

von Would remember her name or face. so I assumed that character in order to try the effect of my disguise upon you." You are a wonderful actress. You would make your fortune on the stage.

Do you think so? What a sensation it would cause in the east! But now to business! As we may not have another epportunity, lot us see that our plans coincide. By the way, the French boat leaves tomorrow afternoon for Singapore. You have booked your passage of

I nedded assent, and she continued: You must board her alone. We shall join just before she sails. When we get to Singapore, we must drive separately to the Mandalay hotel and figure there in the light of casual traveling acanniutances. Before you have been in the place half a day you will probably have been introduced to Mr. Ebbington, the man we want He will see you talking to me, and by book or erock you must introduce bim to me. Whatever you do, don't forgot, however, that my name is Sanderson. Having done this. loave the rest to me. Do you think you theroughly understand?"

"Theroughly," "That's right. Now let us be getting home. Tomorrow we must be early

minutes had bade each other good night in the liefel gardens and separated.

By sundown next day we were on board the Mussageries Maritimes compant's boat, steaming out of Tanjong Frick harbor, bound for Singapore, I joined the steamer some time before her advertised sailing hour, but it was close upon the time of her departure when Alie and her companion made their ap-

In my capacity of casual acquaintance I raised my but to them as they came up the gangway, but did not do more. They went below, while I staid on deck, watching the business of getting under

Just as the last sign of the coast line disappeared beneath the waves some one came up and stood beside me. On looking cound I discovered that it was Alie. "So you managed to get on board

safely," she said after the usual polite proliminaries had been gone through, Our emerprise has now fairly started. and if we have ordinary luck we ought to be able to carry it through success-"Let us hope that we shall have that

lack then." I answered, "But I confess I tromble when I think of the risk you are running in appearing in a place like Singapore, where you have so many "Even diegnised as Miss Sanderson.

the American heiress? No. you cannot mean it. If you think that, what will you say to another plot I am batching?' 'Auother' (tood gracious! And what to this one to be?" "Listen and you shall learn. Three

yours ago, in a certain island of the month l'acific, there was a man-an official holding a high office under government-who very nearly got into serious trouble. The charge against him was that by his orders two native women had been flogged to death. By some means he managed to disprove it and to escape purishment, but the feeling against him was so bitter that it was thought advisable to transfer bire else where. You would have imagined that that lesson would have been enough for him. Not a bit. On the new island be began his reign of tyranny again, and once more a death occurred. This time, however, the victim was a man. The authorities at home were immediately appealed to, with the result that an inquity was held, and his retention on that island was also considered injudicious. He was removed from his high estate. That was all. He had murdered, I re-



peat it, deliberately murdered, three people—in fact, flouged the lives out of two women and one man, and the only sentence passed upon him was that he should be transferred elsewhere. It sinkes my blood boil to think of it."

Ing. But you spoke of the Beautiful White Devil. I am most interested in what I have heard of that personage. Are you well up in the subject?"

"How should I be?" he answered, as it thought, a little quickly. "Of course!

"Yes. That was all. Nothing more was done. The man went free. The poor wretches were only natives, you must understand. And who cares about a few natives? No one. You may think I'm exaggerating, but I am not. Now it so happens that I have an agent-living on that very island whom I can perfectly trust. He was a witness on the inquiry commission. He saw the flogging in question, and in due course he re-ported the facts to me. I must also tell you that that man boasted publicly that if he caught me he would—but there, I dare not tell you wint he said he would

do. Now his friends have used their infinence, and he has been appointed to a post in one of the treaty ports of China. I hear he is a passenger on the mailboat touching at Singapore next week." "And what de you intend to do?"

"It is my intention, if possible, to catch him, to punish him as he deserves and by so doing to teach him a lesson he will remember all his life."

CHAPTER IX.

HOW, WE SUCCEEDED IN OUR ENTERPRISE On arrival at Singapore we took rickshaws and drove direct from the wharf to the Mandalay letel, a palatial white building of two stories, boasting vivid green shutters on every window and broad, luxurious verandas on every floor. I was the first to reach it, and, remembering my position of casual acquaint-auce, I booked a room for myself, leaving Miss Sanderson and her companion to follow my example when they should

It was then late in the afternoon, and by the time we had theroughly settled in night had fallen and the preliminary dressing gong had sounded for dinner. So far I had seen nothing of the person of whom we were in search, but I did not doubt that at the evening meni I should become acquainted with his whereabouts, even if I did not actually meet the man himself.

