SERIAL STORY

Archibald's Agatha

By
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Author of
"The Real Agatha"

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SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and indolent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his distant relations, with an income of £20,000 a year, on condition that he becomes engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archie there as one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archie as a handpainted beauty. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archie. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attentions from Leslie Freer. Four days of the precious time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visit the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth. Then suddenly he transfers his attentions to Agatha First. Vincent scores him for his apparent fickleness. The last evening of the time alloted in which to become engaged arrives.

(CHAPTER IX.—Continued.)

The conclusion was obvious and we fell away from our point of vantage at the door and looked at each other with scared and troubled faces. Our attempts to make a match for Agatha Sixth and win Terhune a fortune were certainly going wrong with a vengeance.

But the worse was not yet. Before we had time to more than breathe a new complication presented itself in the shape of the hidden appearance of Agatha Sixth upon the scene.

We met her at the foot of the stairs just as we were going up, wrapper-clad and with long black braids hanging over her shoulders. I felt myself grown quite cat-like in regard to seeing in the dark, and had perceived who she was and the vital necessity of keeping our discovery a secret from her, before my wife had time to more than gasp a greeting.

"Is that you, Agatha Lawrence?" she inquired.

"Yes. What is it?" whispered back Agatha Sixth, peering at us from the stairs, and by Jove, I felt so sorry for the poor girl if she should see what we had just seen that I rather lost my head.

"Dogs," I said, my voice quite hoarse with whispering, "one of 'em's got shut in the drawing-room some way, and he's knocked over a vase!"

"Did he also light the lamp?" demanded Miss Lawrence suspiciously, as she came and stood beside us. And I cursed myself for a blunderer as she said it. Then Dearest had a go at the situation, and I felt that if this attempt failed we could do nothing more to save the girl from the certain misery she seemed so eager to bring upon herself.

"I lit the lamp, darling," she said, standing directly in front of the doors so that Agatha Sixth's view was cut off, "to see if there was much damage done. We forgot to turn it out, but Wilfred will do it now if you'll come along upstairs with me and not bother." But the girl was not to be turned from her purpose so easily. Some instinct seemed to tell her that what lay behind those closed doors concerned her nearly.

"Let me look—Dearest," she said, using my name for my wife for the first time, as she's usually a cold little thing, and Dearest, as if convinced that it was for the best after all, stepped aside.

It didn't take long, the delivery of the blow, and Agatha Sixth took it like a martyr. One glimpse was enough. Then she turned and silently fled the way to the stairs.

At the door of our guest's room which we passed before reaching our own suite, my wife stopped.

"Good night, Wilfred," she said. "Agatha, dear," to the girl, and taking her hand, "you must let me spend the rest of the night with you." And as I stumbled on to my own room I couldn't help thinking that if anything in the world could comfort her, if consolation was to be found, Agatha Sixth would find it in those dear arms.

PART THREE.

CHAPTER X.

The following morning dawned upon the Castle Wyckhoff house party clear and balmy and typically June. For all the world as if the day it heralded was not a critical one for one of its members, and an anxious one for his two friends, Dearest and myself, who had invited Terhune to the castle solely to further his interests and welfare. At least that was the way I felt about it. Dearest may have had some other object in view. I hadn't seen her since last night, by the way, and I own I felt alarmed for the success of our plans when I thought of the events of that evening and the shocking disclosure of Terhune's inconstancy, to the very one of all others from whom it should have been hidden.

"Poor old Arch!" I said to myself as I sat down at the breakfast table and began to read the paper until the others should join me. "I'm afraid he's gone and done it now! He's made a bally mess of it this time, as sure as eggs!" And yet even in spite of appearances, secretly I hoped, if Agatha Sixth were really as daffy about him as my wife had seemed to think—But the entrance of both the young persons my thoughts had just named interrupted my meditations and I rose as they seated themselves and with an amazing calm began a commonplace little chatter about unimportant things, just as if nothing had happened at all. Nor did the appearance of Agatha First and Terhune one after the other at all disturb their beautiful serenity.

