

BLACK IS WHITE
By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Brood stopped him with an impatient gesture. "I must ask you not to discuss Mrs. Brood, Joe—or you, Dan." "I was just going to say, Jim, that if I was you I'd thank the Lord that she's going to do it," substituted Mr. Riggs, somewhat hastily. "She's a wonderful nurse. She told me a bit ago that she was going to save his life in spite of the doctor." "What does Doctor Hodder say?" demanded Brood, pausing in his restless pacing of the floor. "He says the poor boy is as good as dead," said Mr. Riggs. "Ain't got a chance in a million," said Mr. Dawes. They were surprised to see Brood wince. He hadn't been so thin-skinned in the olden days. His nerve was going back on him, that's what it was, poor Jim! Twenty years ago he would have stiffened his back and taken it like a man. It did not occur to them that they might have broken the news to him with tact and consideration. "But you can depend on us, Jim, to pull him through," said Mr. Riggs quickly. "Remember how we saved you back there in Calcutta when all the fool doctors said you hadn't a chance? Well, sir, we'll still—"

serpent in his master's house, but the serpent change before his eye and he became the slave. She speak to him on the voice of the wind and he obey. It is the law. Kismet! His master have of wives two. Two, sahib—the living and the dead. They speak with Ranjab today and he obey." There was dead silence in the room for many minutes after the remarkable utterance of the mystic. The two men, master and man, looked into each other's eyes and spoke no more, yet something passed between them. "The sahibah has sent Roberts for a priest," said the Hindu at last. "A priest? But I am not a Catholic—nor Frederic." "Madam is. The servants are saying that the priest will be here too late. They are wondering why you have not already killed me, sahib." "Killed you too?" "They are now saying that the last stroke of the gong, sahib, was the death sentence for Ranjab. It called me here to be slain by you. I have told them all that I fired the—"



Brood Allowed His Dull, Wondering Gaze to Sink to His Feet.

that time he had bared his soul to the smiling Buddha and, receiving no consolation from the smug image, had violently cursed the thing. Since then he had waited—he had waited for many things to happen. He knew all that took place below stairs. He knew when Lydia came and he denied himself to her. The coming of the police, the nurses and the anesthetician, and later on, Mrs. John Desmond and the reporters—all this he had known, for he had listened at a crack in the open door. And he had heard his wife's calm, authoritative voice in the hall below, giving directions. Now for the first time he looked about him and felt himself attended by ghosts. In that instant he came to hate this once-loved room, this cherished retreat, and all that it contained. He would never set his foot inside of its four walls again. It was filled with ghosts!

swiftly to the table. In another instant the work of many months would have been torn to bits of waste paper. But his hand was stayed. Someone had stopped outside his door. He could not hear a sound and yet he knew that a hand was on the heavy latch. He suddenly recalled his remark to the old men. He would have to write the final chapter after all. He waited. He knew that she was out there, collecting all of her strength for the coming interview. She was fortifying herself against the crisis that was so near at hand. To his own surprise and distress of mind, he found himself trembling and suddenly deprived of the fierce energy that he had stored up for the encounter. He wondered whether he would command the situation after all, notwithstanding his righteous charge against her. She had wantonly sought to entice Frederic—she had planned to dishonor her husband—she had proved herself unwholesome and false and her heart was evil! And yet he wondered whether he would be able to stand his ground against her. So far she had ruled. At the outset he had attempted to assert his authority as the master of the house in this trying, heart-breaking hour, and she had calmly waved him aside. His first thought had been to take his proper place at the bedside of his victim and there to remain until the end, but she had said: "You are not to go in. You have done enough for one day. If he must die, let it be in peace and not in fear. You are not to go in, and he had crept away to hide! He remembered her words later on when Hodder sent for him to come down. "Not in fear," she had said. On the edge of the table, where it had reposed since Doctor Hodder dropped it there, was the small photograph of Matilde. He had not touched it, but he had bent over it for many minutes at a time, studying the sweet, never-to-be-forgotten, and yet curiously unfamiliar features of that long-ago loved one. He looked at it now as he waited for the door to open, and his thoughts leaped back to the last glimpse he had ever had of that adorable face. Then it was white with despair and misery—here it looked up at him with smiling eyes and the languor of unbroken tranquility. He clenched his strong, lean hands to keep them from shaking. A new wonder filled him as he allowed his eyes to measure the distance to the floor and to sweep the strong, powerful frame that trembled and was cold. He was a giant in strength and yet he trembled at the approach of this slender, frail creature who paused at his gates to gather courage for the attack! He was sorely afraid and he could not understand his fear. With one of his sinewy hands he could crush the life out of her slim, white throat—and yet he was afraid of her—physically afraid of her. Suddenly he realized that the room was quite dark. He dashed to the window and threw aside the broad, thick curtains. A stream of afternoon sunshine rushed into the room. He would have light this time; he would not be deceived by the darkness, as he had been once before. This time he would see her face plainly. There should be no sickening illusion. He straightened his tall figure and waited for the door to open.

