The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
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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.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Then isn't it for us to show them that we are more than usually civilized? I can't run away from him like a frightened little native."

"Of course; but that is where I come in; it's what I'm for—to get rid of such things for you."

Clara had risen, and stood considering a moment with that same sweet, impersonal eye which Flora found it hardest to comprehend.

"What I mean," she explicitly stated, "is that if he should undertake to carry out his preposterous suggestion, and call this afternoon, I am quite ready, if you wish, to take him off your hands."

This last took Flora's breath away. It had not occurred to her that Clara had overheard. It shocked her, frightened her; and yet Clara's way of stating the fact, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, made Flora feel that she herself was in the wrong to feel this.

"You're very kind," she managed to get out; and that seemed to leave her committed to hand Kerr over, tied hand and foot, when she wasn't sure at all she wanted to.

"Then shall I tell Mrs. Herrick that you will consider the house?" said Clara, already in the act of departure. "She is to call to-day to go into it with me more thoroughly. Thus far we've only played about the edges."

Her eyes strayed toward the dressing table as she passed it, and as she reached the door she glanced over the chiffonier. It was on the tip of Flora's tongue to ask if she had mislaid something, when Clara turned and smiled her small, tight-curled smile, as if she were offering it as a symbol of mutual understanding. Curiously enough, it checked Flora's query about the straying glances, and made her wonder that this was the first time in their relation that she had thought Clara sweet.

But there was another quality in Clara she did not lose sight of, and she waited for the closing of a door further down the hall before she drew the sapphire from under her pillow.

With the knocking at the door her first act had been to thrust it there. The feeling that it was going to be hard to hide was still her strongest instinct about it; but the morning had dissipated the element of the super-

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utes before the hour that Harry was in the habit of leaving the club. She went upstairs slowly and stopped in front of the telephone. She touched the receiver, drew her hand back and turned away. She shut the door of her own rooms smartly after her.

But when at last Kerr's card was handed in to her it gave her a shock, as if something which couldn't happen, and yet which she had all along expected, had come to pass.

In her instant of indecision Marrika had got away from her, but she called the girl back from the door and told her to say to Mrs. Britton that Mr. Kerr had called, but that Miss Gilsey would see him herself.

She started with a rush. Half-way down the stairs she stopped, horrified to find what her fingers were doing. They were closed around the little lump that the ring made in the bosom of her gown, and she had not known it. What if she had rushed in to Kerr with this extraordinary manifestation? What if, while she was talking to him, her hand should continue to creep up again and yet again to that place, and close around the jewel, and make it evident, even in its hiding place? The time had come when she must even hide it from herself. And yet, to creep back up the stair when she made sure Kerr must have heard her tumultuous downward rush! It would never do to soundlessly retreat. She must go back boldly, as if she had forgotten nothing more considerable than a pocket-handkerchief.

Yet before she reached the top again she found herself going tiptoe, as if she were on an expedition so secret that her own ears should not hear her footsteps. But she went direct and unhesitating. It had come to her all in a flash where she would put the sapphire. The little buttoned pocket of her bath-robe. There it hung in the bathroom on one unvarying peg, the most immovable of all her garments, safe from the excursions of Marrika's needle or brushes, not to be disturbed for hours to come.

She passed through her bedroom, through her dressing-room into the bathroom. The robe was hanging behind the door. It took her a moment to draw out the ring and disentangle its chain, and while she was doing this she became aware of movings to and fro in her bedroom. She drew the door half open, the better to conceal herself behind it, and at the same time, through the widened crack of the jamb, to keep an eye on the dressing room, and hurried lest Marrika should surprise her. But nevertheless she had barely slipped the ring into the little pocket and refastened the flap, when Clara opened the bedroom door and stood looking into the dressing-room.

Her lifted veil made a fine mist above the luster of her eyes. She was perfect to the tips of her immaculate white gloves, and she wore the simple, sober look of a person who thinks himself alone. Then it wasn't Flora, Clara was looking for! She was looking all around—over the surface of every object in the room. Presently she went up to the dressing-table. She laid her gloved hands upon it, and looked at the small objects strewn over its top. She took a step backward and opened the top drawer. She reached into it and delicately explored.

Flora could see the white gloves going to and fro among her white handkerchiefs, could see them find, open and examine the contents of her jewel box. And the only thing that kept her from shrieking out was the

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She stood on the threshold, pale, and brilliant still in her blaze of anger, equal, at last, to anything. Kerr, as he signaled to her with every lineament of his enlivened face, his interest, his defiance, his uncontrollability, was not the man of her imaginary conversations. He was not here to be used and disposed of; but, as he came toward her, the new admiration in his face was bringing her reassurance that neither was she. The thought that her moment of bitter incredulity had made her formidable gave her courage even to smile, though she grew hot at the first words he spoke.

