RHODA'S SECRET

By SYLVJA CHESTER

& A AS AS AS AS AS AS AS AS AS CHAPTER I.

It was a February morning in aris. The sun was shining brilliantly in a clear sky, and the streets

d boulevards were crowded. Rhoda Dering found some difficulty in making her way, and the servant with her kept up a ceaseless flow of grumblings as she toiled along with a heavy basket. Rhoda paid no heed to her servant's words. She walked as quickly as possible. and she appeared as unconscious of the admiring eyes that followed her as of the servant's discontent.

At last they reached a house in one of the smaller streets. Rhoda one of the smaller streets. Rhoda took a key and a letter from the concierge and led the way up the long flights of stone stairs. It was nearly at the top of the house that she stopped and unlocked the door that gave access to a small suite of

The little salon was gaudily fur nished, the crimson velvet of the chairs and sofa was faded, the walls and ceiling were in sad need of re painting; it was a dreary room, without a touch of beauty or refine-ment about it. On the marble-topped table before the window there were two candlesticks, with the candles half burned down, and a pack of cards.

Rhoda took off her hat without looking at the maid.

"You had better make haste and get luncheon ready. I will dust the room," she said, in cool high tones. It was a characteristic voice, strong and clear, but curiously hard.

The woman put down the basket with a thump on one of the chairs.

"I'll cook no more meals in this

place!" she exclaimed, in shrill tones. "Pay me my wages! You can do for yourself for the future; I'll

do no more for you!"

"You know quite well that I cannot pay you your wages, and, until you get them, you must stay here," answered Rhoda, calmly. "Paris is no place for you to live in without

"Where's my money, then? Give me my money."

'You shall have it when I have it to give to you. You may be quite certain that I shall get rid of you on

the first opportunity."
"Money that's obtained by cheating at cards is pretty sort of money to give to an honest girl! Oh, you think I know nothing, Miss Dering! You thought you would like a stupid English country girl who couldn't understand what it's all about; but I know what you are and your lather too, and I want my money!

"I agree with you that it was a great mistake that we hired you," returned Rhoda, without looking at the servant. She was standing by the mantelpiece, looking at the letter the concierge had given to her She put it down and slightly turned towards the girl. "Kindly carry that basket away and bring me a duster."

'When am I to have my wages?" said the girl sullenly, without mov-

"You shall have them when I have the money. Go and get the luncheon ready."

The servant took up the basket and then put it down and burst into

"If you'd give me a kind word, Miss Dering, now and then, I wouldn't mind; but I can't stand it and I won't stand it! And I hate your father and that Monsieur Le-froy, and it isn't a place for a respectable girl to be in!"

Rhoda looked at the girl gravely. 'Do you remember where I met she said.

The servant's sobs sounded louder "I was all that lady's fault! She promised me a good situation if I came to Paris with her, and then, a

"Do you ever think what might have happened to you if I had not met you that evening? Paris is no

place for an ignorant girl to be alone in." 'I want to go back to England,"

muttered the girl sullenly.
"You shall go back as soon as I can pay your fare; I am as anxious to get rid of you as you can be to go!" Rhoda answered sharply. "Now go away with that basket!"

The girl, still sobbing loudly, car-ed the basket into the inner room, and Rhoda took up the letter again. It was addresesd to her father, with an English postmark, and many

eign postmarks showed that it had been following them about. Rhoda was still looking at the letter when a footstep sounded outside and her father came in. He was like Rhoda, tall and slight, with a pale handsome face. His hair was still black, and he would have looked a young man still but for the haggard lines on his face. Rhoda held out the letter without speaking. Her father took it carelessly, but his face

changed as he saw the handwriting.
"My brother at last!" he said quickly, breaking the seal. "Well, thought my last letter would fetch

He read the letter, and then, with a laugh flung it to Rhoda.

