

Dice of Destiny

by Jackson Gregory

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"SIT DOWN!"

Synopsis—Senor Antonio de la Guerra, a fine old Spaniard living on his ancestral estate on the American side of the Mexican border, is informed by his American lawyer, Dempson, that there is a technical error in his will. He thereupon signs a new will, without reading it. While this is going on his adorable granddaughter and heiress, Senorita Teresa, is out on her rose-covered balcony listening to American love-making from Billy Stanway, owner of the Painted Rock ranch. Teresa goes to join her grandfather and finds him gone, with the drawing room in disorder and blood on the floor. The American takes command of the situation. Senor Eduardo Ramirez, a hated kinsman, arrives. Stanway and the De la Guerra ranch band return from vain pursuit of the bandits. The new will distributes Teresa and makes Torre solo heir. Captain Jureza, nominally representing the bandits, appears and demands \$20,000 ransom for De la Guerra. Torre, as heir, assumes control.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Unfortunately," he answered his summons to the rancho, I came too late for him to make me cognate of the hiding place. Perhaps you, prima mia, are better informed?"

"Perhaps," she answered him quietly, though the color still ran red in her cheeks.

"And perhaps," added Stanway significantly, "Senor Torre would be glad to have knowledge of this; because, would be glad to have the money handed over to his emissary?"

"Emissary?" Again Torre's black brows arched. "The fabrications of the American's suspicions are truly wonderful! He would suspect me of robbing myself?"

He laughed insolently. Stanway looked questioningly at the girl.

"Prima mia," began Torre, "the girl whirled upon him, her eyes flashing.

"Senor Torre," she cried passionately, "you make it necessary for me to remind you that our relationship is not of my choosing, and that we are not close enough for you to call me cousin! If you find it necessary to address me at all I should like to be addressed as Senorita de la Guerra. Please remember."

Torre flushed angrily but managed his careless smile.

"As you wish, Senorita de la Guerra," he retorted. "May I suggest something?"

"What is it?" shortly.

"Merely this: This man who calls himself Captain Jureza may be a rank impostor, as well as a scoundrel. Before even touching the matter of a ransom would it not be well to ask him to prove to us that he knows at least where our kinsman is? If you rang for Pedro again and sent him with the message—"

Torre rang and sat to a musing silence until Pedro came.

"Pedro," she said then, "tell Captain Jureza that we are considering his proposition. Tell him further that we wish to be certain that he really came and that he really means."

Pedro bowed, withdrew, and returned almost immediately, his face strangely white, his hand shaking as he held out something to the girl.

"It is the master's ring," he said, deeply agitated. "The ring he wore always upon his left hand. Senorita, senorita," his voice choking, his eyes glistening, "you will not let them kill him?"

"No, Pedro." She took the ring, her own eyes shining. "If he comes to him, Pedro," she went on steadily, "we shall know what to do, shall we not?"

Pedro made no spoken answer. But his eyes, suddenly hard and cruel, went straight to Torre, resting full of meaning upon him. Then, without a word, he turned and disappeared abruptly, the servant left the room.

"It is papa grande's ring, Senor Stanway," she ignored Torre entirely. "I am afraid that Captain Jureza speaks the truth."

Stanway stood with drawn brows, staring at the floor. The whole affair was so eloquent of rascality on the part of the de la Guerra, black-mailed Torre it was so inconceivable that his presence here now was at part of dark design, so ridiculous to suppose that Antonio de la Guerra had ever really purposed dismembering the girl who was dearer to him than daughters to most men—and yet what to do?

Suddenly Stanway bent forward, whispering swiftly, guardedly, to the girl.

And then, after Stanway had finished and stood erect again, looking down upon her, as Torre watched, his eyes narrowing suspiciously, he had clenched, her chin squared, de-

termination came into her men and voice.

"It is a chance, senor," she said. She rose and stood looking at him steadily, still ignoring Torre. "It is a game of dice with our destinies."

"And you will play it, senorita?" eagerly from the American.

She made a little gesture as though she were handing something to him. "I place the die on your hands."

"May I, Senor Billy?"

"Then," cried Stanway, "we must waste no time! Call Pedro."

She rang. Torre, still watching suspiciously, made no comment. Pedro came in his swift, silent fashion.

"Send word to Gucho to come to the house immediately," Stanway told him. "Let him bring three men with him! Let them come armed. And see that Captain Jureza does not leave the house. I shall entertain Senor Torre."

A quick light of understanding leaped up in Pedro's eyes. He turned with a brief, grunted "Bueno," and hurried on his errand.

Torre had leaped to his feet, his face crimson.

