

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH

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"MISS CONRAD"

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 clew 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. His new acquaintance is a notorious thief, "Gentleman George" Harris. Concealed, Severn hears the girl he had followed address the conspirators. She urges them to hasten the work of revolution.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"The agent? Oh, you mean 108? What about that arrangement, Mr. Horner?"

I recognized Harris in the reply, his voice perfectly calm and confident. In all probability he lied, but it was done most convincingly.

"Those were my positive instructions in London," he said coolly. "The banking house there was not to be involved in the slightest degree; no trace of the transaction was to appear on their books."

"But why has the money not been drawn and used?"

"That is for Alva to say. I tried to get him to act, but he refused without another authorization from Mendez, and special instructions."

"You never received these, Senior Alva?"

"No. I asked by code; I supposed he would answer by messenger."

There was a pause, a silence. I imagined I could understand something of what Harris was endeavoring to accomplish in this delay, this getting the entire sum transferred into currency in private hands. It was one more step in his intricate scheme of robbery, but so cautiously concealed as to arouse no suspicion. What else had he done to this end already? To achieve delay, and thus gain opportunity, had he intercepted, or even changed, the code message sent by Alva to Washington?

All this was possible enough, yet it was evident that the woman accepted the explanation as satisfactory.

"I do not know how true all this is," she said at last, slowly. "I was told the money was already being used. I do not believe there is any necessity of any further indorsement, as Senior Alva is working under direct commission from the junta, with full authority to act. However, I will verify this tomorrow. I am going to retire now, seniors, and leave you alone to discuss the matters I have presented. Above all it is necessary that I should know at once who you select for the important work, and when we may expect results. This information I must positively take back with me."

"When do you return?"

"On the midnight train. I have three hours yet."

CHAPTER V.

A Strange Appointment.

I must have failed to grasp the full meaning of what she said, or else it never occurred to me that her retirement would be made through this particular door. At least she had pushed it wide open before I realized the necessity of retreat, and I was hemmed in behind its barrier, fortunately securely hidden from the eyes of those in the larger apartment. Some one—Alva, no doubt, from his words and voice—was beside her as she emerged, and, indeed, it might have been his hand that swung the door back against me. I stood there startled, unable to move, afraid that my very breathing might be overheard.

"You leave at midnight, you say, senorita," he protested in Spanish; "but surely you intend to remain at present?"

"Until you reach some final decision—yes; that is my mission."

"I shall see to that at once; we will draw lots. You can wait either in this room, or another just beyond. Promise you will not go until I see and talk with you again."

"I promise that—so you are not too long. I must make that train."

"You shall make it. My car is only two blocks away, and I pledge myself to have you there on time. All this business can be attended to in half an hour."

He stepped back, partially closing the door, while she turned, her own hand on the latch, facing me. Her eyes stared directly into mine, her face whitening under the light, her teeth shutting down close against the red lips as though to repress a scream. She was startled almost beyond control, yet mastered the fright instantly. She glanced about at the partially open door, and silently closed it tightly.

"What—what are you doing here?" she gasped in English, her voice trembling. "Listening?"

"No," I lied, seeing but one possible means of escape, and hoping thus to prevent her sounding an immediate alarm. "I was waiting for a friend who is inside. I just came into this room."

"You actually belong here, then? You are one of these men?"

"Not exactly," I had to admit. "I know one of them very well, and he stationed me out here."

She appeared puzzled, doubtful, yet to my surprise still held the door tightly closed, her eyes searching my face.

"Who is the man you know—your particular friend?"

I hesitated an instant, the name escaping me.

"Horner."

"Oh, indeed; you were not very prompt to answer."

"Well," I said, and managed to smile, as though it was of little consequence, "you see I have not always known him by that name. There are times when names need to be changed occasionally."

"True," she admitted soberly. "Do you mind gratifying the curiosity of a

woman as to what his real name might be?"

"I could not, if I so desired. Ever since I knew him he has been called Harris. That is all I can say."

"Harris! Then he is not Chilean, and never before pretended to be. I thought that from the first. Is the man American, English or Irish?"

I shook my head.

"You won't answer. That may be ignorance or it may be pretense. Never mind. I recognize your face now. You were the man eating in the saloon an hour or so ago. Were you waiting for this Horner—alias Harris—then?"

"We met later."

Her lips smiled a little, and her eyes.

"Did I merely dream that you appeared somewhat interested in me at the time, or was it true?"

"It was true," I answered honestly. "You did interest me. You didn't appear the sort to be making a rendezvous out of a saloon, however respectable it might be. The proprietor even volunteered the information that you were his niece."

"Did he, indeed? That was very nice of him, wasn't it? Rather odd, is it not, that you should later drop in here, and find me again. What do you think of me now?"

