

The House of a Thousand Candles

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON. [Copyright, 1936, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

"This room is rather forbidding; if you will come with me—"

She turned with an air of authority that was a part of her undeniable distinction, and I was seated a moment later in a pretty sitting-room, whose windows gave a view of the dark wood and frozen lake beyond.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Glenarm, that you are not disposed to be neighborly, and you must pardon me if I seem to be pursuing you."

Her smile, her voice, her manner were charming. I had pictured her a sour, old woman, who had hidden away from a world that had offered her no pleasure.

"The apologies must be all on my side, Sister Theresa. I had been greatly occupied since coming here,—distracted and perplexed even."

"Our young ladies treasure the illusion that there are ghosts at your house," she said, with a smile that deepened the matter.

She folded her slim white hands on her knees and spoke with a simple directness.

"Mr. Glenarm, there is something I wish to say to you, but I can say it only if we are to be friends. I have feared you might look upon us here as enemies."

"That is a strong word," I replied evasively.

"Let me say to you that I hope very much that nothing will prevent your inheriting all that Mr. Glenarm wished you to have from him."

"Thank you; that is both kind and generous," I said with no little surprise. "Not in the least. I should be disloyal to your grandfather, who was my friend and the friend of my family, if I did not feel kindly toward you and wish you well. And I must say for my niece—"

"Miss Devereux," I found a certain pleasure in pronouncing her name. "Miss Devereux is very greatly disturbed over the good intentions of your grandfather in placing her name in his will. You can doubtless understand how

uncomfortable a person of any sensibility would be under the circumstances. I'm sorry you have never met her. She is a very charming young woman whose happiness does not, I say, depend on other people's money."

"I am sure that is true, Sister Theresa."

"Now I wish to speak to you about a matter of some delicacy. It is, I understand perfectly, no business of mine how much of a fortune Mr. Glenarm left. But this matter has been brought to my attention in a disagreeable way. Your grandfather established this school; he gave most of the money for these buildings. I had other friends who offered to contribute, but he insisted on doing it all. But now Mr. Pickering insists that the money—or part of it at least—was only a loan."

"Yes, I understand."

"Mr. Pickering tells me that he has no alternative in the matter; that the law requires him to collect this money as a debt due the estate."

"That is undoubtedly true, as a general proposition. He told me in New York that he had a claim against you for fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes, that is the amount. I wish to say to you, Mr. Glenarm, that if it is necessary I can pay that amount."

"There are a good many things about my grandfather's affairs that I don't understand, but I'm not going to see an old friend of his swindled. My grandfather seems to have mislaid or lost most of his assets before he died. And yet he had the reputation of being a pretty cautious business man."

"The impression is abroad, as you must know, that your grandfather concealed his fortune before his death. The people hereabouts believe so, and Mr. Pickering, the executor, has been unable to trace it."

"Yes, I believe Mr. Pickering has not been able to solve the problem," I said and laughed.

"But, of course, you and he will co-

operate in an effort to find the lost property."

She bent forward slightly; her eyes, as they met mine, examined me with a keen interest.

"Why shouldn't I be frank with you, Sister Theresa? I have every reason for believing Arthur Pickering a scoundrel. He does not care to co-operate with me in searching for this money. The fact is, that he very much wishes to eliminate me as a factor in the settlement of the estate. I speak carefully; I know exactly what I am saying."

She bowed her head slightly and was silent for a moment. The silence was the more marked from the fact that the hood of her habit concealed her face.

"What you say is very serious."

"Yes, and his offense is equally serious. It may seem odd for me to be saying this to you, when I am a stranger; when you may be pardoned for having no very high opinion of me."

She turned her face to me—it was singularly gentle and refined—not a face to associate with an idea of self-seeking or duplicity.

