



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 Kamchatka 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. He introduces Courtlandt to his daughter, but the latter gives no sign of ever having met him before. She studiously avoids him.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"I have had many wicked thoughts lately," resumed Nora, turning her gaze away from the tennis players. She and the padre were sitting on the lower steps of the veranda. The others were loitering by the nets.

"The old plaint disturbs you?"
"Yes."
"Can you not cast it out wholly?"
"Hate has many tentacles."
"What produces that condition of mind?" meditatively. "Is it because we have wronged somebody?"
"Or because somebody has wronged us?"

"Or misjudged us, by us has been misjudged?" softly.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Nora, springing up.

"What is it?"
"Father is coming up the path!"

"I am glad to see him. But I do not recollect having seen the face of the man with him."

The lithe eagerness went out of Nora's body instantly. Everything



"Will You Forgive Me?"

seemed to grow cold, as if she had become enveloped in one of those fogs that suddenly blow down menacingly from hidden icebergs. Fortunately the inquiring eyes of the padre were not directed at her. He was here, not a dozen yards away, coming toward her, her father's arm in his! After what had passed he had dared! It was not often that Nora Harrigan was subjected to a touch of vertigo, but at this moment she felt that if she stirred ever so little she must fall. The stock whence she had sprung, however, was aggressive and fearless; and by the time Courtlandt had reached the outer markings of the courts, Nora was physically herself again. The advantage of the meeting would be his. That was indubitable. Any mistake on her part would be playing into his hands. "Only she had known!

"Let us go and meet them, padre," she said quietly. With her father, her mother and the others, the inevitable introduction would be shorn of its danger.

"Nora!" It was her mother calling. She put her arm through the padre's, and they went forward leisurely.

"Why, father, I thought you weren't coming," said Nora. Her voice was without a tremor.

The padre hadn't the least idea that a volcano might at any moment open up at his side. He smiled benignly.

"Changed my mind," said Harrigan. "Nora, Molly, I want you to meet Mr. Courtlandt. I don't know that I ever said anything about it, but his father was one of the best friends I ever had. He was on his way up here, so I came along with him." Then Harrigan paused and looked about him embarrassedly. There were half a dozen unfamiliar faces.

The colonel quickly stepped into the breach, and the introduction of Courtlandt became general. Nora bowed, and became at once engaged in an animated conversation with the Barone, who had just finished his set victoriously.

The padre's benign smile slowly faded.

CHAPTER IX.

Dick Courtlandt's Boy.

Presently the servants brought out the tea-service. The silent dark-skinned Sikh, with his fierce curling whiskers, his flashing eyes, the semi-military, semi-oriental garb, topped by an enormous brown turban, claimed Courtlandt's attention; and it may be added that he was glad to have something to look at unembarrassedly. He wanted to catch the Indian's eye, but Rao had no glances to waste; he was concerned with the immediate business of superintending the service.

"Oh, yes; I am very fond of Como," he found himself replying mechanically to Mrs. Harrigan. He gave up Rao as hopeless so far as coming to his rescue was concerned. He began, despite his repugnance, to watch Nora.

And all the while Mrs. Harrigan was talking and he was replying; and she thought him charming, whereas he had not formed any opinion of her at all, nor later could remember a word of the conversation.

"Tea!" bawled the colonel. The verb had its distinct uses, and one generally applied it to the colonel's outbursts without being depressed by the feeling of inelegance.

There is invariably some slight hesitation in the selection of chairs around a tea table in the open. Nora scored the first point of this singular battle by seizing the padre on one side and her father on the other and pulling them down on the bench. It was adroit in two ways: it put Courtlandt at a safe distance and in no wise offended the younger men, who could find no cause for alarm in the close proximity of her two fathers, the spiritual and the physical. A few moments later Courtlandt saw a smile of malice part her lips, for he found himself between Celeste and the inevitable frump.

"Touched!" he murmured, for he was a thorough sportsman and appreciated a good point even when taken by his opponent.

