



By George Barr McCutcheon

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word.

CHAPTER II—Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Brood, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes.

CHAPTER III—Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son.

CHAPTER IV—Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade-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.

CHAPTER V—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 before her death, and his dislike of his son, but fails.

CHAPTER VI—Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. They visit Lydia and her mother in their apartment. Mrs. Brood begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil.

CHAPTER VII—Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs.

CHAPTER VIII—Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Yvonne follows Frederic to the jade-room and influences the guests for his alleged lapse, which puzzles the father. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He Killed a Woman."

His face was livid with rage. For a moment, his fingers working spasmodically, his chest heaving with the volcanic emotions he was trying so hard to subdue. Then he whirled about, to glare into the hall.

"In God's name, Freddy, boy, what's happened?" cried old Mr. Riggs, all a-tremble.

Some minutes passed before he could trust himself to speak. Ugly veins stood out on his pale temples, as he paced the floor in front of them. Eventually Mr. Dawes ventured the vital question, in a somewhat hushed voice.

"Have you quarreled with your father, Freddy?"

The young man threw up his arms in a gesture of despair. There was a wall of misery in his voice as he grated out:

"In the name of God, why should he hate me as he does? What have I done? Am I not a good son to him?"

"Hush!" implored Mr. Dawes, nervously. "He'll hear you."

"Hear me!" cried Frederic, and laughed aloud in his recklessness.

"Why shouldn't he hear me? By God, I'll not stand it a day longer. He wouldn't think of treating a dog as he treats me. God, I—I, why, he is actually forcing me to hate him. I do hate him! I swear to heaven, it was in my heart to kill him down there just now. I—"

He could not go on. He choked up and the tears rushed to his eyes. Abruptly turning away, he threw himself upon the couch and buried his face on his arms, sobbing like a little child.

The old men, distressed beyond the power of speech, mumbled incoherent words of comfort as they slowly edged out toward the door. They tiptoed into the hall and neither spoke until their bedroom door was closed behind them. Mr. Dawes even tried it to see that it was safely latched.

The curtains parted and Yvonne looked in upon the wretched Frederic. There was a look of mingled pain and commiseration in her wide open eyes. For a moment she stood there regarding him in silence. Then she swiftly crossed the room to the couch in the corner where he sat huddled up, his shoulders still shaking with the misery that racked him. Her hand went out to touch the tousled hair, but stopped before contact. Slowly she drew back, with a glance of apprehension toward the door of the Hindu's closet. An odd expression of alarm crept into her eyes.

"Frederic," she said, softly, almost timidly.

He lifted his head quickly, and then sprang to his feet. His eyes were wet and his lips were drawn. Shame possessed him. He tried to smile, but it

was a pitiful failure. "Oh, I'm so ashamed of—of—" he began, in a choked voice.

"Ashamed because you have cried?" she said quickly. "But no! It is good to cry—it is good for women to cry. But when a strong man breaks down and sheds tears, I am—oh, I am heart-broken. But come! You must go to your room and bathe your face. Go at once. Your father must not know that you have cried. He—"

"D—n him!" came from between Frederic's clinched teeth.

"Hush!" she cried, with another glance at Ranjab's door. She would have given much to know whether the Hindu was there or still below stairs. "You must not say such—"

"I suppose you're trying to smooth it over so that they won't consider him a brute. Is that it?"

"Hush! Please, please! You know that my heart aches for you, mon ami. It was cruel of him, it was cowardly, yes, cowardly! Now I have said it!" She drew herself up and turned deliberately toward the little door across the room.

His eyes brightened. The crooked sneer turned into an imploring smile. "Forgive me, Yvonne! You must see that I'm beside myself. I—I—"

"But you must be sensible. Remember he is your father. He is a strange man. There has been a great deal of bitterness in his life. He—"

"But I can't go on the way things are now. He's getting to be worse than ever. I never have had a kind word from him, seldom a word of any description. Never a kind look. Can't you understand how it goads me to—"

"I am your friend," she said slowly. "Is this the way to reward me?"

He dropped to his knees and covered her hands with kisses, mumbling his plea for forgiveness.

"I am so terribly unhappy," he said over and over again. "I'd leave this house tonight if it were not that I can't bear the thought of leaving you, Yvonne. I adore you. You are everything in the world to me. I—"

"Get up!" she cried out sharply. He lifted his eyes in dumb wonder and adoration, but not in time to catch the look of triumph that swept across her face.

