The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
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"Why, You Poor Child, What's Happened to You?"

SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring, known as the Crew Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancee, Flora Gilsey, and her chaperon, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club. In discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell Wand, are recalled. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. $20,000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass, is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora meets Kerr at a box party. She is startled by the effect on him when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing room. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. Flora's interest in Kerr increases. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Buller tells Flora that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Buller. Flora believes Harry suspects Kerr and is waiting to make sure of the reward before unmasking the thief. Clara seems to be intent about something. Kerr and Clara confess their love for each other.

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued.)

The child furtively tested her coin, biting it as if to taste the glitter, and Flora waited, lost, given up by herself, passively watching for the room to be filled again with his presence. He was back after a long minute, and this time took up his stand at the door, where, pushing aside the tight-drawn curtain a little, from time to time he looked out into the street. Sometimes his eyes followed the cracks of the plastered wall, sometimes he studied the floor at his feet; every moment she saw he was alert, expectantly watching and waiting; and though he never looked at her sitting behind him, she felt his protection between her and the darkening street. She sat in the shadow of it, feeling it all around her, claiming her as it would claim her henceforth, from the world. A ghost of light glimmered along the curtains of the window, and stopped, quivering, in the middle of the curtained door. Then he turned and beckoned her. Sheer weakness kept her sitting. He went to her, took her face between his hands, and looked into it long and intently.

"You don't want to go!" The words fell from his lips like an accusation. His sudden realization of what she felt held him there dumb with disappointment. "You have won me," her look was saying, "and yet I have immediately become a worthless thing, because I am going; and I don't believe in going." She felt she had failed him—how cruelly, was written in his face. But it was only for a moment that she made him hesitate. The next he shook himself free.

"Well, come," he said.

She felt that all doors would fly open at his bidding. She felt herself swept powerless at his will with all the yielding in her soul that she had felt in her body when his arms were around her. He had taken her by the hand—he was leading her out into the gusty night, where all lights flared—the gas-lights marching up the street over the hill into the unknown, and the lights gleaming at her like eyes in the dark bulk of the carriage waiting before the door. It all glimmered before her—a picture she might never see again—might not see after she passed through the carriage door that gaped for her. The will that had swept her out of the door was moving her beyond her own will, as it had moved her that morning in the garden beyond all things that she knew. There was no feeling left in her but the despair of extreme surrender.

She found herself in the carriage. She saw his face in the carriage door as pale as anger, yet not angry; it was some bigger thing that looked at her from his eyes. He looked a long while, as if he bade her never to forget this moment. Then, "I'll give you 24 hours," he said. "This man will take you home." He shut the carriage door—shut it between them. Before she had gathered breath he had straightened, fallen back, raised his hat, and the carriage was turning. Flora thrust her head, straw hat and ribbons, out of the window.

"Oh, I love you!" she called to him. She sank back in the cushions and covered her face with her hands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Goblin Tactics.

For a little she kept her face hidden, shutting out the present, jealously living with the wonderful thing that had happened to her. It was as wonderful as anything she had dreamed might come when she had written him that letter. And if she needed any proof of his love, she had had it in the moment when he had let her go. There he had transcended her hope.

He had been wonderful in a way she had not expected. He had shown her so beautifully that he could be reached in spite of his obsession. Might not she hope to touch him just a little further? Was there any height now that he might not rise to? She seemed to see the possible end of it all shaping itself out of his magnanimity. She seemed to see him finally relinquishing his passion for the jewel, and his passion for her for the sake of something finer than both.

She looked out of the window. The flickers of gas-lamps fell intermittently through it upon her. Her queer vehicle was rattling crazily—jolting as if every spring were at its last leap. She was out of the quiet, blue street. Montgomery avenue, with its lights, its glittering gilt names and Latin insignia, was traveling by on either side of her. The voice of the city was growing louder in her ears, the crowd on the pavement increased. She sat looking out at the maze of moving lights and figures without seeing them, intent on an idea that was growing clearer, larger, moment by moment in her mind.

Kerr's appearance in her garden—his capture of her—had not been the fantastic freak it had seemed. He had had his purpose. He had taken her out of her environment; he had carried her beyond succor or menace just that he might carry them both so much further and faster through their differences. They had not reached the point of agreement yet, but might they not on some other ground, where they could be unchallenged? It seemed to her if she could only meet him on her own ground for once—instead of for ever on Clara's or Harry's—only meet him alone, where beyond their reach, it might be accomplished, it might be brought to the end she so wished.

