The Price of Liberty

MIDNIGHT CALL

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Bell seemed to know by intuition that Chris required him, or perha s he caught a glimpse of her white dress from the terrace. Anyway, he strolled leisurely in her direction. "Something has happened?"

whispered, as he came up. "Well, yes," Chris replied, "though I should like to know how you guessed that. I had no difficulty in getting Mr. Steel on the telephone, but he would say nothing directly he heard that you were here beyond a peremptory request that you were to be told at once that

Van Sneck has gone." "Gone!" Bell echoed, blankly. "What do you mean by that?"

"He has disappeared from the hospital at Brigaton to-day. Steel thinks they were extra busy, or something of that kind. Anyway, Van Sneck got up and dressed himself and left the hospital without a great light in his interesting pro- good time. All I ask is not to be being observed. It seems extraordinary to me."

"And yet quite possible," Bell said, thoughtfully. "Van Sneck had practically recovered from the flesh wounds; it was the injury to his head that was the worst part. He resembled an irresponsible lunatic more than anything else. wants me, of course?"

"He suggests that you should go down to Brighton without delay." to take the first train in the morning. We've got a fine start of Henson, and that's a good thing. Van Sneck comes within his net we shall have a deal of trouble. I had hoped to get permission to operate on Van Sneck, and relied upon him to solve the mystery. And now you had better go back to your telephone."

Chais hurried back again. A whispered word satisfied her that Steel was still at the other end.

"Dr. Bell starts as early as possible to-morrow," she said. "If you will listen carefully I will give you a brief outline of all that has hapqened since I have been here."

Chris proceeded to tell her story succinctly and briefly. From little sounds and signs she could tell that Steel was greatly interested. The story of the man with the thumb fascinated him. It appealed to his professional instincts.

"And what do you want to with him?" Steel asked.

"Well, you see I have in my power," Chris explained. "We can get the other Rembrandt any time we like now, but that is quite a minor consideration. What I want is for Merritt to know that I can have him arrested at any time for stealing my star. It's Enid's star, as a matter of fact; but that is a detail."

"An important one, surely," Steel's voice came thin and clear. "Suppose that our dear friend chances to recognise it? No, don't ring off yet."

"I'm not. Oh, you are speaking to the Exchange people. Yes, yes; we shall be a long sime yet. Are you there? Well, Henson has never seen the star. Enid bought it just before the great trouble came, and afterwards she never had the heart to wear it."

"I understand. You want Merritt to know this?"

"Well, I do and I don't," Chris explained. "I am anxious not to frighten the man. I want to get him in my power, and I want to prove to him that it would be his advantage for him to come over to my side. Suppose Enid gave it out that the star had been stolen? And suppose that I could save him at the critical moment? I shouldn't mind him thinking that I had stolen the star in the first place. That is why I am asking you as a novelist to help me."

"You would have made an excellent novelist yourself," David said, admiringly. "Give me five minutes. Are you there? I fancy I have it. Can't you hear me? That's better. I'll see Miss Gates the first thing in the morning and get her to go over to Longdean and see your Confound it, don't cut us off yet. What does it matter so long as the messages are paid for? Nobody else wants the line. Well, I may for an hour more. Are you there? Very sorry; it's the fault of the Post Office people. Here is the plot in a nutshell. Your sister has lost a diamond star. She gives a minute description of it to the police, and drops a hint to the effect that she believes it was taken away by mistake-in other words, was stolen-from her in London by a chance acquaintance called Christa-

you are!" pose the people where the star was the Rembrandt mystery. pawned are respectable?"

"Highly so. They have quite a rese-leaf somewhere, and Merritt had ing syrup."

Bond Street establishment attach-

"So much the better. They will see the advertisement and they will communicate with the police. The Reverend James Merritt will be ar-

"I don't quite like that," Chris suggested.

"Oh, it's necessary. He will be arrested at the castle. Knowing his antecederats, the police will not stand upon any ceremony with him. You will be filled with remorse. You have plunged back into a career of crime again a being who was slowly climbing into the straight path once more. You take the blame upon yourself-it was at your instigation that Merritt pawned the star."

"But, really, Mr. Steel-" fies the means. You save Mr. Merritt, there is a bond of sympathy between you, he will regard you as laughed, "and you'll know all in fession. You saved him because you astonished at anything that haphad appropriated the star your- pens."

