



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. Nora's confessor scents a mystery involving Nora and Courtlandt. He takes a strong fancy to the young man. Nora's suitors become more and more persistent.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Abbey, I wouldn't climb those stairs for a bottle of Horace's Falernian, served on Seneca's famous citron table."

"Not a friend in the world," Abbott lamented.

Laughingly they hustled him into the hallway and fled. Then Courtlandt went his way alone.

Harrigan was in a happy temper. He kissed his wife and chuckled Nora under the chin. And then Mrs. Harrigan launched the thunderbolt which, having been held on the leash for several hours, had, for all of that, lost none of its ability to blight and scorch.

"James, you are about as hopeless a man as ever was born. You all but disgraced us this afternoon."

"Mother!"

"Me?" cried the bewildered Harrigan. "Look at those tennis shoes; one white string and one brown one. It's enough to drive a woman mad. What in heaven's name made you come?"

Perhaps it was the after effect of a good dinner, that dwindling away of pleasant emotions; perhaps it was the very triviality of the offense for which he was thus suddenly arraigned; and at any rate, he lost his temper, and he was rather formidable when that occurred.

"Damn it, Molly, I wasn't going, but Courtlandt asked me to go with him, and I never thought of my shoes. You are always finding fault with me these days. I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't run around after other women; I never did. But since you've got this social bug in your bonnet, you keep me on hooks all the while. Nobody noticed the shoe strings; and they would have looked upon it as a joke if they had. After all, I'm the boss of this ranch. If I want to wear a white string and a black one, I'll do it. Here!" He caught up a book on social usages and threw it out of the window. "Don't ever shove a thing like that under my nose again. If you do, I'll hike back to little old New York and start the gym again."

He rammed one of the colonel's perfectos (which he had been saving for the morrow) between his teeth, and stalked into the garden.

Nora was heartless enough to laugh. "He hasn't talked like that to me in years!" Mrs. Harrigan did not know what to do—follow him or weep. She took the middle course, and went to bed.

Nora turned out the lights and sat out on the little balcony. The moonshine was glorious. So dense was the earth blackness that the few lights twinkling here and there were more like fallen stars. Presently she heard a sound. It was her father, returning as silently as he could. She heard him fumble among the knickknacks on the mantel, and then go away again. By and by she saw a spot of white light move hither and thither among the grape arbors. For five or six minutes she watched it dance. Suddenly all became dark again.

"Nora, are you there?"

"Yes. Over here on the balcony. What were you doing down there?" "Oh, Nora, I'm sorry I lost my temper. But Molly's begun to nag me lately, and I can't stand it. I went after that book. Did you throw some flowers out of the window?"

"Yes." "A bunch of daisies?" "Marguerites," she corrected. "All the same to me. I picked up the bunch, and look at what I found inside."

He extended his palm, flooding it with the light of his pocket lamp. Nora's heart tightened. What she saw was a beautiful uncut emerald.

CHAPTER XI.

A Comedy with Music.

The Harrigans occupied the suite in the east wing of the villa. This consisted of a large drawing room and two ample bedchambers, with window balconies and a private veranda in the rear, looking off toward the green of the pines and the metal-like luster of the copper beeches.

It was raining, a fine, soft, blurring Alpine rain, and a blue-gray monotone prevailed upon the face of the waters and defied all save the keenest scrutiny to discern where the mountain tops ended and the sky began. It was a day for indoors, for dreams, good books, and good fellows.

Here they all were. Mrs. Harrigan was deep in the intricate maze of the Amelia Ars of Bologna, which, as the initiated know, is a wonderful lace. By one of the windows sat Nora, winding interminable yards of lace hemming from off the willing if aching digits of the Barone, who was speculating as to what his Neapolitan club friends would say could they see, by some trick of crystal gazing, his present occupation. Celeste was at the piano, playing (pianissimo) snatches from the operas, while Abbott looked on.

Celeste turned from the keys after the final chords of "Morning Mood." "Thank you!" said Nora. "Do not stop," begged Courtlandt. Nora looked directly into his eyes as she replied: "One's voice can not go on forever, and mine is not at all strong."

There was a knock at the door. The managing director handed Harrigan a card.

"Herr Rosen," he read aloud. "Send him up. Some friend of yours, Nora; Herr Rosen. I told Mr. Jill to send him up."

The padre drew his feet under his cassock, a sign of perturbation; Courtlandt continued to unwind the snarl of lace dropped by the Barone; the Barone glanced fiercely at Nora, who smiled enigmatically.

Herr Rosen! There was no outward reason why the name should have set a chill on them all, turned them into expectant statues. Yet, all semblance of good fellowship was instantly gone.

Mrs. Harrigan smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress. From the others there had been little movement and no sound to speak of. Harrigan still waited by the door, seriously contemplating the bit of pasteboard in his hand.

