



SYNOPSIS.

Tommy North, returning to his room in Mrs. Moore's boarding house at 129 S. E. discovers the body of Capt. John Hanaka, another roomer, with a knife wound on his breast. Suspicion rests upon a man giving the name of Lawrence Wade, who had called on Hanaka in the evening and had been heard quarreling with Hanaka. During the excitement a strange woman who gives her name as Rosalie LeGrange, appears and takes into her own home across the street all of Mrs. Moore's boarders, including Miss Estrilla, an invalid, who was confined to the room she occupied and whose brother was a favorite among the other boarders. Wade is arrested as he is about to leave the country. Mrs. LeGrange, who, while playing her trade as a trance medium, had aided Police Inspector Martin McGee several times, calls at his office to tell what she knows of the crime. While she is there, Constance Hanaka, widow of the murdered man, whose existence had been unknown, appears. Mrs. Hanaka, says she had left her husband and disclosed the fact that Wade represented her and visited Hanaka on the night of the murder as an effort to settle their affairs. She admits Wade was in love with her. Wade is held by the coroner's jury for the death of Hanaka.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Well, then I suppose there's no use askin'," went on Rosalie, "why you do it. It's because there's nothing else to do. Your play is to find something just as absorbent and as exciting as liquor, but not quite so foolish."

"Sure!" said Tommy. "The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, or Captain Kidd's treasure. Anyhow, I'm going away from here."

"Now, Mr. North," said Rosalie, "there's two ways of facing a thing down—stay, an' go. Which is better, I don't know. Which is braver, I do. Here's a room for you. Board here the rest of this week—on me—while you look around—an' if you think then that goin's the best way, then go."

Tommy North, lured to an atmosphere wherein none gives something for nothing, regarded Rosalie LeGrange with a look in which gratitude struggled with suspicion.

"You're thinkin'," responded Rosalie, reaching out to seize his thought, "that this is just my plan to fill my boardin' house. Think it if you want to. But this is my proposition: You keep this room free until Monday, an' if you want, you can have it permanent at twelve a week, which is what you paid Mrs. Moore."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," said Tommy, suspicion departing. "I'll stay the week out, and make up my mind."

"Sensible," replied Rosalie. "I'll send up towels—and dinner's at six-thirty."

We have taken little time to consider Betsy-Barbara. Let us view her now, as she stands, dressed in a blue frock for dinner, tapping at Constance's door. Betsy-Barbara's flesh and spirit were twenty-four; her heart was eighteen; her purpose was forty. Whenever even the darkest ray touched her hair, it flickered with gold. In full sunshine, even her brows and lashes glittered and twinkled. Her mouth was large and generously irregular; her nose was small and whimsically irregular; her violet-blue eyes were as clear as pools. As she stood there, waiting for Constance to rise and open the door, her merriment took shape from some sleepy remark. In that precise psychological moment, all planted by the fates, Tommy North came down the hall on his way to dinner. The laugh arrested him dead.



"Yes, I Guess I'll Stay."

The door opened then. She vanished like a golden fairy caught in a mist of vapor.

A minute later, Tommy North was sitting in the dining room at Rosalie's right—waiting for something. He found himself in a state of embarrassment uncommon with him. What was he that he should talk to a decent girl? And would she know that he was—the branded? But when, a moment later, she trailed in behind Constance like a luminous shadow, when Rosalie introduced them both by name, and when he recognized them as the women in the Hanaka affair, one part of his embarrassment faded away.

Twice during the dinner he laughed uproariously, causing Miss Harding to remark that he was getting back his spirits, anyhow. This was when Betsy-Barbara ventured a mild joke. Twice again she included him in the conversation. Once she asked for the but-

The Red Button

BY Will Irwin

AUTHOR OF THE CITY THAT WAS, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY Harry R. Grissinger

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ter, which impelled him to reach frantically for the salt, and once she referred to him the question whether one could reach City Hall, Brooklyn, sooner by trolley or by subway, where at he got temporary reputation as a joker by answering "both." He sat dazed through the soup, ecstatic through the roast, and rapt through the dessert. Only when Betsy-Barbara and Constance rose together, did he remember that he had finished long ago.