"I never saw anything like it," whispered Mrs. Harrigan into the colonel's ear.

"Saw what?" he asked.
"Mr. Courtlandt can't keep his eyes off of Nora."

"I say!" The colonel adjusted his eye-glass, not that he expected to see more clearly by doing so, but because habit had long since turned an affectation into a movement wholly mechanical. "Well, who can blame him? Gad! if I were only twenty-five or thereabouts."

Mrs. Harrigan did not encourage this regret. The colonel had never been a rich man. On the other hand, this Edward Courtlandt was very rich; he was young; and he had the entree to the best families in Europe, which was greater in her eyes than either youth or riches. Between sips of tea she builded a fine castle in Spain.

Abbott and the Barone carried their cups and cakes over to the bench and sat down on the grass, Turkish-wise. Both simultaneously offered their cakes, and Nora took a lady finger from each. Abbott laughed and the Barone smiled.

"Oh, daddy mine!" sighed Nora drolly.

"Huh?"

"Don't let mother see those shoes."

"What's the matter with 'em? Everybody's wearing the same."

"Yes. But I don't see how you manage to do it. One shoe string is virgin white and the other is pagan brown."

"I've got nine pairs of shoes, and yet there's always something the matter," ruefully. "I never noticed when I put them on. Besides, I wasn't coming."

"That's no defense. But rest easy. I'll be as secret as the grave."

"Now, I for one would never have noticed if you hadn't called my attention," said the padre, stealing a glance at his own immaculate patent leathers.

"Ah, padre, that wife of mine has eyes like a pilot-fish. I'm in for it."

"Borrow one from the colonel before you go home," suggested Abbott.

"That's not half bad," gratefully. Harrigan began to recount the trials of forgetfulness.

Slyly from the corner of her eye Nora looked at Courtlandt, who was at that moment staring thoughtfully into his tea cup and stirring the contents industriously. His face was a little thinner, but aside from that he had changed scarcely at all; and then, because these two years had left so little mark upon his face, a tinge of unreasonable anger ran over her. "Men have died and worms have eaten them," she thought cynically. Perhaps the air between them was sufficiently charged with electricity to convey the impression across the intervening space; for his eyes came up quickly, but not quickly enough to catch her. She dropped her glance to Abbott, transferred it to the Barone, and finally let it rest on her father's face. Four handsomer men she had never seen.

"You never told me you knew Courtlandt," said Harrigan, speaking to Abbott.

"Just happened that way. We went to school together. When I was little they used to make me wear curls and wide collars. Many's the time Courtlandt walloped the school bullies for musing me up. I don't see him much these days. Once in a while he walks in. That's all. Always seems to know where his friends are, but none ever knows where he is."

Abbott proceeded to elaborate some of his friend's exploits. Nora heard, as if from afar. Vaguely she caught a glimmer of what the contest was going to be. She could see only a little way; still, she was optimistically confident of the result. She was ready. Indeed, now that the shock of the meeting was past, she found herself not at all averse to a conflict. It would be something to let go the pent-up wrath of two years. Never would she speak to him directly; never would she permit him to be alone with her; never would she miss a chance to twist his heart, to humiliate him, to snub him.

"So I have heard," she was dimly conscious of saying.

"Didn't know you knew," said Abbott.

"Knew what?" rousing herself.

"That Courtlandt nearly lost his life in the eighties."

"In the eighties!" dismayed at her slip.

"Latitudes. Polar expedition."

"Heavens! I was miles away."

The padre took her hand in his own and began to pat it softly. It was the nearest he dared approach in the way of suggesting caution. He alone of them all knew.

"Oh, I believe I read something about it in the newspapers."

"Five years ago," Abbott set down his tea cup. "He's the bravest man I know. He's rather a friendless man, besides. Horror of money. Thinks every one is after him for that. Tries to throw it away; but the income piles up too quickly. See that Indian, passing the cakes? Wouldn't think it, would you, that Courtlandt carried him on his back for five miles! The Indian had fallen afoul a wounded tiger, and the beaters were miles off. I've been watching. They haven't even spoken to each other. Courtlandt's probably forgotten all about the incident, and the Indian would die rather than embarrass his savior before strangers."

