An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

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(From Monday's Daily.)

It was an hour later before she at length settled upon satisfactory concealment for the incriminating jewel-case—in the recess behind one of her bureau-drawers, where it fitted precisely in the wrappings she did not trouble to remove.

In the gray crepuscle of the dawn at last, she flung herself upon the bed—and fell instantly asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

The Third Degree.

In the sequel to that night of mischief and misadventure Sarah Manvers had sound reason to be thankful for the resilient youth which still animated her body. But of course she wasn't; youth will ever misprize till it must mourn its blessings.

Yet by virtune of that inestimable attribute alone was she able to do with only four hours' sleep (when Adele Standish, for example, needed eight, and then was seedy) and be the first of the household to appear for breakfast—clear of eye and fresh of color, with a countenance as serene as her temper and a temper as normal as her appetite.

As for this last, she made an excellent breakfast, alone in the sunbright dining-room. And if at times, as she sat and munched, her look was pensive and remote, this was due less to misgivings than to mystification.

The quarrel and reconciliation with Mrs. Standish had cleared the atmosphere of their relations; henceforth there could be no more misunderstanding; they hated each other heartily; neither entertained any illusion as to that, but their interests were too far interdependent to license any play of private feeling. Sally wanted to stay on at Gosnold House, and Mrs. Standish was resigned; Mrs. Standish wanted her insurance money, and Sally would help her get it—by keeping quiet. Sally might be dealt with severely by the law if Mrs. Standish said the word, and Mrs. Standish, if Sally spoke, would suffer not only in her pocket-book, but in the graces of her aunt.

But Sally was not without compunction in respect to the deception practised on her still prospective employer. It wasn't possible to know Mrs. Gosnold and not like her; if that personality enforced respect, it was a lodestone for affection, and Sally meant with all her heart to serve faithfully and well; if she was to have her way, neither would know a single regret because of their association until time and chance conspired to sunder it.

Then, too, sleep had appreciably changed the complexion of her mind toward the Lyttleton episode. She was not yet able to recall that chapter of infatuation without a cringe of shame; but that would pass with time; and the experience had not been without a value already apparent. For even as she had said to him, she was cured—and more than cured, she was instructed; she was not only better acquainted with herself, but had learned to read the Lyttleton temperament too well ever to require repetition of that lesson. If she had played the fatuous moth, she had come through cheaply, with wings not even singed, for what she had taken for flame had proved to be no more than cheapest incandescence. She felt so sure of all this that she could even contemplate the affair with some inklings of the aumsement that it would yet afford her. And she was fixed to make this the key of her attitude toward the man in all such future intercourse as was unavoidable.

But Trego—

Trego was a horse of another color altogether. The very name of Trego was hateful in her hearing. There was little she would not willingly have done, however unjust and unfair, to avoid further communications with this animal of a Trego.

And yet, as she had learned, the term of his stay at Gosnold House had still another week to run, and he was in some way a favorite and intimate of Mrs. Gosnold, apt frequently to figure as her guest; and since this was so, and Sally herself bade fair (barring accidents) to prove a fixture in the household, it seemed inevitable that they must be often thrown together. So she must at all costs school herself to treat him civilly—at least without overt animosity.

She could imagine no task more difficult or distasteful; short of forfeiting her place in this new sphere, she would have paid almost any price for remission of that duty.

The irony of life seemed a bitter draft. Granting it had been requisite to some strange design of fate, in its inscrutable vagary, that several persons should suffer a night of broken rest at Gosnold House, why must they have been those four and none other—Sally, Adele Standish, Lyttleton, Trego? Especially Trego! Why that one? Palpable bonds of mutual interest linked the three first named; their common affliction might conceivably have been ascribable to subtle psychological affinity. But Trego was well outside the triangle, even as perceptibly out of sympathy with a majority of Mrs. Gosnold's guests.

Mrs. Standish was studious in her avoidance of him without appearance of open slight. His nature and Lyttleton's were essentially antagonistic. Sally's animus had been well defined from the very beginning, when she had resented his being both physically and temperamentally so completely out of the picture of that existence to which she aspired.

But reconnaissance up that dark alley demonstrated it an indisputable impasse and Sally gave it up, reserving the grievance for tender nursing (she had a very human weakness for selected wrongs) and turned her attention to the puzzle involving Lyttleton's business on the beach at 2 a.m. and the signals exchanged by the yacht and the window.

