GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON ILLUSTRATIONS & RAY WALTERS COPYRUGNT, 1914: DY DOOD, MEAD AND CONFIUNY

synopsis.

In the New York home of James Brood

Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners ad comrades, await the coming of of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and caves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiances, that the and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to soot Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrive. She wine Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows distike and veiled hestility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jads-room, where Lydia works as Brood's Secretary. The room, dominated by a great gold Buddha, Brood's father confessor, is furnished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is disturbed by the appearance of Ranjab, the Hindu servant of Brood. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She tries to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but fails.

CHAPTER VI.---Continued.

"It is not unlike all stories of its kind, my dear," she said with an in- | went on. difference that amazed him. "They are all alike. Why should I ask? No. | said Lydia, rather bluntly. I do not ask you for your story, James. Sometime you may tell me, but not to | brow, only to disappear with Yvonne's | thing to appear there. There was no | knew anything about it or not. day. I shouldn't mind hearing it if it low, infectious laugh. were an original tale, but God knows It isn't. It's as old as the Nile. But you may tell me more about your son. Is he like you, or like his mother?"

Brood's lips were compressed. "I can't say that he is like either of us," he said shortly. She raised her eye | tion. brows slightly.

a difference. Perhaps, after all, I shall be interested in the story." Her man- very graceful accomplishment." ner was so casual, so serenely matterof-fact, that he could hardly restrain Lydia. the sharp exclamation of annoyance that rose to his lips.

instruction to go unanswered. He naughty to smoke, and clumsy women consoled himself with the thought that | never should be naughty. If you realshe must have spoken in jest, with- ly feel clumsy, don't, for my sake, ever out intention. He had the uncomfort- try to do anything wicked. There is able feeling that she would make light | nothing so distressing as an awkward of his story, too, when the time came for revelations. A curious doubt took roof in his mind; would be ever be she tried," cried Frederic, with a quick able to understand the nature of this woman whom he loved and who appeared to love him so unreservedly? "That's as much as to say that I am As time went on, the doubt became a clumsy and awkward." conviction. She was utterly beyond comprehension.

The charm and beauty of the new mistress of James Brood's heart and home were to become the talk of the about to do it." town. Already, in the first month of her reign, she had drawn to the old house the attention not only of the parasites who feed on novelty, but of families that had long since given up Brood as a representative figure in the strele into which he had been born.

The restoration was slow at first, as ft naturally would be. The new Mrs. Brood came upon the scene as a strange star appears suddenly in the skies to excite and mystify the unsuspecting world. She seemed to have come from nowhere, and yet like the new planet, she suddenly filled an appointed spot in the firmament.

It cannot be said that she conquered, for that would be to imply design on her part. Possibly she considered the game unworthy of the effort. She regarded herself as superior to all these people, a surviving estimate of themselves that most Europeans enjoy; therefore what was she to gain, saving a certain amount of amusement, by somtact with her husband's friends?

In truth, Yvonne Brood despised Americans. She made small pre tense of liking them. The rather closely knit circle of Parisian aristocracy which she affected is known to tolerate but not to invite the society of even the best of Americans. She was no larger than her environment. Her views upon and her attitude toward the Americans were not created by her but for her. The fact that James Brood had reached the inner shrine of French self-worship no doubt put him in a class apart from all other Americans, so far as she was concerned. At least it may account for an apparent inconsistency, in that she married him without much hesitation.

Her warmest friend and admirerone might almost say slave-was Fredaric Brood. She had transformed him. He was no longer the silent, moody youth of other days, but an eager, impetnous playmate whose principal oblect in life was to amuse her. If anyone had tried to convince him that he however, and would have passed unnoever could have regarded Mrs. Des- ticed but for the fact that Frederic mond's dethronement and departure was, as usual, watching her face with butler's impassive face. "Yes, madwith equanimity he would have pro- rapt interest. He caught the curious am." For a moment he had doubted Riggs, with a fidelity to convention seted with all the force at his com-But that would have been a He saw Lydia and her mother leave without the slightest of his father's retreat were drawn books." ount in his mind that it was all for

the corner from hinch as matter of fact, looked down into the a maleted them in putting their d him, this building of queer, almost uncanny feeling that the

what they pleased to call "a nest." Lydia may have seen the cloud in their sky, but he did not. To him, the world was bright and gladsome, without a shadow to mar its new beauty. He was enthusiastic, eager, excited. She fell in with his spirit, but her pleasure was shorn of some of its keenness by the odd notion that it was not to as much as possible. She even con- first convincing themselves that the over it, but never until he had found

He even dragged Yvonne around to the little flat, to expatiate upon its coziness with visual proof to support his somewhat exaggerated claims. Her lazy eyes took in the apartment at a glance, and she was done with it.

