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...w Every Man, Woman and Child in the World Can Have "The Secrets of Magnetic Force, Health and Power" Absolutely Free.



Professor F. T. McIntyre, a well-to-do scientist of this city, has created a sensation in the hypnotic world. Through delving down in the realms of nature's mysteries he has discovered a delicate but powerful system that seems destined to revolutionize the theories of the most noted authorities on Mind Force. Some people look upon him as a man possessing a strange power, for he has told them how to influence people far and near and to heal themselves and others of their ills as if by magic. He tells them how to project their thoughts, develop a powerful mentality, and build up the mechanism of the body and brain. Doctors and magnetists who have tested the workings of his new discovery admit that it surpasses anything in the history of psychic power.

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Professor McIntyre has a basketful of letters, from people in many parts of the world. They are, indeed, startling. Mr. James Kubal, a prominent business man of Chicago, writes the following:

"I never dreamed such things possible. If I had only known of this sooner. This system has made a different man of me. I shall give up business and make more money through the use of this system than I can in my business. It has brought back my sight. I can see without glasses, and work without them, too. It has overcome my backwardness, and I can now handle my customers in fine shape. I did not know I was so full of magnetism. I think your system wonderful."

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Rev. E. G. King, pastor Christian Church, Upper Lake, Cal., writes: "I cannot recommend your system too highly, and I am willing to answer any inquiries in regard to it."

Dr. H. A. Lounsbury, Wheatly, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I have thoroughly investigated the methods and inventions of Professor McIntyre, and can say that his system is scientific and surpasses anything in the line of therapeutics that has come to my notice."

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It is indeed one of the most amazingly interesting books of the age, beaming with interest from cover to cover, and all who receive free copies of it can be thankful. It points the road to financial and social success; reveals astonishing facts that have been overlooked by the public for many years.

If you wish a free copy of this wonderful book write a postal or letter to Professor F. T. McIntyre, Dept. 1461, No. 126 West Thirty-fourth street, New York, N. Y. All who write will receive it; no one will be disappointed. It is sent by mail, postage paid, absolutely free.

—Was you the one I heard ... to my sister last night?

—I was here. Why?

...don't suppose there was any ... would make me feel so sick. [illegible]

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Olive Dumbarton, after the legal separation from her brutal husband, becomes a successful authoress and lives quietly with her daughter, Veronica, in Hexton Road, St. John's Wood, London. Her husband secretly returns to London and by letter makes further demands for money. Her cousin Valerius Galbraith, a man of independent wealth who has been in love with her since early youth, calls to say farewell before starting on a trip to Egypt. A fortnight later Olive Dumbarton is found in her library holding a dagger over the dead body of her husband. She is suspected of the murder and is arrested.

Detectives are put on the case. George Bostock, the publisher, offers to aid Mrs. Dumbarton. The Coroner's Court holds her for trial on the charge.

Quinton Quaye presents a clue to Inspector Mackworth. George Bostock is shadowed.

Valerius encountered a woman's figure, standing still and passive, in the pathway—a figure plainly distinguishable from the surrounding darkness because of the strong light behind still streaming from the window.

"Who are you?" he asked, breathlessly and abruptly.

"My name is not known to you," came the answer.

"What do you want?" he asked, his anger at her presence unsubdued.

"To see her—Mrs. Dumbarton," came the calm reply.

"For what purpose?" he demanded.

"I have something to say which she might be glad to hear."

"Concerning the——?"

"Concerning the murder," she said, completing the sentence he had hesitated to finish.

"You?"

"I. Take me to her."

Even still he seemed to hesitate, his eyes fixed on the face whose features he was unable to discern. Suddenly he wheeled round in the pathway, saying:

"Come with me."

Without further words she followed him up the steps, through the hall and into the room where Olive Dumbarton stood waiting her cousin's return, her face still white from anxiety, her eyes brilliant from excitement, her limbs trembling.



Suddenly he wheeled around saying, "Come with me."

As the stranger entered with a slow and firm tread, a composed and graceful mien, the two women gazed at each other intently, eagerly, scrutinizingly.