At the door of the dining room next morning, Rosalie LeGrange met Mr. North.

"Thought my proposition over?" she asked.

"Yes. I guess I'll stay," replied Tommy, shortly.

"Thought you would," replied Rosalie. And as she entered before him, she was smiling into the air. Decidedly, she was enriching her life in these days with vicarious troubles, but also with vicarious joys.

CHAPTER VI.

Twin Stars.

Another week has passed, and the police still report "no progress" on the Wade-Hanaka murder case, now a back number with the newspapers—a story laid aside. The week has been equally quiet at the select boarding house maintained by Rosalie LeGrange—a quiet overlain with gloom and yet illuminated with human sympathy and even gaiety.

Out of the shadows twinkle two stars—Betsy-Barbara and Tommy North. Rosalie in jest, and Professor Noll in earnest, call Betsy-Barbara "the little household fairy." Engaged though she is in a tragic guardianship, she is also young and sprightly and a village girl fresh to the wonder of New York. Rosalie is the quiet force, but Betsy-Barbara the visible focus, which draws them all together.

She asks counsel of Miss Harding and Miss Jones on her autumn clothes. In her spare moments she sews industriously with Rosalie LeGrange—dropping meantime those confidences which flow at sewing-bees. The orphan of a country clergyman and a schoolmistress, she has at her finger-tips all the arts of play. Whenever the household stays in of nights, she gathers them together over hearts or bridge; when cards grow stale, she is capable of getting contagious fun out of charades or anagrams.

More and more the boarders take to staying at home. This charming life domestic is a novelty in New York, it seems; they revel in the fact. Mr. Estrilla has developed a way of joining them after his evening visits to his sister; and he brings such a spirit of Latin gaiety that they quit their formal games, and take always to music and conversation when he enters. Rosalie especially delights in him. He has a quick turn of the tongue which matches her own; and they fence with good-natured repartee. Whenever Estrilla enters the room his eyes travel to Betsy-Barbara and they two play in a boy-and-girl spirit very charming and amusing—to every one but Tommy North. All speak well of Estrilla. "I guess he's a regular man all right, if he is a wop," says even Tommy.

Miss Estrilla alone never joins the group downstairs. Though her eyes are better, though she can bear some light, she shows a state of debility puzzling to her physician and alarming to her watcher and attendant, Rosalie LeGrange. The doctor advises her to return to a warmer climate before the New York winter sets in—like all transplanted Latins, she is a very shivery person. She answers that she cannot; her brother's business lies in New York, and she would be unhappy away from him.

The time came when Rosalie LeGrange determined to visit Inspector McGee; she wished to unload some theories of her own concerning the Hanaka case. Such visits must be made with all due precaution of secrecy. She chose an evening when, as happened seldom nowadays, nearly all the boarders had engagements elsewhere. As a step preliminary to her diplomacies, she telephoned to McGee and made with him an appointment far from the office. Then she approached Betsy-Barbara.

"It's asking a lot of you, my dear," she said, "but I've been so busy gettin' this place shook together that I haven't had time to mind my own affairs. I've a cousin in town an' I jest haven't had time to pay her any attention. Miss Estrilla is kind of nervous tonight, an' I hate to leave her alone until her brother comes—anyhow, he misses some evenings. Just sit by her—an' if he shows up you don't have to do even that."

Betsy-Barbara accepted the new responsibility.

"I'd love it," she said almost cheerfully. "Constance is going to try to get some sleep tonight, and I'll put her to bed right after dinner. And I've been dying to meet Miss Estrilla."

Miss Estrilla's appearance appealed at once to Betsy-Barbara's quick sympathies. Her eyes were shaded; further she wore heavy colored glasses. She was a rather tall and slender woman, Betsy-Barbara decided. There was a kind of exquisite shyness about

her which blended perfectly with a punctilious Spanish courtesy. She spoke English without a trace of her brother's amusing roll.