"It is very charming," she said, with her soft drawl. "Have you no cigarettes, Lydia?"

The girl flushed and looked at Frederic for relief. He promptly produced his own cigarettes. Yvonne lighted one and then stretched herself comfortably in the Morris chair in which no woman ever had appeared comfortable before-or since, perhaps.

A faint frown appeared on Frederic's dow. It was as if she expected some- decision and fluency, whether they

"And Freddy doesn't like you to ing her face in silence for a few min- were not permitted to appear when

smoke, either, ai-e?" she said. "He may have changed his mind recently. Mrs. Brood," said the girl, window. He half expected to see the something from the servants-were no smiling so frankly that the edge was

taken off of a rather direct implica-"I don't mind women smoking," put one hundred feet above the ground. "Ah," she said. "That makes quite in Frederic hastily. "In fact, I rather like it, the way Yvonne does it. It's a

"But I am too clumsy to-" began

"My dear," interrupted the Parisian, with eyes that sought the window carelessly flecking the ash into a jar-He bit his lip and allowed the frank | diniere at her elbow, "it is very woman trying to be devilish."

> "Oh, Lydia couldn't be devilish if giance at the girl's half-averted face.

"Don't say that, Frederic," she cried. "And you are not," said Yvonne de

cisively. "You are very pretty and graceful and adorable, and I am sure you could be very wicked if you set

"Thank you," said Lydia dryly.

"By the way, this window looks almost directly down into our courtyard," said Yvonne abruptly. She was leaning on her elbow, looking out upon the housetops below. "There is my balcony, Freddy. And one can almost look into your father's lair from where

She drew back from the window suddenly, a passing look of fear in



"By the Way, This Window Looks Almost Directly Down Into Our Court-

her eyes. It was gone in a second, tea, Jones. You may serve it in Mr. transition and involuntarily glanced his hearing.

apart and the dark face of Ranjab the Hindu was plainly distinguishable. He Ranjab went out with Mr. Brood." constitution a small apart- was looking up at the window in which Mrs. Brood was sitting. Although rigid. toma, in a lide street, and in Frederic was far above, he could see the gleaming white of the man's eyes. The curtains fell quickly together and Jones," he said sharply.

rear of Brood's home. the gaunt brown face was gone. It was great fun puzzled brain. Out of them grew a

mysterious voice of the East, and although no sound had been uttered, she heard as plainly as if he actually vening space.

to a first of the contract of the contract of the said

once, that the Hindu and the Egyptian possessed the power to be in two railing with rigid intensity. distinct places at the same time. firm believer in magic, and this much Frederic knew of Ranjab-if James Brood needed him, no matter what the | been removed, sahibah. The study is bour or the conditions, the man ap- in order." peared before him as if out of nowhere and in response to no audible summons. He was like the slave of the lamp.

Was there, then, between these two -the beautiful Yvonne and the silent will or understanding of either?

He had not failed to note a tendency on her part to avoid the Hindu fessed to an uncanny dread of the man, but could not explain the feeling. Once she requested her husband to From the proscribed regions downdismiss the faithful fellow. When he demanded the reason, however, she could only reply that she did not like voices. Someone was playing "La the man and would feel happier if he | Paloma." were sent away. Brood refused, and from that hour her fear of the Hindu old ones. Once they had enjoyed increased.

mistaking the expression. After studyirresistible impulse to turn toward the tuous dinners of which they heard Hindu's face there, looking in upon longer graced by their presence. They he remembered that they were at least | to observe, by listening at the head of

could not wait for Mrs. Desmond's seemed to be enjoying themselves. return.

said, surveying the little sitting-room possible. again and again in furtive darts. steadily at his journal during the past "Frederic must bring me here often, We shall have cozy times here, we a point in the history where his own three. It is so convenient, too, for memory was somewhat vague, and you, my dear. You have only to walk had been obliged to call upon his old around the corner, and there you are! comrades to supply the facts. For -at your place of business, as the several nights they had sat with him, men would say."

amanuensis. He would not listen to black days in Calcutta. Lydia had any other arrangement.)

