



SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Multi-millionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gave him the address of Flora Desimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleanora's apartment. She orders him to get out and she is about to call the police when she is satisfied to see Courtland. She charges he is dismissed. Eleanora flees to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of her admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courtland also goes to Como and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired prizefighter and father of Eleanora, whose real name is Nora Harrigan. Harrigan takes Courtland into his favor at once.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"The moth and the candle," mused Courtland. "That will be Nora Harrigan. How long has this infatuation been going on?"

"Year and a half."

"And the other side?"

"There isn't any other side," exploded the artist. "She's worried to death. Not a day passes but some scurrilous penny-a-liner springs some yarn, some beastly innuendo. She's been dodging the fellow for months. In Paris last year she couldn't move without running into him. This year she changed her apartment, and gave orders at the Opera to refuse her address to all who asked for it. Consequently she had some peace. I don't know why it is, but a woman in public life seems to be a target."

"The penalty of beauty, Abby. Homeless women seldom are annoyed, unless they become suffragettes." The colonel poured forth a dense cloud of smoke.

"What brand is that, Colonel?" asked Courtland, choking.

The colonel generously produced his pouch.

"No, no! I was about to observe that it isn't ambrosia."

"Rotter!" The soldier dug the offender in the ribs. "I am going to have the Harrigans over for tea this afternoon. Come over! You'll like the family. The girl is charming; and the father is a sportsman to the backbone. Some silly fools laugh behind his back, but never before his face. And my word, I know rafts of gentlemen who are not fit to stand in his shoes."

"I should like to meet Mr. Harrigan," Courtland returned his gaze to the window once more.

"And his daughter?" said Abbott, curiously.

"Oh, surely!"

"I may count on you, then?" The colonel stowed away the offending bribe. "And you can stay to dinner."

"I'll take the dinner end of the invitation," was the reply. "I've got to go over to Menaggio to see about some papers to be signed. If I can make the three o'clock boat in returning, you'll see me at tea. Dinner at all events. I'm off."

Courtland walked up the street leisurely, idly pausing now and then before the shop windows. Apparently he had neither object nor destination; his mind was busy, so busy in fact that he looked at the various wares without really seeing them at all. A delicate situation, which needed the lightest handling, confronted him. He must wait for an overt act, then he might proceed as he pleased. How really helpless he was! He could not force her hand because she held all the cards and he none. Yet he was determined this time to play the game to the end, even if the task was equal to all those of Hercules rolled into one, and none of the gods on his side.

At the hotel he asked for his mail, and was given a formidable packet which, with a sigh of discontent, he slipped into a pocket, strolled out into the garden by the water, and sat down to read. To his surprise there was a note, without stamp or postmark. He opened it, mildly curious to learn who it was that had discovered his presence in Bellaggio so quickly. The envelope contained nothing more than a neatly folded bank note for one hundred francs. He eyed it stupidly. What might this mean? He unfolded it and smoothed it out across his knee, and the haze of puzzlement drifted away. Three bars from La Boheme. He laughed. So the little lady of the Taverne Royale was in Bellaggio!

CHAPTER VIII.

Marguerites and Courlands.

By eleven o'clock Courtland had finished the reading of his mail, and

was now ready to hunt for the little lady of the Taverne Royale. It was necessary to find her. The whereabouts of Flora Desimone was of vital importance. If she had not yet arrived, the presence of her friend preaged her ultimate arrival.

He rose and proceeded on his quest. Before the photographer's shop he saw a dachel wrathfully challenging a cat on the balcony of the adjoining building. The cat knew, and so did the puppy, that it was all unbecome on the puppy's part; the usual European war scare, in which one of the belligerent parties refused to come down because it wouldn't have been worth while, they being the usual powers ready to intervene. Courtland did not bother about the cat; the puppy claimed his attention. He was very fond of dogs. So he reached down suddenly and put an end to the sharp challenge. The dachel struggled valiantly, for this breed of dog does not make friends easily.

