

THE TANGLED WEB

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CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Lawdon's hand was already upon his check book, when his wife's shrill voice arrested him.

"The ideal! Where is the thief? Explain how this came into your possession."

"Strangely enough, you will say," Collins's eyes were now upon Leavison, who had drawn reluctantly close to the group. "They were concealed, wrapped in a handkerchief from which the hem had been torn, under the bridge by the automobile entrance to the park, in about a foot and a half of water."

A pause of astonishment greeted his statement.

"But how did you ever happen to look there?" Wendham asked.

"It happened," continued the sheriff, "that Mrs. Collins bakes excellent pies; also, that I was out very late last night on important business, and without dinner. Mrs. Collins prepared a meal on my return at 10.30. She heated a pie, which was so hot that to cool it quicker she raised the back window of the kitchen, which was to leeward of the blow, and set it out to cool. A few minutes later when she got it, this was pinned in the middle of that pie with a plain pin—here is the pin."

He held out the slip of paper with its pasted words, over which Alice and Stacy had expended their ingenuity.

Evelyn took the document and read with evident bewilderment:

"Innocent Man Accused. Plunder Returned in Brook, Under Bridge, Motor Park Entrance."

Alice exploded with laughter. "In the pie!" she gurgled. "In the pie! Oh, Mr. Jack Horner Collins!"

"But that doesn't tell who the thief was!" cried Mrs. Lawdon.

Her husband frowned. "You have our jewels, Kate," he interposed quickly. "They were returned evidently for conscience sake. Drop the matter."

"I won't!" she answered sharply. "I want to know!"

Leavison was close behind Collins. "What traces did you find?" he asked.

The sheriff looked him over scornfully. "Not a thing; rain washed out everything. There's a gutter and a rain barrel running over by that window, and the yard's a young lake. Go see for yourself. You seemed good on clues."

"But I insist!" cried Mrs. Lawdon angrily.

For once her husband took command of the situation. "And I insist," he interrupted, "that you take your jewels and drop this matter. Mr. Collins, here is your check, and many thanks."

Mrs. Lawdon rose, her eyes snapping. "Don't give that man a check. He hasn't caught the thief!"

Charlie turned his back upon her. "Evelyn, old man—and you, Patty, I have to apologize to you both. Our stay has been fraught with misfortune. We will take the 4.10, if you will be good enough to give orders for the motor. This incident is closed. I cannot thank you both enough for your kindness and forbearance. Kate, will you come?"

Mrs. Lawdon colored, hesitated, choked, and then moving awkwardly forward, she swept her recovered treasures into the lap of her loose morning gown. Her husband stepped aside and followed her as she took her agitated way across the room.

"My check and my thanks, Collins," Evelyn laid a second yellow leaf upon the table.

The sheriff's red face expanded with happiness and importance. "It's a great day!" he exclaimed, beaming.

Wendham had taken possession of the invaluable adornment of Mrs. Collins's pie. Involuntarily his eyes sought Alice. She was looking at him, her mouth twitching humorously. She colored and dropped her lids as she met his glance. Wendham recalled the clipping shears, the tiny scraps of paper adhering to the velvet of the chair, Alice's early arrival, her return of the scissors before she left the room, and the significance of her words and look.

"All's well that ends well," he said. Alice, smiling, held out her hand.

The joyous summer sunlight that seems reserved for France alone, shone in through the long windows opening from the Louis XVI breakfast room of Ave Villa to its justly famous gardens, the loveliest in Fontainebleau. Wendham and his wife had just risen from the tiny table and had paused in contemplation of the rose bower vista.

"A telegram from Monsieur," said Etliste, knocking discreetly.

"Good. Give it here."

She took her hand from her husband's shoulder, raised the train, skirt of her white negligee and stepped out upon the red-tiled terrace. The fragrant air was exhilarating, the riotous bloom and color of the garden an intoxication in itself. With the free delight of a child, she flung out arms as if to embrace their compass of loveliness.

"Bon Dieu! how good it is," she cried. "Boyd, come, come out and see; it all seems quite new, as if just made. The Garden of Eden must have looked like this."

Wendham, the thin blue paper of the telegram in his hand, paused ere he joined her. Truly the garden in the crystal air of morning was as clean and perfect as if fresh from the hand of the Creator. And Nellie herself was as flawless. Serenity and health were expressed in every curve and line of her supple body and happy face. The evil of the past was gone forever from her, leaving no trace, save in painful memories—and these memories must now be awakened.

