The Lambert Mystery.

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER X. 18

ontinued.

not know that name. nds strong." Then, sh, but a certain e had made up her Good night, dear

r in his arms and implored her to

etermined to de- ering, was less keep in hiding. h Glynn and Elsie thin's the morning er were to start for e wanted, he said, s child.

e next few weeks,"

so, may be so," said Lam- a sad ring in his voice. . . ambert and Elsie had retired to have a few words in private in Lady Gethin's boudoir. Thither she and Glynn followed them, the latter drawing Elsie into the conservatory adjoining.

"The next fortnight will be awfully bla k," he exlaimed, when they were out of earshot. "By that time I trust all difficulties will be surmounted, and I shall be able to start with your father for Lausanne; than I trust there will only be peace and love for you both in the future."

"Would to God this terrible interval were over!" said Elsie, with a quivering sigh.

"I intend to insist on your father's staying with me in my chambers until he is free to join you! Trust him to me, dearest," replied Glynn. . .

"How good you are! How can I ever thank you enough?" cried Elsie, and carried away by tenderness and gratitude her arms stole round his neck, and she kissed him repeatedly in all the simple sincerity of unhesitating affection.

Soon after, as it was growing late, Lambert purposed returning to his lodgings. He had said good-bye to Lady Gethin, and tenderly embraced Elsie. He had even gone half-way down stairs when he suddenly paused, and turning back exclaimed: "I must take one more look at her," and ascending to the drawing room, took her hand in both his own. "My own jewel! Have I made you happy? Will you pardon me any wrong I may have done you?"

"Wrong!—you have done me nothing but good. No father ever made a daughter happier than you have made me."

"Then give me a loving thought now and again. God bless you, my darling. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Only for a little while, dearest, best!" s. exclaimed. "Be careful and come to me soon!"

There was little or no difficulty in persuading Lambert to accept his future son-in-law's invitation.

In Glynn's chambers he revived considerably.

Glynn carefully avoided any appearance of change in his habits, and went out to dinners and parties as usual. At one of these he encountered Deering, and took the initiative by asking if he had been all this time in the country, as he had not seen him anywhere lately.

"I stayed longer than I intended at Denham. But you have been rather scarce lately. I haven't seen you in the haunts of men."

"I think I have been as much about as usual. By the way, is your American friend Vincent in town? I fancied I saw him the other day in Bond street."

"Vincent! yes; at least he was last week. He will not give up the chase after Lambert and his daughter. My own belief is that Lambert never quitted England."

"I go down to Denham on Wednesday for a few days. I am making alterations there and want to look after them."

"Well, good night."

Glynn returned with so much information for Lambert, who was evidently stirred by it. "I am better and stronger," he said, rising and stretching himself; "I'll take heart, and go talk to him in the midst of his ill-gotten property; maybe he'll reason.

"Anyway, I'll not bear this state of misery any longer. I'll find freedom somehow!" cried Lambert, with an air of determination.

CHAPTER XI.

Paid in Full.

"I feel like myself," said Lambert to his host, a few days after the encounter above recorded. "I'll go down to Denham to-morrow, and get my interview with Deering over."

"I am not at all sure you are equal it, Lambert; you are feverish and cited. Why not wait till he comes to town?"

Because I'd feel safer in the coun- Constables are not so near at d in the country.

I'll go and sleep at my own place t; and I'll start off to-morrow g. Maybe I'll be lucky, hey?" ed out Elsie's last letter and through in silence. "She is anyway, but she's wearying r old dad! God bless her! ess her, and watch over her!" a burst of feeling

not write to you, Glynn," last words at starting; "I'll e straight back and tell you g."

nd remember that the bolder can show, the greater the his yielding. Speak as if cloud of witnesses to back

's the plan! I'll try it, if ves keep as steady as they

* * * *

of Earlshall, a small rders of Northshire. was full and busy one morning in May, more than twelve months from the opening of this true story. It was market day.

The stables were full of strong, serviceable nags, worthy of the shire which bred them, and the busy hostlers had scarce time to attend to the demand of a stranger, who had been staying for the last two days at the inn, that one or other of them should saddle the horse he had ridden each day since he arrived.

