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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

CHAPTER XXII

Mr. Degraw, who had only put these questions for the purpose of testing the fellow's truth, felt a mountain lifted from his breast. She was not cheating him, then, by coquettish wiles into believing she possessed an interest in him. She was really alarmed, and woman-like, knew no other course than to honor the man she feared in behalf of the man she loved. And yet had it been all humoring on her part—those brilliant glances, those lovely smiles? Yes, for she was an actress, trained to express emotion, and gifted with genius for doing so. With a cleared brow he confronted the man before him.

"I am relieved by your explanations," said he. "And now it only remains for us to consider together as to what course we shall pursue in reference to this dangerous fellow."

The other gave him a searching glance. "Are you not going to follow Miss Rogers' advice?" he inquired.

"And leave her just when she may need me most?"

"I know it does not seem chivalrous, but it may, perhaps, be wise."

"Wise when you have the power to arrest this fellow at any moment it may seem best to you?"

"But I do not wish to arrest him just yet. His secret is what we want to get at, and this we can only reach by leaving him at large. Why does he pursue girls by the name of Jenny Rogers? And why, when he makes their acquaintance, does he forsake some and ignore others? Is it mania on his part, or has he some scheme which involves the wholesale sacrifice of these innocent girls? We do not know, but we are anxious to, and that is why I advocate leaving him at liberty for a little while longer. He has no suspicion that he is watched by any one but you, and when you have taken yourself away he will certainly show his hand, and that openly and at once."

"But this is being cold blooded with a vengeance! What if in the meanwhile the present object of his attentions falls a victim to his mania?"

"The will not. This time he seems to be really affected by the charms of the lady he addresses. He has injured her in no way, and he will not do so again. Besides, remember, there is a watch dog at her side. Nothing can harm her or shall harm her, while I remain on the watch of that you may be sure."

His tone was so convincing, and he showed so much feeling in his last words that Mr. Degraw looked at him in surprise.

"Ah, we fellows are not without heart," observed the man. "Give us half a chance and we can show ourselves as considerate as the best."

"But you are not omnipotent, and peril may reach her in ways unforeseen and unexpected."

"I do not think so. I am both liked and trusted by my master. He confides every commission to me, I am his right hand man, and he will make no move without me."

"Do you not flatter yourself?"

"No. He spies the great gentleman and does not momentary himself."

"The artist steeled.

"Well," said he, "I will follow your wishes as far as to try and keep away from the house. If my anxieties make it impossible, why, that is the fault of human nature, and must not count against me. You, on your side, must promise that you will not only watch over her, but give me the opportunity to assist you in doing so if his actions become in any way threatening. Miss Aspinwall, whom I will take into my confidence, must promise the same, and with these two sureties before me I may succeed in restraining my impetuosity."

"I am sure you will," was the reply.

"And if you would go further and remove to the hotel—"

"I will."

"Then I think matters must culminate very soon, and you will either find that his interest is no greater here than it seemed to be in some other quarters, or that it is of such a nature that the police will feel justified in seizing upon him, in which case his arrest will occur promptly and effectually."

"I yield for the nonce," said the artist, and fearful of retracting his word, which had somehow been torn from him, he broke up the conference by a gesture, and walked rapidly away in the direction of his present home.

But before he had reached it he deliberately turned about and hastened back to the mansion he had just left.

"I will not act the part of the coward," he inwardly determined, "nor will I be a slave to the cold blooded wishes of the police. She is here, and I will see her if only to say good-bye."

CHAPTER XXIII

FATHER INTO THE MAZE.

Dinner was now over, as Degraw could tell from the sound of voices that floated through the open window, and made merry music on the broad piazza. To enter amidst this crowd in his present frame of mind seemed impossible. How could he bear the fire of eyes that was sure to greet him, and with what patience could he utter the necessary civilities that would be demanded

of him. He would rather forego the interview.

