after to-morrow.

next draft was due.

respectable or not." She sniffed.

Hugo himself seem picayune!

Gouda-ware vases, and-



ELL, we've got eleven francs left, haven't

concierge knows. You'll see they'll call again to-night

'And when you told your father the last time that never under any circumstances would we overdraw again! Besides," she added, with a milder emphasis.

it would take almost every copper we've got on hand

The situation was partly novel and partly not. For

the last two months of the first half year of their mar-ried life they had been occupying a tiny furnished apart-

ment in the respectable southerly end of the Latin Quarter. And although their fortune, as represented in

tapital under the eyes of their elders at home, was

There was this to note, indeed. Young Mr. Morton Carter was in literature. He was even now gathering material for that great romance of historical intrigue which was to reach its height in the fall of the Bastile,

and the Reign of Terror. But that great romance was still to get printer's ink, and it had had no predecessors.

Literature was, therefore, not a source of wealth upon which Mr. Carter and his bride could reckon for im-

"Put in your watch—with my picture in the back of tt, and everything."

"But I tell you the mont de piété is a regular govern-ment institution. It'd be just like getting the money from a bank. Besides, with nobody knowing us here, we haven't any blame need to worry about whether it's

"Oh, you mean by that"—his sarcasm was wither-ing—"that I'm to cable after all?"
"No, you're not!"

"Very well, dearie, very well! I'm going out to get my stuff about the Faubourg St. Antoine. It'll be up

it out. And under a bursting head of steam he started whatever Mr. Morton Carter may have lacked, be-

yond any doubt he had the artistic imagination. Three

hours later he came back with a realization of exactly the Bastile was taken, which made his eyes glitter and his breath come in long exhalations that partook almost of solemnity. There would be one chapter at any rate in "By Right of Blood." which would make

The concierge stopped him at her little wicket and gave him a card. He was still holding it when he mounted to his own door and let himself in.

The hall opened upon their dining and sitting-room. From it again, opened the dressing, and then the bed-

"Is that you, Morton?" Gwendolyn called from that

inner chamber, and then showed a flower-like head which was still hatted.

which was still hatted.

"Where have you been?" he asked, astonished.

She laid a hundred franc note and some big five-franc zartwheels upon the table. "I've been to your old mont de piété, that's where I've been! And now we've enough

But he did see. At least he began to feel-and it was

like a large ice cake pressing upon his diaphragm.
"Why, there was that tankard thing, and the tray

with the sugar and creamer, that we've never used.

And, at the last, I made up my mind we could get on

without the tea-urn, too; we can make that green one

"But, Great Cæsar! Those things are all Miss Pas-tonbury's!"

And when I'd put in the Sevres bowl and the

r months' rent in advance—!"
Rented them!—Snakes, Gwendolyn! Don't you—

The ticket was not in itself a terrifying document. It

Mr. Morton Carter was regarding it with all the horror are had vainly sought to put into the expression of he had vainly sought to put into the expression.

Claude de la Courcelle upon the sight of his lettre de cachet. "How-how much will it take to get them out

By this time Mrs. Carter was beginning to partake of is emotion in spite of herself. "Why, it's only seven

per cent., as you said, and the fees. Of course there was

my cab-fare, there and back——"

"Cab-fare? Why, did you go over to the head office—on the Right Bank?"

"Certainly I did. Paps says it's always good business to go to the head office. Besides, how did I know that some time or other Miss Pastonbury mightn't have

wen at that place around the corner herself."

" sas a revelation of the femininely Machiavellian which staggered Mr. Carter almost as much as the awning itself. "Well," he said at length, "just a little

more than half our eleven francs is gone. Thank heaven a 'ave the rest of it!"

to make some sort of a show on, anyway"

"But wha—what did you take out?—1 don't see-

Oh, ves, it's easy enough to leave it all to me At that he stood nailed upon the threshold. But he could think up no rejoinder which he had not used so often already that his literary conscience absolutely ruled

Then I'll have to put in my watch."

WHAT A DILEMMA!