The hack, which had been moving along at a rapid pace, slowed now to a walk among the thickening traffic, and from a mere moving mass the crowd appeared as individuals—a stream of dark figures and white faces. Her eyes slipped from one to another. Here one stood still on the lamp-lit corner, looking down, with lips moving quickly and silently. It was strange to see those rapid, eager, moving lips with no sound from them audible. Then her eyes were startled by something familiar in the figure, though the direct down-glare of the ball of light above him distorted the features with shadows. She pressed her face against the window-glass in palpitating doubt. It was Harry.

She cowered in the corner of the carriage. In a moment the risks of her situation were before her. Had he seen her? Oh, no, at least not yet. He had been too intent on whomever he was talking to. She peered to make sure that he was still safely on the street corner. He was just opposite, and now that the eddy of the crowd had left a little clear space around him, she saw with whom he was talking. It was a small, very small, shabby, nondescript man—possibly only a boy, so short he seemed. His back was toward her. His clothes hung upon him with an odd un-Anglo-Saxon air. He was foreign with a foreignness no country could explain—Italian, Portuguese, Greek—whatever he was, he was a strange foil to Harry, so bright and burnished.

The hack was turning. She realized with dismay that it was turning sharp around that very corner where they stood. Suppose Harry should chance to glance through its window and see Flora Gilsey sitting trembling within. The hack wheezed and cramped, and all at once she heard it scrape the curb. Then she was lost! She looked up brave in her desperation, ready to meet Harry's eyes. She saw the back of his head. For a moment it loomed directly above her, then it moved. He was separating from his companion. With one stride he vanished out of the square frame of the window, and there remained full fronting her, staring in upon her, the face of his companion.

Back flashed to her memory the goldsmith's shop—dull hues and odors all at once—and that wide unwinking stare that had fixed her from the other side of the counter. The blue-eyed Chinaman! In the glare of white light, in his terrible clearness and nearness, she knew him instantly.

The hack plunged forward, the face was gone. But she remained nerveless, powerless to move, frozen in her stupefaction, while her vehicle pursued its crazy course. It was clattering up Sutter street toward Kearney, where at this hour the town was widest awake, and the crowd was a crowd she knew. At any instant people she knew might be going in and out of the florists' shops and restaurants, or passing her in carriages. And what of Flora Gilsey in her morning dress and garden hat, in a nighthawk of a Telegraph Hill hack, flying through their midst like a mad woman? They were the least of her fears. She had forgotten them. The only thing that remained to her was the memory of Harry and the blue-eyed Chinaman together on the street corner.

She had been given a glimpse of that large scheme that Harry was carrying forward somewhere out of her sight—such a glimpse as Clara had given her in the rifling of her room, as Ella had shown in her hysterical revelation. Again she felt the threat of these ominous signs of danger, as a lone general at a last stand with his troops clustered at his back sees in front, and behind, on either side of him, the glitter of bayonets in the bushes.

She was in the midst of the tangled traffic of Kearney street. Swimming lights and crowds were all around her. She peered forth cautiously upon it. She saw a florid face, a woman she knew casually—and there her eyes fastened, not for the woman's brilliant presence, but for what she saw directly in front of it, thrown into relief upon its background—a short and shabby figure, foreign, equivocal, reticent, the figure of a blue-eyed Chinaman.

He was standing still while the crowd flowed past him. This time he was alone. He seemed to be waiting, yet not to watch, as if he had already seen what he was expecting and knew that it must pass his way. It was uncanny, his reappearance, at a second interval of her route, standing as if he had stood there from the first, patient, expectant, motionless. It was worse than uncanny.

All at once an idea, wild and illogical enough, jumped up in her mind. Couldn't this miserable vehicle that was lumbering like a disabled bug move faster and rattle her on out of reach of the glare, the publicity, the threat of discovery, and, above all, of her discomforting notion?

She thrust her head far out and addressed the driver.

"Go as fast as you can, faster! and I'll give you twice what he gave you." The words rang so wildly to her own ears that she half expected the driver to peer down like an old bird of prey from his perch and demand her reason. But he made no sound or sign. It may have been that in his time he had heard even wilder requests than hers. He only sent his whip cracking forward to the ears of the lean horse, and the cab began to rattle like a mad thing.

