

BLACK IS WHITE BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"No, I do not forget, James. There was but one way in which I could hope to steal him away from you, and I went about it deliberately, with my eyes open. I came here to induce him to run away with me. I would have taken him back to his mother's home, to her grave, and there I would have told him what you did to her. If after hearing my story he elected to return to the man who had destroyed his mother, I should have stepped aside and offered no protest. But I would have taken him away from you in the manner that would have hurt you the worst. My sister was true to you. I would have been just as true, and after I had suffered the torments of hell, it was my plan to reveal everything to you. But you would have had your punishment by that time. When you were at the very end of your strength, when you tremble on the edge of oblivion, then I would have hunted you out and laughed at you and told you the truth. But you would have had years of anguish—years, I say."

CHAPTER XXI.

Revenge Turned Bitter.

She gave him a curious, incredulous smile, and then abruptly returned to her charge. "When my sister came home, degraded, I was nine years of age, but I was not so young that I did not know that a dreadful thing had happened to her. She was blighted beyond all hope of recovery. It was to me—little me—that she told her story over and over again, and it was I to whom she read all of the pitiful letters she wrote to you. My father wanted to come to America to kill you. He did come later on, to plead with you and to kill you if you would not listen to him. But you had gone to Africa, she said. I could not understand why you would not give to her that little baby boy. He was hers and— She stopped short in her recital and covered her eyes with her hands. He waited for her to go on, sitting as rigid as the image that faced him from beyond the table's end. "Afterwards, my father and my uncle made every effort to get the child away from you, but he was hidden—your knowledge carefully he was hidden so that she might never find him. For ten years they searched for him—and you. For ten years she wrote to you, begging you to let her have him, if only for a little while at a time. She promised to restore him to you, God bless her poor soul! You never replied. You scorned her. We were rich—very rich. But our money was of no help to us in the search for her boy. You had secreted him too well. At last, one day, she told me what it was that you accused her of doing. She told me about Guido Faverelli, her musician-master. I know him, James. He had known her from childhood. He was one of the finest men I have ever seen."

TELLS OF LIFE IN VIENNA

Wherein Conditions Are Different From Those That Prevail in American Cities.

Life in Vienna offers many incongruities to the American. First, he will find, unless he has taken the precaution to equip himself with large sums of money, that he cannot possibly afford to live anywhere except in a flat. No one except the nobility and extremely rich foreigners can hope to

him. He was loyal to Lydia and to himself. "And what did he think of you?" demanded Brood scornfully. "If you had not come upon us here, he would have known me for who I am and he would have forgiven me. I had asked him to go away with me. He refused. Then I was about to tell him the whole story of my life, of his life and of yours. Do you think he would have refused forgiveness to me? No! He would have understood." "But up to that hour he thought of you as a—what shall I say?" "A bad woman? Perhaps. I did not care. It was part of the price I was to pay in advance. I would have told him everything as soon as the ship on which we sailed was outside the harbor yonder. That was my intention, and I know you believe me when I say that—there was nothing more in my mind. Time would have straightened everything out for him. He could have had his Lydia, even though he went away with me. Once away from here, do you think that he would ever return? No! Even though he knew you to be his father, he would not forget that he has never been your son. You have hurt him since he was a babe. Do you understand? I do not hate you now. It is something to know that you have worshipped her all these years. You were true to her. What you did long, long ago was not your fault. You believed that she had wronged you. But you went on loving her. That is what weakened my resolve. You loved her to the end, she loved you to the end. Well, in the face of that, could I go on hating you? You must have been worthy of her love. She knew you better than all the world. You came to me with love for her in your heart. You took me, and you loved her all the time. I am not sure, James, that you are not entitled to this miserable, unhappy life I have come to feel for you—my own love, not Matilde's."

