

# An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"  
"Joan Thursday"  
"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Friday's Daily.)  
CHAPTER V.  
Conspiracy.

"My dear sister!" interposed Mr. Savage with an imitation so exact of the woman's tone that he nearly won a smile even from Sally. "Do calm yourself—don't make a scene. The matter is quite easy to explain."

"But what?"  
"Oh, give us a chance. But, permit me!" He bowed with his easy grace. "Adele, this is Miss Manvers, my sister, Mrs. Standish. And now, Mrs. Standish, I have just returned from her chair and Mrs. Standish acknowledged her existence by an embarrassed nod—do sit down, Adele."

With the manner of one whose amazement has paralyzed her parts of speech, the woman sank mechanically into the chair which Savage (having thoughtfully waved away the hovering attendant) placed beside the table, between himself and his guest. But once seated, precisely as if that position were a charm to break the spell that sealed them, promptly her lips reformed the opening syllables of "What does this mean?"

Mr. Savage, however, diplomatically gave her no chance to utter more than the first word.

"Do hold your tongue," he pleaded, with a rudeness convincingly fraternal. "and listen to me. I am deeply indebted to Miss Manvers for her very life, in fact. Oh, don't look so blamed incredulous; I'm perfectly sober. Now will you please give me a show?"

And the lady executing a gesture that matched well her look of blank resignation, her brother addressed himself to a terse summing up of the affair which, while it stressed the gravity of the adventure with the fat burglar, did not seem to extenuate Sally's offense in the least, and so had the agreeable upshot of leaving the sister in a much-placated humor and regarding the girl with a more indulgent countenance than Sally had found any reason at first to hope for.

As for that young woman, the circumstance that she was inwardly all asunder didn't in the least hinder her exercise of that feminine trick of mentally photographing, classifying, and cataloguing the other woman's outward aspects in detail, and, at the same time, distilling her more subtle phases of personality in the report of instinct and minutely analyzing the precipitate.

The result laid the last lingering ghost of suspicion that all was not as it should be between these two—that Blue Serge had not been altogether frank with her.

She had from the first appreciated the positive likeness between Mrs. Standish and the portrait in the library, even though her observation of the latter had been limited to the most casual inspection through the crack of the folding doors; there wasn't any excuse for questioning the identification. The woman before her, like the woman of the picture, was of the slender, blond class—intelligent, nervous, quick-tempered, inclined to suffer spasmodically from exaltation of the ego. And if she had not always been pampered with very luxury that money has induced modern civilization to invent, the net was not apparent; she dressed with such exquisite taste as only money can purchase, if it be not innate; she carried herself with the use of affluence founded upon a lack, while her nervousness was manifestly due rather to impatience than to the vice of worrying.

"And now," Mr. Savage wound up with a graceless grin, "if you'll be good enough to explain what the dickens you're doing here instead of being on the way to Boston by the eleven train, I'll be grateful. Miss Manvers will quit doubting my ver-

city—secretly, if not openly—and you can proceed to consider something I have to suggest with respect to the obligations of a woman who has been saved the loss of a world of gew-gaws as well as those of a man who is alive and whole exclusively, thanks to—well, I think you know what I mean."

"Oh, as for that," said Mrs. Standish absently, "when you turned up missing on the train, I stopped it at the Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street station and came back to find out what was the matter. I've been all through this blessed place looking for you—"

"Pardon!" Mr. Savage interrupted. "Did I understand you to say you had stopped the train?"  
"Certainly. Why not? You don't imagine I was going to let myself be carried all the way to Boston in ignorance—"

"Then, one infers, the eleven train doesn't normally stop at One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street?"

"No. I had to speak to the conductor. Do be quiet. It doesn't matter. What were you going to say?"

"Nothing much, except that the clothes Miss Manvers stands in are hardly to be considered an adequate reward."

"True. But you mentioned some suggestion or other—"

"Without being downright about it, thereby sparing Miss Manvers any embarrassment she might feel should you disapprove, as I'm confident you won't—"

"This was the woman's turn; she silenced him with a gesture of infinite ennui. "Why is it," she complained, "that you never get anywhere without talking all around Robin Hood's barn?"

"Objection," Mr. Savage offered promptly, "on the ground of mixed metaphors."

"Objection sustained," his sister conceded. "But do come to the point."

"I wish only to remind you of the news imparted by our respected aunt in her letter of recent date."

The woman frowned slightly, as with mental effort; then a flash of comprehension lightened her blue eyes. "Immediately her brows met in a circumflexed question. A look of profound but illegible significance passed between the two. Mr. Savage nodded. Mrs. Standish pursed speculatively her thin, well-made-up lips and visibly took thought, according to the habit of her sex, by means of a series of intuitive explosions. Then she nodded vigorously and turned upon Miss Manvers a bewildering smile, for the first time addressing her directly.

