

Green Fancy

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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"Graustark," "The
Hollow of Her
Hand," "Beverly of
Graustark," "The
Prince of Graustark," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I will put my coat over your head. Here is a little electric torch. Don't flash it until I am sure the coat is arranged so that you can do so without a gleam of light getting out from under." He pressed the torch and a bit of closely folded paper in the other's hand and carefully draped the coat over his head.

Barnes read: "Thank God! I was afraid you would wait until tomorrow night. Then it would have been too late. I must get away tonight but I cannot leave—I dare not leave without something that is concealed in another part of the house. I do not know how to secure it. My door is locked from the outside. What am I to do? I would rather die than to go away without it."

Hastily he wrote: "If you do not come at once, we will force our way into the house and fight it out with them all. My friend is coming up the vines. Let him enter the window. Tell him where to go and he will do the rest. He is a miracle man. Nothing is impossible to him. If he does not return in ten minutes, I shall follow."

There was no response to this. The lead reappeared in the window, but no word came down.

Sprouse whispered: "I am going up. Stay here. If you hear a commotion in the house, run for it. Don't wait for me. I'll probably be done for."

"I'll do just as I please about running," said Barnes, and there was a deep thrill in his whisper. "Good luck. God help you if they catch you."

"Not even he could help me then. Good-by. I'll do what I can to induce her to drop out of the window if anything goes wrong with me downstairs."

A moment later he was silently scaling the wall of the house, feeling his way carefully, testing every precarious foothold, dragging himself painfully upwards by means of the most unanny, animal-like strength and stealth.

Barnes could not recall drawing a single breath from the instant the man left his side until the faintly luminous square above his head was obliterated by the black of his body as it wriggled over the ledge.

We will follow Sprouse. When he crawled through the window and stood erect inside the room, he found himself confronted by a tall, shadowy figure, standing half-way between him and the door.

He advanced a step or two and uttered a soft hiss of warning.

"Not a sound," he whispered, drawing still nearer. "I have come four



"Not a Sound," He Whispered.

thousand miles to help you, countless. This is not the time or place to explain. We haven't a moment to waste. I need only say that I have been sent from Paris by persons you know to aid you in delivering the crown jewels into the custody of your country's minister in Paris. We must act swiftly. Tell me where they are. I will get them."

"Who are you?" she whispered tensely.

"My name is Theodore Sprouse. I have been loaned to your embassy by my own government. I beg of you do not ask questions now. Tell me where the prince sleeps, how I may get to his room."

"You know that he is the prince?"

"And that you are his cousin."

She was silent for a moment. "Not only is it impossible for you to enter his room but it is equally impossible for you to get out of this one except by the way you entered. If I thought there was the slightest chance for you to—"

"Let me be the judge of that, countless. Where is his room?"

"The last to the right as you leave this door—at the extreme end of the corridor. Across the hall from his room you will see an open door. A

man sits in there all night long, keeping watch. You could not approach Prince Ugo's door without being seen by that watcher.

"You said in your note to Barnes that the—er—something was in Curtis' study."

"The prince sleeps in Mr. Curtis' room. The study adjoins it, and can only be entered from the bedroom. There is no other door. What are you doing?"

"I am going to take a peep over the transom, first of all. If the coast is clear, I shall take a little stroll down the hall. Do not be alarmed. I will come back—with the things we both want. Pardon me." He sat down on the edge of the bed and removed his shoes. She watched him as if fascinated while he opened the bosom of his soft shirt and stuffed the wet shoes inside.

Then he said: "You are not dressed for flight. May I suggest that while I am outside you slip on a dark skirt and coat? You cannot go far in that dressing gown. It would be in shreds before you had gone a hundred feet through the brush. If I do not return to this room inside of fifteen minutes, or if you hear sounds of a struggle, crawl through the window and go down the vines. Barnes will look out for you."

"You must not fall, Theodore Sprouse," she whispered. "I must regain the jewels and the state papers. I cannot go without—"

"I shall do my best," he said simply. Silently he drew a chair to the door, mounted it and, drawing himself up by his hands, poked his head through the open transom. An instant later he was on the floor again. She heard him inserting a key in the lock. Almost before she could realize that it had actually happened, the door opened slowly, cautiously, and his thin wiry figure slid through what seemed to her no more than a crack. As softly the door was closed.

For a long time she stood, dazed and unbelieving, in the center of the room, staring at the door. She held her breath, listening for the shout that was so sure to come—and the shot, perhaps! A prayer formed on her lips and went voicelessly up to God.

Suddenly she roused herself from the stupefaction that held her. With feverish haste she snatched up garments from the chair on which she had carefully placed them in anticipation of the emergency that now presented itself. A blouse (which she neglected to button), a short skirt of some dark material, a jacket, and a pair of stout walking shoes (which she failed to lace), completed the swift transformation. As she glided to the window, she jammed the pins into a small black hat of felt. Then she peered over the ledge.

She started back, stifling a cry with her hand. A man's head had almost come in contact with her own as she leaned out. A man's hand reached over and grasped the inner ledge of the casement, and then a man's face was dimly revealed to her startled gaze.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Flight, a Stone-Cutter's Shed, and a Voice Outside.