Nor did she make much headway in this quarter. Instinct indicated a delicate harmony between those events and the formless shadow to which Sally had all along been sensitive, of something equivocal in the pretensions of Mrs. Standish. But that clue played will-o'-the-wisp with her fancy, leading it ever faster astray in a bottomless bog of black bewilderment.

None the less, she had just succeeded in establishing to her own satisfaction the probability that her sponsor had been, if not active in, at least acquainted with the business of the signals—reasoning shrewdly upon that lady's high-handed treatment of Sally's insinuation as inconsequential—when Mr. Trego elected to appear for breakfaast.

That unhappy young man had been more wise if he had not taken it for granted that nine o'clock would be too early for Sally as well as for everybody else who didn't make breakfast in bed a habit, and a more diplomatic person would have been at pains to prepare himself against that inevitable rencontre with a young woman of exacerbated sensibilities. Nothing could have been more surely predestined to ghastly failure than his cheerful assumption of a complete understanding, with the hint implicit that, having done Sally a signal service, he was willing to let bygones be bygones and take as tacit a sense of obligation not easy for her to express.

"Hel-lo!" he saluted the charming vision of her with undisguised pleasure and surprise. "You down already! Why, I made sure I had at least two hours' lead of the field."

"Yes," Sally agreed quietly; "I am early, I presume."

"Want to be careful," Trego cautioned! "it's hardly the thing this early rising, you know; it's not really 'clawss'; it isn't done."

Sally said nothing. It was safer not to. And cheerfully unaware of her self-restraint, Trego armed himself with a plate and foraged at the side-table, with its array of silver-hooded hot-water dishes.

"Been for a swim," he volunteered with a thrill of coarse creature satisfaction in his tone. "Wonderful water along this coast—not too warm, like the Jersey beaches—to my taste, anyway, and not too all-fired cold, as it generally is north of the cape, but just right. Like bathing in champagne properly chilled. No such pick-me-up in the world as a dip in the cool of the morning. You should have tried it."

"I dare say," said Sally briefly, and was very glad she hadn't. "But that dreadfully long climb up from the beach—" she amended, feeling it obligatory upon her not to seem too short of civility.

"You don't mind that when you come to it after a swim," Trego declared. "It's only in anticipation, when you're snug between sheets and debating the rival claims of the distant beach and your handy bathtub; then, I grant you, the climb up the cliff weighs heavily in the scale of disadvantages."

He drew out the chair adjoining Sally's and attacked the half of an iced cantaloup, but after the first mouthful put down his spoon.

"Sugar, please," he said with a deprecatory grimace, indicating the bowl just beyond the girl's place. "I know I ought to go in for salt if I want to come through as a regular guy, but if you won't tell on me, I'm going to enjoy this melon in my own primitive Western way. Thanks."

He committed the unpardonable deed with a liberal hand. "Frightfully weird, you know," he mimicked with a chuckle, adding: "It takes the rude, untutored mind of a barbarian to be satisfied with sweetening a thing instead of bitterness, doesn't it?"

"But I prefer salt myself," said the girl; "it brings out the flavor."

She concluded her defense in some confusion due to Trego's practically synchronous utterance of her identical phrase: "It brings out the flavor." Then she realized that he had deliberately trapped her and was meanly laughing in the triumph of his low cunning. And she had to laugh, too, to save her face; but it was an emnty laugh and accompanied by a flush that might have warned the man had he not too soon returned attention to his melon.

(Continued in Wednesday's Issue)

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

Take Hall's Family's Pills for constipation.

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SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

WHEN ONE IS HALF SICK

Unless one is a perfect fool (one kind of perfection few of us lay claim to) there are some subjects on which one changes one's mind as one grows older.

One on which I have changed mine is the point at youth merges into middle age. (I used to place that at thirty-five). Another is whether children should be spanked or not. (I'll let you guess which side of the fence I am now on).

And a third is the proper way to treat oneself when one is in that unpleasant condition known as "half sick."

I dropped in on a neighbor of mine one day last week and found her looking miserably.

She Stuck to Her Preserving

"Yes," she said, "I've been feeling mean for a week but I simply won't give in to it. I've got some preserving that I want to get done and every day I make myself do a little. But, oh it drags so. Even that little tires me more than a good day's work would if I were feeling properly. I know lots of people would simply give in and go to bed but I'm not that kind."

"Perhaps if you did give in for a day or two you'd be better?" I suggested.

She shook her head stubbornly. "I'm not that kind," she repeated. "I stick it out as long as I can stand." And I didn't try to argue with her. For didn't I know just how obstinate I used to be on that very point?