"I sent for you, Mr. Glenarm, because I had a very good opinion of you; because, for one reason, you are the grandson of my grandfather—and the friendly light in her gray eyes drove away any lingering doubt I wished to have as to her sincerity. I wished to warn you to have a care for your own safety. I don't want you against Arthur Pickering alone, but against the countryside. The idea of a hidden fortune is alluring; a mysterious house and a lost treasure make a very enticing combination. I fancy Mr. Glenarm did not realize that he was creating dangers for the people he wished to help."

She was silent again, her eyes bent meditatively upon me; then she spoke abruptly.

"Mr. Pickering wishes to marry my niece."

"Ah! I have been waiting to hear that. I am exceedingly glad to know that he has no noble ambition. But Miss Devereux isn't encouraging him, as near as I can make out. She refused to go to California with his party—I happen to know that."

"That whole California episode would have been amusing if it had not been ridiculous. Marian never had the slightest idea of going with him; but she is sometimes a little—shall I say perverse?"

"Please do! I like the word—and the quality."

"—and Mr. Pickering's rather elaborate methods of wooing—"

"He's as heavy as lead!" I declared. "—amuse Marian up to a certain point, then they annoy her. He has implied pretty strongly that the claim against me could be easily adjusted if Marian marries him. But she will never marry him, whether she benefits by your grandfather's will or however that may be."

"I should say not!" I declared with a warmth that caused Sister Theresa to sweep me warily with those wonderful gray eyes. "But first he expects to find this fortune and then endow Miss Devereux with it. That is a part of the scheme. And my own interest in the estate must be eliminated before he can bring that condition about. But, Sister Theresa, I am not so easily to get rid of as Arthur Pickering imagines. My staying qualities, which were always weak in the eyes of my family, have been braced up a trifle."

"Yes," I thought, "I thought pleasure and hope were expressed in the monosyllable, and my heart warmed to her."

"Sister Theresa, you and I are understanding each other much better than I imagined we should—and we both laughed, feeling a real sympathy growing between us."

"Yes, I believe we are," and the smile lighted her face again.

"So I can tell you two things. The first is that Arthur Pickering will never find my grandfather's lost fortune, assuming that any exists. The second is that in no event will he marry your niece."

"You speak with a good deal of confidence," she said, and laughed a low, murmuring laugh. I thought there was relief in it. "But I don't suppose Marian's affairs interested you."

"They don't, Sister Theresa. Her affairs are not of the slightest importance—but she is!"

There was frank inquiry in her eyes now.

"But you don't know her—you have missed your opportunity."

"To be sure, I don't know her; but I know Olivia Gladys Armstrong. She's a particular friend of mine—we have chased rabbits together and she told me a great deal. I have formed a very good opinion of Miss Devereux in that way. Oh, that note you wrote about Olivia's intrusions beyond the wall! I should thank you for it—but I really don't mind."

"A note? I never wrote you a note until today."

"Well, someone did," I said; then she smiled.

"Oh, that must have been Marian. She was always Olivia's loyal friend."

"I should say so!"

Sister Theresa laughed merrily. "But you shouldn't have known Olivia—it is unpardonable. If she played tricks upon you, you should not have taken advantage of them to make her acquaintance. That wasn't fair to me."

"I suppose not. But I protest against this sort of thing. The landscape hereabouts is only so much sky, snow and lumber without her."

"We miss her, too," replied Sister Theresa. "We have less to do."

"And still I protest!" I declared, rising. "Sister Theresa, I thank you with all my heart for what you have said to me—for the disposition to say it. And this debt to the estate is something I promise you, that shall not trouble you."

"Then there's a truce between us! We are not enemies at all now, are we?"

"No, for Olivia's sake at least we shall be friends."

I went home and studied the timetable.

JUDGE SEDGWICK BURIED.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 7.—The funeral of the late Mr. Justice Sedgewick took place this afternoon from the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. J. J. Stewart, and was one of the largest of the summer.

The judges of the supreme court of Nova Scotia and members of the Nova Scotia Barriesters' Society walked in a body. Sir Henri Eliezer Taschereau, who arrived from Ottawa last night, also walked in the procession.

