NEWS OF THE WEEK

General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

Schumann-Heink, the famous singer, is seeking a divorce from her husband in Chicago.

At Placerville, Cal., was born the largest baby on record. The child weighed 20 pounds.

Carranza delays his answer to the request of the mediators at Niagara Falls, to join them.

President of Bryn Mawr college in Philadelphia declares the present text books are antiquated,.

The Progressive party state committee of New York, will make a plea to Roosevelt to run for governor.

Indictments have been found against plumbers of Des Moines, Ia., charging them with conspiracy for monopoly.

A double wedding of sisters finds them assigned to the wrong husbands, according to records in San Mateo, Cal.

The crater of Mount Lassen, in California is rapidly growing in size and is emitting steam of smoky hue and volcanic ash.

"Mother" Jones was barred by Canadian immigration officials, from boarding a steamer at Seattle that would take her to the strike scene in that country.

Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma report heat wave; Ohio severe hail storms that damaged crops, while six persons are injured in Pennsylvania by near-tornado.

Damage in Los Angeles county resulting from the overflow of storm waters during the floods of last winter approximated $10,000,000, according to a report filed with the board of supervisors by a specially appointed board of engineers of flood control.

A disastrous storm has swept over Western and Southern Japan. Several hundred boats have been wrecked and hundreds of persons are believed to have been drowned. The steamer Mongolia rescued many seamen. A hundred houses in Nagasaki have been blown down.

"The man of mystery," who has been known only as "J. C. R." by officials of the Oak Park Infirmary and by hospital attaches at Rochester, Minn., from which he escaped, was identified in Chicago as Earl W. Iles, a mining engineer, who has been missing since 1906.

A terrific thunder storm broke over Arlington National Cemetery while President Wilson was addressing a great crowd gathered for the unveiling of the monument erected there to the Confederate dead.

King Edward and Queen Mary held court at Buckingham Palace and in spite of all precautions a suffragette gained access to their presence and caused an interruption to the presentations. As she was passing the king the suffragette dropped on her knees and shouted: "Your Majesty, for God's sake, do not use force."

The old city hall at Olympia, Wash., built in 1867, was destroyed by fire. It was erected by public subscriptions, and in it was inaugurated Miles C. Moore, the last territorial governor.

Charles S. Mellen's recent testimony that he, as president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, allowed himself to be indicted in the Grand Trunk case to shield the late J. Pierpont Morgan was flatly denied before the Interstate Commerce commission by Lewis Cass Ledyard, of New York, who was a director of the New Haven at the time.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat — Track prices: Club, 85@86c per bushel; bluestem, 88@89c; forty-fold, 87c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 86c.

Millfeed—Bran, $23.50@24 per ton; shorts, $26.50@27; middlings, $32@33.

Hay—No. 1 Eastern Oregon timothy, $15@16 per ton; mixed timothy, $13@14; valley grain hay, $12@13; alfalfa, $12@13.

Barley — Feed, $20@21 per ton; brewing, $21.50@22; rolled, $23.50@24.

Oats — No. 1 white milling, $22@22.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, $35 ton; cracked, $36.

Vegetables — Cucumbers, $1.25 per box; eggplant, 15c per pound; peppers, 20@25c per pound; radishes, 15@17½c per dozen; head lettuce, $2 per crate; artichokes, 75@85c per dozen; celery, $3.50 per crate; tomatoes, $4.25@4.50.

Green fruit — Apples, $1.50@2.75 per box; strawberries, 75@90c crate; cherries, 6@10c per pound; gooseberries, 2@5c; apricots, $1.25@1.50 per box; cantaloupes, $4.50@5 per crate.

Onions — Bermuda, $2 @ 2.25 per crate; red, $3@3.25 per sack.

Potatoes—Oregon, 90c@$1 per cwt.; sweet potatoes, $4.50@5 per cwt.

Eggs — Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 20½@21c; candled, 22@23c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens 16½c; broilers 25@26c; turkeys, live, 20@22c; dressed, choice, 25@26c; ducks, 12c; geese, 10@12c.

Butter—Creamery prints, extra 27½c per pound; cubes 22½@24c.

Pork—Fancy, 10½c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 11c per pound.

Hops—1913 crop, prime and choice, 14@15c; 1914 contracts 14@15c.