At her entrance the woman had made a movement which might be considered a curtsey, which the mistress of the house returned by a bow, and then stood waiting, her arm laid for support upon the high back of her chair, from which she had just arisen.

"She wishes to see you," Valerius said, breaking the silence.

"About——?" Olive Dumbarton began, her pale lips parted in expectation.

"About your husband," the stranger remarked.

Olive Dumbarton sank into a chair, scarcely knowing what revelations were about to be made to her.

She pointed to a chair, and said, when the visitor had seated herself:

"You have not mentioned your name."

"Angela Mezza."

"Angela Mezza; I don't think I have heard it before."

"I dare say not," the visitor replied, speaking slowly and with a strong foreign accent. "At one time I thought it would become famous throughout Europe as that of a prima donna; so did my maestro; so did the man who married me for the fortune he thought lay in my voice. He was a violinist—the leader of the orchestra at the opera house. I was not eighteen then, and he was fifteen years older, and, as I soon discovered, he was a brute. When I was within a month of making my debut I caught fever, and on my recovery my voice had almost gone, so that, instead of becoming a prima donna, I was obliged to fall back into the chorus," she said, with a feeling which showed that bitter disappointment still rankled in her mind.

"But what has this to do with the tragedy?" asked Valerius, impatiently, wondering what was forthcoming and eager that she should explain the object of her visit.

"You shall hear," she answered. "When I knew that I could never be what I hoped, I had not only to bear my own grief, but my husband Mezza's anger. Then he told me what I would not believe before, from others, that he had married me [illegible]

I hated him. I hated my life, which was now to have no triumphs, no fame, no homage as I had dreamed since girlhood. It was only to know drudgery, obscurity, poverty without relief. He forced me to take engagements I was often too proud to accept, he threatened me; he claimed every penny I earned and spent it in the gambling houses, and I would often have starved only for my sister, who was leader of the chorus and wife of a singer who played small parts in opera."

Olive Dumbarton's eyes were fixed with an eager and almost appealing look upon the foreign woman, whose manner grew excited and whose voice became louder as she continued her story.

"We moved about from one city and country to another," Angela Mezza said, after a short pause to consider her words. "It was while we were at Milan that my sister took me to a public hall, and there for the first time I met the Englishman, your husband."

"How long ago was that?" Valerius asked.

"About a year ago."

"Well?"

"I had been to England and I spoke his language, and that helped to make us friendly. He danced a good deal with me, and asked if he might come and see me; but I refused, believing my husband would object. I did not know nor care if he were married, it made no difference to me—he was merely an acquaintance. Mezza was present at the ball, and, as usual, had drunk too much. Drink excited his jealousy, for, though he did not love me, he was jealous of every man to whom I spoke."

"And he was jealous of David Dumbarton?" asked Valerius, his eyes kindling with excitement.

"He was. On our return home he acted like one mad, abused me for dancing with the Englishman, threatened and then struck me. He had never done this before, and I was frightened, for he is a Neapolitan, and when their blood is up they will kill without mercy. I ran out of the house and took refuge with my sister. She and her husband received me, and I never went back to Mezza, whom I now fear, feared as well as hated."

"Did he not ask you to return?" Valerius asked.

"He did, but I refused. Then he told me——"

"What?" Valerius asked, seeing that, mastered by her emotion, she had suddenly paused.

"That if he ever saw me with the Englishman he would kill him and me."

A low moan escaped from Olive Dumbarton's lips and a look of terror came into her eyes.

"Then it was he——?" Valerius exclaimed, starting to his feet.

"Wait, wait, signor," the foreign woman replied. "Let me tell you all, and you shall judge. After that I never went out without my sister or her husband, Carlo Guinaini, and I bid Carlo tell the Englishman he must not speak to me, so nothing more happened while we were at Milan. Then my sister, her husband and myself went to Rome and to Naples."

"And David Dumbarton?"

"I never saw him again until we went to Paris; that was about five months ago."

"And your husband?"

"We had left him behind in Milan, and I had lost sight of him. I was sure he was doing well, because he had not written to claim my salary. One day, while he was at the Cafe de la Opera Carlo met the Englishman and brought him to see us, and after that we saw him very often, for he knew all the singers and sometimes came behind the scenes at the opera with his friends."

