

RECALLED.

She stood on the topmost stairs, Of the dimly-lighted hall...

She stood on the topmost stair, She had said good-bye to her love, She had said good-bye, had breathed a prayer...

THE BLUE DOMINO.

"You don't know me!" Hugh Folkard turned and looked hard at the lady who had whispered these words...

Hugh Folkard was in the scene, but not of it. He had come to Covent Gardens as hundreds of other club men had come simply to pass an evening...

He did not recognize the voice, but he fancied that the owner of it was endeavoring to disguise it.

A prolonged scrutiny failed to reveal any feature which would serve as a clue to identity.

"No, I—er—I really don't," said Folkard.

"And you can't guess?" "No—I can't guess; won't you tell me?"

"No; that would spoil the fun," said the lady in the blue domino, "but I will tell you who you are."

"That should be easy if you know me. I am not masked."

"Your face is not, but your heart is."

"Really—I—er—didn't know that was possible. I should have thought that sort of thing over one's heart would have caused rather an uncomfortable feeling."

"Perhaps it does."

A shade passed over Hugh Folkard's face. There was something in the intonation with which these words were spoken which made him uneasy.

"Well," he said, "as you say that know so much about me and my heart perhaps you won't mind proving that your knowledge is not assumed."

"Not at all," replied the Blue Domino, "but I must whisper. You wouldn't like everyone to know as much as I do."

Hugh Folkard shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think it would matter," he said. "Come, I have the bump of curiosity very largely developed and am anxious to hear something about myself especially as I fancy it is something I never knew before."

"If you really know me a very few words will prove it. Give me a sign by which I may recognize myself."

The Blue Domino, her dark eyes flashing through her mask, looked quickly round to see that no one was very close to them; then, bringing her face close to Hugh Folkard's she whispered:

"We haven't met for five years. The last time you saw me was on your wedding day. I think you know me now; if you don't I'll tell you something else that may help you to fix me in your mind. Your wife died a year ago. Two days before she died she managed to write a few words and got them in an envelope and she put the nurse to post them. Your wife's last letter posted unknown to you, was addressed to me. I have it still, but I have never let any one know its contents because, Frank Marden, I love you still."

Hugh Folkard listened in blank astonishment. When the lady had finished it was a moment or two before he could find words to reply.

"I assure," he said, "you have made a mistake—I—"

"It won't do, Frank," said the unknown. "I know you." Then she bowed her head with mock solemnity, and moving rapidly away was soon lost in the crowd.

Hugh Folkard stood dumfounded for a moment; then he laughed aloud so heartily that people standing near him stared at him.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "I never anticipated such an adventure as this when I came to the ball. I came unmasked and I'm mistaken for a widower, and a lady in a blue domino tells me that my name is Frank Marden, and that she loves me still. I must tell the fellows this. It will

amuse them, but they won't believe me. They'll think I've made it up. Frank Marden. I must remember that name. I might meet the fellow some day, and then I could have some fun.

Hugh Folkard's astonishment was perfectly genuine. The Blue Domino had mistaken him for somebody else, and had gone away thoroughly under the impression that his denial was an attempt to impose upon her.

"But, my dear Madge," exclaimed Hugh, as he noticed the cloud upon his sweetheart's face, "it was a mistake. She called me Frank Marden, and thought I was a man whose wife died a year ago. My name is Hugh Folkard and I haven't been married yet, you know, at all."

Madge Hetherington shook her head. "Of course I know it was a mistake, Hugh dear, but for this woman who told you she loved you to mistake you for another man, you must be very like that man. I can't understand a girl making a mistake in the man she loves, unless the resemblance is very extraordinary."

"I suppose I must be like the fellow," replied Hugh, laughing, "but I can't help that, you know, and so long as he didn't murder his wife and I am not mistaken for him by the police and brought up at the Old Bailey I can't see that it particularly matters."

Folkard's attempt to treat the matter jokingly failed miserably. The picture that he drew of what might happen only made Madge more serious still.

