

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER BY RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER X—Continued. My glance wandering about the room almissly fell upon the valise in one corner.

Good God! what could be the meaning of this? She had worn that ornament in her hat openly, purposely, to fool me into believing her innocent.

Perhaps she would see me again—perhaps! The lie was yet warm upon her lips. She had gone away laughing at the simpleton who had believed her, the dupe who had so easily been deceived by her smiles.

I sat with my head in my hands staring at the mutilated bag, racked with anger and misery. I had been easy, a mark of derision and ridicule; a mere screen for her to hide behind, while her accomplice, if she had one, escaped with the spoils.

sibly gain by thus overhearing the tale of their failure, if she already knew who was the murderer of Alva, and what had become of the spoils? I could ask these questions, but not one was answerable. They merely mocked me with their emptiness.

"Who is speaking?" "The fellow you biffed with a bottle tonight. No, I ain't got no hard feelings. Besides, I got something else to think about than a cracked dome. Say, I got some dope on how that job was did, an' maybe could tell you something else of interest. I got to talk with you privately—that's what. It's a matter for the girl as well as yourself. I'm playing square as long as you do the right thing, but I know who the dame is, an' am liable to squeal if I get a raw deal; that's putting it straight, Harry."

"I turned it over swiftly in my mind, the receiver still at my ear. I felt no particular fear of Harris; to be sure, in all probability, he was only feeling about in the dark, hoping in this way to learn something of value, yet it might be that he had accidentally uncovered the girl's identity, and that alone was inducement enough to urge me to take the risk. If he actually knew who she was, he was the kind that might become ugly, and, however much I suspected her in my own mind, I had no desire to leave her undefended at his mercy. Guilty or not guilty, my inclination was to protect her to the last. Besides I was eager to obtain the information he claimed to possess; indeed, all progress on the case was blocked until I did obtain it. As to his boast that he knew where the stolen money was concealed, I took little stock in that. Doubtless he merely threw that in for good measure. But the other looked reasonable enough; she had confessed being at Perond's before; Pierre was fully as likely to recall her to memory as he was to remember Daly, and Harris could never have made so shrewd a guess, unless he had really been told the facts. Another thing gave me courage to go to Costigan's. I was still accepted by these people as Harry Daly, crook. I would undoubtedly be so received, so treated. Under these circumstances there could be no personal danger; I held the whip-hand, the advantage—Harris was only endeavoring to see what he could get out of me; he had abandoned force to resort to diplomacy.

"All right," I said. "I'll run over there; if you want to play fair, I'll meet you half way." "Oh, I'm on the square, old man, and I've got some good dope," he insisted. "I'll blow it when you show up."

posted at the door of the saloon. I pressed open the swinging door, and stepped into the brilliantly lighted bar-room. Costigan was behind the bar, but at sight of me, rounded the end, and shook hands cordially, removing his apron, and slipping into a coat, in token that he had changed his occupation.

"Better call Charlie," he said to a man beside him. "For I'll be off for an hour or so. You came to see George?" "Yes; he telephoned me." "Said he was goin' to. He's waitin' in the office there. I'll go along with you."

He pushed a passage through the crowd, his breadth of body according me ample room in which to follow without being obstructed, and opened the closed door with a pass-key. To a wave of his big hand I passed confidently past him, and entered. The next instant he had pressed me forward, came in also, and closed the door; the sharp click of the lock sounded like the report of a pistol. One startled glance at the interior told me I was trapped, and the swift instinct of defense led me to step aside, so that I should have my back to the wall. Harris sat in the swivel chair, with feet elevated on the desk, sardonically grinning at me over a half-chewed cigar tilted between his teeth. A white rag was wound round his head, through which a few drops of blood had oozed, leaving a dark stain. Leaning against the wall opposite was Waldron, one eye half-closed, and his lip split, giving to his