But just as he was about to turn away he caught sight of her face gazing from an upper window, and though there was nothing in her countenance to show that she saw him he stopped in delight, and gave her one long look, in which was concentrated all his hopes and fears. The next moment he ground his nails into his palms in anger, for he perceived that her tender face was bent over a basket of flowers, and that she was kissing them with passionate fervor. Oh, was it for this he had come back? Was his exile to be made unbearable by this revelation of secret rapture over a gift bestowed by his fraudulent rival? It was a thought too bitter to be cherished. Whatever sacrifice he might hereafter be called upon to make, he could not and would not stand on one side at this critical moment.

Making his way rapidly to the front steps he mounted them and passed bowing and smiling through the crowd. Taking up his stand in the hall beside a table well covered with books and pamphlets he waited for her coming down the broad, carpeted stairs. Would her step patter trippingly from step to step, or would it drag languidly down as if weighted with hopes or hampered with fears? He had an immediate opportunity to judge, for almost before he had settled himself into the shadow he coveted he heard the expectant sound, and it was as lingering as he could wish, and as soft as was the rustle of the silken garments that accompanied it.

Summoning up all his courage he passed round to the foot of the stair and met her just as she was starting her foot on the last step.

"Signorina, forgive me," he began, and then grew dumb, for her breast was ornamented with the hateful blossoms of his rival.

"You have not read my note?"

He looked up at her face; her eyes expressed terror; she glanced over his head at the front door and back into the recesses above her.

"Have you read it?" she persisted.

"Yes, and I will obey if you assure me that your dismissal is final; that you take these means to rid yourself of a savior whose impetuosity is unadvised. But—O, don't cross those flowers!" he exclaimed, breaking into his own words as he saw her fingers spread lovingly over the blossoms fastened in her bosom. "Even if their gift were the man he seems it would be an intolerable slight to me. As it is—"

"Sir, did not you send me those flowers?"

"No."

She turned pale, then red and raised her hand as if to tear the blossoms away.

"I thought you did," said she.

The words, the tone raised him into the seventh heaven of delight. Had he not been conscious that more than one pair of eyes were resting upon them he would certainly have caught her by the hand and uttered a thoughtless and passionate protestation. But the hour was not propitious for love making. Besides she looked restless and panted with impatience.

"Mr. Degraw's man brought them here. I should have thought the donor's name would have appeared upon them."

"It was, but I only thought of you. They were lying on the window seat you see. Oh, Mr. Degraw, will you not leave me? Indeed, I am in earnest when I beg you to do so. Though it seems cheerful and innocent as paradise before the fall there is death in the air, and you will be the object of it."

"Signorina, were that death as near me now as you are I would not move. That you remain is enough for me. How could you think I would go after I learned that the shadow of danger rested over those walls?"

"But I am not menaced; oh, why will you not believe me! See! I entrust."

She put her two hands together, then stopped to wring them, for his look was immovable.

"Do not call the attention of the others," he remonstrated. "We do not wish to frighten them or even to enlighten them as to the importance of the matter we are discussing."

Then as he saw her hands drop despairingly at her side, he added: "But you alarm yourself unnecessarily if it is my safety you regard. I cannot think that I am in any real danger, nor can I think that you regard me as being so."

Her eyes flashed wildly and with an incomprehensible expression to his face.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded.

"Because you send me away. Because you encourage cowardice in a man who has not, to my knowledge, betrayed any great evidences of pusillanimity. If you thought this other Degraw as great a villain as your words imply, you would be asking for the protection of the police instead of trying to beguile him from his intentions by the frankest and most convincing of smiles."

"You do not understand," she panted. "I am in a net; I must go on in my own way. If you love me you will trust me. Mr. Degraw, do trust

me. It will be my salvation and yours."

"Mysterious!" he ejaculated. She seemed to lose heart.

"And you will not go?" she entreated, her breast heaving, her eyes wandering, her form swaying to and fro.

He felt like crying "yes," just to calm her, but he thought her anxiety exaggerated, her emotion one that he ought to restrain.

"You are moved," said he, "by what Mr. Degraw's man has told you."

She shrank back. A look of inconceivable terror appeared in her eyes.

"Mr. Degraw's man?" she repeated.

