



SYNOPSIS.

The story is told by Nicholas Trist, his chief, Senator John Calhoun, offered the portfolio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet, is told by Dr. Ward that his time is short. Calhoun declares that he is not ready to die, and if he accepts Tyler's offer it means that Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He plans to learn the intentions of England with regard to Mexico through Baroness Von Ritz, secret spy and reputed mistress of the English ambassador, Pakenham. Nicholas is sent to bring the baroness to Calhoun's apartments and misleads a meeting with his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. While searching for the baroness' house a carriage dashes up and Nicholas is invited to enter.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Your name!" she again demanded. I told her the first one that came to my lips—I do not remember what. I did not deceive her for a moment.

"Of course that is not your name," she said; "because it does not fit you. You have me still at disadvantage."

"And me, madam? You are taking me miles out of my way. How can I help you? Do you perhaps wish to hunt mushrooms in the Georgetown woods when morning comes? I wish that I might join you, but I fear—"

"You mock me," she retorted. "Very good. Let me tell you it was not your personal charm which attracted me when I saw you on the pavement! 'Twas because you were the only man in sight."

I bowed my thanks. For a moment nothing was heard save the steady patter of hoofs on the ragged pavement. At length she went on.

"I am alone. I have been followed. I was followed when I called to you—by another carriage. I asked help of the first gentleman I saw, having heard that Americans are all gentlemen."

"True," said I; "I do not blame you. Neither do I blame the occupant of the other carriage for following you."

"I pray you, leave aside such clatter!" she exclaimed. "Very well, then, madam. Perhaps the best way is for us to be more straightforward. If I cannot be of service I beg you to let me descend, for I have business which I must execute to-night."

She dismissed this with an impatient gesture, and continued.

"See, I am alone," she said. "Come with me. Show me my way—I will pay—I will pay anything in reason." Actually I saw her tumble at her purse, and the hot blood flew to my forehead.

"What you ask of me, madam, is impossible," said I, with what courtesy I could summon. "You oblige me now to tell my real name. I have told you that I am an American gentleman—Mr. Nicholas Trist. We of this country do not offer our services to ladies for the sake of pay. But do not be troubled over any mistake—it is nothing. Now, you have perhaps had some little adventure in which you do not wish to be discovered. In any case, you ask me to shake off that carriage which follows us. If that is all, madam, it very easily can be arranged."

"Hasten, then," she said. "I leave it to you. I was sure you knew the city."

I turned and gazed back through the rear window of the carriage. True, there was another vehicle following us. We were by this time nearly at the end of Washington's limited pavements. It would be simple after that. I leaned out and gave our driver some brief orders. We led our chase across the valley creeks on up the Georgetown hills, and soon as possible abandoned the last of the pavement and took to the turf, where the sound of our wheels was dulled. Rapidly as we could we passed on up the hill, our going, which was all of earth or soft turf, now well wetted by the rain. When at last we reached a point near the summit of the hill I stopped to listen. Hearing nothing, I told the driver to pull down the hill by the side street, and to drive slowly. When we finally came into our main street again at the foot of the Georgetown hills, not far from the little creek which divided that settlement from the main city, I could hear nowhere any sound of our pursuer.

"Madam," said, turning to her, "I think we may safely say we are alone. What, now, is your wish?"

"Home!" she said. "And where is home?"

She looked at me keenly for a time, as though to read some thought which perhaps she saw suggested either in the tone of my voice or in some glimpse she might have caught of my features as light afforded. For the moment she made no answer.

"Is it here?" suddenly I asked her, presenting to her inspection the sealed missive which I bore.

"I cannot see; it is quite dark," she said hurriedly.

"Pardon me, then—" I fumbled for my case of lucifers, and made a faint light by which she might read. She pursed her lips and shook her head.

"I do not recognize the address," said she, smiling, as she turned toward me.

"Is it at this door on M street, as you go beyond this other street?" I asked her. "Come—think!"

54-40 OR FIGHT BY EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER. COPYRIGHT 1909 BY BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

Then I thought I saw the flush deepen on her face, even as the match flickered and fell.

I leaned out of the door and called to the negro driver. "Home, now, boy—and drive fast!" She made no protest.

CHAPTER V.

One of the Women in the Case. There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—Lamartine.

A quarter of an hour later, we slowed down on a rough brick pavement, which led toward what then was an outlying portion of the town—one not precisely shabby, but by no means fashionable. There was a single lamp stationed at the mouth of the narrow little street. As we advanced, I could see outlined upon our right, just beyond a narrow pavement of brick, a low and not more than semi-respectable house, or rather, row of houses; tenements for the middle class or poor, I might have said. The neighborhood, I knew from my acquaintance with the city, was respectable enough, yet it was remote, and occupied by none of any station. Certainly it was not to be considered fit residence for a woman such as this who sat beside me. I admit I was puzzled.