"What does this mean?" he cried sharply. "As heir to the De la Guerra estates I demand—"

"Sit down!" Stanway's voice was very cool, but it rang with an unmis-

takeable sternness. "We are going to begin our game of dice presently. And you will do well, senor, in playing your hand to keep right on smoking—and sit down!"

His hand moved a very little as he spoke, coming to rest upon his right hip. Torre sat down.

CHAPTER VI.

A Lawyer Plays Witnes.

"Vidal has returned, senor."

Billy Stanway awoke with a start. The late afternoon sun was streaming through the drawn curtains of the guestroom, to which he had been shown, and Pedro stood over his bed.

"Vidal has brought Mr. Dempson back with him?" he asked, sitting up.

"Si, senor," grinned Pedro. "I think that Mr. Dempson did not like of some, but then will you see that quickly—you know Vidal, senor."

"Torre and Jureza have had no word together? They know nothing of our having brought Dempson to the rancho?"

"No, senor."

Stanway slipped out of bed, his great sleeky body towering for a moment over the lesser form of the breed.

"You are a gentleman," Pedro, he said warmly. "Your master, when he comes back to us, will have you to thank as much as anyone. Now, will you ask your senorita to come to the library? And then will you see that Vidal brings the lawyer there?"

Pedro went about his errand, and Stanway, dressing swiftly, went to the library, which he had chosen because it was at one end of the house, and so a place in which to converse without fear of being overheard by Torre or the captain.

Vidal was there before him, a big man with a beautiful body and a scared, ugly face. And with him, looking grotesquely small, pitifully inefficient in the presence of his guest, was Dempson.

"Mr. Stanway, sir," the lawyer was upon his feet in an instant, his face red with anger, his speech broken, "a place in which to converse without fear of being overheard by Torre or the captain."

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The KITCHEN CABINET

When I cannot get a dinner to suit my taste, I get it into to suit my dinner.—Washington Irving.

RESERVING SMALL AMOUNTS OF MEAT.

A cupful or two of any kind of well-cooked meat may make a most tasty dish if carefully prepared.

Chicken Gouache.—Cut into dice two medium-sized uncooked potatoes. Put into a frying pan two tablespoonfuls of oil, but not the potato dice. Stir, to keep from burning, and cook five minutes. Then add a dash of paprika, a cupful of boiling water, a crushed clove of garlic, a cupful of cold cooked chicken chopped fine, and salt to taste. Cover and cook until the potatoes are done, stirring frequently.

Spanish Chicken.—Make a sauce of one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour and two cupfuls of water in which a little beef extract has been dissolved. Add one cupful of cooked chicken cut fine, one small onion cut in slices and parboiled, one potato cut in bits and two tablespoonfuls of cooked peas. Heat thoroughly and serve on toast.

Beef Friedsoles.—Take two cupfuls of cold cooked beef minced fine, season with salt and pepper, sugar, thyme, lemon juice and grated onion. Add half a cupful of cold boiled rice or dry bread crumbs and one egg well beaten. Add a little water if needed, to make a paste. Form into flat cakes and fry in deep fat.

French Beef Hash.—Prepare as usual, and fill a buttered baking dish or individual dishes two-thirds full. Cover the top with seasoned mashed potato made very light with cream.

"There is what you men of the law term an accessory before the fact?" "Certainly," snapped the lawyer. "But if you care to consult me in a legal capacity—"

"I don't," he replied. "We are sending for Mr. Branson of Branson & Howard to advise us."

Dempson's tongue ran back and forth between his dry lips.

"Now," went on Stanway, without waiting for an answer, "how much money did Torre pay you for your part?"

Again Dempson had leaped to his feet, his face flushed, his eyes ablaze.

"Sit down!" Stanway caught him by the shoulders and drove him back into his chair. "Did you know that after you had gone and before he was spirited away, Senor de la Guerra added his own notes to his memoirs?"

"What are you driving at?" fumed Dempson.

Stanway stepped to the door.

"Vidal," he called, "Mr. Dempson will remain here in the library. You will see that he does not grow lonesome? Bueno." He came back to Dempson's side and added quietly: "I am driving at this: the senor made certain observations upon the character of Americans. He mentioned the fact that a certain man had just come and gone whom he did not trust; he mentioned a flaw that that man had perpetrated in the past."

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Smart Versions of the Suit



One does not have to assert the popularity of the tailored suit when writing of fashions. In America it goes without saying, for the suit is always the backbone of the American woman's outfit, for every season of the year. It fits in with her manner of life. If our devotion to the tailored suit needed any sustaining it would not lack it; for Paris has pronounced its approval of our favorite and set about to show what France can do in the production of smart models. We are glad to study these examples of the genius of the French and confident that, in this particular field, American models will never suffer by comparison. They are more likely to excel over their competitors. But we cannot have all the good ideas and we will profit by the exhaustless ingenuity of the French.