"You—you don't think, Hugh, anything like that would happen," she said nervously, laying her hand upon his arm.

"My darling, how silly you are! As if such a thing were possible! But as we don't know that this man who is like me did murder his wife that's only nonsense, and after all the whole story may have been an invention of this woman. It may have been just her idea of a practical joke at a masked ball. Come, you mustn't think any more about it. What shall I bring you from Italy?"

"Yes, dear; my father would never forgive me if I did not meet him in Brindisi. Remember he has been in India ten years, and after such a long separation as that I mustn't appear an unfaithful son. I shall only be away a fortnight and then we shall come back to see you. He knows all about you from my letters, and I'm certain that he will think himself the luckiest father in the world to have such a daughter-in-law. Good-bye, dear. God bless you!"

"Hugh, let me walk a little way with you. Mamma is not going out today. She is not well enough and I want a little air. I—I feel faint."

"You dear little goose, you don't mean to say that silly nonsense about the girl in the blue domino has really worried you so much as that?"

"Yes, but I shall shake it off; let me come a little way with you."

"Of course; I shall be delighted. Come for a walk in the park and I'll walk back here with you."

"Will you? I should like it so much. I won't be a minute in getting ready."

Madge ran up stairs to tell her mother, who was an invalid and often kept her room for days together, that she was going out with Hugh, and the young man was left in the pretty little drawing room alone.

"Poor little girl," he said to himself, "fancy her taking this silly business so to heart, as if there was anything in it. Well, we shall be married this autumn. My father is sure to do the thing handsomely for me; he has promised me in his letters that he will; and Madge will be stronger and happier, and won't give way to these odd fancies that she has at times now. She has lived too long with an invalid, poor girl, and I'm sure her mother must be feebly trying. I'm not sure that she doesn't resent my taking her daughter away. She has made every objection she could and asked the oddest things about my people, and wasn't satisfied until she'd written out to the governor herself and received his reply. I wonder how I shall get on with him? Ten years is a long time for father and son to be separated, but the governor would never hear of my going out to India with him, though I wanted to."

Hugh Folkard was looking out of the long drawing room window as he had this quiet little "think." He didn't look at anything in particular at a time, but suddenly his attention was attracted by a young lady on the opposite side of the street.

She was a tall, handsome girl of about five and twenty, dark and slightly foreign-looking. She was walking with an elderly lady dressed in black, who leaned slightly on her arm, as if for support.

They were walking past Mrs. Hetherington's house, when the elderly lady called her companion's attention to the flower boxes, which were very tastefully arranged. The young woman looked up and her eyes met those of Hugh Folkard.

She started, gave a little gasp of astonishment, then bowed slightly and continued her walk.

Hugh bowed in return, but he couldn't remember ever having met the lady before. Only the black flashing eyes seemed familiar to him.

"Someone I've been introduced to somewhere, I suppose," he said to himself, "but why the deuce did she start so when she saw me?"

At that moment Madge came into the room, dressed for her walk. Hugh

was curious to see the lady who had bowed to him again. The old lady was walking very slowly. He would be able to catch them if he went after them at once. He didn't say anything to Madge, because he didn't know, in her nervous, overwrought condition, how she would take it, but when they were outside he walked rather quickly.

He walked on the other side of the road until he caught them up, and then, by turning his head slightly as he passed, he was able to get a good look at the young lady.

No. He certainly did not remember ever having met her. His curiosity was piqued. He couldn't cross the road with Madge and say to the other young lady, "I beg your pardon, but who are you?" So he gave a half smile of assured recognition, and, turning to Madge, was soon engrossed with her.

The walk in the park lasted about an hour. It was a fine, warm spring day, and Hugh and Madge sat down for a little while and enjoyed the quiet beauty of the scene.

When he got back Hugh, after seeing Madge in and bidding her one more good-bye, was about to leave when one of the servants came to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but soon after you had gone a young lady and an old lady called and asked if a Mr. Marden lived here."