Wool—Valley 18@20c; Eastern Oregon, 16@19⅝c; mohair, 1914 clip, 27½@28⅝c per pound.

Cattle — Prime steers, $7.75@7.85; choice, $7.25 @ 7.50; medium, $7 @ 7.25; choice cows, $6.50@7; medium, $6@6.25; heifers, $6@7; light, $7.50@8.15; heavy, $6.50@7.15; bulls, $4@6.25; stags, $5.50@7.

Hogs — Light, $7.50@7.90; heavy, $6.50@6.90.

Sheep—Wethers, $4.25@4.85; ewes, $3.25@4.50; yearling lambs, $4.50@5; spring lambs, $5.50@6.

Homestead Legislation Is Doomed to Delay

Washington, D. C.—In view of the fact that President Wilson will not demand action by congress on the bills included in the "conservation program," because he fears that by so doing he might impede the progress of the anti-trust bills, Western senators and representatives are satisfied that conservation legislation will be postponed until the next session. The mere fact that President Wilson believes the five conservation bills ought to pass will not be enough to get them through. The President must insist on action or there will be none.

Apparently it is the belief of the President that if the house passes the conservation bills, the senate will take them up in preference to the trust bills and sidetrack the legislation which the President regards as of first importance. The President overlooks the fact that the senate can always find an excuse when it wants one, to sidetrack any legislation.

The five bills to which President Wilson gives his personal indorsement, and in the order named, are the radium bill, the Alaska coal land leasing bill, the water power bill, the bill providing for leasing coal, oil and gas lands in the states, and the 20-year reclamation bill. This is almost the direct reverse of the order in which Western senators and representatives would like to see these bills considered, and the measure in which the President is most interested is the one with which the West is least concerned. Regarding the radium bill, there is no general sentiment among Westerners.

The conservation program outlined by the President takes no account of a bill to amend the homestead law in a way to relieve settlers of the burden of the cultivation clause, nor does that program include a bill, strongly urged by Secretary Lane, proposing to give local control of land and other governmental matters in Alaska to a local governing board.

It is agreed by Western men in congress that the most urgent need is for an amendment to the homestead law, and next to that is the need for granting a longer term to settlers in government irrigation projects in which to meet their obligations and at the same time provide for graduated payments. There is just as much demand for the enactment of a workable water power bill which will release the water power sites now stagnant because of the lack of a workable governmental policy.

The Alaska railroad bill, which became a law this session, will not produce the results expected unless the resources of Alaska are thrown open to legitimate development.

All this desirable legislation could be passed by congress, and most of it could be passed promptly if the President would say the word and bring to bear the same sort of pressure he applied to get action on other administration measures.

Militant Suffragettes Enter London Catholic Churches

London — Suffragettes, for the first time, Sunday invaded Catholic churches and created scenes by attempting to harangue the congregations. Worsihp was disturbed in both Westeminister cathedral and the Church of the Oratory, Brompton.

Father Bernard Vaughn had just taken his place in the pulpit in Westminister cathedral at the evening service when a woman, well-dressed and apparently of refinement, rushed up the steps into another pulpit, and, waving her arms, shouted: "In the presence of the blessed sacrament I protest against the forcible feeding of women."

The congregation, shocked by the woman's action, rose from their seats. Murmurs of protest at the sacrilege ran through the edifice. One of the women worshipers tried to persuade the suffragette to descend from the pulpit, but she remained, waving her arms and yelling incoherently until the vergers forcibly pulled her down the steps and turned her over to the police. She declined to give her name.

A band of militants interrupted the midday mass in the Church of the Oratory by chanting: "God save Emmaline Pankhurst and all other noble prisoners; open the eyes of this church and of the priests to put an end to the torture; in the name of the blessed Joan of Arc, hear them in their hour of need."

Deputies Guard John D.

Tarrytown, N. Y.—To guard against molestation of John D. Rockefeller and his son at Pocantico Hills, thought to be possible, due to strike developments in Colorado, 16 deputies from the White Plains county jail were placed on the Rockefeller estate. These deputies will be paid by the county.

Cat Keeps Death Vigil.

Los Angeles — Mournful wails of a cat kept a whole neighborhood awake for a week. Finally a two-room shack was broken into. There lay the body of Frank Hamble, who had been dead a week. On his breast lay a black cat, too weak to cry any longer. Hamble had been an athlete at the University of Caliornia. Later he became a traveling agent for the Southern Pacific. For the last four years he lived in the shack, striving to cure himself of the liquor habit. There he read almost incessantly.