"I say, you little Dutchman, what's the row? I'm not going to hurt you. Funny little coddler! To whom do you belong?" He turned the collar around, read the inscription, and gently put the puppy on the ground.

Nora Harrigan!

His immediate impulse was to walk on, but somehow this impulse refused to act on his sense of locomotion. He waited, dully wondering what was going to happen when she came out. He had left her room that night in Paris, vowing that he would never intrude on her again. With the recollection of that bullet whizzing past his ear, he had been convinced that the play was done. True, she had testified that it had been accidental, but never would he forget the look in her eyes. It was not pleasant to remember. And still, as the needle is drawn by the magnet, here he was, in Bellaggio. He cursed his weakness.

... Ah, voices! He stepped aside quickly.

"Fritz, Fritz, where are you?"

And a moment later she came out, followed by her mother. . . . and the little lady of the Taverne Royale. Did Nora see him? It was impossible to tell. She simply stooped and gathered up the puppy, who struggled determinedly to lick her face. Courtland lifted his hat. It was in no wise offered as an act of recognition; it was merely the mechanical courtesy that a man generally pays to any woman in whose path he chances to be for the breath of a second. The three women in immaculate white, hatless, but with sunshades, passed on down the street.

"Nora, who was that?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"Who was who?" countered Nora, smugly, the wriggling dachel under her arm and throwing the sunshade across her shoulder.

"That fine-looking young man who stood by the door as we passed out. He raised his hat."

"Oh, bother! I was looking at Fritz."

Celeste searched her face keenly, but Nora looked ahead serenely; not a quiver of an eyelid, not the slightest change in color or expression.

"She did not see him!" thought the musician, curiously stirred. She knew her friend tolerably well. It would have been impossible for her to have seen that man and not to have given evidence of the fact.

Mrs. Harrigan took the omnibus up to the villa. It was generally too much of a climb for her. Nora and Celeste preferred to walk.

"What am I going to do, Celeste? He is here, and over at Cadenabbia last night I had a terrible scene with him. In heaven's name, why can't they let me be?"

"Herr Rosen?"

"Yes."

"Why not speak to your father?"

"And have a fisticuff which would appear in every newspaper in the world? No, thank you. There is enough scandalous stuff being printed as it is, and I am helpless to prevent it."

As the climb starts off stiffly, there wasn't much inclination in either to talk. Celeste had come to one decision, and that was that Nora should find out Courtland's presence here in Bellaggio herself. When they arrived at the villa gates, Celeste offered a suggestion.

"You could easily stop all this rumor and annoyance."

"And, pray, how?"

"Marry."

"I prefer the rumor and annoyance. I hate men. Most of them are beasts."

"You are prejudiced."

If Celeste expected Nora to reply that she had reason, she was disappointed. Nora quickened her pace, that was all.

At luncheon Harrigan innocently threw a bomb into camp by inquiring: "Say, Nora, who's this chump Herr Rosen?" He was up here last night and again this morning. I was going to offer him the cot on the balcony, but I thought I'd consult you first."

"Herr Rosen!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrigan, a flutter in her throat. "Why, that's . . ."

"A charming young man who wishes me to sign a contract to sing to him in perpetuity," interrupted Nora, pressing her mother's foot warningly.

"Well, why don't you marry him?" laughed Harrigan. "There's worse things than frankfurters and sauerkraut."

"Not that I can think of just now," returned Nora.

Harrigan declared that he would not go over to Caxley-Webster's to tea.

"But I've promised for you!" expostulated his wife. "And he admires you so."

"Boh! You women can gad about as much as you please, but I'm in wrong when it comes to eating sponge cake and knocking my knees under a dinky yellow table."

The visitor departed at three, for

there was to be tennis until five o'clock. When Harrigan was reasonably sure that they were half the distance to the colonel's villa, he put on his hat, whistled to the dachel, and together they took the path to the village.

