THE COURT OF ST. SIMON

By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

Author of Passers-By, The Golden Webb, etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

BEARDING THE LION.

Valentin went calmly into the restaurant and made his way to the table where Robert was sitting alone. Robert was dressed with some abatement of his Parisian eccentricity, and yet in a style sufficiently pronounced to leave no doubt whatever as to his nationality or as to his status. Valentin found himself smiling as he took the opposite seat. His neighbor reminded him somewhat of the bourgeois Frenchmen of the English music halls, with his flaming red tie and check trousers.

"So it is you, eh?" Robert muttered, without saluting or any sign of pleasure. "Curse you, I wish your money had lasted a little longer!"

"My friend," Valentin protested, "you are, to say the least of it, not courteous. I stripped myself once of all my earthly possessions and handed them to you. You did a stroke of business with me which should have made you independent for life. As for me, I was beggared. Did I understand you to ask me what I would drink, Monsieur Robert?" he added, turning round and beckoning the waiter. "You are very kind. I will take some Vermouth."

"You can have your Vermouth and welcome," Robert growled, "but no tricks, mind. Somehow, I never expected to see you again like this."

"It is hard to escape—you yourself have proved it so," said Valentin, with a smile.

Giving vent to an expression of contempt, "Am I a fool?" asked Robert. "Do you think I know nothing, hear nothing? It is for the sake of that wretched young cub, whose body and soul you bought from me eight years ago, that you still hang around the flame. By all the saints, you've paid a price for him!"

"The affair," Valentin remarked, "is my own. Since you have mentioned the subject, permit me to say that after your former experience I am somewhat surprised to learn that you still reckon him an associate."

"What we reckon him I will tell you presently," said Robert, leaning a little forward. "I tell you that we are not always to be made fools of, we of the Rue Druot. At the present moment I want that young man of yours and I want him pretty quick. It is for that purpose that I am here. He and I have got to have a reckoning."

"About those jewels, I suppose?"

The Frenchman scowled at him across the table, and looked around half fearfully. "You fool!" he muttered. "Do you think there aren't spies in this place as well as any other? One doesn't talk about such things. However, since you have mentioned it, I am here for my share. They all three knew what it was to be—Jim, the Dandy and D'Argminac. I want the loose stones, 34 of them—that's exactly half. Now then, Monsieur, what do you say to that?"

"That's all right," remarked Valentin, "but, you see, the robbery wasn't an entire success. You haven't read the evening papers, I see."

"What do you mean by not an entire success?" Robert hissed. "He had the necklace—I have seen it in black and white."

Valentin sighed. "It is true," he admitted, "that the necklace was for a few moments in the possession of those young gentlemen. For safety's sake, one of them passed it on to me. I, after profound deliberation—returned it to Lady Transome."

Robert's hand shot to his breast pocket, his eyes were blazing—blazing and venomous. Valentin pinned his wrist to the table with a grasp of iron. "Don't make a fool of yourself here, Robert!" he ordered. "There are a dozen policemen in the street outside. If one kills in this country, one hangs. Over here our police are not afraid even of le beau Robert."

"It is a cursed lie!" Robert muttered. "It's a plot to do me out of my share!"

"It's nothing of the sort," Valentin retorted. "So far as D'Argminac is concerned, he did his part, as I suppose you would say, satisfactorily. He flirted with the lady's maid, he left Victoria in her taxicab, and he persuaded her to stay a moment at his rooms. After that we will draw a veil. I come now to speak of myself."

"It is well," Robert hissed. "Speak, and speak quickly."

"You know very well," Valentin continued, "that my association with you and your honorable confreres of the Rue Druot was not for the purpose of robbery or any individual benefit. I had plenty of money in those days. I whipped those bourgeois tradespeople for amusement, and their money went to charity. I never handled a penny. Theft to me stands for the same as it does to any other honest man. I shrug my shoulders at your doings because criminals must exist in every great center, and when one is tired of everything else in life, it is a change to watch you others at your work. That was my position in Paris, Robert. That was the extent of my association with you."

"What of it?"