Betsy-Barbara, when the ice was broken, chattered girl-fashion on the events of the day in the boarding house, avoiding always the subject of the tragedy which had drawn them together. "I've brought up the evening paper," she said, "wouldn't you like to have me read it to you? There's a splendid elopement in high life."

"I should like it very much," replied Miss Estrilla, after a pause at which Betsy-Barbara wondered.

Betsy-Barbara read the headlines and rendered in full the stories which Miss Estrilla indicated. She was absorbed in the account of a splendid burglary, when a knock sounded at the door. And Estrilla entered.

As he recognized her with a bow of imitable attention and courtesy, as he crossed the room and tenderly



He Strummed the Shimmering Chords as He Spoke.

kissed his sister, Betsy-Barbara had, somehow, the feeling that she was meeting a stranger. For the first time, at any rate, she expressed him to herself. He was small—but she had always noticed that obvious fact. Looking at the figure on the bed, one would have called the sister the taller of the two. He was nevertheless perfectly formed. He had a plume of black hair which glimmered in the gaslight with a dusky reflection of Betsy-Barbara's antique gold-and-satin turban.

She sat for five minutes, while brother and sister made her the focus of their conversation. But she was not amused. In the presence of his sister, Estrilla appeared a different man from the light fencer with words of their evenings downstairs. He was grave; he was formal. It was puzzling, but a little fascinating, this change.

In five minutes more, Betsy-Barbara summoned tact to the aid of manners and maiden modesty. She invented an excuse to shield herself against Spanish politeness, and left Estrilla bowing gravely at the threshold.

The house seemed deserted. It was too late for venturing forth alone; yet, somehow, she must exercise the vague black visions which began to surround her—she who must keep courage for two. Also, something which she could not analyze was stirring disquiet in her soul.

"If I only had some work!" she said to herself, and sighed again. So meditating, she wandered aimlessly downstairs. The doors of the parlor were open; the lights were on; the baby-grand piano stood open, inviting.

"Only merry tunes, though," she warned herself as she sat down. And she started the liveliest jig she knew. Presently, she began to sing in her pleasant untrained voice, which wobbled entrancingly whenever she got out of the middle register. But music is the slave of moods. And before she was aware, her voice was following the strings in old and melancholy love-songs.

Then Betsy-Barbara dropped her hands from the keys, and the music stopped abruptly. She was just aware that a fine floating tenor had been humming the part from the doorway. Senior Estrilla stood looking down on her.

"My seester has gone to sleep," he said. And then, "That is a Scotch song, is it not? Please go on." Betsy-Barbara smiled, nodded, resumed her keys; and they sang together.

When the song was finished, Estrilla leaned on the piano and looked down at Betsy-Barbara. His mood seemingly had changed; it was his whim to talk.

"They are a little cold on the surface, those Scotch love-songs," he said, "though warm beneath, like a volcano. Now we who speak Spanish—we can throw our emotions to the surface."

"Don't you think," responded Betsy-Barbara, "that to conceal it—but to show it's there—is the more wonderful way after all?"

The blood of the MacGregors in Betsy-Barbara was calling her to the defense of her own.

"Do you happen to know any of our Spanish songs?" pursued Estrilla.

"Only Juanita, I think—and La Paloma."

Estrilla looked as though he might have laughed but for Spanish politeness.

"Those are Spanish for outside consumption, as when the English call your cheap-oil-cloth is it not—American cloth. Let me sing to you—but a Spanish song does not go well with the piano."

"There's a guitar over in the alcove," announced Betsy-Barbara.

"Far-seeing maiden!" exclaimed Estrilla with such a delicious Spanish roll on the vowels that Betsy-Barbara laughed a little; and he, as though understanding, laughed with her.

