



You, Your Highness, and Miss Thorne, Will Accompany Me.



ELUSIVE ISABEL

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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomatics when a messenger summons him to the embassy, where a beautiful young woman asks for a ticket to the embassy ball. This is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne, Chief among the secret service, and Mr. Grimm, his head detective, are warned that a plot is being hatched in Washington, and Grimm goes to the station to intercept it. His attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion disappears. A shot is heard and Senator Alvarez of the Mexican legation is found wounded. Grimm is sent to the Mexican legation to visit her, demanding knowledge of the affair, and arrests Pietro Petrozzi, Miss Thorne's visitor, an old bomb-maker, and they discover a wonderful experiment. Fifty thousand dollars were stolen from the office of Senator Rodriguez, the minister from Venezuela, and while detectives are investigating the robbery, Miss Thorne appears at the Mexican legation. Grimm accuses her of the theft, but she is restored, but a new mystery occurs in the disappearance of Monsieur Boisagur, the French ambassador. Elusive Miss Thorne reappears, bearing a note which states that the ambassador has been kidnaped and demanding ransom. The ambassador returns and again strangely disappears. It is learned from an old house in the suburbs that he is staying there, demanding knowledge of the affair, and arrests Pietro Petrozzi, the son of Senator Alvarez and that he is Prince d'Abruzzi. Grimm makes a mysterious jail delivery. He orders both Miss Thorne and Prince d'Abruzzi to leave the country; they are conducted to New York and placed on a steamer for return. Grimm's coffee is drugged and he regains consciousness to find sympathetic against the government. The conspirators against the government are located and their scheming is overthrown. Grimm orders d'Abruzzi to destroy the unsigned compact.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"Miss Thorne has stated the matter fairly, I believe, your Highness," and Mr. Grimm permitted his eyes to linger a moment on the flushed face of this woman who, in a way, was defending him. "But there is only one thing to do, Miss Thorne." He was talking to her now. "There is no middle course. It is a problem that has only one possible answer—the destruction of that document, and the departure of you, and you, your Highness, for Italy under my personal care all the way. I imagined this matter had ended that day on the steamer; it will end here, now, tonight."

The prince glanced again at his watch, then thoughtfully weighed the percussion cap in his hand, after which, with a curious laugh, he walked over to the squat iron globe in an opposite corner of the room. He bent over it half a minute, then straightened up. "It's absurd to let one man stand in the way," declared the prince angrily. "It might not be an impudent question, your Highness," commented Mr. Grimm, "for me to ask how you are going to prevent one man standing in the way?"

A quick change came over Miss Thorne's face. The eyes hardened, the lips were set, and lines Mr. Grimm had never seen appeared about the mouth. Here, in a flash, the cloak of dissimulation was cast aside, and the woman stood forth, this keen, brilliant, determined woman who did things.

"The compact will be destroyed," she said.

"No," declared the prince. "It must be destroyed."

"Must! Must! Do you say must to me?"

"Yes, must," she repeated steadily. "And by what authority, please, do—"

"By that authority!" She drew a tiny, filigreed gold box from her bosom and cast it upon the table; the prince stared at it. "In the name of your sovereign—must!" she said again.

The prince turned away and began pacing back and forth across the room with the parchment crumpled in his hand. For a minute or more Isabel stood watching him.

"Thirteen minutes!" Mr. Grimm announced coldly.

And now broke out an excited chatter, a babel of French, English, Italian, Spanish; those masked and cowed ones who had held silence for so long all began talking at once. One of them snatched at the crumpled compact in the prince's hand, while all crowded around him arguing. Mr. Grimm sat perfectly still with the revolver barrel resting on his knees.

"Eleven minutes!" he announced again.

Suddenly the prince turned violently on Miss Thorne with rage-distorted face.

"Do you know what it means to you? If I do you say so?" he demanded savagely. "It means you will be branded as traitor, that your name, your property—"

"If you will pardon me, your Highness," she interrupted, "the power that I have used was given to me to use; I have used it. It is a matter to be settled between me and my government, and as far as it affects my person is of no consequence now. You will destroy the compact."

"Nine minutes!" said Mr. Grimm monotonously.

Again the babel broke out.

"Do we understand that you want to see the compact?" one of the cowed men asked suddenly of Mr. Grimm as he turned.

"No, I don't want to see it. I'd prefer not to see it."

With hatred blazing in his eyes the prince made his way toward the lamp, holding a parchment toward the blaze.

"There's nothing else to be done," he exclaimed savagely.

"Just a moment, please," Mr. Grimm interposed quickly. "Miss Thorne, is that the compact?"

She glanced at it, nodded her head, and then the flame caught the fringed edge of paper. It crackled, flashed, flamed, and at last, a thing of ashes, was scattered on the floor. Mr. Grimm rose.