"Yes, I saw him talking to you yesterday. He has been talking to me since. I know just what we have to fear."

Her head fell; she stood a picture of abstraction before his eyes.

He, charmed by her beauty, hesitated to break the spell under which she had fallen. What a dream it was to be standing here in sight of this lovely form and the sweet downcast face whose charm was ever new and ever captivating to him! What other creature could ever compare with it in his eyes, and where, if he lost her, could he hope to look for embodied love and poetry again? No, never. Yet, as the world thrilled through his consciousness, he found himself looking away and behind him to the open parlor door, where in the huge frame formed by its lintels he saw Miss Aspinwall standing, with her gaze fixed on his and an inexplicable smile on her lips! Ah, she is lovely, too, and he found himself asking, as many a man had done before, why his heart should have yielded itself to one whose captivities were a constant torture to him, and not to the noble nature, open mind and serene beauty of this finest specimen of her sex. There was no answer, and with a sigh he looked back only to hear the signorina murmur:

"And what did Mr. Degraw's man say to you?"

"Only what should relieve your mind," was his answer. "He is well, he is not our enemy, and nothing can occur to us without his knowledge."

Her hand, which lay on the open balustrade, tapped the wood impatiently.

"I wish I knew what plea would serve," she cried. "Would you take a trip to New York just for a week?"

"No," he answered. "I shall stay here, and if that Degraw, as he calls himself, loves even so much as the tip of his cloven foot—"

"Hark!" she cried, drawing back as if she would fly upstairs. "He is coming now; I hear his voice on the porch. You have undone us both. I can never recover my self-possession sufficiently."

"It is not necessary. I am going to meet him and unmask his pretensions before this household. I was going to wait, but I will not see you sacrificed. Don't, don't, don't! He is here, for she had almost grasped his arm. "I am master of this situation and you will soon see him smug again dashed!"

He leaped toward the door. He had his eye on his rival, who was crossing the piazza to meet him, when Miss Aspinwall stepped forward and interposed her firm figure between him and his secret foe.

"Read this," she whispered. "It is the letter from Mr. Morris. It came in the six o'clock mail."

She drew him into the parlor. She thrust the paper into his hand. Mechanically he opened it; mechanically he read it.

"Dear Miss Aspinwall: Mr. Hamilton Degraw is a well-known person in this place. He is a fine, intelligent and conscientious gentleman, of irreproachable character and connections. This I wrote you before. In person, he is tall and imposing, and with his first word he impresses himself upon you as a gentleman. His hair is dark; his eyes gray; and he wears a large mustache. If you have any doubt as to the person who presented my first letter, being the gentleman he professes to be, ask him the name of my little one who was born three months ago. If he says it is Frederika Holcomb, he sure he is all right, for that is the name we settled to give her, on the evening he spent with us before going East. We have changed it since to Dorothy, but that he cannot know."

"With regards to yourself, I remain most respectfully yours,

"HERBERT MORRIS."

The artist re-folded the letter, gave it back, and slowly sauntered out into the hall. He was followed by Miss Aspinwall, who, gliding by him, approached the newcomer with grave but courteous dignity.

"Good-evening," said she, and began a conversation that naturally and with ease led up to the subject of Cleveland and the people who live there. The artist stood in the door-way, with his back to them; but he heard every word, and showed to those who thought it worth their while to watch him, a countenance of growing uncertainty, as the stranger's answers came quickly and without embarrassment, even when the Morris family was discussed. At last he moved to hide his agitation; the crucial question had been put in these words:

"Mr. Morris has a little infant, I believe. Do you know what name they have given it, Mr. Degraw?"

The answer was direct and unhesitating:

"They have called her Frederika. At least, that was the name decided upon in the last evening I spent with them."

"Thank you," was Miss Aspinwall's response. "I have been waiting to know for a long time." And she turned to flash a glance at the artist.

He had gone.

To be continued.

Lots of Fun.