The dining room at the Mandalay is at the rear of the hotel and looks out apon a charmingly arranged garden. Immediately upon my entering it a waiter came forward and conducted me to my place at a table near the window. On my left was sented a portly, red faced gentleman, who, I discovered later, was an English merchant of considerable standing in the place. The chair on my right was vacuat, but before we had dismissed the first course it was taken by a man who, my instinct told me, was none other than Mr. Ebbington himself. Why I should have come to this conclusion I cannot explain, but that I did think so and that was right in so thinking I discovered a minute or two later, when a question was addressed to him by an acquaintance on the other side of the table. I continued the course without betraying my excitement, and when my plate was removed sat back and onsually took

stock of him. From Alie's account and some kind of preconceived notion as to what sort of appearance such a dastardly traitor should present I had expected to see a small, shifty eyed, villainous type of his guilt. But in place of that I discovered a stout, well set up, not unhandsome man about 40 years of age. His complexion was somewhat florid; his eyes were of an uncertain hue, between gray and steely blue; he had a pronounced nose and a heavy, almost dou-ble chin. Indeed, had it not been for his hesitating mode of speech I should have been inclined to put him down for a

During the progress of the meal I found an epportunity of doing him some small service, and on this meager introduction we fell into a desultory conversation, which embraced Singapore, the latest news from England and the prospoots of a war between China and Japan. When dinner was over, I rose and followed him into the veranda, offered him a cheroot, which he accepted. and seated myself in a lounge chair beside him. We had not been smoking five minutes before my sweetboart and her companion passed close to where we sat, en route to their rooms. As she came opposite to me Alie stopped. "Good evening, Dr. De Normanville,"

she said. "Isn't this botel delightful?" I rose and attered an appropriate reply, at the same time noticing that Ebbington was taking thorough stock of her. Then after another commonplace er two she bowed and passed on her way. I resumed my seat, and for nearly a minute we smoked in silence. Then my companion, who had evidently been carefully thinking his speech out, said with that peculiarly diffident utterance which, as I have said, was habitual to

"You'll exonse what I am going to say, I hope, but a friend and I were having a little discussion before dinner. The proprietor tells me Miss Sanderson, the American beiress, is staying in the house. I do not wish to be impertinent. but might I ask if the lady to whom you have just been speaking is Miss

"Yes, she is Miss Sanderson," I replied. "You do not know her, then?" "Never saw hor before in my life," was his reply. "Pieces of good fortune like that don't often occur in Singapore. If they did, few of us would be here very long, I can assure you. But perhaps I am talking in too familiar a strain about your friend? If so, you must forgive me."
"Indeed, no!" I answered. "Don's

rouble yourself on that score. I traveled up with them from Batavia in the French boat that arrived this afternoon. From what little I have seen of her she seems very pleasant and, as you have observed, is evidently inclined to be

"There is no doubt about the money.

I suppose?" he continued. "Since Vessy of Hongkong was so completely taken in by the Beautiful White Devil we have been a little skeptical on the subhave been a little skeptical on the subject of heirosses down this way."

"On that point I'm afraid I cannot inform you," I said laughingly. "She seems, however, to travel in very good style and evidently denies herself nothing. But you spoke of the Beautiful White Devil. I am most interested in what I have heard of that personage. Are you well up in the subject?"

I know what every other man in the I know what every other man in the east knows, but no more. Thank goodness she has never done me the honor of abducting me as she did the sultan of Surabaya and those other Johnnies. But with regard to Miss Sanderson, I wonder if I should be considered impertinent if I asked you to give me the pleasure of an introduction."

"Of course I did not tell him that it was the very thing of all others that I desired to do, but at the same time I could hardly conceal my exultation, I had, however, to keep my delight to myself for fear lest he should suspect, so I relit my eigar, which had gone out, and then said, with as much careless-

ness as a could assume:
"Rdon't know altogether whether I'm
sufficiently intimate with her to take the liberty of introducing you, but, as I said just now, she seems a jolly sort of girl and not inclined to be standoffish, so if ever I get an opportunity I don't mind risking it. Now, I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll say good night. That wretched old bucket of a steamer rolled so all the way up from Tanjong Prick that I have hardly had a wink of sleep these three nights past."

"Good night and thank you very much for your company. Glad to have met you, i'm sure."