"Hand it over to me, and I'll saddle him myself," he said at length. "I am no fool about a horse, and can generally manage all I want with my own hands." So saying, he proceeded to saddle the steed he had selected, and soon trotted out of the yard.

A stranger was a novelty at Earlshall, and several inquiries were addressed to "mine host," who mixed on pleasant, easy terms with his guests. "The visitor was from 'Lunnon' or from furrin parts." But he knew a horse when he saw one; he had been over to Denham all day long; the landlord's opinion was that likely he came from a newspaper, and he hoped as how he would write up the "Black Horse." There was a letter for him that morning from Denham. "I know the paper and the crest stamped outside," added the host; "I dare say he's an electioneering chap."

Unconscious of these comments Lambert rode on with a grey, set face, and firmly closed mouth. The letter he had received that morning had been brief—"I will hear what you have to say, but I do not wish a criminal to cross my threshold. You must meet me by the Deer's Barn in the Beech Wood, about a mile from the village. Any one will direct you." This had no signature and was addressed to "Mr. Smith." Lambert took it out and read it, gnashing his teeth as he did so.

"The insolent, daring villain," he muttered; "can I do nothing to turn his flank? If he had a gleam of conscience he would be less daringly unscrupulous, but he hasn't enough to make a coward of him. Glynn is my best card, but Deering knows his strength; he has only to lie boldly, and I am at his mercy.

"I must keep my brain clear," he muttered. "I wish I could get quit of this mad desire to shoot Deering—it wouldn't do—it wouldn't do. I could never stroll through cool country lanes with my Elsie again; I never could stroke her bright hair with this right hand if it had committed murder. That I have never done. No, Deering, you infernal liar!—only in fair fight have I killed my man."

When he reached the very humble little hostelry distinguished by the sign of the "Saracen's Head," the crest of the Deerings, which stood beside the village green of Denham, Lambert was cool and collected enough. He dismounted, and desired that his horse should be given a feed of oats, that the girths should be loosened, but the saddle was not to be removed, "for," said he very deliberately, "I want to finish a sketch of the Deer's Barn, and get back to catch the up-train at Earlshall about 6, so I may want the horse all in a hurry."

So saying, he walked quietly through the great old wrought-iron gates, and up the stately avenue for a few hundred yards. Then striking to the left, he quickened his pace, and plunged into the beautiful woods.

And all these grand woods, this beautiful sweep of hills, these groups of dappled deer, that murmuring brown stream, the solemn, stately beeches that clustered round the barn which stood at the verge of the deer park—all these were Elsie's; an, as he thought, Travers Deering came out from the shadow of the rough, picturesque edifice and advanced to meet him.

The two men came face to face a little in the rear of the barn, and stood in silence for a few seconds, eyeing each other with deadly hatred; nor was the gaze of the unscrupulous villain a shade less steady or unflinching than that of the man he intended to make his victim.

"Pray, why have you taken the trouble to come down here, when you might have seen me in town next week?" asked Deering coolly.

"For various reasons, chiefly because I could not wait."

"Then you have something important, something favorable for yourself to propose. First, where is Elsie? You know?"

"I do."

"Is she in England?"

"No."

"Will you tell me where she is?"

"I will further on."

"Very good; let me hear what you have to say," taking out a cigar, and striking a fusee he lit it with elaborate composure.

"I succeeded in hiding myself and my child from you and your devilish designs," began Lambert in a voice that vibrated with the anger he could hardly control. "However, I couldn't carry out my plans, and I know one cannot keep out of sight forever, so I made up my mind to see if we can't come to an agreement. Let us go, and I'll never say a word against you, or meddle in any way."

"Is that all you have to say for yourself?" returned Deering, contemptuously. "I thought you had something new."

"So I have! I have found a man who believes my story, and he is a backer not to be despised."

"And he is?" asked Deering, without taking his cigar from his lips.

"Glynn! You know him."

"Ha! and he believes your little romance?"—a look of concentrated fury contracting his brow. "Satisfactory to you; but unfortunately men's beliefs are not evidence. Now I have positive evidence."