The Governor-General was represented by Lieut.-Col. Jones, P.M.O. The floral tributes were beautiful.

was scheduled to reach Cincinnati at eleven o'clock sharp. These items are, I trust, sufficiently explicit.

To the student of morals and motives I will say a further word. I had resolved to practice deception in running away from Glenarm House to keep my promise to Marian Devereux. By leaving I should forfeit my right to any part of my grandfather's estate; I knew that and accepted the issue without regret; but I had no intention of surrendering Glenarm House to Arthur Pickering, particularly now that I realized how completely I had placed myself in his trap. I felt, moreover, a duty to my dead grandfather; and not least—the attacks of Morgan and the strange ways of Bates had stirred whatever fighting blood there was in me. Pickering and I were engaged in a sharp contest, and I was beginning to enjoy it to the full, but I did not falter in my determination to visit Cincinnati, hoping to return without my absence being discovered; so the next afternoon I began preparing for my journey.

"Bates, I fear that I'm taking a severe cold, and I'm going to dose myself with whisky and quinine and go to bed. I shan't want any dinner—nothing until you see me again."

I yawned and stretched myself with a groan.

"I'm very sorry sir. Shant I call a doctor?"

"Not a bit of it. I'll sleep it off and be as lively as a cricket in the morning."

At four o'clock I told him to carry some hot water and lemons to my room; bade him an emphatic good night and locked the door as he left. Then I packed my evening clothes in a suitcase. I threw the bag and a couple of clusters from a window, swung myself out upon the limb of a big maple and let it bend under me to its sharpest curve and then dropped lightly to the ground.

I passed the gate and struck off toward the village with a joyful sense of freedom. When I reached the station I sought at once the southbound platform, not wishing to be seen buying a ticket. A few other passengers were assembling, but I saw no one I recognized. No. 6, I heard the agent say, was on time, and in a few minutes it came roaring up. I bought a seat in the Washington sleeper, and went in to the dining-room for supper. The train was full of people hurrying to various parts for the holidays, but they had, I reflected, no advantage over me. I, too, was bound on a definite errand, though my journey was, I imagined, less commonplace in its character than the homing flight of most of my fellow-travelers.

I made myself comfortable and dozed and dreamed as the train plunged through the dark. There was a wait, with much shifting of cars, where we crossed the Wabash, then we sped on. It grew warmer as we drew southward, and the conductor was confident we would reach Cincinnati on time. The through passengers about me went to bed, and I was left sprawling out in my open section, lurking in the shadowy frontier between the known world and dreamland.

"We're running into Cincinnati—ten minutes late," said the porter's voice; and in a moment I was in the vestibule and out, hurrying to a hotel. At the St. Botolph I ordered a carriage and broke all records changing my clothes. The time-table informed me that the Northern Express left at half-past one. There was no reason why I should not be safe at Glenarm House by my usual breakfast hour if I went well. To avoid loss of time in returning to the station I paid the hotel charge, and carried my bag away with me.

"Doctor Armstrong's residence? Yes, sir; I've already taken one load there."

The carriage was soon climbing what seemed to be a mountain to the heights above Cincinnati. To this day I associate Ohio's most interesting city with a lonely carriage ride that seemed to be chiefly uphill, through a region that was as strange to me as a trackless jungle in the wilds of Africa. And my heart began to perform strange tattoos on my ribs. I was going to the house of a gentleman who did not know of my existence, to see a man who was his guest, to whom I had never seen the converse of words. I had never seen the converse of words so easy, now that I was well launched upon the adventure.

[To be Continued.]

BAR MAN FROM EDEN

Eves at Rest Cure Resort Want No Adams About.

Langen, Schwalbach, Aug. 8.—This is the place where the fair sex comes for rest and reconstitution of rundown systems, and for such purpose I believe Schwalbach stands first.

In Schwalbach men are at a discount. Doctors discourage their presence and women do not want them. To use an Americanism, they have no use for them. In truth, the women who come here need bracing up, and man is detrimental.

