



THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE RAIN CHANCE," "KILDA DAMESON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"But! They don't all marry the sons of brewers," I retorted. "You assured me once, while your affair with that Irish girl was on, that the short upper lip made Heaven seem possible, but unnecessary; then the next thing I knew she had shaken you for the biased maltster. Take that for your impudence. But perhaps it was Bates?"

I did not wait for an answer. I was not in a mood for reflection or nice distinctions. The man came in just then with a fresh plate of toast.

"Bates, Mr. Pickering has learned that I was away from the house on the night of the attack, and I'm ordered off for having broken my agreement to stay here. How do you suppose he heard of it so promptly?"

"From Morgan, quite possibly. I have a letter from Mr. Pickering myself this morning. Just a moment, sir."

He placed before me a note bearing the same date as my own. It was a sharp rebuke of Bates for his failure to report my absence promptly by wire, and he was ordered to prepare to leave on the first of February. "Close your accounts at the shopkeepers' and I will audit your bills on my arrival."

The tone was peremptory and contemptuous. Bates had failed to satisfy Pickering and was flung off like a smoked-out cigar.

"How much had he allowed you for expenses, Bates?"

He met my gaze imperturbably.

"He pays me \$50 a month as wages, sir, and I am allowed \$75 for other expenses."

"But you didn't buy English pheasants and champagne on that allowance?"

He was carrying away the coffee tray and his eyes wandered to the window.

"Not quite, sir. You see—"

"But I don't see!"

"It had occurred to me that as Mr. Pickering's allowance wasn't what you might call generous it was better to augment it—Well, sir, I took the liberty of advancing a trifle, as you might say, to the estate. Your grandfather would not have had you starve, sir."

He left hurriedly, as though to escape from the consequences of his words, and when I came to myself Larry was gloomily invoking his strange Irish gods.

"Larry Donovan, I've been tempted to kill that fellow a dozen times! This thing is too damned complicated for me. I wish my lamented grandfather had left me something easy. To think of it—that all the time I've been cursing and abusing Bates since I came here I've been enjoying his bounty,—and he's been giving me the fat of the land, just because of his devotion to my grandfather's memory. Lord, I can't face the fellow again!"

"As I have said before, you're rather lacking at times in perspicacity. Your intelligence is marred by large opaque spots. Now that there seems to be a woman in the case you're less sane than ever. Bah, these women! And now we've got to go to work."

"Bah, these women! My own heart caught the words. I was enraged and bitter. No wonder she had been anxious for me to avoid Pickering in Cincinnati, after daring me to follow her there!"

We called a council of war for that night that we might view matters in the light of Pickering's letter. His assuredness in ordering me to leave made prompt and decisive action necessary on my part. I summoned Stoddard to our conference, feeling confident of his friendliness.

"Of course," said the broad-shouldered chaplain, "if you could show that your absence was on business of very grave importance, the courts might construe in your favor."

Larry looked at the ceiling and blew rings of smoke languidly. I had not disclosed to either of them the cause of my absence. On such a matter I knew I should get precious little sympathy from Larry, and I had, moreover, a feeling that I could not discuss Marian Devereux with any one; I even shrank from mentioning her name, though it rang like the call of bugles in my blood.

She was always before me,—the charmed spirit of youth, linked to every foot of the earth, every gleam of the sun upon the ice-bound lake, every glory of the winter sunset. All the good impulses I had ever stifled were quickened to life by the thought of her. Amid the day's perplexities I started sometimes, thinking I heard her voice, her girlish laughter, or saw her again coming toward me down the stairs, or holding against the light her fan with its golden butterflies. I really knew so little of her; I could associate her with no home, only with that last fling of the autumn upon the lake, the snow-driven woodland, that twilight hour at the organ in the chapel, those stolen moments at the Armstrongs'. I resented the pressure of the hour's affairs, and chafed at the necessity for talking of my perplexities with the

good friends who were there to help. I wished to be alone, to yield to the sweet mood that the thought of her brought me. The doubt that crept through my mind as to any possibility of coyness between her and Pickering was as vague and fleeting as the shadow of a swallow's wing on a sunny meadow.

"You don't intend fighting the fact of your absence, do you?" demanded Larry, after a long silence.

"Of course not!" I replied fiercely. "Pickering was right on my heels, and my absence was known to his men bers. And it would not be square to my grandfather,—who never harmed a flea, may his blessed soul rest in peace!—to lie about it. They might nail me for perjury besides."

"Then the quicker we get ready for a siege the better. As I understand your attitude, you don't intend to move out until you've found where the siller's hidden. Being a gallant gentleman and of a forgiving nature, you want to be sure that the lady who is now entitled to it gets all there is coming to her, and as you don't trust the executor any further than a true Irishman trusts a British prime minister's promise, you're going to stand by to watch the billion counted. Is that a correct analysis of your intentions?"

"That's as near one of my ideas as you're likely to get."