"Deering!—you are the most accursed scoundrel that ever disgraced God's earth! Were it not for my child, I'd gladly pay forfeit with my life for the pleasure of killing you."

"Knowing my man, I am not such a blockhead as to come here unarmed," and he made a motion with his hand to his breast pocket.

"Good," cried Lambert, and he laughed a peculiar wild laugh. "But this is nonsense," he resumed; "let us talk like reasonable beings. Just see what folly it is to throw away fortune and all this"—waving his hand towards the trees and upland—"for what?—a whim, a bit of revenge! When you have destroyed me, and planted a thorn in Elsie's heart, that'll pierce her through her life long—how will you like to turn out of this grand place, and count every penny in your pocket?"

"I don't intend to do either; I shall be rewarded for my disinterested honesty by keeping the estate for my life. My son, a mere helpless cripple, can exist on a trifle; my lady wife is only half alive as it is, and probably may resign the frail half she possesses before long, then I may marry my sweet cousin, and all will go well and happily when we have hung you, you blundering blackguard"—with a sudden flash of rage and hatred.

"Gently," said Lambert, thinking the moment was come to play his trump card. "You'll not be able to carry out your neat little scheme. My Elsie is engaged to Glynn and will be his wife before three weeks are over. She is staying with Lady Gethin until the wedding takes place!"

Deering was moved at last, and started back.

"What! has Glynn known your secret during——"

"The last month and more," interrupted Lambert.

"And Lady Gethin?—is she equally well informed?"

"She is."

To be Continued.

Power From the Tides.

Attention is once more called to this subject by the proposed establishment of a power plant based on the use of the tides to compress air at Rockland, Me. At that place there exists a natural tidal basin covering an area of about one square mile. The average rise and fall of the tide is twelve feet. It has been calculated by the engineers in charge of the project that 5000 horse power can be developed, assuming an efficiency of seventy per cent. for the air compressing apparatus. It has been shown that compressed air can be transmitted long distances through pipes with very little loss of power, and it is proposed to supply such air to stone quarries situated within a radius of twenty miles from the tidal basin. It is pointed out that many similar tidal basins exist elsewhere along the seacoast.—Youth's Companion.

Poor Pussy.

If there be any noticeable falling off in the cat population hereabouts it may without doubt be attributed to the growing use of cat fur. Almost any kind of feline, it seems, will do for this purpose, even the back fence variety, if it be sufficiently well nourished to make the coat heavy and smooth. The pelts are worth here from fifteen to twenty-five cents each, and the securing them is something of an industry in Philadelphia. The skins are, however, sent to France, where they are dyed, and whence they return to this country as popular fur.—Philadelphia Record.

Big Ball of Snakes.

John and George Aber, sons of George Aber, a farmer residing near this village, while working in the woods on their father's farm overturned a large rock, under which they found a ball of snakes.

The snakes were coiled in bulk as large as a bushel basket, and the lads succeeded in killing all of them. There were fifty snakes in the bunch, including many milk snakes, garter snakes, several black snakes and other specimens.—Bath Correspondence Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Not Complaining.

"Don't you wish you had had the educational advantages you have given you son?"

"I dunno as it makes much difference now," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I might have enjoyed them some years ago, but I'm too old to play football or row a racing shell now. So maybe it's just as well."—Washington Star.

NOT BIG ENOUGH TO DIVIDE.

The bright-faced lad who had applied for the position of office boy stood anxiously waiting, while the proprietor pondered. The latter surveyed the young applicant with a gaze half-humorous, half-doubtful. He had had much experience, and was not very hopeful of really valuable services.

"I wonder whether you expect to engage as a whole or half boy—half boy most likely," he said, musingly. The gray eyes in the freckled face flushed inquiringly wide, as he explained:

"Oh, I don't mean to question your having the requisite number of arms and legs. Your body is all right: it is your mind I am talking about—your thoughts, wits, memory. I suppose you have a host of schemes and employments of your own that will be a great deal more important than anythinng here. You are interested in ball games and—"

"Yes, sir, I like ball first-rate. But when I am here, I'll be all here; when I am through here, I'll be all there. I'll play for all I'm worth in both places, but I ain't big enough to divide."