I looked at her for a moment before I answered, unable to frame my words to any satisfaction. What did she mean? What exactly was she driving at? Her whole manner puzzled me exceedingly. Was she playing me for a fool? For some attempting to lead me on for some secret purpose of her own? Did she believe my explanation? and, if not, why did she fall to throw open that door, and denounce me at once as a spy? There, in that soft light, she appeared more attractive than ever, and so peculiarly womanly as to seem utterly out of place in this scene of plot and crime. It was a young face, bright, animated, which frowned me, the dark eyes smiling and



"You Did Interest Me."

"Then the devil must have helped me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is all well enough to die happy, but it is far better to live that way.

unafraid, gazing straight into mine with a challenge in their depths. Her very attitude piqued me, aroused me to defense. I desired to hold her respect, her interest; nothing she might say, or do, served to lower her in my estimation to the hideous level of a political conspirator. Yet what else could she be? How could I account for her presence in this place on any other theory except that she came as a representative of Chilean intrigue? As the trusted messenger of that secret conspiracy at Santiago, under orders of the revolutionary junta at Washington? I had heard her words spoken boldly to this band of plotters, words of authority—demands they dare not ignore. No, there was no doubt as to who she was, or what she was. In spite of her face, her pleasing manner, her attractiveness of person, she was a dangerous enemy to this government which protected her, a despicable snake crawling through the dark to strike down a victim—a thing to be crushed without mercy. The very softness, womanliness, only made her the more to be feared. She should cast no spell over me. I would harden my heart, and forget all except the duty I owed my country, and that neutral nation to the south with whom we were at peace.

"Frankly, I do not know what to think," I answered at last. "Your mission here tonight, as I understand it, somehow does not fit in with my natural conception of you as a woman."

She laughed, but so low as to be inaudible to those beyond the closed door.

"You amuse me. Cannot a woman—even a womanly woman, if you please—love her country and be willing to sacrifice in its behalf?"

"Not to the extent of treachery and deceit; not to the end that innocent men and women suffer," I returned hotly, forgetting caution.

"And is that my purpose here, you think?"

"Is it not? This is a neutral land, yet what else can this conspiracy contemplate but cowardly destruction?"

"I refuse to answer—here and now, at least. Nor do I know why you should ask. Why are you here, and how? Do you realize the ease with which I could open this door, and give you over to the mercy of those men in there? After what you have just said, why do you suppose I fail to do so? Because I am such a womanly woman, perhaps?"

"Rather because you have no reason to so act. I may denounce your connection with this affair, believing it no fit work for any true woman to be engaged in, and yet myself be no traitor to the cause."

"You still hold me a true woman then?"

"Yes; I may be blind, but I retain faith."

"That is good—yet do not trust too much in any woman. What is your name?"

"Daly, Harry Daly."

"You seem to have some difficulty tonight in remembering names. Does this mean you also possess a variety?"

She stopped, listening intently, her head tilted back so as to better hear what was occurring behind the closed door.

"Be quiet," she whispered, one hand held forth in swift warning. "They are through in there. I think, and Alva will be out in a moment. Now listen! Don't ask any questions, but listen. Will you pledge yourself to do whatever I say?"

"Within any reasonable limits—yes."

"Limits! Don't talk limits," impatiently. "You say you are blind, but retain faith. Act on that faith blindly. I cannot speak here; there is no time, no opportunity. Tomorrow at two o'clock, come to 247 Le Comptre street. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Do not mistake the number. Ask for Miss Conrad. Now go back there and wait for Horner. Quick—they are coming."

I plunged hastily into the passage, and groped my way back between the narrow walls to the secluded room in the rear. I was too confused, too startled, to even think clearly. My conception of this woman, her nature and her purpose, had been changed a dozen times during this brief conversation. Even now I was utterly in the dark. Did the woman know me? or suspect the reason of my presence? That was manifestly impossible. She was utterly strange to me, and she was, not one to be easily forgotten. Why, then, did she trust me—if it was trust?

It must be either that, or treachery of the foulest type. "247 Le Comptre street"—I could not recall the neighborhood, only a vague conception of red brick buildings of exactly the same general style—probably fairly respectable boarding houses. And I was to ask for "Miss Conrad." Who might she be? Not the lady I had just left, surely, for she was scheduled to take the midnight train for Washington. "Miss Conrad" might be anything—a strange woman, an accomplice, even a disguised policeman. It masked some trick surely, of which I was quite liable to be the victim; behind my lady's smiling eyes, and cheerfulness, there was surely some marked purpose. This was the impression with which I ended—that for some end unknown she was coldly playing with me, leading me on.

FURS FOR SUMMER

Gray and Taupe Caracul About the Most Popular.

Lynx Often Seen as Trimming for Wraps—Some Chiffon Stoles in Evidence.