She paused once more, as if hesitating to repeat what was painful, her manner becoming more emotional. Valerius with difficulty restrained from urging her to continue.

"One night after the opera," she went on, "my sister, her husband, the Englishman and myself were having a little supper at a restaurant. For some time back I had been [illegible]

months, a weight was lifted from my life, and at this supper we were all feeling light-hearted and merry. Suddenly I looked up and saw Mezza at the lower end of the apartment, glaring at us with a light in his eyes that made my blood run cold. It was only for a second I saw him; he went as suddenly as he came.

"I told them all, but as they did not see him, and he afterward did not seek us, they declared I had made a mistake. But I was sure I had seen him, and that he did not come near me made me more frightened still.

"But they were soon to find out that I was right, for late one night as Carlo and the Englishman were walking through the lonely Rue Cuias, Mezza suddenly turned a corner and faced them. They had no doubt he had lain in wait for them, and when he spoke they were sure he wished to pick a quarrel with them, and were prepared, for presently when Mezza, in answer to something the Englishman said, thrust his hand into his waistband to pluck out his knife, your husband struck him with his fist in the forehead and left him stretched on the pavement. Then, pulling Carlo away, they left him to recover himself."

"And he has taken his revenge," exclaimed Valerius.

"That happened," continued Angela Mezza, "just a week before we came to England. While we remained in Paris I never went out, save to and from the opera house with my sister and Carlo, and I did not see my husband again until July last."

"Here in England?"

"Yes; just as I was leaving Covent Garden Theater I caught sight of his face in a crowd outside the door. My sister and I were going out alone, but I drew back and we waited for her husband. There was something in Mezza's eyes as they met mine that made my heart sink. I feared him even then as I had never feared him before."

"Did you see him again?"

"No; I have not seen him since."

"And David Dumbarton?" Valerius said.

"We left him behind us in Paris and did not see him until within a week of his death. The last time we saw him was on the afternoon of the day on which he was killed, for he would not be warned by what we told him, and because he would not take caution he was killed."

"By Mezza?"

The foreign woman rose, her eyes sparkling, her lips trembling, as, with outstretched hand she struck the table in front of her.

"Aye," she cried out passionately, "by his hand and by no other."

"You are certain it was your husband who stabbed David Dumbarton?" Valerius said, in a voice which, though low-pitched, showed by its vibration the depth of his feeling.

"Certain!" Angela Mezza cried in a loud tone.

"But, what will be demanded is proof—actual proof that he committed the deed."

"Is not what I said proof enough?" Angela asked, surprised at his question.

"Not in itself."

"Then I don't understand your English law," the foreign woman replied, hastily.

"I don't wonder. Few British people do," he answered, adding, after a moment's pause: "Do you know or suspect where your husband is now?"

"No; I have no idea. But I suppose he must have gone back to Paris or to Italy."

"Surely he can be traced and found," Olive Dumbarton remarked.

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Valerius hastily.

"That is the duty of your police," Angela Mezza stated.

"Are you willing to repeat to the police what you have said to us?" Valerius asked.

"Yes," she answered, with the composed air of one who had made up her mind.

"Then I will drive with you at once to Mackworth, the detective."

CHAPTER. XI.

Through their long drive to Mackworth's house no word was spoken by Valerius or his companion. The former, with his eyes fixed and vacant and his lips apart, was absorbed in thought, while Angela Mezza, feeling exhausted from the nervousness and excitement her narrative caused, lay languidly back in the cab, thinking of the woman whose life she was about to save.

On arriving at the inspector's house they were lucky enough to find him at home, he having just returned after a wearisome day spent abroad in striving to prove his theory that George Bostock's was the hand that had stabbed David Dumbarton. Mackworth met his visitors at the door of his sitting-room, a look of surprise upon his face, an air of expectation in his manner.

"Come in, sir, come in," he said to Valerius, and no sooner had he entered than he carefully shut the door and motioned them to seats in a prompt and business-like way.

Then, facing them, as he stood at one side of the hearth, he shrewdly glanced at the foreigner, and from her turned his eyes to Valerius questioningly.