So he tuned the guitar, Betsy-Barbara finding the key for him on the piano. And while he tweaked the strings, he made comment on them, as:

"This—you hear—is the angel-string. It is for celestial harmonies. One cannot go wrong on this string; but it is too fine and high to make all our music. This is the man-string. You can go very right or very wrong on this one." "These ones," he pronounced it; and he drew out the vowels as though lingering on the thought. "This is the woman-string. Listen—how discordant now! I tune it to the man-string, for I am God of this little world—and now how beautiful!"

"You are talking poetry!" said Betsy-Barbara; and thought of the phrase as somewhat awkward.

"Ah, but I am inspired!" replied Estrilla.

"He surely doesn't mean me," thought Betsy-Barbara, "that would be too delicious!" However, he was looking not at her but at the guitar.)

He strummed little shimmering chords as he spoke. He fell to silence, but still the languorous music quivered from the guitar. Betsy-Barbara turned about on the piano stool, her hands folded lightly in her lap, her eyes cast down.

It was many years before Betsy-Barbara, looking back over everything, could analyze the feeling of that moment, could put it in its true relation to herself and her life. At the time, she knew only that she sat there impassive, embarrassed, but inert, that she felt shame yet also a furtive pleasure at the steady look of those caressing eyes. It lasted only a moment.

The outer door slammed violently. Betsy-Barbara started as though caught in something guilty. She hesitated a moment for fear of showing her feelings to Estrilla. Then she walked out into the hall. There was no one in sight. That seemed curious, since the hall stairs were not carpeted, and one could hear footsteps. It was as though some one had opened the front door and then quickly closed it again without entering. When she turned back, puzzled, she felt the necessity for explanation.

"I thought it might be Miss Harding," she said, falsely—"I wanted to see her."

He only smiled the same caressing smile. But the spell was cracked; and Betsy-Barbara herself completed the break. Half an hour later she winged a hint, which he caught mid-course, as he seemed to catch every delicate shaft of meaning. He rose and bade her a formal good night. "I hope I may sing with you again," he said at parting.

Betsy-Barbara went to her own room. She dwelled over her preparations for undressing, making a dozen starts and stops. She was not sleepy;



a hundred currents of thought were crossing and recrossing in her mind. So at last she threw a kimono over her evening gown and sat down at the window, maiden-fashion, and thought.

To make no further mystery, the person who opened the front door and disturbed the tete-a-tete between Estrilla and Betsy-Barbara was only Tommy North. He had been searching strenuously for a job. No mystery about that, either. The reason was Betsy-Barbara. The night's quest had failed. The fluid mercury of his disposition had fallen almost to absolute zero. In this mood, he unlocked the front door. The parlor was open; he heard the soft thrum of a guitar. Hungry for companionship, he crossed the thick hall carpet to the parlor door. He looked in and beheld Betsy-Barbara sitting with flushed cheeks and folded hands. It was the attitude of a woman who yields. Beside her sat the Estrilla person, strumming gently on a guitar and looking a million languors. With a movement that was an explosion, Tommy rushed out, slamming the front door behind him.

His feet, rather than his will, carried him away. There was a saloon at the corner. As by instinct, Tommy rushed into it and ordered a glass of whisky—his first since the night of the Hanaka murder. In a period incredibly short, he fulfilled the tragic purpose for which he left the boarding house.

An hour and a half after, Tommy North, muttering over and over to himself, "New life in new climate—wonderful plan of genius—" was waving toward the select boarding house of Madame Rosalie LeGrange. Laboriously he unlocked the door; painfully, and with occasional mutterings about a blasted life, he reached the first landing. And on that landing a door opened. Betsy-Barbara stood looking at him.

Yet curiously, as the gaslight caught her full, it was not upon Betsy-Barbara's shocked wide-open eyes that he fixed his gaze. He looked at her feet. Betsy-Barbara was wearing high-heeled velvet shoes with paste buckles. In the full light, they sparkled like real diamonds. Betsy-Barbara stepped back with woman's instinctive fear of a drunken man. So one of those slippers moved. Tommy, his eyes still toward the ground, clutched at it. The motion almost tumbled him over—did make him reel against the door-post.

