



SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtlandt's appearance there. Multimillionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kanchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gave him the address of Flora Desimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtlandt enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanora Courtlandt arranges for an alibi. Eleanora reappears and accuses Courtlandt of having abducted her. His alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed. Eleanora flees to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of her admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courtlandt also goes to Como and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired prizefighter and father of Eleanora, whose real name is Nora Harrigan. Harrigan takes Courtlandt into his favor at once.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"The moth and the candle," mused Courtlandt. "That will be Nora Harrigan. How long has this infatuation been going on?"

"Year and a half."

"And the other side?"

"There isn't any other side," exploded the artist. "She's worried to death. Not a day passes but some scurrilous penny-a-liner springs some yarn, some beastly innuendo. She's been dodging the fellow for months. In Paris last year she couldn't move without running into him. This year she changed her apartment, and gave orders at the Opera to refuse her address to all who asked for it. Consequently she had some peace. I don't know why it is, but a woman in public life seems to be a target."

"The penalty of beauty, Abby. Homely women seldom are annoyed, unless they become suffragists." The colonel poured forth a dense cloud of smoke. "What brand is that, Colonel?" asked Courtlandt, choking.

The colonel generously produced his pouch.

"No, no! I was about to observe that it isn't ambrosia."

"Rotter!" The soldier dug the offender in the ribs. "I am going to have the Harrigans over for tea this afternoon. Come over! You'll like the family. The girl is charming; and the father is a sportsman to the backbone. Some silly fools laugh behind his back, but never before his face. And my word, I know rafts of gentlemen who are not fit to stand in his shoes."

"I should like to meet Mr. Harrigan," Courtlandt returned his gaze to the window once more.

"And his daughter?" said Abbott, curiously.

"Oh, surely!"

"I may count on you, then?" The colonel stowed away the offending briar. "And you can stay to dinner."

"I'll take the dinner end of the invitation," was the reply. "I've got to go over to Menaggio to see about some papers to be signed. If I can make the three o'clock boat in returning, you'll see me at tea. Dinner at all events. I'm off."

Courtlandt walked up the street leisurely, idly pausing now and then before the shop windows. Apparently he had neither object nor destination; yet his mind was busy, so busy in fact that he looked at the various curios without truly seeing them at all. A delicate situation, which needed the lightest handling, confronted him. He must wait for an overt act, then he might proceed as he pleased. How really helpless he was! He could not force her hand because she held all the cards and he none. Yet he was determined this time to play the game to the end, even if the task was equal to all those of Hercules rolled into one, and none of the gods on his side.

At the hotel he asked for his mail, and was given a formidable packet which, with a sigh of discontent, he slipped into a pocket, strolled out into the garden by the water, and sat down to read. To his surprise there was a note, without stamp or postmark. He opened it, mildly curious to learn who it was that had discovered his presence in Bellaggio so quickly. The envelope contained nothing more than a neatly folded bank note for one hundred francs. He eyed it stupidly. What might this mean? He unfolded it and smoothed it out across his knee, and the haze of puzzlement drifted away. Three bars from La Boheme. He laughed. So the little lady of the Taverne Royale was in Bellaggio!

CHAPTER VIII.

Marguerites and Emeralds.

By eleven o'clock Courtlandt had finished the reading of his mail, and was now ready to hunt for the little lady of the Taverne Royale. It was necessary to find her. The whereabouts of Flora Desimone was of vital importance. If she had not yet arrived, the presence of her friend presaged her ultimate arrival.

He rose and proceeded on his quest. Before the photographer's shop he saw a dachshund wrathfully challenging a cat on the balcony of the adjoining building. The cat knew, and so did the puppy, that it was all buncombe on the puppy's part; the usual European war scare, in which one of the belligerent parties refused to come down because it wouldn't have been worth while, there being the usual powers ready to intervene. Courtlandt did not bother about the cat; the puppy claimed his attention. He was very fond of dogs. So he reached down suddenly and put an end to the sharp challenge. The dachshund struggled valiantly, for this breed of dog does not make friends easily.

"I say, you little Dutchman, what's the row? I'm not going to hurt you. Funny little codger! To whom do you belong?" He turned the collar around, read the inscription, and gently put the puppy on the ground.