The latter, no longer absorbed and self-concerned, but seemingly alive to the importance of the Italian's communication, said:

"An extraordinary statement has just been made to Mrs. Dumbarton and myself."

"About the murder?" Mackworth asked, almost in a whisper.

"About the murder, and by the person whom I have brought to repeat the story to you, Angela Mezza."

"An Italian?"

"I came from Tuscany," she answered proudly.

"Another woman in the case," Mackworth reflected, while bowing to the foreigner.

"Only an hour ago she called to see Mrs. Dumbarton, with whom I happened to be just then," Valerius explained. "When she had finished her story I brought her straight to you, that you might hear it at once."

"Quite right, sir; much obliged. And now, perhaps the lady will let us hear what she has to say."

"I know the man who stabbed David Dumbarton," the chorus singer said.

Mackworth started, the pupils of his eyes dilated, and he clenched his hands. With the idea of George Bostock still in his mind, he said:

"Who is he?"

"My husband, Marco Mezza," she replied, her dark eyes flashing.

Mackworth's surprise deepened, and he turned, waiting for the foreigner to speak.

"Tell him your story from the beginning, as you told it to us," suggested Valerius.

"I will," she said, determinedly, and she began.

(To be continued.)

Dainty Recipes For Every-Day Fare.

American Scones.—To cups of white flour, four tablespoonfuls of whole wheat flour, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, three-quarters of a cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Mix the flour, sugar, salt and cream of tartar together thoroughly, and then add the milk, which should first be warmed, and have the butter dissolved in it. Lastly, add the soda dissolved in a little cold milk. Make all into a light dough, being careful to handle as little as possible. Roll out and make up into long round scones, and bake immediately in a hot oven. On removing them from the oven, brush over with a little warm butter. Split and butter and serve hot.

Veal Cutlets with Prune Gravy.—Cut some small round cutlets from a slice of veal, dip them in egg and breadcrumbs and fry them a good brown color. Keep them hot while arranging on a hot dish a low mound of rice which has been carefully boiled. Place the cutlets around this, sprinkle some hard-boiled yolk of egg over this, and surround with a good brown gravy or the following prune gravy. Stew half a pound of prunes which have been previously soaked until they are thoroughly soft. Rub them through a sieve, reheat and pour around the cutlets.

Omelette Souffle Baked.—Divide the yolks from the whites of four eggs. Put the former into a basin and whisk them for a few moments with a patent beater, then add by degrees while beating the yolks with a wooden spoon, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and continue to beat the eggs in this way until ten minutes altogether have elapsed. Next stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla and a tablespoonful of flour. Add two more whites to the four from which the yolks were separated, sprinkle a dust of salt over them, and whisk to a very stiff froth. Then stir them quickly and lightly into the prepared yolks. Have ready a buttered china baking dish. Pour in the mixture and bake at once in a quick oven. If the latter is the correct temperature the souffle should be ready in about ten minutes.

Kidneys Served on Toast.—Cut slices of stale bread about an inch in thickness and scoop out a hollow place in the center of each without cutting through the bread. Fry these pieces quickly in boiling fat until they are a golden brown, and fill them with the kidneys prepared as follows: Remove the skin from four kidneys, split them in half, and, after removing the cores, cut them into dice-shaped pieces. Put about a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan with a slice of bacon. As soon as the butter is hot add the kidneys, and let them simmer gently for half an hour. Then take them from the pan and serve. The following sauce will add to their tastiness: Stir a tablespoonful of flour into fat left in the pan from which the kidneys were taken. When this is thoroughly mixed pour in a cup or more of hot water, a teaspoonful of tomato catsup, and season with pepper and salt. Strain the sauce over the kidneys and fill the cases of fried bread with them.

Two Good Fish Sauces.—Cook three or four ripe tomatoes in a tablespoonful of butter, adding also half an onion cut into small pieces. Season with salt and pepper, and when soft rub through a sieve into a basin and stir in gradually a cup of boiling milk. Pour this around the fish, which should be replaced in the oven for about ten minutes. Olive Sauce for Halibut: Divide the whites from the yolks of two eggs. Place the latter in a basin, add a pinch of salt, a little pepper and a dusting of sugar. Whisk them for a few seconds, then add some salad oil, drop by drop, whisking all the while until the mixture is the consistency of beaten butter. Now add slowly, while continuing to whisk, a tablespoonful of cream, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped olives.

