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THE LONELY GUARD,

BY NORMAN INNES.

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eveleigh Nash, 1900); "Parson Croft" (Eveleigh Nash, 1901).

Continued.

"Elsa, dost thou hear it?"
"Some fisherman upon the lake,"
replied the other despondently.
"But the words and the air, Elsa?"
"Nay, I heard not the words, nor
the air. I am sad, I know not why,
thou hast—"

A man's voice cut her short, a
man's voice and a man's laughter,
and a man's step upon the terrace.
I groaned at the thought of a third
that was like to linger above me,
and the business for which I stood
numb, with teeth a-chatter, not yet
begun. And then to my dismay, the
elder woman spoke.

"Otte, I would go out upon the
lake, the night is hot and the boats
are ready beneath."

"And I, cousin fair, am ready to
do thy pleasure," replied von Wegen
gallantly, as he sauntered down the
steps in leisurely fashion and began
loosing the knots that bound the
neater of the craft. I strove to dis-
tinguish their features in the gloom,
the Count sprang in, and slowly
backed the craft out into the lake.

As shadows they vanished from my
sight, and after waiting for some
moments listening to the eva fall of
the oars upon the water, I scrambled
to the steps and sat down in the boat.
Fate who had served me thus scur-
vily and left me drenched to the bone
and a prisoner at the door of my
enemy's house.

CHAPTER XII.

By Sondheim's Lake.

Shivering, all out of heart, I
crouched up the steps listening to
the sweep of the oars in the darkness
to the trickle of the water from my
dripping garments, and then with
every sense alert, could have sprung
to my feet with a shout of triumph.
The enemy was in our hands, his re-
treat cut off; the abuse to which
the Spaniard had trusted had come
indeed. Fortunate was it that I had
dropped the auger, fortunate that
the craft was unharmed.

Springing to the ring in the wall
I gripped the rope that held the boat
and fell feverishly to loosening the
knots. With the free end of the
cord in my hand, I waited intent to
catch the voices of von Wegen and
the ladies and the distant splash of
their oars. Of the exact position of
the boat I was uncertain; but so far
as I could judge its course lay to-
wards the centre of the lake.

With the castle lights at my back
the Breiter-see was a sea of black-
ness and I could only hope that Leon
de Portugas was aware of the iden-
tity of those who were approaching him.

Stealthily I pushed from the
stairs and plying my blades with all
possible caution, pulled in the direc-
tion of the distant voices. The boat
was heavy and slow, as was my pro-
gress, each moment I expected to be
seen and hailed by those before me.
Between each stroke I rested on my
oars to catch the faintest sound that
might guide me. I was anxious not
to lose touch with von Wegen and
yet to escape his notice.

Suddenly, a shout rang out across
the waters.

"Ho there, knave, seek other fish-
ing grounds; plague on thee, my oar
is foul of thy net."

A quavering answer greeted this
rough hail, as with a few swift
strokes I seized the chance of lessen-

ing the distance between us unob-
served. The Count's temper was
short that night. Roundly he cursed
this unlucky fisherman; but I was
too intent on gaining on him and
his guests to heed his speech. Scant
heed, it seemed, paid the culprit to
his lord's challenge; and then as von
Wegen's voice rose hot with passion,
not more than a dozen yards ahead,
I checked the boat to stare into the
night.

For a moment I could see nothing,
but, peering into the gloom, at last
descried two dim grey figures loom-
ing before me. Next a darker form
above a shapeless hull, was outlined
in the shadows—the Count it appear-
ed was kneeling upon the thwart
nearest the bow of his craft. Then
came a cracked voice, piteous and
pleading, the voice of an old man,
though I guessed the speaker to be
no older than the Spaniard.

"Pardon, good sir; if I draw my
nets, my fishing is spoiled for the
night. Have pity, Excellency, I am
an old man and very poor."

"And very deaf it seems and slow
to boot," cried von Wegen. "Is it
thou, old Jacob? Gruning? Answer,
man or by Heaven, my foresters
shall burn thy gear upon the morn-
ing."

Dimly, as a log upon the water, I
caught sight of the Spaniard's boat.
It lay not a yard from the other's
hows. More, I could make out a
shadowy form huddled above the
gunwale, apparently busily engaged
in drawing up a net.

All this while the Countesses had
sat silent, Inez von Rohn bent for-
ward, intently watching the fisherman
intently, the other leaning with her
arm upon her sister's shoulder. Not
one of the three had an inkling of
my presence, as little by little I
crept ever nearer. Nearer, too, drew
von Wegen to the craft that lay ath-

wart his course, till at last I heard
the bows of the larger boat strike
the other's side with a crash. Then
the Count lost all patience with the
man.

