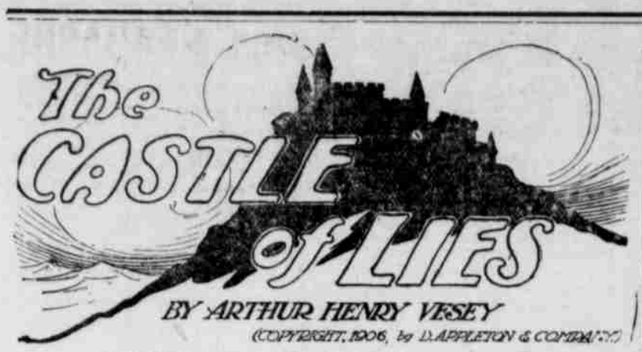


CHAPTER I.

The Tragedy.

My feet touched the narrow ledge. I was safe. But Willoughby? Brave Willoughby?

I tried to call to him. No sound came from my lips. I was too exhausted. The last atom of strength was spent. For the moment I was paralyzed—body and mind. I could only lean helpless against the mountainside, gasping for breath. And almost immediately Willoughby's voice came, quite cheerfully, quite steadily:

"All right? Bully for you. Look out, here's the rope. Now if I have decent luck. Be ready to bear a hand."

Again I tried to cry out, to warn him. If he would wait five minutes, three minutes, one minute, I might be myself again. Still no sound came from my frozen lips.

The rope fluttered over the overhang. It struck the icy ledge of the jutting rock to which I clung. Then slowly it fell over until it swayed loosely in the wind, still suspended from my body.

I did not attempt to draw it in. I was too exhausted for an exertion so slight as that. It swayed gently to and fro, and it seemed to me that presently an unseen force would grasp it and pull me headlong to destruction to the glacier below. In the meanwhile Willoughby was started.

Now I dared not cry out. I could only look up and wait, still struggling fiercely for my breath. But if I had been too exhausted to warn him, to unfasten that rope from my waist, how was I to give him the assistance he would surely need presently?

A stone fell, and then another, as he fought for a foothold. I could hear him breathing deeply, though as yet I could not see him. I stood rigid, looking upward, a prey to such fears, to such terrors as no man can imagine.

Now he came slowly into sight, his feet feeling with infinite caution. The difficulties of the descent were appalling. Even for me, supported by the rope held by Willoughby from above, they had been all but impossible. Willoughby was no amateur; but without assistance—no, I could not hope to save him. It must be death for us both. But, and this was the agonizing thought, when the crisis came, would the awful stimulus release my imprisoned will? Or would horror still hold me?

And still he came. I could almost touch him now. He was actually near me—and then, what I had feared, what I had known must happen, did happen. His feet lost their foothold. He was hanging by his arms over the ragged, blue-green glacier that yawned to receive him a thousand feet below.

A moment he struggled frantically. Then he hung absolutely still.

"Can you reach me?" he panted. "Brace yourself and reach me if you can. But be quick."

I did not move. I was not afraid to die with him, though the world has refused to believe me. I did not move because I could not. Horror for the moment bereft me of my very reason to think and act. My will was frozen. My brain was numb.

Then the nightmare passed. Suddenly I was calm. I took in a deep breath. I braced myself against the grim cliff for the shock as he should fall into my outstretched arms.

But at that instant Willoughby quietly loosened his hold—even while I gathered all my poor strength for that last tight; and before he perished he cried one word, without passion, without despair:

"Coward!"

His body brushed my own as it fell. I heard it strike brutally the glacier below. Then there was stillness.

He was dead, and I lived.

The stillness was awful—and a solitude still more awful—vast, savage, and frozen, and always the whiteness of the eternal snows. And then darkness came.

Hours later guides found me still lying there. I saw them scrambling toward me. I gazed at them stupidly, indifferently. When they called I did not answer. They bore me back to the Alpine village we had left the day before. There were black nights of delirium. And in my delirium I cried:

"I might have saved him. I am a murderer. He died cursing me as a coward."