Herr Rosen brushed past Harrigan unceremoniously, without pausing and went straight over to Nora, who was thereupon seized by an uncontrollable spirit of devilment. She hated Herr Rosen, but she was going to be as pleasant and as engaging as she knew how to be. She did not care if he misinterpreted her mood. She welcomed him with a hand. He went on to Mrs. Harrigan, who colored pleasantly. He was then introduced, and he acknowledged each introduction with a careless nod. He was there to see Nora, and he did not propose to put himself to any inconvenience on account of the others.

Herr Rosen instantly usurped the chair next to Nora, who began to pour the tea. He had come up from the village prepared for a disagreeable half hour. Instead of being greeted with icy glances from stormy eyes, he encountered such smiles as this adorable creature had never before bestowed upon him. He was in the clouds. That night at Cadenabbia had apparently knocked the bottom out of his dream. Women were riddles which only they themselves could solve for others. For this one woman he was perfectly ready to throw everything aside. A man lived but once; and he was a fool who would hold to tinsel in preference to such happiness as he thought he saw opening out before him. Nora saw, but she did not care. That in order to reach another she was practicing infinite cruelty on this man (whose one fault lay in that he loved her) did not appeal to her pity. But her arrow flew wide of the target; at least, there appeared no result to her archery in malice. Not once had the intended victim looked over to where she sat. And yet she knew that he must be watching; he could not possibly avoid it and be human. And when he finally came forward to take his cup, she leaned toward Herr Rosen.

"You take two lumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth.

"Sure yes! Molly, ring for tea, and tell 'em to make it hot. How about a little peg, as the colonel says?" The two men declined.

How easily and nonchalantly the man stood there by the door as Harrigan took his hat! Celeste was aquiver with excitement. She was thoroughly a woman; she wanted something to happen, dramatically, romantically.

But her want was a vain one. Nora hated scenes, and Courtlandt had the advantage of her in his knowledge of this. Celeste remained at the piano, but Nora turned as if to move away.

"No, you must sing. That is what I came up for," insisted the padre. If there was any malice in the churchman, it was of a negative quality. But it was in his Latin blood that drama should appeal to him strongly, and here was an unusual phase in The Great Play. He had urged Courtlandt, much against the latter's will this day, to come up with him, simply that he might set a little scene such as this promised to be and study it from the vantage of the prompter. He knew that the principal theme of all great books, of all great dramas, was antagonism, antagonism between man and woman, though by a thousand other names it has been called. He had often said, in a spirit of railery, that this antagonism was principally due to the fact that Eve had been constructed (and very well) out of a rib from Adam. Naturally she resented this, that she had not been fashioned independently, and would hold it against man until the true secret of the parable was made clear to her.

Nora saw that opposition would be useless. After all, it would be better to sing. She would not be compelled to look at this man she so despised. At the beginning she had intended to sing badly; but as the music proceeded, she sang as she had not sung in weeks. To fill this man's soul with a hunger for the sound of her voice, to pour into his heart a fresh knowledge of what he had lost forever and forever!

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"You take two lumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth.

"And you remember?" excitedly. "One lump for mine, please," said Courtlandt, smiling.

She picked up a cube of sugar and dropped it into his cup. She had the air of one wishing it were poison. The recipient of this good will, with perfect understanding, returned to the divan, where the padre and Harrigan were gravely toasting each other with benedictine.

Nora made no mistake with either Abbott's cup or the Barone's; but the two men were filled with but one desire, to throw Herr Rosen out of the window. What had begun as a beautiful day was now becoming black and uncertain.

The Barone could control every feature save his eyes, and these openly admitted deep anger. He recollected Herr Rosen well enough. The encounter over at Cadenabbia was not the first by many. Herr Rosen! His presence in this room under that name was an insult, and he intended to call the interloper to account the very first opportunity he found.

Perhaps Celeste, sitting as quiet as a mouse upon the piano stool, was the only one who saw these strange currents drifting dangerously about. That her own heart ached miserably did not prevent her from observing things with all her usual keenness. Ah, Nora, Nora, who have everything to give and yet give nothing, why do you play so heartless a game? Why hurt those who can no more help loving; you than the earth can help whirling around the calm dispassionate sun? Always they turn to you, while I, who have so much to give, am given nothing! She set down her tea cup and began the aria from La Boheme.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOT A NATION OF SAVERS

In the Matter of Thrift the United States is Far Behind European Countries.

A table prepared by Dr. Henry S. Williams for Moody's Magazine places the United States at the bottom of a list of 15 countries as a nation of savers. The comparison is on the number of savings bank depositors per thousand of population and ranges from 554 in Switzerland to 99 in this country. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium and New Zealand follow the Swiss. France leads the big nations, then come Holland, Germany, England, Australia, Japan and Italy.

Our 10,800,000 depositors, with their \$4,728,000,000 deposits, or almost \$440 per depositor, may be contrasted with Germany's 22,500,000 depositors with but \$4,942,000,000, or only \$189 per head. The United Kingdom has almost 15,000,000 depositors, but only a little over \$1,250,000,000. France has nearly as many depositors with a couple of hundred millions less, but this takes no account of the investments of French thrift. Russia has 8,000,000 depositors, but only \$890,000,000 between them. Austria has 6,500,000, with about the same amount as Great Britain. Italy has as many depositors as Russia, but with one-fourth more deposits. Japan has about 20,000,000 depositors, but they do not average \$9.

