Housekeeping, Nursery, Gardening and News of Interest to Women

"PROBLEM NOVEL" WRECKS MORALS

Strong Denunciation Uttered at Meeting of International Purity Congress.

DR. MOORE HONORED

Defeated Famous Judge Lindsay in Race for Vice-Presidency.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 10.—(Can. Press.)—At a business session of the International Purity Congress today the following officers were elected: President, B. S. Steadwell, Lacrosse, Wis.; vice-presidents, Dr. T. Albert Moore, Toronto; Judge Harry Olson, Chicago, and Dr. Emma E. Drake, Denver.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver was defeated for re-election as first vice-president, after a spirited contest.

Other officers, including corresponding secretary, recording secretary and treasurer, will be elected tomorrow.

"The problem novel" is held as the chief cause of immorality in the U. S., according to the report of the vice committee, presented by Chairman J. Frank Chase of Boston.

Unwholesome Curiosity.

"The practical effect is to commercialize and make money out of a story," the report said. "Questions that we are forced to face are graphically presented, the effect being that a certain class will try the experiences which the author has pictured."

The committee denounced the "tango," "bunny hug," "turkey trot" and other dances.

Drinking places are the fountain head of impurity, particularly in Europe, while the prohibition of segregated vice districts does not really suppress the social evil. These are the conclusions drawn by Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts of Washington, D. C., in an address before the congress tonight. Dr. Crafts made a reform tour thru ten European countries and investigated the night life in many of the cities.

Drinking and Immorality.

"The drinking of men and women together in public is one of the most fruitful causes of immorality," said the speaker. "I mention this with the most emphasis, because in New York at least, the drinking of men and women together is a common thing in all restaurants, tho I am glad to say that in the cities that are really American—that have not been so thoroly foreignized—it is still 'bad form' for any respectable woman to drink in public restaurants, and even in New York I don't hear that we have got down to the European standard of barmaids.

"To promote the 'white life for two,' which is the positive side of our reforms, we must not depend on any form of law, however excellent, but press to the utmost both legislation and education—legislation preparing the way from right legislation, and when the legislation has been secured, the educational campaign is needed quite as much to supplement it, not only by promoting enforcement, but especially in insuring willing obedience.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF A. F. L. AT SEATTLE

Opened Yesterday, But It Will Be Next Week Before Heavy Work is Reached.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 10.—(Can. Press.)—The thirty-third annual convention of the American Federation of Labor was called to order in the Hippodrome here this morning by President Samuel Gompers. Governor Lester and President E. P. Marsh of the State Federation of Labor, welcomed the delegates, who then adjourned to take part in a parade thru the principal business streets.

Delegates said that the serious business of the convention probably would not be taken up until next week. Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson will address the federation Wednesday. The various trades unions will hold meetings this week to determine upon the action they will take upon important matters to come before the convention.

SEIZED AND LIBERATED AGAIN.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 10.—(Special — Customs Officer Burns, at the request of the Montreal Customs, seized the steam barge Reliance lying at Mathen's wharf, on the ground that the boat had not undergone inspection this year. A. J Lee, the contractor for raising the steam barge Keystrom, claimed that the boat had been specially inspected the day before it left for Brockville by a Quebec officer. Apparently there was some misunderstanding in Montreal or Ottawa, as the Reliance was released today, after being under seizure two days.

Magical Effect of New Face Peeler

(Woman's National Journal.)

To maintain a clear, rosy, youthful complexion, there's nothing so simple to use and yet so effective as ordinary mercolized wax, which you can get at any drug store. Just apply the wax at night as you would cold cream; in the morning wash it off with warm water. If you've never tried it you can't imagine the magical effect of this harmless home treatment. The wax causes the worn-out scarf skin to come off in minute particles, a little at a time, and soon you have entirely shed the offensive cuticle. The fresh young underskin now in evidence is so healthy and girlish looking, so free from any appearance of artificiality, you wish you had heard of this marvelous complexion-renewing secret long ago.