Two handsome and practical "made in America" suits for the coming winter season, just the models for those who give the study of styles in suits the attention it deserves. The tailored suit more than anything else needs to be carefully selected. There are a few new pieces of the made to order, they include the prominence given very high choker collars, wider skirts and longer coats, semi-tailored, and a few rather snugly fitted coats with ripple skirts, shorter than those of the semi-tailored models. A fine model for practical use is shown with a coat that is an extreme of the mode in length. It has a straight front and paneled back and between them, at each side, tucked under arm pieces are set in. The skirts are graduated in width, with the widest one eight inches above the hem. Two bone buttons at the front of the coat and one on each sleeve indicate that buttons must play a minor role as a decorative feature for this season. The skirt is plain. The outline is the favorite material for suits of this character.

A more dressy suit of velours reveals a coat that is very new in design. It is semi-tailored, with skirt pattern set on to make an effect of drapery on the hips, and this piece is embroidered in points with graduated disks between them. The same design appears on the skirt which in this suit is considerably wider than those of the past season. At the front and back, between the embroidered points, a handsome motif emphasizes the prominence given to embroidery in this model and indicates that skirts may be less plain than they have been. The very narrow skirt has disappeared, for which dispensation of fashion let us be thankful.

In toilet preparations our grandmothers made many things for themselves of the harmless and homely ingredients they had at hand. Some of these old recipes have been preserved and have proven their worth in performing the work they are intended for. Besides being less expensive than the lotions and creams bought in the shops one has the satisfaction of knowing just what is in them. For the complexion and for the hair these home-made preparations probably have tonic and healing qualities as effective as the manufactured articles. At least they will answer the purpose for which they are used. Money spent for toilet preparations is an extravagance when here the old fashioned and reliable formula for treatment of a dry skin.

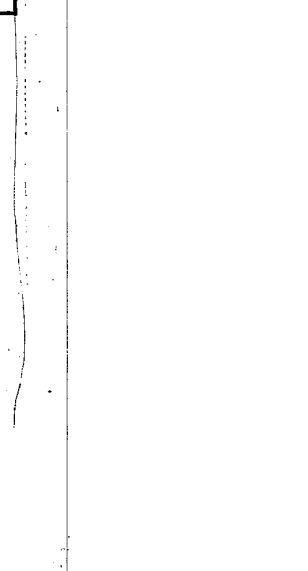
When the skin is dry and harsh it should be washed only once a day in warm water, using a pure, bland soap, and rinsed in cold water. This is done in the morning. During the day use a disagreeable cream, rubbing it in and then wiping it off with a piece of old linen. At night rub in the cream but do not rub it off but allow it to remain all night.

The disappearing cream is made as follows: White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; almond oil, 4 ounces; rose water, 4 ounces. Use as described above. Can be put up by any druggist or at home, remembering that a piece of cream is better than the smoother it will be.

An Astringent Cream.

A well-known astringent cream is made from four ounces of mutton tallow, and a quarter ounce of glycerine, one-half a dram of tincture of benzoin, a quarter of a dram of spirits of camphor, one-eighth of a dram of powder of alum, one-quarter of a dram of Russian tinsam and one-half a dram of rose water. The rose water is warmed in a

Economy Corner



china cup set in hot water and the starch is dissolved in it. The mutton tallow, which has previously been tried out at gentle heat and added to the glycerin, is then blended with the rose water, and the other ingredients are added while the mixture is being beaten. This makes a cream which is astringent, tightening the skin, without allowing it to become flabby.

To Soften the Hands.

Before retiring take a large pair of gloves and spread mutton tallow inside, also all over the hands. Wear the gloves all night and wash the hands with olive oil and white Castile soap in the morning; after cleansing the hands with soap rub them well with oatmeal while still wet.

Wool Embroidery.

Wool embroidery continues to appear with insistent frequency on summer gowns, for both morning and afternoon wear.

Linen, silk and organdie are embroidered in "natural" colors, as a hat trimming; wool flowers, fruits and geometrical figures continue in high favor.

Two shades of yellow pumpkin and lemon are lovely against a background of blue white. A bread of black and another of white give perfect tone values to the various shades which are used in embroideries.

Seen in Fifth Avenue.

An unusual dress recently seen on Fifth avenue was of white satin with overdrapery of navy georgette falling from shoulders to hem. The georgette was bordered by wide band of white beadwork, and a collar reaching almost to the waistline was similarly beaded.

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