come to again—and well, it may be the last time he'll ever open his eyes. Yes, it's as bad as all that. "I'll go—at once," said Brood, his face ashen. "You must revive him for a few minutes, Hodder. There's something I've got to say to him. He must be able to hear and to understand me. It is the most important thing in the world. He choked up suddenly. "You'll have to be careful, Jim. He's ready to collapse. Then it's all off." "Nevertheless, Doctor Hodder, my husband has something to say to his son that cannot be put off for an instant. I think it will mean a great deal to him in his fight for recovery. It will make life worth living for him." Hodder stared for a second or two. "He'll need a lot of courage and if anything can put it into him, he'll make a better fight. If you get a chance, say it to him, Jim. I—I—if it's got anything to do with his mother, say it, for pity's sake. He has moaned the word a dozen times—"



"And What Did He Think of You?"

drooped as he passed close by her motionless figure and followed the doctor down the hall to the bedroom door. It opened and closed an instant later and he was with his son. For a long time, Lydia's somber, pitiful gaze hung upon the door through which he had passed and which was closed so cruelly against her, the one who loved him best of all. At last she looked away, her attention caught by a queer clicking sound near at hand. She was surprised to find Yvonne Brood standing close beside her, her eyes closed and her fingers telling the beads that ran through her fingers, her lips moving in voiceless prayer. The girl watched her dully for a few moments, then with growing fascination. The incomprehensible creature was praying! Lydia believed that Frederic had shot himself. She put Yvonne down as the real cause of the calamity that had fallen upon the house. But for her, James Brood would never have had a motive for striking the blow that crushed all desire to live out of the unhappy boy. She had made of her husband an unfeeling monster, and now she prayed! She had played with the emotions of two men and now she begged to be pardoned for her folly! An inexplicable desire to laugh at the plight of the trifer came over the girl, but even as she checked it another and more unaccountable force ordered her to obey the impulse to turn once more to look into the face of her companion. Yvonne was looking at her. She had ceased running the beads and her hands hung limply at her side. For a full minute, perhaps, the two regarded each other without speaking. "He is not going to die, Lydia," said Yvonne gravely. The girl started to her feet. "Do you think it is your prayer and not mine that has reached God's ear?" she cried in real amazement. "The prayer of a nobler woman than either you or I has gone to the throne," said the other. Lydia's eyes grew dark with resentment. "You could have prevented all—"

power to thwart death, at least in this instance, had its effect, not only on the wounded man but on those who attended him. Doctor Hodder and the nurses were not slow to admit that her magnificent courage, her almost scornful self-assurance, supplied them with an incentive that otherwise might never have got beyond the form of a mere hope. There was something positively startling in her serene conviction that Frederic was not to die. No less a skeptic than the renowned Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and her mother that he now believed in the supernatural and never again would say "there is no God." With the dampness of death on the young man's brow, a remarkable change had occurred even as he watched for the last fleeting breath. It was as if some secret, unconquerable force had suddenly intervened to take the whole matter out of nature's hands. It was not in the books that he should get well; it was against every rule of nature that he should have survived that first day's struggle. He was marked for death and there was no alternative. Then came the bewildering, mystifying change. Life did not take its expected flight; instead it clung, flickering but indestructible, to its clay and would not obey the laws of nature. For days and days life hung by what we are pleased to call a thread; the great shears of death could not sever the tiny thing that held Frederic's soul to earth. There was no hour in any of those days in which the bewildered scientist and his assistants did not proclaim that it would be his last, and yet he gave the lie to them. Hodder had gone to James Brood at the end of the third day, and with the sweat of the haunted on his brow had whispered hoarsely that the case was out of his hands! He was no longer the doctor but an agent governed by a spirit that would not permit death to claim its own! And somehow Brood understood far better than the man of science. The true story of the shooting had long been known to Lydia and her mother. Brood confessed everything to them. He assumed all of the blame for what had transpired on that tragic morning. He humbled himself before them, and when they shook their heads and turned their backs upon him he was not surprised, for he knew they were not convicting him of assault with a deadly firearm. Later on the story of Therese was told by him to Frederic and the girl. He did his wife no injustice in the recital. Frederic laid his hand upon the soft brown head at his knee and voiced the thought that was in his mind. "You are wondering, as I am, too, what is to become of Yvonne after today, he said. "There must be an end, and if it doesn't come now, when will it come? Tomorrow we will see. It is certain that she is not to accompany us. She has said so herself, and father has said so. He will not take her with him. So today must see the end of things."