"We'd look fine drinking tea, wouldn't we, old scout?" reaching down and tweaking the dog's velvet ears. "They don't understand, and it's no use trying to make 'em. Nora gets as near as possible. Herr Rosen! Now, where have I seen his phiz before? I wish I had a real man to talk to. Abbott sulks half the time, and the Barone can't get a joke unless it's driven in with a mallet. On your way, old scout, or I'll stop on you. Let's see if we can hoof it down to the village at a trot without taking the count."

He had but two errands to execute. The first was accomplished expeditiously in the little tobacconist's shop under the arcade, where the purchase of a box of Minghetti cigars promised later solace. The second errand took time and deliberation. He studied the long shelves of Tauchnitz. Having red copules in superabundance, he naturally preferred them in his literature, in the same quantity.

"Ever read this?" asked a pleasant voice from behind, indicating "Rodney Stone" with the ferrule of a cane.

Harrigan looked up. "No. What's it about?"

"Best story of the London prize ring ever written. You're Mr. Harrigan, aren't you?"

"Yes," diffidently.

"My name is Edward Courtland. If I am not mistaken, you were a great friend of my father's."

"Are you Dick Courtland's boy?"

"I am."

"Well, say!" Harrigan held out his hand and was gratified to encounter a man's grasp. "So you're Edward Courtland?" Now, what do you think of that! Why, your father was the best sportsman I ever met. Square as they make 'em. Not a kink anywhere in his make-up. He used to come to the bouts in his plug hat and dress suit; always had a seat by the ring. I could hear him tap with his cane when there happened to be a bit of pretty sparring. He was no slouch himself when it came to putting on the mitts. Many's the time I've had a round or two with him in my old gymnasium. Well, well! It's good to see a man again. I've seen your name in the papers, but I never knew you was Dick's boy. You've got an old grizzly's head in your dining room at home. Some day I'll tell you how it got there, when you're not in a hurry. I went out to Montana for a scrap, and your dad went along. After the mill was over, we went hunting. Come up to the villa and meet the folks. . . . Hang it, I forgot. They're up to Caxley-Webster's to tea; piffle water and sticky sponge cake. I want you to meet my wife and daughter."

"I should be very pleased to meet them." So this was Nora's father?

"Won't you come along with me to the colonel's?" with sudden inspiration. Here was an opportunity not to be thrust aside lightly.

"Why, I just begged off. They won't be expecting me now."

"All the better. I'd rather have you introduce me to your family than to have the colonel. As a matter of fact, I told him I couldn't get up. But I changed my mind. Come along."

"But the pup and the cigar box?"

"Send them up."

Harrigan eyed his own spotless flannels and compared them with the other's. What was good enough for the son of a millionaire was certainly good enough for him. Besides, it would be a bully good joke on Nora and Molly.

"You're on!" he cried. Here was a lark. He turned the dog and the purchases over to the proprietor, who promised that they should arrive in stantly at the villa.

... "Padre, my shoe pinches," said Nora with a pucker between her eyes.

"My child," replied the padre, "never carry your vanity into a shoemaker's shop. The happiest man is he who walks in loose shoes."

"If they are his own, and not inherited," quickly.

The padre laughed quietly. He was very fond of this new-found daughter of his. Her spontaneity, her blooming beauty, her careless observation of convention, her independence, had captivated him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONVERT TO EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Small Boy Had His Own Opinion as to Nerve of Men Who Refused it to Women.

The small boy's mother and aunt had just come in from the primaries.

"Remember, Manny," said his aunt, "that when you were seven years old you saw your mother come in from voting for the first time."

He followed her into her room.

"Why didn't you vote before?" he demanded.

"Men wouldn't let women vote until now. Of course, good men like your papa want all the business in the world managed right. They are going to let women help at last."

The small boy gave her a little push.

"Women aren't all there are," he said, and marched haughtily out of the room.

He went to his father that evening and as man to man asked:

"Didn't women use to vote?"

"No, but they are voting now."

"Why didn't they vote before? Wouldn't men let them?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well -- men -- bad -- their -- nerve," said the seven-year-old lad.

HOOPER SEEKS TO CONTROL OFFICIALS

NEEDS POWER OVER CITY OFFICIALS TO SUPPLEMENT THE NUISANCE LAW.