The hopeful man never gets anything, but he has lots of fun keeping us guessing.—New York Press.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

A Woman's Limitations. "I wish the utilitarian side of a girl's education could be more considered," he said, "but, after paying out hundreds since the education of his daughters since their infancy, found that he had on his hands three pretty specimens of perfectly useless womanhood. "If they had learned cooking, or housework, or anything that would help them to be of practical use, they would have been to their mother when she is going through a series of domestic upheavals! And her French and German, how little good that will do them. But if they had learned the language of the emigrants that come over to this country—Swedish, for instance, or Italian—they could take a newly arrived servant and train her to suit, and we could not be constantly changing, to our discomfort. Why do they not learn a little upholstery, and be able to cover a shabby chair, if necessary, or practical dressmaking, and make their own gowns and relieve me of the incursions of their dressmaker's bills? If the theory is that the education they receive helps them to marry, they are very much mistaken, and it certainly does not help them to be of practical use. This general culture business, in my opinion, is a mistake. Education should be a means to an end—now it leads to nowhere."

A practical woman, however, is born, not made. Not all the highly educated daughters are useless "fine ladies," by any means.

"Why?" exclaimed a pretty Western milliner who had been educated at a convent in Paris. "I say a woman should be able to do anything. She is a poor creature who cannot do the work of an uneducated servant if needs be. Not long ago I was visiting a friend, whose servants got into a row and left her just after dinner, leaving only the lady's maid. "Mary," said my hostess to me, deprecatingly, "I can't cook breakfast, and I do not like to ask Hortense to do it, so we will go to a restaurant and then get some servants to replace those wretches." That did not suit me at all. I like my coffee early, and I like it good. So I did not say a word, but at the alarm of my traveling clock at 5, got up at that time, dressed and went down to the kitchen. Everything was left in confusion, and the lady's maid was not to be seen. I found wood and coal, lit the fire, put the kettle on, and by the aid of plenty of kindling wood had good coffee in half an hour. Then I proceeded to cook breakfast, investigating the possibilities of the refrigerator and larder. And when all was ready called my friend. Was she astonished? Well, I guess so! But I think she was pleased to get a good breakfast. After we got through she proposed that we should go out at once and get a charwoman to come and wash up, and then go on a quest for servants. "No, ma'am," I answered, "I don't leave my kitchen in that condition, and I rolled up my sleeves and washed every saucer and dish and put everything in apple pie order before I left the house. My friend said she would like to hire me for 'keeper,' and called me a wonder, but I said it was only what every woman ought to be able to do in an emergency."

For the Girl Whose Hair is Thin. For the girl whose hair is thin the making of a big, fluffy pompadour has involved much trouble. It has meant the wearing of a "rat," which has overheated the head and made the hair grow even thinner. Now there is a new method which does away entirely with the "rat," and yet gives the fashionable pompadour. Instead of dividing the hair across the top of the head, and using part for the back dressing, all the hair is now used for the pompadour. The first step is brushing the hair straight back and carefully combing it.

The next step is to part the hair in the same old way across the top of the head; then brush the back hair up, and secure it with an elastic band or narrow piece of black tape. The front hair is brushed over the forehead, to be combined with the back hair later on in making the pompadour.

Now divide the hair in three parts, using the back hair for the middle strand. Take each strand separately, fluff the hair with the comb on the under side. Then take one strand and pin it. It is the back hair, and treat it in the same way. The remaining strand must be combed and fluffed and drawn up under the pompadour.

To make the back dressing a switch is needed. One of the new, wavy, light-weight switches should be used. Though the average girl may not like the idea of wearing false hair, yet it is really much more sensible to wear a switch than a rat, especially when the switch is not to be arranged high on the head. Pin the switch to the hair just about where the ends of the front hair were tucked under and fastened.