"That is all, gentlemen," he announced courteously. "You are free to go. You, your Highness, and Miss Thorne, will accompany me."

He held open the door and there was almost a scramble to get out. The prince and Miss Thorne waited until the last.

"And, Miss Thorne, if you will give a lift in your car?" Mr. Grimm suggested. "It is now four minutes of three."

The automobile came in answer to a signal, and the three in silence entered it. The car trembled and has just begun to move when Grimm remembered something, and leaped out.

"Wait for me!" he called. "There's a man locked in the coal-bin!"

He disappeared into the house, and Miss Thorne, with a gasp of horror sank back in her seat with face like chalk. The prince glanced uneasily at his watch, then spoke curtly to the chauffeur.

"Run the car up out of danger; there'll be an explosion there in a moment."

They had gone perhaps a hundred feet when the building they had just left seemed to be lifted bodily from the ground by a great spurt of flame which tore through its center, then collapsed like a string of cards. The prince, unmoved, glanced around at Miss Thorne; she lay in a dead faint beside him.

"Go ahead," he commanded. "Baltimore."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Personal Equation.

Mr. Campbell ceased talking and the deep earnestness that had settled on his face passed, leaving instead the blank, inscrutable mask of benevolence behind which his clock-like genius was habitually hidden. The choleric blue eyes of the president of the United States shifted inquisitorily to the thoughtful countenance of the secretary of state at his right, thence along the table around which the official family was gathered. It was a special meeting of the cabinet called at the suggestion of Chief Campbell, and for more than an hour he had done the talking. There had been no interruption.

"I believe I know Mr. Grimm better than you do," she argued. "You think he will weaken; I know he will not. I am not arguing for him, nor for myself; I am arguing against the frightful loss that will come here in this room if the compact is not destroyed."

"No!" was the curt answer.

"I believe I know Mr. Grimm better than you do," she argued. "You think he will weaken; I know he will not. I am not arguing for him, nor for myself; I am arguing against the frightful loss that will come here in this room if the compact is not destroyed."

"So much!" he concluded, at last. "If there is any point I have not made clear Mr. Grimm is here to explain it in person."

Mr. Grimm rose at the mention of his name and stood with his hands clasped behind his back. His eyes met those of the chief executive listlessly.

"We understand, Mr. Grimm," the president began, and he paused for an instant to regard the tall, clean-cut young man with a certain admiration, "we understand that there does not actually exist such a thing as a Latin compact against the English-speaking peoples?"

"On paper, no," was the reply.

"You personally prevented the signing of the compact?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE IS CIRCUIT RIDER?

Old-Fashioned Itinerant Preacher Seems to Have Vanished From Present-Day Ward.

What has become of the old circuit rider? He seems to have gone, to have vanished entirely from the present-day world, although to the older generations he figured in the lives of the people to whom he ministered.

"Just a moment, please," Mr. Grimm interrupted courteously. "As I understand it, your Highness, the mine there in the corner is charged?"

"Yes. It just happened to be here for purposes of experiment."

"The cap is attached?"

member of one of his parishes. And he said it was great honor, indeed, to have the great fortune to entertain the minister at a meal or over night.

Probably the much overworked man would get to spend one night in a week at home, perhaps not that. His life was uncertain and wandering, but his faith was that which "passed understanding." But his days were numbered and are gone, probably never to be revived. He was a figure, however, that is typical of the pioneers of America—he knew his duty and was faithful in the performance of it.

Persuasion is Better Than Force. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a grievous word stirreth up anger.

Proverb 15:1

For the Hostess

A Good Musical Contest.

There seems to be no end to musical games. Perhaps our young readers do not remember this one at all, but it was printed many years ago. On cards write the following questions:

1. Where is the earth?
2. An old man's friend?
3. What do the weary need?
4. A useful article to cook?
5. Found plentifully in most rivers?
6. Part of a fish?
7. An important part of a letter?
8. What title is coveted by military men?
9. What do all public speakers do sometimes?
10. Not served in barrooms?
11. The most popular style of music with debutantes?
12. What locks the stable when the horse is gone?
13. The one who guesses the most answers?

ANSWERS.

1. In space.
2. Major.
3. Rest.
4. Measles.
5. Bars.
6. Scale.
7. Signature.
8. Repeat.
9. Minors.
10. Hymns.
11. Kay.
12. Beata.

Choosing Partners.

To choose partners for a card party or a cotillion have small cakes baked in what are called "patty" cake tins and ice with pink for the unmarried girls, with yellow for the men in the same state of single blessedness; with white for the married women and green for the married men. In these cakes put such tiny favors as thimbles, duplicate mottoes, hooks and eyes, keys, rings, etc. Then the man who gets a key finds the person having a ring and they are mated, the girl with a hook finds the man with an eye, etc. This is great fun and is adaptable to any game where a choice of partners is necessary.