CHAPTER XX.

A Sister's Story.

If she hesitated outside the room to summon the courage to face the man who would demand so much of her, there was nothing in her manner now to indicate that such had been the case. She approached him without a symptom of nervousness or irresolution. Her dark eyes met his without wavering and there was purpose in them. She devoted a single glance of surprise to the uncurtained window on entering the door and an instant later scrutinized the floor with unmistakable interest as if expecting to find something there to account for his motive in admitting the glare of light—something to confound and accuse her. But there was no fear or apprehensiveness in the look. She was not afraid. Brood remained standing, a little beyond the broad ray of light, expecting her to advance into its full, revealing glare. She stopped, however, in the shadow opposite. It was he who moved forward into the light, and there was a deep searching look in his eyes. In an instant it was gone; he had satisfied himself. The curious experience of the morning had been a phantasm, an illusion, a mockery. There was nothing in this woman's smoldering eyes to suggest the soft, luminous loveliness of Matilde's. He drew a long, deep breath of relief. She had put on a rather plain white blouse, open at the neck. The cuffs were rolled up nearly to the elbows, evidence that she had been using her hands in some active employment and had either forgotten or neglected to restore the sleeves to their proper position. A chic black walking-skirt lent to her trim, erect figure a suggestion of girlishness. Her arms hung straight down at her sides, imply it would have seemed at first glance, but in reality they were rigid. "I have come, as I said I would," she said, after a long, tense silence. Her voice was low, huskier than ever, but without a tremor of excitement. "You did not say you would wait for me here, but I knew you would do so. The hour of reckoning has come. We must pay, both of us. I am not frightened by your silence, James, nor am I afraid of what you may say or do. First of all, it is expected that Frederic will die. Doctor Hodder has proclaimed it. He is a great surgeon. He ought to know. But he doesn't know—do you

hear? He does not know. I shall not let him die." "One moment, if you please," said her husband coldly. "You may spare me the theatrics. Moreover, we will not discuss Frederic. What we have to say to each other has little to do with that poor wretch downstairs. This is your hour of reckoning, not his. Bear that—"



"Do You Remember When You First Saw Me, James Brood?"

side side of the table, with the mellow light full upon her lovely, serious face. "Sit there," she said, signifying the chair he had requested her to take. "Please sit down," she went on impatiently, as he continued to regard her forbiddingly from his position near the window. "I shall be better able to say what I have to say standing," he said significantly. "Do you expect me to plead with you for forgiveness?" she inquired, with an unmistakable look of surprise. "You may save yourself the humiliation of such—"

the unbelievable had happened. I saw something that—" He stopped short, his lips parted. She waved her hand in the direction of the Buddha. "Have you never petitioned your too solid friend over there to unravel the mystery for you? In the quiet of certain lonely, speculative hours have you not wondered where you had seen me before—long, long before the night in London? In all the years that you have been trying to convince yourself that Frederic is not your son, has there not been the vision of—"

plans have gone awry. It gives me the opportunity to see you curse yourself." "Her sister!" uttered the man unbelievably. "I have married the child Therese. I have held her sister in my arms all these months and never knew it is a dream. I—"

FUN'S FABLES UP TO DATE
This is About the Literary Man Who Insisted on Writing Just What He Wanted to Write.
Once there was a literary man who decided to write for posterity. He refused to be guided by what the editors said the public wanted, but wrote what he thought it ought to want. According to all the rules of the game he should have starved to death in very short order, but for once, the rules didn't work. Did the public suddenly wake up to the fact that a genius was in their midst? And did the editors camp at his door clamoring for the product of his pen? Oh, no, dear reader, nothing like that at all. A rich aunt died and left him half a million dollars, and he kept right on writing stuff that nobody wanted to read. Whether posterity will read it remains to be seen. As for the moral, well, you've got us guessing.—Magazine of Fun.