And so they judged me. When I was convalescent and crawled into the sunshine again, it was too late to make excuses even if I wished. People had already passed sentence.

No one spoke to me. I was looked at askance. If any pitied, it was a pity tempered with scorn. More than once a kodak was snapped in my face. I was a curiosity. I was a coward.

CHAPTER II.

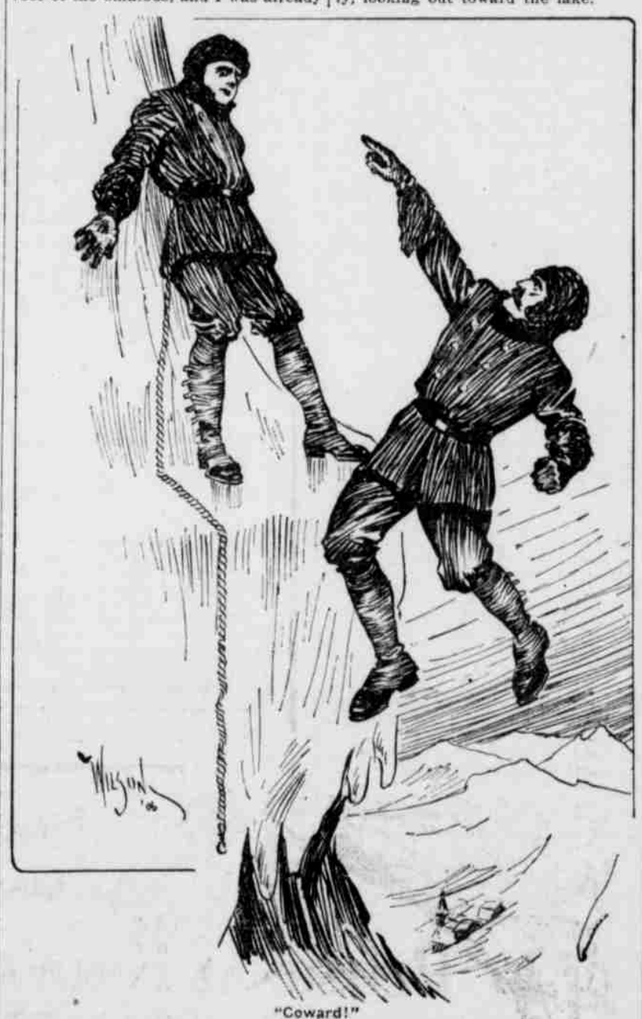
The Beacon Light.

To return to America, to work; to forget if possible—that was the feverish impulse that dominated me now. And yet I lingered a week at Grindelwald. It was Quixotic, perhaps, but at least I refused to run away.

It was not a pleasant week. If I walked up the village street the guides, loafing about at the corners, nudged each other and indulged in brutal jests at my expense. In their stupid, if honest, eyes I had committed the unpardonable sin. I had failed a fellow-climber at a moment of peril. They delighted to buttonhole the tourists—to make me still more notorious by reciting to them the story of my disgrace. I was completely ostracized. No one took the trouble of asking if the blame were wholly my own. I was labeled the coward. That was the end of it.

But when I had lived through the interminable seven days, each marked with an insult, I packed my things, vaguely hopeful after all. I was going home. I was going to America, and America is a long distance from Grindelwald. It was unlikely, I tried to persuade myself, that the story and the kodaks would follow me there. But if so, at least my fellow-townsmen would give me the benefit of the doubt. For once there had been a fire and a panic in the theater, and I had been lucky enough to help a little. So, if the story reached them, they would listen before they condemned.

When my luggage was placed on the roof of the omnibus, and I was already



"Coward!"

seated inside, the proprietor of the hotel, who had hitherto held himself discreetly aloof, deigned to wish me good-by.

"Adieu, Mr. Haddon. It will not give you pleasure to remember my hotel. I am afraid," he said with a mournful diffidence.

"That would be too much to expect," I answered, cynically amused at his embarrassment.

He hesitated a moment, one foot on the steps of the omnibus.