MINIMIZE RECENT SUITS

Says No Political Advantage Can Be Gained by Attack on Nuisance Laws in Chattanooga—Says Less Saloons Than Before.

—Nashville.

Gov. Hooper reached Knoxville from Newport to meet with the members of the Southern Appalachian Coal Operators' association and several miners who have been especially invited, to discuss the convict labor question, particularly as it applies to the coal mining industry. The governor also made a reply to statements that have appeared in the Chattanooga press relative to the bringing of nuisance bills in Hamilton county. He said:

"The effort to give these suits any political significance, state or local, is far-fetched. They are simply a part of the program I have been pursuing all over the state. I have employed special counsel to represent the state in the bringing of these suits in Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, and will employ counsel elsewhere, if it appears at any time to be essential to the enforcement of the law against the saloons. In Memphis the state's special counsel is co-operating with the local attorney-general; in Chattanooga and Nashville the state's counsel have been assisting the attorney-general of the state."

"The fact that the suits in Chattanooga were not filed until a week ago has no significance. The state's lawyers were employed there several weeks ago, but could not institute suits until the necessary evidence was in hand. Nobody in charge of either the state or Hamilton county campaign was consulted as to the bringing of suits."

"I am going to continue the use of the nuisance law in this way for all it is worth. There are fewer open saloons in Tennessee today than ever before."

"The main thing the people now need to supplement the nuisance law is the proper authority lodged in the chief executive to compel municipal officials to observe and enforce the four-mile-law. In the four cities of the state the police systems are costing the people nearly three-quarters of a million dollars per year, but they are not lifting their hands for the enforcement of the law against saloons."

Candidates Withdraw.

A great surprise was sprung in Haywood county political circles. The three legislative candidates were at Stanton for a public discussion and Hon. L. N. Taylor was speaking. Without warning he turned to W. R. Kinney, one of his opponents, and proposed to him that they both withdraw from the race in the interest of Democratic harmony and for the benefit it might bring to Gen. T. C. Rye in his campaign for governor. He stated that such action would leave Senator W. B. Claiborne, a gentleman of age, dignity and strength, and of unswerving character in full possession of the Democratic nomination. Senator Claiborne, he said, is an old man, and it is but right that he should be allowed to fill the position of honor and trust as a fitting climax to a political career which must soon come to close because of his age. Senator Claiborne has passed the four-score years mark.

After a few minutes' consideration Mr. Kinney accepted the proposition and the campaign immediately came to a close.

Senator Claiborne, about 12 years ago, served two terms in the state Senate and has been a prominent member of the independent faction of the Democratic party. He is a strong supporter of Gen. Rye.

Many of Taylor's supporters are very much disturbed over his action, claiming that he had the nomination won and gave it away.

Instruction in Agriculture.

Arrangements have been made with a number of enterprising farmers and citizens of Humboldt and this section, in connection with the Business Men's Club, to get for Humboldt the short term in agriculture that is being given over the state by the University of Tennessee.

Rye at Camden.

Gen. Tom C. Rye, democratic nominee for governor, was in Camden, visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Rye would not talk politics, but said that he wanted the state democratic committee to let him make his opening speech at Camden.

Ross Campaigning.

Chancellor J. W. Ross, who was appointed by Gov. Hooper to succeed Chancellor E. L. Bullock, who resigned last November, is in Big Sandy in the interest of his candidacy to succeed himself in the election to be held Aug. 6.

Elkins for Senator.

Senator Robert A. Elkins of Dresden has been declared the Democratic nominee to succeed himself in the next General Assembly.

Reelfoot Decision.

At Dresden before Chancellor McKinney a motion was made and heard to dissolve the preliminary injunction in the case of the state against J. C. Burdick, which motion was allowed and the injunction dismissed.

The State of Tennessee recently filed suit in chancery court at Union City against J. C. Burdick, lessee of the West Tennessee Land company, to that part of the lake known as the Dougherty grants, covering 10 square miles of the man fishing waters of the lake. This property, in condemnation suits instituted against the land company by the state under the right of eminent domain, was condemned and appropriated by the state for a public fishing and hunting preserve.