Governor Is Exonerated.

Topeka, Kan. — Mrs. Luella West, of Wichita, Kan., is not entitled to damages from Governor George H. Hodges, of Kansas, for alleged assault and battery, a jury decided Monday after deliberating two minutes.

Mrs. West alledeged that while on a visit to the governor's office on April 8 last the governor struck her during a scffluc for possession of papers in the case of Frank Sullivan, a convict, to secure whose release Mrs. West had called at the executive offices. Governor Hodges denied the charges.

Balloon Wreck Hurts 60.

Zecanne, France — Sixty persons were injured, several probably mortally, by the explosion of a balloon at a fair here. The balloon had just started to rise when a gust of wind blew it against a tree, tearing the enevlope. The gas exploded.

Columbia Highway Halted By Differences of Opinion

St. Helens — With the contract for the north half of the Columbia Highway in Columbia county let and the work already under way, a halt has been called in the proceedings for the balance of the road.

The delay was made necessary by the deliberations and conferences in regard to the location of the road between Scappoose, near the Multnomath county line, and Columbia City, a few miles below St. Helens.

What seemed to be an impending clash between the State highway commission and the County court was averted by a joint session of the two bodies and a continued meeting of the state engineer and the county court from which an understanding was practically effected resulting in the apparent approval on the state officers' part to retain as much of the old road as was practicable and keep the highway through St. Helens if the court consented to a straightening of the road between Scappoose and Warren.

With what seemed to be a practical and satisfactory settlement still unconfirmed by the state highway commiossion the whole matter as to the letting of the contract and undertaking of the construction is held in abeyance.

The county court is unable to determine whether the policy of the state commission is one of objecting to the compromised location or of further deliberation to arrive at the real effect of it.

With practically $200,000 out of $260,000 allowance on the main road already contracted for on the north half, it seems impossible to the county court to open much new road through high-priced lands around St. Helens with the remaining $60,000.

The compromise apparently agreed upon gave a straight-away route from Scappoose to Warren, making a crossing necessary just above Warren. As crossings are considered dangerous features by the commission, the county court has discovered and procured right to a private underground crossing at this place that can be used for all purposes as if constructed for the highway's particular use.

Most All Wool Is Bought; Prices Unusually Good

Baker — That there will be no wool sales days in Baker this year is the opinion of woolmen of this vicinity, who say that the greater part of the wool in the Baker district has already been bought from the growers and at prices approximately 3 cents higher than those paid last year.

Growers have been paid from 16 to 17 cents for fine wool, while last year the ruling price was from 13 to 14 cents.

The clip in this section is about normal, but the world clip this year has been small, and on that account the prices are higher.

Prices on coarse wool this year are about 2 cents higher than those for fine wool. Ordinarily, the differential has been as high as 5 cents, but on account of a great deal of cross-breeding for mutton lambs in the last year or so the supply all over the country of coarse wool has been increased and that of fine wool lessened. The prices are more nearly equal for the various grades of wool.

A few sales as high as 20 cents for coarse wool have been reported, but the ruling price is from 18½ to 19½ cents, whereas last year it was from 17½ to 18 cents.

Wool shipments have been started by the buyers, who have already cleaned this territory. High prices locally, with clip up to or possibly a shade above normal, growers assert, will do much for the industry in this section. The condition is much better than usual, locally, despite the tariff reduction.

Had the tariff remained on, woolgrowers believe this year would have stood forth as the banner year for the Eastern Oregon wool industry, while, as it is, it is well above the normal.

Disposing of Hood River Strawberry Crop Difficult

Hood River—The problem of disposing of the year's strawberry crop at prices profitable to the grower is one of the most difficult ever faced by the North Pacific Fruit Distributors, according to H. F. Davidson, president of the central selling agency.

"The crop has matured 10 days earlier than usual," said Mr. Davidson. "The first of the local berries came in competition with the fruit of California and now the berries from Missouri and other Eastern points are filling the markets of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota. The Utah crop is at its height and the crop around Seattle is moving. The latter crop for several seasons has been hurt by rainy weather, but it is good this year. Despite these conditions, although the figure is a little less than anticipated, the distributors are getting a fair price as compared with former seasons.