Nora Harrigan!

His immediate impulse was to walk on, but somehow this impulse refused



"We'd Look Fine Drinking Tea. Wouldn't We, Old Scout?"

to act on his sense of locomotion. He waited, dully wondering what was going to happen when she came out. He had left her room that night in Paris, vowing that he would never intrude on her again. With the recollection of that bullet whizzing past his ear, he had been convinced that the play was done. True, she had testified that it had been accidental, but never would he forget the look in her eyes. It was not pleasant to remember. And still, as the needle is drawn by the magnet, here he was, in Bellaggio. He cursed his weakness.

... Ah, voices! He stepped aside quickly.

"Fritz, Fritz; where are you?"

And a moment later she came out, followed by her mother... and the little lady of the Taverne Royale. Did Nora see him? It was impossible to tell. She simply stooped and gathered up the puppy, who struggled determinedly to lick her face. Courtlandt lifted his hat. It was in nowise offered as an act of recognition; it was merely the mechanical courtesy that a man generally pays to any woman in whose path he chances to be for the breath of a second. The three women in immaculate white, hatless, but with sunshades, passed on down the street.

"Nora, who was that?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"Who was who?" countered Nora, snuggling the wriggling dachshund under her arm and throwing the sunshade across her shoulder.

"That fine-looking young man who stood by the door as we passed out. He raised his hat."

"Oh, bother! I was looking at Fritz."

Celeste searched her face keenly, but Nora looked on ahead serenely; not a quiver of an eyelid, not the slightest change in color or expression. "She did not see him!" thought the musician, curiously stirred. She knew her friend tolerably well. It would have been impossible for her to have

seen that man and not to have given evidence of the fact.

Mrs. Harrigan took the omnibus up to the villa. It was generally too much of a climb for her. Nora and Celeste preferred to walk.

"What am I going to do, Celeste? He is here, and over at Cadenabbia last night I had a terrible scene with him. In heaven's name, why can't they let me be?"

"Herr Rosen?"

"Yes."

"Why not speak to your father?"

"And have a fistfight which would appear in every newspaper in the world? No, thank you. There is enough scandalous stuff being printed as it is, and I am helpless to prevent it."

As the climb starts off stiffly, there wasn't much inclination in either to talk. Celeste had come to one decision, and that was that Nora should find out Courtlandt's presence here in Bellaggio herself. When they arrived at the villa gates, Celeste offered a suggestion.

"You could easily stop all this rumor and annoyance."

"And, pray, how?"

"Marry."

"I prefer the rumor and annoyance. I hate men. Most of them are beasts."

"You are prejudiced."

If Celeste expected Nora to reply that she had reason, she was disappointed. Nora quickened her pace, that was all.

At luncheon Harrigan innocently threw a bomb into camp by inquiring: "Say, Nora, who's this chump Herr Rosen? He was up here last night and again this morning. I was going to offer him the cot on the balcony, but I thought I'd consult you first."

"Herr Rosen!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrigan, a flutter in her throat. "Why, that's..."

"A charming young man who wishes me to sign a contract to sing to him in perpetuity," interrupted Nora, pressing her mother's foot warningly.

"Well, why don't you marry him?" laughed Harrigan. "There's worse things than frankfurters and sauerkraut."

"Not that I can think of just now," returned Nora.

Harrigan declared that he would not go over to Caxley-Webster's to tea.

"But I've promised for you!" expostulated his wife. "And he admires you so."

"Boosh! You women can gad about as much as you please, but I'm in wrong when it comes to eating sponge cake and knuckling my knees under a dinky willow table."

The women departed at three, for there was to be tennis until five o'clock. When Harrigan was reasonably sure that they were half the distance to the colonel's villa, he put on his hat, whistled to the dachshund, and together they took the path to the village.

"We'd look fine drinking tea, wouldn't we, old scout?" reaching down and tweaking the dog's velvet ears. "They don't understand, and it's no use trying to make 'em. Nora gets as near as possible. Herr Rosen! Now, where have I seen his phiz before? I wish I had a real man to talk to. Abbott sulks half the time, and the Barone can't get a joke unless it's driven in with a mallet. On your way, old scout, or I'll step on you. Let's see if we can hoof it down to the village at a trot without taking the count."