In these proceedings J. C. Burdick, who has a nine-year lease on the property, dating from Oct. 1, 1905, was not made a party, hence the pending suit was filed by the state to appropriate the remainder of said lease contract through the injunction process, a preliminary injunction having been granted by Judge Meeks of Nashville, enjoining J. C. Burdick from exercising any rights as such lessee over said property, etc., the state insisting that the lease contract had not been properly acknowledged and registered, and that certain stipulations in the contract had terminated it.

This leaves the controversy to be finally determined by the court on its merits, probably at the October term, next, but restores the force of injunctions heretofore had against trespassers on the property.

To Drain Swamps.

For the purpose of draining and reclaiming lowlands along Forked Deer river, in this county, by straightening and making navigable the river itself, a large dredgeboat is being built near the West Tennessee agricultural experiment station. Property owners along the river have formed drainage districts, and about \$45,000 worth of drainage bonds have been sold in order to defray expenses of the undertaking.

There are thousands of acres of land in Madison county that could be made productive by this draining, and farmers are enthusiastic over the reclamation. When the river is straightened and made navigable it will mean thousands of dollars saved in the way of transportation, as well as the production of crops.

This movement has been under way for some time, but some farmers, on account of expense attached to the undertaking, did not take kindly to the idea at first. They now know, however, that the expenditure will yield large dividends.

The soil in this swamp territory should be exceedingly fertile, and the farmers will be enabled to increase their yields materially. The drainage will require six months.

Saloon on Wheels.

After defying the authorities of two states for several months, during which time thousands of bottles of beer and whisky have been sold, a saloon on wheels was trapped on the northern edge of Montgomery county, within a few feet of the Kentucky state line, and four bartenders captured.

Continued efforts had been made to secure indictments against the bootleggers, but without result. When the Tennessee officers went to investigate, they found the saloon had been rolled over into Kentucky. Of course, they were powerless to act.

Kentucky authorities then went after the vanishing thirst parlor, only to find that it had been slipped back over the border into Tennessee. People from one state would cross the state line, following the path of the moving dispensary.

After this game of hide-and-seek had continued for months, citizens in the territory affected made vigorous complaint against disorder and drunkenness. Bench warrants were issued by Judge Tyler, and officers, in serving them, lay in wait two days and a night before the saloon was completely over the line on Tennessee soil.

Teachers Stand Examination.

The uniform state examination was finished, and this closed the annual teachers' institute of Lewis county. About thirty-five have taken the examination in this and the May term, and 85 per cent of those taking the examination in May passed. It is said that this is as good a record as that made by any county of the state. If no one fails to pass in the July institute there will be just enough teachers to fill all the positions of the county. This year's institute was characterized by one continual round of entertainment. Not an evening passed but in which the teachers were not the guests of some hospitable home of the town.

Wealthy Nashvillian Dies.

Edgar Magnus, one of the wealthiest residents of Nashville and formerly president of the State Trust company, died at Livingston, Mont., according to a telegram received there.

Ready for Fox Hunt.

T. W. McCombs of Nashville is in Jackson with his string of fox hounds preparatory to the big meet held each year at Crawford Springs by the Forked Deer Red Fox Club, which begins on Aug. 12.

Irrigates His Crops.

Hon. C. G. Bond, attorney for the M. & O. railroad, has had bored two wells on his farm near Jackson, which he is using to irrigate his corn and other crops.

PROHIB'S LOSE OUT IN TEXAS ELECTION

RESOLUTIONS FOR STATEWIDE PROHIBITION LOSE BY LARGE MAJORITY.

ALL "DRY" ENTRIES LOSE

Ferguson Leads Dry Ticket Nominee for Governor of Texas by 40,000. Hobby Leads for Lieutenant-Governor.