"Frederic, I want you to do something for me," said Lydia, earnestly. "There was a time when I could not have asked this of you, but now I implore you to speak to your father in her behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear. I cannot help it. She asks nothing of any of us, she expects nothing, and yet she loves all of us—yes, all of us. She will never, by word or look, make a single plea for herself. I have watched her closely all these weeks. There was never an instant when she revealed the slightest sign of an appeal. She takes it for granted that she has no place in our lives. In our memory, yes, but that is all. I think she is reconciled to what she considers her fate and it has not entered her mind to protest against it. Perhaps it is natural that she should feel that way about it. But if it is—oh, Freddy, it is terrible! If he would—would only unbind a little toward her, if he—"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Joy of June.

On a warm morning toward the middle of the month of June Frederic and Lydia sat in the quaint, old-fashioned courtyard, in the grateful shade of the south wing and almost directly beneath the balcony of Yvonne's boudoir. He lounged comfortably, yet weakly, in the invalid's chair that had been wheeled to the spot by the dog-like Ranjab, and she sat on a pile of cushions at his feet, her back resting against the wall. Looking at him, one would not have thought that he had passed through the valley of the shadow of death and was but now emerging into the sunshine of security. His face was pale from long confinement, but there was a healthy glow to the skin and a clear light in the eye. For a week or more he had been permitted to walk about the house and into the garden, always leaning on the arm of his father or the faithful Hindu. Each succeeding day saw his strength and vitality increase and each night he slept with the peace of a care-free child. As for Lydia, she was radiant with happiness. The long fight was over. She had gone through the campaign against death with loyal, unflinching courage; there had never been an instant when her stanch heart had faltered; there had been distress but never despair. If the strain told on her it did not matter, for she was of the fighting kind. Her love was the sustenance on which she thrived despite the beggarly offerings that were laid before her during those weeks of famine. Times there were when a penitive mood brought the touch of sadness to her grateful heart. She was happy and Frederic was happy, but what of the one who actually had wrought the miracle? That one alone was unhappy, unrequited, undefended. There was no place for her in the new order of things. When Lydia thought of her—as she often did—it was with an indescribable craving in her soul. She longed for the hour to come when Yvonne Brood would lay aside the mask of resignation and demand tribute; when the strange defiance that held all of them at bay would disappear and they could feel that she no longer regarded them as adversaries. There was no longer a symptom of rancor in the heart of Lydia Desmond. She realized that her sweetheart's recovery was due almost entirely to the remarkable influence exercised by this woman at a time when mortal agencies appeared to be of no avail. Her absolute certainty that she had the

you have said all that to me before, Lydia." "What is your object in keeping me away from him at such a time as this, Mrs. Brood?" demanded Lydia. "You refuse to let me go in to him. Is it because you are afraid of what—?" "There are trying days ahead of us, Lydia," interrupted Yvonne. "We shall have to face them together. I can promise you this: Frederic will be saved for you. Tomorrow, next day perhaps, I may be able to explain everything to you. You hate me today. Everyone in this house hates me—even Frederic. There is a day coming when you will not hate me. That was my prayer, Lydia. I was not praying for Frederic, but for myself." Lydia started. "For yourself? I might have known you—"

