



Embroider on white or handkerchief linen is required for the completion of this embroidery, strongly suggestive of Madeira, or nun's eyelet. Transfer the design and puncture each eyelet just as it is being made, but one at a time. Use a wooden mallet and drive the point through the right side of the goods into a hard cake of white soap. The hole will be perfectly round, the soap will stiffen the edges and thread will pass easily through the fabric, and it will not be necessary to outline eyelets with a running thread. Use the finest cross, a fine needle and have thread short, as it tangles easily, and flaws are readily detected in eyelet. Make no knots and do not pass the thread from one eyelet to another, as it shows back of sheer material. Whip edges very lightly and evenly, and never draw threads too tightly. Hold fabric over the forefinger of left hand as better results are obtained in this manner. As the goods wrinkles easily, press it with a warm iron from time to time. Finish the cap with a soft frill of lace and hemstitched strings.

Put a cake of soap (laundry soap will do) in a pint of hot water, stir vigorously and remove the soap. Saturate this design with the soap and water mixture, then remove the excess moisture by partially drying the saturated design or by applying a sheet of blotting paper. Place the material or fabric to which the design is to be transferred on a hard, flat surface and lay the design, face down, upon the material. Cover with a dry sheet of thick paper or two folds of newspaper, and with the bowl of a tablespoon rub, pressing hard, until the design is entirely transferred, being careful to rub from, rather than toward you. When rubbing, you can see if enough pressure is being applied by lifting a corner of the design to note how well it's taking. Do not wet the material nor rub the face of the design with damp fingers. To remove the design lines after the article is completed, wash in warm water, with soap. The entire process is very simple and with a little care you can easily make perfect transfers to any kind of goods.

TO TRANSFER THIS DESIGN

PATENT PENDING.

Unauthorized use of this process by any publication or firm, either directly or indirectly, is strictly forbidden. World Color Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

The Novel from Which the Play "Seven Days" Was Made.

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten."

Copyright, 1909, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XXII

It Was a Delirium.

I was sure he was dead. He did not move, and when I caught his hands and called him frantically, he did not hear me. And so, with the horror over me, I half fell down the stairs and roused Jim in the studio.

They all came with lights and blankets, and they carried him into the tent and put him on the couch and tried to put whiskey in his mouth. But he could not swallow. And the silence became more and more ominous until finally Anne got hysterical and cried, "He is dead!" and collapsed on the roof.

But he was not. Just as the lights in the tent began to have red rings around them and Jim's voice came from away across the river, somebody said, "There, he swallowed that," and soon after, he opened his eyes. He muttered something that sounded like "Andean pinnacles" and lapsed into unconsciousness again. But he was not dead! He was not dead!

When the doctor came they made a stretcher out of one of Jim's six-foot canvases—it had a picture on it, and Jim was angry enough the next day—and took him down to the studio. We made it as much like a sick room as we could, and we tried to make him comfortable. But he lay without opening his eyes, and at dawn the doctor brought a consultant and a trained nurse.

The nurse was an offensively capable person. She put us all out, and scolded Anne for lighting Japanese incense in the room—although Anne explained that it is very reviving. And she said that it was unnecessary to have a dozen people breathing up all the oxygen and asphyxiating the patient. She was good looking, too. I disliked her at once. Any one could see by the way she took his pulse—just letting his poor hand hang without any support—that she was a purely mechanical creature, without heart.

Well, as I said before, she put us all out and shut the door, and asked us not to whisper outside. Then, too, she refused to allow any flowers in the room, although Betty had got a florist out of bed to order some.

I examined again the place where he had been found. I know, for I was in the upper hall, outside the studio. I stayed there almost all day, and after a while the nurse let me bring her things as she needed them. I don't know why mother didn't let me study nursing—I always wanted to do it. And I felt helpless and childish now, when there were things to be done.

Max came down from the roof alone, and I cornered him in the upper hall. "I'm going crazy, Max," I said. "No body will tell me anything, and I can't stand it. How was he hurt? Who hurt him?"