To get rid of your wrinkles here's a formula that is wonderfully effective: 1 oz. powdered saxolite, dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel. Bathe the face in this and you will be simply astonished at the results, even after the first trial.

GEORGE GILLYGO

Why is George Gillygo
a Goop?
Because his playmates
are a group
Of Goops so rude—
(you ought to see one!)
That George himself
has got to be one!
If you don't want
to get that way,
Be careful, please,
with whom you play.

Don't Be A Goop!

SUFFRAGETTE HURT MAY NOT SURVIVE

Miss Emerson of Jackson, Mich., Suffers From Heavy Blow on Head.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—(Can. Press.)—Miss Zelie Emerson, the American suffragist of Jackson, Mich., is lying seriously ill from concussion of the brain, the result of injuries received during a riot at Bow Baths in the east end of London on Nov. 5, according to an announcement made today by Mrs. Dacre Fox, at the regular weekly meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union, a militant suffragette organization.

Miss Emerson had presided on Nov. 5 at a meeting at which it was announced that a volunteer corps was to be organized for the protection of the militant suffragettes. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was present, and when the police tried to arrest her a violent fight with sticks and clubs took place, in the course of which Miss Emerson was knocked down with a blow on the head.

PASSING AT GUELPH OF A NONAGENARIAN

(Special to The Toronto World.)

GUELPH, Nov. 10.—The death occurred yesterday at the Elliott Home of Nathaniel Croft, in his 97th year. One of the early settlers of Guelph, he was widely known and held in the highest esteem. He was born in 1816 at Nobbs, Ill., coming to Guelph in the year 1828. For many years he conducted a clothing and fur store. In 1840 he was married to Caroline Bevis of Devonshire, Eng. They took up their residence on Cork street, where nine of their sons were born, five of whom are still living, Ed. of Los Angeles, Horace and Albert of Chicago, George of Toronto, and Edgar of Guelph. Mrs. Croft predeceased her husband by five years.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL ON SEPARATE CHARGES

Malcolm Ray to Face the Court on Two Counts for Alleged Fraud and Theft.

(Special to The Toronto World.)

GUELPH, Nov. 10.—Malcolm Ray, the young man who was arrested at Regina on a warrant sworn out by the Wm. Davies Co. Limited, charging him with defrauding them of the sum of $107, while conducting their branch business at Harriston, and who was brought back here two weeks ago, was committed for trial before the magistrate this afternoon. He pleaded not guilty, and after the evidence of Mr. Parker, secretary of the company, had been given, the defence waived further hearing, and agreed to a committal in order to expedite matters.

Another charge was laid against Ray by the Wm. Davies Co. of stealing $644 on Sept. 10. He was committed for trial on this charge also. The cases will likely be disposed of shortly.

THE VALUE OF SUNSHINE.

Not until the season of summer skies and sunshine has left us do we fully appreciate its value. Then are our thoughts naturally directed to that land of flowers and even climate, the south. When we think of the many southern points, so attractive at this time of year, California and Florida present themselves for our consideration, and enquiry reveals that a trip at once healthful and educational may be made at comparatively small expense. The Canadian Pacific Railway will now issue tickets at low winter tour rates, and offers particularly good service to Detroit, where direct connection is made for Florida via Cincinnati, Ohio, and Atlanta, Ga.; Jacksonville, Fla., being reached second morning after leaving Detroit. Passengers have the option of making the journey via Buffalo. The Canadian Pacific-Wabash route to Chicago has also the advantages of direct connections for the Southern States. When planning your trip south, get full particulars about the "Ideal Route" from any Canadian Pacific agent. 28

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING

BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL, DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

Puddings.

"THE proof of the pudding is in the recipe," says new Mother Goose. A nice attention to detail is the chief thing required to make fine puddings, and as this is needed in all branches of cookery it is equivalent to saying that only a good cook can make correct puddings. However, this does not follow, for any one who reads these suggestions should be able to produce a delightful dessert whether she has ever cooked anything before or not.

