



But you understand, mesdames, that

I was sincerely anxious to recover the

but it's not my affair now."

crown of his head.

"We saw you on the steamer and

readily for a Frenchman as I do for

an Italian. The capture is of great

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CHAPTER V-Continued.

-14-

"His name is Dick Searles," I said, fan without letting you know its importance. When I found at Seattle "and he's my most intimate friend." She professed indignation when I and Chicago that you were traveling told of my eavesdropping in the woods... under assumed names, I was-pray, but when I explained that I knew all pardon me-deeply puzzled, the more about the play and Searles' despair- so because I had satisfied myself in ing search for her she was enormously pleased.

"How wonderful !" she exclaimed. "You know I told you, Constance, that | Volkoff. Why you should have if we really threw ourselves in the changed your names, I didn't know, path of adventure mystery would come out to meet us in silken sandals." again in the hotel at Chicago. It was

"But you will not appear in this play?" asked Raynor anxiously. "It is the business of the government of gave you the slip, stopped at Buffalo the United States to see that you com- | to see Niagara, and you came on here mit no further indiscretions. There is and scared the servants to death! another matter which I hope you can But you were generous at every clear up. You are not only a subject point." said Alice. "We changed our of concern to the British embassy, but the French ambassador also has apask everybody's forgiveness!" pealed to us to assist him in a trifling matter !"

"The French ambassador?" Alice exclaimed with a surprise I knew to be unfeigned. "I thought the dear Montani was an Italian?"

"We will continue to call him Montani, but he's a Frenchman and one of the keenest men in the French secret service. You have caused him the deepest anguish."

"Please hurry on !" She bent forward with childish delight. "This is a part of the story we've been living that I really know nothing about. I hope it won't be disappointing!" Raynor laughed and shook his

head.

"It's fortunate that Montani is a gentleman, anxious to shield and protect you. You have a fan in your hand-" She spread it out for inspection.

"A harmless trinket, but without it the adventure would have been very tame."

"The story of the fan is in the most secret archives of Paris and Washington. When you were packing up in Tokyo to come home on the very last day before your departure a lady called on you whom you knew as Madame Volkoff."

"The dear woman !" exclaimed Mrs.

Searles jumped out (I had forgotten that he might arrive that night), but before I could greet him he swung round and assisted a lady to alighta short, stout lady in a traveling cap, wrapped in a coat that fell to her heels. She began immediately to de-Hver orders in an authoritative tone as to the rescue of her belongings. Searles dived into the taxi and began dragging out a vast amount of small luggage, but my attention was diverted for a monient by Alice, who jumped down the steps and clasped her arms about the neck of the stout lady. "Aunt Alice!" I heard her saying.

"Why didn't you tell us to meet you !" "Why didn't I tell you?" demanded the stout lady. "The moment you left me I knew I'd made a mistake in letting you come over here on one of your absurd larks! And from the row I had getting into the premises I judge that you're at your old tricks. Fired upon! Treated as though I were an outlaw! You shall never go out of my sight again !"

"Oh, please don't scold me!" Alice pleaded and turning to me: "This is Bob Singleton, your nephew."

Mrs Bashford-and I made no question that Searles' companion was Tokio that you were loyal Englishindubitably my uncle's widow-gave women, and I believed you to be inme her hand and smiled in a way nocent of complicity with Madame that showed that she was not so greatly displeased with Alice as her words implied.

"Pay that driver for me and don't fall to tip him. Those Methuselahs very amusing to be followed. We at the gate all but killed him. It was only the vigorous determination of this gentleman, who very generously permitted me to share the only motor at the station, that I got through the gates alive! I beg your pardon, but names so we could amuse ourselves what is your name?" here-at Bob's expense. So now I

"Mrs. Bashford." 1 interposed, "my friend, Mr. Searles."

The prisoner, arriving at this mo-"Mr. Searles!" cried Alice, dropping a cage containing some weird Oriental ment, became the center of interest. bird which had been among my aunt's Without a word Montani walked up to him, brushed back his hair, and impedimenta. The bird squawked called our attention to a scar on the hideously

"Miss Violet Dewing, permit me to "There can be no mistake. This is present the author of 'Lady Lark-Adotph Schwenger, who passes as spur'!"

It was a week later that Alice and I sat on the stone wall watching the waves, at the point forever memorable as the scene of our first talk.