Max looked at me quite a long time. "No darned if I understand you, Kit," he said gravely. "You said you disliked Harbison."

"So I do," I said. "I supplemented, 'But whether I like him or not has nothing to do with it. He has been injured—perhaps murdered'—I choked a little. 'Which—of which you did it?'"

Max took my hand and held it, looking down at me. "I wish you could have cared for me like that," he said gently. "Dear little girl, we don't know who hurt him. I didn't, if that's what you mean. Perhaps a flower pot."

I began to cry then, and he drew me to him and let me cry on his arm. He stood very quietly, patting my head in a brotherly way and behaving very well, save that once he said, "Kit, I can stand only a certain amount."

And just then the nurse opened the door to the studio, and with Max's arms still around me, I raised my head and looked in.

Mr. Harbison was conscious. His eyes were open, and he was staring at us both as we stood framed by the doorway.

He lay back at once and closed his eyes, and the nurse shut the door. There was no use, even if I had been allowed in, in trying to explain to him. To attempt such a thing would have been to trap the doctors coming in and the explanation. I thought bitterly to myself as I brought the nurse cracked ice and struggled to make beef tea in the kitchen, that lives had been wrecked on less.

Dad was allowed ten minutes in the sick room during the afternoon, and he came out looking puzzled and excited. He refused to tell us what he had learned, however, and the rest of the afternoon he and Jim spent in the cellar.

The day dragged on. Down stairs people ate and read and wrote letters, and outside newspaper men talked together and gazed over at the house and photographed the doctors coming in and the doctors going out. As for me, in the intervals of bringing things, I sat in Bella's chair in the upper hall, and listened to the crackle of the nurse's starched skirts. At midnight that night the doctors

made a thorough examination. When they came out they were smiling. "He is doing very well," the younger one said—he was hairy and dark, but he was beautiful to me. "He is entirely conscious now, and in about an hour you can send the nurse off for a little sleep. Don't let him talk."

And so at last I went through the familiar door into an unfamiliar room, with basins and towels and bottles around, and a screen made of Jim's largest canvases. And some one on the improvised bed turned and looked at me. He did not speak, and I sat down beside him. After a while he put his hand over mine as it lay on the bed.

"You are much better to me than I deserve," he said softly. And because his eyes were disconcerting, I put an ice cloth over them.

"Much better than you deserve," I said, and patted the ice cloth to place gently. He fumbled around until he found my hand, and he held it to his lips and kissed it. Just then from the lower part of the house came a pandemonium of noises: women screaming, men shouting, and the sound of hatchet strokes and splintering wood. I seized Betty by the arm, and together we rushed down the stairs.

CHAPTER XXIII

Coming.

The second floor lay empty. A table lay overturned at the top of the stairs, and a broken flower case was weeping in its own ooze. Part way down Betty stepped on something sharp, that proved to be the Japanese paper knife from the den. I left her on the stairs examining her foot, and hurried to the lower floor.

Here everything was in the utmost confusion. Aunt Selma had fainted, and was sitting in a hall chair with her head rolled over sideways and the poker from the library fireplace across her knees. No one was paying any attention to her. And Jim was holding the front door open, while three of the guards hesitated in the vestibule. The noises continued from the back of the house, and as I stood on the lowest stair Bella came out from the dining-room, with her face streaked with soot, and carrying a kettle of hot water.

"Jim," she called wildly. "While Max and Dal are below, you can pour this down from the top. It's boiling."

"So it is?" I asked. "I returned, 'shut in there?'"

"No—yes—I don't know," he asked absently. "Run along and don't bother, Kit. He may take to shooting any minute."

And I went out then and shut the door, and went into the dining-room and sat on our feet, for of course the bullets might come up through the floor. Aunt Selma joined us there, and Bella, and the Mercer girls, and we sat around and talked in whispers, and Lella Mercer told of the time her grandfather had had a struggle with an escaped lunatic.