"Nellie, dear," he said softly, coming behind and putting his arm about her, "I have news for you. Alice and her Stacy are here, and coming to see us—to-day!" He felt the quick tenseness of her body and guessed the spasm of pain and wave of color upon her face, but he forbore to look into her eyes.

There was a pause. Then she spoke and her voice told only of whole-souled affection.

"Dear old Alice! how glad I am. When will they be here? Dear me, it's a whole year since I've seen her. And now she's married, and, I hope, as happy as I am."

Wendham smiled. "But not as happy as I am—nobody could be that. God bless you."

"Will they be here for luncheon?" He nodded.

"Good. They must stay. Boyd, you must insist. I'll give them the beautiful round room, and Inia shall make them chicken casserole, and tambale of shrimps, and all the specialties de la maison."

She turned toward the house and paused to laugh delightedly. "Alice a bride! I'm certain she attended the ceremony in white hunting breeches, a linen frock coat with orange blossoms in the buttonhole, black patent leather boots and a Panama hat, and came down the aisle to the tune of a southerly wind and cloudy sky proclaiming a hunting morning."

"Well," said Wendham seriously, "she would have, if they hadn't taken it into their heads to ride over after the Mineola Horse Show, and have the magistrate tie the knot."

"Hitch them up, you mean. I wonder if they drive as a pair or tandem; and if the latter, who is in the lead."

"We'll soon see. I'm going to the station for them with the motor in about half an hour."

"Then I've only just time to arrange everything. Adieu, mon cher!—for a whole long thirty minutes." She disappeared in a rush of flying draperies, and her sweet, merry voice called an order to the gardener to fill every vase with fresh roses, and the best, the very best, for the round bedroom.

He sighed with happiness. Nellie was what she should always have been, the perfection of her own normal development. The evil tendencies that had preyed like leeches upon her blood had been removed. From distress and agony had come peace and strength.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The train from Paris drew into Fontainebleau Station.

"We jump off here," said Alice excitedly. "Jo, give me that suitcase; you've got enough to carry with that bag and the coats. Nonsense, suppose I have got a skirt on; does that incapacitate me for any use?"

"Alice," observed her spouse admiringly, "you're a goat. Come, unlatch us and let's move on; the train will, if we don't. There's Wendham, by Jove! Give him the high sign—there, he sees us."

The bride and groom descended from their compartment and were cordially welcomed by their host.

"Mr. and Mrs. Stacy, I am more glad than I can express. Come, the motor is over here, and Nellie is simply hungry to see you; I say hungry advisedly. I left her ordering our invaluable Inia to prepare enough food to make pate-de-fols-gras geese out of all of us."

Alice strode along beside Wendham, her scorned skirts unconventionally flapping. "This is great. Say, we went to the Grand Prix—me for it; now that's a track, and as for lawn—Oh, well, the words aren't made yet to describe it. And you—you look as fit as a two-year-old. How's Nellie? Dear old girl! My, but she was a sick one! She'd have been foundered all right if it hadn't been for you. Stacy, would you devote yourself to me the way Boyd did to Nellie if I had spavins?"

"What do you think?" he demanded resentfully. "That I'd have you fired and turn you out?"

Alice laughed delightedly.

"Tell me the news, Alice," said Wendham, as he assisted her to the seat beside him. "How's everybody?"

"About the same. But, say, this is a jolly machine—60 horse power! I thought so. Business must be looking up; but I forgot, you always did have rocks. Well, let's see—news? The Laughtons have sold out their stable, and the Evelyns picked up some good things; and our Alford—remember Joe's and my Alford—he's been the best steeple-chaser that ever topped timber—that's really what started us off on

our career of matrimony—Stacy wouldn't, no matter how often I proposed, till he made what he called a 'competence,' and by rights its Alford I ought to have married, for he made it."

"It's like home to hear you, Alice," he said. "It's only in the little U. S. of A. that such a refreshing piece of femininity as your sporting self could develop properly. Here we are. This wall incloses our garden; down there those iron gates protect our drive. Toot that horn, and they will fly open so—here—not bad, is it?"

Both Alice and Stacy gasped their delight.

"My! what a flower show!" she exclaimed. "You must be very happy here."

"I am, Alice," he asked in a lower tone, "does Stacy know—about the Lawdon affair?"