"This will do," she said softly, at length. The driver already had pulled up.

So, then, I thought, she had been here before. But why? Could this indeed be her residence? Was this indeed the covert embassy of England?

There was no escape from the situation as it lay before me. I had no time to ponder. My duty was here. This was my message; here was she for whom it was intended; and this was the place which I was to have sought alone. I needed only to remember that my business was not with Helena von Ritz the woman, beautiful, fascinating, perhaps dangerous as they said of her, but with the Baroness von Ritz, in the belief of my chief the ally and something more than ally of Pakenham, in charge of England's fortunes on this continent.

I descended at the edge of the narrow pavement, and was about to hand her out at the step, but as I glanced down I saw that the rain had left a puddle of mud between the carriage and the walk.

"Pardon, madam," I said; "allow me to make a light for you—the footing is bad."

I lighted another lucifer, just as she hesitated at the step. She made as though to put out her right foot, and withdrew it. Again she shifted, and extended her left foot. I faintly saw proof that nature had carried out her scheme of symmetry, and had not allowed wrist and arm to forswear themselves! I saw also that this foot was clad in the daintiest of white slippers, suitable enough as part of her ball costume, as I doubted not was this she wore. She took my hand without hesitation, and rested her weight upon the step—an adorable ankle now more frankly revealed. The

briefness of the lucifers was merciful or merciless, as you like.

"A wide step, madam; be careful," I suggested. But still she hesitated.

A laugh, half of annoyance, half of amusement, broke from her lips. As the light flickered down, she made as though to take the step; then, as luck would have it, a bit of her loose drapery, which was made in the wide-skirted and much-hooped fashion of the time, caught at the hinge of the carriage door. It was a chance glance, and not intent on my part, but I saw that her other foot was stockinged, but not shod!

"I beg madam's pardon," I said gravely, looking aside, "but she has perhaps not noticed that her other slipper is lost in the carriage."

"Nonsense!" she said. "Allow me your hand across to the walk, please. It is lost, yes."

"But lost—where?" I began.

"In the other carriage!" she exclaimed, and laughed freely.

Half hopping, she was across the walk, through the narrow gate, and up at the door before I could either offer an arm or ask for an explanation. Some whim, however, seized her; some feeling that in fairness she ought to tell me now part at least of the reason for her summoning me to her aid.

"Sir," she said, even as her hand reached up to the door knocker; "I admit you have acted as a gentleman should. I do not know what your message may be, but I doubt not it is meant for me. Since you have this much claim on my hospitality, even at this hour, I think I must ask you to step within. There may be some answer needed."

"Madam," said I, "there is an answer needed. I am to take back that answer. I know that this message is to the Baroness von Ritz. I guess it to be important; and I know you are the Baroness von Ritz."

"Well, then," said she, pulling about her half-clad shoulders the light wrap she wore; "let me be as free with you. If I have missed one shoe, I have not lost it wholly. I lost the slipper in a way not quite planned on the program. It hurt my foot. I sought to adjust it behind a curtain. My gentleman of Mexico was in wine. I fled, leaving my escort, and he followed. I called to you. You know the rest. I am glad you are less in wine, and are more a gentleman."

"I do not yet know my answer, madam."

"Come!" she said; and at once knocked upon the door.

I shall not soon forget the surprise which awaited me when at last the door swung open suddenly at the hand of a wrinkled and brown old serving woman—not one of our colored women, but of some dark foreign race. The faintest trace of surprise showed on the old woman's face, but she stepped back and swung the door wide, standing submissively, waiting for orders.

We stood now facing what ought to have been a narrow and dingy little room in a low row of dingy buildings,

each of two stories and so shallow in extent as perhaps not to offer space to more than a half dozen rooms. Instead of what should have been, however, there was a wide hall—wide as each building would have been from front to back, but longer than a half dozen of them would have been! I did not know then, what I learned later, that the partitions throughout this entire row had been removed, the material serving to fill up one of the houses at the farthest extremity of the row. There was thus offered a long and narrow room, or series of rooms, which now I saw beyond possibility of doubt constituted the residence of this strange woman whom chance had sent me to address; and whom still stranger chance had thrown in contact with me even before my errand was begun!

She stood looking at me, a smile flitting over her features, her stockinged foot extended, toe down, serving to balance her on her high-heeled single shoe.