"You will forgive me?" he cried, coming to his feet. "I—I couldn't help saying it. It was wrong—wrong! But you will forgive me, Yvonne?"

She turned away, walking slowly toward the door. He remained rooted to the spot, blushing with shame and dismay.

"Where are you going? To tell him?" he gasped.

He waited an instant, and then came toward him. He never could have explained the unaccountable impulse that forced him to fall back a few steps as she approached. Her eyes were gazing steadily into his, and her red lips were parted.

"That is as it should be," she was saying, but he was never sure that he heard the words. His knees grew weak. He was in the toils! "Now, you must pull yourself together," she went on in such a matter-of-fact tone that he straightened up involuntarily. "Come! Wipe the tear stains from your cheeks."

He obeyed, but his lips still quivered with the rage that had been checked by the ascendancy of another and even more devastating emotion. She was standing quite close to him now, her slender figure swaying slightly as if moved by some strange, rhythmic melody to which the heart beat time. Her eyes were soft and velvety again; her smile tender and

appealing. The vivid white of her arms and shoulders seemed to shed a soft light about her, so radiant was the sheen of the satin skin.

She moved closer to him, and with deft fingers applied her tiny lace handkerchief to his flushed cheek and eyes, laughing audibly as she did so; a low gurgle of infinite sweetness and concern.

He stood like a statue, scarcely breathing, the veins in his throat throbbing violently.

"There!" she said, and deliberately touched the moucholr to her own smiling lips, before replacing it in her bodice, next to the warm, soft skin. "I have been thinking, Frederic," she said, suddenly serious. "Perhaps it would be better if we were not alone when the others came up. Go at once and fetch the two old men. Tell them I expect them here to witness the magic. It appears to be a family party, so why exclude them? Be quick!"

He dashed off to obey her command. She lit a cigarette at the table,

her unsmiling eyes fixed on the door of the Hindu's closet. Then, with a little sigh, she sank down on the broad couch and stretched her supple body in the ecstasy of complete relaxation.

The scene at the dinner table had been most distressing. Up to the instant of the outburst her husband had been in singularly gay spirits, a circumstance so unusual that the whole party wondered not a little. If the others were vaguely puzzled by his high humor, not so Yvonne. She understood him better than anyone else in the world; she read his mind as she would have read an open book. There was riot, not joy, in the heart of the brilliant talker at the head of the table. He was talking against the savagery that strained so hard at its leashes.

At her right sat Frederic, at her left the renowned Doctor Hodder, whose feats at the operating table were vastly more successful than his efforts at the dinner table. He was a very wonderful surgeon, but equally famous as a bore of the first rank. Yvonne could not endure him.

Mrs. Desmond and Lydia were there. This was an excellent opportunity to entertain them on an occasion of more or less magnitude.

Frederic, deceived by his father's sprightly mood, entered rather recklessly into the lively discussion. He seldom took his eyes from the face of his beautiful stepmother, and many of his remarks were uttered sotto voce for her ear alone. Suddenly James Brood called out his name in a sharp, commanding tone. Frederic, at the moment, engaged in a free change of words with Yvonne, did not hear him. Brood spoke again, loudly, harshly. There was dead silence at the table.

"We will excuse you, Frederic," said he, a deadly calm in his voice. The puzzled expression in the young man's face slowly gave way to a steady glare of fury. He could not trust himself to speak. "I regret exceedingly that you cannot take wine in moderation. A breath of fresh air will be of benefit to you. You may join us upstairs later on."

"I haven't drunk a full glass of champagne," began the young man in amazed protest.

Brood smiled indulgently, but there was a sinister gleam in his gray eyes. "I think you would better take my advice," he said, levelly.

Frederic went deathly pale. "Very well, sir," he said in a low, suppressed voice. Without another word he got up from the table and walked out of the room.

He spoke the truth later on when he told Yvonne he could not understand. But she understood. She knew that James Brood had endured the situation as long as it was in his power to endure, and she knew that it was her fault entirely that poor Frederic had been exposed to this crowning bit of humiliation.

As she sat in the dim study awaiting her stepson's reappearance with the two old men, her active, far-seeing mind was striving to estimate the cost of that tragic clash. Not the cost to herself or to Frederic, but to James Brood!

The Messrs. Dawes and Riggs, indignantly pleased over their rehabilitation, were barely through delivering themselves of their protestations of undying fealty, when the sound of voices came up from the lower hall. Frederic started to leave the room, not caring to face those who had witnessed his unmerited degradation. Yvonne hurried to his side.