Ginger Coffee Cookies.—Use one cupful of molasses, one cupful of strong coffee, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of lard, one-half cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, three teaspoonfuls of cold water, and flour enough to thicken. Beat the butter and lard well together. Dissolve the soda in the water, stir it into the molasses and add to the butter and lard. Add the spice and coffee and sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Roll the dough three-quarters of an inch thick, cut the cake out and bake fifteen minutes.

Topfkuchen, a German Cake.—Beat a quarter of a pound of fresh butter to a cream, then stir in gradually the beaten yolks of four eggs, half a pound of sugar, a breakfast cupful of milk, one pound of flour, the rind of half a lemon, and the well whipped whites of four eggs. Also mix in a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Put in the ingredients in exactly the order in which they are indicated, and when all are thoroughly mixed together pour the mixture into a buttered tin of good size and bake in a moderately hot oven for an hour. The tin should only be half filled as the cake ought to rise considerably.

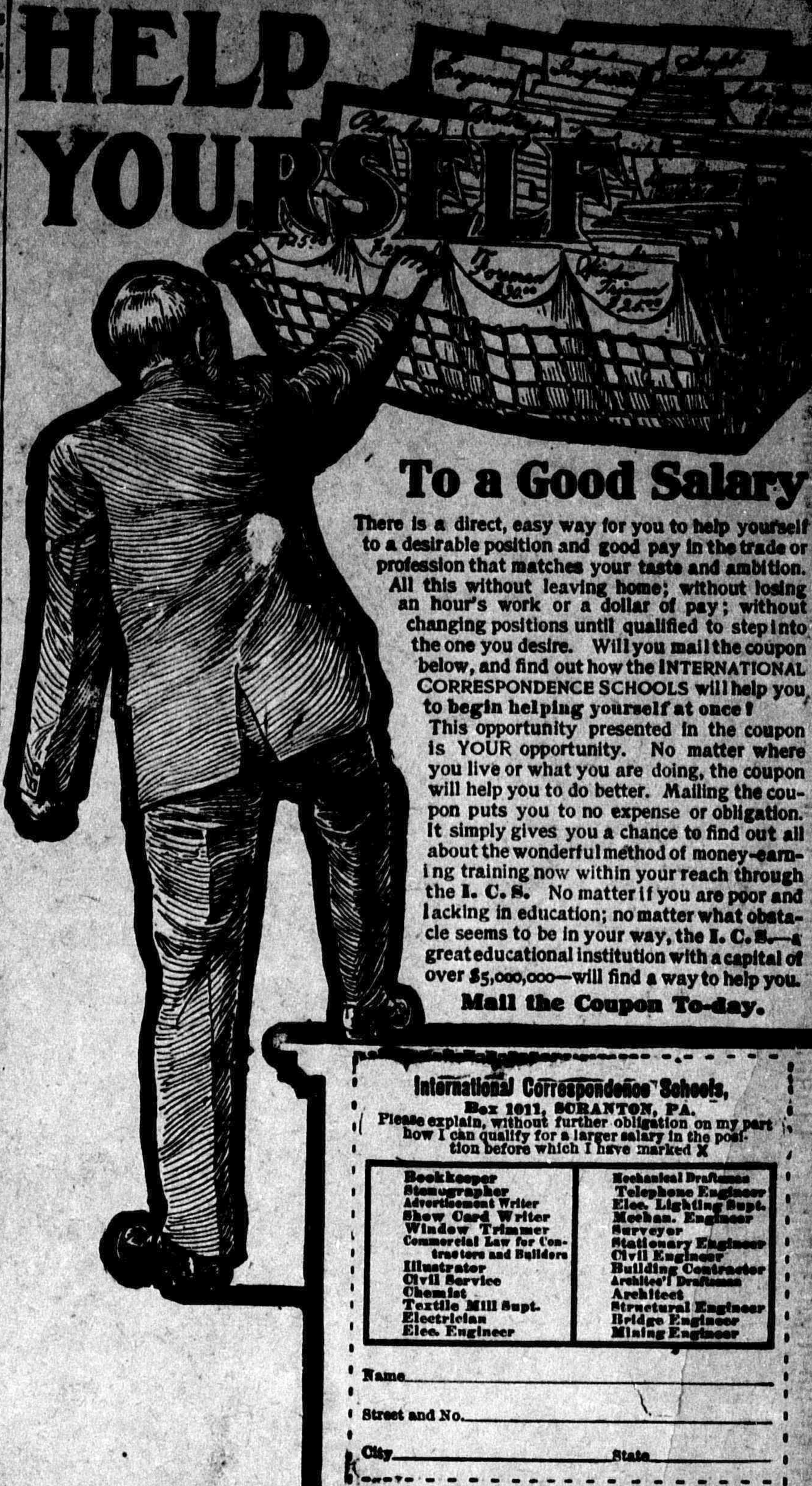
Potato Croquettes.—To two cupfuls of mashed potatoes add a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, half a saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and the yolks of two eggs. Beat over the fire until smooth. Heat a can of peas, season with salt and pepper. Form the potato mixture into small balls. With your finger scoop out the center, leaving a space sufficiently large to hold a tablespoonful of peas. Put in the peas, fill up the hole with a little potato, again form the ball in the palms of the hands, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Lima Bean Cakes.—Press cold, left-over beans through a fine sieve. To each half pint add the yolk of one egg, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and half a teaspoonful of onion juice if desired. Form into little cakes or balls, dip into the white of the egg that has been slightly beaten with a tablespoonful of water. Roll in breadcrumbs and fry in deep, hot fat.

