WHERE THERE'S A WILL

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF *The* CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, *The* MAN *in* LOWER TEN, WHEN A MAN MARRIES

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SYNOPSIS.

Minnie, spring-house girl at Hope cane, Kentucky, tells the story. It opens with the arrival of Mr. Pierre Bonnet, a rich old bachelor, to be engaged to marry a young and the death of the old doctor who owns Hope cane. Minnie, who is in love with Jim Hendricks, a neighboring farmer, is accused of poisoning him for reasons of state.

"Where are they now?"

"My dear girl," he answered, putting down his glass, "what has been pound and bitte me ever since I struck the place? The baths! I prescribe 'em all day and dream 'em all night. Where are the poisonous now? They are steaming, exhausting, exuding in the hot rooms of the bath establishment—all of them, every one of them! In the bold name of Hygeia, I drink to them!"

Just then somebody fell against the door and pounded on the panel. When Miss Bayless, character man with Pierce's stock company, came in, Minnie, who had been previously introduced to Patty, knew a very much interested in Patty, knew a great deal about her. Miss Bayless was playing with Pierce's company when Patty was running the manicuring establishment at the Hotel Metropole. Miss Bayless is making attempts to arrange matters between Patty and Pierce. She has letters from Miss Bayless which she says will break him. Pierce is trying to get these letters from Miss Bayless. Minnie believes it has been possessed by the Hope spring water.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

He staggered out, with Mr. Bigot just behind him, and from that moment their wives were all demoralized. One by one they left to look for Doctor Barton, or to get the white of egg which somebody had suggested as an antidote.

I was alone, looking down at Archella, on the floor, when I thought I was alone, for there was a movement by one of the windows and Miss Patty came forward and knelt by the girl.

"Of all the absurdities!" she said. "Your little thief, Minnie, I don't see she's breathing!"

She put the dog's head in her lap, and the little beast opened its eyes and tried to wag its blue tail.

"Oh, Miss Patty, Miss Patty!" I exclaimed, and I put my head down too and cried on her shoulder, with her stroking my hand and calling me dear and "there."

I was wiping my eyes when the door was thrown open and Mr. Pierre ran in. He had no hat on and his hair was powdered with snow. He stopped just inside the door and looked at Miss Patty.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "I thought you were poisoned!"

"I am all right," she assured him. "And little Archella will be all right, too. She's had a convulsion, that's all —probably from overeating. As for the others—"

"Where is the—where is von in wait?"

He has gone to take the white of an egg," she replied rather haughtily.

He walked to the window and I saw him looking hard at something on the side in the snow. When he walked back to the fire he was smiling, and he stooped over and poked Archella with his finger.

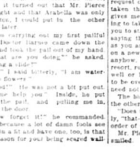
"So that was it?" he said. "Full to the scuppers, poor little devil. Well, now, I am home with my own petard, which in this case was a hotcross bun."

"Which is in English—" I asked.

"With the instinct of her sex, Mrs. Bella has ascertained what was meant to be buried forever. She had gored herself into a conviction—it takes a rich bitch I shot last night."

They went to the house together, he carrying Archella like a sick baby and Miss Patty holding her head. I went and looked down into the spring and I remember that I was darker than usual. It may have smelled stronger, but the rain had been taking off the snow so to speak, by being there so long.

The only thing I could think of was to empty the spring and let the water



They Were All Demoralized.

come in place. I could put a little sulphur in to give it color and flavor, and all of it together would be Mr. Pierre was right and that Archella was only a pretense. I could put in the white of eggs.

I was carrying out my first pailful when Doctor Barton came down the path and met me. He asked about Archella.

"She's getting over it," I said. "Let me help you down the path, and I'll show you."

"Now tell me," he commanded, "just because a lot of damn fools see a dog in a fit and have one, is that any reason for your being scared wall eyed and knock-kneed? Lord, I wish you could dream what you've been exaggerating into my office!"

"It was enough," I said with a shiver.

That German, von Iswald, he went on, "he's the best man I've accused of poisoning him for reasons of state."

