



Jacqueline of Golden River

by Victor Rousseau

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"FOR MY SAKE!"

Paul Hewlett, loitering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog. He follows the dog to a gambling house and meets the animal's mistress coming out with a large amount of money. She is beautiful and in distress and he follows her. After protecting her from two assailants he takes her in charge, and puts her in his own rooms for the rest of the night. He returns a little later to find a murdered man in his rooms and Jacqueline dazed, with her memory gone. He decides to protect Jacqueline, gets rid of the body and prepares to take her to Quebec in a search for her home. Simon Leroux, searching for Jacqueline for some unfriendly purpose, finds them, but Hewlett evades him. Hewlett calls the girl his sister. In Quebec he learns that she is the daughter of a recluse in the wilds, Charles Duchaine. Pere Antoine tells Hewlett Jacqueline is married and tries to take her away. Jacqueline is spirited away and Hewlett is knocked out, both escape and arrive at St. Boniface. On their sled journey to Chateau Duchaine their dogs are poisoned, and Hewlett goes snow-blind. Jacqueline recovers her memory and leaves Hewlett. Pere Antoine rescues Hewlett from death in the snow. He says Jacqueline is the wife of Louis d'Epernay, nephew of Charles Duchaine. Hewlett makes his way to Chateau Duchaine.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

I turned back and followed the corridor to the right and came to a little hall toward the rear of the building. Beyond me was an open door, and behind it I saw the dull glow of a stove and felt its heat.

I approached cautiously and looked in.

Facing me, above a cracked and ancient mirror, were two rusty broadswords, and in the mirror I saw a large oaken table reflected. Seated at it, clothed in a threadbare coat of very ancient fashion, was an old man with long, snow-white hair and a white, forked beard. He was busily transferring a stack of gold pieces from his right to his left side; and then he began scribbling on a sheet of paper. He paid me not the smallest attention as I entered.

I perceived that the top of the table was very curiously designed. It was marked off with squares and columns, and in each square were figures in black and red. Upon one end of the table at which the old man sat was a cup-shaped, circular affair of very dark wood—teak, it resembled—once delicately inlaid with pearl. But now most of the inlay had disappeared, leaving unsightly holes.

At the bottom of the cup were a number of metallic compartments, and the whole interior portion was revolving slowly at a turn of the old man's fingers.

The ball stopped and settled in one of the compartments, and the old man took a goldpiece from one of the squares on the table, transferred a little pile of gold from his right side to his left, and jotted down some figures upon his paper.

And suddenly I was aware of an abysmal rage that filled me. It seemed like an abominable dream. I had endured so much for Jacqueline, to find myself immersed in such things in the end. I stepped forward and swept the entire heap of gold into the center of the table.

"M. Duchaine!" I shouted. "Why are you playing the fool here when your daughter is suffering persecution?"

The old man seemed to be aware of my presence for the first time. He looked up at me out of his mild old eyes and shook his head in apparent perplexity.

"You are welcome, monsieur," he said, half rising with a courtly air. "Do you wish to stake a few pieces in a game with me?"

He gathered up a handful of the coins and pushed them toward me.

"You see, monsieur, I have a system—at least I nearly have a system," he went on eagerly. "But it may not be so good as yours. Come. You shall be the banker and see if you can win my money from me. But we shall return the stakes afterward."

"M. Duchaine!" I shouted in his ear. "Where is your daughter?"

"My daughter?" he repeated in mild surprise. "Ah, yes; she has gone to New York to make our fortune with the system. But make your play, monsieur."

In desperation I thrust a goldpiece upon one of the numbers at the head of a column. The wheel stopped, and the ball rolled into one of its compartments. The old man thrust several gold pieces toward me.

I staked again and again and won every time. Within five minutes the whole heap of gold pieces lay at my side.

The dotard looked at me with an expression of imbecile terror.

"You will give them back to me?" he pleaded.

I thrust the heap of coins toward him. "Now, M. Duchaine," I said; "in return for these you will conduct me to Mlle. Jacqueline."

"I am here, monsieur," answered a voice at the door, and I whirled, to see Jacqueline confronting me.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some Plain Speaking.

I took three steps toward her and stood still. For this was Jacqueline, but it was not my Jacqueline. It might have been Jacqueline's grandmother when she was a girl—this haughty belle with her high waist and side curls and her flounced skirt and aspect of cold recognition.

She did not stir as I approached her but stood still, framed in the doorway, looking at me as though I were an unwelcome stranger. My outstretched arms fell to my sides.