Brood," cried the girl, earnestly. "My written to her mother before their plane will be here tomorrow, and you marriage. The four of them were putshall hear Frederic play. He is really ting those notes and parratives into wonderful."

garding him rather fixedly.

pears for hours at a time, and comes tion of the journal. home humming fragments from-oh, but I am not supposed to tell! Forgive me, Frederic. Dear me! What have I done?" She was plainly distreased

he, but uneasily. "You see, it's this Yvonne made no protest. She merely way-father doesn't like the idea of pressed Frederic into service as an my going in for music. He is really escort when she desired to go about, very much opposed to it. So I've been | and thought nothing of it. Whether sort of stealing a march on him. Go- this arrangement pleased James Brood ing up to a chum's apartment and time will show. He, too, appeared to banging away to my heart's content. | think nothing of it. It's rather fun, too, doing it on the he'd-he'd-well, he'd be nasty about old, hard look to his eyes. And there it, that's all."

n the house?"

"I should say not!" She gave them a queer little smile. We shall see," she said, and that

like best, Frederic?" inquired Yvonne, to her at all. As a matter of fact, they rian things most of all, the plaintive in pleasing him, however. When she

lightly the strains of one of Ziehrer's personal smile, and asked, with whimjaunty waltzes.

"By jove, how did you guesa? Why, It's my favorite. I love it, Yvonne." Frederic, unable to contain himself, his breath. Then the fire in his blood burst out rapturously:

coming over here every day or so for and crushed her against his breast a little music, won't it? I can't tell She kissed him and he was again the you how happy I shall be."

she, looking straight ahead, and many moments, moments that brought obdays passed before he had an inkling livion. Then, as he frequently did of all that lay behind her remark.

met them in the hall. be late, madam. He is at the cus- white and shivered. He took his hands toms office about the boxes."

Brood's study." A look of surprise flitted across the

The heavy curtains in the window Brood's writing material and reference

"I shall attend to it myself, madam. "Went out?" exclaimed Yvonne,

Frederic turned upon the butler in

not returned." A long look of wonder and perplex- stupid she had been,

Hindu had called to her in the stiff, ity peased between young Brood and his stepmother.

had shouted to her across the inter- the stairs. He followed more slowly, about the room, inspecting the treas- front of him, his arms folded across His father had said, more than figure shead. At the upper landing very much as if they had never seen Hindu who waits. The man was she stopped. Her hand grasped the them before. They even handled some dressed in the costume of a high-caste

James Brood, a sensible man, was a at the end of the hall. He bowed credit to a Cook's tourist. It was also and in their place were the vivid, dasvery deeply.

CHAPTER VII.

Ranjab the Hindu.

The two old men, long since relegated to a somewhat self-imposed ob- "I made a terrible mistake in letting the resplendent creature of tonight, Hindu-a voiceless pact that defied the livion, on a certain night discussed, as poor Jim get married again. I'll never for Ranjab in his home land was a the privacy of their room on the third least a hundred times during the past floor remote, not, however, without shadowy Ranjab was nowhere within that the cabinet doors were locked. range of their croaking undertones. stairs came the faint sounds of a plane and the intermittent chatter of many

These new days were not like the even commanded, the full freedom of Now she was speaking in a nervous, the house. It had been their prividays. He-he hates that boy, Joe." hurried manner to Lydia, her back lege, their prerogative, to enter into toward the window. In the middle every social undertaking that was of a sentence she abruptly got up from planned; in fact, they had come to the chair and moved swiftly to the op- regard themselves as hosts, or, at the posite side of the room, where she very least, guests of honor on such sat down again, as far as possible occasions. They had a joyous way of goes about with her a good deal more spreading his arms. "I am made glo-"You should learn to smoke," she from the window. Frederic found him- lifting the responsibility of conversa- than he ought to," said Riggs at last. rious! See before you the prince of self watching her face with curious | tion from everyone else; and, be it "Mother wouldn't like me to smoke," interest. All the time she was speak- said to their credit, there was no subing her eyes were fixed on the win- ject on which they couldn't talk with

And nowadays it was different. They utes Frederic himself experienced an guests were in the house. The sumpthem; a perfectly absurd notion when | were amazed and not a little irritated the stairs, - that the unfortunate Presently she arose to go. No, she guests, whoever they were, always They couldn't, for the life of them, un-"It is charming here, Lydia," she derstand how such a condition was

Brood had been working rather two or three weeks. He had reached going over the scenes connected with (Lydia was to continue as Brood's their earliest acquaintance - those brought over her father's notes and "Oh, I do hope you will come, Mrs. certain transcripts of letters he had chronological order. Brood, after "You play?" asked Mrs. Brood, re- three months of married life and frivolity, suddenly had decided to devote Lydia answered for him. "He disap- himself almost entirely to the comple-

He denied himself the theater, the opera and kindred features of the passing show, and as he preferred to entertain rather than to be entertained, seldom found it necessary to "No harm in telling Yvonne," said go into the homes of other people.

