

The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Say, where the hell—have you been? What is this, a double-cross, Waldron?" "What you mean?" ejaculated the other. "By Gott! It is rather you I should ask why you not tell me the truth?"

"You, and be d-n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here without a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!" He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, brute strength and ferocity. The bottle was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted; I know we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I know the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one first square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift uppercut, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were thrust violently aside, and the head-waiter, backed by a half dozen subordinates, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.



"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You keel ze men? What?" "No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See here, M'sieur," and I thrust the first bill I could reach into his hand. "Hush this up, will you, and let the lady and me get out of here."

She may not have been altogether pleased with my answer, for she said no more until we drew up at the hotel entrance. She waited while I settled with the chauffeur, and we crossed the wide pavement together. "It may be best for you not to come in; one never knows." "This is not a final parting, I hope?" "Perhaps so, perhaps not. You do not wholly trust me. Some day I mean you shall. Good-night."

CHAPTER X

The Proof of Murder—The Back Room of Costigan's I watched her through the glass doors until she vanished among the crowd in the lobby. I could not permit her to go away like this; to get beyond my sight and knowledge—yet I hesitated too long, until she had merged into the swirling crowd and was lost. It was indeed a strange feeling of loneliness which swept over me in that moment. Never before had I felt such depth of interest in a woman, or experienced such regret at parting. With no apparent effort, seemingly utterly indifferent, she had nevertheless become intertwined with my life, her presence a necessity for my happiness. The soft pressure of her body, the touch of her hand, was intoxicating; the glance of her eyes sent the warm blood pulsing through my veins. She had become to me an inspiration, a memory to dream over, a hope no longer to be resisted.

THE DRAPED HAT

Materials Used in Dresses Popular for Headgear.

Gingham and Linen and Dotted Swiss and Organdie Used for Summer Chapeaux.

There has been no sudden leap from shaped hats to draped hats, writes a correspondent. The change has been gradual, but the smartest thing that one can do in the way of headgear is to wear a hat that is made of something other than the long-accepted hat stuffs. The milliners used to say that this and that fabric would "make up" well for hats, but now the feeling is that they stop at nothing when it comes to fashioning a hat out of some strange fabric never before used for that purpose.



A scarf 72 inches long and 18 inches wide, of plaid brush wool in gray, copen, buff, peacock, navy, turquoise, white, black and heather, shown recently at a New York style exposition. Right sort of accessories. Dainty Collar and Cuff Sets, Bright Sash or Perky Bow Will Do Wonders.

SCARF FOR THE COOL NIGHTS



Right sort of accessories. Dainty Collar and Cuff Sets, Bright Sash or Perky Bow Will Do Wonders. "She had on the smartest little waistcoat," said a woman the other day in discussing the appearance of a friend she met during a morning's shopping, and she couldn't recall a thing about the suit with which the waistcoat was worn, except that it was "just a little plain dark suit of some sort."

Taffeta has charm for all. Fabric lends itself to many uses for the wearing apparel of Milady. One favorite way of developing a frock fashioned of taffeta material is making a quaint basque bodice and a tiered or scalloped skirt. Fringes and uncut edgings have disappeared from view, and in their places—even at the beginning of summer—came ruchings of taffeta and queer little wheels and ornaments of lace edging, the latter frequently tinted to match the gown, and the ornamentation has gained in favor.

Shoulder Coming In. The shoulders are coming in for a good deal of attention in the new frocks. Another thing is the deep bertha that hangs from the shoulders, sometimes from a straight off-the-shoulder line, to the waist. This is a feature of a good many frocks, of such soft fabric as voile, or such stiff fabric as organdie. Best way to clean rugs. Mild Soap With Tepid Water Should Be Used When Floor Coverings Are Washed.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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But words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think—Byron.

MUTTON WITH SAUCES. Mutton would be far more popular in many homes if care in removing the skin were observed. The woolly flavor so objectionable is found in the skin. If the animal has been well dressed there should be no strong flavor.

There are two ways of cooking mutton. For those who are fond of the mutton flavor it is cooked to bring out the natural flavor; the other way unites it with highly flavored vegetables or seasonings which produce a combination of flavors. One of the important things to remember in serving mutton and lamb with the gravy containing any of the fat is to have it piping hot, as the fat hardens so quickly that it leaves an unpleasant furry feeling on the tongue. Everything used in the serving of mutton, service plates, platters and gravy dishes, should be well heated.

Roast Saddle of Mutton.—A saddle of mutton is the loin cut off in one piece. It is a favorite roasting piece. Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper, place in the baking pan on a rack and dredge with flour. Bake in a hot oven, basting frequently and allow ten or fifteen minutes to the pound, depending upon whether it is to be rare or well done. The leg of mutton is roasted in the same way. Serve with a brown gravy with or without currant jelly. In making the gravy allow two tablespoonfuls of fat for each cupful of gravy desired. Pour off all the fat and measure the desired amount, add three tablespoonfuls of flour for each two of fat and cook until well browned. Add broth or boiling water—one cupful to the proportions of flour and fat given. Season with salt and pepper and add one glass of currant jelly to a cupful of gravy. This makes a delicious sauce for reheated cold mutton.

Caper Sauce.—Melt one-third of a cupful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook thoroughly. Pour on gradually one and one-half cupfuls of hot mutton broth, add one-half cupful of capers drained from their liquor and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Chopped sour pickles may be substituted for the capers. This sauce is served with boiled mutton.

All that is great in man comes through work; and civilization is its product. Success treads on the heels of every right effort.—Samuel Smiles.

SUMMERY DISHES.

Make a choice of any of these appetizing salad combinations which will supply the family for a week or two: Hard-cooked eggs with lettuce and mayonnaise; lettuce and cooked asparagus, or tomato with asparagus; tomato stuffed with chopped cucumbers or asparagus; head lettuce with Roquefort dressing; green pepper shredded, mixed with cottage cheese, boiled dressing; watercress and egg; pepper grass, radishes and French dressing; orange and pineapple with French dressing; spinach with eggs and boiled dressing; lettuce with chopped peanuts, onions and French dressing.

Chicken Jelly Salad.—Soften one-half teaspoonful of gelatin in four tablespoonfuls of cold water, add one cupful of boiling chicken broth, stir till well dissolved, adding salt, pepper, onion juice and celery salt to season. Chill until cold, then add part of this to a cupful of finely chopped cooked chicken in layers with the broth as it hardens, adding cooked eggs, carrots or beets cut in shapes to decorate. Let each layer become firm before adding another.

Cream of Spinach Soup.—Wash two quarts of spinach and place in a saucepan over a moderate fire, adding no water. Stir with a fork and leave the kettle uncovered. Cooked in this way it loses none of its flavor and little color. When tender put through a sieve and add to it six cupfuls of thin, white sauce prepared as follows: Take one-fourth of a cupful of butter, one-third of a cupful of flour and cook until bubbling hot, then add four cupfuls of chicken broth; cook until smooth and add two cupfuls of milk. Season to taste and serve with croutons.

Golden Parfait.—Take one-half cupful of finely chopped French fruit and soak over night in orange juice to cover. Cook two-thirds of a cupful each of water and sugar together until it is thick enough for frosting. Pour the hot sirup in a fine stream on five well-beaten egg yolks; beat until the mixture thickens, setting the pan over hot water. Beat until cold. Fold in one and one-half cupfuls of heavy cream whipped. Put into a mold in layers with the fruit. Pack and let ripen in ice and salt.

Nellie Maxwell