"Jacqueline!" I cried. "It is I, Paul! You know me, Jacqueline?"

Jacqueline inclined her head. "Oh, yes; I know you, monsieur," she answered. "Why have you come here?"

"To save you, Jacqueline!"

She made me a mocking courtesy. "I am infinitely obliged to you, monsieur, for your good will," she said; "but I do not need your aid. I am with friends now, M.—M. Paul!"

"Do you want to see me, Jacqueline?" I asked, watching her through a whirling fog.

"No, monsieur," she answered chillingly. "No, monsieur!"

"Do you wish me to go?"

She said nothing, and I walked unsteadily toward the door. She followed me slowly. I went out of the room and pulled the door behind me. I knew that after it had closed I should never see Jacqueline again.

She opened it and stood confronting me, and then burst into a flood of impassioned speech.

"Why have you followed me here to persecute me?" she cried. "Are you under the illusion that I am helpless? Do you think the friends who rescued me from you have forgotten that you exist? You took advantage of my helplessness. I do not want to see you. I hate you!"

"You told me that you loved me, and I believed you, Jacqueline," I answered miserably, watching the color flame into her lovely face. And I could see she remembered that.

"When I was ill you used me for your base schemes," she went on with cutting emphasis. "And you—you followed me here. Have you not had money enough? Do you want more?"

I seized her by the wrists. Thus I held her at arm's length, and my fingers tightened until I saw the flesh grow white beneath them. The intensity of my rage beat hers down and made it a puny thing.

"Jacqueline! Only a few nights ago you said you loved me; that you would never send me away until I wished to go. What is it that has happened to change you so, Jacqueline?"

I had her in my arms. She struggled fiercely and I let her go.

"How dare you, monsieur!" she panted. "Go at once, or I shall call for aid!"

So I went into the passage. But before I reached the end of the little hall Jacqueline came running back to me.

"Monsieur!" she gasped. "M. Paul! For the sake of—of what I once thought you, I do not want you to be seen. You are in dreadful danger. Come back!"

"No, Mme. d'Epernay," I answered, and she winced again, as though I had struck her across the face.

"For my sake," she pleaded, catching at my arm, and at that moment I heard a door slam underneath and heavy footsteps begin slowly to ascend the stairs.

"No, madame," I answered, trying to release my arm from her clasp.

"Then for the sake of—our love, Paul!" she gasped.

I suffered her to lead me back into the room. As she drew me back and closed the door behind us I heard the footsteps pause and turn along the corridor.

I knew that heavy gait as well as though I already saw Leroux's hard face before my eyes.

The room was completely dark. I heard Leroux tramp in and his voice mingling with the click-click of the ball in the roulette wheel.

"Who is here?" he demanded.

"I am," answered Jacqueline.

"Maudit!" he burst out explosively. "Where is d'Epernay? I am tired of waiting for him!"

"I have told you many times that I do not know," answered Jacqueline.

"How long will you keep up this pretense, madame?" cried Leroux an-

grily. "What have you to gain by concealing the knowledge of your husband from me?"

"M. Leroux, why will you not believe that I remember nothing?" answered Jacqueline. "After my father had turned M. Louis d'Epernay out of his home, whither he had come to beg money to pay his gambling debts, you brought him back. You made my father take him back in. He wanted to marry me. But I refused, because I had no love for him. But you insisted I should marry him, because he had gained you the entrance to the seignory and helped you to acquire your power over my father."

"Go on," growled Leroux, biting his lips. "Perhaps I shall learn something."

"Nothing that you do not already know, monsieur," she flashed out with spirit. "My father came here, long ago, a political fugitive, in danger of death. You knew this, and you played upon his fears. You drained him of his last penny, and then offered him ten thousand dollars to gamble with in Quebec, telling him of the delights of the city and promising him immunity," the girl went on remorselessly. "And for this he was to assign his property to Louis, thinking, of course, that he could soon make his fortune at the tables. And Louis was to marry me, and in turn sell the seignory to you. And so I married Louis under threat of death to my father."

"Oh, yes, monsieur, the plan was simple and well devised. And I knew nothing of it. But Louis d'Epernay blurted it all out to me upon our wedding night. I think the shame of knowing that I had been sold to him unhinged my mind, for I ran out into the snows."

"Now you know all, monsieur, for I remember nothing more until I found myself traveling back with M. Hewlett in the sleigh. You say I was in New York. Well, I do not remember it."