"Why have you come up here?" She came swiftly to his side.

"Thank the Lord, I made it," he whispered, breathlessly. "I came up because there was nowhere else to go. I thought I heard voices—a man and a woman speaking. They seemed to be quite close to me. Don't be alarmed, Miss Cameron. I am confident that I can—"

"And now that you are here, trapped as I am, what do you purpose to do? You cannot escape. Go back before it is too late."

"Is Sprouse—where is he?"

"He is somewhere in the house. I was to wait until he—Oh, Mr. Barnes, I—I am terrified. You will never know the—"

"Trust him," he said. "He is a marvel. We'll be safely out of here in a little while, and then it will all look simple to you. You are ready to go? Good! Sit down, do! If he doesn't return in a minute or two, I'll take a look about the house myself. I don't intend to desert him. I know this floor pretty well, and the lower one. The stairs are—"

"But the stairway is closed at the bottom by a solid steel curtain. It is made to look like a panel in the wall. You are not to venture outside this room, Mr. Barnes. I forbid it. You—"

"How did Sprouse get out? You said your door was locked."

"He had a key. I do not know where he obtained—"

"Skeleton key, such as burglars use. By Jove, what a wonderful burglar he would make! Courage, Miss Cameron! He will be here soon. Then comes the real adventure—my part of it. I didn't come here tonight to get any flashy old crown jewels. I came to take you out of—"

"You—you know about the crown jewels?" she murmured. Her body seemed to stiffen. "Then you know who I am?"

"Do you think he escaped?"

"I am sure of it. Those whistles were sounding the alarm. He may come this way. The chances are that your flight has not been discovered. Do

"No. You will tell me tomorrow."

"Yes, yes—tomorrow," she whispered.

For some time there was silence. Both were listening intently for sounds in the hall. She leaned closer to whisper in his ear. Their shoulders touched. He wondered if she experienced the same delightful thrill that ran through his body. She told him of the man who watched across the hall from the room supposed to be occupied by Loeb the secretary, and of Sprouse's incomprehensible daring.

"Where is Mr. Curtis?" he asked.

Her breath fanned his cheek, her lips were close to his ear. "There is no Mr. Curtis here. He died four months ago in Florida."

"I suspected as much." He did not press her for further revelations. "Sprouse should be here by this time. I must go out there and see if he requires any—"

She clutched his arm frantically. "You shall do nothing of the kind. You shall not—"

"Sh! What do you take me for, Miss Cameron? He may be sorely in need of help. Do you think that I would leave him to God knows what sort of fate?"

"But he said positively that I was to go in case he did not return in—fifteen minutes," she begged. "He may have been cut off and was compelled to escape from another—"

"Just the same, I've got to see what has become of—"

"No! No!" She arose with him, dragging at his arm. "Do not be foolhardy. You are not skilled at—"

"There is only one way to stop me, Miss Cameron. If you will come with me now—"

"But I must know whether he secured the—"

"Then let me go. I will find out whether he has succeeded."

He was rougher than he realized in wrenching his arm free. She uttered a low moan and covered her face with her hands. Undeterred, he crossed to the door. His hand was on the knob when a door slammed violently somewhere in a distant part of the house.

A hoarse shout of alarm rang out, and then the rush of heavy feet over thickly carpeted floors.

Barnes acted with lightning swiftness. He sprang to the open window, half-carrying, half-dragging the girl with him.

"Now for it!" he whispered. "Not a second to lose. Climb upon my back, quick, and hang on for dear life." He had scrambled through the window and was lying flat across the sill.

"Hurry! Don't be afraid. I am strong enough to carry you if the vines do their part."

With surprising alacrity and sureness she crawled out beside him and then over upon his broad back, clasping her arms around his neck. Holding to the ledge with one hand he felt for and clutched the thick vine with the other. Slowly he slid his body off of the sill and swung free by one arm.

An instant later he found the lattice with the other hand and the hurried descent began.

His feet touched the ground. In the twinkling of an eye he picked her up in his arms and bolted across the little grass plot into the shrubbery. She did not utter a sound.

Presently he set her down. His breath was gone, his strength exhausted.

"Can you—manage to—walk a little way?" he gasped. "Give me your hand, and follow as close to my heels as you can. Better that I should bump into things than you."

Shouts were now heard, and shrill blasts on a police whistle split the air.

On they stumbled, blindly, recklessly. He spared her many an injury by taking it himself. More than once she murmured sympathy when he crashed into a tree or floundered over a log. Utterly at sea, he was now guessing at the course they were taking. Whether their frantic dash was leading them toward the Tavern, or whether they were circling back to Green Fancy, he knew not. Panting, he forged onward.

At last she cried out, quaveringly: "Oh, I—I can go no farther! Can't we—is it not safe to stop for a moment? My breath is—"

"God bless you, yes," he exclaimed, and came to an abrupt stop. She leaned heavily against him, gasping for breath. "I haven't the faintest idea where we are, but we must be some distance from the house. We will rest a few minutes and then take it easier, more cautiously. I am sorry, but it was the only thing to do, rough as it was."