"Look to thy wherry, old dotard!"
he cried, "to thy nets, to thyself,
to thy art, thou? What brings thee—
loose thy hold of the gunwale,
knave."

So my comrade had him fast,
thought I, as with a long pull, I
surged towards them. And then, as
the Count raised an oar to free him-
self of the fisherman's grip, the
Spaniard sprang upright in the boat
and full on von Wegen fell a shape-
less mass, wreathing his head, en-
tangling his shoulders—better had it
been for that struggling wretch that
the net had never left the water.

Try of terror escaped Elsa von
Rohn.

"Inez!" I heard her gasp as she
clutched her sister in her fear, and at
the same instant the heavy boat I
rowed crashed against the one in
which they sat. At the sight of a
second assailant, the screams of the
younger Countesses redoubled, while
Leon de Portugas cried to me that I
should spring from my boat into our
enemy's.

The water came rushing over the
gunwale as I leaped, but the craft
quickly righted.

"Blind him, here is rope," cried he,
while I knelt above the prostrate
man who was snared as surely as
ever was hart or hare. Vainly he
struggled to free himself from the
meshes, vainly he threatened, in the
dimness I bound him hand and foot
with the net still fast about his
limbs, lashing the cord to the thwart
beneath which he had fallen.

"Is it finished?" cried Leon de
Portugas as I rose from above our
foe, and leaning towards the women
he spoke in a tongue I knew not—it
was Spanish and whenever I hear it
spoken, I think of that pitch-black
night upon the Breiter-see.

The Lady Elsa was sobbing fitful-
ly, her head upon her sister's shoul-
der, but Inez von Rohn sat unmoved
in the stern of the boat.

Slow came my comrade's words in
the measured cadence of Castille, bro-
ken now and again by a quick gasp
of inquiry on the part of the woman.
For full five minutes he spoke, and
then followed a torrent of questions
from her lips. Was he telling her of
those pearls, laying bare von We-
gen's villainy? Was she learning at
last of the web of deceit her kins-
man had woven for her sister's un-
doing? Once she laughed, coldly,
dryly, glanced at me for a moment
and handing her head beside her sis-
ter's, whispered softly.

The other's weeping broke forth
afresh, nor knew I how this business
was like to end.

(Too be continued.)

Copper has been found in the Big
Chief mountains, Alberta.

THE PERSECUTION OF NOTORIETY DRIVES EVELYN THAW TO EUROPE

**"I Can't Live in New York Now" is Her
Cry---Ordered Out of Public Restaur-
ant and Asked to Leave Her Hotel
Apartments**

(Nixola Creeley-Smith in New York
World.)

Why am I so persecuted? What
of any crime? But because I won't
have I done? I have not been accus-
ed on the stand to save my husband I
am hounded, spied upon, lied about.
I can't live in New York. Just as
soon as the proceedings to annul my
marriage have been completed I am
going abroad, and I am never coming
back to New York."

It was Evelyn Thaw who spoke,

and as I looked at her, sitting in the

trial as "that valiant child" was
suddenly before my eyes a weeping
woman. And as she sat in Mr. O'-
Reilly's office, with the prospect of
freedom from her maniac husband
and the assurance of lifelong ease—
at least financially—I could not won-
der that, homeless as Hagar turned
into the wilderness, she wept.

For the first time Evelyn Thaw's
long eyes had glimpsed the arid vista
that all women must traverse
who look into the world's Medusa
eyes with their own eyes fearlessly.



MRS EVELYN THAW

office of Daniel O'Reilly, I faced the
most amazing spectacle I had ever
seen. For Evelyn Thaw was crying.
She wept with her head buried in her
young soul in a public court in the
effort to save the man from whom
she now seeks to be freed on the
same plea of insanity which acquit-
ted him of murder wert at last—she
who had faced without flinching the
which a woman was ever subjected
most merciless cross-examination to
now sat a huddled, sobbing heap of
helplessness in the law office at which
she had stopped on the day of her
flight from New York. She seemed
more than ever the pale, slender, and
the beauty she had been. And in the
hollow of her cheek and the trem-
bling of the long slender hands that
have held the reins of destiny for
many men I read the signs of wreck-
ed nerves and a shattered will.

"I have been made the victim of
hotel managers seeking notoriety for
their hotels. It is untrue that I was
asked to leave the Hotel Knicker-
bocker dining room. I did go there
with Mr. Thomas; I was looking for
some one whom I had to recon-
ciliate, and Mr. Thomas took me
there and gave \$5 each to two
bell boys for paying the person I
was seeking through the hotel. While
we were in the dining room I per-
ceived that I had been recognized.
People were staring at me and talk-
ing about me. I suggested to Mr.
Thomas that we leave, and without
touching the wire we had ordered we
did so. There was no request from
the management that we go, but
as the result of the stories printed
about the Hotel Knickerbocker, Mr.
Dick, of the Breiter-see, whom I
was living with, asked me for my
rooms. Both hotels seem looking
for cheap newspaper advertising at
my expense. Now I am leaving New
York. There seems nothing left for
me to do."