"The crates of this year contain 24 full pint boxes, whereas in former years they were composed of 24-quart boxes, slightly short. We figure the actual value of this year's crate at about 70 per cent of that of last year. The crates contain about 60 per cent of the quantity of last year's crates, but the cost of handling is a little heavier for the grower.

"About six carloads are being shipped out daily. The White Salmon crop, which is 10 days earlier, is dropping off rapidly."

Mr. Davidson says that the apple market has gone to smash in the East.

72 Vessels Carry Lumber.

Astoria — During May, 33 vessels carrying 29,964,000 feet of lumber cleared from the mills in the lower river district. Twenty-nine of the vessels, with 22,467,000 feet of lumber, sailed for coastwise points, while four carrying 7,497,000 feet of lumber, went to foreign ports. In the same period 39 vessels loaded 40,726,615 feet of lumber at the upper river mills, making a grand total of 70,684,615 feet of lumber that was shipped in cargoes from the Columbia river during the month.

Long Fire Season Feared.

Eugene — With the snow off the mountains a month earlier than usual and the woods dry, a long, dangerous fire season is anticipated by the government forestry officials in charge of the Cascade reserve, covering a million acres in Linn, Lane and Douglas counties. Steps are being taken to open the protection work early. Although all the guards and rangers will not be stationed before July 1, practically all lookouts in the mountains will be connected up with phones and trails by June 15.

Hotel Hammel Purchased.

Albany—Bert R. Westbrook Thursday became proprietor of the Hotel Hammel, Albany's six-story hostelry, and changed its name to Hotel Albany. Westbrook, for the past two years, has been proprietor of the St. Francis hotel, another leading local hotel, and will now manage both hostelries. Westbrook bought the furnishings of the hotel and the lease of the building from J. B. Thompson, who bought out J. C. Hammel five weeks ago. Mr. Thompson retains his interest in the Hammel Hotel company.

Postal Money Increases.

Corvallis—The receipts of the Corvallis postoffice show an increase of 16 per cent for the month of May. The Corvallis postal receipts have increased every month for several months without a break, and for a number of years the increase per annum has amounted from 8 to 25 per cent increase over the previous year. One city carrier reports that 30 new houses are in course of erection on his mail route.

Union Stock Show Best Ever Held On Coast

Union — The final events of the Union Livestock show were held here with a bigger and better show than ever. The principal feature was the work of the high-jumping equine, owned by J. D. Farrell, president of the O.-W. R. & N. company. This remarkable thoroughbred cleared the bars at six feet, being ridden by W. S. Elliott, also of the O.-W. R. & N.

The parade was of more magnitude than ever before, and 350 were entered for contests in all classes. It is impossible to estimate fully the value of the exhibit but the values ranged from $500 to $5000.

The surprise was in the class improvement in the last three years. Many exhibitors who had made marked improvement in their own stock were surprised to find that their former competitors had been equally successful. Not only registered and imported horses were seen in competition, but many valuable mares were exhibited.

The sweepstakes prize for heavy draft team was awarded to a span of imported Clydesdale mares, owned by S. L. Brooks, of Imbler. Professor Carlyle, judge of the stock, said it was the finest exhibition of horses that he had seen at any time on the Coast.

The tug of war on horseback between four Umatilla Indians and an equal number of Union cowboys was won by the Umatillas.

Ben Corbett won the Romnan race of half a mile in 85 seconds.

Sheep and Cattle Men Renew Old-Time Wars

Baker—Revival of the old wars between cattlemen and sheepmen is indicated by information received by David Lee, of depredations supposedly by owners of cattle, among his sheep on the government range on Dixie creek, west of Durkee.

Shooting was heard by the herders, and on examination it was found that 20 sheep had been killed or wounded by the shots. Last week a similar attack was made. No sheep were killed, but several were injured.

Mr. Lee has offered a reward of $500 for the capture and conviction of the culprits. He said that these attacks are the first for some time, although in the early days they were common.

$450,000 Left for Roads.

Medford—According to County Clerk Gardner the cost of the Pacific Highway construction in Jackson county to date is $59,000. This includes the cost of the concrete surfaced highway from Central Point three miles toward Medford and excavation for the highway over the Siskyou mountians.