In the midst of the excitement Tom appeared in a bathrobe, looking very pale, with a bandage around his head, and the nurse at his heels threatening to leave and carrying a bottle of medicine and a spoon. He went immediately to the pantry, and soon we could hear him giving orders and the rest hurrying around to obey them. The hammering ceased, and the silence was even worse. It was more suggestive.

In about fifteen minutes there was a thud, as if the cage had fallen, and the sound of feet rushing down the cellar stairs. Then there were groans and

"Very," I maintained stoutly.

"Then prepare yourself for another attack of rage," he said. And Betty opened the door.

She had on a fetching pale blue dressing gown, and one braid of her yellow hair was pulled carelessly over her shoulder. When she saw me on my knees beside the bed (oh, yes, I forgot to say that, quite unconsciously, I had slid into that position) she stopped short. Just inside the door, and put her hand to her throat. She stood for quite a perceptible time looking at us, and I tried to rise. But Tom shamelessly put his arm around my shoulders and held me beside him. Then Betty took a step back and steadied herself by the door frame. She had really cared, I knew then, but I was too excited to be sorry for her.

"I beg your pardon for coming in," she said nervously. "But—they want you down stairs, Kit. At least, I thought you would want to go, but—perhaps—"

Just then from the lower part of the house came a pandemonium of noises: women screaming, men shouting, and the sound of hatchet strokes and splintering wood. I seized Betty by the arm, and together we rushed down the stairs.

"That is the door to the dumb-water shaft," he said. "The lower one is fastened on the inside, in some manner. The noises commenced about 11 o'clock, while Mr. Brown was on guard. There were scraping sounds first, and later the sound of a falling body. He roused Mr. Reed and myself, but when we examined the shaft everything was quiet, and dark. We tried lowering a candle on a string, but it was extinguished from below."

The reporters were busily removing the table and chairs from the door.

"If you have a rope handy," one of them said, "I will go down the shaft."

"Dal says that all reporters should have been policemen, and that all policemen are natural news gatherers."

"The cage appears to be stuck, half-way between the floors," Jim said. "They are cutting through the door in the kitchen below."

They opened the door then and cautiously peered down, but there was nothing to be seen. I touched Jim gingerly on the arm.

"It is Flannigan," I asked, "shut in there?"

"No—yes—I don't know," he returned absently. "Run along and don't bother, Kit. He may take to shooting any minute."

And I went out then and shut the door, and went into the dining-room and sat on our feet, for of course the bullets might come up through the floor. Aunt Selma joined us there, and Bella, and the Mercer girls, and we sat around and talked in whispers, and Lella Mercer told of the time her grandfather had had a struggle with an escaped lunatic.

loud oaths, and everybody talking at once, below, and the sound of a struggle. In the dining-room we all sat bent forward, with straining ears and quickened breath, until we distinctly heard some one laugh. Then we knew that, whatever it was, it was over, and nobody was killed.

The sounds came closer, were coming up the stairs and into the pantry. Then the door swung open, and Tom and a policeman appeared in the doorway, with the others crowding behind. Between them they supported a grimy, unshaven object, covered with whitewash from the wall of the shaft, an object that had its hands fastened together with handcuffs, and that leered at us with a pair of the most villainously crossed eyes I have ever seen.

Nones of us had ever seen him before.

"Mr. Lawrence McGuirk, better known as 'Tubby,'" Tom said cheerfully. "A celebrity in his particular line, which is second-story man and all-round rascal. A victim of the quarantine, like ourselves."

"We've missed him for a week," one of the guards said with a grin. "We've been real anxious about you, Tubby. Ain't a week goes by, when you're in health, that we don't hear something of you."

Mr. McGuirk muttered something under his breath, and the men chuckled.

"It seems," Tom said, interpreting, "that he doesn't like us much. He doesn't like the food, and he doesn't like the beds. He says just when he got a good place fixed up in the coal cellar, Flannigan found it, and is asleep there now, this minute."

Aunt Selma rose suddenly and cleared her throat.