"Aunt Alice isn't playing fair," she said. "She pretends now that it was all my idea-coming over to play at being our uncle's widow, but she really encouraged me to do it so I could give her an impartial judgment of your character. I'm her only niece and her namesake, and she relies on me a good deal. You know she's very, very rich, and she had never any idea of keeping your uncle's money. She meant all the while to give it to you -provided she found you were nice. And she thinks you are very nice." "Your own opinion of me would be

season

interesting." I suggested. She had gathered a handful of pebbles and was flinging them fitfully at a bit of driftwood. I wished her lips adn't that little ouiver that prelud laughter and that her eyes were not the haven of all the dreams in the world.



MONG other good things turned | ed above the hem of the coat. They A out for the benefit of June brides finish the flaring sleeves. But the there were some new designs in taf- bands of stitching in herring-bone patfeta suits, to be worn on the wedding, tern that adorn the coat are even journey. But June brides can't have more difficult to achieve and there a monopoly of good fortune and other are groups of vertical lines above the women have been quick to see the ad- parallel rows at the hem. The coat vantages of taffeta for summer jour- is set on a small, plain yoke and has neyings: These suits are cool, shed a narrow silk girdle covered with dust, easily cleaned, smartly made and stitching.

they are that "something different" A detachable cape of duvetyn lined that makes so strong an appeal at this with machine-stitched taffeta is the outstanding novelty in the suit. The One of these taffeta suits, together lining is of the same taffeta. A narwith an attractive cloth suit, is pic- row band fastens it about the neck tured above; they are interesting be- under the rolled-over taffeta collar. cause both embody some new style Peach brown, a soft wool fabric, features. The taffeta is a revelation makes the second suit. A braided patof accurate machine stitching as used tern, simulating embroidery appears to supply the decoration and in the in a band which curves over the hips cloth suit embroidery is managed in on the full peplum. The same work a new way. Fourteen rows of stitch- adorns the front of the coat and the ing at the bottom of the taffeta skirt, collar. On the coat sleeves that flare put in with a perfection of workman- a little at the hand, a row of boneship that delights the eye, are repeat- buttons make an unexpected finish.

Summer Hats for All Tastes



THE MOON'S JEWELRY.

"It's a very funny thing," said the Moon, "but folks don't seem to think that old Mr. Moon likes jewelry. They like it themselves. Ladies wear jeweiry, rings and bracelets and so forth, and Cantlemén wear scarfpins and watches, and boys and girls have watches or rings or something or other in the way of jewelry before they're through.

"By saying before they're through, I mean that boys usually own watches before they're through being boys and girls usually have bangles or rings or something before they're through being girls and have reached the grown-up stage. But no one in the world thinks old Mr. Moon likes jewelry."

"Do you?" asked the Queen of the Fairies. "I didn't know that you did." "Yes," said Mr. Moon, "I like to see jewelry, but I only want to own a little. In fact a nice ring is about all I want."

"Have you never seen my rings?" he asked. "I have more than one, you see. But I care for one more than the others, and I care for rings more than any other kind of jewelry."

"Well," said the Queen of the Fairies, "I have heard that before it is going to rain you are apt to have a ring about you. Is that what you mean? Or what?"

"That's what I mean," said Mr. Moon. "Now, you've noticed, I suppose, that I have different kinds of rings. Some of my rings are of quite a few colors, all blending in together, some of my rings are of silvery color and my best ring of all is a golden ring."

"Whatever makes you wear it before it is going to rain?" asked the Queen of the Fairies.

"Well," said Mr. Moon, "I will explain that to you."

"Do," said the Queen of the Fairies. "You see," said Mr. Moon, "a long time ago I thought I would like to own a few rings. I knew I had no hands and no fingers upon which to wear the rings so I thought it would be nice to have the rings around me.

"Bracelets wouldn't have done me any good for I couldn't have worn bracelets and bracelets around me



Farnsworth. "We knew her very well."

"Almost too well," cried Raynor. "A cultivated woman and exceedingly clever, but a German spy. She had collected some most interesting data with reference to Japanese armament and defenses, but suspecting that she was being watched, she hit upon a most ingenious way of getting the information across the Pacific, expecting to communicate with German agents in America who could pick it up and pass it on to Berlin. You see, she thought you an easy mark. She got hold of a fan which Montani informs me is the exact counterpart of that one you hold. She reduced her data to the smallest possible compass, concealed it in her fan, and watched for a chance to exchange with you. The astute Montani found the Japanese artisan who had done the tinkering for her and surmised that you were to be made the unconscious bearer of the incriminating papers. Montani jumped for the steamer you were sailing on with every determination to get the fan. His professional pride was apoused, and it was only after he found it impossible to steal the fan that he asked our assistance. He's a good fellow, a gentleman in every sense, and with true French chivalry wanted to do the job without disturbing you in any way."