By Arthur E. McFarlane

He was still holding the watch in his hand. It was now five-thirty. 'Well, at least," she cried, "that gives us some time

we? Eleven francs:—About and a quarter!—Morton!"
"Yes, and eleven francs have grubstaked to a week a good many times two people for a week a good many times
before now, Gwendolyn, you can bank on that!"
"But I tell you the Winstons are here!"
"How do we know it's the Winstons?"
"Who else could it be? They said they were going to surprise us. And they're our only friends, too, that the "Plan! All we can do is to put for it!"
"But she'd know from the concierge that you got her ard. And—and supposing we met her at the corner!"
She ran to the front window. "I knew it! I knew it!

I knew it! She's just paying the cabman now!"
"We could both be laid out sick." And for his part he could have given the most perfect imitation of an exceedingly well-bred young man having a fit.

or to-morrow morning, sure!"
"And supposing they do?"
"Supposing they do! After their entertaining us in Boston for ten days, and then taking us all over London—to have them catch us like this!" "If we both were, she'd insist on coming in. But I'm going to be. I'll have to be! I couldn't be around after my taking the things out!" She fled into the bedroom. "You can tell her I've had a headache and am asleep." 'Let me cable, then. The coin would be here the day "Well, my heavens, I like that! By James, I do! And how am I to square it with her?"

"Why, you're all the time making things up. It's your profession! And you know, Morton, you always say that when I offer you suggestions in your plots I only get you mixed!—I guess I'd help you if I could! But it—it needn't be any trouble at all! You can do it just as if it were a part of a story."

Miss Pastonbury was a middle-aged, educated English spinster of inflexible principles and unconfiding temperament who had long gained a fair livelihood by teaching her language to the patrician youth of Paris. She had let her apartment during the period of her visit home, and she had let it to Americans—for whom, as a sister wholly sufficient for their needs, for the fourth time, ince they had left Indianapolis they had reached the fag race, she had a very half-sisterly affection. But she had put that apartment under the egis both of the concierge and the house agent. And, although she had not menend of their monthly stipend several days before the tioned it to the Carters-she had from the beginning counted upon the present continental tour to give her the opportunity of returning at the end of the second month for a visit of inspection herself.

Nor did Mr. Morton Carter need any psychic intuition to tell him that it was a visit of inspection. And while, outwardly, he was making apology for Mrs. Carter, and leading his guest to the seat in front of the fireplace, inwardly-with a tightening of every sinew of defence-his mind was speeding back to first and basic principles. He had once as a youngster, against parental warnings, applied the tip of his tongue to an iron pump handle in zero weather. Immediately in an ingenuous attempt to lick it off, he had followed it with the rest of his tongue, and his lips as well. And a moment later he was trussing his slobbered fingers beside his jaws in the same agonizing chancery. The experience had stayed with him ever afterward as a great moral and literary lesson. In all fiction, whether written or spoken, you put the end of your tongue to the pump handle perforce; but to attempt to remove it by more tongue—that way mad-ness lies. Safety and strength are in no specious expansions, but in narration confined to the most Doric

And already Miss Pastonbury's gaze had come to rest upon the shelf above the mantel "Oh, I see you've been shifting things about a bit, Mr. Carter."

"Why—why, yes, just a little. What was it you—used to be there?"

"My little shepherd—the Dresden, you know I was firstly the shepherd of the property of the shepherd."

afraid for a moment there had been an accident,"
"Oh-Oh, yes." He drew in his breath for it. "To tell the truth, Miss Pastonbury, we—we've been send-ing some of your china out to be looked at by the mender. Not that anything was broken—but they'd been a little knocked about and—"
"Oh, Mr. Carter!" There was bitter agony in her

'Really-really! You can take my word for it. We Really—really! I ou can take my word for it. We sent them out just to be dead sure—entirely certain, you know! And they'll be home again to-morrow. You'll be able to see for yourself!"

"But I'm sure Christine—in my service she used a!-

ys to be the very carefullest maid!"
"Oh, it wasn't Christine. She's all right. She's the "Oh, it wasn't Christine. She's all right. She's the pure McCoy, and it was awfully good of you to recommend her to us! It was a dog—Monsieur Lajeunesse's—Poigneau, you know. He was in one day, and got to jumping all over the place—" Why, I thought Monsieur Lajeunesse had gone to

Ville d'Avray, and taken the great stupid brute along

"Yes, but he came back again next morning. You see, he'd forgotten some stuff." Having said so, he realized that when Miss Pastonbury went downstairs she would ask the concierge about it, and learn that Monsieur Lajeunesse had never been back at all. It was the pump handle.