Flora leaned back with a sigh of relief. The mere sensation of being borne along at such a rate, the sight of houses, lamp-posts, even people here and there, flitting away from the eye, unable to interrupt her course, or even to glimpse her identity, gave her a feeling of safety. The more she was getting into the residence part of the city, the more deserted the streets, the closer shut the windows of the houses, the more it seemed to her as if the night itself covered and abetted her flight. So swiftly she went it was only a wonder how the cab held together. She had never traveled more rapidly in her light and silent carriage. Now they whirled the corner and plunged at the steep rise of a cross street. Just above, over the crown of the hill, she saw the sky, moonless, blackish, spattered with stars. Then against it a little fluttering shape like a sentinel wisp—the only living thing in sight. It was incredible, impossible, horrible that he should be there, in front of her, waiting for her who had driven so fast—too fast, it had seemed, for human foot to follow. By what unimaginable route had he traveled? She was ready to believe he had flown over the housetops. And above all other horrors, why was he pursuing her?

The carriage was abreast the Chinaman now, and immediately he took up his trot, for a little while keeping up, dodging along between light and shadow, presently falling behind. At intervals she heard the patter, patter, patter of his footsteps following; at intervals she lost the sound, and shadows would engulf the figure, and she would wait in a panic for its reappearance. For she knew it was there somewhere, on one side of the street or the other. But, oh, not to see it! To expect at any moment it might start up again—heaven knew where, perhaps at her very carriage window. Her unconscious hand was doubled to a fist upon her breast, fast closed upon the sapphire.

With all her body braced, she leaned and looked far backward, and far forward, and now for a long time saw nothing. The distance was empty. The glare of arc-lights showed her the shadows of her own progress—the shadow of her vehicle shooting huge and misshapen now on the cobbles, now along a blank wall, wheels, body and driver, all lurching like one; now heaped on each other, now tenuously drawn out, now twisting themselves into shapes the mind could not account for. For here, whirling the corner, the carriage seemed to wave an arm and now between the wheels, fast twinkling, she saw a pair of legs. She leaned and looked, so mesmerized with this grotesque appearance that it scarcely troubled her that all the way down the last long hill she knew it must be that a man was running at her wheel.

The warm lights of her house were just before her, offering succor, stiffening courage. It would be but a dash from the door of the cab to her own door. There was no second course, once the cab stopped. She felt that to lurk in its gloom would mean robbery, perhaps death. She thought without fear, but with an intense calculation. Her hand held the door at swing as the cab drew up. Before it should stop she must leap. She gathered her skirts and sprang—sprang clean to the sidewalk. The steps of her house rushed by her in her upward flight. Her bell pealed. She covered her eyes.

For the moment before Shima opened the door there was nothing but darkness and silence. She had never been so glad of anything in her life as of the kind, astute, yellow face he presented to her distressed appeal.

…

Why Give Thanks?

By Anna Steese Richardson

THANKSGIVING DAY. Humph! It's easy enough for the President to give thanks on $50,000 a year, but what about the rest of us?"

Can't you see her fling down the morning paper with the Thanksgiving proclamation in big type on the front page?

In imagination, can't you hear the scornful, embittered accent of her care-rasped tones?

And don't you know her sort?—drab-colored frock, drab-colored hair, drab-colored complexion and drab-colored views of life? Just one of "the rest of us," to whom the presidential salary of $50,000 a year represents a sum on which she thinks she could live comfortably to the end of her days.

She is one of the thousands, too, who think that every man, woman or child save themselves has cause for giving thanks.

Yet why is she so pessimistic? She has a position which pays a fair salary. She likes her work, or rather takes pride in the results of her labors.

She has reasonably good health and would have better if she would only learn to walk on the sunny side of life's broad street.

She is able to lay aside a small sum each week toward the inevitable rainy day and she could wear much more becoming clothes if she knew how and took pleasure in choosing them. No one insists upon her wearing dull colors, which make her look old and faded.

Every night she goes home to a tidy little apartment, presided over by a tidy little mother and supported in part by a cheerful younger sister. Here she finds the order she loves and the cooking which she enjoys.

For pleasure she has her church and its societies, a free library just around the corner, a weekly visit to the theatre, where she manages to see all the better productions, an occasional concert, as many invitations to evening card parties as she cares to accept; and yet she has no reason for giving thanks!

Why?

Because she must earn all these things. She must pay part of the rent of the tidy little apartment. She must pay her own dressmaking and millinery bills from her wages. Often she must pay for her own theatre tickets and concert admissions.

She thinks the girls who have cause for thanksgiving are those whose fathers, mothers, brothers and sweethearts strew the pathway at home and abroad with roses and theatre tickets. She belongs to the large class of working girls who believe that only the girl of leisure has any real pleasures in life.