Suddenly, Mrs. Thaw, leaning for-
ward, her eyes wide with wistful
inquiry, her full lips pointing a
pathetic appeal.

"What can I do?" she exclaimed.
"I have done everything I could to
escape notice. I dress differently; I
do my hair differently. You saw me
at both trials and you know that
this is so."

I did know it. Gone was the semi-
fitted schoolgirl frock, the little
turndown collar with the soft knot
of dark blue over which Evelyn's
rounded chin had dropped or held it-
self in high defiance on the witness
stand. In its stead was a smart
walking suit of dark blue with a
narrow black stripe, the short cutaway
coat opening over a waist of white
Irish lace. On her brown hair which
was arranged high on her head, with-
out the black bow at the nape of the
neck which her pictures have made
famous, was a black hat trimmed at
the side with a black bird and an
aigurette of feathery white. "In the
Hotel Knickerbocker," she continued,
"I wore a yellow evening dress, with
my hair done high. That was the
second time I had ever been out with
Mr. Thomas, who was introduced to
me years ago by Mr. Thaw."

As Evelyn Thaw spoke I thought
that for the first time she looked her
twenty-four years. There were actu-
ally lines of feeling stamped on the
coldly beautiful face, which some per-
sons have considered merely the ex-
quisite chiselled mauloleum of a
dead soul.

I had talked with her on many pre-
vious occasions, but I had never felt
before that I was facing a woman.
She who had seemed by turns a
charming, perverse, defiant child,
whose genius for ingenuously old
age, had suddenly grown up.

She whom Thaw had written of in
one of his strange letters read at the

to her that this phenomenon was
easily explicable.

Here is a girl who, whether we ex-
plain her divergence from the ordi-
nary rules of conduct by helpless
childishness, or cold blooded choice,
has undoubted brains. A girl who,
notwithstanding all that has been
written of her beauty, is not vain of
her personal appearance, who, though
columns have been devoted to saying
that love of dress and luxury pro-
cured her ruin, really does not care
about clothes at all, and who told
me once that her ideal of happiness
was to live on a ranch and never
wear anything more decorative than
a shirtwaist and skirt.

Feeling more and more every day
the pursuit of that dead past which
must stalk her footsteps to the grave
she turns to the only world where
such ghosts are laid—the world of
books.

"I have read and studied a great
deal in the last two years," contin-
ued Mrs. Thaw, "and I want to
write something worth while. In
Germany I will be let alone. I can
make a home and live and eat and
sleep and write without any notice
being taken of me at all."

"But there have been rumors that
you intend to marry again, Mrs.
Thaw, if the courts release you," I
said.

Evelyn Thaw smiled.
"I have had quite enough of mar-
riage," she said. "I never expect to
marry again."

"I have no plans beyond getting
away from this, putting the ocean
between me and persons who use my
misfortunes for advertising purposes.
I will have to testify next week as
to the date of my marriage and a
few details of that kind; also I must
say that I have not condoned any-
thing that has come to my know-
ledge. Then I will go away."

A gleam came into Mrs. Thaw's
eyes as she said this. A year ago I
could not have imagined that that
once valiant voice would ring with
triumph at the mere prospect of
flight.

But once more the old battle be-
tween the world and the woman had
been fought—and the woman has won.
Homeless in a city of a million
homes, friendless among 4,000,000
human beings, about to steal away
in solitary flight from the scene of
her triumphs and her despair, the
woman wept. And I looked upon
her as I have looked upon Evelyn Thaw
who had faced dry-eyed an audience
of men and women who shuddered at
the horror of the tale she told, I un-
derstood her tears.

What a great tragedy could not do
what a shameful ordeal such as few
women could survive was futile to
accomplish, had been wrought by
sordid story of being turned out of a
hotel.

The inspiration of battle was gone,
the fine daring, the glamor of sacri-
fice had disappeared, and the girl
whose frail hand had turned the
scales of justice covered under the
title-tattle of Mrs. Grundy.

"Serves her right!" comes a chor-
us of the indignant just.

I am not discussing the justice or
injustice of the situation, merely the
palpable humor of it.

"Think of it! The courage the mas-
terly Jerome could not break, the
will against which he opposed vainly
all the power and ingenuity of a
trained prosecutor, had snapped un-
der a chronicle of small beer; or, to
be accurate, a bottle of wine at the
Hotel Knickerbocker!"