But, on this first occasion it did not seem to have taken hold of him. Miss Pastonbury's eyes had dropped to the mantel. "Mr. Carter, I—I don't see my bow!! It wasn't broken?"

Yes, but they weren't broken! I-I don't believe "Well, we'd rented them, hadn't we? We'd rented the apartment furnished. And when she took her whole they were even cracked. It was just that we thought it safest to send them out. There was that pair of Gouda vases on your desk, too." (She was at that moment looking for them.) "They weren't damaged at all, though—not in the slightest."

She sat back and fairly shrilled at him. "But—Mr. Didn't you—Why, we rented them to use!"
"Well, that's using them, I guesa! As long as we're

Carter—the bowl stood directly over the hearth-stone! I can't see how it escaped being absolutely shattered!"

"Heh! Well—well, to tell the truth it did have the closest kind of squeak! If it hadn't been that one of willing to go without them in the meantime—"
"Yes—and if Miss Pastonbury should come back in the meantime! To say nothing of the honor of it!
Where's the ticket they gave you?"
She produced it. "Oh, start lecturing now, do! She produced it. "Oh, start lecturing now, do! You'd—you'd think to hear you,"—she gulped—"that it was a pleasure for me to go pawning! And when we know very well she's safe over in Exeter."

the cushions happened to be lying right beneath it at the time!" He re-set his smile. "It was funny, wasn't it?"
"Oh!—oh, yes, indeed!" They were cushions which Miss Pastonbury had embroidered herself. ooked much like a receipt for a registered letter. But

"And I must tell you about the other things—the shepherd and the Gouda vases." A drop ran suddenly down in front of his left ear. "Monsieur Lajeunesse managed to catch them half-way. We saw them just as "Oh! oh, yes, it must have been."
Until now Miss Pastonbury had been sitting with her back to the serving table and the china cupboard. But

during the last few moments-and she had her excuse in the leveled glare of the setting sum—she had been gradually shifting her position. Cupboard and table came within her field of vision at last. And, as she had only too strongly suspected, there was to be seen neither Queen Anne tray nor three-piece service nor ancestral tankard!

Mr. Carter had marked the direction in which her eyes had travelled. And now-with what might very well have been mistaken for eagerness-he began at well have been mistaken for eagerness—he began at once to speak about that silver. In fact, he had been just about to bring it up. To tell the truth they didn't seem to have had the right sort of polish for it. It had kept on getting duller and more tarnished in spite of all they could do. And in the end they had made up their minds to have it cleaned up decently. V'hen she returned she could count on finding the things in practically the same condition as when she had left them. They had felt it only right to see that they were kept in proper shape! He smiled upon her more reassuringly than a nephew trying to borrow money.

"Why, that was very good of you, Mr. Carter, very good I'm sure!"

"Oh, not at all. And it was really Mrs. Carter's ang-

Oh, not at all. And it was really Mrs. Carter's sug-

Yes? And you were so fortunate in finding a place

Test And you were so fortunate in finding a place where they do re-polishing, weren't you? I've heard there's such a shop just down on the Rue Monge. Perhaps that was where you left it in?"

No. No. we were a little afraid to trust it there. We took it across to the Right Bank. We found a big place over there where they do all sorts of mending and time metal polishing."

"Yes? Then I needn't worry about my silver at all, need 1?" No. not a bit!"

"And that's really a kind of place I've always been looking for, myself. I must get the address from you now, before it slips me."

The pump handle had found him at last. But he tried

to get a grip on himse'f. "Yes, yes, of course! It was one of those new places on the Boulevards, you know," "I thought it must be. And the name?"