"Mr. Haddon, may I say that I have sympathy for you? Do not let the little accidents spoil your life. None of us are always brave. And certainly there is a courage of the spirit as well as of the body. The world condemns hastily, but it will doubt its verdict if you refuse to accept it. And you go now?"

"To America," I replied grimly, "where at present there is no verdict."

"But not at once?"

"Why not?" I asked in surprise.

"It is your affair of course, monsieur, but at least"—he was seeking a pretentious expression of sympathy, but he ended lamely—"but at least do not let this simple affair spoil your digestion."

"Perhaps I shall linger a day or two at Lucerne," I said good-naturedly.

"Ah, yes," he nodded in approval, "monsieur will retreat slowly."

And so I came to Lucerne instead of sailing immediately to America as I had intended. It was not exactly bravado that sent me there to meet the scorn and sneers of those who may have heard of my disgrace. It was the sympathy of the little innkeeper.

When I arrived, Lucerne was en fete. The Schweizerhof was crowded. But in the restaurant I was not recognized. I began to hope that I might not be. In the writing-room, however, a London weekly advertised to the world the story of my disgrace; and one of those cursed kodaks adorned the first page. It was only a question of hours before I should be known. I walked out on the terrace for coffee, profoundly discouraged.

The terrace, screened by bay-trees and cedars from the broad road that ran along the lake, swarmed with the people who came to Switzerland, not to see but to be seen. They were chattering in every tongue in Europe. I stood in full view of everyone until a waiter beckoned to me; for there were few tables unoccupied.

From the railway station to the Hotel Nationale the quay was ablaze with the flare of multicolored lights. Placed in screenlike receptacles at intervals against the facades of the great hotels, the white monotony of outline was transformed into a fairy fabric of blue and green and red. The black masses of the people at the windows and balconies, eager to see the procession of the lake, were thrown into garish relief. Beneath the double rows of chestnut trees flowed a boisterous stream of Swiss peasants, arm in arm, shouting and singing as they marched, and a more sedate crowd of townsfolk and curious tourists.

The lake was a conventional scene of gaudy brilliancy. A procession of floats was passing as I took my seat, each float distinctive of some incident of Swiss life or of Swiss history and glory.

I looked out on this stereotyped scene of gayety with a resolute show of interest. I was determined not to let the incident of the photograph ruin my digestion, as the little innkeeper had said. Perhaps it was my morbid fancy, but already I though people were regarding me curiously. And then I was sure I heard my name spoken by a woman. I refused to look around. I smoked my cigar deliberately, looking out toward the lake.

Suddenly from the Rigi mountain far off on the left, a dot of light pierced the black gloom. Another and another quivered, until there was a double row of them burning some distance down the mountainside. Then on the right, on austere giant Pilatus, its shaggy head crowned with stars, other lights blazed. And then, very far off, up in the silence of the snows, one solitary beacon light shone like a star, steadily and alone. This little light comforted me, though it glowed from the very region of the tragedy. I liked to think it an emblem of hope. Out of the gloom and despair it burned steadily. It gave me a sort of courage.

My elbow was jogged, and not with deference.

"Pardon, but this seat is reserved."

It was a waiter who spoke, and he was insolent. But I answered quietly:

"I was given this place by another waiter. There was no placard on the table nor were the chairs turned up. Why do you say it is reserved?"

As I asked this question I glanced over my shoulder to see for whom the man was demanding my place.

On the steps leading to the terrace from the dining-room stood two ladies. One of them was a handsome, distinguished woman well passed middle age, and saying that of her, one has said everything.

Of the other, one might say everything, and yet feel that one had said nothing. It was not the air of proud distinction that arrested my gaze, for she shared that quality with the other. It was not that she was merely young and beautiful. Other women are young and beautiful. It was rather that there breathed from the quiet presence of this woman a noble serenity and calm that is as adorable as it is rare. The assured, direct look of her eyes was truth itself. She had not seen me. She looked beyond the lake—at the solitary little beacon light that had comforted me only a moment ago.

I gave up my seat at once, of course. I walked slowly to the end of the terrace, and took a less desirable place.

I refused to allow myself to be interested in these people. And yet I was strangely interested in them. It was as if I were waiting. When my elbow was again touched, I felt no surprise. It was the waiter who had spoken to me a moment before.

"Pardon—the ladies who took your seat—"

The younger of the two women had risen. She stood at the table, leaning forward slightly, her expression at once startled and eager. To my astonishment she was smiling at me radiantly, a smile of charming surprise and welcome. But as I stared at her stupidly, the smile was succeeded by an expression of dismay. She addressed the elder woman in an agitated whisper.

Wonder held me spellbound as well as they. I turned vaguely to the waiter. He had already left my side, summoned imperiously, no doubt, by the ladies who had certainly mistaken me for another.

I had half risen. Now I seated myself again, and every nerve tingled with excitement. The adventure was not yet ended; I was sure of it. And I welcomed the diversion, even though pain and humiliation were to be its price. I had come to Lucerne on a momentary impulse, so I thought. What if fate had guided that impulse?

For the third time the waiter spoke to me. I looked up at him calmly; I had known he would come.

"The ladies wish to speak to monsieur, if monsieur is at liberty."

The summons had come, as I knew that it would. I drew in a deep breath. My heart was beating fast, though outwardly I was calm enough. I turned; I advanced toward them.

CHAPTER III.

The One Woman.

I scanned each face intently as I approached them. There was a high, delicate color on the cheeks of the elder woman. She was frowning slightly. I could not be sure whether curiosity or annoyance was the dominant note of her bearing. But presently I saw that it was rather resentment and thinly veiled contempt. During the past week scorn and contempt had flashed from too many eyes that I should misinterpret that look. They knew, then, the story of my disgrace. That fact would explain the expression of contempt; but why this strange resentment, this indignation?

The younger woman, the daughter, for the likeness was unmistakable, sat motionless as I approached. The attitude was significant of a feeling more hostile and deeper than that which agitated the mother.

It was the mother who spoke, not without evident reluctance:

"Is it true that you are Mr. Haddon—Mr. Ernest Haddon?

"It is true," I replied quietly.

"Then you were with Mr. Lawrence Willoughby when the tragedy occurred?" she continued in a deep, even voice.

"Yes, madam."

"I am Mrs. Brett. This is my daughter, Miss Brett."

Again I bowed gravely. The girl made a slight inclination, but her eyes still gazed intently at the little beacon light that still burned on the mountain.

I heard the name at first with an idle curiosity. Then vaguely I repeated it to myself. I had heard it before. It awoke startled memories. I vainly tried to place these people who were compelling themselves to speak to me with so evident a reluctance and hesitation.

"I am sure I have heard, only lately—"

"Perhaps," assented Mrs. Brett bitterly, "it was Mr. Willoughby himself—"

"Mother!" The daughter touched the mother's arm appealingly.

"Yes," I said in a low voice, "I remember now."

"Then, sir," and the question rose to a crescendo of restrained feeling, "when we were informed only a moment ago that you were Mr. Haddon, you will understand why we have sent for you?"

"Yes, madam, I understand. You wish to hear from my lips—the lips of the survivor—of the tragedy?"

Willoughby had loved the daughter. When death had faced us together, he had spoken of her. At such a time one opens one's heart, even to a stranger. And he had told me of his heart's desire; he had told me of his despair that she had not returned his love. At least not openly. But now, when it was too late, perhaps she realized that she had loved him after all. If that were so, with what abhorrence must she regard me. And if I were to tell her everything—that he had died reproaching me for cowardice— Yes, pain and humiliation were indeed to be the price of this meeting.

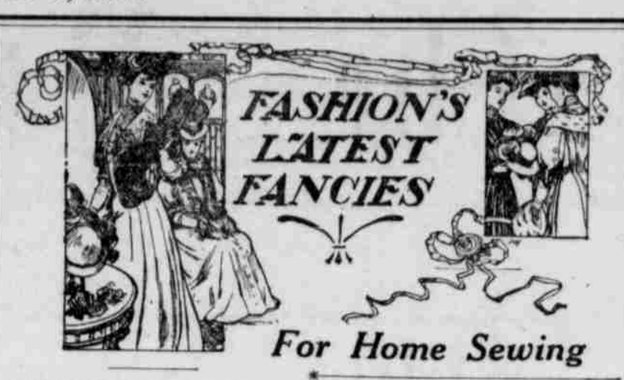
Yet outwardly I maintained a stoic calm. I knew there must be no excuses for myself. Whether this woman had loved him or not, at least his memory must be sacred to her. The man who was dead had paid the last penalty of presumption and folly. But that must not be hinted at; it was my weakness and cowardice that I must emphasize.

"Helena," Mrs. Brett turned to her daughter, "would you prefer that Mr. Haddon speak to you alone?"

"Yes, mother, I should prefer that."

"I shall wait for you, Helena, in the writing room. Good evening, Mr. Haddon."

TO BE CONTINUED.



DAINTY UNDERWEAR IS EASY TO MAKE.

Trying On and Fitting, So Necessary for "Outside" Garments, Have No Place in the Fashioning of Fine Lingerie.

For those who have the time and are fond of sewing, the making of fine underwear is really a most delightful and fascinating employment. Unlike making frocks, blouses and such "outside" garments, which are apt to present a good many difficulties in the way of fitting and the adjustment of the trimmings, fine underwear merely requires dainty workmanship and neat sewing, as the fitting is of the simplest and, with the aid of a good pattern, is hardly considered.

Of course, the tops of petticoats, yoke bands, etc., are best adjusted

to the figure, but corset covers, nightgowns and such garments can safely be made to measurement, without any preliminary "trying on" at all.

Combination garments are extremely popular, one or two of these being shown in the illustration. For instance, the second sketch shows a corset cover and drawers in one, a most comfortable and graceful garment. This model is planned to do away with the separate skirt, thus avoiding any bunchiness about the hips.

French nainsook was used for the garment pictured, the trimming consisting of German Val. insertion and edge. A corset cover and skirt combination is also much liked, especially with princess gowns of thin materials. These are so cut that the fastening is down the middle of the back, this fastening also being seen in some of the corset covers designed for wear with thin summer gowns.

Fine longcloth and cambric are generally used for petticoats designed for ordinary wear, although the very elaborate ones with hand-embroidered scallops or elaborate trimmings of lace are usually of nainsook—a material which is also generally used for night dresses.

Fig. No. 7 shows one of the best-liked styles, the gown being made so that it can be slipped on over the head, so that no other opening is necessary. Dainty hand-embroidered scallops finished the edges of the neck and sleeves, and little eyelet holes were embroidered below the scallops about the low-cut neck, through which wash ribbon was run.

The yoke of the gown was inlet with curved pieces of Valenciennes insertion, these lace sections being worked into the design in hand embroidery, used as a decoration. The yoke was joined to the lower part of the gown by fine entredeux.

The other sketches shown in the plate depict several pretty designs for trimming underwear. Fig. 1 shows a corset cover cut in one piece, the material being straight in the middle of the back and bias in front. Round medallions combined with half-inch wide insertion of Val. lace were used as trimming, the neck and sleeve holes being finished by ribbon-threaded beading and Valenciennes edge.

Fig. 3 shows a French chemise hand-embroidered and scalloped and trimmed with a little fine lace about the edges of the neck and sleeves, while Fig. 4 shows drawers of nainsook trimmed with round medallions of batiste and Valenciennes insertion. A full lace-edged ruffle finished the hem in shallow scallops.

No. 5 shows a corset cover which closes down the middle of the back, while No. 6 pictures a very attractive Empire chemise.

BEADS ARE SMART AS EVER.

Are Worn with Almost Every Variety of Costume.

Beads are having a renewed run in fashion's favor. They are worn with more discretion than was often displayed in the course of the vogue of a similar whim a few years ago.

Long chains are not now used, but merely necklaces, just enough to fall prettily on the bosom. Coral, which is tolerably expensive, is first favorite; the new coral necklace is of round beads carefully graduated.