If the hair used is one of the new, wavy switches, by twisting it a little it will almost fall into the correct position of its own accord. In arranging the hair be sure that the lowest coil really rests low on the neck. At the top be careful to pin in the ends of the hair neatly.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Book Club. In spite of all the libraries, public and private, in and around the large cities, it is still difficult to get hold properly of the new books which everybody wants to read, but which, for various reasons, not everybody

wants to buy. This problem has lately been successfully solved by a levy of bright young girls, who have formed themselves into a sort of book club. The club started with ten members, each of whom contributed ten cents toward the purchase of one of the new books. As soon as each girl had read the book, she contributed a second dime toward the purchase of a second volume, the money being deposited with one of their number, who was appointed treasurer. Unlike the ordinary book or magazine club, whose membership remains the same for the season, new members were constantly taken in, so that the small expense for each girl continually grew. When a book had gone the rounds of the club it was either bought by a member who especially wished it or was sent to some agency for distributing literature to less favored parts of the country. In this way these busy young women, most of whom were students or working women, were able to keep up with the best of the new books with but a minimum outlay of money and time.

Chinese Colorings. The craze for Oriental fabrics and colorings seems to be shifting from the Japanese to the Chinese. At least a prominent society lady has started the tide of fashion in that direction. She is a collector of some taste and possesses some beautiful Chinese dresses and embroideries. At a recent function she attracted attention by her wrap. It was in reality the loose jacket of a Chinese costume in a rich golden brown, with a row of hand embroidery in gold, coral pink, emerald green and dull blue. Although bizarre, the rich mingling of colors and the elegance of the brown silk made it a strikingly effective wrap.

Indian Chimeres are being used as well as Chinese on dress coats and wraps. It is not unusual in a shop that deals in Eastern fabrics and curios to find a woman in the upholstery department seeking for bits of embroidery which may be utilized for coat or dress trimming. "Our foreign buyers are making a regular business of limiting up such scraps," the clerk explained.

Selecting Gloves. The most durable glove for cold weather wear is the silk-lined moccasin glove, made of leather, with one large pearl button, and the coming fall mode with us. The frequent complaints heard about gloves breaking out is largely due to the fact that women generally demand a size smaller than they should wear. They insist on having a certain make, not knowing that different makes of gloves are adapted to different shapes of hands.

There are makes that perfectly fit the average slim, long-fingered hands, but are ungraceful and uncomfortable on the short, thick hand. It is the business of the buyer to know, and the clerk to learn, what makes are suited to certain general styles of hands.

Then, if the customer will but place a little confidence in the clerk, she can get satisfactory service. But the customer is very apt to get tied up to a name, and may get quality without getting the right fit.

Links Instead of Cuff Buttons. Many of the new shirt waists have the cuff arranged so that links can be used instead of buttons. If mildly used several pairs of odd cuff links had saved during their hour of unpopularity she can now bring them out once more.

Most of the new cuff links take the form of buttons of silver, gold or gem metal, set with some favorite stone. Blue matrix is popular and looks well with a white waist. One of the shops which makes a specialty of shirt waists and their accessories is showing shirt waist sets of tinted bone, set to imitate a chrysanthemum.

One of the heavy shirt waists of heavy linen has two or three buttons in a golden yellow fastening each cuff. They accord well with the embroidered tabs which ornament the front of the waist.

Very few tight-fitting backs are seen in the new gowns.

Evening gowns are made in both heavy and light materials.

Anything that gives the long drooping effect to the shoulder is popular.

Trimming in ermine effects about the shoulders are decidedly a fancy of the moment.

Hats still incline to the flat crown effects, though somewhat higher than last season.

Loose flowing effects for sleeves when they are worn at all, are the proper thing.

Lines is more used than ever, and deep silk fringe is found on most of the imported costumes.

The bodies of fashionable gowns are almost all made in the blouse effect, bagging slightly at the back.

Blacks are always good, and bright red is also seen in sufficient quantities to give color to the wintry landscape.

Satin will be much worn this winter as well as the heavy, rich silk stuffs which are so well suited to the new (or revived) godet skirt.

Brown in various shades, ranging from fawn to chestnut, seems the popular color this fall. Dark blue, however, runs down a close second.

A beautiful theatre cloak is of old cloth lined with ivory satin and trimmed with chenille and held together by rose colored silk cord and tassels. Another smart coat of ivory white plush has a pale yellow satin lining full sleeves with lace frills, and a row of cameo buttons on either side

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Genius. Wives of great men all remind us. Though their lives may be sad, they are best to take a common. Average follow every one.—Harper's Bazar.