Strange to say, Terhune gave no evidence of any inward disquiet or cause for alarm. He showed not the faintest symptoms of a guilty conscience, but laughed and chatted with his customary sociability. If it had not been for his persistent avoidance of conversation with Agatha First I should have been convinced in spite of the evidence of my own eyes that he was not the traitor and double-dealer we had every reason to think him, but an upright and innocent gentleman deeply in love with Agatha Sixth and Agatha Sixth only, his straying toward Agatha First having been but a temporary swerving from the path of loyalty, born only of his conceit and thirst for flattery. I'm bound to concede, however, that he made no sort of headway with Miss Lawrence, who met his advances with unfailing courtesy, it is true, but a pillar of ice could scarcely have been more unyielding and the look on her little white pansy face was rather pitifully hard. Dearest was only a little more cordial herself, and I pitied the poor old boy as I saw an expression that I could almost have sworn was hurt and bewildered growing upon his face.

But I didn't get a chance to observe them much longer than a first glance before I plunged myself into the duty of entertaining Agatha First, which naturally devolved upon me. The poor girl wasn't game for much conversation, though, I could see that. And by Jove, if Agatha Sixth looked badly, Agatha First looked worse. Never saw such a hopeless wretched looking young woman in my life. If it hadn't been for the presence of the footman, who was in the room, I believe she would have given way to

"What Do You Want to Know For?"

tears at any moment. She certainly looked as if she'd cried all night as it was, and there was hardly a trace of her splendid color left.

Gad! if ever a girl had the appearance of having been run through a wringer, she had. I began to feel more sorry for her than I did for Agatha Sixth, even though her conduct had been more open to criticism.

After all, I soliloquized, the poor thing had as much right to be in love with Terhune as Agatha Sixth did, and perhaps it wasn't quite fair of Dearest to side so entirely with the latter. Of course it was true, as Dearest had explained to me often enough, that Agatha Sixth had cared for him months before Agatha First had ever thought of such a thing, and I suppose had therefore a sort of first claim upon him. And of course the point that she should have seen how things were from the beginning and not allowed herself to get interested, was good, though I didn't argue with them, that she had deliberately tried to alienate Terhune from his acknowledged preference for Agatha Sixth. The girl had never seemed to me to be aware of such a state of things in regard to Terhune and Miss Lawrence and had always gone about her business with the air of a sleep-walker, or as if her mind were on other things.

However, whether that was true or not, I must confess I made rather a mess of my efforts to converse with her and frankly abandoned them for an attempt to get her to eat, but failed also in that. She steadfastly refused everything, even though Dearest, who can't bear anyone to go hungry, however displeased she may be with them, urged her with the utmost cordiality. Dearest makes the prettiest hostess imaginable, and it's only recently that I've been half able to eat for looking at her. Today in honor of its importance I suppose, she had put on my favorite white linen dress with a lot of lace or crochet or something of that sort let in, and I tell you she looked wonderful good. Gad! it's nice to have a wife!

But as I was saying, we were all of us under a rather unusual strain of excitement. I could see as we left the breakfast table that old Arch had begun to have misgivings as to the success of his suit, and was looking very serious as the realization began to dawn upon him that between breakfast and one o'clock he would have to put the decisive question. When he had confided to me last evening that he intended to ask Agatha Sixth today, he had also told me that he meant to wait until the last possible minute to try his fate, in order to humor Agatha Sixth's coquettish desire to keep him waiting for his answer. But he spoke then with a good deal of confidence as to the favorable nature of that answer, while now doubt and anxiety seemed to be his only allies. I was sorry for him, though I couldn't help wondering if his flirtation and disloyal conduct in regard to Agatha First did not make his refusal a just punishment, and I surmised that he had begun to wonder himself if the crowning offense of last night had not become known. In any event, troubled was no word for his expression as we separated in the breakfast room, each to his own pursuits. However deserved his refusal might be, I couldn't help wishing that such a calamity would not overtake him. I think the world of the old boy and I want to see him as happily married as I am—though of course that's not literally possible, as there's only one Dearest in the world.

For myself, I followed my wife out upon the veranda and began to tell her my apprehensions for my friend.

"Look here, Agatha," I said, "I want to know what Terhune's prospects are. What chance has he with Agatha Sixth now? Any at all?" As I have said, I had not yet had an opportunity of speaking privately with her, and she had been with Agatha Sixth all night and was of course in her confidence. I expected to hear how matters stood with Miss Lawrence, that moment and with the fullest detail. I was therefore as disagreeably surprised as I've ever been in my life, by Jove, when my darling eyed me coldly and impersonally and remarked, "What do you want to know for?"

"Why, because I'm interested in Terhune!" I cried, a little injured. "I want him to succeed in inheriting his aunt's property of course! What else?"

