

The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

By Randall Parrish
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"GEORGE HARRIS!"

Synopsis.—In a New York jewelry store Philip Severn, United States consular agent, notices a small box which attracts him. He purchases it. Later he discovers in a secret compartment a writing giving a clue to a revolutionary movement in this country seeking to overthrow the Chilean government. The writing mentions a rendezvous, and Severn decides to investigate. Finding the place mentioned in the writing apparently deserted, Severn visits a saloon in the vicinity. A woman in the place is met by a man, seemingly by appointment, and Severn, his suspicions aroused, follows them. They go to the designated meeting place, an abandoned iron foundry. At the rendezvous Severn is accepted as one of the conspirators and admitted. He meets a stranger who addresses him as Harry Daly. The incident plays into Severn's hands and he accepts it.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

I looked at him doubtfully. "Well, of course, I've got to think so," I admitted, hoping to gain further enlightenment, "but you leave me pretty well in the dark. What do I really know? Nothing. You talk glibly about a million you propose going fifty-fifty with me on. That sounds naturally sounds good, but it would sound better if I even knew who I was dealing with. I never saw you before in my life."

"—I, that's so," he grinned cheerfully. "I forgot I wasn't talking to an old pal. Just to be sure you're Harry Daly was enough to make me cough up, but that don't help you out, does it? Ever hear of 'Gentleman George' in your travels?"

"George Harris?" the name leaped to my lips in inspiration; only the day before I had chanced to read a magazine account of a famous criminal exploit. His eyes gleamed in genial appreciation.

"I thought maybe that would fetch you," he said exultantly. "There ain't many of the old boys but have my number, and they all know I play square. How is it? Will we shake hands, and call it a deal? I've got to get back in with that bunch."

I took the extended hand cordially, feeling the iron grip of his fingers. I do not believe I was ever more frightened in my life, although outwardly cool enough, and my brain perfectly clear. There was no retreat possible. I must go on, acting out the strange character in this drama to which I had been assigned.

"But you are not known by that name here?" I ventured.

"I should say not. I'm Horner, P. S. Horner of Detroit. See! That's the guy who had the papers. He was English all right but pretended to be United States, and had a passport to come through with this bunch. So I've got the bull by the tail—for a cool million, old man, a million. All I'm afraid of is this d—d woman—they always did get my goat."

"Keep still, and let her show her cards," I suggested, feeling the necessity of saying something.

"What I'm aiming to do. Well, so long, Daly. I'll be back presently with everything straight. Better turn out the light, or some one might wander in here."

I was alone again, in the dark, but under vastly different circumstances than when wandering blindly about between those imprisoning factory walls. With no effort of my own, purely by blind chance, I had been given a new name and identity, and as instantly inducted into a revolutionary criminal plot as fascinating as it undoubtedly was dangerous. Who Harry Daly might be I had not the slightest conception, yet there was no escape from the conviction that Harris believed blindly in my identity. He was not acting, for he would have no possible object in such pretense. I was to his mind Harry Daly, a well-known criminal, an international thief, a man after his own heart, to be warmly welcomed into partnership as a most valuable ally.

What should I do under these peculiar circumstances? Seek to escape during his absence, and thus frighten the covey, or remain, and trust fortune to show me a way to both expose their villainy and save myself? I was young, adventurous, and I chose the latter, thinking less of the danger, I admit, than of the mystery of the case, and—yes, the girl.

Harris had spoken confidently of gaining possession of a large sum—a million dollars, surely a stake worth daring much for—but how, by what means, did he expect to get his hands on such a fortune?

My mind reverted to the fragment of letter which had sent me on this mad chase, to its mention of a letter of credit to be deposited with the banker, Krantz, to the credit of the recipient. The writer had stated that the sum would be found ample for all needs. But a million dollars! Could it be possible that so large an amount would be thus advanced? If so, then the result hoped for must be proportionately important. To whom had this letter been sent—Alva, who ap-

parently was the active leader here in New York, or the revolutionary representative in Washington, seemingly known as Mendez? Whichever it was, that man evidently had the disposition of this vast sum entirely at his disposal; either it was already in his hands or so deposited as to be quickly available. In my judgment the fellow would be Alva, for sundry reasons; first, he had been one of the men registered at the hotel when the lacquered box was lost; and second, the expenditure of this money was seemingly intended to be made in and about the port of New York—if I read the message right, in the purchase of arms and munitions for shipment to South America; perhaps the enlistment of a body of fighting men.