And the girl who faced the world
without a quiver, who had triumph-
ed over Jerome and Garvan, and
who evaded the Thaw jury ac-
knowledgeled led them to acquit her
husband, strikes the white rag to a
Mr. Regan and a Mr. Dick, managers
of two New York hostilities.

"Funny, isn't it?"
But to Mrs. Thaw it was not funny.
She wept under it and soon after
was whirled to the Cortlandt
street ferry on her way to her hiding
place.

TO APRIL.

Dear April, you're like some coquette,
Some little flirt, I ween,
For half the time your face is bright,
And then, all unforeseen,
You drop your head and pout and shed
Tears that you do not mean.

Yes, April, you're a winsome lass,
A little flirt, I know;
You do bewitch this heart of mine
And bid me whisper low,
"You are a true coquette because
You make me love you so!"

was \$364,715, or \$7,000 over the previous
year.



(Cable from Paris.)

Fetching things to wear

FETCHING WAYS TO WEAR THEM.

By **Belle Armstrong Whitney**
FASHION EXPERT

Paris, April 10.—At Callot's, the famous
dressmaker's, they say they would rather
dress a stylish woman than a pretty one.

Of course. Every woman's dearest wish
about dress is to be stylish. But you see
the look at the first hundred women you see
today. How many of them by the stretch
of courtesy could you call stylish?

You can count them on the thumbs of
one hand.

We make the mistake of thinking that
style in dress is a matter of having clothes
cut in a prevailing mode, from prevailing
materials, in prevailing colors. But we all
know women dressed "in the latest style"
who are not stylish.

It is not enough to wear stylish clothes.
Clothes must be becoming and they must
be worn stylishly. One cannot wear
clothes stylishly if one walks badly. And
how many women there are who walk by
lifting their feet and then on the other
or by shuffling along as if they were
afraid their shoes would fall off. They
simply do not "carry themselves" at all.

Did you ever notice how many women
are ashamed of their shoes? Just peek
under smart shoes, and watch all your
elegant women you will see today wearing
good looking dresses and cloaks, but grub-

by shoes, awful gloves, and hats that look
like last year's bird-nests in a cyclone
country.

For theatre matinees, luncheons, etc., a
pretty gown is of the new blue-pau lib-
erty satin as soft as crepe. The skirt is
all of the satin. The waist is all of the
gold lace. The fronts of the waist are
two widths of the lace, continued down
the front of the dress to the foot, form-
ing a princess panel. Sleeves cut in one
with the waist. It was worn with blue
ooze pumps. You can match these ex-
actly in Slater Shoes for Women, the "Ce-
cile," No. 263-F. So many of the new
Slater models are worn here, ask to see
them all.

Complete gowns worn with fancy coats
of different fabric and color are the thing.
A crimson velvet coat with a gray crepe
gown, a green taffeta coat with an Irish
lace gown, are instances.

Belle Armstrong Whitney.
P. S.—In a few days the booklet in
which I am going to tell you all about
spring and summer styles will be ready.
But as the edition will be limited it will
have to be a case of first ask, first served.
If you want a copy, please send your
name and address at once to The Slater
Shoe agent in your city, E. G. McClellan,
31 King Street, St. John, N. B. The
fashion matter will be interesting.

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That Tired Feeling, etc.**

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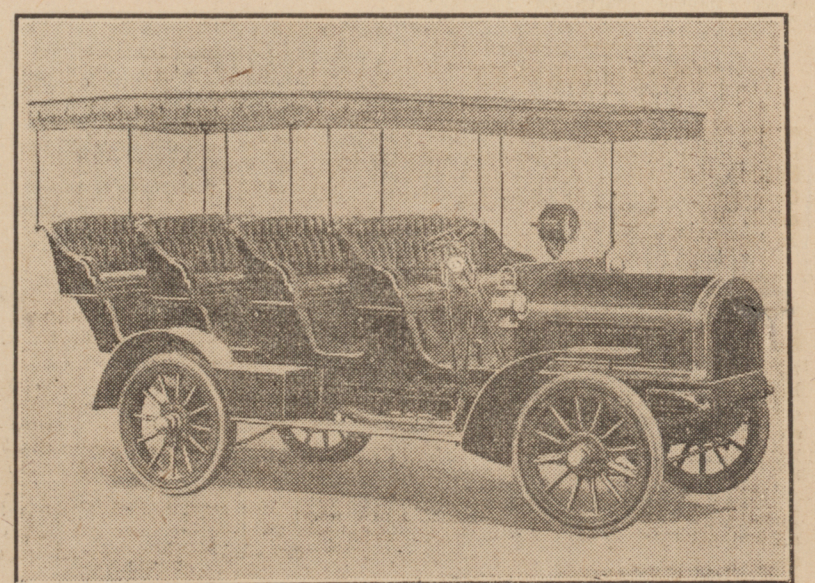
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