"And as for Louis d'Epernay, I know nothing of him—but I will die before he claims me as his wife!"

And then I had the measure of Leroux. He laughed and he beat down her scorn with scorn.

"You have underestimated your price, madame," he sneered. "Since you have learned so much I will tell you more. You have cost me twenty thousand dollars, and not ten; for besides the ten thousand paid to your father Louis got ten thousand also, upon the signing of the marriage contract. So swallow that, and be proud of being priced so high! And the seignory is already his, and I am waiting for him to return and sell me the ground rights for twenty-five thousand more, and if I know Louis d'Epernay he will not wait very long to get his fingers round it."

"Listen to me, Simon Leroux," said Jacqueline, standing up before him, as indomitable in spirit as he. "All your plots and schemes mean nothing to me. My only aim is to take my father away from here, from you and M. d'Epernay, and let you wrangle over your spoil. There are more than four-legged wolves, M. Leroux; there are human ones, and like the others, when food is scarce they prey upon each other."

"Pardieu, I like your spirit!" exclaimed Simon, staring at her with frank admiration.

And Jacqueline's head dropped then. Unwittingly Simon had pierced her defenses.

But he never knew, for before he had time to know the graybeard rose upon his feet and rubbed his thin hands together, chuckling.

"Never mind your money, Simon," he said. "I'm going to be richer than any of you. Do you know what I did with that ten thousand? I gave it to my little daughter, and she has gone to New York to make our fortunes at Mr. Daly's gaming house. No, there she is!" he suddenly exclaimed. "She has come back!"

Leroux wheeled round and looked from one to the other.

"Diab! So that was the purpose of your visit to New York?" he asked the girl. "So—you have not quite forgotten that, madame! Where is the money?"

Jacqueline's lips quivered. I saw her glance involuntarily toward the door behind which I was standing.

And suddenly the last phase of the problem became clear to me. Jacqueline thought I had robbed her.

I stepped from behind the door and faced Leroux. "I have that money," I said curtly.

I saw his face turn white. He staggered back, and then, with a bull's-bellow, rushed at me, his heavy fists aloft.

But he stopped short when he saw my automatic pistol pointing at his chest. And he saw in my face that I was ready to shoot to kill.

"You thief—you spy—you treacherous hound, I'll murder you!" he roared.

The dotard, who had been looking at me, came forward.

"No, no, I won't have him murdered, Simon," he protested, laying a trembling hand on Leroux's shoulder. "He has almost as good a roulette system as I have."

Hewlett is forced to leave the chateau and begins new adventures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Way to Start.

"They seem to get along well together."

"Yes. Neither one expected the other to be perfect when they married."

The KITCHEN CABINET

The men who are not satisfied—
Are they who set the pace—
The men who do not meet defeat
With calm, contented face.

The men who labor on and on
With minds and fingers skilled—
They are the great unsatisfied
Who plan and fight and build.

MANY MARMALADES.

Marmalades may be prepared from various kinds of fruit. The apple is perhaps the best known. A conserve which is a marmalade of mixtures of fruit is always an addition to any menu. Here are a few worth keeping and handing down:

Orange Marmalade.—Take one dozen oranges, half a dozen lemons, peel very thin and remove the white inner rind. Chop the rind very fine, or put through the meat grinder; also grind the pulp. To a pint of pulp and rind add one and one-quarter pints of water; boil twenty minutes. Remove from the heat and let stand twenty-four hours, then measure and add one and one-quarter quarts of sugar to one quart of pulp. Boil an hour and a half, or until the fruit is thick.

Amber Marmalade.—Take one each of large grapefruit, orange and lemon, wash and wipe and cut fine, shred the peeling in thin strips, discarding the seeds. Add three and a half quarts of cold water and let stand over night. The next day cook until the peel is very tender and again set aside over night. The next day add five pounds of sugar and cook until the sirup is thick. Store as jelly.

Golden Marmalade.—This is a marmalade which takes the place of the more expensive orange marmalade and is very tasty and wholesome. Scrape and put through a meat chopper one and one-half pounds of carrots, two lemons and the same measure of sugar. Cook the carrots in as little water as possible, add the lemons, also ground (removing the seeds). When well cooked, add the sugar and cook until thick, stirring carefully to keep the mixture from burning. Put in glasses as any other marmalade.

Tomato Conserve.—Take four quarts of ripe, fine tomatoes; add four pounds of sugar, six large lemons and one cupful of raisins. Prepare as usual and cook until thick. Seal in glasses.