"Your friend, then, is quite a hero?"

What was the matter with Nora's voice? Abbott looked at her wonderingly. The tone was hard and unmusical.

"He couldn't be anything else, being Dick Courtlandt's boy," volunteered Harrigan, with enthusiasm. "It runs in the family."

"It seems strange," observed Nora, "that I never heard you mention that you knew a Mr. Courtlandt."

"Why, Nora, there's a lot of things nobody mentions unless chance brings them up. Courtlandt—the one I knew—has been dead these sixteen years. If I knew he had had a son, I'd forgotten all about it. The only graveyard isn't on the hillside; there's one under everybody's thatch."

The padre nodded approvingly.

Nora was not particularly pleased with this phase in the play. Courtlandt would find a valiant champion in her father, who would blunder in when some fine passes were being exchanged. And she could not tell him; she would have cut out her tongue rather.

"Will you forgive me?" asked Celeste of Courtlandt. Never had she felt more ill at ease. For a full ten minutes he chatted pleasantly, with never the slightest hint regarding the episode in Paris. She could stand it no longer. "Will you forgive me?"

"For what?"

"That night in Paris."

"Do not permit that to bother you in the least. I was never going to recall it."

"Was it so unpleasant?"

"On the contrary, I was much amused."

"I did not tell you the truth."

"So I have found out."

"I do not believe that it was you," impulsively.

"Thanks, I had nothing to do with Miss Harrigan's imprisonment."

"Do you feel that you could make a confidant of me?"

He smiled. "My dear Miss Fournier, I have come to the place where I distrust even myself."

"Forgive my curiosity!"

Courtlandt held out his cup to Rao. "I am glad to see you again."

"Ah, Sahib!"

The little Frenchwoman was torn with curiosity and repression. She wanted to know what causes had produced this unusual drama which was unfolding before her eyes. To be presented with effects which had no apparent causes was maddening. It was not dissimilar to being taken to the second act of a modern problem play and being forced to leave before the curtain rose upon the third act. She had laid all the traps her intelligent mind could invent; and Nora had calmly walked over them or around. Nora's mind was Celtic; French in its adroitness and Irish in its watchfulness and tenacity. And now she had set her arts of persuasion in motion (aided by a piquant beauty) to lift a corner of the veil from this man's heart. Checkmate!

"I should like to help you," she said, truthfully.

"In what way?"

It was useless, but she continued: "She does not know that you went to Flora Desimone's that night."

"And yet she sent you to watch me."

"But so many things happened afterward that she evidently forgot."

"That is possible."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MIGHT TURN IT TO ACCOUNT

John D. Archbold's Idea of What He Could Do With Premature Obituary.

John D. Archbold, at a luncheon that followed the launching of the John D. Archbold oil tanker at Newport News, talked in an interesting reminiscent vein about newspapers.

"Certain inaccuracies have appeared about me in newspapers," he said, "but I have always tried to put up with them—tried, even, to turn them to good account."

"One of these inaccuracies was a long obituary that a certain paper printed of myself. A young man at the time, I called on the editor and said mildly:

"How did it come to be printed, 'Come to be printed?' said he, sir?"

"Why, the man died, and so we printed it. Do you think we print obituaries of the living?"

"No, not as a rule," said I, "only I'm the Archbold referred to here, and—"

"We'll make a correction," said the editor hurriedly. "We'll make a correction in tomorrow's issue."

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "Perhaps you'd better let it stand. I can show it to my friends when they come to borrow money from me."

He Didn't Mind the Crowd.

The most embarrassing moment of my life was when I once entertained a young man friend at our camp at a popular lake, on Sunday, writes a Chicago Tribune correspondent. The young man had been very attentive all during our acquaintanceship, but I never had thought the affair serious.