Under such circumstances Schwalbach is the Adamless Eden, should be the bide of the male persuasion to happen this way he is made to feel uncomfortable.

Hundreds of the so-called weaker sex in lawn chairs are extended in restful attitudes on the greensward beneath the trees, enjoying the perfection of rest cure, for one and all seem to be studying art, remaining perfectly motionless. Some read, others are dreaming the time away.

Only when a despised male arrives do they show signs of vitality. Then up they go their heads, for all the world like heralds of a new day.

What has happened to the English? On all sides and at all watering places the same cry is heard: "Where are the English?" This year Britons show no signs of patronizing German spas, and the Teutonic Kurverwallungs are very much upset thereby.

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"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money"

Big Reduction Sale of Ladies' Combination Suits

You'll like these suits the moment you see them. Like them still better when you note the big reductions marked on them. A speedy clearance is what we're aiming for—and it certainly should be "speedy" with prices like these holding sway:

50c Suits for 35c \$1.00 Suits for 79c
75c Suits for 59c \$1.50 Suits for \$1.10

They are made of fine knitted cotton, lace trimmed, narrow shoulders. American make—which many prefer on account of the neatness of the fit.

Nightgowns! Nightgowns! Who Wants Nightgowns?

We expect many, yes! very many women will answer "I do" when they've read this announcement through and grasped its real significance. It's a case of where "every time you buy you save"—and save largely, too. Better be early to this clearance sale, so as not to miss one of the bargains.

Very fine Cambric Gowns. Square yoke with clusters of tucks, embroidery insertion, beading and fine embroidery edging. Regular \$1.75. Sale price.....\$1.19

Pretty Empire style. Neatly trimmed with embroidery insertion end embroidery frill. Regular \$1.75. Sale price.....\$1.19

Fine Cambric Gown. Square yoke with low neck, clusters of hemstitched tucks and fine torchon insertion with lace trimming. Regular \$1.25. Sale price.....93c

Very low price on this Cambric Gown. Nicely trimmed with cluny and torchon insertion with torchon edging. Reg. \$1. Price 69c

150 Dundas and Carling.

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling.

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



6730

A Dainty Negligee (6730)

There is much truth in that old saying, "Fine feathers make fine birds," for no woman, no matter how plain, can appear anything but lovely in one of the creations of daintiness made of mull and lace seen so frequently among the French-made negligees, but which can be made quite as well at home with a little energy and patience. A much-favored model is sketched. The open neck and deep lace collar form a becoming setting for the face and give the wearer graceful, sloping shoulders. The fullness of the front may be retained at the neck by gathers of tucks, while the sleeves may be long or short. The flowered dimities, plain lawns and washable silks are most effective in these comfort garments. For the medium size 44 inches of 27-inch material are needed. Sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

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Name

No. Street

Town Province

Measurement—Waist Bust

Age (if child's or miss' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 22, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postal order. Do not send stamps.

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PARACHUTE WOULDN'T WORK

Balloonist Drops 3,000 Feet and Is Fatally Injured.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 7.—Professor William Johnson, a balloonist, made an ascension in connection with a street fair in Little Falls this afternoon. In coming down with a parachute the apparatus failed to work, and Johnson fell upon the railway tracks at the foot of the cliff east of the city. He cannot live.

Johnson went up to a great height, and it is estimated that he was 3,000 feet high when he left the balloon to make what is called a double parachute descent. The first parachute opened well, and Johnson descended about two-thirds of the distance. Then he attempted to open another parachute and descend the remainder of the distance with that. He discarded the first parachute, and as he grasped the handle of the second one it was seen that it did not open well. Johnson shot downward very rapidly, and the thousands who were watching him were horror-stricken. He attempted to guide his descent, so that he would strike the wires running along the railway which climbs the cliff and runs toward Dolgeville. He partially succeeded in this, but he went through the wires and fell to the bottom of the cliff, striking upon the Central Railway tracks, a hundred feet below.

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