"You should not be brave and then run away, you know."

She thought of her rush up the stairs again. "I had to go back to

[...]

good woman. It's just two days you could have worn it at all!"

She stood up—stood facing him. For a moment she knew nothing except that her horrible idea was a fact. She had the eye of the Crew Idol, and this man knew it! Yet the fact declared gave her courage.

She watched him with increasing doubt. After saying so much, was he going to say nothing more? She had a feeling that she had not heard the worst yet, and when he turned back to her from the other end of the room there was something so haggard, so harassed, so fairly guilty about him that if she had ever thought of telling him the truth of how she came by the ring she put it away from her now.

"You Can't Get It Away from Me, and I Shan't Give It to You."

[...]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACT PROMPTLY.

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[...]

WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

[...]

CHAPTER XII.

Disenchantment.

[...]

Woman Lawyer Nothing New

Old Records Tell of Case Where One Pleaded Before Court in Ancient Babylonia.

[...]

WHY NEW ORLEANS

CITY IS LOGICAL POINT FOR WORLD'S PANAMA EXPOSITION.

Its Geographical Position and Many Other Considerations Mark It as Most Suitable Spot for Dedication of Great Work.

Public sentiment has decided that the completion of the Panama Canal in 1915 shall be celebrated with a great International Exposition in which all the nations of the world may participate; and the question of where this Exposition is to be held will be settled by Congress at its approaching session.

New Orleans and San Francisco are contesting for the honor of holding this Exposition, and both cities have guaranteed immense sums of money as an evidence of their ability to finance so great an enterprise.

An Exposition worthy of the term "World's Fair," such as New Orleans proposes to build, will be a great educational movement. Its success as such, however, will depend entirely upon the percentage of our population who can secure its educational advantages, this in turn, depends upon its location, as the time in traveling to and from the Exposition, and the cost in railroad and Pullman fares, are the most important factors.

Considering these matters, New Orleans' claims to being the "Logical Point" for this Panama Exposition, seem to be fully substantiated by the following facts:—

New Orleans is 500 miles from the center of population in the United States. San Francisco is 2,300 miles distant therefrom.

Within a radius of 500 miles from New Orleans there are 17,500,000 people. Within the same radius from San Francisco there are only 2,000,000.

Within a radius of 1,000 miles from New Orleans, there are 65,000,000. Within the same radius from San Francisco there are only 6,000,000.

At an average of 900 miles from New Orleans, there are 70 of our principal cities with a combined population of 30,000,000. Averaging 900 miles from San Francisco there are only 3 large cities, with a combined population of just 1,000,000. The average distance of all these cities to New Orleans is 792 miles,—to San Francisco 2,407 miles.

[...]

President Taft's Favorite Aunt

By WALDON FAWCETT

PRESIDENT TAFT'S FAVORITE AUNT MISS DELIA TORREY

PRESIDENT TAFT'S favorite aunt, Miss Delia Torrey, is now in her eighty-fifth year and even if she did not have so distinguished a nephew as the president of the United States to laud her to the skies she would be well worthy of public interest and admiration for she is, for her age, one of the most remarkable women in America. For the reader to appreciate the unusual qualifications of President Taft's favorite relative it is only necessary to relate

[...]

tions for the old house and vivid memories of the matchless makers of Aunt Delia,—particularly in the matter of apple pies. Furthermore, after the death of Judge Taft his widow made her home until her death with Aunt Delia, and hither came William H. Taft at frequent intervals to visit his mother and his aunt.

The home of Aunt Delia is located on the main street of the little village and within sight of the passengers on the trolley cars bound for Worcester, some half-hour's ride distant. The house is large, with a portico in front supported by columns rising to the second floor and it appears immaculate in the coat of white paint contrasted with the green shutters which one comes to look upon as inevitable in New England. The house is surrounded by flower gardens and conspicuous among the posies is a gorgeous Killarney rose which was transplanted from the White House at Washington for Aunt Delia and which is her especial pride. The interior of the house is filled with rich old ma-

MISS DELIA TORREY IN HER OLD FASHIONED NEW ENGLAND GARDEN

[...]

confessed that one especial lure is found in the apple pies dear to his memory ever since boyhood and which he maintains nobody makes with such wizardry as Aunt Delia. In return for her hospitality the president and his family entertain Aunt Delia several times each year, both at the White House at Washington and at the president's vacation home on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay. The president has made Aunt Delia a convert to the joys of motoring, and this