"I speak now," Valentin went on, "of Eugene d'Argminac. I brought him to the Rue Drout for a night's amusement. He was a stranger, a casual acquaintance. At the time it is true that I cared little what became of him. I thought merely that a taste of the reality would sicken and horrify him. But from that grave things happened to me. First of all, this young man turned out to be connected with some one of whom we will not speak, but who has counted to me for more than life itself. Secondly, there was a taint in his blood—God knows how it got there, but the taint of criminality was there. You know what it cost me to get him away from you once. It wasn't any use. He lived a semi-respectable life for a year. Then I found him mixed up again with this gang. I have been hanging around, trying to look after him, and I've failed. It's a hopeless task. One would think that he was born for the hangman, for I found him last night shivering in the streets with those jewels in his pocket. I took them home with me. This morning I sent them back to the woman from whom they were stolen."

Le beau Robert at that moment certainly did not justify his name. His teeth were set, the veins stood out blue upon his forehead as he struggled to wrench his hand free from the other's grasp and to reach his knife. Valentin, however, was easily his master.

"Now listen," he commanded. "We are being observed. Upon my honor, Robert, it was not safe to keep those jewels. The other men did their work well enough, as you would call it, but our young friend has no nerve for the big things. I tell you that I took the jewels from him and returned them to their owner; and I tell you this—that every time I find him being made use of by you or by these others, I shall, if I have the opportunity, do the same again. I tell you he is no good to you. He is a criminal, if you like, but he has no nerve nor any honor. Once before you proved it—Take my warning—let him alone."

Robert was calm again. Valentin seemed to have reacquired all his former influence. "You have stripped yourself to the bone for this creature," he muttered. "You speak to me about him now as no other man breathing would dare to do. Who is he? I am curious."

"It is of no consequence," Valentin answered calmly. "I have told you enough. What I have done, I have done to atone for that unfortunate moment when I brought him to the Rue Druot. I have no money for you, Robert. I am a pauper, with no expectations. I earn my own living nowadays by giving fencing lessons, but I am still Valentin de Souspennier, and you'll find that I am to be reckoned with when there's trouble about."

"You threaten?" Robert asked.

"If this is a threat, accept it from me," Valentin answered. "Make use of that man again, or encourage them here to make use of him, and there's danger—danger for the lot of you. There was a man once, Robert, in a book which possibly might not appeal to your literary tastes, who pulled down the pillars of a great building wherein he and his enemies were all gathered together. They all perished, he among them. I have the feelings of that man, Robert."

There was a short silence. Valentin very slowly withdrew his fingers from his companion's wrist. Robert made no further movement to reach his knife. Instead he clinked his glass against Valentin's and, leaning back, laughed gayly.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," he said, "one meets a man at times, and it gives one heart!"

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO ACHING HEARTS.

Valentin walked down Old Compton street and stopped for a few minutes outside the Palace Theater, studying the advertisements. There was a great poster of Josephine, the Wonderful Dancer. He smiled as he stood there, and remembered the time when he had seen her first, dancing to the music of a cracked violin before a cafe of a few chairs set out upon the pavement.

"Josephine," he said softly to himself, as he turned away, "was one of my good investments. A few thousand francs, spent when they meant nothing, for instruction in music and dancing lessons, and behold! London is at her feet."

He glanced at his watch; it was yet barely 9 o'clock. He walked quickly to Piretti's restaurant at the end of Shaftesbury avenue. The place, as usual, was crowded, but at her accustomed table he found Josephine. She held out both her hands. There was no mistaking her joy at his coming.

"Ah, it is charming, this!" she exclaimed. "You have come to dine with me? Say you have come to dine?"

To be Continued Tomorrow.

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON

7769 Girl's Russian Costume, 10 to 14 years.

WITH OR WITHOUT TUNIC, WITH THE OVERLAPPING EDGES OF SKIRT AND TUNIC HAVING EITHER STRAIGHT OR CURVED CORNERS, WITH LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES.