He had but two errands to execute. The first was accomplished expeditiously in the little tobacconist's shop under the arcade, where the purchase of a box of Minghetti cigars promised later solace. The second errand took time and deliberation. He studied the long shelves of Tauchnitz. Having red corpuscles in superabundance, he naturally preferred them in his literature, in the same quantity.

"Ever read this?" asked a pleasant voice from behind, indicating "Rodney Stone" with the ferrule of a cane.

Harrigan looked up. "No. What's it about?"

"Best story of the London prize ring ever written. You're Mr. Harrigan, aren't you?"

"Yes," diffidently.

"My name is Edward Courtlandt. If I am not mistaken, you were a great friend of my father's."

"Are you Dick Courtlandt's boy?"

"I am."

"Well, say!" Harrigan held out his hand and was gratified to encounter a man's grasp. "So you're Edward Courtlandt? Now, what do you think of that? Why, your father was the best sportsman I ever met. Square as they make 'em. Not a kink anywhere in his make-up. He used to come to the bouts in his plug hat and dress suit; always had a seat by the ring. I could hear him tap with his cane when there happened to be a bit of pretty sparring. He was no slouch himself when it came to putting on the mitts. Many's the time I've had a round or two with him in my old gymnasium. Well, well! It's good to see a man again. I've seen your name in the papers, but I never knew you was Dick's boy. You've got an old grizzly head in your dining room at home. Some day I'll tell you how I got there, when you're not in a hurry. I went out to Montana for a

scrap, and your dad went along. After the mill was over, we went hunting. Come up to the villa and meet the folks. ... Hang it, I forgot. They're up to Caxley-Webster's to tea; piffle water and sticky sponge cake. I want you to meet my wife and daughter."

"I should be very pleased to meet them." So this was Nora's father? "Won't you come along with me to the colonel's?" with sudden inspiration. Here was an opportunity not to be thrust aside lightly.

"Why, I just begged off. They won't be expecting me now."

"All the better. I'd rather have you introduce me to your family than to have the colonel. As a matter of fact, I told him I couldn't get up. But I changed my mind. Come along."

"But the pup and the cigar box?"

"Send them up."

Harrigan eyed his own spotless flannels and compared them with the other's. What was good enough for the son of a millionaire was certainly good enough for him. Besides, it would be a bully good joke on Nora and Molly.

"You're on!" he cried. Here was a lark. He turned the dog and the purchases over to the proprietor, who promised that they should arrive instantly at the villa.

"Padre, my shoe pinches," said Nora with a pucker between her eyes.

"My child," replied the padre, "never carry your vanity into a shoemaker's shop. The happiest man is he who walks in loose shoes."

"If they are his own, and not inherited," quickly.

The padre laughed quietly. He was very fond of this new-found daughter of his. Her spontaneity, her blooming beauty, her careless observation of convention, her independence, had captivated him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CUBANS ALL LOVERS OF EASE

Favorite Postures Are Those of Indolence in Furniture Specially Adapted for Comfort.

In walking through the streets of Cuba one would be greatly entertained by glimpses through the large windows of what is going on in the parlors of the different residences. Sometimes could be seen only a sight of small hands clasping the bars of the grate and the dusky faces and dark eyes peeping into the street through the curtained windows and scanning the passersby. Then again the whole room could be seen with its furniture and ladies sitting in languid postures enjoying the breeze as it entered from without. They love to recline on sofas; their houses are filled with rocking chairs imported from the United States, and they are fond of sitting in chairs tilted against the wall, as we sometimes do at home. In Cuba they have invented a kind of chair which, by lowering the back and raising the knees, places the sitter precisely in the posture he would take if he sat in a chair leaning backward against a wall. This is, indeed, a luxurious and comfortable attitude and it is not to be wondered at that it is a favorite with lazy people, for it relieves one of the trouble of keeping the body straight.

CONVERT TO EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Small Boy Had His Own Opinion as to Nerve of Men Who Refused It to Women.

The small boy's mother and aunt had just come in from the primaries. "Remember, Manny," said his aunt, "that when you were seven years old you saw your mother come in from voting for the first time."

