By F. MARION CRAWFORD

LAUTHOR OF "SARACINESEA," "ARETHUSA" ETGHE ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL COPYRIGHT 1907 BY F. MARION CRAWFORD



door. Spiro was left outside, of

Mr. Van Torp shook hands coldly

with Logotheti; Baraka walked direct-

ly to Kralinsky, and then stood stone

still before him, gazing up steadily

Kralinsky, with his eye-glass in his

eye, surveyed the lovely young bar-

half a minute. Then she spoke in her

own language and Kralinsky answered

her, and only Logotheti understood

what they said to each other. Prob-

ably it did not occur to Kralinsky that

"You are not Ivan. You are fatter.

Yurvi, his brother. I never saw you

The proud little head was bowed

down for a moment and Baraka did

not speak till several seconds had

passed. Then she looked up again

suddenly. Her dark eyes were quite

"I was with him and buried him."

She turned, her head high, and went

"Mons. Logotheti!" Lady Maud

called him, and the Greek crossed the

saloon and stood by her. "He is not

the man, I see," she said, with a

Van Torp was speaking with Kra-

linsky in low tones. Lady Maud spoke

to Logotheti again, after an instant, in

which she drew a painful breath and

"Miss Donne knows that you are on

board," she said, "but she wishes me

to say that she will not see you, and

that she considers her engagement at

"Will you kindly give a message to

"That quite depends on what it is,"

She felt that she herself had got

something near a death-wound, but

"I beg you to tell Miss Donne that I

yield to her decision," said Logotheti

each other, and it is better that we

should part. But I cannot accept as

the cause of our parting the fact that

girl whom I have extracted from great

trouble and have treated, and still

treat, precisely as I should have

treated Miss Donne if she had been

He turned and went towards the

'This gentleman," he said, "is not

door, but stopped to speak to Van

the man my guest was anxious to find,

though he is strikingly like him. I

Mr. Van Torp was extremely grate-

himself in Margaret's eyes, and would

in any case have seen him to the

gangway, but he was also very anx-

ious to know what Kralinsky and Ba-

He therefore opened the door for the

"Thank you. Good-morning."

"We are not suited to

an end, after what you have done."

Miss Donne from me?" he asked.

Logotheti did not hesitate.

Lady Maud answered coldly.

she would not break down.

"I will tell her that."

vague doubt in her voice.

to the door, and no one hindered her

"More than four months."

the Greek knew Tartar.

but he told me of you.'

"Where is Ivan?"

"How long?"

"You know it?"

"It is enough?

from going out.

"No."

grew paler.

with dignity.

Torp.

"Dead."

dry.

and you have not his eyes."

Logotheti drew a long breath.

course

into his eyes.