We pressed closer about Raynor as he took the fan, spread it open, and held it close against a table-lamp. "The third, sixth and ninth," he counted. "You will notice that those three pieces of ivory are a trifle thicker and not as transparent as the others. "Glancing at them casually in an ordinary light, you would never suspect that they had been hollowed out. an exceedingly delicate piece of work. It's a pity to spoil anything so pretty, but-

He snapped the top of one of the panels, disclosing a neatly folded piece of thin paper.

"Antoine," I said. "tie the arms of the prisoner in the toolhouse, and bring him here.'

"A man in the toolhouse!" Montani. Torrence and Raynor ejaculated in concert.

"Oh, yes," murmured Alice, "that's the pleasantest chapter of all. Our grenadiers captured a whole invading army that made a night attack-one of the most remarkable engagements of the present war, Mr. Torrence."

"The battle of the Bell-Hops," I suggested. "The prisoner will be here in a moment."

While we waited Montani produced a photograph, instantly recognizable as a likeness of our prisoner.

"My reputation is saved!" he exclaimed excitedly. "That he should The driver was swearing loudly at one have been caught here! It is too of the Tyringham veterans who had her to do anything. "She doesn't have much! I shall never forgive myself | wedged himself into the door of the to tell me," Ella added, "she just for not warning you of the danger. | machine.



"The Fan Is Safe." Cried Raynor.

mportance. I shall want the names of all the persons who assisted in the matter."

"It isn't quite clear to me," . remarked Raynor, turning to me, "why you held that fellow and said nothing about it. If there had been a mistake, it would have been just a little embarrassing for you, Singleton."

"Chivalry !" Mrs. Farnsworth arswered for me. "An anxious concern for the peace and dignity of two foolish women! I didn't know there was so much chivalry left in the world."

An hour was spent in explanations. and Raynor declared that I must write a full account of the Allied army in Connecticut and the capture of the spy. The state archives contained nothing that touched this episode for piquancy, he declared; and even the bewildered Torrence finally saw the joke of the thing and became quite human.

Raynor and Montani decided after a conference that the German agent should be taken to New York immediately, and I called Flynn to drive them down.

"It's most fortunate, sir, that you sent for him when you did!" announced Antoine, nearly bursting with importance. "The boys had heard queer sounds in the night, but could find nothing wrong. The prisoner had taken up the flooring at the back of the tool-house, and was scooping up the dirt.' He'd got a place pretty near big enough to let him through. I sup-

pose we ought to have noticed it, sir.' It was just as Raynor and Montani

were leaving the house with the prisoner that we heard a commotion in the direction of the gates. I had sent the word that no one was to be admitted to the grounds, but as I ran

out the front door a machine was speeding madly toward the house. A lozen of the guards were yelling their protests at the invasion, and a is to solicit for the little one the patspurt of fire preluded the booming of ronage and protection of sundry Zimmerinan's shotgun.

"Get your man into the car and beat It." I shouted to Raynor, thinking an attempt was about to be made to rescue the prisoner.

The touring car left just as a Barton taxi flashed into the driveway.

She landed a pebble on the target before replying.

"You are very nice. I think," she said with disconcerting detachment. "At first I was afraid you didn't like nonsense, but you really got through very well, considering the trouble I caused you. But I'm in trouble myself now. Papa will land tomorrow. He's the grandest, dearest man in all this world, but when he finds that I'm going to act in Mr. Searles' play he will be terribly cut up. Of course it will not be for long. Even if it's a big success. I'm to be released in three months. Constance and Sir Cecil think I owe it to myself to appear in the piece; they're good enough to say nobody else can do it so well-which is a question. I'm going to give all the money I earn to the blind soldiers."

(I wished the tears in her eyes didn't make them more lovely still !)

"Being what you are and all you are, ft would be brutal for me to add to the number of things you have to tell year father. I'm a very obscure person, and he is a gentleman of title and otherwise distinguished. You are the Honorable Miss-"

"Papa has said numbers of times," she began softly, looking far out across the blue Sound-"he has said, oh, very often, that he'll never stop troubling about me until-until Im happily married."

"When you came here you wore a wedding ring." I remarked casually, "It was only a 'property' ring, to help deceive you. I bought it in Chicago. When Aunt Alice came I threw it away."