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"That settles it!" I panted. dee personnie, I will never—"

"Not a bit of it!" he said, shoving me down a chair and into the hall. "My old teakettle is just getting fire up a bit. By the gods and little fishes, just listen to that! Who's starting up there?"

The help was gathered in a crowd at the head of the bathhouse staircase, where the loud groan of steam was coming up, and down below we could hear furnaces roaring. Mr. Bigot was demanding "Mike! Mike!" in a voice that was choked with rage and steam.

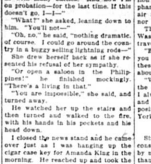
"Clothes! Send us some clothes!"

It was Mr. Sam called. The rest was swallowed up in a fresh roaring.

"Mike!" he shouted, "if a steam pipe had given away—"

"One more yell," he said, "and it will be over."

I sat up and stared at him. I could see the color coming back into his face, back to the light, but I could tell that



"We've Got a Few Things to Say to You."

he had a cross of adhesive plaster on his cheek and that one eye was almost shut. He smiled when he saw my expression.

"It's the temperament," he said. "It gives a wide life, but it's hell. Now I'm only I'm apt to go out and pick a fight with those fellows, and I haven't time for that outlet. As you see, I found Mike, and he's starting a steam bath to get his starlight to the boondig glare. Come along, Minnie."

I didn't want to go, but anything was better than to be left with the dead. So I followed him to the bathhouse.

"Now, Mike," he said, when a small at any time, and who without the padding on his shoulders looked like a child in a short with a red face above looked like a Mike Fitzgerald, "what's all the row?"

The engineer came up and after a few explosive "Mr. Sam's" and "Mr. Mike's" began to explain. I could see that he was trying to say to you, you young—"

Mike kept his hand on my arm and thundered Mr. Pierre.

Mr. Pierre was white with that. They crowded around Mr. Pierre, and Mike the manager, and he stood there, with his head up and his eyes half shut.

And I stood there and watched, my mind perfectly expecting every minute to hear that they were all waving, or that Mr. Pierre was one. Then I got and both fists at once.

And that is how it ended finally—I mean, of course, that they said they would all keep quiet, and that it would be nought to be glad to have them go back to work and not have him guilty of malicious mischief or compounding a felony. The whole thing was an out rage, and the three train would leave the house as empty as a squeezed lemon.

"At three o'clock, then," said Mr Pierre. "Very well."

"Don't be a fool!" I heard Mr. Sam from the crowd.

"Is that all you have to say?" roared Mr. von Iswald. "Don't you say anything about apology to make, sir?"

"Neither apology nor explanation to you," Mr. Pierre retorted. And to the other "It is an unfortunate accident —incident, if you prefer. He looked at Theodora as he said it. She was in a bathrobe, and who was the only one there who looked as if she had enjoyed the request of the bath man's and he has a right to be angry, I suppose. If that gives me the responsibility I am will be to take it. If you expect me to ask you to stay I'll not do it. I don't mind saying that I am so tired of all this as you are. In fact, I almost decided on a new order of things for this place anyhow. It's going to be a real health resort, run for people who want to get well or keep well. People who wish to be left in peace, overboard and coddled loved not come—or stay."

The bishop spoke over the heads of the others, who looked dazed.

"Does that mean," he inquired mildly at last, "that guests must either obey the order of things or go away?"

Mr. Pierre looked at the bishop and

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "but as you have made them staggering

They fairly jumped at him then. They surrounded him in a howling mob and demanded how he dared to turn them out, and what did he mean by saying they were overfed, and they would leave when they were good and ready and not before, and he could go to blazes. I was in front of the fire with his carry hair standing every way. He had been standing strangely long for a chance to speak. And when the time came he jumped in and told them the truth about themselves and most of it hurt. He was good and mad, and he stood there and picked out the fish one and the fat more, the whisky livers and the tobacco hearts and the banquet stomachs and called them all by name. He got through and stood looking at them in their sheets, and then he said coolly:

"You will be ready at two thirty, gentlemen," and turning on his heels, he walked into the office and closed the door.

CHAPTER XI.