Russian effects are as smart for girls as for their elders. The illustration shows an unusually attractive dress made in this style and, in addition to its charm, it has the advantage of simplicity. The skirt is a simple four-piece one. The right front is lapped over the left and the left back over the right and these overlapping edges can be finished with curved or straight corners. The tunic, too, can be finished with either curved or straight corners to match the skirt. The blouse is a simple one with the right side overlapping the left and the sleeves are cut in one piece each and can be finished at the wrists with pretty rolled-over cuffs or a little above the elbows with straight edges. They are joined to the blouse in the "set-in" style. The tunic is cut in three pieces and is joined to the blouse by means of a belt. The skirt is finished entirely separate from the waist when the tunic is used; but, when the tunic is omitted as in the small front view, the skirt and blouse are joined at the waist line by means of a belt. Serge, linens, pique are all excellent for the model.

For the 12 year size the dress will require 7½ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 27 inches wide, for the collar and cuffs.

The pattern of the dress 7769 is cut in sizes for girls from 10 to 14 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN NO. 7769.

UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

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Town..... State.....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

All orders for patterns, accompanied with 10c. for each, must be addressed to Pattern Department, Baltimore American, Baltimore, Md.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Folly of Trying to Do Without Sleep—A Good Nap Beats All the Worry There Is in the World—It Is Not the Body That Needs All the Sleep, but It Is the Mind as Well.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

There, now, it's all settled. No more problems, no more troubles, no more debts, no more sorrow, no more cruelties, no more the sins of forgetting, no more illness, no more failure, life one long sweet song from the cradle to the grave. They've solved the riddle at last—no, I mean again.

This time it is to keep from sleeping. No more sleep, never, never again. No more alarm clocks, no more rush hours, nothing but one long, merry, joyous working day for ever and ever. Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! "Oh, ain't it grand!"

Who was the man who had everything settled another way not long ago? He had it fixed for no more cooking, no more cooks, no more grocery bills, no more meeting the butcher face to face on a blue Monday morning, all on account of a tiny pellet which was going to feed us all for next to nothing.

I don't even think of the inventor now, ingrate that I am. I wonder how long it will take to remember the name of the gloriously endowed person who has discovered the way to live without sleep? I shan't remember it a minute for my part if I can help it.

Get rid of sleep, forsooth. Who on earth wants to get rid of it? I don't, do you? Why, I'd rather sleep than work any time, wouldn't you? And as for worry, a good nap beats all the worry there is in the world, twice around the clock.

No sleep! Why, we would be a world of mad men in six months. It isn't the body that needs all that sleep. It's the mind, the tireless, indefatigable, wearying, worrying, grinding, mulling mind that won't let the body rest, or the soul either, unless you take it by the throat. I wonder if minds do have throats, by the way, and fairly strangle it into stillness and subjection.

No sleep! Dear me, what fiend ever conceived such a plan?

No sleep—and the butcher to meet—and no money in the bank and none coming till next week.

No sleep, and the boy going wrong and won't listen to a word you say, and you've just got to stand by and watch him tear his perfectly good life into tatters, and get ready to help him piece it together again when he finds out what he's done and what you are trying to tell him right now!

No sleep, and daughter in love with a low-browed, shifty-eyed person with a tenor voice and a knack of singing love ballads, and doing all the new dances with a kind of diabolical grace!

No sleep, and brother letting his partner make a fool of him and calling you meddlesome when you try to open his eyes!

No sleep, and the doctors tell you there is something wicked gnawing at your very vitals—something that will give no quarter and take none!

No sleep, and one you love loves you no longer, and tries to cover the coldness of the heart under an excess of outward endearment!

No sleep, and the other fellow is getting ahead of you in business by trickery, and you won't stoop to compete with him on his own ground!

No sleep, and the wind sobs in the chimney and tells you of days long, long gone when you were gay and believed in people and laughed at nothing and sang just for the pure joy of living!

No sleep, and the woman who bores you to madness coming for a two hours' visit tomorrow!

No sleep, and Lillian Russell telling women how to be beautiful at one hundred, and you can't think how to be even passable at forty!

No sleep, and every time you look in the glass you see that you've gained a pound or so!

No sleep, and the bright stars fade to dawn and the gray broadens into rose, and the tall poplars at the foot of the garden whisper and whisper in their dry branches.

No sleep, and the roosters begin to cry that day is coming, day is coming.

No sleep, and the watch dog lies down to rest—now that his enemy who taunts him from the moon has gone.

