

BRETA'S DOUBLE

By HELEN V. GREYSON.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.
"I AM BRETA DANTON."

We left Eric Brentwood and his
charge on the train bound for Brent-
wood Park.

When he told her that she needed
rest, she did not hesitate to submit to
his superior judgment. Already her
heart acknowledged him as its mas-
ter, and that knowledge caused her to
be more reticent than she would
otherwise have been.

At last they had reached the end
of their journey, and, assisting her
from the car, he was obliged to hire
the same conveyance that took Breta
Danton (?) to Brentwood Park six months
before.

As they neared the park, his com-
panion exclaimed:
"Oh, what a lovely place! I know
I shall be happy here. Is this your
home?"

"Yes," he answered, as he assisted
her from the carriage. "This is Brent-
wood Park, my home."

As he mentioned that name she
uttered a startled cry.

"Brentwood Park! Ah, I remem-
ber now! I was coming to Brentwood
Park!"

She spoke so wildly and excitedly
that Eric looked at her in amazement
and doubt.

Had she not entirely recovered
from her delirium, after all? She
coming to Brentwood Park? What
did she mean?

Before he had time to question her,
his mother came hurriedly down the
steps to meet him.

"Oh, Eric, have you returned at
last?"

From her son's face her gaze wan-
dered to that of the girl he was assist-
ing to alight, and she uttered a start-
led exclamation, falling back a step
or two.

"What is the matter, mother? You
look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"Who is that girl?" she asked wild-
ly, her eyes still riveted on the fair
beauty of the girl by his side. "If I
didn't know that Valerie Danton was
dead and in her grave I would say that
she stood beside you, as I saw her last
before she left America."

As Mrs. Brentwood spoke the name
of Valerie Danton, the girl clasped
Eric's arm convulsively, and she
breathed a sigh of thanksgiving.

"Oh, sir, I remember everything
now! I forget no longer all that I
have been puzzling my brain to re-
member so long. Oh, how strange
that you should have saved me! You,
above all persons! For it was here
that mamma sent me—here to her
dearest friend, I am Breta Danton.
Oh, thank God, that at last I am safe
with friends!"

At her declaration that she was
Breta Danton, Eric and his mother
both gave a startled cry.

She Breta Danton? Who, then, was
that other girl who had come to him,
claiming to be Valerie Danton's daugh-
ter? For not a doubt entered either
mind but that the fair, pure-looking
girl before them spoke the truth.

To Mrs. Brentwood her face was confirma-
tion of her words; but, although Eric
never saw Valerie Danton, his belief
in the girl who had taken possession
of his heart was boundless.

Mrs. Brentwood took the pale but
lovely girl in her arms, while Eric
stood by, filled with envy and a desire
to do likewise. But honor forbade
him. Not until she had learned to
care for him would he presume to
force his love upon her.

"Come in," he said unsteadily.
"She is not overstrong, mother mine,
and must not be exerted too much.
Come in, and we will hear what she
has to tell us of herself." And taking
of his hat he reverently said: "Thank
God that I have been the means of
bringing her to the friends to whom
her mother entrusted her."

Tears filled Breta's eyes as she
looked up into his noble face, and the
look he bent upon her set her heart
beating madly.

Ah! What made her pulses thrill so
wildly? Was she learning to love this
man, who had proven to be her guard-
ian angel?

A flush suffused her face as she
thought that she was giving her love
unasked. But what meant that look
in his eyes whenever they met hers?

As she walked between mother and
son, a feeling of contentment and
peace that she had not known for
many days came to her.

Conducting her to the drawing-room,
and ensconcing her in a huge cush-
ioned chair, Eric said:
"Now, little girl, tell us all your
troubles and how you came to be in so
strange a position. Perhaps you can
unravel a mystery that has been puzz-
ling us since you told us that you are
Breta Danton."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CLEW.

The foul murder of Gerald Danton
was soon reported in the village, and
everybody was up in arms. If the
murderer could have been found then
and there, no doubt they would have
lynched him.

Cecil Doniphan joined in the search
of the premises in the hope of finding
something that would confirm his con-
victions. The murder has been com-
mitted by means of a dagger, judging
from the shape of the wound near the
heart. But no weapon of any kind

had been found so far by either Cecil
Doniphan or the servants.

Several hours later the detective ar-
rived from New York.

"Have you found any clew to this
affair?" he asked Cecil.

"None whatever," he answered.
"But at that juncture a servant rushed
into the room in the greatest excite-
ment."

"Oh, Mr. Cecil, I have found it!
The bloody dagger still stained with
poor Mr. Danton's blood!"

"Where is it?" asked Cecil and the
detective in a breath.

"Down there in the gully to the right
of the house. Come, sir, I will show
you."

"Why did you not bring it with
you?" asked the detective.