"Where are you going?" she cried, sharply.

He stared at her in wonder. "You cannot expect me to stay here—"

"But certainly," she exclaimed. "Listen! I will tell you what to do. Her voice sank to an imperative whisper. He listened in sheer amazement, his face growing dark with rebellion as she proceeded to unfold her plan for a present victory over his father.

"No, no! I can't do that! Never, Yvonne," he protested.

"For my sake, Freddy. Don't forget that you owe something to me. I command you to do as I tell you. It is the only way. Make haste! Open the window. Get the breath of air he prescribed. And when they are all here, apologize for your condition!"

When Doctor Hodder and Mrs. Gunning entered the room a few minutes later young Brood was standing in the open window, drinking in the cold night air, and she was blithely regaling the blinking old men with an account of her stepson's unhappy efforts to drink all of the wine in sight! As she told it, it was a most amusing experiment.

James Brood was the last to enter, with Miss Followell. He took in the situation at a glance. Was it relief that sprang into his eyes as he saw the two old men?

Frederic came down from the window, somewhat too swiftly for one who is moved by shame and contrition, and faced the group with a well-assumed look of mortification in his pale, twitching face. He spoke in low, repressed tones, but not once did he permit his gaze to encounter that of his father.

"I'm awfully sorry to have made a nuisance of myself. It does go to my head and I—I dare say the heat of the room helped to do the work. I'm all right now, however. The fresh air did me a lot of good. Hope you'll overlook my foolish attempt to be a devil of a fellow." He hesitated a moment and then went on, more clearly.

"I'm all right now, father. It shall not happen again. I can promise you that." A close observer might have seen the muscles of his jaw harden as he uttered the final sentence. He intended that his father should take

it as a threat, not as an apology. Brood was watching him closely, a puzzled expression in his eyes; gradually it developed into something like admiration. In the clamor of voices that ensued the older man detected the presence of an underlying note of reproach for his own behavior. For the first time in many years he experienced a feeling of shame.

Someone was speaking at his elbow. Janey Followell, in her young, enthusiastic voice, shrilled something into his ear that caused him to look at her in utter amazement. It was so astounding that he could not believe he heard aright. He mumbled in a questioning tone, "I beg your pardon?" and she repeated her remark.

"How wonderfully like you Frederic is, Mr. Brood." Then she added: "Do you know, I've never noticed it until tonight. It's really remarkable."

"It is a most gratifying discovery," said he, and turned to speak to Mrs. Desmond. He did not take his gaze from Frederic's white, set face, however! and, despite the fact that he knew the girl had uttered an idle commonplace, he was annoyed to find himself studying the features of Maillide's boy with an interest that seemed almost laughable when he considered it later on.

His guests found much to talk about in the room. He was soon being dragged from one object to another and ordered to reveal the history, the use and the nature of countless things that obviously were intended to be just what they seemed; such as rugs, shields, lamps, and so forth. He was ably assisted by Messrs. Riggs and Dawes, who lied prodigiously in a free exchange of rivalry.

"What a perfectly delightful Buddha," cried Miss Janey, stopping in front of the idol. "How perfectly lovely he is—or is it a she, Mr. Brood?"

Frederic joined Lydia at the table. "A delicious scene, wasn't it?" he asked, bitterly, in lowered tones.

Her fingers touched his. "What did he mean, Freddy? Oh, I felt so sorry for you. It was dreadful!"

"Don't take it so seriously, Lyddy," he said, squeezing her hand gently. Both of them realized that it was the nearest thing to a caress that had passed between them in a fortnight or longer. A wave of shame swept through him. "Dear old girl, my dear old girl," he whispered brokenly.

Her eyes radiated joy, her lips parted in a wan, tremulous smile of surprise, and a soft sigh escaped them.

"My dear, dear boy," she murmured, and was happier than she had been in weeks.

"See here, old chap," said one of the middle-aged gentlemen, again consulting his watch as he loudly addressed his host, "can't you hurry this performance of yours along a bit? It is after ten, you know."

"I will summon the magician," said Brood. "Be prepared, ladies and gentlemen, to meet the devil. Ranjab is the prince of darkness."

He lifted his hand to strike the gong that stood near the edge of the table.

Involuntarily four pairs of eyes fastened their gaze upon the door to the Hindu's closet. Three mellow, softly reverberating "booms" filled the room. Almost instantly the voice of the Hindu was heard.

"Ai-ee, sahib!"