No sleep, and from the house next door comes the stir of new life, some one shakes down the furnace, and milkman is heard. Chirp, chirp, the sparrows twitter to each other about the fine naps they had when the wind went down last night—scrape, scrape, some one is early with the snow shovel.

Mfph, mfph, bacon and eggs next door on one side, ham on the other, chops across the street, sausage and cakes downstairs. Hurrah! The house is up at last.

No sleep, where then shall come our awakenings?

No sleep, why that's the way they punish the worst criminals of all in China. What have we done in this year of grace that we should be tortured so?

Sleep, blessed, balm-giving, wholesome, sorrow-drowning sleep. Out upon the man who dares to invent any way whatsoever to do away with it, say I.

FOR NEW HOUSEKEEPERS.

New, yes, old housekeepers are frequently puzzled regarding the weights and measuring proportions, and this little schedule will be helpful to all. Before starting see that all materials are free from lumps of any kind, and the measuring cup or spoon even full, not running over.

One pint of granulated sugar equals one pound.

One pint of brown sugar equals 13 ounces.

One pint of maple sugar equals 17 ounces.

One pint of wheat flour equals eight ounces.

One pint of cornmeal equals 10 ounces.

One pint of soft butter equals one pound.

One pint of grated bread crumbs equals nine ounces.

One pint of seeded raisins equals nine ounces.

One pint of dried currants equals 10 ounces.

One counce of granulated sugar equals two level tablespoonfuls.

GRAHAM BREAD.

One and a half pints graham flour, one and a half pints bread flour, one and a half pints warm water, one-half cup sugar, one-half yeast cake, lard size of an egg and little salt. Mix at night, stirring well. Set in warm place to rise. In the morning cut it down with a knife, and when it has risen again fill well-greased tins half full. Let rise again and bake in moderate oven one hour.

IMAGINATION AND HEALTH.

It might be well for each one of us to just watch ourselves for a few days and see if we do not complain a great many times when there is little or nothing the matter.

Get into the habit of saying you are well, and note if it is not a pleasanter and a more wholesome habit than the one of complaining about every little indisposition or temporary bad feeling.

Some people simply have a habit of not feeling well—or of saying that they are not well. They get up in the morning expecting to have a headache, and morning after morning they complain of headache, until it simply becomes a habit. If they stopped to consider whether the head really ached or not, it may be that they would find there was no headache at all.

And so it is with many other little ailments. They imagine people have got into the habit of having something the matter with them, some little pet ailment, and they wouldn't give it up for anything. Their friends have learned just what this particular ailment is, and know precisely the answer they will get. The pet ailment is usually a myth.

SERVING COURSE DINNER.

Many of our housewives who want the elegance of a course dinner, yet who are limited to the services of one maid, would be much amazed at the ease with which they can both cook and serve if a little forethought be used in the menu.

A preliminary cocktail, prepared beforehand from a bottled sauce or catsup and oysters or clams, makes a good beginning and can be made ready in the early morning and placed on ice to great advantage.

A clear soup, with vermicelli or noodles, can be cooked the day before and may simmer quietly for half an hour before serving time without further care.

Fish is well represented by deviled crabs, seasoned and turned into little mounds in the center of scalloped shells. This may be done any time several hours previous to the feast, and all they need at mealtime is a simple browning in the oven.

Large and substantial roasts are not only hard to prepare and serve, but also fill the oven to the exclusion of everything else, so it is advisable to have delicious little steaks, filet of beef, with canned peas and pomme de terre au gratin, and prepared early in the day from mashed potato and a sprinkling of grated cheese.

Most salads may, without serious injury, be mixed several hours before using and placed in a large bowl in the refrigerator, placing it on the lettuce leaves at serving time. Cheese balls are better made early and iced.

Certainly for dessert nothing could be more delicious, more appetizing or more decorative than individual charlotte russe, more popular than ice-cream, with hot maple or chocolate sauce and stuffed wafers, or more soul-satisfying than a tutti-frutti French cream, all of which may be either ordered from the caterer or made at home early. With bonbons, coffee and cigars this provides for a really elaborate dinner of eight courses, which could be prepared, for that matter, by the housewife herself in the forenoon, inasmuch as the only thing which must be actually cooked at mealtime is the steak. Almost any maid could be trusted to do the rest.