"What else indeed!" retorted my wife scornfully. "If you don't know what else," emphasizing the word "know," "I can't waste any more time talking to you!" Then, as she caught my look of utter astonishment, "O, you men! You men!" she added, shaking her head at me, "you're all alike, aren't you?" But I thought better of you, Wilfred."

"Thought better of me? But what about?" I queried.

"Have you forgotten?" she asked me, without answering my question. "Have you forgotten last summer, not quite a year ago, when you and Mr. Terhune first came through the fields of Wye and stayed at Castle Wyckhoff with us all—my aunt Mrs. Armistead and the six other Agathas?"

"Rather not!" I exclaimed. "But what's that got to do with the present case? What do you mean, dear?"

"Don't you remember," she persisted, still ignoring my question, her voice thrilling with tears, "how you yourself behaved at that time? Have you forgotten why it was that you wanted to marry me?"

"Because I loved you!" I burst out, as vehemently as if it were indeed that wonderful self-same moment when I first had asked her. "What else?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Grey" and "Gray."

What is the difference, if any, between "grey" and "gray," aside from the matter of spelling?

The editor of the Oxford Dictionary some years ago made extended inquiry as to usage, and found that opinions in London varied. Replies to his questions showed that in Great Britain the form "grey" is the more frequent in use, despite the authority of Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers, who give the preference to gray. Many correspondents said that they used the two forms with a difference of meaning, or application, the distinction most generally recognized being that grey denotes a more delicate or lighter tint than gray. Others considered the difference to be that gray is a warmer color, or that it has a mixture of red or brown. Another group held that grey has more of sentiment, gray more of color, which may mean that grey is a suggestion rather than a positive outline.

Saying Grace.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Fairy Queen?"—Charles Lamb.

His Awful "Break."

The little god of bad breaks is ever seeking victims. He made a young man at a social gathering the other evening blush for a week. The young man had been introduced to a young woman. "Why, I know a lady by the same name in Kansas City," he remarked, "only she's a beautiful girl." The young woman froze him to the spot, and he was glad of an excuse to leave the gathering.

40 GIRLS BURNED; 50 MORE HURT

FOUR-STORY BRICK BUILDING AT NEWARK, N. J., SCENE OF AWFUL HOLOCAUST.

MOST OF THE VICTIMS IN THE FACTORY BLAZE ARE YOUNG WOMEN.

Many Leap From the Top of the Structure Through Smoke That Hides Rescue Nets.

A death-dealing fire, the most fatal that ever visited Newark, N. J., occurred when the old Domestic Sewing Machine building, at High and Orange streets, burned to the ground. Probably 40 girls employed in the building met death, and 50 were taken to hospitals.

Twenty-three bodies have been recovered, and of these 19 had been identified. The identity of the four others may never be determined.

The building had four floors, and contained five manufacturies. It had formerly been occupied by the Domestic Sewing Machine Co. Portions of it were oil-soaked, and flamed up instantly. There was but one fire escape, and in a couple of minutes after the alarm of fire it was enveloped by flames.

One hundred and twenty-two girls were employed in the building by the five firms quartered there.

Madero's Silence Mystifies Many.

Until the whereabouts of Francisco L. Madero is definitely known, it cannot be asserted definitely that the present compulsory quiet in Mexico will continue.

This is the opinion of Texans who know Mexico and its people as they know their own state. A great mass of correspondence has come in during the last three days from Parral, Chihuahua and Torreon, from business men, lawyers, doctors and quasi-newspaper men. All minimize the disorders of a week ago and all declare that the government is in control except in a few scattered places.

The fact that the insurrecto leaders' whereabouts is not known leads to the supposition that he is engaged in an attempt to join some band of his sympathizers with arms and other munitions of war. But this is only a supposition. If he fails to do so, the small bands now abroad undoubtedly will be gradually exterminated.

Red Cross to Send Out First Aid Car.

Covering a wider field than the portable rescue station being put into service by the bureau of mines, a car will be put on the road by the American Red Cross society about December 5, which will teach first-aid-to-the-injured work to railroad employes, employes of factories, as well as covering other ground where there is danger from accidents.

While this car, which will be known as "the American Red Cross first aid car," will cover a somewhat different field than the bureau of mines' cars, it will work in the mining districts and also will be available in case of mine disasters.

The car, which is now in Buffalo receiving its equipment, was presented to the American Red Cross society by the Pullman Car Co., and the railroads will make no charge for hauling the portable first aid school throughout the country.