"Get it an' hold it," he said—"then discover murder."

"Mr. North—Mr. North!" exclaimed Betsy-Barbara and stood helpless, staring at this weird performance.

"Drunk!" he said. "Final disgrace—everything gone now!"

"Mr. North," said Betsy-Barbara, gathering her courage, "listen to me. If you wake people up tonight, they'll never forgive you. Now I'm going to lead you to your room."

He waved her away and started to make his own course up the stairs. Betsy-Barbara followed; her hands extended to give help in case of need. At his own landing, Betsy-Barbara ran ahead, opened his door, switched on the electric light. Then returning, she pushed him in with a final:

"Good night—and please try to be quiet."

Betsy-Barbara had endured a day filled with as many varied emotions as it is generally given woman to endure. She applied the best remedy that woman knows for surfeit of feeling. She took down her hair, undressed, and cried herself to sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Saves Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Modern Ostentation.

Thornton—Fannie Flaehly carries her bankroll in her stocking.

Rosemary—I'm not surprised. She always seemed fond of flaunting her wealth.—Judge.

COLDS & LaGRIPPE

5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Chills & Fever, Colds & LaGrippe; it acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. Price 25c.—Adv.

Looks That Way.

"If we are good we will come back to earth a number of time."

"Some people prefer to take no chances on that possibility."

"How's that?"

"They prefer to lead double lives now."—Courier Journal.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

At the Boarding House.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

Things Have Improved.

A well known politician, at a dinner in Washington, said of commercial honesty:

"Commercial honesty is improving. When a man lies to you and cheats you, it no longer excuses him to say, 'Caveat emptor—It's business'—and shrug and smile.

"In fact," he ended, "things have now so much improved that if some multi-millionaires were to lose their fortunes the same way they gained them, they'd insist on somebody going to jail."

Of a Wild Nature.

Just outside the entrance to the yard at the Naval academy is an apartment house where many young officers live, and baby carriages are a not infrequent sight in this vicinity.

Not long ago the commander of the yard had a notice posted on one side of the gate forbidding automobiles to enter, because they frightened the horses. Shortly afterwards the following unofficial notice appeared on the other side of the gate:

"Baby carriages and perambulators not allowed in this yard. They scare the bachelors."

WONDERED WHY.

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. When it was made right—dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

NEW WAY TO PRESERVE EGGS

System That is Said to Have Advantages Over Methods of Refrigerating or Pickling.

A new agent for the preservation of eggs has been found in Switzerland, which has many advantages over refrigeration and pickling, according to United States Consul-General R. E. Mansfield, stationed at Zurich, Switzerland.

"The preservative," Mr. Mansfield explains, "consists of a prepared substance of adhesive character, the ingredients of which may be easily and cheaply obtained in any country. The process of preservation is very simple: A flat vessel of about 100 quarts is filled to half its capacity with the preserving agent, into which the eggs are dipped for two minutes and then allowed to dry. For the dipping process the eggs are placed in flat wire baskets, each with a capacity of 300 to 500 eggs. One basket is dipped after another, and by employing a larger vessel several baskets may be dipped simultaneously. In this manner two or three persons can dip 300,000 eggs per day."

Eggs are overhauled before shipment, so that very little time is lost

in dipping them in the solution during this operation, as they dry very quickly and are almost immediately ready for repacking. No special machinery is required, and the new agent is guaranteed to preserve the eggs for nine months, causing them to retain their freshness, weight, transparency, appearance, smell and taste.

Were They Sarcastic?

An English writer has just discovered some new peculiar epithets. There are two which were either unconsciously humorous or intended to be bitterly sarcastic:

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband 50 years, and died in the confident hope of a better life.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth years of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family.

Quite the Contrary.

"Well, did Bibbles enjoy his fishing trip?"

"Yes. He says he had a corking good time."

"Umph! I know Bibbles. He means he had an uncorking good time."