REWARD OF INSOMNIA

SLEEPLESS INDIVIDUAL HAS SOME RECOMPENSE. At Least He Can Rest His Body, and Listening for the Coming of the Day is Pleasure to Be Appreciated. Few men are more to be pitied than the confirmed "insomniac." Few men seek more pity. Who cannot sleep must retail his tale of trouble to his associates, friends and chance acquaintances. He expects consideration and unconsciously demands admiration. But as a matter of fact, nearly every wakeful person in culpably responsible for his wakefulness. The longer he stays awake the more nervous and more irritated he becomes. He comes to dislike himself, to dislike nature, to dislike a world so poorly strangled. His wakefulness is a tense mental strain, more wearying than a day's labor. The wearer becomes the more resentful he feels, and he regrets his helplessness. All of which is sheer folly. Going to bed is as much for the purpose of resting the body as of resting the mind. If the mind refuses to rest, the body should be given a fair chance. Counting to impossible numbers and such artificial devices are usually vain. The best plan is to lie relaxed and at ease, thinking of something altogether agreeable. A reading lamp at the head of the bed and a handy book may be resorted to. Even if one stays awake thus for hours his body is resting, and in the morning he is partly refreshed. Actual insomnia is very rare. Fear of insomnia, or "insomniaphobia," is the ailment from which most sleepless persons suffer. But if sleeplessness cannot be put aside there is a certain reward for the sufferer. He can listen for the coming of the day, which is a pleasure denied to healthy sleepers. Just now he hears the first heralding of dawn at about 3:45. The herald is a rooster in some neighbor's back yard. Heretofore that rooster has been greatly disliked and the neighbor has shared in his fowl's unpopularity. Raucous crows have awakened many a querulous slumberer. But when one is wide awake the cheery welcome to the new day is altogether agreeable. Chanticleer calls and calls and at length he has his answers; other roosters near and far send back their sanction of his message of optimism and confidence. And if the twitter peeps beneath the window shade there is the first showing of the sun, mystic light which bathes the birth of the dawn. Ten minutes more and a robin begins his song. Once well begun he does not cease for a long time. When the light grows strong the robin becomes less enthusiastic and his song is intermittent. Only at the day's beginning does he sing his best and loudest. A few more minutes pass and an oriole commences to sing, or perhaps a wren. And the busy English sparrows cluck and chirp right beneath the window. There comes a faint rumble from the awakening city. The milkman clatters to the back door and clatters away again. A little morning breeze stirs the curtains, and a breath of it, fresh and cool, comes to the crumpled bed. A laborer passes whistling on his way to work, but it seems a drowsy whistle. The robin's music seems to subside into a sleepy monotone. There is the almost soundless sound of the fitful wind in the maple leaves. And then, and then—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Our Service by the Sea. When you go to the beach this summer you will see the drill of the coast guard, not of the lifesaving service. The latter has been merged this year with the revenue cutter service to form the new organization which has some 300 well-equipped stations along our 10,000 miles of coast and is manned by surfmen skilled in all the ways of the sea. If an institution is the lengthened shadow of a man, our lifesaving service was the shadow of Sumner I. Kimball, a Yankee from the state of Maine, who took hold in 1871 when they had only a few clumsy boats housed in huts and manned by volunteers along a part of the eastern coast. When he was retired this year his organization covered all our coasts and had added over 28,000 distressed vessels, carrying over 180,000 persons, of whom 1,455 were lost—about as many as perished on the Lusitania. Mr. Kimball's unending struggle was with congress, first for adequate support and then for pensions for retired or disabled life savers. Both ends are now achieved, and he retires with an inspiring record of past service and of constructive work for the future. It is by such men that the state is built—Collier's Weekly. Gold Discoveries in Alaska. Gulch gold was discovered in Anvik creek, near Nome, in September, 1898. Diggings in the ocean beach were first worked in July, 1899. The "rush" was one of the most remarkable stampedes in American mining history. The town soon had hotels, banks, stores, several newspapers, weekly mails from the United States, and for a part of the year its population was estimated at 20,000. In 1900 it was the largest settlement in the district. The rapidity of its growth and its isolation raised prices to extraordinary heights, and in other respects created remarkable conditions. But by the year 1903 the population had already greatly decreased. In 1910 the population of Nome was 2,500. The gold output of 1905 was about \$2,500,000, nearly all placer. Height of Absurdity. "Look at those two chumps having a heated argument about the merits and demerits of an automobile." "Do you mean the two men examining a car across the street?" "Yes." "Umph! To make matters worse, neither one owns the car they are wrangling about."