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The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.
Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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In "The Woman In the Alcove" Anna Katharine Green has woven a plot of unusual intricacy and interest. The mystery is most cleverly unraveled through the agency of no professional detective, but by a young woman whose heart is enlisted in the cause of one of the suspects. She is made to tell her story with all the well known skill of the author, which has won for her the highest place among American writers of stories of mystery.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS perhaps the plainest girl in the room that night. I was also the happiest—up to 1 o'clock. Then my whole world crumbled, or at least suffered an eclipse. Why and how I am about to relate.

I was not made for love. This I had often said to myself, very often of late. In figure I am too diminutive, in face far too unbecomingly meek to cherish expectations of this nature. Indeed love had never entered into my plan of life, as was evinced by the nurse's diploma I had just gained after three years of hard study and severe training.

I was not made for love. But if I had been, had I been gifted with height, regularity of feature or even with that eloquence of expression which redeems all defects save those which savor of deformity, I knew well whose eye I should have chosen to please, whose heart I should have felt proud to win. This knowledge came with a rush to my heart—did I say heart? I should have said understanding, which is something very different—when at the end of the first dance I looked up from the midst of the bevy of girls by whom I was surrounded and saw Anson Durand's face gazing at me from that quarter of the hall where our host and hostess stood to receive their guests. His eye was roaming hither and thither, and his manner was both eager and expectant. Whom was he seeking? Some one of the many bright and vivacious girls about me, for he turned almost instantly our way. But which one?

I thought I knew. I remembered at whose house I had met him first, at whose house I had seen him many times since. She was a lovely girl, witty and vivacious, and she stood at this very moment at my elbow. In her beauty lay the lure, the natural lure for a man of his gifts and striking personality. If I continued to watch I should soon see his countenance lit up under the recognition she could not fail to give him. And I was right. In another instant it did, and with a brightness there was no mistaking. But one feeling common to the human heart lends such warmth, such expressiveness to the features. How handsome he made him look, how distinguished, how everything I was not except—

But what does this mean? He has passed Miss Sperry—passed her with a smile and a friendly word—and is speaking to me, singling me out, offering me his arm. He is smiling, too, not as he smiled on Miss Sperry, but more warmly, with more that is personal in it. I took his arm in a daze. The lights were dimmer than I thought. Nothing was really bright except his smile. It seemed to change the world for me. I forgot that I was plain, forgot that I was small, with nothing to recommend me to the eye or heart, and let myself be drawn away, asking nothing, anticipating nothing, till I found myself alone with him in the fragrant recesses of the conservatory, with only the throb of music in our ears to link us to the scene we had left.

Why had he brought me here into this fairyland of opalescent lights and intoxicating perfumes? What could he have to say to show? Ah, in another moment I knew! He had seized my hands, and love, ardent love, came pouring from his lips. "Could it be real? Was I the object of all this feeling? If so, then life had changed for me indeed. Silent from a rush of emotion I searched his face to see if this paradise, whose gates I was thus passionately hidden to enter, was indeed a verity or only a dream born of the excitement of the dance and the charm of a scene exceptional in its splendor and picturesque even for so luxurious a city as New York.

But it was no mere dream. Truth and earnestness were in his manner, and his words were neither feverish nor forced. "I love you! I need you!" So I heard, and so he soon made me believe. "You have charmed me from the first. Your untutored, trusting, loyal self, like no other sweeter than any other, has drawn the heart from my breast. I have seen many women, admired many women, but you only have I loved. Will you be my wife?"

I was dazzled, moved beyond anything I could have conceived. I forgot all that I had hitherto said to myself, all that I had endeavored to impress upon my heart when I beheld him approaching, intent, as I believed, in his

search for another woman, and, confiding in his honesty, trusting entirely to his faith, I allowed the plans and purposes of years to vanish in the glamour of this new joy and spoke the word which linked us together in a bond which half an hour before I had never dreamed would unite me to any man.

His impassioned "mine, mine!" filled my cup to overflowing. Something of the ecstasy of the day entered my soul, which in spite of all I have succeeded since recreated the world for me and made all that went before but the prelude to the new life, the new joy.

Oh, I was happy, happy—perhaps too happy? As the conservatory filled and we passed back into the adjoining room the glimpse I caught of myself in one of the mirrors startled me into thinking so, for had it not been for the odd color of my dress and the unique way in which I wore my hair that night I should not have recognized the beaming girl who faced me so naively from the depths of the responsive glass.

Can one be too happy? I do not know. I know that one can be too perplexed, too burdened and too sad. Thus far I have spoken only of myself in connection with the evening's elaborate function; but, though entitled by my old Dutch blood to a certain social consideration which made me happy to say never failed me, I was in this hour of supreme satisfaction attracted very little attention and awoke small comment. There was another woman present better calculated to do this—a fair woman, large and of a bountiful presence, accustomed to conquest and gifted with the power of carrying off her victories with a certain ease and grace irresistibly fascinating to the ordinary man; a gorgeously appareled woman, with a diamond on her breast too vivid for most women, almost too vivid for her. I noticed this diamond early in the evening, and then I noticed her. She was not as fine as the diamond, but she was very fine, and she had a less ostentatious and more graceful manner than I had seen in any woman I had ever met.