He gained the place, and he is true to his word; but his opinion of himself is one that might be well adopted. Few of us are "big enough to divide" in the sense of giving only half of our mind to the duty in hand. This is the reason so many people fail to do acceptable work.—Young Evangelist.

Formic acid is being used more and more in the dyeing trade as a substitute for acetic acid.

Fashions

New York City.—The shirt waist that is made with a yoke is one of the smartest just now, and this one is exceptionally pretty. The yoke is cut to form tabs that give a novel effect, and the sleeves with their deep cuffs are new and comfortable and smart. In this instance the material is plaid

silk piped with a plain color and trimmed with little silk buttons, but the waist is equally well adapted to wool, silk and washable fabrics. If the full sleeves are not liked plain ones can be substituted as show in the back view. Moire silk and cashmere promise to be favorites for separate

waists, and either would be attractive made after this model. Also the waist is well suited to the entire gown. The closing can be made either at the front or the back as liked. When made at the back it is designed to be invisible, when made at the front it can be effected either by means of buttons and buttonholes worked through the box pleat, or by means of buttonholes worked in a fly.

The waist consists of front and back portions. When made with closing at the back, the backs are made separately, but when the front closing is preferred the back is seamless. The tucks in the fronts are stitched for a portion of their length only, but the full length box pleat gives long lines at both front and back. The full sleeves are finished with deep cuffs. The plain sleeves are cut in one piece each.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, three and a half yards thirty-two or two and an eighth yards forty-four inches wide with three-eighth yard of contrasting material for piping.

Grandma's Shawl.

You may see your grandma's lace shawl—her fine old black lace shawl—again if you have ingenuity enough to drape it. It should not be cut, but only draped in tunic shape, and if too long, it may first be drawn up in apron bib lines, and even tied into pannier knots at the front, back or side, according to the lines of the garment.

Smart Models.

The cuirass gown is still seen among the smart models, but it is now fitted in at the waist line, where last season it dropped over with less clear definition.

Evening Costumes.

Ribbons after the pattern of old-fashioned brocades will help those who are desirous of using this dominant Parisian note in evening costumes.

Softer Ribbons.

Moire ribbon of stiff and supple quality is here. The thick weaves can be tied in immense stiff bows for moire covered hats. The softer ribbons can be fashioned into bags or girdles and twisted in decorative knots for trimming.

Lotus Flower.

The lotus flower and bud have grown under the artful hand of the weaver; brilliant conventional wings flash out their Egyptian message. These ornamental ribbons suggest fancy-work possibilities and merit consideration because of their sensible shades.

Straight Pleated Skirt.

Short or apron draperies are very fashionable just now and this one, with points at the sides, is extremely becoming. It is arranged over a pleated skirt, and this skirt is attached to a smoothly fitted yoke. It can be made either with a slightly raised or the natural waist line. In this case the skirt is made of cashmere with bands of satin, but it will be found available for almost every seasonable material. Fine wools are exceedingly light in weight, and everything that can be pleated successfully is appropriate. Made in floor length and of silk voile with bands of satin it would become very much more elaborate in effect. Made from French serge and finished with stitched hems only it would become a simple, practical skirt adapted to every-day wear.

The skirt consists of the foundation, the pleated portion and the drapery. The foundation is gored and snugly fitted. The pleated portion is straight and laid in backward-turning pleats, and the drapery is arranged over it. There are also two box pleats at the back and the closing is made invisibly between the two. When the natural waist line is desired the foundation and the drapery are cut off on indicated lines and the skirt is joined to a belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and a quarter yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, four and three-quarter yards forty-four or fifty-two inches wide with one yard twenty-seven inches wide for the bands.

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Wedding Gift Clubing.

She who notes the names on cards attached to wedding gifts has marked an increasing tendency to club together in buying one striking present. The idea is becoming popular. Showering small gifts upon young couples is bound to result in many embarrassing duplications. One bride gazed with horror at no less than fourteen pie knives. Neither she nor her future husband ever indulged in pie. Clubbing avoids such duplications.—Indianapolis News.