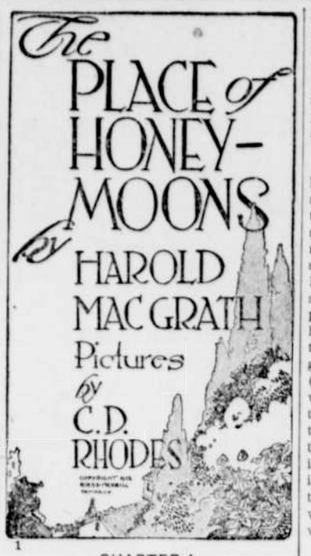
Of this amount about $10,000 for the engineering expenses and machinery will be refunded by the state making a total net cost at the present time about $50,000, leaving $450,000 available from the sale of road bonds.

Farmers Sue Railroads.

Sandy—Fifteen property owners of this vicinity, mostly farmers, have joined in a suit against the Multnomath Central Railway company to regain title to a right of way from Sandy to Cottrell. This right of way was granted on condition that the company build a railroad between Sandy and Cottrell within a year, which was not done. Subscribers to a bonus of $5000 have recovered their money. The Brightwood postoffice has been discontinued, as John McIntyre, the postmaster, did not want the office longer.

Seaside Paving Streets.

Seaside—Street paving and sewer laying are on in full blast here now. The contractors are under bond to complete their work on the principal streets before the middle of June, so that the Summer business will not be interfered with. Concrete sidewalks are to be laid throughout the city this year.



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CHAPTER I.

At the Stage Door.

Courtlandt sat perfectly straight; his ample shoulders did not touch the back of his chair; and his arms were folded tightly across his chest. The characteristic of his attitude was tenseness. The nostrils were well defined, as in one who sets the upper jaw hard upon the nether. His brown eyes—their gaze directed toward the stage whence came the voice of the prima donna—epitomized the tension, expressed the whole as in a word.

Just now the voice was pathetically subdued, yet reached every part of the auditorium, kindling the ear with its singularly mellowing sweetness. To Courtlandt it resembled, as no other sound, the note of a muffled Burmese gong, struck in the dim incensed cavern of a temple. A Burmese gong: briefly and magically the stage, the audience, the amazing gleam and scintillation of the Opera, faded. He heard only the voice and saw only the purple shadows in the temple at Rangoon, the oriental sunset splashing the golden dome, the wavering lights of the dripping candles, the dead flowers, the kneeling devotees, the yellow-robed priests, the tatters of gold-leaf, fresh and old, upon the rows of placid grinning Buddhas. The French horns blared and the timpani crashed. The curtain sank slowly. The audience rustled, stood up, sought its wraps, and passed toward the exits and the grand staircase. It was all over.

Courtlandt took his leave in leisure. Here and there he saw familiar faces, but these, after the finding glance, he studiously avoided. He wanted to be alone. Outside he lighted a cigar, not because at that moment he possessed a craving for nicotine, but because like all inveterate smokers he believed that tobacco conduced to clarity of thought. And mayhap it did. At least, there presently followed a mental calm that expelled all this confusion. The goal waxed and waned as he gazed down the great avenue with its precise rows of lamps. Far away he could discern the outline of the brooding Louvre.

There was not the least hope in the world for him to proceed toward his goal this night. He realized this clearly, now that he was face to face with actualities. A wild desire seized him to make a night of it—Maxim's, the cabarets; riot and wine. Who cared? But the desire burnt itself out between two puffs of his cigar. Ten years ago, perhaps, this brand of amusement might have urged him successfully. But not now; he was done with tomfool nights. Indeed, his dissipations had been whimsical rather than brutal; and retrospection never aroused a furtive sense of shame.

He was young, but not so young as an idle glance might conjecture in passing. To such casual reckoning he appeared to be in the early twenties; but scrutiny, more or less infallible, noting a line here or an angle there, was disposed to add ten years to the score. There was in the nose and chin a certain decisiveness which in true youth is rarely developed. This characteristic arrives only with manhood, manhood that has been tried and perhaps buffeted and perchance a little disillusioned.

What was one to do who had both money and leisure linked to an irresistible desire to leave behind one place or thing in pursuit of another, indeterminately? The inherent ambition was to make money; but recognizing the absurdity of adding to his income, which even in his extravagance he could not spend, he gave himself over into the hands of grasping railroad and steamship companies, or their agencies, and became for a time the slave of guide and dragoman and carrier. And then the wanderlust, descended to him from the blood of his roving Dutch ancestors, which had lain dormant in the several generations following, sprang into active life again. He became known in every port of call. He became known also in the wildernesses.