I, too, forced myself to do each day the little that in the depleted state of my energies was more tiring than a good day's work when I was fit.

I Was Proud of Bullying Myself

I, too, was unable to throw off my indisposition quickly because I never gave myself a complete rest.

I, too, was proud of it. I, too, thought people who didn't force themselves to keep on working were "Spleeny."

And I, too, was wrong.

It may be plucky to force yourself to work when you are in no condition to work, but it certainly isn't efficient or wise. You won't accomplish much and you won't give yourself a fair chance to get better.

As If You Had Weights On Your Arms

"I feel as if I had weights tied to my arms," my neighbor said "every movement is an effort."

We all know how that feels. Now carry that simile out. Suppose a day's rest would remove those weights and the lack of it would keep them there for a week. Would you accomplish more by trying to work the whole week so handicapped, or by giving up one day (or two) and finding yourself free the next?

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Seivert

THREE BOYS AND MRS SPARROW

Several little sparrows flew down into the road and began dusting themselves.

Johnny and Willy and Tommy threw stones at them from behind the fence, and all the birds except

one flew away. The boys ran out to pick him up.

"Stand back!" exclaimed a stern voice. "Don't touch him. You boys ought to be ashamed of yourselves. That poor little sparrow wouldn't hurt any one," and Squeedee, the tiny little elf of kindness, stooped and lifted the sparrow from the dust.

"You've broken his wing so he can't fly. He has a family waiting for him, so you boys will have to help me carry him home," said Squeedee.

"I'm sorry," exclaimed Johnny.

"We never meant to hit them," Willy explained. "We only wanted to see them fly."

Squeedee took his whistle from his pocket and blew on it. With each blow the three boys grew smaller and smaller until they were no bigger than Squeedee.

"Here, put on these little caps, they'll make you invisible," said Squeedee, and when the boys put on the caps they all floated into the elm tree.

Mrs. Sparrow was glad to see Squeedee, but when she learned about the accident that had happened to her husband, she flew into a terrible rage.

The boys were surely glad Squeedee had given them the little invisible caps, for there was no telling what Mrs. Sparrow might have done had she caught sight of them.

"Don't folks know if it wasn't for us, their trees and flowers would soon be destroyed by the bugs and worms. Why, all this week we've been trying to get rid of the green worms so they wouldn't spread in the orchard and kill the fruit! What do we get for our trouble—shot and stones," chirped Mrs. Sparrow. "Oh, let me get hold of those bad boys! I'd pick their eyes out."

Just then a breeze whisked off the three red caps. Mrs. Sparrow saw the boys and, screaming, she made a dive at Johnny's face

Squeedee stopped her. "Two wrongs won't make one right," he cried. "Shake hands with the boys and I'll mend Brownie's wing."

Mrs. Sparrow shook her head.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," said Johnny. "Indeed I am, and so are my friends. Forgive us and we'll never throw stones at the birds again."

"Yes, and every day through the winter we'll feed you," cried Willy.

"I'll try to get all the boys of the neighborhood not to throw stones at you if you'll only forgive us," begged Tommy.

Then Mrs. Sparrow smiled and held out her wing for the boys to shake.

"There's no need holding a grudge, so you're forgiven my dears," she chirped.

So, smiling happily, Squeedee touched Brownie with his magic wand and his broken wing became well at once. Then Squeedee took the boys home.

"I thought we were gone when the wind blew our caps off," laughed Willy.

"If people only knew what a great help birds were, they wouldn't chase them away," said Squeedee, and he bade the boys good-bye and flew away.

POULTRY TO BE IN UNUSUAL DEMAND

Trade Commissioner Predicts Big Call for Fowl in England.

By Courier Leased Wire

Ottawa, Sep. 17—The attention of Canadian exporters of poultry is drawn to a report received by the Department of trade and commerce from J. E. Ray, trade commissiner in Birmingham, England. "There is every indication," Mr. Ray writes, "that an unusual demand for poultry will take place during the next few years in the United Kingdom and Canadian exporters should make a note of this."

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

CHILD'S DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

Whether it is to be the seashore or the back yard sand pile this summer this simple little dress is just what the small girl needs for play. It is very practical because it is easy to make and easy to launder—two good points which should appeal to her mother. It buttons from neck to hem and has a good looking pointed collar. The sleeves may be to the wrist or elbow length. Square, loose hanging pockets are stitched to the narrow belt.