"My dear," she said pleasantly enough—though, of course, the term had no accent whatever of affection—but this half-witted brother of mine once in a while stumbles upon the most brilliant inspiration imaginable. I'm sure he has seen enough of you in this last hour to be making no mistake in offering you as one answer to a very delicate question which has been distressing us both for a long time. If you're not over scrupulous—"

"I'm sure I don't know what you're driving at," Sally said bluntly; "but I'm hardly in a position to be nicknamed about trifles."

"We're offering you a chance to get away, to enjoy a summer by the seashore, to mix with a lot of mighty interesting people, and all that sort of thing—everything you tell me you've been pining for—if you'll consent to sail under false colors."

"Please!" Sally begged with a confused and excited little laugh. "I can't help it! Indirection is Walter's long suit," Mrs. Standish took up the tale. "First of all, you must know this aunt of ours is rather an eccentric—frightfully"

# SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

HASHING UP THE GUEST.

Not long ago I was a guest at a little week-end house party, at which one of the chief indoor diversions was discussing and making fun of the guests of the previous week. It was amusing in a way, for our hosts were clever mimics and good satirists. They could pick people to pieces to perfection. One couldn't help laughing. But even while one laughed a cold shiver ran up one's back—a shiver of premonition as to what would happen next week when someone else was the audience.

Our Grandmother. Do it. I think this habit of talking over guests in front of other guests is one of the unfortunate tricks that people nowadays permit themselves all too often. Perhaps our grandmothers did, too. I don't know. I prefer to think that they didn't, for the matter that our grandchildren won't. I hope it's just a passing phase of bad manners.

I wish we talked guests over much less, even in the privacy of our immediate families. It is sometimes a temptation when one has carried the guest's bag to the train and picked up the guest room and drawn a sigh

well off, spoiled, self-willed, and quite blind to her best interests. She's been a widow so long she doesn't know the meaning of wholesome restraint. She's got all the right knee action of a thoroughbred never properly broken to harness. She sets her own pace—and Heaven help the hinder-most! All in all I think Aunt Abby's the most devil-may-care person I've ever met."

"You're too modest," Mr. Savage commented abstractedly.

"Be quiet, Walter. Aunt Abby's passionately fond of two things—cards and what she calls interesting people." Neither would matter much but for the other. She gambles for sheer love of it, and doesn't care a rap whether she wins or loses. And her notion of an interesting person is anybody fortunate or unfortunate enough to be noticed by the newspapers. A bit of a scandal is a sure bait for her regard."

Pausing, Mrs. Standish smiled coolly. "Take me, for example. Until I found it necessary to get un-marrried, my aunt never could find time to waste on me. But now, in spite of the fact that the decree was in my favor, I'm the object of her mad attachment. And if Walter hadn't come into the lime-light through a Senatorial inquiry into high finance, and made such a sick witness, and got so deservedly roasted by the newspapers—well, now nothing is too good for him. So, you see, I'm interesting to Aunt Abby."

"Sh-sh—!" whispered the fairy. "In that tower Princess Makebelieve is imprisoned. You must save her. See that teeter-totter over there?"

Polly nodded—"sit on one end of it and the little men will climb on the other. When they bounce you into the air fly straight for the tiny window at the top of the tower. Here are three wishing berries, you might need them," said the fairy, and she sat Polly down among the guards.

Polly put her berries in her pocket and ran for the teeter-totter, the little men after her. They grabbed the end of the board and Polly bounced into the air and through the window into the tower.

A big black cat sat guarding Princess Makebelieve, who was asleep on a golden couch. When the cat saw Polly she sprang at her.

Polly quickly swallowed a wishing berry. "I wish you were a bird," she cried.

At once the cat was changed into a black bird. She flew at Polly's head. Polly swallowed another berry. "Fly away to the mountains!" cried Polly, and the bird flew out of the window.

Polly awakened Princess Makebelieve. "Hurry, we must leave this dreadful place," exclaimed Polly. "There are no doors, and on the morrow he will be so high!" cried the princess.

Polly placed a board across the couch. "Sit on the end and I will come you out of the window," whispered Polly.

The Princess did as she was told, and Polly jumped on the other end of the board and the Princess flew out of the window into the arms of the fairy who was waiting outside.

A cool hand touched Polly's head. "Polly, are you hurt?" asked a voice. "Polly opened her eyes. "I'm sorry I bounced you so high," confessed Polly. "I'm not," Polly declared. "Why if you hadn't I couldn't have rescued Princess Makebelieve from the black cat." And she told Joe where she had been.