Baraka. a Tartar girl, became enamored of a golden bearded stranger who was prospecting and studying herbs in the vicinity of her home in central Asia, and revealed to him the location of a mine of rubies hoping that the stranger would love her in return for her disclosure. They were followed to the cave by the girl's relatives, who blocked up the entrance, and drew off the water supply, leaving the couple to die. Baraka's cousin Saad, her betrothed, attempted to climb down a cliff overlooking the mine; but the traveler shot him. The stranger was revived from a water gourd Saad carried, dug his way out of the tunnel, and departed, deserting the girl and carrying a bag of rubies. Baraka sathered all the gems she could carry, and started in pursuit. Margaret Donne (Margarita da Cordova, a famous prima domna, became engaged in London to Konstantin Logothet', a wealthy Greek financier. Her intimate friend was Countess Leven, known as Lady Maud, whose husband had been killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg; and Lady Maud's most intimate friend was Rutus Van Torp, an American, who had become one of the richest men in the world. Van Torp was in love with Margaret, and rushed to London as soon as he heard of her betrothal. He offered Lady Maud \$5,000,000 for her pet charity if she would aid him in winning the singer from Logotheti. Baraka approached Logotheti at Versailles with rubles to sell. He presented a ruby to Margaret. Van Torp bought a yacht and sent it to Venice. He was visited by Baraka in male attire. She gave him a ruby after the American had told her of having seen in the United States a man answering the description of the one she loved. The American followed Margaret to the Bayreuth. Van Torp believed him to be the one Baraka was pursuing. Baraka was arrested in London on the charge of stealing from Pinney, a jeweler, the ruby she had sold to Logotheti. Two strangers were the thieves. Lady Maud believed that Logotheti's associations with Baraka were open to suspicion, and so informed Margaret. Van SYNOPSIS. Two strangers were the thieves. Lady Mand believed that Logotheti's associations with Baraka were open to suspicion, and so informed Margaret. Van Torp believed that Kralinsky was the cowboy he had known in his young manhood. Logotheti secured Baraka's release, and then, with her as his guest, went to sea on his yacht Erinna. Baraka explains her plans for revenge on the man who had deserted her and left her to die. Logotheti succeeds in moderating her rage. Lady Mand arrived in Bayreuth. Margaret and Van Torp entered into an agreement to build a tremendous opera house in New York The thief who stole the rule from Mr. Pinney was arrested in New York and the stone recovered. Lady Mand confided to Van Torp that she believed Kralinsky to be the husband, she had believed dead. Van Torp promised his help to unravel the mystery. The party gathered on Van Torp's yacht and Lady Mand discovered that Kralinsky is her husband. He offered to rejoin and be true to her. She refused. Logotheti took Baraka ashore at Naples to procure her a proper outfil. He proposed to marry her, half in jocularity, and she agreed to do so it she could find the man she sought. Van Torp's yacht arrived at Messina, and not finding Logotheti there the party went on to Naples. The yachts met and Baraka recognized in Kralinsky the man she sought. Logotheti, Baraka ashor went aboard the Lancashire Lass.

## CHAPTER XV.-Continued.

But now, at the very moment meeting Margaret, he knew that if he found her very angry with him, he would simply listen to what she had to say, make a humble apology, state the truth coldly, and return to his own yacht with Baraka, under her I have given my protection to a young very eyes, and in full sight of Lady Maud and Mrs. Rushmore. Besides, he felt tolerably sure that when Spiro failed to carry out the young Tartar girl's murderous instructions, she my guest. Will you tell her that?"
would forget all about the oath she "I will tell her that." had sworn by the "inviolable water of the Styx" and try to kill him with her own hands, so that it would be necessary to take her away abruptly, and even forcibly.

Before the Erinna had quite lost her way, Logotheti had his naphtha launch puffing alongside, and he got have to thank you for giving her an out kicking. into it with Baraka and Spiro, and the opportunity of satisfying herself. Good- "Stemp." Lancashire Lass had barely time to morning." lower her ladder, while still moving slowly, before the visitors were there. ful to Logotheti for having ruined

Baraka bade Logotheti go up first, and trod daintily on the grated steps as she followed him. The chief mate and chief steward were waiting at the gangway! The mate saluted; the raka had said to each other in Tartar. steward fed the visitors to the main

disappeared; they were already in the aunch, waiting.

"Now what did they say, if it isn't a rude question?" asked the American. Logotheti repeated the short conver ntion almost word for word.

"He said that his name was Yuryi,"

"Oh, he's George, is he? And what's his dead brother's name, again,

"Ivan. That is John. Before w through Lady Maud. One thing more, please. I wish you to know, as be treated Baraka as I would my own sister since I got her out of prison, and I beg that you won't encourage any disagreeable talk about her."

"Well, now," said the American slowly, "I'm glad to hear you say that, once, sir." just in that way. I guess it'll be all

"Thank you," said Logotheti, mov-

ing towards the gangway.

They shook hands with some cordiality, and Logotheti ran down the steps like a sailor, without laying his hand on the man-rope, stepped on board his launch and was off in a moment.

"Good-by! good-by, Miss Barrack, and good luck to you!" cried Van Torp, waving his cap.

Logotheti translated his words to Baraka, who looked back with a grateful smile, as if she had not just heard that the man she had risked her life to find in two continents had been dead four months.

"It was his portion," she said grave ly, when she was alone with Logotheti on the Erinna, and the chain was coming in fast.

Van Torp went back to the main saloon and found Lady Maud and Kralinsky there. She was apparently about to leave the count, for she was coming towards the door, and her eyes were dark and angry.