Dr. M. Whitfield Glasgow of Birmingham, Ala., will have charge of the car.

Hurl Rocks at Windows.

The political campaign is being waged with a fierceness hitherto unknown in England, both by politicians on the stump and suffragettes on the battlefield.

The battle of Downing street, London, which was fought when several hundred suffragettes attempted to storm the premier's residence, assaulted Mr. Asquith and Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, and broke many windows in the government offices, surpassed all previous spectacles of the sort. About 150 women and several men supporters are in the police station.

Paralysis Takes Judge Tayler.

Judge Robert Walker Tayler, United States judge for the northern district of Ohio, and well known in Detroit from his recent connection with the Detroit United Railway controversy, died suddenly at his home in Cleveland after an illness of less than five hours. Judge Tayler was stricken with paralysis Friday night at a charity festival in honor of St. Luke's hospital.

Lords Issue Up to People.

Finally rejecting the Asquith veto bill, the house of lords of England flung down the gage of battle by passing the Lansdowne-Rosebery proposals for the reformation of the upper chamber. The constitutional dispute will now go before the people at a general election.

The population of Oklahoma is 1,657,155, an increase of 242,978, or 17.2 per cent over 1,410,177 in 1907.

Geo. Warrington, of Chicago, was appointed by President Taft as chief naval constructor of the lighthouse service at $4,000 per annum.

Reports to Lloyd's show several mishaps to craft from American ports. The British ship Crompton, from Tacoma, went ashore in the fog off Port Magee, Ireland, and will be a total wreck. All on board escaped. The American bark James Johnson was injured in a collision. The British steamer Vauxhall, which arrived at Algiers afire, was beached. The British ship Frieda, went ashore off Seamill, Scotland. Lloyd's reports the British steamer Silverdale missing.

HUMAN SCRAP HEAP

HOSPITALS OF FORTY YEAS AGO DENS OF HORROR.

Conditions in One of New York's Great Public Institutions Described in All its Grewsome Inhumanity and Filth.

Even among professional philanthropists it is not generally realized how literally the phrase "scrap them" has applied to our traditional methods of disposing of the industrially maimed and unfit. For many generations our practice has been not unlike that of the Romans, who exposed their aged and infirm slaves to death by the elements upon an island in the Tiber. R. W. Bruere writes in Harper's Magazine. Take, for example, the early history of New York's greatest public charity, Bellevue hospital, which during a considerable part of last century was the general city poorhouse. "There," the records of the institution tell us, "in buildings intended for general almshouse administration, were congregated in one sickening mass the destitute, the prisoners, the victims of all forms of infectious and contagious disease, the insane and the sick dependent children of the city." And how truly that "sickening mass" was regarded as merely a scrap heap the care of the inmates bear witness. In the midst of the glorious struggle when the nation was aflame for the abolition of African slavery, an epidemic, due to the complete lack of all sanitary arrangements, raged in Bellevue. "The patients," relates a visiting physician, "had been removed to one of the garret-like wards immediately beneath the roof. The shingles were broken, and the beds, on account of the great number of victims, had to be placed so closely that the drip pans, which were employed to catch the floods of rain, could no longer be kept on the floor, but were placed upon the beds.

"The treatment consisted chiefly of stimulation, and the raw ward whisky was used for this purpose. On one occasion, in the dead of winter, I visited the ward and ordered an increased ration of toddy for all the patients because of the extreme cold. There was no suitable means of heating the garret. Early the next morning, fearful that disaster might have overtaken my patients, I rose and struggled to the hospital through a blinding blizzard which had been raging since the afternoon before. On climbing the last steps and opened the creaking door, I encountered a horrible sight. My two nurses—foul, debauched, penitentiary prisoners—lay in a drunken stupor upon the floor. Snow had drifted in through the rifts in the rotten roof and lay in great white sheets about the room. It covered the dirt. On some of the beds it had been in part brushed away by the dying patients. On 12 beds its surface was unbroken. The nurses had drunk their patients' liquor, and during the night 12 victims had died."

Getting at the Point.

Said the man who had been unable to learn the address of a slippery customer who moved often and left no address to the woman who had leased it:

"How did you get it?"

"I have known it for a month," she said. "The last time I saw him was June 3, and he said then that I would hear from him again within a month if he could possibly arrange it. If not, as soon after that as he conveniently could, so I kept putting things off from day to day thinking I would hear from him—"

"How did you get it?" he interrupted impatiently.