Four seeds I drop in every hill;
One for the worm to harm,
One for the frost to kill,
And two for the barn.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

A delicious way of serving beets, the tender young ones, is to cook them until tender; then chop and return to the fire, pour over a well-seasoned French dressing and serve as a vegetable.

Creamed Eggs With Sardines.—Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-fourth of a cupful of bread crumbs and a cupful of thin cream, bring to the boiling point, then add two hard-cooked eggs finely chopped, a half a box of sardines freed from the skin and bones, and salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Bring again to the boiling point and serve at once.

Drop Cookies.—Cream one-fourth of a cupful of shortening, add one-third of a cupful of ginger sirup and half a cupful of strained honey with one egg slightly beaten. Mix and sift two and three-fourths cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of salt. Add to the first mixture, beat well, drop from the tip of a teaspoon onto a buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

Spanish Ragout.—In a deep casserole put some fat or oil, slice a few onions and add a clove or two of garlic, a little mace, salt and pepper, brown well then lay on top of these vegetables a pig's liver with very little water, just enough to keep from burning. Cover and cook two hours. The liver will shrink and absorb most of the contents of the pan. When cold it slices nicely.

Newport Pound Cake.—Cream seven-eighths of a cupful of butter, add one and a half cupfuls of flour gradually, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the yolks of five eggs until thick and lemon-colored and add one and a half cupfuls of powdered sugar gradually. Combine the mixtures, add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and sift over one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat thoroughly, turn into a deep buttered cake pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Mustard Pickles.—To a gallon of vinegar add one-half cupful of mustard, one cupful of salt and two cupfuls of brown sugar. Drop in the pickles as they are gathered; cover with horseradish leaves.

Be sure to put in store for winter a few quarts of cherries prepared as follows: Wash the cherries unstemmed and place in a fruit jar; half fill the jar with good vinegar and fill with cold water, add a teaspoonful of salt to a quart and seal as usual. They make a delicious pickle to serve in the place of olives.

Nellie Maxwell

GEORGEOUS EVENING GOWNS AND OTHERS



Heavy satin cloth of silver and rich faulle are the materials that are in demand for formal evening gowns. These materials are gorgeous in themselves and therefore adapted to the present styles in evening dress, which depends upon graceful draping of the figure and not upon embellishments for interest. It is beauty of fabric and beauty of lines that must hold the attention.

Sometimes, in the simpler models, the drapery suggests the ease and flowing lines of the classic Greek garments, and sometimes a single piece of material appears to be wrapped about the figure, with a long loose end forming a train. But an artist in draping may use material more freely than is indicated in either of these styles so long as he knows how to use drapery to glorify the figure. The corsage is usually plain and flat at the front and held in place by narrow-shoulder straps. It follows the lines of the corsetless figure very closely here and does not concern itself with covering much of the back. Gowns of this kind, cut in-

step length or a little shorter, in peacock shades or jade green and in the regulation evening shades, worn with satin slippers and silk hose to match, are likely to out-shine any rivals.

The draped satin gown in the picture is one of those in which the material seems to be wrapped about the figure and to end in a short train. It is of white satin with a drapery of tulle on one shoulder that falls almost to the ankles, from the other shoulder strands of beads fall in long loops and there is a trailing spray of silver roses at the back to finish up the splendor.

The pretty dress of turquoise georgette crepe shown in company with this gorgeous evening gown does not aspire to rival it. Yet it might appear at the same function and prove as pleasing. Not every woman can carry off magnificence, and times have so changed that many fine ladies have no longer much use for it. The simpler, fine-grained things suit them better; so they choose that which fits personality and do not attempt to play a role that does not please them.

Paris Launches New Silhouette



It is long since the redingote flourished, but here it is, pure and simple as to hue and complex as to finish. The flaring line at the sides and the collar as shown here appear in suit coats in which the original style is closely followed.

Unlike its prototype, the overgarment pictured fastens on the shoulder and underarm seam and a heavy silk cord is looped about the waist. This is merely for ornament, as it does not influence the semi-fitted lines in any way. The sleeves show a departure from the style of the Directoire coat in a wide flare at the hand and they are faced with satin in white or a light color.

The Directoire influence is the dominant feature in the odd costume for afternoon, pictured above. It has a plain skirt made of fibre silk apparently in an irregular brocaded pattern, and—yes—a redingote of satin entirely covered with a scroll pattern of silk

Julia Bottomley