"Refus," she said, "this man is my husband, and insists that I should take him back. I will not. Will you kindly have me put ashore before you start again? My things are ready now.

"Excuse me," answered Mr. Van Torp, digging his large thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, "there's a mis take. He's not your husband.' "He is, indeed!" cried Lady Maud

in a tone her friend never forgot. "I am Boris Leven," said Kralinsky n an authoritative tone, and coming forward almost defiantly.

"Then why did you tell the Tartan Neither Margaret nor Mrs. Rush girl that your name was George?" more was to be seen. Van Torp and asked Mr. Van Torp, unmoved. Logotheti both watched the other two, "I did not." looking from one face to the other

"You've evidently forgotten. That Greek gentleman speaks Tartar better than you. I wonder where you learned barian unmoved, and the silence lasted it! He's just told me you said your name was George."

"My name is George Boris," an swered Kralinsky, less confidently. He was not a coward, but he had never been face to face with Van Torp when he meant business, and the

terrible American cowed him. "My husband's name is only Boris -nothing else," said Lady Maud.
"Well, this isn't your husband; this is George, whoever he is, and if you

don't believe it, I'm going to give you an object lesson." Thereupon Mr. Van Torp pressed

the button of a bell in the bulk-head near the door, which he opened, and he stood looking out. A steward came at once.

"Send me Stemp," said Van Torp in a low voice, as he stepped outside.

"And, see here, send six sailors with

him."

"Very good, sir." Mr. Van Torp went in again and shut the door. Kralinsky disdained

flight, and was looking out of a win-dow. Lady Maud had sat down again. For the first time in her life she felt In less than one minute the door

opened and Stemp appeared, impas sive and respectful. Behind him was the boatswain, a huge Northumbrian, and five young seamen in perfectly new guernseys, with fair quiet faces. "Stemp." "Yes, sir."

"Take that man somewhere and shave him. Leave his mustache on. Van Torp pointed to Kralinsky.

For once in his life Stemp gasped for breath. Kralinsky turned a greenish white, and seemed paralyzed with rage.

"Take his beard off, sir, you mean?" "Yes. Leave his mustache. Here, men," added Van Torp, "take that fellow outside and hold him down in a chair while Stemp shaves him. See? The boatswain looked doubtful. "He's pretending to be somebody he's not,'

said Van Torp, "on my ship, and I

want to see his face. It's mutiny if

you don't obey orders!"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the boat swain cheerfully, for he rather liked the job since there was a good reason for it.

But instead of going about his business gently, the Northumbrian giant suddenly dashed past Van Torp in a flash, and jumped and hurled himself head foremost at Kralinsky's legs, exactly as if he were diving. In the count's violent fall the revolver he had drawn was thrown from his hand and went off in the air. The boatswain had seen it in time. The big man struggled a little, but the five seamen held him fast and carried him

The valet was preparing to follow the prisoner, and was quite calm of Boris Leven appeared in legions again.

"Yes, vir." "If he won't sit still to be shaved, cut his head off."

"Yes, sir. Van Torp's eyes were awful to see. He had never been so angry in his caloon, ushered them in and shut the Greek, followed him out and shut it life. He turned and saw Lady Maud law was obliged to declare that the

behind him. Baraka and Spiro had pressing her handkerchief to her right temple. The ball had grazed it, though it had certainly not been meant for her. "Rufus!" she cried in great distress,

what have you done? "The question is what he's done to

"He said that his name was Yuryi," you," answered Van Torp. "I believe concluded. "That is George in Eng-"It's nothing. Thank God it hit me!

It was meant for you." Van Torp's rage instantly turned into tender care, and he insisted on examining the wound, which was part, Van Torp, I may as well tell slight but would leave a scar. By a you that my engagement with Miss miracle the ball had grazed the angle Donne is at an end. She was good of the temple without going near the enough to inform me of her decision temporal artery, and scarcely singeing the thick brown hair.

Van Torp rang and sent for water tween man and man, that I have and absorbent cotton, and made a very neat dressing, over which Lady Maud tied her big veil. Just as this

was done Stemp appeared at the door. "It's ready, sir, if you would like to come and see. I've not scratched him,

"All right." Van Torp turned to right about any remarks on board my Lady Maud. "Do you feel faint? Lean ship, now you've spoken."