He was becoming incoherent and this time with his eyes fixed elsewhere than on my face. Following his gaze, I discovered what had distracted his attention. The lady with the diamond was approaching us on her way to the alcove. She was accompanied by two gentlemen, both strangers to me, and her head, sparkling with brilliants, was turning from one to the other with an indolent grace. I was not surprised that the man at my side glowered and made a start as if to rise. She was a gorgeous figure. In comparison with her imposing figure in its trailing robe of rich pink velvet my diminutive frame in its sea green gown must have looked as faded and colorless as a half obliterated pastel.

"A striking woman," I remarked as I saw he was not likely to resume the conversation which her presence had interrupted. "And what a diamond!" The glance he cast me was peculiar. "Did you notice it particularly?" he asked. "Astounded, for there was something very uneasy in his manner so that I half expected to see him rise and join the group he was so eagerly watching without waiting for my lips to frame a response. I quickly replied: "I would be difficult not to notice what one would naturally expect to see only on the breast of a queen. But perhaps she is a queen. I should judge so from the homage which follows her."

His eyes sought mine. There was inquiry in them, but it was an inquiry I did not understand. "What can you know about diamonds?" he presently demanded. "Nothing but their glitter, and glitter is not all. The gem she wears may be a very tawdry one."

I flushed with humiliation. He was a dealer in gems—that was his business—and the check which he had put upon my enthusiasm certainly made me conscious of my own presumption. Yet I was not disposed to take back my words. I had had a better opportunity than himself for seeing this remarkable jewel, and with the perversity of a somewhat ruffled mood, I burst forth as soon as the color had subsided from my cheeks: "No, no! It is glorious, magnificent. I never saw its like. I doubt if you are great here, for all your daily acquaintance with jewels. Its value must be enormous. Who is she? You seem to know her."

It was a direct question, but I received no reply. Mr. Durand's eyes had followed the lady, who had lingered somewhat ostentatiously on the top step, and they did not return to me till she had vanished with her companions behind the long plush curtains which partly veiled the entrance. By this time he had forgotten my words, if he had ever heard them, and it was with the forced animation of one whose thoughts are elsewhere that he finally returned to the old plea: "When would I marry him? If he could offer me a home in a month—and he would know by tomorrow if he could do so—would he come to him then? He would not say in a week. That was perhaps too soon. But in a month? Would I not promise to be his in a month?"

What I answered I scarcely recall. His eyes had stolen back to the alcove, and I saw him staring at the window opposite me with the feeling of one who has just seen a vision. Yet almost immediately I forgot the whole occurrence in my anxiety as to Mr. Durand's whereabouts. Certainly he was amusing himself very much elsewhere or he would have found an opportunity of joining me long before this. He was not even in sight, and I grew weary of the endless menu and the senseless chitchat of my companion and, finding him amenable to my whims, rose from my seat at table and

made my way to a group of acquaintances standing just outside the supper room door. As I listened to their greetings some impulse led me to cast another glance down the hall toward the alcove. A man—a waiter—was issuing from it in a rush. Had news been in his face, and as his eyes encountered those of Mr. Ramsdell, who was advancing hurriedly to meet him, he plunged down the steps with a cry which drew a crowd about the two in an instant.

What was it? What had happened? Mad with an anxiety I did not stop to define, I rushed toward this group now swarming from side to side in irrepressible excitement, when suddenly everything swam before me, and I fell in a swoon to the floor.

Some one had shouted aloud: "Mrs. Fairbrother has been murdered and her diamond stolen! Lock the doors!"

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"The finest in the country, stranger," said the Colonel. "The finest in Texas."

"I reckon you buy them anything they want?"

"Why, stranger, I buy them anything they need, whether they want it or not."

"Then, Colonel, let me sell you a cyclopaedia for them. There's nothing else will do them so much good."

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Used To It. Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you dear?

Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so; I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.

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Accordin' ter the latest news that hes drifted into camp by freight trains an' people passin' through, they air goin' ter stop merchants from displayin' ladies stockings in store windows in one of the North Carolina towns. I fergit whether hit is Durham or Brassfield that is to be purified.

Hit seems that I am always at the wrong place at the right time. If I was at home I would join in that campaign an' would saddle up Bob an' ride around an' help chase old Nick across the State line inter South Carolina, where he originally came from. We can't be too careful how we manage them things. I believe they call 'em hoesy among the quality. 'That is just a name got up by old Satan ter fool people. Hoesy air very useful things, but hit is powerful dangerous an' the legislature orter be called an' pass a few special acts suppressin' hoesy. I am in favor of suppressin' hoesy fer the purpose of discussin' the hoesy evil, an' ter form sum sort of an anti-hoesy league, so hit will git into the party platform an' give a few poliyathians a chance ter go ter Congress.

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Small Enterprise.

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Young Man—"I'er—have called to ask your daughter's hand."

Her Father—"You can have it, and welcome, young man—that is, if you can induce her to take it out of my pocket."

Do not take a substitute. If your druggist does not keep it, send twenty-five cents in stamps to

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Baltimore, Md.

and a bottle will be mailed you.

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