So far the matter was fairly clear—Alva as the local revolutionary agent had been entrusted by the junta with this money to spend in a certain definite way; but he must work under strict orders coming from the headquarters at Washington. He dare not assume the initiative without the "O. K." of the man higher up—Mendez. Something had occurred to delay action; that made no difference, but now the time had come. Mendez, unable to be present in person, and even fearful to permit any of his well-known junta representatives to appear in this connection, had chosen to send a woman, who would be unsuspected, to deliver to the conspirators his definite plan of action. All this seemed reasonable enough, and in no way surprised me.

But the appearance of the woman did, and also the close intimacy of this man Harris. She was not criminal, not even of the infurrectionary class to my eyes, and I could not imagine what influence had ever induced her to accept such a commission. Something about her personality, some undefined quality of womanhood, had made a definite im-



Would Be Suicidal to Attempt Viewing the Room Beyond.

pression upon my mind, not to be effaced. Everything was against her—the saloon in which she waited alone; her coming there secretly in the night; the meeting with an unknown man; the accompanying him up that black alley to this hidden rendezvous of conspiracy. Every act stamped her as unworthy.

In spite of all this evidence as to the truth of the matter, nothing harmonized. She did not belong—the girl was too wide. Yet there was no other explanation possible—she was actually here, in the den of conspiracy, alone among all these men, unafraid, the recognized representative of the Chilean revolutionary junta, bringing with her direct from Washington those final instructions for which they waited—instructions, no doubt, involving unneutrality, destruction, death, frightfulness, the extinction of a friendly government; all this that could be compassed by the expenditure of a million dollars in ruthless hands. It was unthinkable, yet every evidence proved it true.

There came to me an insane desire to overhear what she had to say; to watch her once more, when free to study her unnoticed, and to see this gang to whom she brought her message. Almost without realizing my action I crept in the dark out into the narrow passage, and felt my way along the rough board walls. As I advanced cautiously the full ingenuity with which the place had been prepared for just this foul purpose became more apparent. The narrow passage I followed, my hands touching either wall, was not straight, but curved to the right, and it dawned upon me that it skirted the main apartment, where, in all probability, the conference was being held. This accounted for the fact that no gleam of light was visible, and that, in anticipation of their use, separate and small rooms had been constructed, and connected together yet so isolated as to permit of the utmost privacy. One of these Harris had left me in, and now I

found that the passage led me not direct to the main apartment, but to another smaller room, whose door barred my progress. This, I figured out, might be the same into which Wine had entered in search of Alva, when he deserted me in the front hallway.

I listened intently, but heard no sound within, and, satisfied the room was without occupants, ventured finally to gain a glimpse inside. It was a room not altogether unlike the one I had just left, although smaller, and containing a chair or two in addition to the writing table. I noted these things quickly, my gaze straying to a partially open door in the board wall to the right, through which a brighter glow of light streamed. My ears caught the sound of voices, the words indistinct.

Although convinced the small room was without occupants, I was some moments screwing up my courage to enter. Yet there was no other way in which I could learn the meaning of all this, or be prepared to intelligently play my part later with Harris. To trap the fellow I must know his purpose, be able to answer his inquiries and seem conversant with his villainy.

The door opened toward me, but it would be suicidal to attempt viewing the room beyond through that opening. The only thing I dare venture was to gain such survey as was possible by means of the narrow crack below the hinge on which the door swung. This afforded me the merest glimpse of one side of the room, revealing four or five men sitting motionless on a bench against the wall, evidently listening intently to what was going on opposite them. With the exception of Wine, who was third in the row, no face I saw was in the least familiar—two being pronouncedly Spanish, the others not so easily recognized as nationality. I had no difficulty whatever in overhearing their voices, and grasping the sense of what they were saying. As a general thing the words used were English, although occasionally some one requested an explanation in Spanish, which was immediately given. However, almost the first sentence overheard convinced me that I had arrived too late to learn directly the nature of those instructions received from Washington. Alva was asking a question.

"But we are ready to act now," he said impatiently, his foreign accent faint, yet plainly perceptible, "have been ready for a month past. What necessity then is there for further delay?"

The woman, whom he evidently addressed, must have been very close to the door; her voice soft, but speaking with clear enunciation, sounded almost within reach of my hand.

"The reason is Valparaiso, of course," she said; "it is not Washington at all. When you strike, the people must be ready there. You say you are prepared, senior. That is what I wish sent to learn, and I find you are not prepared."

"Not ready! We are organized and sworn to service."

She seemed to lean forward, her voice changing almost to a whisper.

"I see that, your eagerness, your devotion. But that is not readiness for such a duty. Who has been chosen for the act itself—the post of danger? No one. Until the man I need not name dies, we can accomplish nothing. You have taken no ballot. If the single word was flashed tonight, 'Go,' and it may be, who among you is authorized to execute the order?"