But she would not, and she walked bravely, holding herself so straight that she looked much taller than he, though sne felt as if she were going to execution.

A moment later she uttered a loud cry and clung to Van Torp's shoulder with both hands. But as for him, he said only two words. "You hellhound!"

The man was not Boris Leven. The eyes, the upper part of the face. the hair, even the flowing mustaches were his, but not the small retreating chin crossed by the sharp, thin scar of a sword-cut long healed.

"I know who you are," said Van Torp, surveying him gravely. 'You're Long-legged Levi's brother, that disappeared before he did. I remember that scar."

"Let me off easy," said Long-legged Levi's brother. "I've not done you any harm."

"Beyond wounding Lady Maud: after trying to pass yourself off as her dead husband. No. I won't let you off. Boatswain, I want this man arrested, and we'll take him and all his belongings before the British consul in Messina in less than an hour. You just attend to that, will you? Some body go and tell the captain." "Aye, aye, sir."

The rest is soon told. A long in quiry followed, which led to the solution of the mystery and sent Count Yuryi Leven to Siberia; for he was Boris Leven's twin brother.

The truth turned out to be that there had been three brothers, the youngest being Ivan, and they had all entered the same Cossack regiment, and had served in the Caucasus, where most officers learn the Tartar language, which is spoken by all the different tribes. It will be simpler to designate them by the English equivalents for their names.

Boris behaved himself, tolerably well in the army, but both his brothers, John and George, was his tunate people to live decent lives in twin, were broken for cheating at quiet corners without starving, incards, and emigrated to America. So long as they all wore their beards as from behind the virtue-curtain and be Pinney answered that it was now cut officers of Cossack regiments usual reformed in public. It is a very ex- and was in his safe for sale. ly do, they were very much alike. They were all educated men of refined hard to exercise, and will never be be tactful to offer it to Mr. Van Torp. stes, and particularly fond of music.

When his two brothers were cashiered, Boris resigned, entered the diploniatic service, married Lady Maud Foxwell, and was killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg.

John and George separated in America when they were tired of punching cattle. John was something of a naturalist

and was by far the most gifted of the three as well as the most daring. He gravitated to China and at last to Mongolia, wandering alone in search ing that she hoped to meet his wife of plants and minerals, and it was to him that Baraka showed the ruby mine. He got back to civilization with his treasure and took it to Petersburg unmolested.

There he found George earning poor living in an obscure position in the public service, his conduct in the army having been condoned or over looked. John, who was the incarnation of selfishness, would do nothing for him. George, exasperated by him, and half starved, murdered him in such a way that he was supposed to have died by an accident, took possession of his hoard of unsold rubies, and wrote to his twin brother to come and share the fortune John had left them.

George and Boris had been in constant correspondence, and had even helped each other with money from time to time. Some weeks elapsed after Boris' return to St. Petersburg before his death, and during that time he told George, who knew London well and had, moreover, helped him in his attempt to get a divorce, a vast number of details about his married life and his wife's behavior, her character and tastes. Then Boris was killed in the street, and George left the country and changed his name, with the vague idea that his own was artists, whose names were given. not a very creditable one and that if he kept it he might be troubled by his brother Boris' numerous creditors. He began life over again as Kralinsky.

He had not entertained the least in tention of passing himself for Boris and claiming Lady Maud as his wife till he met her, and her beauty made him lose his head completely when he saw that she took him for her husband. He would have been found out inevitably sooner or later, but Van sent to New York himself to build it. Torp's vigorous action shortened Lady Maud's torments.

George was tried, and Russian justice awoke, possibly under pressure from England. The family history of the Levens was exhumed and dissected before the courts. The creditors and claimed that in proper course he should have inherited the rubies from his murdered brother, and would then have been able to pay his debts. The court thought so too, and ordered the confiscated treasure to be sold. But since it had been Boris', the



Wandering Alone In Search of Plants and Minerals.

residue of the money, after paying the | thing she should really like, but that debts, was the property of Countess she could not have it, because it was Leven, Boris' widow.