"Read it, my girl. It concerns you

The letter was written in a small,

formal hand. There was a crest on the top of the thick white note pa-per, and the motto "Hold truth

Rhoda read:

Dear Arthur: I have carefully read your letter about your girl, and I see the force of what you say. You tell me she has been educated in a convent, but is still a Protestant. I am glad to hear that this is so. thoroughly agree with you that your life is not one that should be shared by an innocent girl. My first thought was to suggest to you that you should get her a home in some respectable English family, but my wife wishes her to come here. My own daughter is just eighteen: Rhoda will be able to help her with French and music. You say she is proficient in both. Of course it is quite under-stood between us that any communi-cation on your part with Rhoda will lead at once to her losing the home

I am yours, etc.

George Dering.

"A pleasant letter from a brother to a brother, eh, Rhoda?" sald Mr. Dering, as Rhoda folded the letter and placed it upon the mantelplece.

"When does he think that I left the convent?" she asked. "That's the joke of it, my dear. He thinks you are still there—that you have been there since your mother died, twelve years ago."

'That means that you told him

'Exactly."

Mr. Dering had seated himself upon a chair by the window, and Rhoda turned towards him to ask the question.

"If I had told him you left the convent two years ago, do you think you would have received that invi-'Do you wish me to accept it?"

"By Jove, I do! Look here, Rhoda, you are a clever girl and a handsome girl. I want you back at Dering; things are pretty well played out here. You see what our luck is, and how our funds stand. I intend you to make your fortune at Dering.'

"As a governess to my uncle's daughter?"

"Well, not exactly like that. Do you remember what I told you of your aunt Millicent?" "Of course."

"Well, she's at Dering. Flatter her little weaknesses, my dear, and get your name down in her will. That's one way of making your fortune.'

"She is not much older than you," returned Rhoda.

"Not much, certainly. But that's only one way out of the wood for you, though. You can make a good marriage, Rhoda."
"Yes, there is that to think of,"

"Yes, there is that to think of," the girl answered quietly. She baused a moment, and then said, "I suppose you dwelt upon the impossibility of my living with you?"
"Exactly. I used two colors only in my letter—white for you, black for myself; a lamb and a wolf. You were leaving the peaceful shelter of the convent, what was I to do with

the convent, what was I to do with you? All this, and more, I said. The letter went, and voila!" He waved his hand towards the answer. irst attack has been crowned with victory, Rhoda, my girl. Now it is your turn. Mere Amelie will re-ceive you for a week or so. Write from the convent an answer to that letter. Say how glad you will be to embrace your dear relatives, scatter a few French expressions over the pages, talk of your happy convent life and the dear nuns. Avoid all reference to me. Then off you go to Dering under some safe escort; get the same roof with my dear sister, Millicent, and in a month my clever daughter will be first on her list of favorites. Then will come a season in town, a brilliant marriage, and then-why, then you can think

and then—why, then you can think of your old father."
"An alluring prospect," said Rhoda, with a bitter smile.
"It's a perfectly safe thing, my dear. I should like to bet on it."

"The cards are more against us than you realize," the girl answered. "How am I to play the part of a girl fresh from a convent? I have lived with you for two years."

"I have all your convent letters to and take them with you. Then recall what you were like two years ago—what a truthful, innocent, sweet-faced little maid you were!"

A look of intense bitterness passed over Rhoda's face. She did not speak, but she took up her uncle's letter again and read it through. Her father watched her, drumming with his fingers on the table beside

"It's our only chance, Rhoda," he said, after a moment. "I am played out, and it's time I left Paris. I didn't like the looks of Marche and Lisle at all this morning; I believe they suspected something last night."

"I am sure they did," Rhoda in-

"I am sure they did," knoda interpolated quietly.
"I must be off to Monte Carlo,"
Mr. Dering continued, "and Lefroy is going with me. You know you hate going there."
"I do not intend to go," the girl answered. "I am going to England—to Dering!"

to Dering!" Mr. Dering jumped up, struck his

hands together, and a look of great relief passed over his face. "That's a good gir! The fact is, Rhoda, I couldn't take you to Monte Carlo this time! We shall be a low lot, and I must keep you out of it

"I have never had a chance," the girl said, half to herself. "Why shouldn't I take this chance?" shouldn't I take this chance?"