"And I have one wishing berry left," whispered Polly. "But when she put her hand in her pocket the pocket was empty."

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"Where are you taking me?" asked Polly.

"Why to Seesawland," answered the beautiful fairy.

Polly sighed and lay quiet. Her head hurt but she didn't mind the throbbing as long as the lovely fairy held her.

Before Polly rose a golden tower that sparkled in the sunlight. Crowds of queer little men stood guard at the base of the tower with guns over their shoulders. The fairy placed her finger on Polly's lip.

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## MINNIE; OR A GUN CASUALTY

A Tale From the Trenches, of The Destruction of An Unpleasant Neighbor

Behind British Lines in France, Aug. 31.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press)—"Minnie" is a very forward young lady who lives as a rule in German front line trenches. She has no pretensions at all to beauty. She is for use, not for ornament. She is a trench gun, and her projectiles remind one of plum puddings attached to sticks. They fly very irregularly in that part of No-Man's Land furthest removed from Minnie's temporary lodging.

Just before the latest push around Ypres, there was a particular Minnie located a few miles from Ypres, which was more than usually a nuisance. The British trench was not well sited, nor very well protected. Consequently when Minnie was active, she made things very uncomfortable for the occupants of that British trench. Moreover, she had no regular habits, she worked on no plan, lady-like she did just about as she wished.

The young British subalterns hated her with a persistent, pervading hatred, and concocted many schemes for her undoing, but to no avail. But one night, chance brought into the trench a very irritable old artillery officer, just as Minnie was active. One of Minnie's puddings soiled his boots, and thereby aroused in him a grim determination to devote himself to her destruction.

He stayed in the trench all that night, studying Minnie's location and characteristics, and on the morrow he returned, followed by his orderly, uncoiling wire as he walked. At the trench end of the wire, a temporary telephone was fixed. The far end of the wire led back a mile and a half to a battery of field artillery.

Along about noon Minnie opened up for her midday strafing. Promptly the artillery officer verified his observations of the night before and spoke a few figures into the telephone. A minute later a boom announced the arrival of British shell just across on the other side of the trench. The British officer swore softly, and spoke again into the telephone. The first shell had been at least thirty yards off. The second was perhaps twenty yards on the other side. Again the officer spoke into the telephone, and for the third time the gun spoke. "Bull's Eye" sang the officer into the telephone, and packed up his belongings in business-like fashion. Minnie was deceased.

**BAKED APPLES.**  
Take Baldwin apples, remove the core, keeping the apples whole; fill with sugar and bake until soft in a slow oven; serve with whipped cream.

**BANK CLEARINGS.**  
Montreal, Aug. 31.—Clearings for the month of August were \$454,434,157, compared with \$296,013,018 for the same month last year and \$224,452,501 for 1915.

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**Courier Daily: Pattern Service**  
Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

**BOYS' NORFOLK SUIT.**  
By Anabel Worthington.  
Proud of being dressed in a suit so much like his big brother's is this small man in the Norfolk suit. It is a style which is particularly appropriate for wash materials and has the advantage of being quite easy to make. The jacket has box plaits at front and back and a broad belt passes under them through slots. A boyish turned back collar finishes the neck. The jacket is single breasted. The style of the sleeves is to be decided by the mother, as both long and short ones are included in the pattern. Straight trousers are given. Galatas, kindergarten cloth, pongee and serge are suitable materials.  
The suit pattern No. 8387 is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. The 4 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material with 3/8 yard 39 inch lining.  
To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the office of this publication.

**Courier Daily Recipe Column**  
**AMBROSIA**  
Six sweet oranges, peeled and sliced (seeds and as much of the cores as possible taken out), 1 pineapple peeled and sliced (the canned is equally good) and 1 large cocoanut grated, and sprinkle pulverized sugar over each. Layer or use 6 oranges, oranges and cocoanut, prepared as above.  
**STRAWBERRY RUSSIE**  
Line a glass dish with sponges cake or lady fingers dipped in sweet wine sprinkle with chopped almonds; now add the strawberries washed and well sweetened; on the berries place another layer of cake or lady fingers, and so on until you are about to fill the dish add another layer; for the top have whipped cream flavored with vanilla; place whole berries in the cream; makes a pretty and delicious dish.

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and 6th, stopping at Ingor-  
dooch, Paris and Brantford  
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Union Station 11.35 a.m., Ex-  
Grounds 4.35 p.m., Sun-  
day, September 3rd, and  
Brantford, Paris Woodstock,  
and London.  
Exhibition Grounds 10.45  
inside 10.50 p.m., Sept.  
and 6th for Port Credit,  
Hamilton, Dundas, Brant-  
s, Woodstock, Ingersoll and  
other particulars see Grand  
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