The furs that are being worn just now vary between the sables and miniks, and little animals of the same general appearance, to the largest and most sumptuous foxes in existence. These are thrown over the shoulders whether it is a suit that is worn or a dress of any sort. They are the finish that makes the whole outfit look just right and, whether the animal be the most expensive sable in existence or not, it still helps the costume to appear in its most becoming guise.

Most of the coats and capes for spring are made without fur collars, though a few of them are seen with broadly designed collars made of some fur to match the material in tone. For these summer trappings gray and taupe caracul are about the most popular, though lynx is very often seen as a trimming for the short or long wrap. There are some chiffon stoles trimmed with bands of the lighter furs.

There was given in New York a fur show for the general purpose of forecasting what the fur fashions of the coming winter season would be. It is a little far to look ahead into the future, especially for those of us who are barely beginning to think about our summer wardrobes, but it is interesting to note a few of the points that were brought out at this exhibit.

The flat furs had everything their own way, that is ermine and baby lamb and caracul and squirrel and some seal, although there was not nearly so much of the latter fur as might have been expected by those not versed in the most advanced news on this subject. The capes and the cape coats were the fascinating "moments" of the occasion, for they had about them many points that were new. In the first place, they were not wide in any sense, being just barely ample enough to wrap about the figure comfortably. They had linings that were so beautiful in themselves that one did not know which was more beautiful, the lining or the wrap itself.

The sleeves were plain and wide and straight, not being gathered into any cuff bands. The collars were straight, very wide, and then turned back over themselves so that they really became

TAILLEUR OF WHITE FLANNEL



An interesting tailleur of white flannel is stitched in navy and worn with a small quatercorn of straw, swathed with blue chiffon.

double layers of fur. Many of the wraps were held in at the waistline by narrow, tied belts and others of them, in cape form, were made so that they wrapped about the figure in graceful, circular folds.

THE WEDDING AT THE CHURCH

Bride's Father Waits in Rear of Chancel Until Called Upon to Give Away the Bride.

The bride's mother is escorted to the first pew at the left of the church by the chief usher, while the groom's family occupy the first pews on the right. The bridal party at the first strains of the wedding march starts for the altar. At the same moment the groom and best man come from the vestry and stand at the right of the vestry steps, waiting. The ushers come first, two by two, and then the bridesmaids, the maid of honor, and the bride on the left arm of her father. The ushers and bridesmaids group themselves on either side of the chancel, and the groom receives the bride from her father or escort and proceeds to the altar. The maid of honor stands directly beside the bride, to take her bouquet and turn her train, and the best man by the groom to give him the ring. The bride's father waits in the rear of the chancel until he is called upon to give away the bride, after which he joins his wife in the first pew.—Good Housekeeping.

The Tailored Suit.

The link button suit, with longer coat, is the fashion for girls in their late teens or early twenties. The vogue for longer coats is due to the slender silhouette so much in demand, and to the old adage that adding to the length of the coat subtracts from its width. The effect of slenderness is said to be heightened by the one button link. Navy blue twillcord is fashionable material for suits.

THE ROLL BRIM SAILOR HAT



This roll brim sailor has three rows of navy milan divided by white canton cords. Facing and crown of white canton crepe. Feather weight ivory ball drops dangle from either side. The summer fur is sand colored fox.

The Well-Chosen Jewelry

Decorations of the Sort Should Be Coming to Wearer and in Harmony With Costume.

Whether one wears pearls culled from the briny deep and sold at fabulous sums, or the far more modest product of synthetic art, the intrinsic value of the jewels is as naught compared with the fact as to whether or not they are becoming to the wearer, and in harmony with her characteristics of costume, style and surroundings.

There is an indefinite je ne sais quoi about the use of jewelry, which if not handled delicately and subtly, easily slides from use into abuse. Since pearls are less arrogant in their haught than diamonds, they can be worn with the greater safety and good taste on many occasions, as their soft sheen never offends like the brilliant sparkle of the many faced gems, such as diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

This year's models in jewelry lend ample scope to the imagination and fanciful tastes of the lovers of jewelry, as semiprecious jewels, known as costume jewelry, are to be had in infinite variety. This consists of stones of minor value, also many compositions artistically set and vividly colored. There are strings of even and variegated designs of vivid jade, amber, coral or jet, usually worn with earrings to match. These fanciful sets are a boon to many women, since they offer so many individual styles. If the individual falls in the proper selection of the fitting thing, surely it is not the lack of that choice that

guides her earring taste, but perchance ignorance of the laws of taste, good or bad, in the line of jewelry.

Just as truly as certain gowns are distinctly good taste on certain occasions, just as truly are there jewels, be they ever so handsome, that are decidedly out of keeping at certain times and places.

This is Lace Frock Season.