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I went down into the town. shopping. When I returned about 11 o'clock, I discovered Alie and her chaperon sitting in the veranda, waiting for a double rickshaw which one of the hotel boys had gone out to procure. Ebbington was seated in a chair near by, and evidently seemed to consider this a good opportunity for effecting the intro-duction he had proposed the night be-fore. I entered into conversation with him for a few moments, and then, crossing the veranda, asked the ladies in which direction they contemplated going.
"Where do you think?" said Alle,

with her best New York accent. "Well, first I guess we're going to look for a dry goods store, and then I recken we'll just take a pasear round the town." "You should go and see Whampon's

garden." I said, hoping she would un-derstand what I was driving at. "They tell me it's one of the sights of the

"But how do you get there?" asked Alie, her quick perception telling her my object. "We must know the way, I recken, before we start, or we'll just get lost, and then you'll have to call out all the town to find us." "One moment and I'll inquire." Ebbington, having overheard what

should do, had risen, and now approached us. I turned to him and said: "My friends want to find the way to Whampoa's garden, Mr. Ebbington. Could you direct them? But first perhaps I ought to introduce you. Mr. Ebbington, Mrs. Beecher, Miss Sander-

had passed between us, as I intended he

They bowed politely to each other. and then Ebbington, having begged the ladies' permission, gave instructions in this time had drawn up at the steps. Tendering their thanks to him, they stopped into their conveyance and were drawn away.

When they had disappeared round the corner, Ebbington crossed the veranda and, sitting down beside me, favored me with his opinions. Even in this short space of time the charm of the heiross seemed to have impressed itself upon him. Though inwardly writhing at the tone he adopted, I had to pre-tend to be interested. It was a difficult matter, however, and I was more relieved than I can say when he remembered business elsewhere and betook himself off to attend to it. So far all had gone well. The bait was fixed, and it would be surprising now if the victim did not walk into the trap so artfully contrived for him. - That evening after dinner I fell into

casual conversation with the proprietor of the hotel, and it was not until nearly half an hour later that I managed to escape from him and get into the veranda. When I did, to my surprise I found the ladies reclining in their chairs, listening to the conversation of Mr. Ebbington. He was regaling them with a high-ly colored account of his experiences in the east, and from the attention his remarks were receiving it was evident he was doing ample justice to his subject. I pulled a chair up beside Alie and listened. Within five minutes, however, of my arrival he introduced Mr. Vesey's name, and instantly she stopped him by

saying:
"Now, where have I heard that name before? It seems somehow to be very familiar to me."

"Perhaps you've heard the story of his abduction by the Beautiful White Devil." said Ebbington, who saw that I was about to speak and was anxious to forestall me.

"No, I guess not," answered Alie.
"I recken I was thinking of Klener W. Vesey of Wall street, who operates considerable in pork. But tell me, who is this Beautiful White Devil one hears so much about anyway?"

There was a pause, but I held my peace and let Ebbington's tongue run riot with him.

"Ah, there you have me at a disadvantage," he began, pluming himself for the big speech I could see was im-minent. "Some say she's a European lady of title gone mad on Captain Mar-ryat and Clark Russell. Others aver that she's not a woman at all, but a man disguised in woman's clothes. But the real truth, I'm inclined to fancy, is that she's the daughter of a drunken old desperado, cuce an English naval man, who for years made himself a terror in

When I heard him thus commit him-self, I looked across at Alie, half expecting that she would lose control of herself and annihilate him upon the spot. But may a little twitchist round the corners of her mouth she allowed no aigh of the wrath that I knew was raging within her breast to escape her. In a zoice as steady as when she had inquired the way to Whampon's garden that morning she continued her ques-

"I'm really quite interested. And pray what has this—what do you call her—Beautiful White Devil done to carry on the family reputation?"

and, like the born yarn spinner he was, fook immediate ad antage of it.

"What has she not done would be the best thing to ask. She has abducted the sultan of Surabaya, the rajah of Tavoy, Vesey of Honekong and half a dozen Chinese mandarius at least. She has robbed the Yectis Queen; the Ooloomoo, and that with the governor of Hougkong on board; stopped the Oodnadatta only three months ago in the Ly-ee-moon pass, when she went through the bullion room to the extent of over a million and a half, almost under the cruisers' noses."

"But what mission does she accomplish with this vast wealth when she has accumulated it, do you think, Mr. Ebbington?" said the quiet voice of Mrs. Beecher from the depths of her chair. "Does she do no good with it at

"Good!" that wretched being replied quite unconscious of the troublethe was beaping up for himself. "Why, she never did a ha'porth of good in her life. No, I'll tell you what ane does do with it. It is well known that she has a rendezvous somewhere in the Pacific, a tropical island, they say, where scenes are enacted between her cruises that would raise blushes on the cheeks of an Egyptian mummy."