She does not know that the roses cast at the feet of the girl who is dependent upon parents and relatives are thick with thorns.

She has never heard a mother upbraid her daughter for extravagance one minute and then load the girl with new frocks, hats and gloves of her own choosing the next.

She never dreams that the girl who must look to mother and father for every penny is often afraid to ask for the one thing she most wants, because her parents prefer to think and plan for her.

This girl never knows the joy of doing just what she wants just when she likes—which the dun-colored lady does seven days in the week.

There are stout girls who weep because their mothers insist upon buying plaid silk frocks or blouses for them, and thin girls whose misguided mothers dress them in severely plain, unsoftened tailored suits.

The dun-colored lady may wear what she will. It is her own fault if her life as well as her clothing is drab.

She has made of duty a fetish, on whose altar she is sacrificing her youth and her pleasure.

She thinks that because she must work for her living, she cannot enjoy the pleasures allotted to the girl of leisure.

What that dun-colored little lady needs more than anything else is contact, physical and spiritual, with normal, healthy, happy, wage-earning girls of whom there are millions all over the United States.

Above all, she ought to know a beautiful character who recently came into my own business life.

Here was a woman close to 50, whose husband deserted her for a younger but certainly not more attractive woman. She had lived the absolutely sheltered life, never worrying as to where the next month's rent and the next week's meat bill must come from, always assured of her weekly allowance and content in her daily routine of home-making.

Then suddenly all was swept from her—husband, funds, sense of security, protection and privacy.

Some one told her she was wonderfully well preserved for her years. The compliment gave her an idea. She said:

"I've kept down wrinkles, manicured my hands, and exercised my figure into good condition, all for myself. I wonder if I could show other women how?"

She took a few lessons from expert manicurists and facial masseurs, had some cards printed, rented a tiny flat, moved in what was left of her old home-fittings, established her mother and picked up her new life with a smile.

I asked her today why she was thankful. She smiled her radiant, honest smile and answered: "Oh, for so much! First, to think that a way was opened for me to earn my living and thus be independent.

"Second, for my health. I feel so strong and capable again.

"Third, for my mother. She makes home for me now.

"Fourth, for the fact that I do not owe a dollar. Debt is such a terrible thing to face on Thanksgiving morning."

How the dun-colored little lady would have stared at our new-found friend.

"What's the use of being healthy and good-looking," she would ask. "If the man you had loved for years is not around to admire you?

"And what is the use of being thankful for just a mother. Every one has a mother—and then this woman must support her mother from her slender earnings. That looks more like a cause for worry than for thanks.

"Then one deserves no credit for being out of debt when you have so small an income that you do not dare have anything charged."

Dun-colored little ladies always have their own arguments with which to fight any unruly feelings of thanksgiving and happiness.

But of a truth the wage earning woman today has much for which to be thankful. I recently met a white-haired woman, who ranked among the pioneer business women of New York.

She said that when she first opened her shop, the curious-minded, boys, men and women, used to hang round the door for a peek at her and often followed her on the street.

The American girl in business is particularly fortunate, according to the light of an Englishman, who has been studying sociological conditions in America.

He found himself one noon at a great white and gold restaurant in the financial district of New York City. All around him at other tables were well-groomed, well-dressed, well-behaved young women. He said to his host:

"And who are these young women? Do they buy and sell stocks?"

His host smiled.

"Not at all. They are our stenographers, clerks and private secretaries."

"Ah—" said the bewildered Englishman, "but—er—they look so like ladies."

Yes, we have reached the point where we may work for our living and still be regarded as ladies in the broadest sense of the word.

Breadwinning is today a badge of honor, and the woman who earns her own living is not a social outcast. So much snobbery has America lost through the womanliness and intelligence of its business girls.

So much have the little dun-colored ladies to be grateful for—independence, and honor and happiness in independence, if only they will follow the girls who have learned to walk on the sunny side of life's broad street.

All happiness is comparative. All causes for Thanksgiving are comparative. Do not look towards those who are better off than yourself when you are counting your beads of gratitude. Look rather on the state of those who may well envy you—and then give thanks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Barber—Some hair restorer, sir?

Man in Chair—Yes, if it'll restore the hairs you've just rubbed off.

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Alkey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

THANKSGIVING

The Day We Celebrate

EXERCISED SENSE OF HUMOR

NOT A PENNY TO PAY
FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

CHEW AND SMOKE MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
STANDARD FOR OVER 30 YEARS