THE KITCHEN FLOOR.

The woman who does all her own housework may lessen her burdens greatly by giving attention to her kitchen floor other than its daily vigorous scouring. For perfect cleanliness it should be painted, oiled or covered with linoleum, but such a floor shows every bit of dust and is tiresome to the feet. Rugs made from two thicknesses of old carpet stitched together on the machine will be heavy enough not to kick about, and if placed at outer doors prevent much tracking in of dust and mud. A large cushion with a stout brown denim cover will be found very comforting to weary feet when there are many dishes to wash or big ironings to do.

Once a week the floor margin should be cleaned with damp cloth over the broom and if soiled spots exist around the stove they should be cleaned with a small scrubbing brush. Once each month the rugs should be removed and the floor thoroughly cleaned.

HELPFUL REMEDIES.

Do you know that equal parts of turpentine and ammonia will remove paint from clothing, no matter how hard it may be? Saturate the paint two or three times and wash the spot with warm water and soap.

If the hands are covered well with soap and it is allowed to dry before polishing the stove, the polish will not adhere to the hands and will wash off without any trouble.

To remove the dust from radiators is as easy task if you possess an electric fan. Place this article on the floor in front of the radiator and apply the current; move the fan up and down until every particle of dust has been blown from the crevices.

BEADED BAGS.

Beaded bags refuse to be ousted. The smartest are of jet oblongs, pierced and applied to the net alternately with beads of silver or gold, or set solidly together and bordered with silver, gold or white discs. Equally alluring are the bags made of steel mingling with colored beads and those which show the same curious shaded effects that distinguish shot silks. Some of these latter are made in the fashionable pannier shape first brought out in walrus or seal bags, and all contain a change purse and card case of satin matching the lining of the chief receptacle.

DOLLY MADISON CAKE.

Take a quarter of a pound each of butter and lard and cream it with half a pound of sugar; add four eggs and three or four tablespoons of milk beaten a little together, and mix well. Sift one pound of flour and a teaspoon of baking powder and stir in. Add a tablespoon of sherry or madeira. Bake in a papered cake tin, leaving room for rising, for about an hour and a half; lay with strips of Angelica, lattice fashion, across the top of the cake. Angelica is a plant candied for the purpose of decoration, etc. Can be gotten at any first-class grocery.

LOBSTER SALAAD.

Using canned lobsters, take a can, skim off all the oil on the surface, chop the meat up coarsely on a flat dish. Prepare the same way six heads of celery; mix a teaspoon of mustard into a smooth paste with a little vinegar; add yolks of two fresh eggs, a tablespoon of butter creamed, a small teaspoon of salt, the same of pepper, a quarter of a teaspoon of cayenne pepper, a gill of vinegar and the mashed yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Mix a small portion of the dressing with the celery and meat and turn the remainder over all.

FILET TEA CAKE COVERS.

Of the same dimensions as the old-fashioned glass layer cake covers, are very dainty shields for afternoon tea sandwiches. Their sides are composed of a half dozen squares of embroidered white filet lace firmly wired at the four edges and joined to form a six-sided upright section which is topped by a flat six-sided piece of embroidered filet. The contrivance perfectly protects the contents of a sandwich plate from germs and furnace dust without concealing the "goodies."

MAYONNAISE OF SALMON.

To one can of salmon minced fine mix a dressing as follows: Yolk of one raw egg, spoonful of mustard, four tablespoons of oil, one tablespoon vinegar, pinch of salt, very little cayenne pepper. Put mustard in with the egg, stir one way and add oil drop by drop. Then beat until creamy. When stiff add the vinegar, then pepper and lastly salt. Garnish the dish with parsley or celery tops.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.

Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, the whites of seven eggs well beaten, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one cup of cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Frosting—Whites of three eggs and some sugar beaten together, not quite as stiff as for frosting; spread over the cake, add grated cocoanut. Put cakes together and use some filling for the top.

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This will be the first of a series of Great. Pictures for readers of the Sunday American

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