"You are evidently very much preju-diced against her," I answered hotly. "Now, I have heard some very different stories, and with all due respect to you, Mr. Ebbington"-

But fortunately at this juncture my presence of mind returned to me, and, a servant approaching to take our empty coffee cups, I was able to seize the op-portunity and bring my rioteus tengue to a halt. When the boy had gone, Alie turned the conversation into another channel, and after that all was plain sailing once more. To add to our enjoy-ment, about 10 o'clock another servant came to inform Mr. Ebbington that a gentleman desired to see him in the smoking room, and accordingly, bidding us good night, he went off to interview him. Mrs. Beecher then made an excuse and retired to her room, leaving us alone together.
"Alie," I said repreachfully, "if

anything had happened just now you would have had only yourself to blame for it. That man's insolent lying was more than I could stand. In another moment if that servant had not come in I believe I should have lost control of myself and ten chances to one have ruined everything. Why did you do it?"

Because I wanted to find out how be was in the habit of talking about me. That was why."

"But do you think he was really in earnest? May it not have been only a mask to prevent any one from suspecting that he is your agent in this place?"
"No. He meant it. Of that there can be no doubt. The man, I can see, for

some inscrutable reason hates the real me with his whole heart and soul, and the treachery he is preparing now is to he his revenge. Couldn't you hear the change, the grating, in his voice when my name occurred? Ab, Mr. Ebbington, my clever man, you will find that it is a very foolish policy on your part to quarrel with me."

When do you mean to make the attempt to capture him?"

"On Friday evening—that is, the day after tomorrow. The new admiral will be here on Saturday morning at latest, and I must anticipate him, for I have learned that Ebbington received a note from the authorities this morning, definitely fixing the bour for the interview at 11 o'clock. He need make no arrangements, however, for he won't be there." "It will be an awful moment for him

when he realizes who you are. I would not be in his shoes for all the gold of "You would never have acted as he

has done," she answered softly, turning her head away. This was the opportunity for finding out what she intended concerning my-

self, so I drew a little closer to her. "Alie," I said, "the time has now come for me to ask you when you wish to say 'Goodby' to me. I have done my professional work for you, and on Fri-



day I shall have assisted you to the very best of my ability in the matter of this wretched fellow. What am I to do then? Am I to say farewell to you here cr

Her voice had almost a falter in it as

"Oh, no, we will not say 'Goodby' here. Cannot you return with me? I have been counting so much on that." Here she paused for a moment. "But, no. Perhaps I ought not to ask you—you have your work in life, and seeing what have your work in life, and seeing what you have already done for us I should be the last to keep you from the path of

duty."

"If you wish me to come back with you, Alie," I spewered quickly, "I will come with a glad heart. I have no duty to consider, and as I have given up my practice I have no patients to give me any concern. But how shall I get back to lingland later on?"

"I will arrange that you shall be sent down to Torres strait, and you can go home via Australia, if that will suit

you fiever fear. I will attend to that part of it when it becomes necessary."

"Then I will go with you."
"I thank you. Good night."
Next morning after breakfast I discovered that Miss Sanderson and her mpanion were setting off for a day's casure, and that Mr. Ebbington was to be their sole conductor and escort. It was noticeable that he had donned a new suit of clothes in honor of the occa-sion, and I saw that he wore a sprig of japonica in his buttonhele. From his expression I concluded that he was yer well satisfied with himself, but wheth-er he would have been quite so confident had he known who his fair friends really were was quite another matter and one upon which I could only

We spent the afternoon with the ladies in the garden and at their request remained to take tea with them. During this al fresco meal, which was presided over by Miss Sanderson herself, my companion stated that it was his desire to arrange something a little out of the common for the ladies' amusement.

"What shall it be?" he asked with the magnificence of an oriental potentate to whom all things are possible. "A picnie? But that is not much fun here. A dance? But it's too hot for that. What would you like?'

Alie seemed to reflect for a few moments, and then she said, with an appearance of animation:

"Do you really want to give us a treat, Mr. Ebbington? Then I recken the nicest thing you can possibly do on these hot nights would be to take us for a trip on the water. I know Mrs. Beecher thinks so too. Now you just get us a launch and trot us round. I guess that'll be real delightful."