Girls' Clubhouse.

Dr. Lucy A. Bannister, executive secretary of the women's branch of the National Civic Federation, is said to be largely responsible for the clubhouse which the Westinghouse Lamp Company has presented to its girl employes at Bloomfield, N. J. It was at the suggestion of Dr. Bannister that the company opened a factory hospital some time ago. This has proved so successful that the company has provided a twelve room house for the Westinghouse Social club for girls.—New York Sun.

Titles Not So Attractive.

Restored to health and about to make her entry in Washington society, Miss Evelyn Walsh is a figure of great interest to honest folk as well as to fortune hunters. It has been asserted she wants a foreign title, but in view of recent revelations of the results of such matrimonial marketing, it is said her father is on the doubtful side. Miss Walsh is only slightly lame, as the result of the automobile accident in Newport two years ago when her brother was killed. Mrs. Walsh will open her home in Massachusetts avenue soon and will "present" her daughter.—New York Press.

A Nervous Face.

Do not neglect the nervous face. When a child grimaces or twitches there is trouble ahead. The sooner it is taken in hand the less probability there will be of chronic grimacing, or worse yet, St. Vitus' dance.

Frequently this twitching begins when the child is very young; sometimes it arises from older people foolishly laughing at the little one's contortions, and they are kept up until they become nervous affection.

This is not an easy habit to cure. It is not enough to say, "Bobby, stop making faces," "Jane you will be a wrinkled, ugly woman." Correct the fault, but get the doctor's help as well. Nerve tonics and open air life may be more in order than punishments.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Words for Women.

A bachelor is a man who either has too much sense to marry or not enough.

The wise man keeps his temper even when he is getting the worst of it.

A man will confess to one bad habit for the purpose of hiding a dozen others.

You can estimate the value of your reputation by trying to induce a pawnbroker to advance you something on it.

A woman never realizes how awkward her husband is until he attempts to pass things to guests at the dinner table.

Perhaps an open countenance may be all right, but people who are never able to keep their mouths closed are all wrong.—New York Press.

Woman's Relief Corps.

When Commander-in-Chief Van Sant of the Grand Army of the Republic, came on from Atlantic City he was accompanied by the national president of the Woman's Relief Corps, Mrs. Jennie I. Berry, and several members of her official staff, who had been at the shore, selecting headquarters for the next annual encampment.

Mrs. Berry is much interested in her work; in fact, she is giving her whole time to the order she loves so well. She comes of patriotic stock, being the daughter of a veteran of the civil war. A woman of fine presence, with a ready flow of language, and exceptional executive ability, she is eminently fitted to be the leader of such a great body as is the auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Georgia Wade McClellan is national secretary and Charlotte E. Wright national treasurer of the Woman's Relief, which is the largest organization of the kind, having a membership of 166,000. --Philadelphia Record.

You and Your Boy.

I have never been one to feel that the best love was won from a child by extreme indulgence. In fact, I hold that the contrary is the rule. Observing the families of my contemporaries and predecessors it is borne in upon me that the most indulged children have not been the most devoted to their fathers and mothers. On the contrary, having had the happiness to be associated with several households where strict obedience has always been demanded and received, I feel justified in declaring that the families where discipline is observed are those whose children are most affectionate.

Be it noted that strictness does not mean harshness or severity. It does stand for reasonable rules, positively enforced, for commands which must be obeyed, and, above all, it should stand for justice.

Were I asked to put in a word the most desirable quality in dealing with boys, or with girls, either, for that matter, I would put justice first. It would not be a synonym for hardness, although this is a meaning often applied to it. It would mean obedience to orders and penalties when orders were disobeyed, but it would mean also an appreciation of the child's standpoint, an almost agonizing care that he should not be punished without adequate [illegible] rigid adherence to [illegible] d as well as of re- [illegible] nding of what led to this or that course of action which from an adult's viewpoint may seem inexplicable.