He came swiftly into the room from the hall, and not from his closet. The look of relief in Yvonne's eyes was short-lived. She saw amazement in the faces of the two old men—and knew!

"After we have had the feats of magic," Brood was saying, "Miss Desmond will read to you, ladies and gentlemen, that chapter of our journal—"

"My Gawd!" groaned both of the middle-aged gentlemen, looking at their watches.

"You'll have to excuse me, Brood, really, you know. Important engagement uptown—"

"Sit down, Cruger," exclaimed Hodder. "The lady won't miss you."

"—relating to our first encounter with the great and only Ranjab," pursued Brood, oracularly. "We found him in a little village far up in the mountains. He was under sentence of death for murder. By the way, Yvonne, the kris you have in your hand is the very weapon the good fellow used in the commission of his crime. He was in prison and was to die within a fortnight after our arrival in the town. I heard of his unhappy plight and all that had led up to it. His case interested me tremendously. One night, a week before the proposed execution, my friends and I stormed the little prison and rescued him. We were just getting over the cholera and needed excitement. That was fifteen years ago. He has been my trusted body servant ever since. I am sure you will be interested in what I have written about that thrilling adventure."

Yvonne had dropped the ugly knife upon the table as if it were a thing that scorched her fingers.

"Did he—really kill a man?" whispered Miss Janey, with horror in her eyes.

"He killed a woman. His wife, Miss Janey. She had been faithless, you see. He cut her heart out. And now, Ranjab, are you ready?"

The Hindu salaamed. "Ranjab is always ready, sahib," said he.

Continued next week

GLENELG COUNCIL.

The council met July 3, pursuant to adjournment, all the members present, the reeve in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. Communications read as follows:

Albert H. Abbott re patriotic associations, D. Allan re defective culvert, Canada Bond Co. re municipal debentures, Dr. Hutton re expense account attending Medical Association, J. P. Teiford asking assistance for cemetery, F. S. Spence re meeting of municipal association, Waterous Engine works re steam rollers, C. H. Burgess re municipal debentures, J. Bell re sheep claim, Commissioners for wards 1, 2, 3, 4 reports on ward appropriation and commissioner for ward 2, report on special work at lot 10, con. 4, S.D.R.

Peart-Young—That orders on treasurer issue for appropriation expenditures in wards 1, 2, 3 and 4, as follows: \$120.70, \$4.50, \$98.22 and \$129.60, respectively.

On motion of Messrs. Turnbull and Peart, a further order on the treasurer for \$45.75 was issued for special work at lot 10, con. 4, N.D.R.

Turnbull-McInnis—That gravel accounts be paid as follows: M. McKinnon \$2.20, J. Atkinson \$3.10, W. J. McPadden \$3.30, T. McComb \$5.35, J. Johnson \$2.65, D. and J. McGillivray \$6.35, including damage to crop, J. McCarthy \$1.60, A. Anderson \$3.50, J. Greenwood \$3.95, W. Jack \$2.50, T. Laughlin \$2.40, A. Edge \$4, J. Stonehouse \$2.20, R. Nelson \$3.

Further payments were as follows: The Reeve, examination of roads at lots 48 and 49, con. 3 E.G.R., \$2, trip to Markdale, \$1; T. Turnbull, examination of road at lot 49, con. 3, \$1; A. McComb and P. Davis, recruits, \$8 each; J. McNally, half day with team, \$1.50; Dr. Hutton, re Toronto meeting, \$12.

50: W. Beaton, sanitary services \$1.50; J. Moffat and S. Wright, inspection of sheep, \$1 each; J. Bell, sheep killed, \$10; J. McDonald, equalizing U.S.S. \$4; the Clerk, on salary, \$20; commissions on ward expenditures, Wards 1 and 4, \$10 each, wards 2 and 3, \$8 each. The clerk was instructed to notify clerk of Egremont to have culvert on town line, repaired and charge half to Glenelg. Jos. Young was granted \$25 to repair roads at lots 28 and 29, con. 3, E.G.R.

The council adjourned to Aug. 5 at 10 a.m. —J. S. Black, Clerk

A HUNCH.

I think the glad vacation time I'll spend right here at home, where there's more value in a dime Than a dollar when I roam. —Detroit Free Press.

A. BELL UNDERTAKER and Funeral Director

Full line of Catholic Robes, and black and white Caps for aged people.

Embalming a Specialty

Picture Framing on shortest notice.