The lines had returned to the corsly. Of course, if father heard of it ners of his mouth, however, and the were times when he spoke harshiy to "He will not let you have a piano his son, times when he purposely humbled him in the presence of others without apparent reason.

On this particular night, Yvonne had asked a few people in for dinner. They were people whom Brood liked "What do you play-what do you especially well, but who did not appeal "Oh, those wonderful little Hunga- bored her. She appeared to be happy told him that they were coming, he He stopped as she began to hum favored her with a dry, rather im sical good humor, why she chose to punish herself for the sins of his youth. She laid her cheek against his As they descended in the elevator, and purred! For a moment he held leaped into flame. He clasped the "By jove, Yvonne, it will be fun, slim, adorable body in his strong arms flerce, eager, unsated lover. It was "It is time you were happy," said one of their wonderful imperishable late he held her off at arm's length and As they entered the house, Jones searched her velvety eyes with a gaze that seemed to drag the very secrets "Mr. Brood telephoned that he will out of her soul. She went deathly from her shoulders and smiled. She "There will be five or six in for came back into his arms like a dumb thing seeking protection, and contin-

ued to tremble as if frightened. When company was being enter tained downstairs Mr. Dawes and Mr. that was almost pitiful, invariably "And ask Ranjab to put away Mr. donned their evening clothes. They considered themselves remotely conbeing the case, the least they could do was to "dress up." Moreover, they dressed with great care and deliberation. There was always the chance that they might be asked to come flash. "You must be mistaken, down, or, what was even more import every afternoon with Freddy while tant, Mrs. Brood might happen to en- Lydia's over here copying things for "I think not, sir. They went away counter them in the upper hall, and Questions raced through Frederic's together in the automobile. He has in that event it was imperative that she should be made to realize how

into the study and smoked one of and so does Lydia. It's a darmed--" She laughed suddenly and unnatu- Brood's cigars with the gusto of real Mr. Riggs happened to look up at rally. Without a word she started up guests. It was their habit to saunter that instant, Ranjab was standing in his puzzled eyes fixed on the graceful ures with critical, appraising eyes, his breast, in the habitual pose of the of the familiar objects with an air of Brahmin; the commonplace garments Ranish emerged from the shadows bewilderment that would have done of the Occident had been laid aside, a habit of theirs to try the doors of "The master's books and papers 'ave a large teakwood cabinet in one cor- sandals to the turban which crowned ner of the room. The doors always his swarthy brow and gleamed with were locked, and they sighed with rubies and sapphires uncounted. Mr. patient doggedness. Some day, how- Riggs' mouth remained open as he ever, Ranjab would forget to lock stared blankly at this ghost of another those doors, and then-

"Joe," Mr. Dawes, after he had tried had he seen Ranjab in native garb. the doors on this particular occasion, and even then he was far from being usual, the affairs of the household in forgive myself." He had said this at poor man and without distinction. three months. Sometimes he cried in such an awful voice that Mr. Dawes

"I wish Jack Desmond had lived," mused the other, paying no attention to the egotism. "He would have put a stop to this fool marriage." They sat down and pondered.

"Jim's getting mighty cranky of late," ruminated Dawes, puffing away at his unlighted cigar. "It's a caution the way he snaps Freddy off these "Sh! Not so loud!"

"Confound you, don't you know a whisper when you hear it?" demanded Dawes, who, in truth, had whispered. Another potential silence, "Freddy



Crushed Her Against His Breast.

time. Why-why, he heels her like a trained dog. Playing the planner ing, and going to the theater, and-" "It makes me sick."

o' these days, so you keep out of it. anger in his. Say, have you noticed how peaked head gloomily.

"It's that doggoned woman," an- of always being prepared for-" nounced Dawes explosively, and then looked over his shoulder with appre- request me to entertain you before the hension in his blear eyes. A sigh of guests come up. Coffee is to be serve relief escaped him.

"She's got no business coming in between Lydia and Freddy," said Riggs. out?" said Riggs, slowly. Looks as though she's just set on have against poor little Lydia? She's tic once more. "See! I shall do them good enough for Freddy. Too good, by all—and better, too, for you." hokey! Specially when you stop to think."

begin gossiping. You're as bad as an old woman."