"Pardon, sir," she said, hesitating, as she held the sealed epistle in her hand. "You know me—perhaps you follow me—I do not know. Tell me, are you a spy of that man Pakenham?"

Her words and her tone startled me. I had supposed her bound to Sir Richard by ties of a certain sort. Her bluntness and independence puzzled me as much as her splendid beauty enraptured me. I tried to forget both.

"Madam, I am spy of no man, unless I am such at order of my chief, John Calhoun of the United States senate—perhaps, if madam pleases, soon of Mr. Tyler's cabinet."

In answer, she turned, hobbled to a tiny marquetry table, and tossed the note down upon it, unopened. I waited patiently, looking about me meantime. I discovered that the windows were barred with narrow slats of iron within, although covered with heavy draperies of amber silk. There was a double sheet of iron covering the door by which we had entered.

"Your cage, madam?" I inquired.

"I do not blame England for making it so secret and strong! If so lovely a prisoner were mine, I should double the bars."

The swift answer to my presumption came in the flush of her cheek and her bitten lip. She caught up the key from the table, and half motioned me to the door. But now I smiled in turn, and pointed to the unopened note on the table. "You will pardon me, madam," I went on. "Surely it is no disgrace to represent either England or America. They are not at war. Why should we be?" We gazed steadily at each other.

The old servant had disappeared when at length her mistress chose to pick up my unregarded document. Deliberately she broke the seal and read. An instant later, her anger gone, she was laughing gaily.

"See" said she, bubbling over with her mirth; "I pick up a stranger, who should say good-by at my curb; my apartments are forced; and this is what this stranger asks: that I shall go with him, to-night, alone, and otherwise unattended, to see a man, perhaps high in your government, but a stranger to me, at his own rooms—alone! Oh, la! la! Surely these Americans hold me high!"

"Assuredly we do, madam," I answered. "Will it please you to go in your own carriage, or shall I return with one for you?"

She put her hands behind her back, holding in them the opened message from my chief. "I am tired. I am bored. Your impudence amuses me; and your errand is not your fault. Come, sit down. You have been good to me. Before you go, I shall have some refreshments brought for you."

I felt a sudden call upon my resources as I found myself in this singular situation. Here, indeed, more easily reached than I had dared hope, was the woman in the case. But only half of my errand, the easier half, was done.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sense of Direction in Animals. The remarkable faculty which cats, dogs, pigeons and other animals possess of returning in a straight line to a point of departure has awakened much curiosity on the part of naturalists. Some refer it to instinct, some to intelligence similar to man, some to an internal mechanism which makes the animal simply automata, but none of these attempted explanations does anything toward solving the mystery. One of our ablest modern scientific writers supposes that when an animal is carried to a great distance in a basket its fright makes it very attentive to the different odors which it encounters upon the way, and that the return of these odors, in inverse order, furnishes the needful guide.

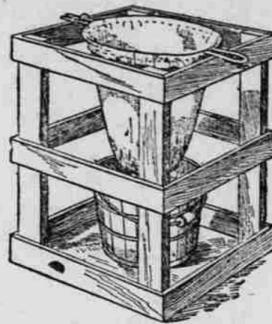
In Fig-Leaf Days. First Prehistoric—Where did Adam get such an awful grouch? Second Ditto—He's kicking because his spring clothes don't make him look as broad shouldered as the fellows in the advertisements.—Puck

HOW TO MAKE JELLY STAND

Device Constructed From a Few Boards That Will Prevent Old-Time Danger of Upsetting.

Every housewife who makes jelly is only too well acquainted with the inconvenience and danger of upsets when using the old method of balancing a jelly bag on a couple of chairs stood on the kitchen table, with the additional inconvenience of having a couple of chairs on the kitchen table out of commission for such a length of time.

The accompanying sketch shows how a stand can be made from a few pieces of boards that will help jelly



Cheesecloth Strainer on Stand.

makers and prevent the old-time dangers and disadvantages. The stand can be stood in the corner of the kitchen, or under the kitchen table where it will be out of danger of being upset.—Popular Mechanics.

Rice Pudding.

One cup raw whole rice, one pint milk, one pint water, one cup dark molasses, one teaspoonful salt, one-third nutmeg. In mixing use half a pint milk with molasses, etc. Put in oven to bake in a deep earthen pot. After it has been in moderate oven about one-half to three-quarters of an hour, or when the rice begins to swell, stir from the bottom thoroughly, then add balance of milk, only stirring slightly from the top the same as you would Indian pudding. This makes the whey. Bake two hours. Best to mix early in the morning, leaving out the milk as that allows the rice to swell, before baking, but you are not obliged to do this. Try this and report. Bake just the same as your Indian pudding. Do not allow it to be too solid when done. Add more milk if necessary. Experience will teach you when it is baked right. It is fine.