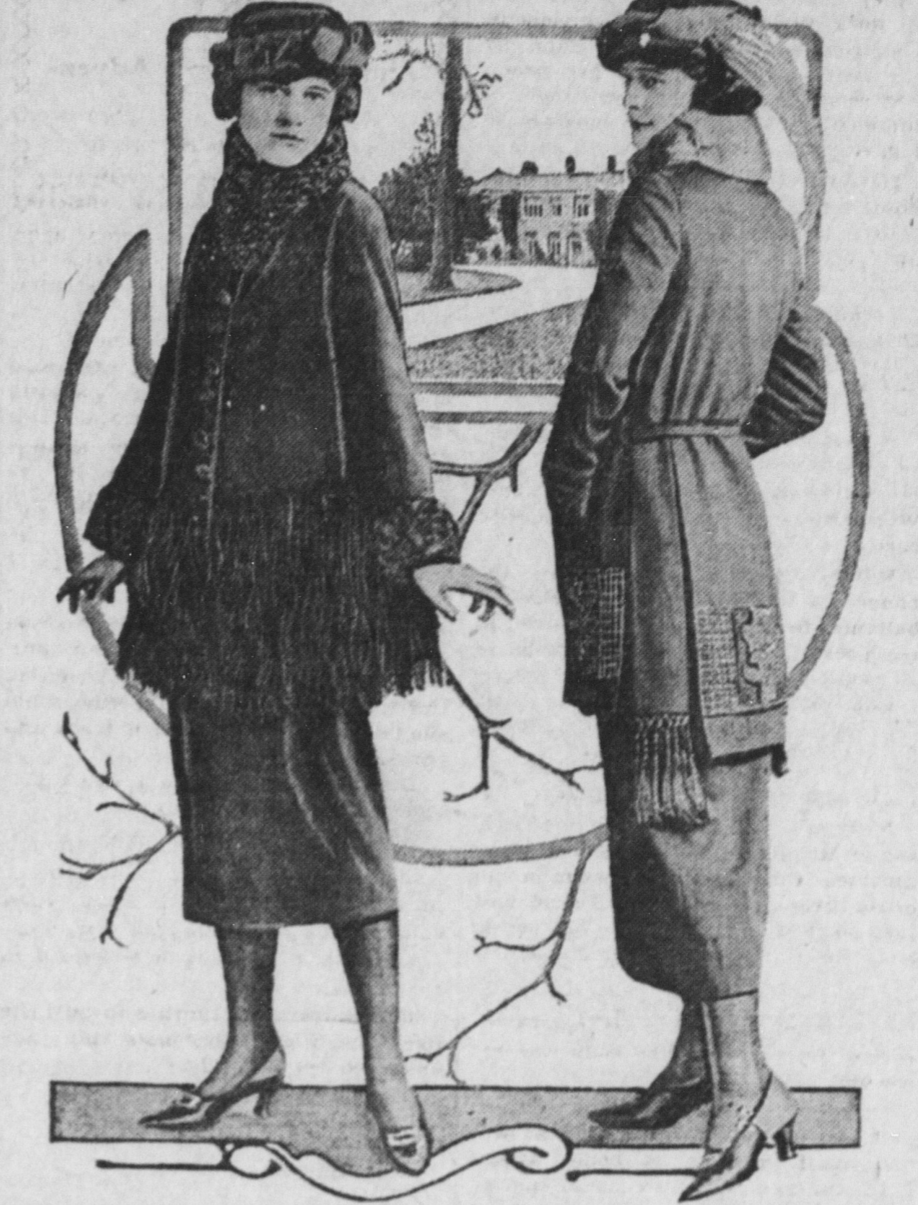


"I'll Bet You Don't Even Know Who She Is."

face a look of savage brutality, rendered peculiarly sinister by a grim effort to smile. Costigan remained motionless, with back against the door, as though thus barring all possibility of escape. I had walked into their trap, and the jaws had closed. The grin on Harris' face maddened me. "Well," I said coldly, "it was a stall, was it? What is the idea?" He laughed, without changing his attitude.

"This happens to be our turn to play, Daly," he returned, apparently well satisfied with his smartness. "Then you have nothing to tell me?" "Oh, yes, I have; I've got a h—l of a lot to tell you. But first of all you are going to tell me a few things. Push back your right sleeve to the elbow, shirt and all." "What's that for?" "Never you mind what it's for; you do what I say, if you know what is best for yourself."

INTERPRETING THE STYLES FOR EARLY FALL WEAR



ACCEPTED styles in suits are interpreted in many ways. The art of the tailor is put to the test when he must adapt a mode to the age of his patron and modify it in accordance. In suits there are those that express the buoyancy of youth, those that convey the spirit and poise of later and fuller life, and those that attest to the dignity, quiet and richness of age. None of these have been altogether left out of the displays, but it is natural that suits for younger women should predominate and two of these are pictured here.

front of brown caracul fur. It fastens up the front with odd, oblong buttons. It is a youthful affair as it is, but a band of fur substituted for the chenille fringe will adapt it to very young women. The shortness of the skirt indicates that it was meant for them. The handsome suit at the right, made of black suede cloth, is distinctly matronly. The coat is elaborated by side panels, by variations in its length and by a rich embroidery of black silk and silver tinsel.