"Oh! I wouldn't like to touch the
bloody thing; and, besides, I thought
it best to let the detective get it him-
self."

"All right," said Detective Ingram.
"Come, Mr. Doniphan, we will see if
it really is the weapon that was used."

They followed the servant to the spot,
and there they found the murderous
weapon that had been used to inflict
the wound that caused Gerald Danton's
death.

The detective took it up and exam-
ined it.

"Why," he exclaimed, "here is a
name engraved on a plate on the han-
dle!" Rubbing the blood off the spot,
he read the name aloud: "Inez
Monteri." Do you know of such a
person?" he asked, turning to Cecil
Doniphan.

"No, I never heard the name be-
fore. Jorkins," turning to the servant
who had made the discovery, "leave
us; I wish to speak to the detective
alone."

For the next twenty minutes they
were engaged in a confidential conver-
sation, the detective's face wearing a
puzzled expression.

He took a trip to the village, making
inquiries for one George Bertram; and
found that he had left the hotel two
days before; but Cecil Doniphan had
seen him talking to his cousin, the day
preceding the murder. No trace of
him could be found, so the detective
turned his attention to the immediate
household at Ravensmere.

Gerald Danton's granddaughter was
a silent but interested looker-on of all
that transpired. She had not, how-
ever, been advised of the fact of the
finding of the dagger. If she had, she
would have been puzzled to know the
meaning of it.

With the cunning of a cat, she tried
to keep track of her proceedings, but
it was very little she could learn from
either Cecil Doniphan or the servants
who had been warned to hold their
tongues.

After a consultation with the detec-
tive, Cecil Doniphan sent the follow-
ing telegram to New York:

"Doctor Montford: Gerald Danton
foully murdered. Come at once. Services
may be needed."

CHAPTER XXX.

A REVELATION.

Eric and Mrs. Brentwood listened
in consternation as Breta Danton re-
lated her experiences since she had
left her mother to rest in sunny Italy,
and started for America in the com-
pany of the girl who called herself
Inez.

"Who was the girl you called Inez?"
asked Eric.

"She said that she was an orphan,
her mother, who was an American,
having died of fever, a year before she
came to live with mamma and me. I
have not seen her since she so cruelly
pushed me into the water. She had
always seemed kind enough to me be-
fore, but it seemed to me that she
must have hated me, or she would not
have wished to drown me. I did not
think that she would stain her hands
with crime for a few hundred dollars.
Whether she reached America alive or
not, I do not know."

"Well, my dear child, I can tell you
that she did, and that she has been
here at Brentwood Park under the
name of Breta Danton."

"Oh, Mr. Brentwood! You do not
mean to say that she stole my name
and came here to live in my stead?"

"That is just what she did," he re-
turned.

"Oh, the wicked girl! What was she
now? How is it that she is not here?"

"Because she is now installed in the
home of Gerald Danton, further ac-
ting her duplicity by palming herself
off as his granddaughter. I never
liked her, and even went so far as to
doubt her sincerity, but such
treachery as this I never thought of."

"But how did she find out my grand-
father? I am sure that she never
heard mamma and me speak of him."

"That was through Doctor Mont-
ford. He apprised Gerald Danton of
the fact that he had a granddaughter
living, whose proper home was at
Ravensmere. So your grandfather
sent for you, and that girl took your
place."

"But," said Mrs. Brentwood, "it
can all be set right. Gerald Danton
must learn of the fraud that has been
practiced upon him by that unprin-
ciple girl. As for that man who kept
you confined in that old house—"

"Wait a moment," said Eric, inter-
rupting his mother in his impatience.
"Do you think it possible that he and
that Inez are in league with each
other?" addressing Breta Danton.

"I haven't a doubt of it, now that I

have learned of the fraud she has
practiced on you and my grandfather.
Besides, you say that the place from
which you rescued me was close to
Ravensmere, and that makes me feel
confident that they were working
together to cheat me out of my posi-
tion."

"The fiends!" exclaimed Eric.
"They shall pay dearly for this! I
mean to have them follow under lock
and key before I'm a day older; and
as for the girl—"

"Let her go," said Breta. "When
she finds that she has failed to secure
the wealth she coveted, her punish-
ment will be complete."

"At all events, I must not delay my
visit to Ravensmere. It is only just
that Gerald Danton should learn that
the girl is an impostor, and the sooner
the better," said Eric.

"Yes, my son, it is your imperative
duty; and although I am sorry to see
you leave home again after so long an
absence, still I say: Go."

"I'll soon return this time, mother
mine. You see, before, I was search-
ing for this little girl, and I could not
return until I had found her and
brought her to you."

"And I feel as if I never can repay
him for all his kindness to me," said
Breta, with tears in her eyes.

