require more belief in his star than ever he had had. But as the moments passed and no contradictory impression was given to the universally received impression that the same hand which had struck the blow and taken the diamond, even this cause of anxiety left his breast, and he faced people with more and more courage till the moment when he suddenly heard that the diamond had been found in the possession of a man perfectly strange to him and saw the inspector pass it over into the hands of Mr. Grey.

Instantly he realized that the crime of his life was on him. If Mr. Grey were given time to identify this stone, he (Abner Fairbrother) was lost and the diamond as well. "Could he prevent this? There was but one way, and that way he took. Making use of his ventriloquist powers—he had spent a year on the public stage in those early days, playing just such tricks as these—he raised the one cry which he knew would startle Mr. Grey more than any other in the world, and when the diamond fell from his hand, as he knew it would, he rushed forward and, in the act of plucking it up, made that exchange which not only baffled the suspicions of the statesman, but restored to him the diamond, for whose possession he was now ready to barter half his remaining days.

Meanwhile Mr. Grey had had his own anxieties. During this whole long evening he had been established by the conviction that the diamond of which he had heard but one passing glimpse was the Great Mogul of the one famous collection. He was sure he would find it at one moment he found himself tempted to enter the alcove, to stand a closer sight of the diamond and settle the question then and there. He even went so far as to take in his hands the two cups of coffee which should serve as his excuse for this intrusion, but his naturally cautious instincts again intervened, and he set the cups down again—this I did not see—and turned his steps toward the library with the intention of writing her a note instead. But though he found paper and pen to hand, he could find no words for so daring a request, and he came back into the hall, only to hear that the woman he had con-

templated addressing had just been murdered and her great jewel stolen. The shock was too much, and as he was not having the time to go to the library where he had deposited his stiletto, he returned again to the library where he had deposited his stiletto, and he found it in the inspector's hand, only to vanish under the machinations of one he did not even recognize when he took the false jewel from his hand.

The American had outwitted the Englishman and the triumph of evil was complete.

Or so it seemed. But if the Englishman is slow, he is sure. Thrown out of the track for the time being, Mr. Grey had only to see a picture of the stiletto in the papers, to feel again that, despite all appearances, Fairbrother was really not only at the bottom of the thefts from which his cousin and himself had suffered, but of this frightful murder as well. He made, no open move—he was a stranger in a strange land and much disturbed, besides, by his fears for his daughter—but he started a secret inquiry through his old valet, whom he ran across in the street and whose peculiar adaptability for this kind of work he well knew.

The aim of these inquiries was to determine if the person, whom two physicians and three assistants were endeavoring to nurse back to health on the top of a wild plantation in a remote district of New Mexico, was the man he had once entertained at his own board in England, and the adventures thus incurred would make a story in itself. But the result seemed to justify them. Word came after innumerable delays, very trying to Mr. Grey, that he was not the same, though he bore the name of Fairbrother, and was considered by every one around there to be Fairbrother. Mr. Grey, ignorant of the relations between the millionaire master and his man which sometimes led to the latter's personifying the former, was confident of his own mistake and bitterly ashamed of his own suspicions.

But a second message set him right. A deception was being practiced down in New Mexico, and this was how his spy had found it out. Certain letters which went into the sick tent were sent away again, and always to that one address. He had learned the address. It was that of James Wellgood, C., Maine. If Mr. Grey would look up this Wellgood he would doubtless learn something of the man he was so interested in.

This gave Mr. Grey personally something to do, for he would trust no second party with a message involving the honor of a possibly innocent man. As the place was accessible by railroad and his duty clear, he took the journey involved and succeeded in getting a glimpse in the manner we know of the man James Wellgood. This time he recognized Fairbrother and, satisfied from the circumstances of the moment that he would be making no mistake in accusing him of having taken the Great Mogul, he intercepted him in his flight, as you have already read, and demanded the immediate return of his great diamond.

And Fairbrother? We shall have to go back a little to bring his history up to this critical instant.

When he realized the tread of public opinion, when he saw a perfectly innocent man committed to the Tombs for his crime, he was first astonished and then amused at what he continued to regard as the triumph of his star. But he did not start for Elmore, wise as he felt it would be to do so. Something of the fascination usual with criminals kept him near the scene of his crime, that and an anxiety to see how Soars would conduct himself in the southwest. That Soars had followed him to New York, knew his crime and was the strongest witness against him was as far from his thoughts as that he owed him the warning which had all but balked him of his revenge. When therefore he read in the papers that "Abner Fairbrother" had been found sick in his camp at Santa Fe he felt that nothing was ahead in the way of his entering on the plans he had framed for ultimate escape. On his departure from Elmore he had taken the precaution of giving Soars the name of a certain small town on the coast of Maine where his hall was to be sent in case of a great emergency. He had chosen this town for two reasons—first, because he knew all about it, having had a young man from there in his employ; secondly, because of its neighborhood to the inlet where an old launch of his had been docked for the winter. Always astute, always precautionary, he had given orders to have this launch floated and provisioned, so that now he had only to send word to the captain to have at his command the best possible means of escape.