"Yes." She looked at him frankly. "I told him at the time, but he is the only one who knows or even guesses. It's a mystery to everyone but ourselves. Tell me, is—is everything—?"

"There she is; isn't she answer enough in herself?"

They stopped before the glass canopy at the villa entrance, and Nellie, radiant as Aurora, threw wide the doors in welcome.

"This is too delightful!" she cried. "I can't think of anything that could give us greater pleasure. And you're married, my dear, and you have a tail to your skirt and a feather in your hat."

Alice embraced her hostess cordially. "Don't speak of changes. Why, I bet you actually tip the scales at a real human weight, and you look as if you ate and slept."

The shadows gathered once more in Nellie's eyes. "I don't wonder I seem so changed to you. Changed I am, thank God! Things that happened, and what I was, are like nightmares to me. I was a very sick creature—mentally, morally, and physically; and I owe my health, my reason, and my soul to Boyd."

"I always said he was a brick," said Alice. "I knew he'd make everything work out right—he is practicing?" she added, anxious to turn Nellie's thoughts from memories of the past.

"Is he! Do you know he is threatened with the Legion of Honor; that he is assistant to the greatest nerve specialist in Paris, and winning himself an international fame? He has been asked to lecture on medical psychology at the Ecole de Medicine. Oh, Boyd is a great man, and the world is beginning to recognize it. And busy—It's fortunate you came just as he was treating himself—to a week's vacation, otherwise you would have had to be contented with just me."

They had wandered as they talked to the terrace overlooking the roses, and paused to lean upon the crumbling balustrade, where Stacy and Wendham joined them.

Stacy crossed to Mrs. Wendham's side, and Alice, taking Boyd's arm in hers, demanded an immediate tour of inspection. Once out of earshot, she turned a glowing face to her companion.

"Boyd, it's a miracle, a beautiful miracle. I could hardly have believed it. I can't tell you how happy it makes me; and it's all through and through; one can feel it and breathe it in her atmosphere. It's her spirit as well as her body that is cured."

"I know," he nodded. "At one time, Alice, I questioned whether it would not be kinder to use the power she so abused to wipe from her memory the recollection of her—her hesitations, then went on bravely—'crimes.' At last I talked it over with her, and we decided it was best that she should know. It is her penance. At first when conscience awakened she wanted to give herself up, confess, and take her legal punishment, but I persuaded her that the world was not benefited by a prisoner behind penitentiary bars, but by active goodness. We have compromised with the Fates. Her life is her atonement. You have no idea what a ministering angel she is, nor what treasures of sympathy and good sense she dispenses. She doesn't spare herself. Everything she is or has, except the entirety of her love, which, thank God, is mine, she gives to whoever needs, and in my practice I come upon cases enough where a little attention means everything. It has been a strange story from first to last, but it has a very happy ending."

There was silence for a moment.

"And Adele?" questioned Alice.

"She is with us. She adores her mistress so completely that I believe she would pine away if she were separated from her, and she never knew what part she played in Nellie's life. I doubt she would believe if she were told."

"Doesn't know!" exclaimed Alice in amazement. "Why, then—I begin to understand—I begin to see clearly. And you found out because for years you'd been following these very things—sciences, I suppose they are. What an amazing tangle!"

"Come," called Nellie's voice. "Come, my children; luncheon is ready."

"And I'll see you really eat," said Alice, as the four moved toward the house.

"And drink," laughed Nellie, "to the four happiest people in the world."

THE END.

Sour Milk Longevity.
M. Metchnikoff for longevity advises sour milk and an absence of worry.

TRAINED COCKROACH MISSING

Alonzo, the Pride of Harvard Seniors, Disappears from Holworthy Hall—Played Baseball.

Cambridge, Mass.—Alonzo, the trained cockroach, pride of Holworthy Hall, is missing and there is regret in the hearts of fifty Harvard students.

Although Alonzo was the common property of the seniors in Holworthy he really belonged to Karl S. Cate, '09, to whom also belongs the credit for the insects' earlier training.

Mr. Cate discovered Alonzo in his bedroom at a hotel in Port Antonio, Jamaica, in the winter of 1907-08 and made him a prisoner. When he got back to college Cate made a wire cage for his pet and for a long time the insect thrived on patent leather shoes.

Then Cate taught Alonzo to respond to his whistle, and rewarded him for prompt responses with moistened sugar.