"What?" exclaimed Folkard. "If a Mr. Marden—a Mr. Frank Marden, I think the young lady said—lived here, sir?"

Hugh Folkard was dumfounded. In a moment it flashed upon him that the young lady who had looked up at him was the woman in the blue domino whom he met at the fancy ball.

As soon as he had recovered from his astonishment he asked the servant for further particulars.

The servant explained that she had told the ladies there was no such person in the house, and they asked her who the gentleman was who had just gone out with a young lady.

"And you told them?" "Well, sir, I didn't think there would be any harm and I gave them your name."

"And then?" "There wasn't any more said, sir; they thanked me and went away."

"You—you haven't said anything to Miss Hetherington about this?" "No, sir; not yet."

"Then oblige me by not doing so. I have been mistaken for some one else that's all; but it might alarm Miss Hetherington—you know how nervous she is."

"Yes, sir; I won't say anything, sir."

Hugh Folkard left the house a prey to a variety of emotions. What did this extraordinary business mean? He must evidently be very like this very mysterious Frank Marden, for these people, having seen him at the window had come to inquire after him in that name.

"As soon as I come back from Italy," he said to himself, "I'll take measures to find out Mr. Frank Marden. Some day he may be necessary to me if I want to prove my own identity."

That he laughed. After all it was too absurd a thing to be taken seriously.

A fortnight later Hugh Folkard returned, bringing his father with him. Colonel Folkard was a magnificent specimen of the Anglo-Indian. Tall burly, his handsome face, bronzed with the sun, was set out in conspicuous relief by his iron gray hair. The night after their return they were sitting together in Hugh's chambers. The next day Colonel Folkard was to be introduced to his son's fiancée. Hugh had led the conversation up to his approach to the marriage.

"Well, my boy," said his father, "I'm sure that she's all that you say. I shall make you a handsome addition to your present income and I hope you'll be happy."

"As happy as you were with my mother—the mother I can scarcely remember."

A shade passed over the colonel's face. For a moment he hesitated. Then, laying aside the cigar he was smoking he said quietly:

"Hugh, I think the time has come when I ought to tell you a family secret. You may have heard it some day and had better hear it now."

"A family secret?" "Yes; and when I have told it to you I hope you will think no worse of me—or of your mother. I should not tell it you now but that the business which has brought me to England is connected with it, and I do not well see how I can do that business satisfactorily and keep it from you."

"Go on, sir."

"When I went to India first, thirty years ago, I was a married man."

"You were married to my mother?" "No; I had made a foolish marriage in England. I had been duped and I had trapped into giving my name and adventures. I found out my mistake in a very short time. I made my wife an allowance and went abroad. In India I met a girl whom I would have given the world to call my wife. She was the daughter of a man who once held a good position in the Indian civil service, but who had ruined himself by drink. Her home was a miserable one. Her father in his mad fits of intemperance terrified her. One night he struck her in my presence. I interfered to protect her and she left his roof with me—and—well, Hugh, it's a sad story, but I've begu it and I'll finish it. She shared my home. She was as dear to me as though she had been my wife, but I could not give her that title. A son was born to us."

"Good God, father!" exclaimed Hugh leaping to his feet, "do you mean to say that I am?" "No; listen. A year after the birth of that son I received the news of my wife's death. Then I married the girl

which give you into my living one. She wrote to me asking me to forgive her for taking you from me, and telling me that I need not bear her malice any more—that her life had been a hell, and that she was dying now of poison—poison administered to her with devilish cunning by you—her husband."

"Great God, can this be true?" "Can it be true—you know it is true, I have her letter still, but to-morrow, unless you give up the girl, I will read it publicly as you stand at the altar; I will stop the wedding, and I will tell them why."

Hugh Folkard when he realized the truth staggered and fell into a chair. This, then, was the secret of his brother's mysterious disappearance. His brother had poisoned his wife and had afterward fled terror-stricken and left no trace behind.

"But gradually he recovered himself and with an effort rose to his feet again."