"Am I to understand," she asked severely, "that from now on we will have to add two newspaper reporters, three policemen and a burglar to the occupants of this quarantined house? Because, if that is the case, I absolutely refuse to feed them."

But one of the reporters stepped forward and bowed ceremoniously.

"Madam," he said, "I thank you for your kind invitation, but—it will be impossible for us to accept. I had intended to break the good news earlier, but this little game of burglar-in-a-corner prevented me. The fact is, your Jap has been discovered to have nothing more serious than chicken-pox, and—if you will forgive a poultry yard joke, there is no longer any necessity for your being cooped up."

Then he retired, quite pleased with himself.

One would have thought we had exhausted our capacity for emotion, but Jim said a joyful emotion was so new that we hardly knew how to receive it. Every one shook hands with every one else, and even the nurse shared in the excitement, and gave Jim the medicine she had prepared for Tom.

Then we all sat down and had some champagne, and while they were waiting for the police wagon they gave some to poor McGuirk. He was still quite shaken from his experience when the dumb-waiter stuck. The wine cheered him a little, and he told his story, in a voice that was creaky from disuse, while Tom helped him up the table.

He had had a dreadful week, he said; he spent his days in a closet in one of the maid's rooms—the one where we had put Jim. It was Jim waking out of a nap and declaring that the closet door had moved by itself and that something

had crawled under his bed, and out of the door, that had roused the suspicions of the men in the house—and he slept at night on the coal in the cellar. He was actually terrified when he rubbed his hand over his scrubby chin, and said he hadn't had a shave for a week. He took somebody's razor, he said, but he couldn't get hold of a portable mirror, and every time he lathered up and stood in front of the glass in the dining-room sideboard, some one came and he had to run and hide. He told, too, of his attempts to escape, of the board on the roof, of the home-made rope and the hole in the cellar, and he spoke feelingly of the pearl collar and the struggle he had made to hide it. He said that for three days it was concealed in the pocket of Jim's old smoking coat in the studio.

We were all rather sorry for him, but if we had made him uncomfortable, and think what he had done to us. And for him, to tell, as he did later in court, that if that was high society he would rather be a burglar, and that we starved him, and that the women had to dress each other because they had no lady's maids, and that the whole lot of us were in love with one man, it was downright malicious.

The wagon came for him just as he finished his story, and we all went to the door. In the vestibule Aunt Selma suddenly remembered something, and she stepped forward and caught the poor fellow by the arm.

"Young man," she said grimly, "I'll thank you to return what you took from me last Tuesday night."

McGuirk stared, then shuddered and returned suddenly pale.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "On the stairs to the roof! You!"

They led him away then, quite broken, with Aunt Selma staring after him. She never did understand. I could have explained, but it was too awful.

On the steps McGuirk turned and took a farewell glance at us. Then he waved his hand to the policemen and reporters who had gathered around, called feebly.

"Good-by, fellows," he called feebly. "I ain't sorry, I ain't. Jail'll be a paradise after this."

And then we went to pack our trunks. Note from Max which came the next day with its inclosure.

My Dear Kit—The inclosed trunk tag was used on my trunk, evidently by mistake. Higgins discovered it when he was unpacking and returned it to me under the misapprehension that I had written it. I wish I had. I suppose there must be something attractive about a fellow who has the courage to write a love letter on the back of a trunk tag, and who doesn't give a hoot's damn who finds it. But for my peace of mind, ask him not to leave another one around where I will come across to the roof! MAX.

Written on the back of the trunk tag. Don't you know that I won't see you until tomorrow? For heaven's sake, get away from this crowd and come into the den, where you don't I will kiss you before everybody. Are you coming? T. Written below.

No, indeed. K. This was scratched out and beneath. Coming.

THE END.

Between the Acts. From the Youkers Statement. "Will you post this letter?" said the lady in the end seat at the theater to the man who was crowding by her. "Certainly, madam. But why do you ask me?" inquired the man. "Because you seem to be the first outgoing male."