I couldn't stand any more. It was all over! I rushed to my room and locked the door. I had to get away, and by I heard the hue come to the portecochere. I looked out and saw them drive away, that was the last straw. I packed my bag and went down to the office. Mr. Pierre was there, and he and Miss Patty were talking.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

And then somebody jerked the pillow from under and I looked up with my eyes swollen almost shut, and it was Archella. She had had a glass of water in his hand and he held it right to my mouth.

"Where is—" I asked, leaning down to him. "You'll not—"

"I wouldn't do that," he said, "nothing dramatic. Of course. I could go around the corner to a boarding house, but—"

She drew herself back as if she resented the presence of any competitor.

"Or open a saloon in the Philippines!" he added, chuckling. "There's a living in that."

"You are impossible," she said, and turned away.

He opened her up the stairs and then turned and walked to the fire, with his hands in his pockets and his head down.

I closed the door and stood and he rather quiet just as I had left him. The cigar case key for Amanda Kins in the office, and I looked up and took the key off its nail.

"Minnie that," he said. "It's no tobacco after this, Minnie."

"I've left word to have hers, then," I retorted. "They've got to smoke; it's the only work they have."

"Well see," he said quietly. "And—you're, Minnie, now that we shall not be using the mineral spring—"

"Yes, sir," I said, folding the key.

"Certainly not, sir," he said. "This is a drugless sanatorium, Minnie, from now on. That's part of the theory—no

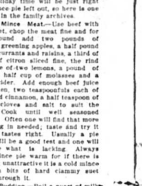
FRENCH HANDICAP TOO GREAT

Hard to See How Country, With Stationary Population, Can Hope.

The French war office has won its fight for the extension of the term of service from two years to three, the New York Tribune observes. The bill makes it the business of the size of the army so as to keep pace with increase in the size of the German system the army has consisted of only 467,000 men available for service in time of war. Germany has now a fewer than 870,000. Such disparity of battlefields, and on the three years' system was demanded, under the circumstances, by the French. Thirty grown are raw, wornwood, comfrey, hemlock, peppermint, rosemary, and lavender. The English oils of lavender and lavandin are particularly famous, bringing from two to five times as much as the same oils produced in other countries. Of late years the oil of little bunches of fresh lavender, particularly in London, has commanded a considerable part of the annual supply. But the increase in the land tax to larger proportion, and it is reported that this year there will be no ample crop and the distillers hearts will be made glad—New York Evening Post.

Credit Is Due.

A man believes he is a hero if he amuses a baby for three minutes. But he never gets a mother credit for amusing it 24 hours a day.



"I've Put Myself on Trial and Been Found Guilty."

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"Not at all," re replied calmly. You'll see her skating, too." And with that he went out.

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They were sitting in a booth at a down town restaurant when the conversation had turned upon the subject of jungle noises, and the man who was in turn related some little anecdotes. A young man in the next booth, who had overheard, suddenly rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," said he, "your experiences are very interesting; but for real awe and terror there is nothing at the lion or sharp trumpeting of an elephant. Nothing is like the noise the air as you lie silent, neither asleep nor awake."

They stared at him in surprise. Was the young man a victim of fever and rive four, with five tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half cup of rich cream, blended butter. Bake for ten minutes in a quick oven.

Reliable Mince Meat.—A pound each of raisins, currants, chopped suet, chopped apples, one cup of molasses, raisins, half pound of chopped almonds, one teaspoonful each of the rind and juice of three lemons and three oranges, a little mace and cinnamon chopped. Keep two weeks before using.

Marrons With Whipped Cream.—Cut crosses on the flat side of the marrons with two preserved chestnuts Sprinkle with a little of the syrup and force a little whipped cream through a pastry tube around the chestnuts. Put in a glass dish, sprinkle over with sweetened whipped cream.