Lady Maud thus found herself in ossession of a considerable fortune, for she accepted the inheritance when had taken to Pinney's to be cut, and she was assured that it would go to which had been the cause of so many the Russian crown if she refused it. unexpected events, including her mar-

be her own invention, if it may be properly called charity at all, and which consists in making it worth as a remembrance than for its beauty. while and agreeable to certain unforpopular; for the popular charities are those that cost least and are no trouble.

learning French and English on the given to the poor Greeks in London, Bosphorus with her husband, and will under the supervision of Lady Maud make a sensation when he brings her Leven, the Turkish ambassador and to London and Paris. On the day of the Greek minister, as a committee. his marriage in Constantinople Logo- Mr. Pinney, after consultation with the theti received a letter from Lady Maud telling him how sorry she was pounds. Mr. Van Torp wrote & check that she had not believed him that for the money, put the stone into an day on the yacht at Scaletta, and saysoon. It was an honest apology from an honest woman.

He received a letter a few days later from Margaret, and on the same day a magnificently printed and reck lessly illustrated booklet reached him. forwarded from Paris. The letter was from Margaret to tell him that she also took back what she had thought about Baraka and hoped to see him and her before long. She said she was glad, on the whole, that he had acted like a lunatic, because it was likely that they would both be hap-She herself, she said, was goprier. ing to be married to Mr. Van Torp at St. George's. Hanover square, before sailing for New York, where she was going to sing at the opera after Christmas. If he should be in town then she hoped he would come and bring his wife.

The booklet was an announcement interleaved with fine etchings, to the effect that "The Mme. da Cordova and Rufus Van Torp Company" would open their new opera house in Fifth avenue less than two years hence with a grand Wagner festival, to last two months, and to include the performance of "Parsifal" with entirely new scenery, and the greatest living

Mr. Van Torp had told the diva that he would like her to choose a wedding present which she really wanted, adding that he had a few things for her already. He produced some of them, but some were on paper. Among the latter was a house in New York, overlooking the park and copied exactly from her own in London, the English architect having been Two small items were two luxurious private cars of entirely different pat- may be used in the same way for conterns, one for America and one for Europe, which she was always to use when she traveled, professionally or otherwise. He said he did not give her the Lancashire Lass because it wasn't quite new"-having been about his own reasons, one of which was that the yacht represented a sentiment to him, and was what he would have called a "souviner." But if she cied, "now was the time"

not in the market. He asked what it was, and it turned out to be the ruby which Logotheti had given her, and The wealth Lady Maud thus com- riage. Logotheti had it in his possesmands enables her to carry much sion, she supposed, but he had shown further than formerly the peculiar good taste in not trying to press it on form of charity which she believes to her as a wedding present, for she could not have accepted it. Neverthe-

less, she wanted it very much, more

Mr. Van Torp said he "thought he could fix that," and he did. He went directly to Mr. Pinney and asked stead of calling to them to come out what had become of the stone. Mr. The pensive charity, however, and very good man had felt that it would not Logotheti, who was a fine gentleman in his way, had ordered it to be sold. when a good opportunity offered, and Mme. Konstantinos Logotheti is directed that the money should be best experts, valued it at 14,000 inner pocket, and took it to the diva.

"Well," he said, smiling, "here's your ruby, anyway. Anything else today?"

Margaret looked at him wonderingly, and then opened the small moroco

co case. "Oh-oh-oh!" she cried, in rising intimations of delight. "I never saw anything so beautiful in my life! ever so much more glorious than ween

I last saw it!" "It's been cut since then." observed

Mr. Van Torp. "It ought to have a name of its own! I'm sure it's more beautiful than many of the named crown iewels!" She felt half hypnotized as she gazed into the glorious depths of the great stone. 'Thank you," she cried, "thank you so very much. I'm gladder to have it than all the other things."

And thereupon she threw her magnificent arms around Rufus Van Torp's solid neck and kissed his cool flat cheek several times; and it seemed quite natural to her to do so; and she wished to forget how she had once kissed one other man, who had kissed

"It wants a name, doesn't it?" assented Mr. Van Torp.