"Don't mention it, little girl," re-
turned Eric. "The happiness I have
experienced at my success in rescuing
you from your enemies fully repays
me. And now good-bye for a little
while. Take good care of her, mother,
and persuade her to rest."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"WHAT! YOU ACCUSE HER OF THAT
CRIME?"

"Guiltless will speak, though tongues
were out of use."

It would be impossible to describe
the surprise and horror depicted on
the face of Doctor Montford when he
received the intelligence of the sad
fate of his old friend, Gerald Danton.
But what puzzled him most was the
sentence stating that his services
might be needed.

What did they want of him? It
surely could not be anything concern-
ing the nature of the wound that they
wished to consult him about, for there
were hundreds of physicians nearer
Ravensmere than he.

However, he lost no time in making
preparations for his hurried journey.

Placing his patients in charge of his
assistant, he took the train and started
to see the last of his old college chum.

It had been a good while since he had
seen Gerald Danton, but he did not
think that their next meeting would
be like that.

He wondered how Breta, the little
girl that had won his affection while
he was nursing her back almost from
the grave, stood the excitement that
he naturally thought was prevailing
at Ravensmere.

And who could have been the
dastard to commit so foul a murder?

Never once had he heard from
Breta Danton since she left the hos-
pital to go to her friends at Brent-
wood Park, only being answered by
Eric Brentwood that she had arrived
there safely. Now he was to meet her
in the home of her poor murdered
grandfather. He found the carriage
at the station awaiting him, for he had
telegraphed in return that he would
come immediately. He was met at
the door by Cecil Doniphan, who con-
ducted him into the darkened room
where his uncle lay.

"Poor Gerald!" murmured Doctor
Montford. "What a sad ending to
your life!" Turning to Cecil Doni-
pnan, he asked: "Who did this ter-
rible thing? Have you the least idea?"

"I have my theory on the subject,
and it was at my suggestion that the
detective decided to have you dis-
patched for immediately."

"Well, my friend, what can I do for
you? How can I help you to solve the
mystery?"

"Well, Doctor Montford, I must
first tell you my suspicion. I think
that this murder was either committed
by his granddaughter, Breta Danton,
or her accomplice."

"What! You accuse that pure child
of such a heinous crime? Absurd,
Mr. Doniphan. I am surprised that
you should entertain so wild an idea
as that. I would as soon say that I
did the deed myself as accuse her
of it."

[To be continued.]

China Has a Klondike.

A Tien-tsin letter from native
sources reports that a foreign mining
engineer who was engaged by Li Hung
Chang, while in Europe, to make a
special survey for gold in the Jeho
region and Manchuria as far as the
Chinese Amur territory, has recently
returned to Tien-tsin from the north-
ern trip, and has reported to the
Viceroy Wang that he has found the
whole country visited by him very
rich in the precious metal, and that
the farther he went the better and
richer did he find the indications.
The Chinese officials are quite ex-
cited at the receipt of this news and
measures will be taken to have the
mines worked by the Government,
especially in the Amur, before the
Russians make a move in the matter.
—China Mail.

Frills and Embosses.

A machine has been produced which
prints and embosses in one impression
from a steel die, giving the finest pos-
sible results. The speed is a matter
most generally determined by the
operator, and, while a general average
would be about 9000 impressions per
day, the machine has a record of 17,
000 in less than eleven hours. The
impressions are clean, sharp and
bright. Absolutely perfect register is
assured for harnessing bronzed work
by the fact that the machine is pro-
vided with an automatic lock, which
holds the bed in position while the im-
pression is being made.



GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE FELLOWS!
WHEN the Christmas
skies are snowing,
or the Christmas
stars are bright,
Go to sleep, little fel-
lows,—go to sleep!
For Santa Claus is
coming down the
chimney in the
night,
With a heavy sack of
toys, and a frosty
beard and white,—
Go to sleep, little fel-
lows,—go to sleep!

When the Christmas winds are singing
round the chimney with delight,
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!
If you wake and watch the chimney—Oh,
you know it isn't right—
You will never see old Santa coming down
it in the night,—
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

Once, two wakeful little fellows, on a
snowy Christmas eve,
(Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!)
Kept their heads beneath the cover—but
'twas only make-believe—
And Santa Claus forgot 'em—and he left
'em both to grieve,—
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

For Santa Claus is funny, and is easy
scared away—
Go to sleep, little fellows, go to sleep!
Just kiss good night to mother when she's
heard the prayers you say,
And you'll find your stockings brimming
when you wake at break of day,—
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!
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Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!
Go to sleep, little fellows—go to sleep!

"Well, Mrs. Barton won't give her
a cent to buy a present with—we all
know that," said Grace.

"Oh, don't you remember Molly
earned \$2 getting names for that mag-
azine?" put in Maude. "She told me
she was going to save it toward music
lessons—her heart is just set on music,
you know—and, with all her talent, it
is a shame she can't do anything about
it. But it's just like her to go and
spend every cent of that money on a
present for Aunt Deborah."