She paused, but no voice spoke. "Nor is that all; the money from England yet lies untouched. Surely your instructions were clear, and nothing is being accomplished for the cause while it rests in the vault. It will require all of thirty days to distribute this into the proper hands, here and in Chile, yet nothing has been done. We supposed it was already in circulation. What caused the delay?"

One of the men on the bench spoke, a heavily built fellow, with a long gray mustache, and horn spectacles shading his eyes.

"All I know is that the order of Gustave Alva is endorsed by Senor Mendez. I hold it so in trust, from the agent. It was in a private safe, a package of currency, only I know where. The bank has'nt nothing to do with der deal."

"I understand. The agent gave you personally the letter of credit, which you immediately cashed, and you now hold the currency subject to call?"

"Certainly; dat vos how ett vos. The agent he tell me."

"What are you doing here?" she gasped. "Listening?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Isn't She the Cutup? Woman Writer—A festive touch may be imparted to rice croquette by hiding a big raisin in the heart of each.—Boston Transcript.

Even the homely girl will be a pretty old one if she lives long enough.

TO BE SUIT YEAR

In Dressy Tailleurs Clinging Fabrics Are in Vogue.

Outfits Are Equipped With Coats Which Have Mandarin Tendency in Many Instances.

It is to be a suit year. For several seasons, observes a fashion authority, the one-piece dress has crowded the tailored suit out of its rightful place and the dressy suit almost out of the picture.

This year the suit has come back. In dressy and semi-dressy tailleurs the clinging fabrics are the vogue, with coats which have a mandarin tendency in many instances. Quite a new note has crept in with the binding of the edges with ribbons of a matching color or of black. Crepe de chine linings are used in very high colors.

Three-piece suits are also a popular tendency. Loose coats or capes form the wraps with matching skirts and high-colored bodies of crepe de chine and the coat lined to match the bodice. Black and navy blue will be the favorites for such a use.

In the very severely tailored trotteurs English tweeds are being shown in grays and tans, depending almost entirely for their beauty upon the quality of the material.

THE FRILLS OF FASHION

A dress of taffeta has front and back panels of English chintz trimmed with bars of cre de kid.

Braid embroidery and enamel buttons are used on the short box coat of a suit of corrugated pongee.

It may be painting the rose, but one of the liveliest of vestees in an imported suit was made from rich-colored Japanese embroidery. Its heavy flower patterns were brought out by a white silk floss outline.

Mumetis is a new dotted swiss, and a most effective afternoon frock material which shows small printed rose-gate patterns as well as the embroidered dots. This is to be had in a wide variety of delicate colorings.

Honey dew is the color which brought back macramé lace. An overblouse of honey dew crepe de chine is gathered into a deep band of lace which fits slightly at the waistline. A two-tone ribbon runs through the band and ties at one side in long loops and streamers.

The new drop-stitch voiles are fine and sheer and adapt themselves readily to the making of soft, youthful afternoon frocks. These voiles are a most colorful collection indeed, in such shades as lemon, yellow saffron, jade, orchid, old blue, shell pink, coral, flamingo and platinum.

Mirage organdies come principally in the pastel shades and show a ring, a dot or a small square of a slightly paler shade than the material itself, the figure resembling a stamp and not being of the printed variety. Other mirage organdies have overwork of dainty embroidery or chain stitching. A striking pattern on rose-colored mirage organdie had crossing lines of chain stitching in white which formed 2-inch checks.

Use Yellow.

Pale yellow is quite the vogue for the intimate things of the bridal outfit. Imagine going back into his year's mode and snatching a bit of shell pink for the soft flowing girdle of that swathing yellow negligee you're planning! You'd love it—and incidentally, so would he!

MUST HAVE TOUCH OF RIBBON

Paris Edict Is That Every Frock Must Make Use of the Dangling Strands.

This is a ribbon year, says Paris, and every smart frock, in foundation or finish, should have its touch of ribbon. Ribbons are found in a great variety of designs suited for every possible use, but the smartest of them will invariably be the cre or varnished variety.

Certain smart spring frocks boast of panels of ribbon. There are broad ribbon panels at the sides and narrow floating panels are caught under the hem at the bottom of the skirt.

A smart variation of a georgette model has a vest-like bodice made of a wide broad ribbon. Shirrings of a very narrow width head the skirt and outline a flounce.

Girdles, of course, will make the most of ribbons. A unique sash girdle, straight from Paris, is made of wide crepe de chine ribbon printed in an oriental design. The ribbon encircles the waist twice and ties at the left side with a short loop above the waistline and a long one below. The end, longer than either of the loops, is thrown over the top.