Meanwhile he must make good his position in C. He did it in the way we know. Satisfied that the only danger he need fear was the discovery of the fraud practiced in New Mexico, he had confidence enough in Soars even in his present disabled state to take his time and make himself solid with the people of C—while waiting for the ice to disappear from the harbor. This accomplished and erasing made possible, he took a flying trip to New York to secure stock papers and valuables as he wished to carry out of the country with him. They were in safe deposit, but that safe deposit was in his strong room in the center of his house in Fifty-sixth street—a room which you will remember in connection with Sweetwater's adventure.

To enter his own door with his own launch, in the security and darkness of a stormy night, seemed to this self-confident man a matter of no great risk. Nor did he find it so. He reached his strong room, procured his securities and was leaving the house, without having suffered an alarm, when some instinct of self-preservation suggested to him the advisability of arming himself with a pistol. His own was in

his pocket, but he remembered where Soars kept his. He had seen it often enough in that old trunk he had brought with him from the States. He accordingly went upstairs to the steward's room, found the pistol and became from that instant irresistible. But in restoring the articles he had pulled out he came across a photograph of his wife and his own over it all went mad, as we have heard the detective tell. That later, he should succeed in trapping this detective and should leave the house without a quarrel as to his fate, shows what sort of man he was in moments of extreme danger. I doubt, from what I have heard of him since,



He came across a photograph of his wife.

If he ever gave two thoughts to the man after he had sprung the double lock on him; which, considering his extreme ignorance of who his victim was or what relation he bore to his own fate, was certainly remarkable.

Back again in C., he made his final preparations for departure. He had already communicated with the captain of the launch, who may or may not have known his passenger's real name. He says that he supposed him to be some agent of Mr. Fairbrother's; that among the first orders he received from that gentleman was one to the effect that he was to follow the instructions of one Wellgood as if they came from himself; that he had done so, and not till he had Mr. Fairbrother on board had he known whom he was expected to carry into other waters. However, there are many who do not believe the captain. Fairbrother had a genius for rousing devotion in the men who worked for him, and probably this man was another Soars.

To leave speculation, all was in train, then, and freedom but a quarter of a mile away, when the boat he was in was stopped by another and he heard Mr. Grey's voice demanding the jewel.

The shock was severe and he had need of all the nerve which had hitherto made his career so prosperous to sustain the encounter with the calmness which alone could carry off the situation. Declaring that the diamond was in New York, he promised to restore it if the other would make the sacrifice worth while by continuing to preserve his hitherto admirable silence concerning him. Mr. Grey responded by granting him just twenty-four hours, and when Fairbrother said the time was not long enough and allowed his hand to steal ominously to his breast he repeated still more decisively, "Twenty-four hours."

The exultant honored bravery. With drawing his hand from his breast, he brought out a notepad instead of a pistol and, in a tone fully as determined, replied: "The diamond is in a place inaccessible to any one but myself. If you will put your name to a promise not to betray me for the thirty-six hours I ask, I will sign one to restore you the diamond before 12:30 o'clock on Friday."

"I will," said Mr. Grey.

So the promises were written and duly exchanged. Mr. Grey returned to New York, and Fairbrother boarded his launch.

The diamond really was in New York, and to him it seemed more politic to use it as a means of securing Mr. Grey's permanent silence than to fly the country, leaving a man behind him who knew his secret and could pre-empt his doom with a word. He would therefore go to New York, play his last great card and, if he lost, be no worse off than he was now. He did not mean to lose.

But he had not calculated on any inherent weakness in himself—had not calculated on Providence. A dish tumbled and with it fell into chaos the airy structure of his dreams. With the cry of "Grizel! Grizel!" he gave up his secret, his hopes and his life. There was no retrieval possible after that. The star of Abner Fairbrother had set.

Mr. Grey and his daughter learned very soon of my relations to Mr. Fairbrother but through the presentation of the inspector and my own powers of self-control no suspicion has ever crossed their minds of the part I once played by the master of the stiletto.

This was amply proved by the invitation Mr. Durand and I have just received to spend our honeymoon at Devilgton Manor.

—THE END—

NEXT WEEK—The Man of the Hour, one of the great novels of the present time, will begin in The Guard. Do not overlook the opening chapters on Friday, May 22.

The Orpheum will be closed on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week to give an opportunity to prepare the stage for the Empire Stock Co., which will open Monday night, May 18. They come highly recommended and will no doubt please the theatre-going people of Eugene.

## ASSESSMENT OF RAILROADS COMPARED

(Springfield News.)