"That's so."

"It's too bad!"

"Well, I think Molly Andrews is
the bravest girl I ever knew," said
Grace. "How many of us would work
for our board and go to school and
wear out old clothes and everything,
as she does?"

"But you never think of the clothes,"
said Daisy.

"No, but she does," said Maude.

Nothing but the party was talked
about for the remainder of the week,
and on Saturday twenty boys and
girls were busy selecting gifts for
Aunt Deborah.

All the boys and girls, with the ex-
ception of Molly Andrews, belonged
to well-to-do families. Molly's father
had been one of the wealthiest men in
the village until a year before, when
he had failed in business and taken
every cent of his property to pay his
debts. Since his death Molly had
been living with Mrs. Barton, working
for her board and going to school, and
her life was not very comfortable.
Her dearest dream had always been
to cultivate her musical talent, but
that dream seemed hopeless enough
now.

She bought a pretty silver souvenir

spoon for Aunt Deborah, and it took
every cent that she had been saving
toward her music lessons, but she
never said a word about it, and none
of the girls dared mention it to her.

Christmas night was beautiful and
clear, with a great full moon and
sharp, healthful air, and the party of
boys and girls that came trooping up
to the door of the big farmhouse were
rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed and as
merry as need be. Aunt Deborah
welcomed them cordially and they
soon felt quite at home.

In the sitting room a table had been
spread out for the reception of the
gifts, which Grace and Maude arranged
tastefully. Then Aunt Deborah ex-
amined them with great care, noting
critically each name and giving atten-
tion to each piece as though she were
one of the judges at a county fair, as,
indeed, she often had been. But
when she came to the souvenir spoon
some of the girls thought she made up
the little sneeze which gave her an
excuse for using her handkerchief. Any-
way, she took the spoon up again the
last of all and held it in her hand while
she cleared her throat twice before
she tried to speak.

"My young friends," said Aunt
Deborah, slowly, "I am well aware
that you think I have done a rather
strange thing in asking you to bring
these presents, but I had an object in
it which I am not going to explain to
any one. I am very much pleased
with the gifts, however, and I thank
you for them. Now if you will step
across the hall with me you will find
your own presents waiting for you,
and a little surprise besides, which, I
think, will please you all."

They had noticed the closed door of
the "best room," but had thought it
only one of Aunt Deborah's peculiar-
ities. They trooped after her, won-
dering and excited, with little won-
dered guesses and queries which no
one could answer, and when they had
passed the threshold they all stopped
for a moment with exclamations of
delight.

"Who would have believed it?"
whispered Grace.

"It's just like fairyland," Maude
whispered back.

It was very pretty, indeed. The
parlor was decorated with holly and
mistletoe and branches of evergreen,
and in one corner was a great Christ-
mas tree, sparkling with candles and
loaded with presents. In the op-
posite corner stood a handsome new
piano. They stood and stared until
Aunt Deborah's voice called them for-
ward, and then they surged over to
the tree to hunt up their gifts.

The tree was soon cleared, and
every one in the room, with a single
exception, had found a present. Molly
stood on the edge of the crowd with a
pale face and lips that quivered in
spite of her efforts at self-control,

while Frank was beside her, looking
indignant and unhappy. Everybody
noticed, and sympathetic glances went
around. But all at once Aunt De-
borah spoke again.

"If you will raise the lid of the
piano, Molly, you will find your name
there."

The girl's hands trembled so that
Frank had to help her. She took up
the card and read it, her face flushing
and paling, and looked around help-
lessly at the surprised and delighted
faces. Then she turned and threw
her arms around Aunt Deborah's
neck without a word. After a little
appreciative hush they all crowded
around her with eager congratula-
tions, but Aunt Deborah waved them
back.

"Wait a minute," she said, laugh-
ing, although there was a tremble in
her voice, "Molly doesn't know it
herself, but I am sure she is coming
to live with me. I've decided that I
need her, and I want to hear that
piano. She shall take lessons, and
you will all be welcome to come and
enjoy the music whenever you like."

How they cheered!

The rest of the evening was as
merry as merry could be, and the
feast was a triumph of New England
skill.

A Christmas-Tree Feature.

Dancing Christmas fairs always
enhance the children's delight in the
Christmas tree, and once made can be
used year after year. Buy up a dozen
or more of five and ten cent dolls, and
add to the variety have among the
number some Japanese and colored
dolls. Dress these to represent fairies
in bright hues of spangled gauze, tar-

latan or tissue-paper, and liberally
sprinkle their hair and garments with
diamond-dust powder. Each doll
should be provided with a dainty pair
of fairy wings made from spangled
tissue-paper and fastened to the body
by means of concealed wires. These
wires should be coiled to obtain motion
in the wings, and nothing better can
be used than the fine spiral