Whatever had for the moment appealed to his fancy, that he had done. He was alone, absolute master of his millions. Mammas with marriageable daughters declared that he was impossible; the marriageable daughters never had a chance to decide one way or the other; and men called him a fool. He had promoted elephant fights which had stirred the Indian princes out of their melancholy indifference, and tiger hunts, which had, by their duration and magnificence, threatened to disrupt the efficiency of the British military service—whimsical excesses, not understandable by his intimate acquaintances who cynically arraigned him as the fool and his money.

But, like the villain in the play, his income still pursued him. Certain scandals inevitably followed, scandals he was the last to hear about and the last to deny when he heard them. Many persons, not being able to take into the mind and analyze a character like Courtlandt's, sought the line of least resistance for their understanding, and built some precious exploits which included dusky island princesses, diaphanous dancers, and comic-opera stars.

Simply, he was without a direction; a thousand goals surrounded him and none burned with that brightness which draws a man toward his destiny: until one day. Personally, he possessed graces of form and feature, and was keener mentally than most young men who inherit great fortunes and distinguished names.

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Automobiles of all kinds panted hither and thither. An occasional smart coupe went by as if to prove that prancing horses were still necessary to the dignity of the old aristocracy. Courtlandt made up his mind suddenly. He laughed with bitterness. He knew now that to loiter near the stage entrance had been his real purpose all along, and persistent lying to himself had not prevailed. In due time he took his stand among the gilded youth who were not privileged (like their more prosperous elders) to wait outside the dressing rooms for their particular ballerina. By and by there was a little respectful commotion. Courtlandt's hand went instinctively to his collar, not to ascertain if it were properly adjusted, but rather to relieve the sudden pressure. He was enraged at his weakness. He wanted to turn away, but he could not.

A woman issued forth, muffled in silks and light furs. She was followed by another, quite possibly her maid. One may observe very well at times from the corner of the eye; that is, objects at which one is not looking come within the range of vision. The woman paused, her foot upon the step of the modest limousine. She whispered something hurriedly into her companion's ear, something evidently to the puzzlement of the latter, who looked around irresolutely. She obeyed, however, and retreated to the stage entrance. A man, quite as tall as Courtlandt, his face shaded carefully, intentionally perhaps, by one of those soft Bavarian hats that are worn successfully only by Germans, stepped out of the gathering to proffer his assistance. Courtlandt pushed him aside calmly, lifted his hat, and smiling ironically, closed the door behind the singer. The step which the other man made toward Courtlandt was unequivocal in its meaning. But even as Courtlandt squared himself to meet the coming outburst, the stranger paused, shrugged his shoulders, turned and made off.

The lady in the limousine—very pale could any have looked closely into her face—was whirled away into the night. Courtlandt did not stir from the curb. The limousine dwindled, once it flashed under a light, and then vanished.

"It is the American," said one of the waiting dandies.

"The icicle!"

"The volcano, rather, which fools believe extinct."

"Probably sent back her maid for her Bible. Ah, these Americans; they are very amusing."

"She was in magnificent voice tonight. I wonder why she never sings Carmen?"

"Have I not said that she is too cold? What! Would you see frost grow upon the toreador's mustache? And what a name, what a name! Eleanora da Toscana!"

Courtlandt was not in the most amiable condition of mind, and a hint of the ribald would have instantly transformed a passive anger into a blind fury. Thus, a scene hung precariously; but its potentialities became as nothing on the appearance of another woman.

This woman was richly dressed, too richly. She was followed by a Russian, huge of body, Jovian of countenance. An expensive car rolled up to the curb. A liveried footman jumped down from beside the chauffeur and opened the door. The diva turned her head this way and that, a thin smile of satisfaction stirring her lips. For Flora Desimone loved the human eye whenever it stared admiration into her own; and she spent half her days setting traps and lures, rather successfully. She and her formidable escort got into the car which immediately went away with a soft purring sound. There was breeding in the engine, anyhow, thought Courtlandt, who longed to put his strong fingers around that luxurious throat which had, but a second gone, passed him so closely.