"The finger seems lonesome without it," I said. "If I get you another, I hope you'll take better care of it." "If you should put it there," she replied, looking fixedly at the hand, "that would be very, very different."

(THE END.)

Siamese Superstition.

At the birth of a child in Siam, a cord that has been blessed by the priests is fied around the outside of the house, and three balls of rice are thrown in "lucky directions" by three old women, who are always present at such a time and whose business it guardian angels.

Mother's Expressive Eyes.

Ella started to list the baby from its crib, but caught her mother's eye, and desisted, Afterward, she was overheard telling her playmate that she knew when her mother didn't want thinks stop, and I can see her think."



T IS everyone to her taste in mil- | similar character, to be worn with all I linery; for fashion is easy-going, sorts of dresses appears with round lured this way and that by lovely mid- crown and upturned brim made of summer hats of all descriptions. Speak- soft rough braid. Little garden roses ing generally, headwear is more are banked against the brim and trimmed than for many summers, but veiled with malines having rows of there are so many exceptions to this braid stitched on. A twist of velvet that the devotee of plain hats will not ribbon completes it.

find her choice peculiar. There are Midsummer translated into millinery many hats that have no trimming ex- compels us to admire the designers art cept a twisted band of velvet ribbon in the lovely hat of georgette with about the crown or an embroidered roses and grapes posed on the crown. motif on brim or crown, or a single It has a facing of figured chiffon and large ornament of jet or composition long ties of narrow black velvet ribplaced in lonely and conspicuous state bon. Its companion is one of those on the hat shape. The simpler models well beloved, wide-brimmed black hats have a steadfast following. But that throw a protecting shadow over whether hats are simply or elaborately the face. Wide moire ribbon with a trimmed, their making is rarely simple. satin edge makes a becoming finish There is a demand for hand-made for the brim edge and narrow ribhats which require delicate and pre- bon furnishes a sash about the crown.

cise needlework. Just now navy blue hats in sllk (both taffeta and georgette) are making their annual appearance for midsummer wear. Often they are faced with a pliant white straw facing and this year finds them beautifully dec-

orated with white yarn, used for em-

A lovely example is shown in the picture above, made of navy blue taffeta with embroldery on the crown in white slik and wool yarns and two ues to hold front place in the exhibits roses made of yarn. A small hat of of favorite fabrics.

Folks Will Tie a Piece of String.

wouldn't have looked so handsome to my mind as rings.

"I couldn't wear a pendant upon my face for that would have looked rather absurd, and Mr. Moon doesn't care to look absurd. He's too old a fellow for that."

The Queen of the Fairles smiled.

"Pray continue," she said. "So I decided upon rings and I have several different ones I wear at different times, but as I told you be-

fore my favorite one is my golden one." "And you said that you would explain to me why you wear your ring before it is going to rain?" asked the Queen of the Fairies.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Moon, "I wHI tell you."

He paused for a moment and then a broad grin went over his face. "What are you laughing at?" asked

the queen of the fairles. "At what I am going to tell you," said Mr. Moon.

"Then tell it to me soon, so I can enjoy the joke with you," she said. "When it is going to rain and when it should rain," said Mr. Moon, "I wear a ring to remind myself that I must take a rest, and that I've worked long enough, and that I'm expected back of the clouds for a visit.

"You know how folks will tie a piece of string around their fingers to make them remember something? Well, Mr. Moon does that too, only he has no string and no fingers, and so he does it this other way.

"I haven't that good habit of saving string," Mr. Moon chuckled.

"But I remind myself of the rain and of my promised visit and rest by wearing the ring about me. And as long as I'm to remind myself I might as well have a beautiful reminder as an ugly one, and so I have it.

"I love a ring or so, and yet I only wear one of my rings at this time, for if I wore them all the time they wouldn't remind me of anything. I do love having beautiful reminders, too," smiled the Moon.

Obedient.

"I can't imagine why old Smith should be so angry with his son. The boy did just what he was told." "What was that?"

"His father told him to go out and find an opening, and the next thing he sent his father word he was is a hole."-Boys' Life.

Gray Popular Color.

ulia Bottomles

made of the yarn woven over wire. are generally ten inches from the floor.

Linen Holds Favor. Linen for summer blouses contin-

Gray is the predominating color in broldering them and in separate orna- the new tailored suits from Paris. ments. Sometimes an entire brim is These suits have plaited skirts, which