Apple Dumplings.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with half a teaspoonful of salt and a quart of flour. Sift it three times and rub in a tablespoonful of lard or butter. Add sufficient water to moisten the mixture, though it must not be wet. Knead quickly, roll out into a sheet a fourth of an inch thick. Put down a saucer and cut around with a sharp knife. When the dough is all cut into rounds in this way, place a pared and cored apple in the center of each. Fill the space from which the core was taken with granulated sugar, and if desired a saltspoonful of cinnamon. Fold the dough around, pinching it down so as to thoroughly encase the apple. Roll in the palms of the hand until perfectly round, stand in a greased baking pan, sprinkle the tops with a tablespoonful of sugar dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. Try putting a fork in the top of the dumplings, and if the apples are tender they are done.

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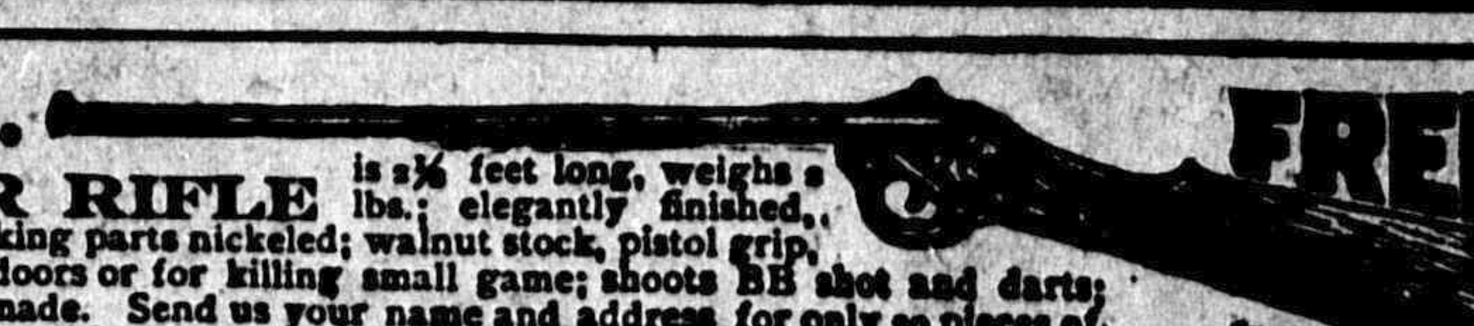
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