Carrot Pudding—To a cupful of carrots cut and cooked and mashed fine, two cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of suet, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of baking powder, one-quarter of a teaspoonful each of strongest of cloves and a quarter of a nutmeg, the rind of an orange adding the fruit last. Put in a buttered mold and steam three hours. Serve with any kind of pudding sauce preferred. The following is not very common and is delicious:

Sauce for Plum Pudding—Melt a cupful of sugar in a hot oven for a few tter. Let it boil for five minutes, then add the juice of an orange and a lemon strained rind and the juice of half a another ounce of butter, a cupful of sugar, a half cup of milk and half cupful of sugar, with a teaspoonful of vanilla is a good sauce for any steamed pudding.

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"You may call it that, if you like," replied the plain-spoken person who had interrupted him, "my opinion is that you are simply bottin' in."

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"Yes?"

"Yes, we were at a musical comedy the other night and she followed the plot all the way through."

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"Coming down a rock-bottom facts, when does Walter Wright know about the tariff?" "Not a blamed thing. But I'll accord him a compliment—some of his talks about it are absolutely the most fascinating speeches I believe I ever heard in my life."—Boston Herald.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

EVOLUTE man is one who follows with interest in things he knows all about, when they are said by a person who knows nothing about them.

DAINTY DISHES FOR CHRISTMAS.

No holiday time will be just right without a plum pudding, so here is one to place in the family archives.

Rich Mince Meat—Line bowl with some suet, chop the meat fine and for every pound add two pounds of chopped greening apples, a half pound each of currants and raisins, a third of a cup of citron sliced fine, the rind and juice of two lemons, a pound of sugar, a half cup of molasses and a cup of cider. Add enough beef liquor to moisten, two teaspoonfuls each of mace and cinnamon, a half teaspoon of cloves and salt and pepper to suit the taste. Cook until well seasoned through. Often one will find that more seasoning is needed; taste and try it before it is quite right. Finally a pie baked will be a good test and one will then see what is lacking. Always serve minee pie warm for if there is dissatisfied, something can be made a speech telling that he used to be puny and weak, and he he went into training and became a pugilist, and how he fought the Tennessee champion and no other—the men nodded as if they knew—and liked him in 47 seconds or 49 rounds, I'm not sure which. The crowd was cheering for him and was cheering for him, and even Mr. Jennings, who'd been training and was saying much, said he thought possibly there was something in it.

They ended by agreeing to try it out for a week, beginning with the morning, when everybody was to be down for breakfast by seven-thirty. And somebody suggested that if they were to do that they'd have to go to bed, and the party broke up.

In a half-hour or so I had cleared away the dishes and was getting ready to lock up the west stand. Just as I was about to turn out the light, however, I heard two people talking.

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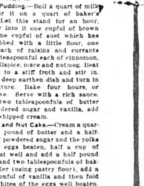
The YEAR THAT LIES BEFORE

IT IS TIME TO START AGAIN,
THE TIME TO ALL-TAKE HEART AGAIN,
THE TIME TO DO YOUR PART AGAIN,
THE PART YOU HAVE BEEN SHIRKING.



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Life is full of golden opportunities for dollar what we do and say.

It would not drive a farthing for a man's religion if his dog or cat are not the better for it.

SOME BEST HOLIDAY RECIPES.

For the cooky jar this is a good one to try, for the little people will go wild over them.

Christmas Cookies—Cream a cup of butter and a beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of cream, then stir in two cupfuls each of sugar and flour and rive flour, with five tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half cup of rich cream blended butter. Bake for ten minutes in a quick oven.

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A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

By Mary E. Wilkins

Mary Ellen Wilkins was born in Randolph, Mass., in 1862. She was married to Dr. Charles Freeman in 1902. She has written many novels and short stories, among the latter "The Pot of Gold and Other Stories," "The Wind in the Rose Bush and Other Stories of the Supernatural," "The Love of Parson Lord and Other Stories," "The Winning Lady and Others," "The Jamesons," "The Portion of Labor," "Jane Field," "The Heart's Highway," "The Debtor," "The Pot of Gold," "Pembroke," "Madelon," "Jerome, a Poor Man," "The Love of Parson Lord," "The Shoulders of Atlas," "The Fair Lavinia and Others," "The Portion of Labor," "The Wind in the Rose Bush," "The Winning Lady and Others," "The Jamesons