He swallowed, and then swallowed again. But what-

ever he was swallowing at, it grew only the more chokingly huge. "La—Les—"
You mustn't let a little mispronunciation bother you,

you know, Mr. Carter"
"Heh!—Heh, heh!—George, I don't seem able to remember! It was—it began with—

member! It was—it began with—
"I could very likely place it myself by the street—"
He had the sensation of thinking very hard, but he knew that he had entirely ceased to think. He still maintained his smile, though. He felt somehow, that in continuing to smile he had a power to convince which transcended logic, "Heh!—Tehck—To tell the truth I don't just seem able to remember the street either."
"Hm. But memory does play us such tricks, doesn't it? I think you said it was somewhere on the Boulevards?"

Yes. Yes, of course. But you see I wasn't sure at res. res, of course. But you see I wash t sure at the time which of them it was. It was right up there where a whole bunch run together at the Place de la Republique, you know." He began to breathe again. "And it'll be back again to-morrow morning, in any

Oh, indeed? At the same time as the china? That's

"Oh, indeed? At the same time as the china? That's quite a happy coincidence, isn't it, Mr. Carter?"

"Yes. Yes, it is, rather." Even his nose was sweating now. "It didn't really occur to me before."

"But, no—naturally, when you took them all to the same place. I think you said to the same place, if I remember rightly?"

Had he said so? Or was it only the pump handle in another guise? And yet there are those who imagine it is easier to lie than to tell the truth! He moistened the roof of his mouth. "Oh, no-no, they were differ-

CONTENT OF THE PARTY.

reaching behind the upper tier, took out her own fat, red guide-book.

In Baedecker's list there were mentioned no menders

of china or polishers of metal whatever. He gagged. "Heh! I suppose in that case, we must have got it from the directory—the one at the post of-fice." (But were there directories at the post office in France?) "Or, no, I remember now quite well. We saw it when we were taking out the silver." Again he could for a moment loosen his grip upon his chair arm.

"Oh, yes, precisely so. And it really doesn't signify, does it, Mr. Carter?"

"No, not at all." He felt quite clearly that she was

merely rearranging him upon the spit.
"But, just before it slips me"—she had now got down

to business again—"about Monsieur Lajeunesse. You were saying he came the morning after he went away?"
"Yes. Yes, I think it was the morning after."

"And that must have been more than seven weeks ago—a few days after you moved in. The—the china's been out for quite a while, then, hasn't it?"

"And the silver—but of course you sent that out only a little while ago, when it had become so dull and tarnished?"

She eyed him with a kind of grim, raptorial satisfaction as the net tightened.
"Yes, I believe it was last Friday. It's to be returned to-morrow morning." It now came quite auto-

Precisely so, Mr. Carter. I had understood, though, that you found the china place when you were taking

He was still standing somewhere near the door when Mrs. Carter rushed out to him. "Oh, Morton-Morton, dear!-Even if you want to, I'll never let you forgive me! And I might just have known that it'd be like that! For no matter how clever you may be at inventing things, if you can't make the other person say the things to fit in, too! The old—old gargoyle! Why couldn't I have been there to take care of her! But don't you see if I had come out, it would have made

it look as if you hadn't been telling the truth!"

If, for the time, Miss Pastonbury had controlled her

Carter is not at home; but perhaps, this time, I can

In Miss Pastonbury's outraged soul, incredulity and thousandfold suspicion, and a resolution for action which was now quite objectless wrought and contended to-gether. But she was able to speak at last. "This is my

cousin, Mrs. Gloyden."
"Oh! oh, indeed." There was a deadly echo in that We-we came a little early," said Mrs. Gloyden,

"Yes, so good of you, wasn't it? You must stay for breakfast."

Thank you," said Miss Pastopbury, "thank you! We did not come for breakfast." The lines have been drawn with much fineness as to what one lady may say to another. But when the first lady knows that the second is not a lady, and she would

only be putting herself in her power to treat her like one, much more latitude is obviously allowable. "Oh-h—quite so!" said Mrs. Carter. "You merely came to rubber?" "What?" said Miss Pastonbury, paling, "I—I beg your pardon? What does she mean, Maria?" Mrs. Gloyden had begun to move toward the door

Mrs. Gloyden had begun to move toward the door again. It was not her hour for conundrums. "You can see, Adeline, that your things are there! And if you wouldn't be warned—"

"In any case I can feel how atrocious the expression is, and whether you stay or not, Maria, now that I have come, I intend to satisfy myself." She already felt herself more furiously heated than the day before when she had been coolly in possession of every faculty. She took

a step towards the pumpkin-colored bag.