A Late Repentance. "Madam," said the leader of the life-guards, "we'll have to hold you until your husband returns home."

"Ah," replied the woman, "I wish I'd treated him a little better."—New Yorker.

Perfect Happiness. "Do you really believe there is such a thing in the world as perfect happiness?"

"Of course, but some other fellow always has it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Poet's Meats. "I'm nearly famished," sighed the poet.

"But you told me you had two meals a day," said the friend.

"Yes; ornate and ornamental."—Philadelphia Record.

Domestic. Mr. Newsworld in the kitchen: "What are you cooking there, my dear?"

Mrs. Newsworld, excitedly: "Don't bother me now. There's the cook book. I'm making recipe No. 187 on page 203."—Woman's Home Companion.

Just Wanted to Bluff. "Why is Edith crying?"

"She made up a scheme to scare Jack by standing before him and starting to pull off her engagement ring."

"Did she carry it out?"

"Yes, and the ring really came off. She didn't know it was so loose."—Chicago News.

Immunity. "You want to marry my daughter, do you? Well, I'm free to say you're the most impudent upstart that ever—"

"Yes, you're free to say it because you're my dad. If you wasn't I'd knock your old head off in you."—Chicago Tribune.

Cheerful Assurance. "Say, I can't be standin' here with dis apple on me head. I gatter go an' get a haircut."

"Aw, yome won't need to haircut when I gits too shootin' at dat apple."—New York Times.

Of Regular Habits. "See here," said the great merchant, angrily, "that young man whom you recommended to me as having to every regular habits has been drunk every payday since I hired him."

"Well," replied the other, blandly, "I didn't say anything about his regular habits, did I?"—Syracuse Herald.

Amateur Philo. Mrs. De Style: "Why in the world don't you practice your music? Your playing last evening was abominable."

Miss De Style: "Why, ma'am, you wouldn't have your guests mistaking me for one of those horrid professionalists, who get paid for their music, would you?"—New York Weekly.

His Boy's Vocation. "That oldest boy of Zeko's is through school, and now Zeko is going to buy him learn farming."

David: "Guess not. The boy told me he was going to be a druggist."

Hiram: "Well, he ain't. Zeko said this mornin' he was going to buy him take a course in pharmacy."—Kansas City Journal.

One of the Horrors. "You say you are a victim of the war between Japan and Russia?" said the housekeeper. "Why, it hasn't been going long enough."

"Parson my body," explained Wary Ruggles, "but you didn't quite understand me. I broke me jaw trying to perform some of them warships' names."—Cincinnati Times Star.

The Nice Things He Said. "I'm not given to flattery," drawled Mr. Stuyvesant. "I don't make a point to say nice things to girls."

"No?" "I'm sure that was a nice thing you said to me earlier in the evening," replied Miss Ford, with a yawn.

"What was that?"

"You remarked you didn't have long to stay, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Genius Aplies. "Dr. Cutten," announced Mrs. Gifford, "has discovered an operation which is twice as difficult and three times as expensive as the one popular one of appendicitis."

"How sweet of him!" exclaimed Miss Reppentance. "And what is the operation?"

"That is the charming feature. He refuses to tell until after the Four Hundred has tried it, thus insuring the vulgar commoners shall not be permitted again to enjoy the privileges of the select."—Chicago Tribune.

Household Matters

A Good Counsel. For a counsel for the budding store jars course extraordinary, the girls, mothers, from letters, etc., may find it very profitable. It will furnish brain-top of lamps, tighten loose nuts, secure bolts when nuts are missing and make joints of iron or wooden implements firm. Do not use the metal article until the cement is set and hardened. Which may require a week.

Smoky Chimneys. To know the cause of a smoky chimney is to find its cure. In most cases it may be ascertained without difficulty, and a very simple remedy will be of service. When the draught is sluggish, it may be accelerated by introducing cold air immediately in front of the fire. So, for example, through a hole in the hearthstone about six or eight inches in diameter, covered by a venturine