"An English letter, mon amus
"You would be a goose if you did
Now I was not aware that you kept

not take it, my dear! All you have to do is to forget the past two years of your life and be a little convent maid again!"

"Yes; that is all I have to do," she returned with a bitter smile. She took up her hat and gloves. "I must look after the luncheons," she must look after the luncheons." she said. "Sarah is clamoring for her wages again!"

"Confound the girl! What on earth made you have that girl, Rhoda? Celine was worth twenty of her!"
"Celine—was Celine!" said Rhoda,

with a bitter smile. Mr. Dering shrugged his shoul-

ders.
"Let us hope the time is coming

when you can afford to be particu-lar, Rhoda. Lefroy is coming to

"You can hardly call me particu-lar," the girl said. "I sit at the ta-ble with M. Lefroy!"

Mr. Dering took out a cigar and began to light it as he answered: "If you were not going to Dering, u would have another proposal

made to you, Rhoda."
"Pray of what kind?"
"From M. Lefroy."

Rhoda turned with a sudden look of intense scorn on her dark face.

Her father laughed. "You are going to Dering, my dear, or I should have advised you to accept it. I owe Lefroy five thousand francs."

You know I hate him." "But you must have married him, my dear, if you had not gone to Dering!'

'Never!" "Well, we need not discuss it. You see we are agreed about my little plan. By the bye," he added, as Rhoda moved towards the door, "how old are you, Rhoda?" "You know."

"But you do not, my dear; you are twenty. I took leave to alter your age by two years. No woman can object to be two years younger than

Rhoda turned back into the room and shut the door. She sat down by her father and laid her hand upon his arm.

Father, I do not think I can do I shall not be able to play my part. Write, or let me write, and tell uncle George the truth. Tell him that I have shared your life for these years. He cannot refuse to have me even if he knows the truth!"

Mr. Dering laid down his cigar and put his hand over hers.

"My dear," he said, in a very gentle tone, "I have been a reckless and careless father to you, and I want you to have this one chance. I know Dering; I want you know it. You say, tell George the truth. How is it possible? Look the truth in the face, Rhoda. I have been a gambler and a cheat. You have known this, and you have lived with me for two years. That one thing would cut you off for ever from Dering if it were known."

Rhoda said nothing. "When you came back from the convent," her father went on after a pause, "I meant to reform—I tried to do it—you know I did, Rhoda. But it was of no use. We have been good comrades and friends, my rirl, but the time has come for us to part. I am in Lefroy's power to some extent, and he and I are going to be partners for the future. If you stay with me, you must marry him,

'Cannot we go away togethergo to the colonies—anywhere—and begin a new life?"

"We threshed out that question long ago, Rhoda. No, my dear; do a little for a great good. Go to Dering —it is your rightful home—and try your luck there. Only understand this, Rhoda—the invitation is given to you as you were two years ago. The least hint of the truth would close the doors of Dering to you for-

Rhoda's face hardened and her

lips grew stern.
"Yes, you are right to blame me,"

Mr. Dering went on as he watched her face. "I ought never to have brought you into my life. But I I could take care of you—and I have taken care of you—now haven't I, Rhoda?"

"Yet you say that they would turn me out of Dering if they knew the truth!"

"They would certainly turn you out of Dering if they knew that you had lived with me for two years!" he answered emphatically. they do not know-they never will

Rhoda rose from her seat. 'They shall not know," she said. She paused for a moment and ther slowly left the room.

Mr. Dering took up his cigar again and smoked for a little while. But presently he laid it down again and sat looking before him with a heavy frown on hi: brow. Once or twice he gave a hopeless sigh. His face looked very worn and haggard in the morning light. He was still sitting there when a tap came at the door. It opened before Mr. Dering could speak, and a slim, dark man entered—a man a few years younger than Mr. Dering, with the same haggard lines round his eyes. He had a thin hawklike face and a pair of verderil block code.

wonderful black eyes.
"I am early," he said in excellent
English. "But I knew I might take that liberty."