With one spring Mrs. Carter placed herself in front of it, and awaited her in an attitude that was reminiscent of basket ball.

cent of basket ball.

The attacking force at once fell back gasping. "Good gracious! I—I never in my life——!"

"No, I guess you never did! You needn't think because you can bully Morton you can bully me. And you shall be satisfied, too. I don't intend you shall leave until you're satisfied. I intend to make it my business that you're satisfied!" She passed her down the shepherd and the Sevres bowl. She followed them with the Gould yases taking the second from the bag and unherd and the Sevres bowl. She followed them with the Gouda vases, taking the second from the bag and unhusking it with tremulous haste. Then she came to the silver. And it also, she made Miss Pastonbury examine piece by piece, from tray even unto tankard.

"There!" she said, with a gleaming eye, "that's done with! But it's only the beginning. You took poor Morton when he was alone. Now it's my turn! I want you to question, and heckle, and cross-examine me!"

Moster in the dessing room, found himself become

Morton, in the dressing-room, found himself becom-ing acquainted with a bride who was entirely new to

For her part, the gargoyle could only gasp anew.
"You know, I told you, Adeline—" said Mrs. Gloyden.
"Go on," commanded Mrs. Carter. "You seem to think— He told me there were places where you didn't appear to believe him"
Miss Pastonbury's narrow bosom heaved like the English Channel. But she still sat speechless.

"Very well! Then I'll let Mrs. Gloyden know without your asking me!"

"Why, I'm sure," deprecated Mrs. Gloyden, "I said again and again last night that I felt she must be missioned.

taken."
"Mistaken! It wasn't merely a matter of being mistaken! But when he was doing his best to explain to ther, if you could have heard how she deliberately went to work to get him tangled up!"

"And nothing could have been easier," panted Miss

"And nothing could have been easier," panted Miss Pastonbury, "nothing could have been easier."

"Yes!" flamed her conqueror. "And why? Just because he was trying to put things so you wouldn't be agitating yourself about it! I know lots and lots of men who wouldn't have cared a—a hoot whether you were agitating yourself or not!"

"Oh!—Oh-oh!"

"Well now, Adeline-"And not only that. It was all because he is so hon-orable and high-minded!" Mrs. Carter began to ad-dress herself to Mrs. Gloyden again. "If you had heard -if you only knew how he talks about such things!
And mind you, being so honorable like that gets in his way a lot! Papa says-and I'll tell you there's nobody in Indiana knows his way 'round any better than papa

he says he never went to court yet with a story they couldn't tear all to frazzles if only they got the right sort of inside cinch on it! So you can just see how it would be with Morton, can't you, Mrs. Gloyden?" Oh, I felt, I was quite certain, that there coulun't be anything wrong-And more than that, again; you see, Mr. Carter is an author-

'Oh," said Mrs. Gloyden, in awe; "Adeline didn't

mention that." "Yes, and you can easily understand how much worse that would make it for him, when he couldn't get his—his explanation right for her! Why, he's just all conscience, that way! He won't let the very littlest thing pass that might let people think he was making up! He'll go back over a story twenty times, and pull it this way, and twist it that, and if he can't find any way out of the snarl, he goes pretty near crazy! You haven't any idea! And then, as I've told you, to be deliberately tangled up!"

Mrs. Gloyden regarded her kinswoman with a shame which was fast becoming indignation.

The latter lady had been for some time experiencing a sense of strangulation. "Yes, and you can easily understand how much worse

The latter lady had been for some time experiencing a sense of strangulation.

"Yes," she choked, "and before you finish you might also say something about Mr. Carter's remarkable memory, and his most peculiar absence of mind!"

"I was just about to, even if you hadn't reminded me, for it's just his bad memory and his absence of mind which prove how much genius he has!"

Miss Pastonbury rose to her feet quivering. She picked up the Sevres bowl again. There's not the sign of a crack in it, not even a white crack!"