Puddings may be baked, boiled or steamed. Boiling requires nearly twice as long as baking and steaming, even longer, but this last way is considered the best. The pudding is put into a buttered pan or dish and a cloth is well dredged with flour and tied over the top, and it is set in the steamer and covered closely.

After it is cooked, care must be taken in turning it out so it shall not be ragged or broken.

Puddings that are to be boiled should be tied in floured cloths and plunged into briskly boiling water, and this must not be permitted to stop boiling, nor be refilled with cooler water, but must stay at a steady boil until the pudding is done. A baked pudding should be stirred once or twice when it is starting to cook so the fruit will not all sink to the bottom, while one that is boiling must be turned occasionally for this same reason, and also to keep it from sticking to the bottom of the kettle.

On removing a boiled pudding plunge it quickly into cold water and it will not stick to the pudding bag. Bread puddings should be tied loosely in their bags to allow for swelling, but batter puddings cannot be tied too tightly.

Pudding bags are never washed with soap; they are washed by hand in clear, warm water and dried in sunlight. When needed they should be well rinsed and then rubbed with flour.

Currants are cleaned by sprinkling them with flour and rubbing them between the fingers until they are well separated, then put beneath running water, in a collander, until stems and flour are washed away. Dry them with a soft cloth; never in the oven.

To chop suet cut it in small pieces; sprinkle with sifted flour and keep it cool while chopping, so it does not get warm and sticky.

The foundation for bread pudding is one pint of bread crumbs, one pint of milk, one cup of sugar, well beaten yolks of four eggs, one tablespoon of butter and grated rind of one lemon.

Dried fruits or any kind of sweetmeats may be added to this and the mixture be steamed, baked or boiled. It is very good if baked early in the day; then cooled and served with cream.

The suet pudding base is one cup each of New Orleans molasses, water and chopped suet; one-half teaspoon of salt, four tablespoons of sugar, three and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cinnamon and allspice and a pinch of cloves.

Raisins, currants, citron and nuts are usually added to this rich foundation. It is best steamed in small dishes, and it will keep as well as any brandy pudding.

The NURSERY

CONDUCTED BY Elinor Murray

New-Fangled Notions

The reading of a recent story, "The Treasure," in a weekly magazine, has made me wonder if all mothers resent new methods of home management. I knew that many domestic science teachers were discouraged because their work received little encouragement from the home, that their efforts with the girls were not supplemented by the mothers. Girls taking the domestic science work in our public schools are found to be keen in their interest for about six months, then the interest begins to wane. At first it was thought to be due to the girls themselves, and to the youthful habit of tiring of things as soon as the newness wears off. But the fact is that while the girls seem full of enthusiasm about the work while in school, their interest finds no outlet in the home. Even if they are allowed to demonstrate their methods in the kitchen, the mothers are apt to make light of what the family terms "new-fangled notions about cooking and housekeeping." Consequently the result in scores of cases is that what is begun in enthusiasm is killed by lack of encouragement at home.

I fancied this might be a local offence, but judging from the literature on the subject, the last generation housekeeper all over the continent resents jealously any change in her scheme of things. If this is the case it is indeed humiliating to think that the home is failing to realize the necessity for this work—to teach home girls home lessons. And where will the girls get a chance to expand and develop because of their new knowledge if not in the homes? This same criticism is coming from the schools where the care of babies and sex hygiene are being taught—killing discouragement which the children meet in their own homes and at the hands of their mothers, who refuse to recognize that the new and more enlightened ways of housekeeping, child care and child training are anything but "new-fangled notions."

The training of our girls in the subjects that make for a real education is a wonderful work, and the wise mother is an interested, eager fellow-student with her girls.

W. HASTINGS' MEMBER MEETS WITH ACCIDENT

(Special to The Toronto World.)