"I know, I understand. I am not complaining, Mr. Barnes. You will find me ready and strong and—"

"Let me think. I must try to get my bearings. Good Lord, I wish Sprouse were here. He can see in the dark. We are off the path, that's sure."

"Do you think he escaped?"

"I am sure of it. Those whistles were sounding the alarm. He may come this way. The chances are that your flight has not been discovered. Do

you feel like going on? We must beat them to the Tavern. They—"

"I am all right now," she said, and they were off again. Barnes now picked his way carefully and with the greatest caution. He could only pray that he was going in the right direction.

An hour—but what seemed thrice as long—passed and they had not come to the edge of the forest. Her feet were beginning to drag; he could tell that by the effort she made to keep up with him. From time to time he paused to allow her to rest.

"You are plucky," he once said to her.

"I am afraid I could not be so plucky if you were not so strong," she sighed, and he loved the tired, whimsical little twist she put into her reply.

To his dismay they came abruptly upon a region abounding in huge rocks. This was new territory to him. His heart sank.

"By Jove, I—I believe we are farther away from the road than when we started. We must have been going up the slope instead of down."

"In any case, Mr. Barnes," she murmured, "we have found something to sit down upon."

He chuckled. "If you can be as cheerful as all that, we sha'n't miss the cushions," he said, and, for the first time, he was smiling.

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Approved Afternoon Gowns



The long underslip of satin or foulard, used as a foundation for afternoon or evening dresses has proved a wonderful help in the summer wardrobe. The same slip serves for wear with long blouses, and the very popular smocks that just now hold the center of fashion's stage, as well as for the original and special overdress that caused it to be made. Dresses made with an underslip with various kinds of overdresses are not outvalued by any others for afternoon wear. Sometimes the underslip is plain, with overdress in a figured fabric and sometimes this order is reversed, as in the afternoon gown at the left of the two shown above.

Foulard and georgette make the most popular of all combinations for dresses of this kind. Here they appear in a long underslip of figured foulard with bodice and overskirt of plain georgette, laid in box plaits and with a border of foulard about the bottom of the overdress. The georgette provides the sleeves, girdle and collar, but foulard accounts for the cuffs. There is a lace collar also and

appears in the sleeves. Evidently the plain neck is passing and few will regret it for the plain neck finish is not becoming.

A later arrival in styles for afternoon frocks is shown at the right of the picture and it foreshadows something new for fall. This is a gown made of shot taffeta silk, and it suggests the "bustle dress" of two or three years ago. One material and cleverly managed drapery of it, are the means at hand with which the designer has succeeded in making an interesting and very pleasing dress. Bunchy drapery is caught at the right side below the hip, with ribbon in long loops and ends. Frills of lace set off the neck and make a pretty chemise, adding their daintiness to the sleeves. This model, modified a little and made up in light-colored silks, makes a lovely evening dress. One of these in blue taffeta shot with gray, has the silk draped at both sides of the skirt, a slip-over bodice (with Chinese collar) that extends below the waistline in front and forms a sash. This is tied in a buoyant bow at the back.

The Last Arrivals in Blouses



The latest arrivals in blouses are not different from those that came early in the season, except in inconspicuous details of making or trimming. There is no good reason why designers should run after strange gods as long as there is an insistent demand for the styles now in vogue or until some change in skirts opens the way for a change in blouses. What women are most concerned in is knowledge of the merits of materials used in blouses and of the most practical and becoming styles for various uses.

The most durable and at the same time dainty blouses for daily wear are made of fine cotton voile. It does not seem possible that so sheer and fine a fabric could have such powers of resistance to wear and tubing, but the fact remains that it will outlast any other. When made up with strong cluny or fillet, or hand-crochet laces, one may depend upon a voile blouse for two years' wear, some times more. Tatting makes as fine a finish as the most fastidious taste can ask for blouses made of voile or other cottons.

Batiste is a softer material than voile and gives good service. It is not expected to last as long, and the finer lingerie laces, val, cluny and fillet are used with it. It is a beautiful background for hand embroidery so

that very fine blouses are made by hand of it and rank with the best of silk blouses. The hand-made blouses are expensive, the time required to make them being the chief item in their cost. Women who are expert with the needle can make them for themselves and in this way own waists that are far out of reach of the average pocketbook.

In silks, crepe georgette, crepe de chine, pongee and silk shirtings are all dependable if carefully laundered, and crepe georgette, most fragile looking of all, will wear as long as any of them. It is of all silks the most popular for blouses. One of the two blouses pictured is made entirely of it and the other is a combination of georgette and crepe de chine. In the latter, shown at the left of the picture, a skeleton waist of crepe de chine is slipped over a blouse of georgette. Edges are finished with piping. This makes a "V" of georgette at the front which is embroidered with silk.

The blouse at the right reflects the Chinese inspiration and is handsomely ornamented with soutache braid sewed "on edge." The short, looped-over girdle at each side is made of the crepe.

Julia Bottomley