"Spoken like a man of spirit. And now we'd better stock up at once, in case we should be shut off from our source of supplies. This is a lonely place here; even the school is a remote neighbor. Better let Bates raid the village shops to-morrow. I've tried being hungry, and I don't care to repeat the experience."

"I turned and took a step toward the door.

"I said Mrs. Devereux," he repeated in dignified rebuke. "She came up this morning, and the Sister left at once for Chicago. Sister Theresa depends particularly upon Miss Devereux,—so I've heard, sir. Miss Devereux quite takes charge when the Sister goes away."

"You seem full of information," I re-

marked, taking another step toward my hat and coat.

"And I've learned something else, sir."

"Well?"

"They all came together, sir."

"Who came; will you tell me that?"

"Why, the people who've been traveling with Mr. Pickering came back with him, and Miss Devereux came with them from Cincinnati. That's what I learned in the village. And Mr. Pickering is going to stay—"

"Pickering stay!"

"At a cottage across the lake for a while. The reason is that he's worried with his work, and wishes quiet. The other people went back to New York in the car."

"He's opened his summer cottage for January, has he?"

"It does seem the least bit odd, sir," replied Bates, moving away.

I had been blue enough without this news. Marian Devereux had come back to Annandale with Arthur Pickering; my faith in her snapped like a reed at this astounding news. Being now entitled to my grandfather's property she was losing no time in returning. She and Pickering had discussed together at the Armstrongs' my flight from Annandale, and her return could have no other meaning than that there was a strong tie between them, and that he was now to stay on the ground until I should be dispossessed and her rights established. She had dared me to follow her, and my forfeiture had been sealed by that stolen interview at the Armstrongs'. It was a black record, and the thought of it angered me against myself and the world.

"Tell Mr. Donovan that I've gone to St. Agatha's," I said, and I was soon striding toward the school.

A Sister admitted me. Somewhere in the building a music lesson was in progress, and I considered the inventor of pianos to hideous torment as scales were pursued endlessly up and down the keys. Two girls passing through the hall made a pretext of looking for a book and came in and exclaimed over their inability to find it with much suppressed giggling that added further to my rage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Money in Frog Skins.

Quite a lucrative business, it seems, is done in Japan in the exportation of frog skins for purses. The works controlled by a Tokio merchant have exported as many as 120,000 skins in less than a year.

But there was substance enough in our dangers without pursuing shadows. Certain things were planned that night. We determined to exercise every precaution to prevent a surprise from without, and we resolved upon a new and systematic sounding of walls and floors, taktung our clue from the efforts made by Morgan and his ally to find hiding places by this process. Pickering would undoubtedly arrive shortly, and we wished to anticipate his movements as far as possible.

CHAPTER XX.

The Return of Marian Devereux.

"Sister Theresa has left, sir."

Bates had been into Annandale to mail some letters, and I was staring out upon the park from the library window when he entered. Stoddard, having kept watch the night before, was at home asleep, and Larry was off somewhere in the house treasure-hunting. I was feeling decidedly discouraged over our failure to make any progress with our investigations, and Bates' news did not interest me.

"Well, what of it?" I demanded, without turning round.

"Nothing, sir; but Miss Devereux has come back!"

"The devil!"

I turned and took a step toward the door.

"I said Mrs. Devereux," he repeated in dignified rebuke. "She came up this morning, and the Sister left at once for Chicago. Sister Theresa depends particularly upon Miss Devereux,—so I've heard, sir. Miss Devereux quite takes charge when the Sister goes away."

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DIDN'T PLEASE THE WOMEN.

Story of Rise of Self-Made Man Caused Trouble.

That the early struggles of the successful American business man are not always a source of pride to his family was forcibly illustrated the other day here in a way that was not without its pathetic side. A recent patron of one of the fashionable hotels told several persons with apparently considerable pride how he had gone to America with a dollar in his pocket and is now worth \$10,000,000.

A correspondent who interviewed him was much impressed, and in writing the story made reference to that fact in a complimentary way, never dreaming it would cause a family quarrel. A day or two later the correspondent met the successful American in the lobby of the hotel.

"Young man, you have caused me a lot of trouble," said the latter.

"How is that?"

"Well, in mentioning the small sum I had in my pocket when I went to America."

"But it was true, wasn't it," inquired the correspondent.

"Well, that's not it," replied the other. "You see, my wife and daughters have been entertaining a lot over here and met a lot of people. They feel now that they have been disgraced."

"But surely you feel proud of what you have accomplished?"

"Yes, I do, and for my part I'm mightily pleased. But you see women are different. They like to think I always had the money. I can tell you my life's been miserable ever since."

The correspondent assured the other of his good intentions, but he refused to be comforted, and had not made peace with his family when he left town.—London Cable in New York Herald.

Would Exterminate All Rats.

"Prof." J. D. Smith of Cleveland wants to rid the United States of rats, mice, cockroaches and vermin. He says he can do it by the use of certain chemicals. In handling these chemicals he has at various times made himself very sick.