BELLEVILLE, Nov. 10.—J. W. Johnson, M.L.A., of this city, this morning fell upon the pavement on Front street, with the result that a small bone of the left ankle was broken.

The severe wind storm that visited the city and vicinity last night was responsible for considerable damage. The gable end of the new C.N.R. station was blown off, store signs levelled, and many chimneys torn down. Today snow fell in considerable quantity.

The equipment of the Canadian Government railways is thoroughly modern and is kept in excellent condition. Large increases have been made to the rolling stock in order to cope with the rapidly growing traffic. The sleeping and dining cars are owned and operated by the Canadian Government railways, and the superior service offered is highly appreciated by every passenger.

THE GARDEN

CONDUCTED BY RACHEL R. TODD M.D.

Getting the Rose Bushes Ready for Winter.

Adequate protection against the severities of our variable winters, is the guarantee of sure success in the matter of producing healthy roses in early summer and late autumn. For many a long year, the difficulties of rose-growing, in this country, were considered too great and too many to fight against. By degrees, however, and constant experiments, with imported stock, by crossing one variety with another, and by the raising of seedlings, new and hardier material has been obtained.

Acclimatization of many beautiful varieties has been managed, and, today, Ontario stands first among the Dominion provinces, as far as rose-growing matters.

Only those who have struggled valiantly with a tender or unhealthy bush, can form any idea of the constant vigilance against disease and pests, that our pioneer rose-growers have been forced to exercise. For it is the hardest task among all gardening projects, to grow a satisfactory rose. One of the most important factors in this production of hardy out-door roses, is the factor of winter protection.

No rosebush—no matter how hardy that especially variety is said to be—no rosebush should be allowed to stand thru the winter, unprotected.

True, we have some who say that a certain amount of necessary pruning is accomplished by hard frosting. But that is a theory that we have not—most decidedly not—found either safe or, successful in after-production of bloom.

If your bush needs pruning, and pruning it does need, the knife is the proper thing to use. While it is all very well to trust nature to attend to certain matters according to her own methods, yet, do not forget that the rose-bushes now being cultivated, are not the pure products of nature, but the trophies, hardly won, too, of a long struggle with many adverse agencies all working against rose-culture.

Now, to work. Where your roses have grown straggly, and sent up many long thin canes, take your clippers, and cut down some of the tops sufficient to level off a foot of the bush. Now drive three or four stout, high stakes around the bush—and do not drive them in too close to the main stems, else the roots will be interfered with.

Drive in these stakes, then, a good distance from the bush, and let the tops slant inward, so that they touch at the top. Shake plenty of rich mulching inside the inclosure, banking it well up around the stems six inches or so high. Next, as described in yesterday's talk, wind some long ropes of hay—or straw will do as well—and with these hay ropes shut your bush in warm and tight for the winter, by winding the whole length around the driven-in stakes. This will form a close Indian-like tent, in which the bush may sleep sound thru the winter.

Some gardeners simply wind up their bushes without the aid of the stakes, by winding the straw ropes in close contact with the stems of the bushes. However, where the bushes are high and none too sturdy, the weight of the snow and ice upon this unsupported covering of hay, will cause the whole bush to sag downwards, the result often being a broken down bush. Then, too, if the straw covering is too close to the stems, it will form a cosy shelter for the winter nests of devastating field mice.

(To be continued to-morrow).

TEMPERANCE SPEAKER EULOGIZES SIR JAMES

Cause Has Made More Progress Than During Entire Career of Ross Government.

(Special to The Toronto World.)

CORNWALL, Nov. 10.—At a mass meeting in the town hall this afternoon under the auspices of the W.C.T.U., Rev. W. A. Hanna of Auitsville delivered an address on the evil of the liquor traffic.

Rev. Mr. Hanna went into his subject clear to the roots. He paid his respects to existing and past governments, both Dominion and provincial, and traced the advances made in the temperance cause from confederation down to the present. He attributed the downfall of the Ross Government to its failure to keep the promises made, and said that while Sir James Whitney had made no pre-election promises the cause had received more impetus during his regime than during that of his predecessor. But even at that, the temperance workers were not thoroly satisfied with present conditions.