The savings habit, it can be seen, is very much more general abroad where the opportunity is very much less. Three-fourths of our saving is being done in the New England and Eastern States. Then come the Middle West, the Pacific Coast, the South and the Western States.

FEET TO BECOME OBSOLETE?

In View of Present Cheap Electric Conveyances There Seems to Be Such a Possibility.

As a result of the quick and cheap modes of conveyance prevalent nowadays people are not walking so much as formerly, asserts a writer in London Answers.

There was a period when we were able to move our ears at will, but disuse of the organ did away with the power. It is possible that our feet may one day become obsolete.

In the year 1912-13 3,219,857,293 was the stupendous total of the number of passengers carried on the electric tramways and light railways of the United Kingdom.

In the steam period of 1898 the number of passengers carried was 858,485,542, and in the day of the horse, 1879, the figure reached 150,881,515.

The public have certainly gained in convenience, but not in health. There has never been any dispute of the fact that walking is the most health-giving and natural exercise possible. And yet it does not come within the daily curriculum of the average man and woman to exercise nature's own equipment, but bus or car is hailed.

Four Precepts.

Four precepts to live by: To break off old customs; to shake off spirits ill-disposed; to meditate on youth; to do nothing against one's genius.—Hawthorne.

Nothing Like an Understanding.

"I beg your pardon sir—" "Granted; but it's no use begging for anything else!"—Glasgow Record.

NEVER TENDER FATHER

LEO TOLSTOY NOT A MAN TO INSPIRE AFFECTION.

His Son Writes That He Only Said "Good Night" and "Good Morning" to His Children as a Matter of Duty.

There was one distinguishing and, at first sight, peculiar trait, in my father's character, due perhaps to the fact that he grew up without a mother, and that was that all exhibitions of tenderness were entirely foreign to him.

I say "tenderness" in contradiction to heartiness. Heartiness he had, and in a very high degree.

His description of the death of my Uncle Nikolai is characteristic in this connection. In a letter to his other brother Sergei Nikolalevitch, in which he described the last day of his brother's life, my father tells how he helped him to undress:

"He submitted, and became a different man. He had a word of praise for everybody, and said to me: 'Thanks, my friend.' You understand the significance of the words as between us two."

It is evident that in the language of the Tolstoy brothers the phrase "my friend" was an expression of tenderness beyond which imagination could not go. The words astonished my father even on the lips of his dying brother.

During all his lifetime I never received any mark of tenderness from him whatever.

He was not fond of kissing children, and when he did so in saying good morning or good night, he did it merely as a duty.

It is therefore easy to understand that he did not provoke any display of tenderness toward himself, and that nearness and dearness with him were never accompanied by any outward manifestations.

It would never have come into my head, for instance, to walk up to my father and kiss him or to stroke his hand. I was partly prevented also from that by the fact that I always looked upon him with awe, and his spiritual power, his greatness, prevented me from seeing in him the mere man—the man who was so plaintive and weary at times, the feeble old man who so much needed warmth and rest.

The years will pass. The accumulated incrustations which hide the truth will pass away. Much will be wiped out and forgotten. Among other things my father's will will be forgotten—that will which he himself looked upon as an "unnecessary outward means." And men will see more clearly that legacy of love and truth in which he believed deeply, and which, according to his words, "cannot perish without a trace."

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from quoting the opinion of one of my kinsmen who, after my father's death, read the diaries kept both by my father and my mother during the autumn before Lyoff Nikolalevich left Yasnaya Polyana.

"What a terrible misunderstanding!" he said. "Each loved the other with such poignant affection, each was suffering all the time on the other's behalf, and then this terrible ending! . . . I see the hand of Fate in this!" —From Count Ilya Tolstoy's "Reminiscences of Tolstoy," in the Century.

Humane Grafter.

The St. Louis Times tells how a workman grafted a new tail on a cow. The animal lost hers in an accident and he grabbed a fresh one from the slaughter-house and successfully attached it to the suffering animal. This man is about the most humane grafter St. Louis has produced in many a day. —Houston Post.

House Cat Mothers Baby Wildcat.

Frank T. Robinson, a Baltimore & Ohio engineer of Cumberland, Md., has a house cat that is mothering a baby wildcat. Two kittens, tabby's own, share with the wild one the favors of the mother.

A groundhog hunter ran across a den of four wildcats near Foley, a few miles north of here, on top of the Alleghenies. He brought two home and gave one to Robinson, who placed the little wildcat with the mother cat, and it is thriving, being nourished along with the kittens.

Sheepmen Fined.

Two sheepmen of Idaho were fined \$100 each in the federal court for violating the government laws by moving a flock of sheep from one district to another without the required government inspection.

Mean Suggestion.

Mrs. Yeast—I see nearly four hundred women applied for patents in England during the last year. Mr. Yeast—Patents on what—hammers?