She clapped her bands and appeared to be so pleased with the idea that, whatever he may himself have thought of it, there was nothing for Ebbington to do but to assent. "We'll take some supper," she con-

tinued as if a new idea had struck her, "and you gentlemen shall bring your cigars, and we'll spend a delightful evening. I'm fonder of the sea than you can think. But I do just wish you could see New York harbor. You should see Newport, too, where my papa's got a cottage. It's real fine.'

After dinner that evening Ebbington reported that he had engaged a steam launch and also that he had ordered the supper. Thereupon to encourage him Miss Sanderson prefessed herself to be looking forward to the trip more than she had ever done to anything else in her life.

Accordingly next evening immediately after dinner we saw that our charges were carefully wrapped up, chartered rickshaws and set off for the harbor. It was a levely night, with a young moon just showing like a silver sickle above the roofs. We were all in the highest spirits, although I must confess my own were not unmixed with a slight dash of nervousness as to what the upshot of

I had noticed all through the evening, and, for the matter of that, throughout the day, that Ebbington's manner toward Alie was every moment growing more unpleasantly familiar. By the time he had completed his first bottle of champagne at supper it was about as much as I could stand. Indeed, twice be called her by her assumed Christian name, and once he tried to take her hand. Remembering, however, what would follow later, I kept a tight rein upon myself and did not allow any expression of my feelings to escape me.

"After all give me American girls," our hero was saying, with an inselent freedom for which I could have kicked him, as he lit his cigar. "There's none of that stand offishness about them that there is with our English women. You can say more to them without their being offended and wanting to call their fathers in to you.'

"You mean, perhaps, that we are more good natured," said Alie. "I'm afraid, however, we're sometimes unwise enough to permit people to become familiar on a three days' acquaintance, and that's a very foolish thing."

"Oh, come now, Miss Sanderson," said our host, uncorking another bettle of champagne, filling up Alie's glass and then helping himself liberally. "I think that's a little severe, isn't it? One thing I know, though, you don't mean it, do vou?"

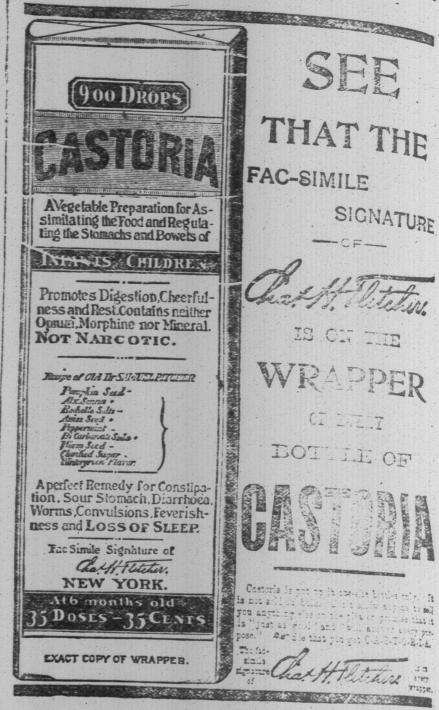
"I am not so certain of that," she replied. "It's just possible that I may be compelled to do so. But let us talk of something else. What a lovely night it is isn't it? I think this harbor's just delightful by moonlight. Say, Mr. Ebbington, couldn't we come on tomorrow morning for awhile, about 11 o'clock. Just to oblige me, don't you think you could manage it?"

Knowing that 11 was the hour at which he was to see the admiral, I waited to hear what answer he would make. It was easy to see that he was a little nonplused, for he expressed his sorrow that through an important business engagement he would be quite unable to comply with her request and for some time sat in sulky silence. Just as he was going to speak again, however, we descried a boat pulling across toward us from the wharfs on the other side. As it approached the shore Alie signed to me, and, divining her intention, I went down to inquire its errand. The boat having grounded, a native waded ashers and handed me a large packet and a letter, which I immediately conveyed to Alie. She took it, and then, turning to Ebbington, who had been surveying the scene with no small as-

"I'm afraid, Mr. Ebbington, this means some business which will necessitate our going back to the hotel at once. Do you mind so very much?"
"Not at all," he answered promptly.

"Not at all," he abswered promptly. Then, as if he thought he might turn it to account, he continued, "You know that my only ambition is to serve you." Disregarding this polite speech, which was uttered with a leer that made my fingers fich to be alongside his head. Alle led the way up the plank and on board the launch again. We pushed de

(Tobe Continued)



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