The speaker was not, he said, a believer in general suffrage, not even for men, as he did not think the bar room "hanger on," who could perhaps be bought for a glass of liquor, was to be placed in the same category with those who were fighting the traffic.

BURNED BY LAMP UPSETTING.

HALIFAX, N.S., Nov. 10.—(Can. Press.)—Mrs. Annie Murphy, widow, of Almon street, was terribly burned this morning as a result of the overturning of a lamp. With her clothing a mass of flames Mrs. Murphy rushed into the street at an early hour. Assistance was immediately available, but little could be done to relieve her sufferings, and she was taken to the hospital in a very critical condition.

$14.00 NEW YORK CITY AND RETURN.

From Suspension Bridge, via Lehigh Valley R. R., November 13. Return limit 10 days. Particulars 63 Yonge street, Toronto. 6128

LOCAL WOMEN PLAN TWO DAYS OF FESTIVAL

Feasts of Oratory Will Greet Executive of National Council.

The Toronto Local Council of Women are entertaining the executive of the National Council of Women of Canada on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 18 and 19. Private sessions will be held in Willard Hall, 16 Gerrard street east, also a public meeting open to all members of federated societies at 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday.

Addresses by Dr. C. J. Hastings, medical officer of health, on "The Relation of Bovine Tuberculosis to Public Health," and Dr. J. H. Elliott, secretary of the milk commission of the Canadian Medical Association on "Bovine Tuberculosis in Man." Mrs. F. H. Torrington will occupy the chair.

Owing to these meetings the regular monthly meeting of the Toronto Local Council will be held on Friday afternoon, Nov. 21, instead of Wednesday, Nov. 19, at the Margaret Eaton School, North street.

TO ASK COUPLES FOR HEALTH CERTIFICATE

Rochester Rector Blazes the Trail in Direction of Eugenics.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Dr. James Bishop Thomas, rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, announced today that in the future he would require a health certificate from persons desiring him to conduct their wedding ceremonies.

"I have had it in mind for some time to make the announcement," said Dr. Thomas, upon being asked for information on the views that led him to this decision. "I was waiting for some of the ministers to unite with me in the requirement, but none has yet seemed quite ready, so I determined not to wait any longer. I think it will be but a short time before others will take the same stand."

CARNIVAL OF NATIONS.

This big amusement fete will open for a week the 17th of November, in the armories, and is under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire, and in aid of the Preventorium.

The entertainment will be in two parts, an immense amusement arcade and a big vaudeville show.

Each booth in the avenue of amusements will be under the direction of a chapter of the I. O. D. E., and the whole production will be supervised by Drew McKenna, who is one of the city's most prominent theatrical producers.

The vaudeville production will be personally supervised by Stanley Adams, who will be remembered for his interpretation of the leading roles in the "Yeomen of the Guard" last year, and has on its program, among other well known artists, Walter Howe, in a one-act sketch; Miss Eleanor Mackenzie, who will dance Mendelssohn's Spring Song; Miss Marion Trebilcock, who was also a principal in the "Yeomen of the Guard," and numerous others of equal standing among those who entertain.

WATER IN NIAGARA IS ABNORMALLY HIGH

NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y., Nov. 10.—The water in the Niagara River is thirty feet higher than the normal level. The base of the elevator in the State Park is flooded. The second of the Three Sister Islands is almost under water, and the park officials are fearful for the connecting bridges. Down in the lower gorge, near the whirlpool, the waters are laving the bank of the gorge railroad.

THE GHOST BREAKER

(Continued From Saturday.)