A rather narrow girdle of purple and gold ribbon has a wreath of flowers made of ribbon in pastel shades combined with wheat heads.

Black satin ribbon makes a very modish and becoming ruff. The loops of ribbon are wider toward the back where it is finished by streamer ends.

Naturally one would expect to find bags of ribbon designed to be carried with ribbon costumes. There are many

CHANGE FROM TAILORED SUIT



A winsome change from the strictly tailored suit is this model of platinum gray, with self-toned embroidery.



"Labor" had been to me a phrase; But now through all my length of days It means no mere "commodity." But human beings just like me— Who live and love and plan and hope For greater things. And if they grope In dull, blind fashion, crudely planned, I shall not fail to understand. —Brady.

WHAT TO EAT.

When young green onions are plentiful serve them cooked as asparagus, serving them in stalks of three or four on well buttered toast and with a drawn butter or white sauce.

Lamb's Tongue, Princess Style.—Wash three lamb's tongues in cold water, cover with boiling water, add one teaspoon-

ful of salt, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, a dash of cayenne, two cloves, a bit of bay leaf; cook gently until tender. Cool, cut in cubes, add to one cupful of rich white sauce, one teaspoonful of beef extract, one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and one tablespoonful of butter. Serve in timbale cases or ramekins.

Caramel-Almond Ice Cream.—Mix one-half cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt, and two cupfuls of hot milk with one and one-half cupfuls of caramel flavoring and cook in a double boiler for 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Add two well-beaten eggs and cook three minutes, stirring constantly. Cool and freeze; when partly frozen add two cupfuls of cream and one cupful of ground almonds, or these may be added at once. Make the caramel flavoring by melting one and one-half cupfuls of sugar in a smooth omelet pan, and when brown add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water and boil 15 minutes. This caramel flavoring is nice to use for gravies, sauces, chop suey and other dishes needing such color and flavor.

Calf's Brains With Eggs.—Prepare a pair of brains by soaking in cold water, then trim and drop into boiling salted water and let remain for five minutes. Cut into dice and fry in hot butter, using two tablespoonfuls, then add two eggs, beaten with one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, and pepper to taste, stirring until the eggs are set. Fill the center of a hot plate with a border of parsley with groups of cooked mushrooms at intervals.

"If you would know the flavor of a pie, The juicy smell, the spice and taste, You must be patient till the fiery core is cool, Then bite a little deeper than the crust. If you would know the flavor of a man, God's mud-pie made of Eden's dew and dust, Be patient till love's fire has warmed him through And look a little deeper than the crust."

GOOD THINGS.

A good dish to use up baked beans is the following:

Baked-Bean Soup.—Put two cupfuls of cold baked beans, four cupfuls of water, two slices of onion and a few celery leaves in a saucepan and let simmer one hour. Put through a sieve with one cupful of stewed tomatoes and two table-

spoonfuls of chili sauce; season with salt and pepper, bring to the boiling point and thicken with one tablespoonful of butter cooked with one tablespoonful of flour. Serve with croissants.

Sponge Pound Cake.—Beat one-half cupful of butter to a cream, add the grated rind of a lemon and gradually beat in one-half cupful of sugar and the beaten yolks of four eggs, one cupful of flour sifted again with one tablespoonful of baking powder; lastly fold in the stiffly-beaten whites and bake in a loaf thirty to forty minutes. This recipe makes a cake of sponge cake texture; for finer-grained cake use one-half teaspoonful of baking powder.

Egg Scrambled With Ham.—Break three or four eggs into a saucepan, add a little milk, seasoning of salt and pepper and butter, then add a half cupful of chopped cooked ham; stir until well mixed and serve with buttered toast and fried potatoes.

Calf's Liver Force-meat.—Rub the inner surface of a frying pan with half of a cut clove of garlic. Cut a pound of calf's or lamb's liver in cubes and cook them in bacon fat with half a shallot. Cook, stirring often until well cooked, then cool, add a few cubes of veal or the breast of a chicken, pound in a mortar, then put through a sieve. Add while pounding the chopped trimmings of truffies; the flavor will be that of imported pate. Use this force-meat for seasoning in chicken or lamb croquettes or any creamed dish, or to line ramekins or egg shirrings in which egg is to be poached. A little of this force-meat will season otherwise tasteless foods.

Save the stale bread to use crumbed and buttered to cover the top of dishes of scalloped potato, oysters, creamed celery and cheese, as well as any number of desserts.

Nellie Maxwell