"I'm telling you how. After I had waited a whole month I got desperate. He is unstable as water, but he has usually kept his word with me, and I felt sure that something had happened to him, and not one of us there to do anything—"

"How did you get it?" louder and still more impatiently.

"I met him in the street," she said, genuinely surprised at his impatience, "and he told me himself."

Mon Dieu! 100 Francs.

"I am looking for an artist to do a little sketch," said the American visitor to the Parisian. "These big artists that you tell me about."

"The artists in Paris receive very little for their work, compared with American artists, they are really poorly paid; at least, that applies to the rank and file. The big artists get enormous sums."

"Where could I find one of them?"

"Oh, my dear Monsieur, you could never touch them," the Frenchman replied. "I beg you—"

"Well," said the American, seeking something definite regarding the remuneration, "what would one of the big ones charge me for a little sketch like this?"

"Like that?" taking the sketch and scanning it carefully. "Mon ami, Gabriel would charge you 100f. for that."

The American visitor had asked from curiosity, not daring to hope that he could meet the "big artists" prices. He rolled up his sketch and said:

"Where does Gabriel live?"

"You are not going to order a sketch at that price, Monsieur?"

"Oh," said the American, repressing a smile, "I think I will look over his collection."

"Mon Dieu, I do believe he is going to buy it!" ejaculated the Parisian, as the American withdrew.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING REDUCED

Much has been said about the high cost of living, its causes, and the possibilities of its reduction. But little has been said about the most costly leak: the false economy existing today in nearly every household.

Much foodstuffs are bought with but one point in view: "How cheap can I get it" without a thought of quality or "after cost." One of the most serious is baking powder.

By the use of perfect baking powder the housewife can derive as much economy as from any other article used in baking and cooking. In selecting the baking powder, therefore, care should be exercised to purchase one that retains its original strength and always remains the same, thus making the food sweet and wholesome and producing sufficient leavening gas to make the baking light.

Very little of this leavening gas is produced by the cheap baking powders, making it necessary to use double the quantity ordinarily required to secure good results.

You cannot experiment every time you make a cake or biscuits, or test the strength of your baking powder to find out how much of it you should use; yet with most baking powders you should do this for they are put together so carelessly they are never uniform, the quality and strength varying with each can purchased.

Calumet Baking Powder is made of chemically pure ingredients of tested strength. Experienced chemists put it up. The proportions of the different materials remain always the same. Sealed in air-tight cans, Calumet Baking Powder does not alter in strength and is not affected by atmospheric changes.

In using Calumet you are bound to have uniform bread, cake or biscuits, as Calumet does not contain any cheap, useless or adulterating ingredients so commonly used to increase the weight. Further, it produces pure, wholesome food, and is a baking powder of rare merit; therefore, is recommended by leading practical and scientific men. It complies with all pure food laws, both STATE and NATIONAL. The goods are moderate in price, and any lady purchasing Calumet from her grocer, if not satisfied with it, can return it and have her money refunded.

A Sure Cure.

Randall—How did she cure her daughter of that disagreeable habit of crossing her knees?

Rogers—Bought her a hobble skirt.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the
Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Making It Palatable.

The Barber—That's great soap I'm using on your face. It's made of corn meal.

The Victim—I think it would taste better if you put some milk with it.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. Your Druggist, My Druggist, Any Druggist in Michigan.

TOUGH LUCK, INDEED.

Nurse—Hivins! The baby swallowed a bottle of ink an' not a bit of blotting paper in th' house!

END STOMACH TROUBLE NOW

Dyspepsia, Gas, Sourness or Indigestion Go Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or you feel bloated after eating, and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lies like lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing, eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brash or a belching of gas, you can make up your mind that you need something to stop food fermentation and cure indigestion.

A large case of Pape's Diapepsin costs only fifty cents at any drug store here in town, and will convince any stomach sufferer five minutes after taking a single dose that Fermentation and Sour Stomach is causing the misery of indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble Catarrh of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Nervousness or Gastritis, or by any other name—always remember that a certain cure is waiting at your drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapepsin will regulate any out-of-order Stomach within five minutes, and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort, all of any kind of food you eat.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any chronic case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other Stomach trouble.

Should you at this moment be suffering from Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or any stomach disorder, you can surely get relief within five minutes.

A true friend is a link of gold in the chain of life.