Jarvis argued and pleaded for her to stay the night at the inn and come in the morning if she must. Nothing would change her determination to go to her brother that night. At last Jarvis wrung a slight compromise from her. She agreed to let him go ahead, go thru the castle, and then if all were well and he saw no immediate danger, to hang a lantern in a tower window. This was to be a signal for her to come with such attendants as might dare follow. At any rate he would meet her at the gate.

"But if you do not hang a lantern?" she asked.

"Well," said Jarvis, pleasantly, "it will probably mean that I am too busy, swapping lead for brimstone with Mr. Spook to stop and hang a lantern."

"When after the hour is passed unless I see that lantern I won't promise," she replied.

"You know," said Jarvis, hesitatingly, "I didn't expect your exalted cousin to go into the castle with me, exactly, but—I did think that he would stay here and at least take care of you. I don't understand why he should desert you this way at such a crisis."

"Nor can I," she whispered faintly—"unless——"

"Unless what?" queried the American quickly.

She sighed the long-drawn sigh with the little catch at the end, of the woman who is beaten, and turned to hide her face between her arms against the time-stained post. Jarvis knew little about the temperamental, tempestuous realm, the psychology of womankind, but instinct told him that this woman was not acting. It told him that she must either surrender to his will or to hysterics and the thought of seeing this creature above all others in that most humiliating and disillusioning state into which woman can fall was too much for him.

"Unless what?" he demanded, taking her arms from the post and turning her around to face him. The first sobs of hysteria were in her throat and the first drops of the storm were in her eyes. But this man's behavior, it awakened curiosity. What was he about to do, seizing her hands, and talking sternly like that? Now curiosity awakens reason and reason alone can quell the storm of hysteria. The sobs and the tears waited for the instant. She was looking into his eyes, those gray-blue eyes with the light of ice and snow-capped mountains, and once more there arose in her the fear of a woman, helpless in the dark which she had felt that night in the hotel, then as swiftly her mind rebounded in the opposite direction and she surrendered. "Oh, if I only knew. I am confused. I am at my wit's end. My mind, I can't think," she gasped, and turned again toward the post. But Jarvis disliked the post, and grasping her arms again he gave her a quick and not especially gentle shake.

"You've got to think," he ordered sternly, "don't let go now, here, get hold of yourself."

She looked at him an instant and glanced away.

"You are hiding something from me," he continued. "There is a suspicion in your mind. What happened on the boat that changed your manner? What worried you when the duke rode ahead? It flashed out again when he closed that door. Come, tell me what it is?"

"Oh, if I were sure I could trust you?" she answered quietly, and placed her hands on his arms as if to make him release her. Jarvis let go instantly, but to her amazement they were immediately clasped behind her back and she found herself in an embrace of iron. She looked up to protest, but he was speaking; she would wait until he finished, and as he spoke she forgot.

"Too late for doubts now," he said, "your brother's life is at stake. We must stick together, you and I. It is our only chance. How can I help you unless I know everything? Don't you see that I am fighting in the dark, that I am up against a solid wall of mystery and this may be the key? Never mind what you think or fear, this is the time, you have got to trust me."

There were tears again in the princess' eyes, but they were gentle, soft, safe tears, tears of sweet surrender. But she didn't look in his face, but at the necktie, and noticed sub-consciously that as usual he wore no scarf pin, and as usual it pleased her that he didn't. She said:

"You couldn't. Oh, I do believe in you. In my heart I have trusted you from the first. It is my heart, not my mind that trusts you now. That memorandum is gone from the back of the locket."

"Gone!" said Jarvis, releasing her as suddenly as he had seized her.

"And he was called to the king—Rusty!" The last word was a shout that brought the negro out of his snooze on the suit case with a jump.

"Rusty, get the two horses just as I told you and wait for me."

Rusty grasped the two cases and rushed out the door as the princess asked Jarvis:

"What do you think?"

"I think your cousin has not gone to Madrid. Time is everything now. I shall start at once and you must rest here until I signal."

"Your coat, it's upstairs," said the princess.

"Never mind that!"