The child's dress pattern, No. 8,410, is cut in four sizes, 2 to 8 eight years. As on the figure, the 4 year size requires 1¾ yards 36 inch material, with ½ yard 36 inch contrasting goods.

To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the office of this publication.

Music and Drama

THE BRANT.

It is a long time since movie fans of this city have seen Mary Fuller, among the earliest of screen stars, in pictures and many no doubt have wondered at her prolonged absence. Mary comes back to her own, however, at the Brant Theatre this week, co-starring with Lou Tellegen, noted for his work in such pictures as "The Unknown" and "The Victory of Conscience," in a stirring Lasky production of the great northwest, "The Long Trail." Roscoe Arbuckle, cavorts gleefully through a farcial Keystone comedy, "Fickle Fatty's Fall," in which he is aided and abetted by other luminaries from the Sennett fun foundry. Bushman and Bayne, co-starring in "The Great Secret" and a Christie comedy of the latest release, complete an exceptionally powerful programme of pictures. Princess Mapella and company, a classy singing and musical quartette, offer a highly artistic number pleasing to all.

"THE LOVE OF A KING."

An enthusiastic reception assuredly awaits the popular and highly gifted Albert Brown when Paul Kester's new play "The Love of a King" is presented at the Grand Opera House this evening, Sept. 18.

Few actors have given more convincing proofs of versatility and artistic sincerity than Mr. Brown, and his appearance in a romantic role arouses the keenest anticipations. Though his recent fame has already been made in eccentric modern characters, there is no doubt that he has the physique, the bearing and personal magnetism, that fit him for such a debonair, emotional role as that of George, Prince of Wales in Mr. Kester's play.

The author of "When Knighthood was in flower" has applied to this play the dramatic skill and the romatic enthusiasm for which he is famous, and has evolved a work that should prove moving and fascinating in the highest degree. Involved in it it does the principles of [illegible] and sacrifice.

The love of George III. for the Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot, during the period when he was heir apparent, is historic, and it was common report that he contracted a marriage with her which was suppressed for reasons of State. It was not until he was some years on the throne, that the Royal Marriage Act, which made such unions illegal, was passed.

In keeping with the idyllic character of the story, the first act shows the meeting between George, who has been slightly injured in the hunting field, and the lovely Hannah. It is all in the vein of delicate humor and sentiment, and the interest is enhanced by the fact that the girl is entirely unaware of the identity of her new-won admirer. The second act which is laid in London, shows the courtship so far advanced that a secret marriage takes place just at the moment when the sudden death of George II calls the Prince to the throne.

In the third act Hannah is still kept in ignorance of the dignity which is really hers, and believes herself the bride of a simple country gentleman. She is only enlightened when the King's mother seeks her out and makes a pathetic appeal to give up George and her claims to his fealty. The dramatist has carefully refrained from making George a cad. Indeed it is his firm intention to proclaim her as his Queen—a step which is forestalled by Hannah's act of heartbroken renunciation in running away. It is a simple story vividly told, with an abundance of picturesque incident. The dramatist has reserved his finest touches for the epilogue, which is laid in Hannah's garden fifty years afterward, when the King far advanced in senility, meets the sweet old woman who has lived on her memories for five decades. It puts a capstone of tender beauty on the entire play.

Mr. Brown has a magnificent opportunity to show every phase of his art, and the role of Hannah is also of stellar dimensions. It will be played by Lenore Phelps, a young actress of rare power and beauty, and it is promised that the balance of the cast will be of a high order of artistic excellence.

"PRETTY BABY."

Musical Comedy Fans will read the announcements of the coming of Jimmie Hodges and Jean Tynes in the big Musical Revue "Pretty Baby" the same as a lover of the National Pastime reads of a double header for one price of admission. The big show which has two of the season's best song hits titled after it, will be at the Grand Opera House for one night with the Saturday matinee, Sept. 22.

Jimmie Hodges and his clever co-star, Jean Tynes, need no introduction to the lovers of this class of amusement as they have had their own little niche in the hearts of such for several seasons. "Pretty Baby" is heralded as a sparkling musical comedy, with comedy situations galore, and with a scenic environment that is perfect. Several of the applause winning numbers have never been used outside of this company and a charming chorus of sweet singing voices augment the harmony to powerful volume. What little plot there is, has to do with an erring husband, played by Ollie Hodges, and how he is won back to the straight and narrow by his wife, played by Jean Tynes, with the assistance of her servant Mike, which character is portrayed by Jimmie Hodges. Comedy predominates throughout, and Mr. Hodges, around whom the show is written, is ably assisted by a large cast of musical comedy favorites, including Elmer Coudy, Blech Sisters, Geo. Graves, Al Garbelle, Ollie Hodges and a real beauty chorus of Broadway show girls.