Dallas, Tex.—With more than three-fourths of the total vote cast in the democratic primary election returned here, it was regarded as certain that James E. Ferguson of Temple, anti-prohibitionist, farmer-lawyer-banker, had been nominated for governor by a majority of perhaps 40,000 over Thomas H. Ball of Houston, former congressman, who was chosen by a prohibition state convention to make the race. It also appeared certain that the demand for submission of a statewide prohibition amendment to the state constitution had been defeated by a majority of 30,000.

Returns also showed that no prohibitionist on the state ticket who had an anti-prohibition opponent had been nominated, except as to the two congressmen-at-large, which result is in doubt.

The result also was in doubt as to lieutenant-governor and commissioner of agriculture. In the former race W. P. Hobby, newspaper man of Beaumont, was leading B. B. Sturgeon of Paris. H. A. Halbert of Coleman and Fred W. Davis of Gainesville had all an even number of votes for commissioner.

Democratic nomination in Texas is equivalent to election.

HOME RULE FIGHT IS ON

Nationalists Clash With Troops at Dublin and Four Are Killed. Woman a Victim.

Dublin.—Three men and one woman are dead and more than 60 persons are in the hospital wounded as the result of a battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers firing into a mob in the streets of Dublin. Seven of the wounded are expected to die. Among them are three women and a boy of 10.

The affray was the result of a gun-running exploit of the nationalist volunteers, aided by a mob composed largely of women and youths. A consignment of rifles, said to number 10,000, was landed at Howth, nine miles from Dublin, from a private yacht. The nationalist volunteers cut the telegraph wires and stopped travel on the Dublin roads, and, according to reports, sent away most of the rifles, together with 70,000 rounds of ammunition in motor cars.

A battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers was ordered to capture the arms when the authorities heard the volunteers were bringing them into the city. The soldiers encountered a detachment of volunteers at Clonmel bridge. Soon a great crowd collected and followed the troops, jeering them and cheering for John Redmond and home rule.

Finally the mob began throwing bottles and stones, injuring several soldiers. To the attack the battalion replied with a scattered fusillade. In an instant the street was covered with wounded, while terrified men, women and children ran in all directions.

AUSTRIA AND SERBIA SPLIT

Servia's Reply to Austria's Ultimatum May Bring on War—Ministers Given Passports.

London.—Developments appear to furnish new proof that Austria is determined to make war on Servia. The possibilities of a general European war seem greater than ever have confronted the present generation.

The Servian reply to the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum was an acceptance of almost all the imperious demands, except that Austrian officials shall participate in the investigation and fix the responsibility for the anti-Austrian propaganda. Servia proposed an appeal to the powers at The Hague for the settlement of that feature.

EXPRESS FEAR OF CIVIL WAR

Trade Stagnated in Ulster While Troops Are Being Armed—Indorse Carson's Plan.

Belfast, Ireland.—Official announcement of the failure of the Buckingham Palace conference on home rule caused no excitement here, as telegrams from the Ulster leaders had been received previously.

The leading business men, clergymen, bankers and manufacturers who had declared for an anti-home rule movement were unanimous in indorsement of the uncompromising attitude of Sir Edward Carson and Capt. James Craig in demanding the total and permanent exclusion of Ulster from the workings of the home rule bill.

The business community is suffering severely through stagnation in trade and tight money. There is an unwillingness to order new stocks of goods with the fear of civil war hanging overhead.



Why is the scholarly-looking man slamming down his windows so hard?

"I will tell you why the scholarly-looking man is slamming down his windows so hard."

"The scholarly-looking man is slamming down his windows so hard because the hardy-gurdy out in front is playing the same tunes that he paid five dollars to hear last night at grand opera."—Judge.

No. SIX-SIXTY-SIX

This is a prescription prepared especially for Malaria or Chills and Fever. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the fever will not return. 25c.—Adv.

Absurd Comment.

Theodore Dreiser, the realist, said of an idealist at the Players' club in New York:

"The man's comments on life are ludicrous and absurd. They remind me of the old lady's comment on the work of the militant suffragettes."

"After the suffragettes in London had slashed a Vallezque, a Bellini and a Gentile, the old lady said, with a kind of sauntily expression: