

BRETA'S DOUBLE

By HELEN V. GREYSON.

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CHAPTER XXII.
DID SHE SUCCEED?

At 11 o'clock of the night that Carlos Monteri had their last interview, a dark-robed figure stole out of the side door of Ravensmere and stealthily made its way out of the grounds to the little-used road leading past the old haunted house.

As the moon came out from behind a cloud for an instant, it revealed the fact that the figure was that of a woman. After getting beyond sight of any one who might be near the grounds, she hastened her steps, never pausing until she came up to the old building that contained the girl, of all others, that she wished out of the way, and the man by whose death she meant to profit.

As she neared the old, broken-down porch, she took a small can from beneath a dark cloak which concealed her figure, and poured a liquid on the worn-ent steps and also on the jamb of the door.

Having done that, she took several matches from her pocket and proceeded to light one. She then lighted one end of something she had in her hand, placing the unlighted end on the step.

Hastily she made her way back, almost flying over the ground, never pausing until she reached Ravensmere and let herself into the house by the same door she had used as an exit.

When she reached her own room, she hastened to the window, and for the first time since she left it turned her eyes in the direction of the haunted house.

Did she see a light through the trees?

Yes. Although the woodland obstructed her view, she could see a light in the distance.

"Ah, if it only proves successful!" she murmured. "I'd have nothing more to fear then. Time will tell. I must wait patiently until morning."

Nervous from excitement, she threw herself down on her couch, with her face turned to the window, that she might see if the light increased.

"Yes," she murmured triumphantly, "it is getting brighter. Something tells me that to-morrow morning Carlos Monteri and Breta Danton will be no more. Then I'll triumph. Ravensmere will be mine when old Gerald Danton steps out, and there will be no one to dispute my right. I never felt safe while Carlos Monteri was in the land of the living, for he had sworn to have revenge on me, and sooner or later he would have kept his oath. But now, by this time, I hope he has passed in his checks."

And calmly, as if she had no crimes to answer for, she closed her eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Cecil Doniphan. "What does that mean, I wonder? One at this hour of the night, and creeping into the house like a cat! Where has she been? It's too late to find out now. If I had only seen her when she went out I would have followed her. I'm not half a detective to let this important event slip my eyes, but in future I'll keep my eyes open a little wider. I dare say she has been out to meet that fellow. I wonder what he is to her. Oh, well, what remains to be found out," as with a yawn, he threw away the remains of his cigar and turned in.

The following morning he was surprised to hear from one of the servants that the butcher, who had come by the haunted house that morning, declared that nothing remained but a ruined mass. It must have burned down during the night. Was it intuition or what that made his thoughts turn to his uncle's grandfather? Was there a connecting link between that house, which he had seen the so-called George Bertram enter, and Breta Danton, his cousin?

No one, however, affected more surprise, when he told her that the old house had been burned.

"What does it matter," she said, "since no one resided there? I dare say the ghost that haunted it set it on fire," with a laugh.

"More likely some live ghost, who had an object in wishing it burned," he said, watching her keenly.

But he gained nothing from her expression, which remained perfectly passive.

However, she lost no time in getting to the village, to make what inquiries she could concerning the fire. Surely some one must have seen it while it was in progress. So, forming an excuse of some small articles needed, she drove the pony phaeton—present from her grandfather—into the village.

"Have they escaped?" she asked herself. "If so, will Carlos Monteri attach the blame to me? Will he suspect that I was the one to set the house on fire?"

And her common sense told her that he would. But, she told herself, he could not prove that it was she, even if he had escaped, which she doubted.

"At all risks, it is worth a trial," she murmured, "and it is killing two birds with one stone."

CHAPTER XXIII.
FOR LOVE'S DEAR SAKE.

When Eric Brentwood said that he would solve the mystery that he fully believed surrounded the girl to whom

ment at the extreme end of the corridor.

Striking another match, he proceeded in that direction and could soon see a pale streak of light shining from beneath the door.

As he approached, he decided to knock on the panel.

As he did so, a voice, which he remembered so well and which lived continually in his dreams, spoke in a plaintive tone:

"Oh, do go away and leave me alone! I so hate the sight of you that I would rather be alone forever than to look on your face!"

"It is not he whom you suppose it to be, but a friend who has come to release you," answered Eric, in tones so earnest and unlike those of Carlos Monteri that the girl uttered a little gasp of surprise.

"Oh, sir, do you really mean it?" she cried.

"On my honor as a gentleman, I do. Tell me: Has not that man who left here a short while ago locked you in here against your will?"

"Yes," she answered. "Oh, sir, whoever you are, I will bless you ever if you will only rescue me from that man! You will have to break open the door, as he has the key."

Eric pushed his strong frame against the door, and for a second time succeeded in forcing it a lock. The door swung inward, and there before him stood the girl for whom he had been so rigorously searching—for whom he would willingly lay down his life, if necessary.

"Come!" he said, as he went forward and took her hand in his. "We must leave here as soon as possible, lest that villain return. But first tell me: Are you his wife?"

"His wife!" she exclaimed. "No, no! How could you think that?"

"Thank heaven!" said Eric. "I felt certain that you were not that man's wife, although he told Jock, the gipsy, so."

"Jock, the gipsy!" she repeated.

"Who is he?"

"Do you not remember of being ill in a gipsy camp?"

"No, sir. I was ill, I know, and am scarcely well yet. See how weak and nervous I am. The least exertion unnerves me."

"Have you had any medical attention since you have been here? Has that man left you to suffer without the proper restoratives?" asked Eric, as he still held her hand close in his.

"No. Although he has kept me a prisoner here, he did not let me want for either medicine or food, although it was very little of the latter that I needed. I would have attempted to escape ere this, but my feeble strength was not equal to breaking down that door as you have done. Oh, sir, how can I thank you?"

"By telling me where to find your friends."

"Friends!" she said, bitterly. "I sometimes wonder if I ever had a friend. If I had I cannot remember. And, sir, the strangest part of it is I forget my name. If I could only hear some one mention it I am sure it would all come back to me."

"Come, you can tell me the rest as we go along. If you have no friends I mean to take you to my home."

Taking up the lighted candle which was sitting on a table in one corner of the room, Eric led the half-bewildered girl along the corridor and down the carpetless stairs. Emerging into the night air, he placed his arm beneath hers to support her as much as possible.

"We will get aboard this train," said Eric; "then you can tell me all about yourself."

As the train paused, he lifted her aboard, and, having found an empty seat in the rear end of the compartment, he made his charge as comfortable as possible and seated himself beside her.

"Now tell me what you can about yourself," he said, taking her slender white hand in his.

"Indeed, sir, I am afraid that it will not interest you much, because I seem to have lost my recollection of names."

"I am more interested than you think, little girl," said Eric, with a tender look.

"Why are you interested in me?" she asked curiously. "Have you ever seen me before?"

"Yes. I came to see you every day while you were lying in the gipsy camp, and when Jock told me that a man and woman called and took you away, something seemed to tell me that there was foul play, and I determined then and there that I would find you, and, if, as I suspected, you had fallen into the hands of enemies, that I would rescue you from them and return you to your friends. But, as you say you have none, you must come to my mother and find a home with us."

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed. "How good you are to interest yourself in a perfect stranger. What good angel prompted you to be a friend to me?"

"Shall I tell you why?" he began. Then—"No, not now. Some time, when you are better acquainted with me, I will tell you."

[To be continued.]

The Word "Expediency."

So scrupulous was the Queen in taking care to fully understand every document placed in her hands that Lord Melbourne was reported to have occasionally declared that he would rather have to deal with ten kings than one queen. Having submitted some act of Government for the royal approval, he was proceeding to urge the expediency of the measure, when the Queen stopped him, observing: "I have been taught to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but 'expediency' is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."—New York Times.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

CORN HUSKING PARTY.
Decorations of Fruits, Vegetables and Farming Utensils.

Everybody is cooking for something old, yet something new, but what could be more amusing than a corn husking? Of course this requires a somewhat large place, and also a barn or a suitable substitute. It really belongs to the out of town hosts, although with a little skill a city home may be made just as picturesque.

A unique invitation is made from the corn husks. Take the smooth, white husks that lie next to the corn and cut them about six inches long. Then with a fine pen and black ink print some merry little invitation in rhyme, as:

Come with a whoop,
Come with a call,
Come with a good will
On November thirtieth,
From seven until eleven o'clock,
Corn husking.

Select slender cornstalks and glue these little slips around them. Use narrow strips of the husks instead of ribbons to tie them with.

The interior of the house should be a veritable cornfield. A pretty way to decorate would be to form a border of stalks all around the room. Then make a frieze of stripped corn hung in festoons by their husks. This can be arranged as to make an extremely effective frieze. Another room may have a frieze of the corn silk. Bunches of this may be tied closely together to make a string of uneven uneven silk, and this may be festooned with a most artistic result. When all the guests shall have arrived it would be well to invite them out to a large camp fire (provided the evening is not too cold, otherwise to a large wood fire within) to roast apples, potatoes and corn, and also to pop corn. After passing away some little time in this manner the corn husking may next take place. It would be a good idea to have a farmhand stationed at the door with favors for each one for the choosing of partners. A simple and appropriate way to do is to have two sets of envelopes containing kernels of corn—corn colored envelopes for the ladies and pale green ones for the gentlemen. The kernels should be counted, and those holding corresponding numbers are to be husking partners. All being paired off they should proceed to the barn. The interior of the barn can be decorated in a picturesque manner. Bittersweet may be used to cover the rafters and pillars, while carrots, corn, crooked squashes, turnips and all sorts of the smaller farming implements, such as rakes, hoes, scythes, corn knives and such things, may be so arranged as to present an attractive appearance. Rows applied piled up here and there will lead a touch of rusticity to the whole affair, while the lighting of it may be obtained from the Jack-o'-lanterns, made from huge pumpkins.

In the center of the floor a large circular space should be piled with unhusked corn. Just beyond this should be little piles (rather high) of sweet, fresh hay, upon which the busy workers are to sit. When all are arranged the signal to begin husking should be given. The husks should be piled up in a row, and each ear husked it should be accounted for. At the end of a given time, say twenty minutes, work should be stopped by another ringing of the cowbell, and the couple husking the greatest number is awarded first prize, while that husking the least number is awarded the booby prize. Appropriate prizes would be for the first an odd basket and for the last made of corn husks, while the boobies would be made happy by twin corn-cob dolls wearing quaint tinny caps. After the merry festivities here all could retire to the dining room while the floor of the barn was being put in order for a dance. Before dancing begins, however, the busy huskers will be ready for supper. One way of making the table attractive is to use an unhusked cob of a deep shade, on which are placed at intervals small corn stacks. In the center of the table a large pumpkin rests on a mat of glossy corn silk. The menu cards may be made from water color paper, folded double, and cut and colored to represent pumpkins. The menu may be printed inside in old-fashioned letters.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Medical Education of Women.

In the first place, no woman ought to embark on the career of medicine without a reasonable certainty of having sufficient capital, not only to pay for her training and keep her during at least five years of student life, but also to support her for the first few years after qualifying. Paid appointments for newly qualified medical women are few and far between. To women who are being sent out under the auspices of some society to India or elsewhere, and are certain of immediate employment, this does not so much apply; but even in these cases it is very unwise for a girl to start as a medical student unless she is sure of sufficient money to keep her without doing outside work and to allow of a good yearly holiday during her period of study. A medical student in her student days ought not to have time to earn anything towards her own support. She should live well and be able to take good holidays without worry about money matters; otherwise her health will probably break down and she will be useless even if she succeeds in passing her examinations. As regards age, twenty years is quite young enough to begin the medical portion of her training. She should have a thoroughly good general education until she is eighteen years of age, when she ought to be able to pass any

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Simple English—Easily Accomplished—Caution Necessary—Reporting Progress—About the Fashionable Scramble—About the Size of It, Etc., Etc.

Often when I put on my gloves I wonder if I'm sane,
For when I put the right one on
The right seems to remain
To be put on—that is, 'tis left;
Yet if the left I don
The other one is left, and the
I have the right one on.
But still I have the left on right;
The right one, though, is left
To go right on the left-right hand
All right if I am left.

Easily Accomplished.

"You've moved farther uptown,
Haven't you?"
"Yes, our street has been renun-
bered."

Caution Necessary.

"Always send a written proposal to a girl."
"Why?"
"It gives you a chance to forget to mail the letter."

Reporting Progress.

Police Captain—"Did you catch that murderer last night?"
Detective—"No; but I dreamed that I had a clue."—New York Weekly.


The Fashionable Scramble.

"I can't arrange my hair to suit me."
"How do you want it, Flossie?"
"I want it to look as if I had been playing basketball."—Chicago Record.

About the Size of It.

Hixon—"But the law can never make a man honest."
Dixon—"No; but it can make him awfully uncomfortable when he is dishonest."

A Continuation.



"What! Fighting again!"
"Now, dis is de same scrap!"—New York Journal.

One of Nature's Holdups.

"I've got the drop on you," said the rain to the seed.
"Hold on!" cried the seed, "I'm liable to shoot up at any moment!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inviting Trouble.

"The War Department is buying balloons."
"What do they cost?"
"I think they get 'em for ascen-
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Born Lucky.

"How did you make out with that effort to break your uncle's will?"
"Mine! After it was all settled up and the lawyers had the estate I didn't owe them a cent."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Point of View.

He—"That tall young man dancing with Miss Dashing was originally intended for the church, I understand."
She—"Indeed! Judging from his appearance I could easily imagine that he had been out for the steeple."

Unavoidable Egotism.

"A person can't help being a little bit proud of his ancestors."
"That's true," replied the candid young man. "One can't help a certain feeling that if they had done no more than give him a place in the present generation they would still have something to brag about."

Only a Woman's Way.

The Young Wife—"And how much money a month will you allow me, dear?"
The Husband—"Well, I guess about \$100."
The Young Wife—"Oh, please, Fred; you earn more than that, don't you?"—Yonkers Gazette.

A Sordid Soul.

Bettina—"I needed a little money one day when I was downtown, and borrowed \$1 from Irene Foxy. I told her that if I forgot to return it she must ask me for it."
Gwendolen—"Yes."
Bettina—"Well, it escaped my mind for a few weeks and the mean thing asked me for it!"

His Experience.

The servant girl fame was at its height.
"Do you think you can do general work around the house?" asked the mother of the family.
"I guess so, mam'am," replied the young man who had applied for the place. "I've been workin' in a round-house for the last year an' a half."—Chicago Tribune.

A Satisfaction.

"What are you going to do for amusement to-day?"
"I think," answered the hero, "that I'll go to a dime museum and see the armless phenomenon."
"I didn't know you were interested in curiosities of that kind."
"I wasn't formerly. But it will be a great satisfaction to meet somebody who I'm dead sure isn't going to shake hands with me."—Washington Star.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

At the recent congress of veterinary physicians at Baden-Baden, Germany, Dr. Hecker, of Halle, maintained the foot-and-mouth disease can be transferred to healthy animals by birds, flies, etc., a fact which, if substantiated, will call for a modification of legislation.

The Department of Agriculture announces that the best weed-destroyer among the birds of this country are the goldfinches, the grosbeaks and the native sparrows. The destruction is effected by eating the seeds. The English sparrow is too much of a pillager to be included among the more useful birds.

The most recent application of the Roentgen rays in the study of what may be called prehistoric zoology. Skiagraphs of the mummified animals in the British Museum have been taken on a large scale, for the purpose of comparing the skeletons of the sacred monkeys, etc., with those of existing species. Several curious resemblances and some striking differences have already been made out in this study, which is of great interest to the Egyptologist as the zoologist.

The marvellous effects that are sometimes produced by music may eventually receive a scientific explanation. In a recent lecture at Oxford University, Professor McKendrick said that, while the intricate connections of the auditory nerves are only just being unravelled, it is probable that the roots of those nerves are more widely distributed and have more extensive connections than those of any other nerves in the human body. Researches on the auditory nerves indicate that there is scarcely a function of the body which may not be affected by the pulsations and harmonic combinations of musical tones.

If the sponge as brought up fresh from the sea-bottom were a familiar object, says Doctor Lydekker, few would be in doubt as to its being an animal. When fresh, it is a fleshy-looking substance covered with a firm skin, and if cut it presents somewhat the appearance of raw meat. Its cavities are filled with a gelatinous substance called "milk." American sponges, and those of all other parts of the world, are inferior to the sponges of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The finest of all sponges is the Turkey toilet sponge, which is cup-shaped. The American sponge most nearly approaching it in quality is the West Indian glove sponge.

A new remedy for tuberculosis has been reported by United States Commercial Agent Atwell at Lyons, France. It is a treatment called the attention of the academy of medicine by Dr. Mendel, and consists of the daily injection into the bronchial tubes of essence of eucalyptus, thyme, and cinnamon, held in solution in olive oil. The oil in descending slowly comes into contact with the walls of the tube and upper lungs. The gas set free saturates the air in the lungs, and acts on the mucous membrane. In sixteen cases treated, after one or two weeks, there was in all a lessening or complete cessation of the cough and expectoration, as well as a return of sleep, appetite and strength.

Manila at Night.

Manila at night is very dull. After 10 o'clock the city is dead, and only the sentries are seen on the streets. There is no theatre here, and it has been several months since the opera has been on. The soldiers are not allowed out of quarters after 10 o'clock unless on duty; the saloons are closed and the night life of Manila is behind closed doors. It is almost impossible to imagine a great city of 200,000 being as quiet as Manila is at night. The Spaniards retire to their homes and the Americans to their barracks. The few foreign residents who spend their evenings at the clubs return home long before the small hours. Most people here go to bed early, because nearly all the city's business is done in the forenoon, and people get up pretty early to do it. At noon all the stores are closed for two hours, and in the afternoon those who can do so seek refuge from the sun beneath the spreading balconies of their homes and do not appear in the escolta unless it is necessary. And if it is necessary, they put it off until to-morrow.

—Correspondence in Chicago Record.

Origin of the Fleur-de-lis.

The fleur-de-lis, the badge of the French royalists, is of Assyrian origin, and was brought from the far East by the crusaders. It figured in the escutcheon of the Knights Templar, and a similar design is found on Egyptian and Buddhist monuments. The original device appears to have been far less dignified and ideal than that ascribed to it by western imagination, which finds in this Assyrian emblem a resemblance to the white petals of a flower inclosing a heart of gold. The two curves are claimed by archaeologists to represent the horns of a bull, which the ancient Assyrians used to nail to trees for the purpose of keeping away evil spirits, just as the Neoplatonists of today employ the same charm to guard themselves from the evil eye. It is claimed that the fleur-de-lis on the royal coats of arms of the English royal family as well as that on the shield of France were but representations of a bull's skull.

A Coasting Champion.

As a creator of epigrams a minister out in Kansas is the coming champion. In a recent sermon this divine said, "I have noticed that most men go to church to close their eyes, and most women to eye their clothes."—Albany Times-Union.