SULPHUR—THE GREAT HOME REMEDY
Mr. Warren C. Garea, 108 So. Ohio Ave., Columbus, Ohio, writes as follows: "I suffered intensely from Eczema which covered my body and arms. After trying three physicians and one skin specialist and 23 different ointments and lotions, I accidentally learned of Hancock's Sulphur Compound and Ointment. I tried them and the first application gave me instant relief from that awful itching. I persisted in their use and in one week I had hardly a trace of the eruption." If any reader questions this testimonial as not being bona fide and unsworn, an inquiry sent to the address above, enclosing postage will convince anyone beyond question. Hancock's Sulphur Compound and Ointment are sold by all dealers. Hancock Liquid Sulphur Co., Baltimore, Md.—Adv.

SCULPTOR TALKS OF POPE
Mag Who Made Bronze Bust of Head of Church Impressed With His Appearance.
Raffaello Romagnoli, the Florentine sculptor, who was summoned from Petrograd to Rome to make a bust in bronze of Pope Benedict, gives an interesting account of his work in the Vatican.
The pope refused to sit more than three times, and even then the sit-

INGS were short. When the cast was shown him the pontiff expressed himself well pleased, gave the artist an autograph portrait and said: "I thank God that I am now done with all painters and sculptors. You are the only one who has had three sittings. Now, go. You have my benediction."
Romagnoli describes the pope's features thus: "His holiness has a most interesting head—large forehead and cranial characteristic of a serene, well-bal-

anced mind. The aquiline nose and deep-set eyes show force of character and intelligence; the eyes, though short-sighted, gleam with intelligence. The large, well-shaped mouth shows constancy of purpose. The chin is prominent, of the classical shape of Julius Caesar's and Napoleon's."
His Intent.
"See how that dog is licking your hand."
"I suppose he wants to stamp me with his approval."

IS GREAT PATRIOTIC POEM
Deborah's Song of Victory Has Been Put by Many at the Head of the List.
Every element of patriotism is in Deborah's song of victory: "Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel"—the triumphant onset dies down to a beautiful lament for the forsaken highways, the ruined villages, the cowardly of the past.
Then comes the call to arms, the

awakening—the gathering together of the loyal princes and governors, yes, and of penmen, scorn for the faint hearted, curses for the treacherous—Asher, Reuben, Meraz.
From these the song flames up again into imaginative splendor, with its stars and prancing, narrows its view to the tent of Jael, to the mother of Sisera harkening in vain at her window for the sound of the chariot wheels and the son that will never return, and sinks like the peace of evening to its close: "So let all these en-

mies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." There is no patriotic poem to compare with it.
Restricts Sale of Weapons.
A Greek law of July 30, 1914, prohibits the importation, manufacture and sale of certain weapons, including altoids, jaggers and spring or double-edged pocket knives. The importation of firearms of all kinds without government permission is likewise prohibited.
Their Use.
"Why do you advocate blanket street-paving bills?"
"To cover the beds of the streets, of course."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.
Fantastic, All Right.
A man with a cork leg ought to be able to trip, the light fantastic in the modern dances.—Florida Times-Union.
YOU OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
Try Mering Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Itchy Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Stinging, just Eye comfort. Write for Book of the Day by mail from Mering Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.
The supreme moment of satisfaction in a woman's life is attained when she takes her corset off.
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You may rely on these fragrant supereminent emollients to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chapping and soreness. Sample each free by mail with 5¢ Pink Skin Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. Y, Boston. Sold everywhere. Adv.
Most of us who attempt to wear the mantle of greatness are disappointed in the fit.