"Miss—Miss Hearn, he said, 'I am going to be perfectly honest with you. Whether the unfortunate lady was poisoned I cannot say. She may have thought she was. Knowing nothing of the facts I cannot form an opinion—she may have been under the impression she was, and that's how I prefer to look at the matter. I cannot put on the evidence of a letter written under such circumstances believe that my brother was a murderer?'"

"Your brother?" "Yes, my brother!"

"I expected you would be prepared with some such story as this," exclaimed Violet Hearn, "but you have not arranged the details at all cleverly. When I met you at the masked ball you didn't explain my mistake then by saying he was your brother. You pretended that you had never heard of such a person."

"I didn't know of his existence then!" "Indeed, that is strange, isn't it? Frank Marden is your brother, his father was your father, your mother was his mother, and you suddenly remember his existence when you are charged with being Frank Marden yourself. And if you are brothers isn't it rather odd your name isn't Marden, too?"

Hugh hesitated. How could he trust this woman with the buried secret of his dead mother's honor? She noticed his hesitation and drew her own inference from it.

He recovered himself a little. "Miss Hearn," he said, "I assure you that I am speaking the truth. We ourselves, my father and I, do not know what has become of Frank. Since my father's return from India he has been advertising for his son in the English papers. You who are so interested in the finding of Frank must have noticed them."

"Oh, yes, I saw the advertisements, and I quite understood them. They were probably inserted by you with an excellent object, to make me believe that Frank Marden had disappeared or was dead. I knew better than that. Frank Marden is here in this room now. His secret is safe with me so long as he does not make another woman his wife. The girl you are going to marry is rich. She might die too and leave you rich and free again."

"Then you absolutely refuse to believe me? Is there no way in which I can convince you of your error? Will you see my father—he is here in London? I will fetch him if you like and you shall remain here."

"No, I don't trust you now. I don't know who you might bring to me as your father. Some one probably quite prepared to indorse every word of your little romance."

"Then what will you do?" "I have told you—nothing if you give that girl up. But if you marry her I will keep my word and place this letter in the hands of the police."

"One word."

"No, I have nothing further to say."

The girl gave him one glance, half of pity, half of contempt, and before Hugh had recovered himself sufficiently to plead to her again she was gone.

Hugh Folkard sank back into a chair and gazed vacantly at the space before him. What was to be done? The first thing was to tell his father at once. He must decide. This woman might hesitate to keep her threat, but if she did keep it the whole story would have to be told.

With a heavy heart he set out for the home of the girl who to-morrow was to be his bride.

There were many inquiries as to the nature of the business which had detained him, but he fenced with the questions and he said nothing till he and his father were on their road home to his chambers.

Then he told his father all that had happened. Colonel Folkard was horrified. His worst fears were confirmed. But on the point of telling Madge he was firm. She must know everything, horrible as it was, and he himself must tell her in the morning.

At 9 o'clock the following morning the old Colonel went to the bride's house and asked to see her. Pale, and trembling, wondering what such a strange visit might mean, Madge came down to him, and then with a great effort he told her what had brought him there.

When he had finished it the young girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said: "Tell Hugh he can wait for me at the altar. I shall be there at the appointed time."

The people who assembled to witness the marriage of Hugh Folkard and Madge Hetherington noticed that the bridegroom was almost as pale as the bride, and that the bridegroom's father was strangely nervous. One or two shrugged their shoulders and whispered to each other that the principal parties seemed anything but happy.

When the clergyman commenced the

(Continued on page Six.)

For and About Women.

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Black moire promises to be in high favor this spring, and it comes in many new and rich designs. A black moire skirt made perfectly plain is one of the most useful things imaginable and an old jacket with sleeves and bretelles of moire antique may be made to look very smart indeed. Very narrow white guipure or black jet or a combination of the two are the trimmings en regle.