"Thinking ain't gossiping, confound you. If I wanted to goesip I'd up and say flatly that Jim Brood knows down in his soul that Freddy is no son of

"You've never heard him say so,

"No, but I can put two and two together. I'm no fool," "I'd advise you to shut up."

"Oh, you would, would you?" with vast scorn. "I'd like to know who ft was that talked to Mrs. Desmond about it. Who put it into her head that Jim doubts-" "Well, didn't she say I was a lying

old busybody!" snapped Danbury triumphantly. "Didn't she call me down, eh? I'd like to know what more you could expect than that. Didn't she make me take back everything I said?" "She did," said Riggs, with convic-

tion. "And I believe she would have thrashed you if she'd been a man, just as she said she would. And didn't I advise her to do it anyway, on the ground that you're an old woman

"That's got nothing to do with the present case," interrupted Dawes hastily. "What we ought to be thinking about now is how to get rid of nected with the festivities, and, that this woman that's come in here to wreck our home. She's an interloper She's a foreigner. She-"

Mr. Dawes leaned a little closer. wonder how Mrs. Desmond likes having her over there playing the plano Jim, and working her poor little head off. Ever stop to think about that?" "I think about it all the time. And,

by thunder, I'm not the only one who

Usually at nine o'clock they strolled | does, either. Jim thinks a good deal

zling colors of Ind, from the bejeweled day. Not since the old days in India

"Am I awake?" exclaimed Mr. Riggs gave over staring at the cabinet and favored him with an impatient kick on the ankle.

"I guess that'll wake you up if-" and then he saw the Hindu. "Ranjab!" oozed from his lips.

Ranjab was smiling, and when he smiled his dark face was a joy to behold. His white teeth gleamed and his sometime unfeeling eyes sparkled with delight. He liked the two old men. They had stood, with Brood between him and grave peril far back in the old days when even the faintest gleam of hope apparently had been blotted out.

"Behold," he cried, magnificently "They're together two-thirds of the magic! See!" With a swift, deft movement he snatched the halfsmoked cigar from the limp fingers of Mr. Riggs and, first holding it before their blinking eyes, tossed it into the air. It disappeared!

"Well, of all the-" began Mr. Riggs, sitting up very straight. His eyes were following the rapid actions of the Hindu. Unlocking a drawer in the big table, the latter peered into it and then beckoned the old men to his side. There lay the cigar and beside it a much-needed match!

"I don't want to smoke it," said Mr. Riggs, vigorously declining his property. "The darned thing's bewitched." Whereupon Ranjab took it out of the drawer and again threw it into the air. Then he calmly reached above his head and plucked a fresh cigar out of space, obsequiously tendering it to the amazed old man, who accepted it with the sheepish grin of a beaddled schoolboy.

"You haven't lost any of your old skill," said Mr. Dawes, involuntarily glancing at his own cigar to make sure that he had it firmly gripped in his stubby fingers. "You ought to be in a sideshow, Ranjab."

Ranjab paused, before responding, to extract a couple of billiard balls and a small paper knife from the lapel of Mr. Dawes' coat.

"I am to perform tonight, sahib, for the mistress' guests. It is to be-what you call him? A sideshow? Ranjab morning, noon and night, and out driv- is to do his tricks for her, as the dog performs for his master." The smile "I've a notion to tell Jim be ought had disappeared. His face was an imto put a stop to it," said the other. penetrable mask once more. Had their eyes been young and keen, however, "Jim'll do it without being told one they might have caught the flash of

"Going to do all the old tricks?" Lydia's looking these days? She's not cried Mr. Riggs eagerly. "By George, the same girl, Dan, not the same girl. I'd like to see 'em again, wouldn't you. Something's wrong." He shook his Dan? I'm glad we've got our good clothes on. Now you see what comes

"Sorry, sahib, but the master has

"That means we'll have to clear

"But see!" cried Ranjab, genuinely busting it up. What can she possibly sorry for them. He became enthusias-

For ten minutes he astonished the old men with the mysterious feats of Dawes glared at him. "Now don't the Indian fakir. They waxed entha-



Astenished the Old Men With the Mysterious Feats of the Indian Fakir.

siastic. He grinned over the pleasure he was giving them. Suddenly he whipped out a short, thin sword from its scabbard in his sash. The amazing. incomprehensible sword - swallowing act followed.

"You see Ranjab has not forgot," he cried in triumph. "He have not lost the touch of the wisard, aih?"

"You'll lose your gizzard some day, doing that," said Dawes, grimly. "he gives me the shivers."

(TO RE CONTINUEDA