STARS IN MILLINERY SKY DEPICT WORK OF ARTISTS



Four distinct types of hats appear here, each one of them entitled to be called a star in the galaxy of its particular kind. They are forecasts of what we may expect to see in the millinery sky this winter, and they are enchanting. At a glance we perceive them to be the work of artists, from the frame foundations to the last minute details of their making and trimming, and concede that only expert professionals can make them. Think this over when the price of hats is under discussion and be willing to pay for faultless workmanship.

It is a picture hat of felt and seems to belong to girlhood, enhancing the beauty of faces that can wear it. It is simply trimmed—preserving its youthful character by refraining from any ornament except the quaint applique flower motif on the front of the very large crown. The well-poised, spirited matron will find a hat that suits her in the brilliant turban of brocaded satin at the right, with its odd, sophisticated drapery. This hat has a French accent, but whatever its origin, its distinction is clear. The last hat in the group is a familiar shape draped with duvetyn and trimmed with beads and bead tassels. It is here because it is demanded, and is quite likely to prove the favorite type of hat for street wear. One of the shapes that artists love appears in the youthful model at the

Julie Bottomley Nellie Maxwell

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Solitude is as necessary to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.—Lowell.

VEGETABLES PREPARED THE FRENCH WAY.

The French, being masters in the art of cooking and seasoning, observe a few rules which explain the delicacy of their dishes. All vegetables are cleaned and covered with cold water, except such vegetables as tomatoes, egg plant, corn or peas, which depend much on their flavor for palatability.

Then all vegetables, with few exceptions, are cooked in boiling water, and the water is boiling when the vegetable is dropped in. At the end of the cooking period the vegetable is carefully drained (except in cases where the vegetable is cooked in a very small amount of water and the water is used with seasonings as a sauce to serve with it, for example, green peas, and all steam removed before the seasonings are added). Stuffed Cabbage.—Select a small, hard head of cabbage and steam it or tie in a cloth and cook until tender, using salt in the water.

Spinach With Gravy.—Steam or cook the spinach in the water which clings to the leaves. Drain and chop fine. Return the spinach to the heat, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of flour. When well mixed add one and one-half cupfuls of any meat gravy or a sauce made from bouillon cubes. Serve hot.

A college for women which does not send back to her home the daughter more willing and capable to enter into the home problems and solve them with heartiness and grace is not an institution of learning. It is an institution of unlearning.—Frank W. Gunsaulus.

SOME SOUTHERN DISHES.

The dishes of the South are different, many of them often because of different products; the following, however, may be prepared in almost any section of the United States: New Orleans Bisque.—Heat one cupful of milk, lacking a tablespoonful which is used to mix with a tablespoonful of cornstarch; stir until it boils and the cornstarch is well cooked. Remove, strain and cool. Then add two cupfuls of thin cream, one-half cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla and freeze in the usual way. When half frozen, stir in one dozen finely crumbled macaroons. Finish freezing.

Cucumber and Pimento Salad.—Parse a chilled cucumber and cut into match-like pieces. Remove the pimentos from the can, rinse in cold water and cut into strips like the cucumbers. Use equal measures of each. Dress each separately with French dressing with a little scraped onion added. Arrange in a salad bowl and serve with fish.

Peppers a la Creole.—Take three large green peppers, three medium-sized tomatoes, six small slices of bacon, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, one cupful of cooked rice, one teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper and three-fourths of a cupful of water. Cut the peppers in halves, remove the seeds. Remove the skins and cores of the tomatoes and cut into fine pieces. Try out the bacon which has been finely minced and brown the onions in the fat. Mix the tomatoes with the bacon, onion, rice and seasonings and fill the cavities of the peppers with the mixture. Surround the peppers with hot water and two tablespoonfuls of the drippings, cover and bake in a moderate oven. Remove the cover 15 minutes before taking from the oven; baste occasionally while baking. Serve hot.

Tripe a la Creole.—Wash one and one-half pounds of tripe in three waters, using soda in the last water. Boil the tripe until tender—about one and one-half hours—then cut with scissors into narrow strips. Brown two small sliced onions in two tablespoonfuls of fat. Add one red and one green pepper finely chopped, a bit of mace, six pepper corns, four allspice, two and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, dash of pepper, and one quart of tomato with one-half teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of sugar. Simmer 20 minutes. Serve with hot boiled rice.

Nellie Maxwell