[...] was the boyhood home of William H. Taft and his brothers. Mrs. Taft, mother of the president, always found the climate of Cincinnati very trying in summer and accordingly it became her custom to take the children and spend the entire heated term each year with her only sister in the homestead at Millbury. No wonder that "Bill" Taft grew up with many close friends here, dating from the days when he played "first base" on the ball team; and with strong associa-

[...] public. Many of the letters that come to Miss Torrey contain requests for her favorite recipes, [...] vaunted apple pies. Aunt Delia declares that some of the recipes that have been attributed to her had no such origin, but she smiles indulgently at the disposition to make her an oracle for Yankee housewives who would reach the masculine heart through the stomach.

ORPHANS' FARM FOR CHILDREN

CONTEMPLATED BY VICTOR LEE CLARK OF JEFFERSON COUNTY.

WILL ASK FOR AID OF STATE

Wants 1,000 Acres as Home for Kentucky's Wards—Educational Features Will Be Included.

Frankfort, Ky.—With a view of bettering the conditions of thousands of orphan boys and girls in Kentucky who, through force of circumstances, are compelled to depend upon the orphan asylums of the state for a livelihood, Victor Lee Clark, a veteran of the civil war, shortly will establish a home in Kentucky, where these children can have the advantage of their more prosperous brothers and sisters and be in a position to enter young manhood and young womanhood on the same footing with those in more prosperous circumstances. It is the purpose of Mr. Clark, who has made a practical study of conditions in various sections of the country during the past few years, to purchase a tract of 1,000 acres of land in some section of Kentucky and to devote the entire tract to the orphans of the state. He has so far entered into the plan as to secure financial assistance from three other wealthy philanthropists, one of whom is a resident of Louisville and the other two from the west, and the four together will invest $150,000 in the venture. This money will be used in the purchase of the land, the erection of houses for living purposes, schoolhouses and all other modern conveniences for the uplift of the fatherless and motherless children of Kentucky. During the first few years, [...]

[...]

STORY OF SHIRTS

"What is the best war speech you ever made in your life?" said a friend the other day to Capt. Joe Waters.

"I never made but one good war speech in my life," he replied. "And that was when I kissed the girls good-by and left with my company for the camp of instruction. Find friends gave me this and that with their farewells, and when the train pulled out, as it whirled around the bend and the last waving handkerchief vanished from sight, we sat down and began making an inventory of our effects. A white satin lined pincushion, with the name of the giver inside; a model housewife, with two kinds of scissors, thimble, needle, shirt and pants buttons, hooks and eyes, cotton tapes, recipes for stomach ache and cholera morbus, crochet needles, rheumatism cure, and a full pound and one-half of black patent thread in hanks—bless their dear souls! Another 'housewife,' just like the first; a thimble, six pairs of socks, four woolen scarfs; another 'housewife,—another—and another, a Bible, seven towels and a can of jelly, a dozen filagree worked napkins and another can of jelly.

"My recollection is that all of the [...]

[...]ville, I think it was—he looked for all the world like a circus getting off the cars. His wife evidently had no idea of war. She imagined her husband would put up over night at the best hotels, and would have the benefit of wash lists and laundries. But that shirt was born to no such destiny. It was never to know a washwoman, or to be soused into a tub.

"And speaking of shirts, some fair and patriotic girl who was a member of a Dorcas society, made a shirt to be sent to a soldier; it was evidently intended for a man at least a foot shorter than I am, and, therefore, you know, he wouldn't be very tall. Upon it was pinned a tab, asking the recipient, whoever he might be, to acknowledge the receipt of the garment. It was unfortunately apportioned to a man who went by the sobriquet of 'Chimbley Dan;' he was about seven feet two inches in altitude, and built after the pattern of a continued story that runs for about so many consecutive weeks and then is announced to be 'continued in our next.' Chimbley Dan tried on the shirt and thought a long time, and finally concluded that he would answer in rhyme, and this is what he had the cheek of a government to write to her:

"Like a man without a wife,
Like a ship without a sail,
The oddest thing I know in life,
Is a shirt without—a proper length."

—Kansas City Journal.

North Carolina Rattlers

The state museum now contains the largest rattlesnake, mounted, in any collection in the world. It may not be generally known, but it is true that in North Carolina the largest rattlers are found. The United States snake experts are the authority for this statement.

[...] Ellis, by J. J. Ballard, with one blow on the head with a small stick, so that not even the skin was broken. He took this care so as to secure for the museum in perfect condition a snake which was the largest he had ever seen.

Near the same place Mr. Addicks [...]

[...]

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[...]

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