Keep the Preserves.

All jarred fruit should be kept in a dry, cool and dark place—a closet built in the cellar is excellent. It should be provided with lock and key. Tomatoes should be wrapped in newspaper in addition.

If jars are to do duty a second season they must be carefully opened. Prying at the lid with a knife, wrenching or desperate twisting injures the lid and chips the glass edge of jar. Use a jar opener that acts like a lever, and if that fails to work easily immerse the jar in boiling water for a minute, and it will open quickly.

As soon as a jar is opened wash it carefully in soap and water, rinse well and put on the lid loosely. Have a safe shelf to keep empty jars on instead of pitching them in a heap in a corner; it saves much work when they must be used again.

Tomato Preserves.

Select good, solid, ripe tomatoes, peel and slice. To every pound of tomato use a good half-pound of sugar. Let your tomato boil for a half-hour or more; then add your sugar; wash and slice two lemons, add to above. It depends wholly on the amount of tomatoes, the amount of spices you use, and you must judge the latter to suit your taste. Use a little ginger, plenty of stick cinnamon, some ground cinnamon, and very, very little ground cloves. Too many spices will make your preserves dark. It depends on the tomatoes the length of time to boil. Some tomatoes are more watery than others. Boil and test the same as any other preserves. The above recipe is for either ripe red tomatoes or the little yellow ones.

Whole Wheat Bread.

The most palatable bread is made of mixed flour. Take 1 pint of graham meal, 1/2 pint of rye meal, 1/2 pint white flour, to fill up the quart measure. Then add another quart of white bread flour. Add a tablespoon of salt, 2 tablespoons molasses, two or sugar, half a yeast cake, tablespoon of shortening. Mix and mold on a board as if it were white bread, only do not make too stiff. This makes in our family one pan of biscuit for breakfast and two loaves of bread. Small loaves are more palatable.

Lunch Cake.

One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one cup milk, two and one-fourth cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, half a grated nutmeg. Frost with chocolate frosting.

Steamed Eggs For Invalids.

To prepare an egg for a sick person beat until very light, add a little salt and pepper, and then steam until thoroughly steamed through, about two minutes. The most delicate stomach will digest it.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to you sometime ago about my health and you told me what to do. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am to-day a well woman."—Mrs. WILLIAM A. HENNS, 883 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

It isn't every ball player who can make a hit on the stage.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state.

You can't administer punishment and forgiveness at the same time.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. packages, 5 cents.

Some people are too fresh—but the same thing can't be said of eggs.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c. Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Somehow the average mother doesn't think she is doing her duty unless she spoils her children.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA. Take the Old Standard GILVER'S TARTAR EMERALD TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malarial and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 10 cents. Price 30 cents.

Not a Bad Chap After All. Hawks—Oh, well, Jones isn't such a bad fellow, after all.

Taylor—What makes you say that? "Well, he wouldn't lend me the \$10 I asked him for, but he didn't take advantage of the opportunity to give me good advice."

Had Been Done. "I never saw such a versatile man; he can do anything." "Why stop at anything?"

Reason for Strange Names. A little colored girl appeared on one of the city playgrounds the other day, accompanied by two pickaninnies, who, she explained, were cousins of hers, visitors in Newark. "What are their names?" asked the young woman in charge of the playground. "Aida Overture Johnson and Lucia Sextette Johnson," the girl answered. "You see, their papa used to work for an opera man."—Newark News.

AN EFFECTIVE HOME MADE KIDNEY AND BACKACHE CURE

Easily Prepared Medicine Which is Said to Regulate the Kidneys and End Backache.

To make up enough of the "Dandelion Mixture" which is claimed to be a prompt cure for Backache and Kidney and Bladder trouble, get from any good Prescription Pharmacist one-half ounce fluid extract Dandelion; one ounce Kargon Compound and three ounces Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Those who have tried it say it acts gently but thoroughly on the Kidneys and entire urinary system, relieving the most severe Backache at once.

A well-known medical authority recommends the prescription to be taken the moment you suspect any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary disorder or feel a constant dull Backache, or if the urine is thick, cloudy, offensive or full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a scalding sensation; or for too frequent urination during the night.

This is a real harmless vegetable mixture which could not cause injury to anyone and the relief which is said to immediately follow its use is a revelation to men and women who suffer from Backache, Kidney trouble or any form of Urinary disorder.

This is surely worth trying, as it is easily mixed at home or any druggist will do it for you, and doesn't cost much.



"And Where is Your Home?"