"Some day they will kill me," he says, "but I am not afraid. If I am able to carry out my plans, I shall be satisfied."

As he talks he drags packages of chemicals from his pockets—blue vitriol and acids of various kinds. His hands are burned through the handling of them, but he fondles them affectionately and does not mind.

If the city of Cleveland would give the professor \$10,000 a year, he says he would make a vermin and rodent free community. Smith not only slays these pests; he annihilates them. By playing on their appetites he lures them to an awful doom. To the professor, a dead rat is as dangerous as a live one. Each, he declares, spreads typhoid and like diseases.

Therefore he has prepared a chemical mixture which will slowly incinerate the rat. As soon as the rat partakes of the chemical an indistinguishable fire is lit in his interior. The fire burns as relentlessly as a theater villain pursues. There is no escape for the rat. He cannot leave enough of himself behind to make a decent funeral.

Phosphorus is the base of the mixture which the professor uses. After he has gathered remnants of food into a pail he adds a purple and white powder. Then some lemon. As soon as the rat partakes of this, he is on his way to a private fireworks display.

Quail That Were Quail.

On the big plantations no gun was ever fired at a quail. There was no netting until the master said the word. He knew exactly when "bob-white" was ripe for dinner, and woe to the poncher! A load of shot (backshot at that) was none too good for him. Five coveys of a dozen birds each were regarded as enough for one drive, making a capture of 60 fat, plump, sound morsels the like of which we of this day and generation may never know. The master would look through the coops and release a dozen of the finest cocks and hens for breeding. The remainder were smothered for dinner in the old-fashioned southern style before the animal heat was out of them. Or they went into a great Brunswick stew, with squirrels, squash-chickens, rabbits, slices of salt pork, rice and the usual vegetables used in the making of this, the foremost of all southern dishes.—N. Y. Sun.

Origin of Phrases.

Posters were originally stuck on posts. Hence their name.

Rodomontade comes from Rodomont, king of Saraz, a braggart and swashbuckler.

Cutpurses are so called because in the past the purse was worn about the neck by a long cord that the thief had to cut.

The tinkers of old, to prevent their solder from running, borrowed a lump of dough from the housewife, with which they made a dam about the hole that was to be caulked up. When they were done with the solid dough, which was called a tinker's dam, they threw it away because it was utterly worthless. Hence not to care "a tinker's dam" means not to care the least bit, and there is no profanity whatever in this phrase.

An Artist.

"Your friend retains her ego wonderfully."

"Yes, she studied art in Europe."

SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS' HOMESTEAD RIGHTS

All soldiers who served ninety days or more in the federal army or navy between 1861-1865, and who made homestead entries for less than 160 acres on or before June 22, 1878, receive an additional right to due someone and that it can be sold to me for spot cash, no matter whether patent issued or not. If soldier is dead, his heirs are entitled. The right descends as follows: First, to the widow; and second, to the legal heirs, or next of kin. Talk to old soldiers, their widows, children, or next of kin, about this class of additional rights. Get busy right now and find some of your relatives who made homestead entries in early days. It's easy money. For further information address: Comrade W. H. Moore, 25 California Building, Denver, Colo.

SORE SHOULDERS

I would like very much to personally meet every reader of this paper who owns any horses that have sore shoulders and tell him how sorely they will be cured. This is impossible so I am going to tell you through the paper.

You and I both know that horses working with sore shoulders are in pain, and that they can't do as much work without tiring down as when they are free from pain. I also know perfectly well that horses with sore shoulders are a nuisance to you, and you do not know it. If you did you would buy a box of your doctor's ointment and rub it on your horse's sore shoulders often, and you would know of your own experience that it would cure your horse's sore shoulders. You can rely absolutely on my Sore Shoulder Ointment. It will do his work every time, or if you prefer to try it first I will mail you a sample and free. Just write for it and it will go to you on first mail.

Also I want to tell you that Sorely Antiseptic Ointment is so good for sore eyes as Sorely Ointment is for horses' galls. Dealers carry them in the jar and in the tin. The tin is for your horse's galls and the jar is for your eyes. I guarantee you perfect satisfaction.

Frank H. Dennis, President, SECURITY REMEDY CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

A short absence quickens love; a long absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, stops pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines.—Ruskin.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Vienna Sausage

unequaled for their delicious taste. They are put up in most convenient form for ready serving, requiring only a few minutes preparation. They have a fine flavor and freshness which will please every one.

An Appetizing Dish.—Drop a tin of Libby's Vienna Sausage in boiling water until heated (about 15 minutes) and serve as taken from the tin on a small plate garnished with lettuce leaves.

Ask your grocer for Libby's and label soon getting Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

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An Appetizing Dish.—Drop a tin of Libby's Vienna Sausage in boiling water until heated (about 15 minutes) and serve as taken from the tin on a small plate garnished with lettuce leaves.

Ask your grocer for Libby's and label soon getting Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

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