"Come in, come in!" said Mr. Dering without rising. "Luncheon will be ready soon."

The visitor sat down on the chair by the table and glanced at the let-ter lying there.

"An English letter, mon amil

up correspondence with any English friends."

"Weren't you?" returned Mr. Der-

ing shortly.
"A lawyer perhaps? They are very troubleso those lawyers." troublesome correspondents,

"A letter from my brother George," the other answered, with a glance at the Frenchman's face. "An invitation to Rhoda."

Lefroy raised his eyebrows

slightly.
"Are we on such terms with our brother? I congratulate you, my

brother? I congratulate you, my friend Dering." Thank you! Rhoda is going al-

most at once.

There was silence for a moment.
Then M. Lefroy said carelessly:
"A long visit?"
"A life long visit in all probabil-

Rhoda will live in England in

There was another silence. ing watched the Frenchman's furtively, but it told him little,

M. Lefroy spoke first.
"I had the honor a few days ago,
to make certain proposals to you. Did I express myself clearly on that

Quite clearly, my friend." "Then why does mademoiselle go to England? Am I to understand—" "You are to understand, my dear Lefroy, that I feel very deeply the

honor of the alliance you propose, but it cannot be." And why? Mr. Dering shrugged his shoul-

ders. "A girl has fancies about such things. I wish Rhoda to chose for herself; and, to speak quite frankly, my friend, she does not choose you."

But you give me no chance. hoped that in this journey to-Dering interrupted

Frenchman sharply.

"It's out of the question! Take your answer, Lefroy. You and I go alone. Your marriage with my daughter is utterly out of the ques-

The Frenchman drew back in his the Frenchman drew back in his chair with a sudden jerk. It was the only sign he showed that the words had moved him. There was a deadly calmness in his tone and manner as he answered.

You speak strongly, mon ami. Have you looked at the game thor-

oughly.
"I know your cards. Play them Do your worst."
"You are excited, too much exall.

cited. Allow me to withdraw from my position. I congratulate made-moiselle on her good fortune. You have a very good brother, my dear friend."

He got up as the door opened behind him and stepped forward to meet Rhoda. 'I have just heard the good news,

mademoiselle," he said, with a low bow. "You leave us desolate; but an English home is to be made glad by our loss. I congratulate that Eng-Thank you, Monsteur Lefroy!"

Rhoda returned, with a slight bow. "I am glad to go to England."

"How glad England will be to re-ceive you! How thrice fortunate your uncle's happy family! You will be able to enliven the long winter venings, mademoiselle, by long tales of your travels."

"Rhoda is taking notes for that purpose," her father broke in. She will have many stories to tell them

"I am surprised," M. Lefroy went on. "Forgive me, mademoiselle, for being so surprised; but I thought—" "You see, Lefroy," Mr. Dering

again broke in, "what surprises you is an old tale with us. They have wanted Rhoda for years, but she would not leave her father. I am not invited to Dering. That might

surprise you indeed." "They are very good and kind, your English relatives. If I appear surprised, mademoiselle, it is that you have waited so long."

"Your surprise is quite natural, M. Lefroy," returned Rhoda quiet-ly. A scarlet spot of color had come into each cheek, and her eyes were dark with anger, but her voice was very calm. "Luncheon is ready," she added, turning away and addressing her father. "Will you

come into the other room?' "I had hoped so much that would come with us next week, Frenchman went on, drawing a step nearer to her.

Mr. Dering glanced at them both and then busied himself with his cigar-case. M. Lefroy went on in a lower tone.

"Can I not persuade you? England is cold; English people will not understand you. Mademoiselle, I entreat you, do not go to England!"

'England is my native country,' Rhoda answered, meeting his pas-sionate gaze with cold steady eyes. "I go to my own people, Monsieur Lefroy. My father will join me soon, I hope. I have no wish to leave England again."
"You have no pity for the friends."