"No. And he told you there wasn't! I hope, now, that you'll be more ready to believe people in future!"

"I'm sure I warned you, Adeline!" said Mrs. Gloyden.

"I'm sure I warned you, Adeine!" said Mrs. Gloyden.

"And my silver—it's in exactly—precisely the condition it was in when I went away."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Carter in final triumph," and that's just how he told you it would be! He used almost those very words himself! Now—now, are you satisfied?"

"I shall be satisfied," said Miss Pastonbury hoarsely, "when I have seen the rest of my apartment!" With one swift stride, which a training in basket ball itself could not anticipate, she caught the knob, and thrust open the door of the dressing-room. Mr. Morton Carter collapsed heavily backward upon the floor.

The defeated reached the street as one be-dazed. "I I—I never expect to get at the bottom of it now," she

In the sitting-room Mrs. Carter had taken the coming famous author of "By Right of Blood" into her Amazonian arms.

"And you needn't think, dearest, that I'm laying that up against you! For I was listening there, every minute yesterday, myself! But, Moston—Morton, dear, if there's ever anything like this to do again—when it's a case of a story you're not writing, you know—you'll let me do it from the beginning, won't you?"



HIS PASTONBURY SAT BACK AND PAIRLY SHRILLED AT HIM.

ent. The china place was quite near, though—in the same block, at the corner."

"Oh, quite so. Then you'll remember it, in any case? I fear I may be bothering you a trifle, Mr. Carter. But one likes to feel sure about such things, doesn't one?"

He mopped himself again. "Really, I—I don't believe I—you see it was Mrs. Carter who took out the china." He could at least rest for a moment on that yard of solid ground.

"Mrs. Carter?"

"Yes. Of course I don't often let her do those things for me. But as she just happened to be going over in that direction one day——

"Oh, then you did know of the place yourself? No doubt you mean you had heard some one speak of it?"

Once more the pump handle was congaingly held out to him. His words fell over themselves in his haste to get away from it. "No, oh no! I believe—the truth is we found it in Baedccker." He knew that their Baedccker was eafe in the inner chamber with Gwendolyn.

"Why," said Miss Pastonbary, "that makes it perfectly easy, then. She crossed to her book-case, and The china place was quite near, though-in the

natural emotions, and confined herself almost wholly to cross examination, it was not that she regarded the loss of some of her most valuable possessions merely as the chance for an exercise of inductive dialectics. It was only that, in Mr. Carter's odious Yankee phrase—she wanted to be "dead sure."

With Mrs. Gloyden behind her, she rang their bell at a quarter to ten.

With Mrs. Gloyden behind her, she rang their bell at a quarter to ten.

Airs. Carter opened to her. Upon the mantel shelf stood the Dresden shepherd. In the center of the mantel was the Sevres bowl. One of the Gouda vases, still half wrapped in an Indianapolis Journal, lay upon the lounge. And beside it on the lounge gaped a pumpkin-colored club bag.

Mr. Moeton Carter was standing with belathered face within the closed portal of the dressing-room. It had been his intention, when at last he got his morning's shave, to send Gwendolyn om to the Louvre, and, with heroism, await the issue slone. Now, as he stood there, powerless to stop if, what he heard from the mouth of Gwendolyn, and that with a swooping vengefulness and a most liminessible sufficiency, was this: No. Mr.

Oh—if you must get it out of me, we haven't it all.
I thought while I was over there, and near the AngloAmerican, it would be a chance to—to get some tea that
is really thee. You know how particular Elly Winston
is about her tea. And—and, anyway, we've got it now."
"Yes, and I hope Elly Winston may choke on it!"
He looked at his watch. "I'm not even sure there's
time to make it to-day." time to make it to-day."

Inst as like as not there's a draft down at the con-

Cherence now!"

Lherence he opened his hand and glanced at the card in it. He did not exclaim, or even change color to any marked degree. But at the look which began, as it were, to warp his countenance, she exclaimed—"Oh, Morton—it isn't—Not Miss Pastonbury—!"

That's all! And she says on the other side—"Am passing through on my way to Switzerland with my cousin. Mrs. Gloyden. Shall be here until to-morrow afternoon. Shall try to come in again before size."