Other seniors taught Alonzo various tricks. One was to stand on his hind legs upon the edge of an unlighted pipe without falling in. Another taught Alonzo how to roll over and die when any one said "Yale" in a loud firm voice. This was accomplished only after weeks of the most arduous labor.

The student would say "Yale" and then he would pin Alonzo down to the table after tripping him up by his hind legs. Then he would reward him with a bit of dried lobster claw.

For a long time the approach of the instructor would make Alonzo nervous and fidgety, but soon he mastered the trick.

Capt. Currier of the ball team laid out a small baseball diamond and taught Alonzo several tricks on it. The one which provoked the most comment was the one in which Alonzo took his stand on the home plate. Currier would yell "Slide, Alonzo, slide." Then Alonzo would set out at top speed and circle the bases, and if any one shouted "Yale" Alonzo, instead of falling over in his customary manner, would circle the bases three times.

WOMAN AND FASHION

New Freak Mode.

It was just a year ago that Paris was startled and almost scandalized by the appearance of the first sheath gowns on the streets, and at Longchamps, where the Grand Prix was run, two women wearing the revived directoire were mobbed by a crowd, in which curiosity, admiration and disapproval were about equally represented.

It was soon discovered that the wearers of the new gowns were dressmakers' models, and Paris assured itself and the rest of the world that they would never attain the vogue hoped for by their creators. In a few months, however, the sheath gown had become a familiar sight, not only in Paris, but in all the capitals of the world.

After this experience Paris is making no predictions as to the adoption or rejection of the latest departure from the prevailing modes. This is a

bifurcated arrangement now being worn in the streets of Paris by Mlle. Suzanne Bergere of the Opera Comique. Some shrug their shoulders and say she is merely an actress seeking notoriety, but they are reminded that the original directoire women were models seeking to advertise their employers' wares.

"Of course," said one customer of the Rue de la Paix, "the sheath gown was somewhat modified before it came into general use, and perhaps the nameless style affected by Mlle. Bergere may pass through a similar evolution. It certainly is not pretty now, but as the trousers could hardly be more baggy any modification would necessarily be in the opposite direction, which would make the mode more attractive, at any rate."

Evening Capes. They will be worn everywhere this summer.

Paris has set its seal of approval upon them.

They are of the softest, finest broadcloth.

They are draped about the figure and fall in graceful folds.

Their lines are borrowed from every source—Arab, Bedouin, Grecian, Roman and Spanish.

They have large circular or deeply pointed hoods lined with soft silk and satin.

Colors are exquisite—pale gray, old pink, old rose, apricot, heliotrope, garnet, many tones of blue and green.

They are quite indispensable for wear over charming summer frocks.

Altogether they are most attractive, and the summer wardrobe will not be complete without one.

Summer Frock For a Girl. An admirable frock for a young girl which was dainty enough to be worn at almost any informal warm weather affair was a pale lavender figured lawn trimmed with valenciennes lace and insertion.

There was a round yoke of alternate bands of the lawn and insertion, and the neck was cut slightly round. The skirt and blouse were joined. With it was worn a girde of soft satin, with a Napoleon rosette and stiff ends at the back.

The Scarf Effect. One of the latest Parisian touches is the scarf drapery about the skirt, beginning several inches below the waist line and swathing the hips and the figure for some distance below, the ends being caught together in the back and one end brought carelessly over the joining. Sometimes this end disappears at the top to reappear no more, and then again it reappears as an end falling from under the sash, but hanging only a few inches below it.

A New Motor Bonnet. In motor bonnets a new model has just appeared of Dutch design with the back part plaited into a wide front piece, the whole being made of a curious straw that looks exactly like a fine edition of the bass matting used by gardeners. There is a little design on the front piece done in bass cord. The bonnet is lined with plaited chiffon in tan brown and ties under the chin with strings of tan brown satin ribbon.



THE PANTALON GOWN.

THE SUFFRAGETTE COCKTAIL.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The suffragette cocktail is the newest American drink.

Any other kind of a cocktail makes a man want to go home and beat his wife. The new drink has exactly the opposite tendency. Two or three of the new drinks make a man go home and relinquish his position as head of the household to his wife and accord her all the privileges he now enjoys as a citizen.

That's true, for it has already been tried. A Hennepin avenue bartender invented the new drink. Here's his recipe:

Sloe gin, French vermouth and Italian vermouth in equal parts to make a gill; mix in a cocktail glass, add a dash of orange bitters, twist in two strips of lemon peel and serve.