"Yes. You must find one for it." "Well," he said, "after what's happened, I suppose we'd better call it The Diva's Ruby." THE END.

Sugar from Old Rags.

Sugar is now manufactured in Germany from old rags. The rags are treated with sulphuric acid and converted into dextrine. This is treated with a milk of lime, and is then subjected to a new bath of sulphuric acid. which converts it into glucose. The glucose obtained by this process is identical with that of commerce, and fections, ices, etc.

Soldier's Odd Weapon.

A soldier named Paviet was condemned to death by court-martial at Oran, France, the other day. He was ten months in the water-but he had charged with assaulting a corporai whilst on duty. During the nearing he threw at the president of the council a curious weapon made by himself, the blade of a pair of scissors could think of anything else she fan- fastened into a wooden handle. He was at at once tried for this crime She said that there was only one and the death sentence pronounced

NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Young Man Unnecessarily Alarmed
Over Question Put to Him by
Old Gentleman.

A quiet, bashful sort of a young felow was making a call on a Capitol hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about half past nine o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair, straightening a picture over the plane. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow,

"Young man, do you know what time it is?" The bashful youth got off the chair

nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As caller reached for the doorknob the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good-night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on. After the door had closed the old

gentleman turned to the girl. "What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked 7My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time so that I could set it." -Denver Post.

## BABY'S SKIN TORTURE

"When our baby was seven weeks old he broke out with what we thought was heat, but which gradually grew worse. We called in a doctor He said it was eczema and from that time we doctored six months with three of the best doctors in Atchison but he only got worse. His face, head and hands were a solid sore. There was no end to the suffering for him. We had to tie his little hands to keep him from scratching. He never knew what it was to sleep well from the time he took the disease until he was cured. He kept us awake all hours of the night and his health wasn't what you would call good. We tried everything but the right thing.

"Finally I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies and I am pleased to say we did not use all of them until he was cured. We have waited a year and a half to see if it would return but it never has and to-day his skin is clear and fair as it possibly could be. I hope Cuticura may save some one else's little ones suffering and also their pocket-books. John Le 1403 Atchison St., Atchison, Kan., Oct. 19, 1909,"

A HOT ONE ON HER.



Mrs. Waunta Coyne-The parrot talks all the time. Mr. Coyne-Yes, but he never asks for money.

Typhoid had broken out in their neighborhood and the family resorted

to travel as the best means of precaution until the trouble should subside. They arrived at Quebec by the morning boat, intending to take it to Montreal in the evening, but the sightseers got tired and returned early in the afternoon to find the top of the smokestack on a level with the dock. the tide having dropped 18 feet.

"Mamma," cried the little girl, "did God drink up all that water?" 'Yes, my child."

"Then hadn't we better tell him it vasn't boiled?"

A Mean Scheme.

"Is your wife home?" "Yes; I got tired of having her way."

"But I thought she intended staying four months?"

"She did. I got the office boy to write on a card: Better come ho From a well wisher.' And she took the first train after receiving it."

> ROSY COLOR Produced by Postum.

"When a person rises from each meal with a ringing in the ears and a general sense of nervousness, it is a common habit to charge it to a deranged stomach.

"I found it was caused from drinking coffee, which I never suspected for a long time, but found by leaving of coffee that the disagreeable feelings vent away.

"I was brought to think of the subject by getting some Postum and this brought me out of trouble.

"It is a most appetizing and invigorating beverage and has been of such great benefit to me that I naturally speak of it from time to time as opportunity offers.

"A lady friend complained to me that she had tried Postum, but it did not taste good. In reply to my question she said she guesed she boiled it about ten minutes. I advised her to follow directions and know that she boiled it fifteen or twenty minutes, and she would have something worth talking about. A short time ago I heard one of her children say that they were drinking Postum now-a-days, so I judge she succeeded in making it good, which is by no means a difficult

"The son of one of my friends was formerly a pale lad, but since he has been drinking Postum, has a fine color, There is plenty of evidence Postum actually does 'make red blood," as the famous trade-mark says."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason," Ever read the above letter? A one appears from time to time, are geruine, true, and full of he interest