The mere mention of the net and flit gowns calls visions of misty loveliness to the eye. This is particularly true now these frocks are made over foundations of chiffon in sea green, orchid and old rose. Particularly striking are the fine flouncings worked in wool which have the appearance of fur. There is one black and white with the semblance of ermine, and another in black and gray, like angora or caracul.

Smart Contrast.

The coat dress, the favorite of this season's mode, gains originality by the addition of a novel stolelike collar of vivid and contrasting color. A blue poupet twill gown thus trimmed in Arabian red silk duvetyl will win the approval of the woman who fully understands the meaning of the French word chic.

Black for Night.

Have you noticed that the smart shops are showing all black underwear. Even milady's night robe is a thing of clinging black lines and lines.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

"It's a gay old world when you're gay, And a glad old world when you're glad. But whether you play Or go toiling away, It's a sad old world when you're sad."

"It's a beautiful world to see Or it's dismal in every zone. The thing it must be In its gloom or its gleam Depends on yourself alone."

SOME COOLING DRINKS.

The following are a few chilly drinks that are different:

Cafe Parfait.—Fill tall glasses two-thirds full of shaved ice. Fill to an inch from the top with cold coffee diluted with cream and sweetened. Serve with a spoonful of unsweetened whipped cream. Serve with soda spoons. This is equally good made with cocoa.

Mint Tea.—Pour boiling hot tea over a large bowl of mint leaves. Cool and serve with cracked ice, sugar and lemon.

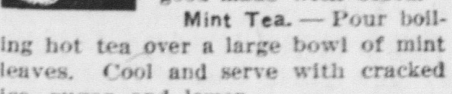
Tea Cream.—Put two ounces of tea in a cup and pour over it boiling water, cover and let stand five minutes. Stir into one quart of boiling cream or rich milk, cover and let stand another five minutes, strain. Sweeten and chill.

Banana Float.—Mash three bananas with the juice of one lemon and one cupful of sugar. Add gradually two cupfuls of whipped cream. Put a few spoonfuls of this in a glass and fill up with orange juice.

Old-Fashioned Ginger Water.—Mix together one tablespoonful of ginger with two of sugar, stir into a pint of ice water, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and stir well. Serve very cold.

Lemonade all ready for the glass may be prepared by squeezing the juice from half a dozen lemons, add a cupful of water and the grated rind of the lemon. Boil until the sirup is thick. Bottle and keep in the ice chest. Use a tablespoonful of the sirup to a glass of cold water.

Bananas en Casserole.—Peel six bananas and cut them in halves lengthwise and the pieces in halves crosswise. Lay these in a casserole. Melt a small glass of jelly in one cupful of boiling water and pour over the bananas. Squeeze over them the juice of half a lemon. Bake in a moderate oven one-half hour, leaving the casserole uncovered.



An interesting tailleur of white flannel is stitched in navy and worn with a small quatercorn of straw, swathed with blue chiffon.

He that hath never warred with misery, Nor ever tugged with danger or distress, Hath had no occasion nor no field to try The strength and forces of his worthiness.

TASTY DISHES.

A change from the everyday way of serving peas may be found agreeable. This may be used with canned peas or fresh. Heat the peas and pour over them the following sauce:

Hollandaise Sauce.—Divide one-half cupful of butter into three parts, put one of the pieces into a saucepan with the yolks of two eggs and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Measure a few grains of cayenne and one-third of a cupful of boiling water; stir with a wire whisk until the butter is melted, then add the second piece; stir until mixed, then add third piece; now add the boiling water, cook one minute, add salt and cayenne and it is ready to serve.

Bunelos.—Take one and one-half pounds of veal, cooked tender, and put through the meat grinder. To three cupfuls of veal add one cupful of blanched almonds, one cupful of seeded raisins, a teaspoonful of spiced sausage meat. Stew all together with a little veal broth. When cold, form into little cakes and fry in deep fat. Pour over them thickened tomato sauce with cinnamon and sugar.

Pears With Raspberry Puree.—Cook fresh or canned pears, filling the centers with candied cherries in a cupful of sugar sirup; place on a plate, cover with one cupful of canned raspberries pressed through a sieve, cover with whipped cream and serve garnished with cherries.

French Fondant.—Take four cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of water, three tablespoonfuls of white corn sirup (the brown can be used as well, but makes the candy slightly creamy; boil until a drop makes a soft ball which can be just gathered in the fingers when dropped in cold water. Do not stir while boiling, and pour carefully on a large buttered platter, not draining the dish for if a few grains of sugar fall into the mixture they make a chain which granulates the whole mixture when it is stirred. When cool stir with a wooden spoon until it is quite stiff, then pack away in a bowl; cover and let stand until the following day. Any flavors may be added, coloring matter, fruits and nuts, making a large variety. For children maple flavor, or vanilla, with a few candies flavored with peppermint and wintergreen will be perfectly wholesome.

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Nellie Maxwell