"You have no pity for the friends you leave behind?" "I have no friends. There is no one in the world except my father

who has the right to claim that Not your dear English friends?" said Lefroy, with a low bow. "You forgot them—your kind good English relatives."

"I should have said, 'out of England," the girl returned.
"You do not fear any enemy?"

"I fear no one."
Lefroy bowed and crossed the room to open the door for Rhoda. As she passed, she looked straight at "I fear no one, Monsieur Lefroy,"

she repeated steadily. (To Be Continued.) CHARLES H. TREAT DEAD

Former Treasurer of the United States

Succumbs to Attack In New York. New York, June 1.—Charles Henry Treat, until a few months ago treas sition he was appointed by President



CHARLES H. TREAT.

apoplexy in his died of apartments at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. Treat was born in Frankfort, company's tracks. Emma was thrown e., about sixty-eight years ago. tan feet, landing on a sandbank. She Among his ancestors were Robert was badly bruised.

tion of Independence, and Robert Treat, a colonial governor of Connec

He is survived by his widow and

Forced Baby to Drink Carbolic Acid. Bridgeport, Conn., June 1.—In the absence of his botner, Harry Silvikas, down the throat of his baby brother, killing him.

They Liked the Story Cenan Doyle related this anecdote to show how a good story can delight

simple minded folk: In a remote village the blacksmith had got hold of an old copy of a successful novel. In the long evenings he used to read it about to the villagers, who fairly reveled in it and listened it out patiently to the end. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together and sets them living long and happily, according to the most approved rules, the villagers were so delighted at the happy ending that they rushed off to procure the church keys and

rang a merry peal, as they were wont to do when a member of their commu-

Emma Goldman Has Narrow Escape. Spokane, Wash., June 1. — Emma Goldman and her manager, Ben Reitman came near death when their au tomobile was struck by a freight train on the Oregon Railway & Navigation

WANTED A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN
sample Latest Model "Branger" birvele furnished by u. Our are ride and exhibits to

nity was married.

put it to any test you wish. It you are then not perfectly satural keep the bicycle ship it hack to us at our expense and you will not FACTORY PRICES. We furnish the highest grade bicycles it at one small profit above actual factory to \$35 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the antee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUX a bicycle or a pair at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our The state of the s

№ 50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF 🛂 80 SELF-HEALING TIRES 40 SAMPLE PAIR

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

DESORIPTION Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy iding, very durable and line disside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes prome and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfactures as a state of the stat

IF YOU NEED TIRES HE the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT** but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.



Don't Buy a Doped Horse

and don't let yourself be swindled by a crooked horse dealer on any of the score of tricks he has up his sleeve.

The "gyp" is abroad in the land. Every day buyers of horses are shamefully fleeced. DON'T BE ONE OF THE VICTIMS. Learn how to protect yourself in buying, selling or trading. Get the sensational new book

Secrets" Horse

by Dr. A. S. Alexander, and make yourself horse-wise and crook-proof.

Learn how "bishoping" is done-how a "heaver" is "shut"—a roarer "plugged"—how lameness, spavins, and sweeny are temporarily hidden—the "burglar" dodge -the horsehair trick-cocaine and gasoline doping-the ginger trick—the loose shoe trick—in short how to beat ALL the games of crooked auctioneers and dealers.

It is all in the "Horse Secrets" book, and if you ever buy or sell a horse you need just this knowledge to protect yourself from being swindled.

Read Our Remarkable Offer Below

A WORD ABOUT THE FARM JOURNAL: This is the foremost farm and home monthly in the world; 33 years old; 650,000 subscribers from Maine to California. Cheerful, quaint, clever, intensely practical, well printed and illustrated. Is for everybody, town, village, suburbs, or country; men, women, boys, girls,—the whole family; absolutely clean and pure; 24 to 60 pages monthly. We recommend it absolutely to every reader of this paper; you will find it unlike any other in the world.

OUR OFFER: { One Copy Horse Secrets Farm Journal - 2 years News Item 1 Year } All 3 for \$1.25

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.