"You'll need it, it's cold. Nita, Nita," she called, but Nita did not answer. "Wait, I'll get it," and she skipped quickly up the stairs. At the door she paused.

"Do you know the way?"

"North road, second turn to the right," answered Jarvis. She nodded and vanished, only to reappear with the great fur ulster. Jarvis bounded up the steps and took it, thanked her and hesitated.

"And this little cross," said she, "please wear it tonight for me," and she deftly removed something bright from herself and dropped on his shoulders. Jarvis found a golden crucifix suspended from a golden chain about his neck.

"Only for tonight," he asked irrelevantly.

"You may never see tomorrow?"

"True," he answered. "If I may never see tomorrow you may forgive me for telling you tonight that I love you, not reasonably and but with the wild passion of despair. No, no," he protested as she started to speak, "don't rebuke me tonight, wait till tomorrow, if tomorrow comes."

Then, as if ashamed of his gloomy forecast, he smiled and with exaggerated gallantry added:

"Tonight your humble vassal goes forth in his lady's cause and while all Segura waits, Ghost-Breaker shall stalk the halls. Your highness, within the hour I'll hang your signal in the castle. Good-bye."

"God be with you," sobbed the princess as he kissed her hand, and hurriedly she broke from him and closed the door.

The man who has lived in the open, particularly he who has fought men or beasts in the open, has the subconscious self-developed far beyond the dweller in city of thickly populated country. Should a dearing his love to a woman, notice anything else in the world even if the very heavens fell? Perhaps not, but Jarvis did. At the very instant that he said, "I love you" his ear caught the faint closing of the latch to the door below him. The princess gone, he paused an instant wondering what it meant. From where he stood the door was invisible. During that instant's pause one more sound came up from below, yet it was eloquent as volumes. It was the click of a hammer being cocked. Here was the sequence of thoughts in the American's brain. "Somebody sneaked in—waited, cocked gun—will have advantage of me when I come down. If he thinks I suspect, will shoot before I can see him. Must fool him till I can put out the light."

Shifting his coat to his left arm and gripping the pistol in his pocket with his right hand, he commenced to sing:

"In My Old Kentucky Home." As he sang, he sauntered gaily down the stairs, and as he sang and sauntered, a shadow in the darkest corner of the shadowy inn watched and pointed something that glinted back the lamplight to the corner of the singer's eye.

As Jarvis reached the table, his song ended abruptly on an unfinished note. His coat swept across the table, dashing out the light. A red flash and the deafening report of a heavy calibred pistol burst from the dark corner, answered by another from beneath the table. There was the sound of a fall, of someone getting to his feet. Then the song continued from the unfinished note. The singer struck a match, stopped an instant, and then marched out the door, still singing,

CHAPTER IV.

Jarvis and Rusty found Vardos, the gloomy messenger, waiting with three unexpectedly good horses. They rode abreast down the highway a quarter of a mile, then took a narrow, sandy and rocky road to the right, ascending the bleak, treeless mountain side toward the castle.

Jarvis' questions brought the assurance from Vardos that he and everyone else in the surrounding country believed it suicide to enter the castle. Almost nobody took the mountain road, and it had in consequence been nearly obliterated. Jarvis noticed hoofprints in a patch of sand.

"They are mine," answered Vardos. "Every evening I bring a basket of provisions, leave it at the castle gate, and take back the basket I left the night before. I have done this for fifteen days, since his highness the prince entered the castle. None of the food has been touched."

Jarvis pulled in his horse and ordered the others to stop. Then, dismounting, he examined the hoofprints.

"There was a heavy rain last night, was there not?" asked the American.

"Yes, senor."

"Well, then," said Jarvis, getting into the saddle, "since you made your round trip this evening someone else has gone this way and not yet returned."

The Spaniard ejaculated a harmless Spanish oath, crossed himself in half a dozen places, readjusted his crucifix so that it shone in the moonlight, and finally said in Spanish what Jarvis translated as "the shimmering rider."

(To be Continued.)

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