One makes a man willing to listen to the suffragettes' proposition.

Two convince him that it has some merit.

Three make him a missionary, willing to spread the gospel abroad, and four make him go home and wash the dishes.

THE HOPE OF FRENCH MONARCHISTS

Paris, France.—The strike of the public servants in France is hailed with joy by the Bourbon Royalists who are loudly proclaiming in their subsidized newspapers that the downfall of the Republic is at hand.



The Duke of Orleans.

The head of the movement to restore the monarchy in all its splendor and extravagance is the Duke of Orleans. He has immense wealth and is using it lavishly in a propaganda to place himself on the throne.

Farmer Ploughs Up Whale. Seaside, Ore.—While John Garitise, a small farmer down by the water, was building a bulkhead back of his home on the Necanicum, his plough caught in some hard substance. The obstruction proved to be the entire skeleton of a large whale. The bones are so old that parts of them are decayed, and no attempt was made to get them out of the sand.

INDIAN MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

Cut Flesh from Her Body for Bait in Order to Feed Her Starving Children.

Port Arthur, Ont.—William McKirdy, who has returned from an exploring expedition in the wilds of the Hudson Bay region, confirms a thrilling story of an Indian woman's devotion to her children, which filtered down from the northland a few days ago.

The woman and her children were starving, having eaten their last scrap of food several days before the mother determined upon her almost unparalleled sacrifice. The snares remained empty and all the traps set for wild game were unspung. Not a living creature could be seen, although the woman, spurred by the cries of her children for food, hunted until her strength was spent.

In this pitiable emergency, and made desperate by the sufferings of her little brood, she seized a knife and cut strips of flesh from her body which she used to bait hooks to lure fish from their haunts in a nearby lake. In this manner she managed to sustain the lives of her family until help arrived and the famished babes were fed.

HAL, A MULE, KILLS HIMSELF.

Plain Case of Suicide, Say Police and Stable Watchman.

New York City.—Hal, a mule, killed himself by jumping from a window of the stable at No. 245 West Nineteenth street into the basement of the tenement house at No. 232 West Twentieth street. His neck was broken. The police say he committed suicide on account of grief for a team mate.

Mrs. Kate Hyland, who owns the stable, also was the owner of Hal. The mule was used for trucking purposes, and until six months ago was hitched alongside Daisy. After Daisy died, Hal never went to sleep, according to James Wilson, the night watchman, who says the mule moaned continually, night after night. Wilson went out to get breakfast. Hardly had he left the stable than Hal started to kick at a brick partition, and finally he made a space large enough to get his body through. Then he went to a large window at the rear of the stable, and jumped. The distance was only ten feet, but he died almost instantly.

"It was suicide pure and simple," the lieutenant at the desk of the police station said.

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN UNDER FIRE



"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN.

He has sailed for a long vacation in Europe without replying to the charges in McClure's magazine that he is the leader of a band of crooks and criminals who control New York City's affairs.

MULE WITH REPUTATION.

Has Killed One Man, and Even Tried for Birds in Trees.

Owensville, Ind.—To the great relief of the drivers of a big lumber firm here, a mule known as Maude, an inveterate kicker, has been placed on the idle list until she can either be sold or given to any person who will take her as a gift. Maude firmly established her reputation as a kicker about a year ago at Evansville when she kicked James Stinns, killing him instantly. Clarence Witherow, of this city, received a broken arm when he got too close to Maude's heels.

John Wiseman was the next victim. He tried to get on the gentle side of Maude and received a broken rib.

Maude has been known to kick at birds singing in the trees, and her disposition to kick without due notice has placed her on the retired list. Every mule works in this neighborhood but Maude.

TOLD SUICIDE STORY CRUELLY.

Woke Wife at Night to Describe First Wife's Death—She Gets Divorce.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"He used to wake me up in the night to tell me how his first wife committed suicide," said Mrs. John C. Hemmeter testifying against her husband in a divorce action in Common Pleas Court. Mrs. Hemmeter said the story was "creepy" and that at its conclusion her husband would twirl a revolver about his finger and say: "One wife is dead, another on her way, but the old general lives."

This was not all, Mrs. Hemmeter testified, nor would she be contradicted by the cross-examination of Hemmeter, who acted as his own attorney. "I wanted my parrot and when we separated asked him to send it to me. He mailed it—dead," she said.

The divorce was granted on the ground of cruelty.