I went to the car with him and, as usual, there was a crowd there. We stood back until the others were on board and then he stepped on the first step and stood talking.

As the car started, I held out my hand to say good-by and he held it so firmly that I could not escape. Then he leaned over and kissed me on the head while I ran along beside the moving car in sight of all our camp friends.

Mexican "Cartwheel" Hats.

General Villa, like most of his countrymen, has a fancy for large-brimmed hats. An American who served for some years as secretary of a Mexican corporation, says that "the Mexicans possess a special weakness for hats of the cartwheel type. It is by no means unusual in Mexico to see a man wearing a hat worth \$30 or \$35, while his suit is not worth a dime. In one part of the country a law has been enacted imposing a fine of \$10 on every man found to be wearing a hat more than 29 inches wide."

The Artful Schemer.

"When it comes to ways and means, my wife is a wonder."

"Some fixer, eh?"

"I should say so. Her latest stunt is to encourage an affair of the heart between the hired girl and the handsome milkman, so the girl will get up early in the morning."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Much Work on Small Box.

The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through nineteen processes before it is ready to receive the cigars.

Duty Plain.

You know your duty. No man ever looked for it and did not find it—Phillips Brooks.

Life is a comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels.—Horace Walpole.

YOU CANNOT

Arbitrate

the question of a Sick Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion or Constipation. It is a far better plan to help Nature restore these organs to a healthy condition with the aid of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Try a Bottle Today Refuse Substitutes

Mutual Secrets.

"I didn't want to come here in the first place," confided the first guest at the expensive hotel at a well known winter holiday resort on the south coast.

"No more did I," replied the second, "but my wife insisted on my coming."

"So did mine," said the first. "She said we had to come, just because Munneys were coming, although I told her we simply could not afford the expense."

"And that's what I said," explained the second, "but my wife said we had to come because the Browns were coming."

"Why, look here, my name is Brown."

"And mine is Munsey."

Then the two men shook one another warmly by the hand.

His Wife His Business.

The hungry tramp told his tale. It touched the kind heart of the lady of the house. He ate the food she gave him and started wearily on his way.

"And how," said she, sympathetically, "did the hand laundry you were managing come to fail on you?"

He glanced round. It might be as if he suspected the dog were within call. Then passing out and closing the gate, he said, "She quit and went home to her mother."—Kansas City Star.

At the Movies.

He (his arm around her)—What a dainty wrist you have, my dear!

She—That isn't my wrist, honey. That's the ankle of the man beside me you are holding.—Puck.

At Liberty Lake.

July's hot summer sun is tanning many pelts. The bathing season now is on. And very little else!

The government of Brazil has begun work on the extensive system of reservoirs to enable the residents of its northwestern states to get water in long dry seasons, which frequently occur.

The workmen's compensation act passed by the Ontario legislature will be placed in operation the first of next January.

Bonds worth \$1600 were recovered from a garbage can at the rear of a lodging house by detectives. They had been thrown away by mistake.

The cost of replacing with steel cars all the passenger cars in use on the railroads of the United States is estimated at more than \$600,000,000.

A rubber tennis court is about to be tried experimentally in London.

QUIT CIGARETTES

With the aid of ARGENITE, an improvement on the SILVER NITRITE treatment as used by Industrial Schools and Juvenile Courts.

At your druggist or send 50c for full treatment post paid.

ARGENITE CO., Dept 4,
451 1-2 Morrison St., PORTLAND, OR.

RUPTURE IS CURABLE

By wearing a SEELEY SPERMATIC SHIELD TRUSS. No worrying or danger of an operation. Rupture is not a tear or breach, as commonly supposed, but is the stretching, or dilation, of a natural opening. This SEELEY SPERMATIC SHIELD appliance closes this opening in 10 days in most cases. If you can't come, write for measuring blank and literature. Sold only by

LAUE-DAVIS DRUG CO.
Third and Yamhill, Portland, Or.

Who are Truss Experts and Exclusive Side Agents for the appliance.