Show Rooms—Next to Swallow's Barber Shop. RESIDENCE—Next door South of W. J. Lawrence's blacksmith shop.

Cheaper Than the Cheapest

If possible I wish to dispose of my entire stock before the end of the present year, and if prices at cost and below cost will move the buying public then our stock will be sure to move. We are determined to get rid of it, so we advise you to see for yourself.

The stock consists of Dry Goods including, flannellets, blankets, woollen goods, men's underwear, ladies' underwear, men's pants and overalls, gingham, muslins and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

ALL MUST BE SOLD

Call and get our Moving sale prices. There's money in it for you. Eggs and Butter taken as Cash.

S. SCOTT

Opposite the Old Stand Durham, Ontario

Window Screens

Half or Full Sections

Screen Doors

To Suit Requirements

Insect proof with 14 mesh wire, and made to fit.

Windows may be opened to desired height, free of all obstruction, while screen remains in place.

Best and cheapest, because they last and can be re-wired at any time.

See us for Mill and Carpenter work.

C. J. Furber & Co.

Durham, Ont.

Special Prices on Feed

We have a stock of Yellow Corn on hand that we are selling at \$1.65 per 100 lbs. in ton lots.

We have a good stock of other Feed on hand, which we are offering at following prices in ton lots:

"Chieftain" Corn Feed, per Ton \$29.00 sacks included
Ground Feed Wheat " " 25.00 "
Clansmay Stock Feed (nearly pure corn) per ton \$32.00 "

If you want Feed shipped to outside stations, call us up and get delivered prices.

We are in the market for Milling Oats, Feed Oats Mixed Grain and Barley, and will pay highest prices for any quantity at our elevator.

PHONES 4 and 26

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.

Oatmeal Millers.

Never keep paraffine in an uncovered receptacle. It gathers dust. A tin box with a tight-fitting cover is best for the purpose.

Advertisement for 'Black is White' and 'Coca-Cola' with various text and graphics.

George Barr McCutcheon

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word.

CHAPTER II—Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Brood, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes.

CHAPTER III—Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son.

CHAPTER IV—Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade-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.

CHAPTER V—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 before her death, and his dislike of his son, but fails.

CHAPTER VI—Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. They visit Lydia and her mother in their apartment. Mrs. Brood begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil.

CHAPTER VII—Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs.

CHAPTER VIII—Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Yvonne follows Frederic to the jade-room and influences the guests for his alleged lapse, which puzzles the father. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He Killed a Woman."

His face was livid with rage. For a moment, his fingers working spasmodically, his chest heaving with the volcanic emotions he was trying so hard to subdue. Then he whirled about, to glare into the hall.

"In God's name, Freddy, boy, what's happened?" cried old Mr. Riggs, all a-tremble.

Some minutes passed before he could trust himself to speak. Ugly veins stood out on his pale temples, as he paced the floor in front of them. Eventually Mr. Dawes ventured the vital question, in a somewhat hushed voice.

"Have you quarreled with your father, Freddy?"

The young man threw up his arms in a gesture of despair. There was a wall of misery in his voice as he grated out:

"In the name of God, why should he hate me as he does? What have I done? Am I not a good son to him?"

"Hush!" implored Mr. Dawes, nervously. "He'll hear you."

"Hear me!" cried Frederic, and laughed aloud in his recklessness.

"Why shouldn't he hear me? By God, I'll not stand it a day longer. He wouldn't think of treating a dog as he treats me. God, I—I, why, he is actually forcing me to hate him. I do hate him! I swear to heaven, it was in my heart to kill him down there just now. I—"

He could not go on. He choked up and the tears rushed to his eyes. Abruptly turning away, he threw himself upon the couch and buried his face on his arms, sobbing like a little child.

The old men, distressed beyond the power of speech, mumbled incoherent words of comfort as they slowly edged out toward the door. They tiptoed into the hall and neither spoke until their bedroom door was closed behind them. Mr. Dawes even tried it to see that it was safely latched.

The curtains parted and Yvonne looked in upon the wretched Frederic. There was a look of mingled pain and commiseration in her wide open eyes. For a moment she stood there regarding him in silence. Then she swiftly crossed the room to the couch in the corner where he sat huddled up, his shoulders still shaking with the misery that racked him. Her hand went out to touch the tousled hair, but stopped before contact. Slowly she drew back, with a glance of apprehension toward the door of the Hindu's closet. An odd expression of alarm crept into her eyes.

"Frederic," she said, softly, almost timidly.