Some of the new coats are one-sided affairs. They have one side rather full; on the other is a single wide rever, edged with braid or stitching. Straight and slender persons can wear these basques to great effect.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, it is said, will stand out as one of the leading women of this century when the full story of the crisis in the affairs of the Stanford University, through which she passed will become well known.

A couple of gowns which have just been completed for a customer who is to go to Florida for the months of February and March might serve as spring suggestions. The first was of ecru crepon, the upper part of the waist being made entirely of the white insertion over black satin finished with a black satin collar. A drapery of the crepon, hung in folds over the bouffante sleeves of the same material, was brought loosely across the heart, and was finished with a knot with no cords, the figure showing to full advantage in the perfectly fitted insertion guimpe and pointed bodice of the crepon, which turned sharply up on the hips, exactly like the Columbia collar which has been so universally worn this winter on outside jackets. A very long pointed overskirt of the crepon, slightly raised at the hips, was bordered with a band of insertion over black, and reached nearly to the hem of the black satin petticoat, which was made perfectly plain with no trimming.

Mrs. Laura M. Johns, president of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Kansas, gives her entire time to the interest of the cause she represents. She is on the road practically all the time traveling through Kansas.

A morning frock was simplicity itself. It was made of washable silk of a delicate shade of pink, the body edged with real lace and crossed "en surplice" over a pleated chemise of very fine white linen lawn, the style of the gown depending on the gracefully draped sleeves. These were hung so as to appear, at the shoulder, the width of the folds coming half way from the shoulder to the elbow, where the fullness was gathered up again, falling slightly over the tight-fitting white linen sleeve below. A white gros-grain ribbon finished the waist, and crossing behind, was knotted carefully in front, the ends hanging over, a very short tablier overskirt, which was gathered up behind and fell in two broad, long sash ends over the tucked underskirt.

Nearly all the new cloth dresses that one sees just now have some sort of basque over the hips. A favorite pattern is the short "ripple" founce that is cut in circular shape, with no seam at the side, and opening back and front. This may be made entirely separate from the waist, to which it is joined by a belt. Short flat tabs of cloth are also popular on the tailor made gowns, which are as elaborate this season as those from the dressmaker, having quite lost their character for severity and simplicity.

Large jet buttons and No. 9 black velvet ribbon are used in trimming on house gowns of colored Henrietta. The effect is extremely rich and handsome.

The high dressing of the hair seems to be gaining favor. Two loops are no longer worn, but a tight, high knot on the very top of the head is becoming almost every face, and with a standing bow or filigree pin the effect is excellent.

As to that fickle dame, Fashion, she has changed her ideas astonishingly little during the last few months. In skirts the bell shape still prevails. All walking skirts are short, and some escape the ground by a couple of inches. These short skirts are more generally trimmed lengthwise, as circular trimmings detract from the height. Evening gowns are made with demi-train backs, and ball gowns merely touch the ground but have no trains. Empire gowns have had their day, but the lengthened shoulder, the bell skirt and the full, large, but drooping sleeve all show our allegiance to the modified 1890 styles, although this title is seldom used, so generally is it accepted. This has been a blouse year, and the fashion is still as popular as it was nine months ago. The minute change is directed by *La Mode* and is now a veritable bodice of the full type, but its lining is shaped and fitted as for a gown; while the fashion of the distinct bodice remains with us so long will so-called blouses find favor both for day and evening wear. In deference, probably, for the necessity for winter wraps, shoulder frills and bretelles are flatter and less pronounced, and in many bodies conspicuous by their absence. The fashion of trimming in lines across the back and front is very popular. The high folded waist band has departed with the corset, and the newest belts are quite narrow, while most of them have ribbon arranged to droop gridwise over the front of the dress.

Hats, collars and belts to be ultra-fashionable must be ornamented with rhinestone buckles. As these are extremely expensive, they are not likely to become common.

The new white frock is similar in weave to basket cloth and checked over like hopsacking; in some cases the white ground is woven to represent the figure 6 in Greek pattern, with forget-me-not figures in contrasting shades of gray and red, black and pink, and light gray and black surrounding the figure 6.