There may be well brought up children who resent a just punishment. I have never known them. But I have found injustice of reproof or of penalty resented with a bitterness which left its mark for years afterward.—Christine Terhune Herrick in The Circle.

Margaret Anglin on Dress.

"My clothes creed is well summed in three statements," says Margaret Anglin in Human Life. "First, I believe in saving in the number of frocks and putting the money into good furs.

"Furs are very expensive and they are constantly growing more so. Nevertheless they are so becoming to all women that it pays to sacrifice other things in the wardrobe to buy them, and to buy good ones.

"Next, I believe in having good, well cut gowns, little trimmed, but plenty of jabots and guimpes and yokes and collars, so that there can be fresh, clean things for the neck every day. I like the intimate things, those clothes that touch the skin, to be dainty.

"Third, I believe in the tailor gown, but I like it trimmed and softened. The adorned French and American modes I prefer to the unadored English styles, which are too trying for any woman.

"To this creed I would add that if I were very poor and able to have but few clothes I should make a point of having my gowns made just alike. Then no one would ever know which were new and which old. I should always wear black in the day and white in the evening.

"But every one likes to dilate upon his creed, so let me add something by way of elucidation and elaboration to mine. First, as to furs, I prefer dark furs. They look richer and as a rule are more becoming. Personally I like the longhaired furs, but if I were of less height I should wear the short-haired ones. Mink is the favorite, as it should be of short women.

"For the street I like the plainest kowns in cut and color I can get; but I will not wear the English tailor made frock, which in every respect except bifurcation is exactly like a man's business suit. The French and Americans trim these suits, feminizing them with rows of braid and bands of silk or folds of velvet, and they are incalculably more becoming.

"The English tailor suit demands a stiff linen or heavy flannel shirtwaist. The French or American permits bodices of silk or velvet or even of chiffon. A French tailor suit I got in Paris and have worn as it seems endlessly is of blue-black cheviot, cut with a long coat and plain but flaring skirt.

"So far it is English, but it has a becoming shawl, collor of soif silk and rows of braid that brighten it. And the bodice is of black chiffon with pipings of pale bue silk and with it I wear a fresh guimpe of lace or embroidered linen or of white chiffon every day. Odds and ends left from a worn out white frock work up finely into dainty accessories like this that make a costume charming.

"One rule I always follow——I never wear in the house the gown I have worn on the street. The moment I come into the house, no matter how tired I am. I slip off the street suit and get into a house gown.

"The change in itself rests me. I do this in part from hygienic motives, in part from artistic ones. The street gown is not sanitarily fit to be worn in the house until it has been well brushed and gone over to rid it of any germs it might have accumulated on the crowded pavements, crowded in more than one way But artistically the street gown is also impossible. It doesn't go with the furniture."

Fashion Notes.

Spangled and net robes again are worn.

Heavy mousquetaire sleeves are in vogue.

There is a fad for amber hair ornaments.

Already the moyen age style is on the wane.

Lace is much in vogue for blouses and gowns.

Draperies are high in favor for formal gowns.

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Jet aigrettes appear on some of the smart turbans.

Among the new purses the square ones are popular.

Dark sepia is the most stylish shade of suede footwear.

In silks, brocade is the ultra petticoat material at present.

The fashion of zibeline as a dress fabric has become a fad.

Seal plush coats, made up after real seal modes, are in demand.

A novelty is a coat sleeve laced the entire length with a silk cord.

Cerise, a shade so popular a few years ago, is again to the fore.

Vanity boxes, suspended from chains and chatelaines, are again seen.

The newest hairpins are square-topped instead of having tops with curves.

Hatpins were never so extravagant in size and decoration. Some of the latest and richest are adorned with hand-painted miniatures.

Some of the new sleeves are carpet and gathered or shirred under the cap and at the elbows and wrists. In fact, the "bishop" tendency is marked.

Peking messaline is the name given to a particularly alluring silk-striped chiffon cloth that is quite a favorite for blouses.

Underjackets of quilted satin, whether with or without sleeves, are finding favor. Such a jacket is worn under the street coat when the thermometer drops a few degrees. This enables a light weight suit to do duty in cold weather.

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