He followed her into her room.

"Why didn't you vote before?" he demanded.

"Men wouldn't let women vote until now. Of course, good men like your papa want all the business in the world managed right. They are going to let women help at last."

The small boy gave her a little push.

"Women aren't all there are," he said, and marched haughtily out of the room.

He went to his father that evening, and as man to man asked:

"Didn't women use to vote?"

"No, but they are voting now."

"Why didn't they vote before?"

"Wouldn't men let them?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well — men — had — their — nerve!" said the seven-year-old lad.

Probably Provision of Nature.

We do not know why white is an almost unknown color among small birds. Possibly it may be a wise provision of nature for protective purposes. A white bird among green leaves would be a very conspicuous object, and too easily seen by its enemies, such as hawks, falcons, etc.

First of All Things is Work.

"My advice to all boys is, 'Work!' They can't all be geniuses, but they can all work; and without work even the most brilliant genius will be of very little good."—Sir John Lubbock.

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Fresh Roasted Coffee for \$1.44. Prepaid by Parcel Post. Order Now!

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A Successful Day.

"Well, I guess I'll have to congratulate you for sure," said the proprietor of the place as the summer boarder closed the gate.

"On what?"

"On your luck as a fisherman."

"Why, I haven't had any luck. I didn't catch a fish."

"I wasn't talkin' 'bout fish. I was talkin' 'bout that fancy pole and reel you brought along. When you started out this mornin' I was powerful afraid somebody would take 'em away from you."—Washington Star.

Wonder What She Meant?

"Fred, do you remember where you were in 1910?" asked the bride of a few months.

"Why, no, dear. I don't remember exactly," replied the young husband.

"Why do you ask?"

"Why, I was reading today in the paper that it is said that in 1910 one person in every 800 in the United States was in prison."

Her Weak Point.

"Had to get rid of my stenographer."

"Wasn't she speedy enough at dictation?"

"Yes; but it took her all day to sharpen a lead pencil."—Dallas News.

Ice men are threatened with arrest. But the charges will probably melt away before they get into court.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

President Wilson was downed by a dinner. Even old man Huerta bit off more than he could swallow.

Ants have been found in Dalmatia that actually make bread by chewing seeds into pulp, forming it in loaves, baking them in the sun and then storing them away for future use.

He's away on his vacation. That most important man, Funny how the shop keeps open, Without his brain to plan!

Not Enough.

"If I were you I wouldn't attempt to build a \$10,000 house," declared the architect.

"Why not?"

"Well, you say you only have \$10,000."—Boston Transcript.

It's a cold day in town when no organization has a picnic on these times.

Just So.

"Why do you call yourself a tenor artist?"

"It's this way," explained the barber. And then he went on to illustrate with a few cuts.—Pittsburg Post.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands.

Classified.

Whenever we see a man who wears a big, flashy diamond ring we expect to hear him say "them kind" and "has went."—Chicago Record-Herald.

There was a young woman of Worcester.

Who won much fame as a borcaster.

When asked why such praise

Always filled all her lays,

Said: "A chicken can crow like a

borcaster!"

After 23 years of continuous service as a trustee of Columbia University, Seth Low has resigned. For 10 years of this period, from 1890 to 1900, Mr Low was president of the university.

Many a man has his hands open to receive the girl of his choice only she objects to going into the hands of a receiver.

That shooting of police by police in Chicago was uneventful. They didn't hit a single innocent bystander.

DON'T SUFFER WITH ITCHING

My, what relief!—The moment resinol ointment touches any itching skin, the itching stops and healing begins. With the aid of resinol soap, it quickly removes all trace of eczema, rash, tetter, ringworm, pimples or other ugly, tormenting eruption, and leaves the skin clear and healthy. It is equally effective for sunburn, insect bites, sores, boils, burns, red, rough hands, dandruff and falling hair.

You need never hesitate to use resinol. It is a doctor's prescription that has been used by other physicians for the past 19 years in the treatment of most sorts of skin affection. Unlike many other remedies, it contains absolutely nothing that could injure the tenderest skin. Resinol ointment and resinol soap are sold by all druggists. Look out for worthless imitations.—Adv.