A Novel Shower.

A girl who was to marry and go to Maine to live was the recipient of this pretty and novel shower. She was invited to luncheon at the home of her best girl friend and found a most exquisite table ornamented by a circle of small pine trees, each a little gardener. Alternating with

MADAME MERRI.

Simple Dresses



THE costume at the left has the bodice made of broderie Anglaise, cut Magyar, and with a wide right front that is taken over to the left and slopes to basque, which has rounded corners; tucked lawn forms the yoke and undersleeves.

The skirt has the upper part made in zephyr with a band of broderie Anglaise at the foot. A ribbon to match zephyr is taken round the waist.

Materials required: Three yards broderie 27 inches wide, three yards zephyr 28 inches wide.

For the second there are any number of pretty striped cottons that might be used; in the panel front and back the stripes run perpendicular, and the sides extending to meet panels at lower part, but are separated from them by a narrow piece in which

stripes run horizontally; buttons form trimmings on lower part of sides.

The sides and sleeves of the bodice are cut together, the front and back being panels to match skirt; the horizontal stripes are carried up between panels and side.

The yoke is of tucked spotted net; lace falls over shoulder like a collar. The sleeves are trimmed with bands of horizontal stripes, the under-sleeves being of lace.

Hat of black and white crinoline, trimmed with ostrich feathers.

The ribbon waist-band is passed through rings each side, both back and front.

Materials required: Six yards 40 inches wide, 32 buttons, five-eighths net 18 inches wide, one yard lace 16 inches wide.

models from the greatest manufacturers are cut so as to give a narrow effect, but measure two and a half yards around the bottom.

Reppousse Lace.

What the dressmakers term pushed dot lace is the new kind to use on thin frocks. It is really repousse lace worn on the wrong side. The indented part of the dot is turned toward the eye. It is quite an attractive lace as the patterns are in long sprays of leaves and small roses.

This dotted lace is quite fashionable and promises to rank with the best imitation Venetian and Milanese.

Milan lace is also coming into first fashion. It has a coarse mesh and a wide, bold design worked out on it. Filet mesh is also attractive and it is widely used for handsome gowns and coats when it is half covered with thick padded Chinese embroidery.

Birds' Fine Sympathy. Parrots and even canaries have been known to refuse to eat and have died in sorrow and grief over the loss of their human companions.

Helping. When you give help to him who is down and out you project your life. If you cannot help another your life is not worth much.—Rev. W. H. Geist, Baptist, San Diego.

Prophet Ezekiel a Watchman

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 1, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Ezekiel 3.
MEMORY VERSES—17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me."—Ezek. 3:17.

TIME—Ezekiel was carried into exile B.C. 597, in the second deportation by Nebuchadnezzar from Jerusalem; when 10,000 were carried to Babylon with King Jehoiachin.

The prophecy of this lesson was written B.C. 594, five years later. The first 24 chapters of Ezekiel, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, were written during the 4 years 595-598. B.C. 588 was the beginning of the last siege of Jerusalem which ended in its complete destruction.

PLACE—The Book of Ezekiel was written at Tel-abib (= Cornhill) on the river Chebar, one of the large irrigating canals of Babylon, running across the plain between the Euphrates and the Tigris.

Ezekiel's name means "God strengthens." He was a priest, the son of Buzi, probably a family name. He was also one of the greatest of the prophets. He was probably 39 years old when he began to prophesy in B.C. 597, which would put the date of his birth in Josiah's reign, about the time Jeremiah began to prophesy, and five years before Josiah's great reformation and the finding of the book of the law.

Desiring to reveal the power of the strong will and the indomitable ambition, he searched among the open fields until he found Jacob, a plain man, dwelling among tents, and sent him forth as a prince of God.

The story of Jacob is the story of ambition, bad and good, laying hold of every means to meet its end; filled with mingled pathos and joy. As the bad ambition it sends its harvest of sorrow, and as a holy ambition its harvest of joy. In no life is the failure of ungodly ambition and the success of righteous ambition more marked.

Jacob desired to rule, to lift himself out of the common place, to become a prince among men, and failing to realize the difference between right and wrong, brought dismal failure. He believed that birthright gave the power to rule, and unjustly sought to secure one not his own.

At the doorway of a weather-beaten tent he sat one evening, a mere lad. The lengthening shadows were silently wrapping the landscape with haze. Before him burned a blazing fire that laughed at the thickening shadows with defiance, cast its rich glow on his clear-cut features and caused the tent folds to stand out distinct against the dull background.

The atmosphere is fragrant with the stream of cooking porridge, which he idly stirred. He was dreaming of leadership, when out from the shadows came one staggering with weakness and hunger and crying out for food. Here was the age-long