Assessor Keeney's slogan "during the campaign is 'Let the Railroads and other Corporations pay their share of the taxes.'" Let us see what he has done during his past administration towards carrying out this campaign in Lane County. The Southern Pacific Main Line is assessed \$20,000 a mile in Lane County. In Linn, Douglas and Marion counties, the Southern Pacific main line is assessed \$30,000 a mile. We ask Mr. Keeney to answer the question why he assesses the Southern Pacific main line \$10,000 a mile less than Linn, Douglas and Marion counties.

Thursday, October 17, 1907, the Western Oregon Lumber Manufacturing Association held a meeting in Cottage Grove, Oregon, and a Resolution was adopted that Assessor Keeney be requested to raise the valuation on the road bed of the Southern Pacific to \$30,000 a mile, the same as in Douglas, Linn and Marion counties. In the same issue of The Guard, Assessor Keeney in an interview stated that the Lumbermen's Convention at Cottage Grove was a month late in passing the resolution, and that on September 18th, he had decided to take such action, but he had not made it public.

We ask Mr. Keeney the question, why he made this statement in that interview and has not carried it into effect.

The Southern Pacific Company has 40.76 miles of main line road bed in Lane County. The difference in assessed value between 20,000 and 30,000 a mile would be \$407,600.00. The voters of Lane County will not judge a public official by the promises he makes when a candidate for re-election, so much as by the official record he has made.

The Southern Pacific Company should pay \$30,000 or more a mile, in this county as its just proportion of the taxes.

Springfield offers to the voters of Lane County, in Wiley Stevens, a candidate for Assessor who will not merely promise to, but will carry into effect the principle that railroads and other corporations, should pay their share of the taxes.

## C. NADEAU WILL OPEN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

In connection with his cigar store, at 531 Willamette street, Those wishing help telephone Red 1421, or call at cigar store, 531 Willamette street.

## FREE LECTURE

Walter Thomas Milk, author of "The Struggle for Existence," and editor of the Saturday Evening Tribune, is a leading authority on constructive socialism. He will address the people on the subject, "Public Ownership of Monopolized Industries" at the courthouse Friday evening, May 15, at 8 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

## GASOLINE WOOD SAW

W. G. White is prepared to saw your wood on short notice. Phone Black 4351. Residence, 516 West Sixth street.

## NOTICE OF SALE OF WATER BONDS

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of and in conformity to ordinance number 734, passed by the common council on the 5th day of May, 1908, and approved by the mayor on the 6th day of May, 1908, the common council of the city of Eugene, will receive sealed proposals at the office of the city recorder in Eugene, Oregon, for the purchase of three hundred thousand dollars in water bonds of said city, or any part thereof, up to the hour of 7:30 p. m. Tuesday, July 7, 1908, and that said proposals will be opened and considered by the council at said time.

That the city of Eugene proposes to sell the said three hundred thousand dollars of water bonds to the highest bidder therefor in denominations of from one hundred to one thousand dollars, as the purchaser may desire; that said bonds are to bear interest at the rate bid; not to exceed 5 per cent per annum; said interest payable semi-annually on the first day of July and January of each year from their date until paid; that said three hundred thousand dollars of water bonds will become due and payable by the city of Eugene as follows: On the first day of January, 1918, principal and interest payable at a place to be agreed upon by the purchaser and city.

That said bonds shall not be sold for less than their par value; that in addition to the general obligation of the said city, the said bonds when sold shall be a first and exclusive lien on all lands, rights-of-way, easements, water rights, pipe lines, structures and appliances of every kind composing the water system to be secured with the money derived from the sale of said bonds; that the common council reserves the right of resuming any and all lands.

That the said bonds will be issued and disposed of under and pursuant to the terms of the act, "To incorporate the city of Eugene, and to repeal all acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith," filed in the office of the secretary of state February 13, 1905, and the amendments thereto passed and enacted by the people of the city of Eugene on the 13th day of April, 1908.

A certified check of five per cent of the amount of each bid, payable to J. D. Mallock, Mayor, is required to accompany each bid.

This notice is published for 60 days in the Morning Register and Eugene Daily Guard, newspapers of general circulation, published at Eugene, Oregon.

Date of first publication, May 6th, 1908.

By order of the common council, J. B. F. DORRIS, Recorder.

## Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning to the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles. You may have a sample bottle from Swamp-Root, by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



## Certain Approval

of our workmanship and skill in cleansing and scouring, of your own wisdom in sending "that old gown" to us, only awaits its return to you. Your purse when you get our prices will join the glad acclaim of our generous and expert treatment of your clothing by us.

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## Read This

The Eugene Grocery is now open for business in their new stand and are better able to serve their customers than ever before.

EUGENE GROCERY  
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## NEW BOOKS TO READ

The Barrier, by Rex Beach  
The Metropolis, by Sinclair  
The Iron Heel, by London  
Princess Nadine, by Reid

now to be had at  
Schwartzschild's Book Store  
585 Willamette St.

## MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SUPPRESSING MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Speedy Satisfaction Guaranteed. Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. Insist on getting the genuine, except no substitute. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the  
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Sold in Eugene by W. L. DeLano