The handsome Japanese coral is a novelty; it is susceptible of a high polish, but is not pink, coming in a white, scarcely tinted with a faint pink shade.

Ordinary colored glass beads when used must be chosen to match the color of the gown, or to harmonize correctly therewith; and the appearance of such a necklet is improved by a cut crystal being strung between each of the colored beads.

Gold beads, graduated in size, the largest, of course, in front, are most pretty on fur, and as these beads are hollow, the cost of such a necklet is not high. Those who possess the gold beads once worn by their grandmothers are most lucky.

Beads are also seen made up in the guise of tiny nets for the hair, set upon gold threads. If delicately done these are charming. They may not be worn by every one, however. As a rule only the very youthful looking charmers may safely employ them.

NEWEST TAILOR MADE SUITS.

French Tussore Excellent Material for Outing Wear.

French tussore, which is much handsomer, finer, and with a greater sheen than the other rough silks, is the medium for some tailor made suits, the most conventional having a kilted skirt with a semi-fitting jacket, double breasted, and of moderate length. While this might be said to be the favorite model, some tailors favor the tight fitting coat.

A dull rose tussore silk is made tailored coat and skirt with no relief except large pearl buttons and an adjustable lingerie collar of embroidered linen. This is a charming costume for outing wear, where extreme serviceability need not be considered. Add to it a panama hat turned up in front and decorated by a wide scarf of soft taffeta matching the pink of the hat. With a blouse of sheer white batiste, with pert lace edged frills, and you have a French version of the outing costume. The scarf trimmed panama is a youthful type of hat, but it can be bent and draped into becomingness, and it is a particularly pleasant and natty hat to wear with a morning costume. Long chiffon scarfs knotted behind and falling over the shoulders often are substituted for the scarfs of silk.

With Brown Trimmings.

There is no color that lends itself less attractively to trimming than brown; that is, the dark shades, and therefore a model constructed along simple lines is preferable. Silk of the same or darker shades, braids, and flat trimmings in monotone are most effective. A new model shown in golden brown marquisette, and which is to form part of a wedding trousseau, has the skirt laid in a triple box plait the length of the front, forming a panel. Around the bottom are three wide tucks, and each is heavily braided with soutache of the gown shade. The braided pattern extends up over the front panel in pyramidal form. The bodice is a jumper with the neck cut in a scalloped point, the scallop button-holed and embroidered in English eyelet and braided and the front also is well covered with a braided design.

DESIGN FOR WATCH STAND.

Wood Foundation With Silk Worked in Ribbon Embroidery.

Two pieces of thin wood about five inches deep and 3½ wide are used as the foundation for this pretty little stand. The lower one forming the foundation should be well sandpapered to make it smooth, then stained either dark green or brown. The upper piece that forms the rest for the watch is covered with silk worked in ribbon embroidery.

When worked, the silk should be strained tightly over one side of the

wood, the edges fixed at the back with seccotine; cover a piece of paper a trifle smaller than the wood with silk or sateen, then seccotine to the back to make all neat. A brass hook should next be screwed into the center of top above the plain circle, from which suspend the watch.

This ornamental piece must now be fixed to the foundation by two little supports of stained wood about three inches long, that must be fixed to seccotine or by small brass tacks.

"THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., Has Married 1400 Couples.

STUDENT MADE HIS POINT.

No Doubt the Policeman Understood What He Meant.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of socialism: "I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman. 'Officer,' said the youth late one night, 'I'd like to ask you a question.'

"'Very well, sir.'

"'Does the law permit me to call you an ass?'

"'You move on,' the officer growled.

"'But stop a bit,' continued the youth. 'Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?'

"'The law don't say nothing about that,' was the gruff reply.

"'Then,' said the youth, 'good-night, Mr. Policeman.'"

One Way.

A reverend gentleman was addressing a Sunday school class not long ago, and was trying to enforce the doctrine that when people's hearts were sinful they needed regulating. Taking out his watch, and holding it up, he said:

"Now, here's my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow—what shall I do with it?"

"Sell it," promptly replied a boy.—Harper's Magazine.