He turned down the Rue Royale, on the opposite side, and went into the Taverne Royale, where the patrons were not over particular in regard to

A Woman Issued Forth.

the laws of fashion, and where certain ladies with light histories sought further adventures to add to their heptamerons. Now, Courtlandt thought neither of the one nor of the other. He desired isolation, safety from intrusion; and here, did he so signfy, he could find it. He sat down at a vacant table and ordered a pint of champagne, drinking hastily rather than thirstily.

Would monsieur like anything to eat?

No, the wine was sufficient.

Courtlandt poured out a second glass slowly. The wine bubbled up to the brim and overflowed. He had been looking at the glass with unseeing eyes. He set the bottle down impatiently. Fool! To have gone to Burma, simply to stand in the golden temple once more, in vain, to recall that other time; the starving kitten held tenderly in a woman's arms, his own scurry among the booths to find the milk so peremptorily ordered, and the smile of thanks that had been his reward! He had run away when he should have hung on. He should have fought every inch of the way. . . .

"Monsieur is lonely?"

A pretty young woman sat down before him in the vacant chair.

CHAPTER II.

There Is a Woman?

Anger, curiosity, interest; these sensations blanketed one another quickly, leaving only interest, which was Courtlandt's state of mind when he saw a pretty woman. It did not require very keen scrutiny on his part to arrive swiftly at the conclusion that this one was not quite in the picture. Her cheeks were not red with that redness which has a permanency of tone, neither waxing nor waning, abashed in daylight. Nor had her lips found their scarlet moisture from out the depths of certain little porcelain boxes. Decidedly she was out of place here, yet she evinced no embarrassment; she was cool, at ease. Courtlandt's interest strengthened.

"Why do you think I am lonely, mademoiselle?" he asked, without smiling.

"Oh, when one talks to one's self, strikes the table, wastes good wine, the inference is but natural. So, monsieur is lonely."

Her lips and eyes, as grave and smileless as his own, puzzled him. An adventure? He looked at some of the other women. Those he could understand, but this one, no. At all times he was willing to smile, yet to draw her out he realized that he must preserve his gravity unbroken. The situation was not usual. His gaze came back to her.

"Is the comparison favorable to me?" she asked.

"It is. What is loneliness?" he demanded cynically.

"Ah, I could tell you," she answered.

"Why Do You Think I Am Lonely, Mademoiselle?"

"It is the longing to be with the one we love; it is the hate of the wicked things we have done; it is remorse."

"That echoes of the Ambigu-Comique."

"Would you spare me a glass of wine? I am thirsty."

He struck his hands together, a bit of orientalism he had brought back with him. The observant waiter instantly came forward with a glass.

The young woman sipped the wine, gazing into the glass as she did so. "Perhaps a whim brought me here. But I repeat, monsieur is lonely."

"So lonely that I am almost tempted to put you into a taxicab and run away with you."

She set down the glass.

"But I sha'n't," he added.

The spark of eagerness in her eyes was instantly curtained. "There is a woman?" tentatively.

"Is there not always a woman?"

"And she has disappointed monsieur?" There was no marked sympathy in the tone.

"Since Eve, has that not been woman's part in the human comedy?" He was almost certain that her lips became firmer. "Smile, if you wish. It is not prohibitory here."

She lifted the wine-glass again, and then he noticed her hand. It was large, white and strong; it was not the hand of a woman who dallied, who idled in primrose paths.

"Tell me, what is it you wish? You interest me, at a moment, too, when I do not want to be interested. Are you really in trouble? Is there anything I can do . . . barring the taxicab?"

She twirled the glass, uneasily. "I am not in actual need of assistance."

"But you spoke peculiarly regarding loneliness."

"Perhaps I like the melodrama. You spoke of the Ambigu-Comique."

"You are on the stage?"

"Perhaps."

"The opera?"

"Again perhaps."

He laughed once more, and drew his chair closer to the table.

"You followed me here. From where?"

"Followed you?" The effort to give a mocking accent to her voice was a failure.

"Yes. The idea just occurred to me. There were other vacant chairs, and there was nothing inviting in my facial expression. Come, let me have the truth."

"I have a friend who knows Flora Desimone."

"Ah!" As if this information was a direct visitation of kindness from the gods. "Then you know where the Calabrian lives? Give me her address."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As They Danced.

"I believe in a girl having a mind of her own," said she. "I, for one, am not easily led."

"So I perceive," he ventured gently between dips.