THE REX

The manner in which some clever swindlers, who prey on the ills of their fellowmen, are outwitted is well told in "The Microscopic Mystery," a Triangle Feature, starring Wilfrid Lucas at the Rex Theatre, for the first part of the week. How Doc Arnold the regular practioner regains his practice and rises superior to the gang of fleecers is the basis of an unusually good story.

Another of the famous O. Henry stories, this time a comedy is, like all of the series, just a trifle different. A Triangle Kay-Bee comedy rounds out the picture programme.

Only one act of vaudeville was offered last night, a delay in the transportation of baggage causing the other act to be held over until to-day.

REX THEATRE
VAUDEVILLE PICTURES
Now Showing
STANLEY and GOULD
The Comedians Different
CURTIS and LEE
High Class Singing and Music.
WILFRED LUCAS
IN
THE RUMMY
Triangle Feature.
One of the Famous O'HENRY STORIES
TRIANGLE COMEDY
Commencing Thursday, Friday and Saturday
The Great Vitagraph Serial
THE FIGHTING TRAIL
with William Duncan and Carol Holloway
A marvelous Photoplay Serial of the Great Outdoors.

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NOW SHOWING
Princess Mapella and Company.
A Classy Singing and Musical Quartette
Lou Tellegen and Mary Fuller.
in
THE LONG TRIAL.
Roscoe Arbuckle
IN
Fickle Fatty's Fall
Bushman and Bayne
IN
THE GREAT SECRET
Christy Comedy
Coming, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
MARY PICKFORD
IN
A Romance of the Redwoods.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE To-night
ALBERT BROWN
In His New Romantic Drama.
"THE LOVE OF A KING"
Sweetest Love Story ever Staged by Paul Kester
Author of "When Knighthood was in Flower."
PRICES, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50

GRAND Opera House
Saturday Sept. 22nd. Matinee and Night.
The First of the Season's Big Musical Comedy Successes at Popular Prices.
"Pretty Baby"
"Jimmy Hodges with Jean Tynes"
Youth and Charm Go Arm in Arm
40 PRETTY GIRLS 40
20 BIG SONG HITS
The Show with that Tingle—Tangle
AND WHIRLS MUSIC MOST ENTRANCING MUSIC EVER HEARD.
Prices 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
Matinee Prices Entire Floor and Balcony 50c, Gallery 25c
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Blank Books of all sorts. Stephens, Stafford's and Carter's Inks. Writing, Typewriter and Blotting Papers. Pens, Pencils, and Penholders, Waste Paper and Desk Baskets. Filing Devices of every description, Loose Leaf Sheets and books, all kinds, Waterman Fountain Pens. Sutherland's. Perfecto Fountain Pens, Customs Entry Sheets and all office requirements.
Jas. L. Sutherland
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Daily Courier Recipe Column

Brown Bread

One and one half cups Indian meal together with a pinch of salt and a tablespoon of butter, 1 1-2 cups boiling water to scald meal, etc., 3-4 molasses, 1 cup graham flour, sifted; 1 1-2 cups milk, with a heaping teaspoonful of soda stirred into it, and enough white flour to make a thin batter to drop from the spoon, 2 cups of raisins sprinkled with flour to keep them from sinking to the bottom. Pour into a buttered tin and cover tightly. Have a kettle 1-2 full of boiling water, put the tin into the water, cover the kettle and boil 4 hours, then take it out, take off the cover and put it into the oven for 1-2 an hour.

White Bread.

One quart milk, scalded; let it cool. Put your flour into your pan, 1-2 cup sugar, a little salt, one tablespoonful of lard. Let your yeast dissolve in a little warm water, then add your yeast, then your milk and stir well. Knead well and let rise until morning. Then put into loaves. When your tins are full bake about one hour.

CANADIAN CITY FO
BY A NEW Z

KASLO, one of the ful little cities in centre of a prosp and fruit growing di Kootenays, B.C., owes it twenty years ago to a N Mr. D. P. Kane, who prospector saw the po the promontory on wh cated and decided to cl and establish a town rally it was called Ka but as the community tures the Indian name s place where the blackb was adopted. Fifteen early residents began trees, and to-day ther successfu orchard