Merritt?"

deemed to be yours. You had one siderably added to her charms. It some in." very like it when you saw Miss Hen- was nearly a week now since Bell son, when you were staying in Lon- and Henson had departed, and in don at the same hotel. By some the meantime Chris had heard nothmeans the jewels got mixed. You ing from Longdean. Half an hour are confident that an exchange has before a telegram had arrived to the "All right, I'll make some excuse been made. Also you are confident effect that a gentleman in a blue too little for trousers, to say noth monds; the whole is worth upwards that if Miss Henson will search her coat might be expected at Littimer ing of pockets." jewel-case she will find a valuable Castle at any moment. The police star that does not belong to her. were coming and Merritt was late Miss Henson does so, she is distress- to-day. If Merritt failed to turn up ed beyond measure, she offers all the whole situation would be spoilt. You need not tell Merritt how you relief that Chris saw him coming up get out of the difficulty, and thus the drive. you increase his respect for you, There, that would make a very in- "I have something very serious to genious and plausible magazine say to you. Mr. Merritt, you have story. It should be more convinc- got us both into very serious trou- ket." ing in real life."

an advantage it is to have a novel- said, doggedly. He repeated ist to advise one! Many, many old formula, "What's up?" thanks for all your kindness. Good-

of relief. It was some time later ing to happen I should have put up to Bell what had happened. He list through the police without saying a

to say list," he said. "For my part, I don't mean to say the police know passed it to her. should prefer to confront Merritt | that, miss?" with his theft, and keep the upper

hand of him that way." betray me at the first opportunity. entirely with the police. And I am the one you gave me, Emily." ald Henson. Mr. Steel's plan may pawned the thing yourself in your got."

be bizarre, but it is safe." admitted. "I begin to imagine that "But I found it," Merritt whined. now; I was sitting by the garden you are more astute than I gave you credit for, which is saying a

great deal." Chris was down early the following morning to find Bell at breakfast with every sign of making an carly devarture. He was very sorry, he explained, gravely, to his host and Chris, but his letters gave him no option. He would come back in a day or two if he might. A moment later Henson came into the room, ostentatiously studying a Bradshaw.

"And where are you going?" Littimer asked. "Why do you all abandon me? Reginald, do you mean to say that you are going to refuse me the light of your countenance?"

"Is Dr. Bell going, too?" Henson asked, with just a suggestion of uneasiness. "I mean-er-

"Business," Bell said. "I have here at great personal inconvenience. And you?"

"London," Herson replied. meeting to-day that I cannot get out of. A couple of letters by this morning's post have decided me." Chris said nothing; she appeared to be quite indifferent until she had a chance to speak to Bell alone. She

looked a little anxious. "He has found out about Van Sneck," she said. "Truly he is letters this morningf I opened the post-bag personally. But I'm glad he's going, because I shall have James Merritt all to myselff"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

On the whole Mr. James Merritt, ex-convict and now humanitarian, was enjoying himself immensely. He did not sleep at the castle, for Lord if 1 remained at your side." Littimer drew the line there, but he contrived to get most of his meals under that hospitable roof, and spent "Ah," Chris cried, "how clever a deal of time there. It was by no means the first time he had been "I have long suspected it," the "taken up" by the aristocracy since imal unless you keep your eyes fixed thin voice went on. drily. "The full his conversion, and his shyness was description of the star will be print- wearing off. Moreover, Henson had ed in the 'Police Gazette,' a copy given his henchman strict instrucof which every respectable pawn- tions to keep his eyes open with a broker always gets regularly. I sup- view to getting at the bottom of was Dobson, the great composer."

his. A few days after Henson departed so hurriedly from town the stolen Rembrandt disappeared from Merritt's rooms. Nobody knew anything about it; the thing had vanished, leaving no trace of the thief behind. Perhaps Me ritt would have been less easy in Littimer's society had he known that the missing print was securely locked away in the latter's strong room. Still, had Merritt been acquainted with the classics, carpe diem would like as not have been his favorite motto. declined to worry over the matter until Henson's return. It was not for him to know, yet, that Chris had actually gone over to Moreton Wells and, during the absence of Merritt's landlady, calmly walked into the house and taken the picture away.

"You are going to see some fun presently," she said, coolly, to the astonis ed Littimer, as she laid the missing picture before him. "No, shall hear the whole story when Reginald Henson stands in the pil-

lory before you. You know now that Henson was at the bottom of the plot to destroy Dr. Bell's charac-

"I always felt that our Reginald was a great scoundrel," Littimer purred over his cigarette. "And if you succeed in exposing him thoroughly I shall watch the performance with the greatest possible pleasure. I am not curious, my dear young "Oh, I know. But the end justi- lady, but I would give sixpence to know who you are."

"Keep your sixpence," Chris

Littimer averred that he had long "And go to gaol instead of Mr. | since lost the power of astonishment. There was a brightness and restless-"Not a bit of it. The star you ness about Chris to-day that con- you must have them. Yes I will put tised in New York City since 1854.

"Come on the terrace," she said.

ble. Why did you do it?" "Capital!" Chris murmure !. "What "Ain't done nothing," Merritt

"Er-it's about my diamond star" said Chris. "I lost it a few days Chris rang off with a certain sonse ago. If I had known what was gobefore she had a chance of conveying with my loss. But I made inquiries tened gravely to all that Chris had word to anybody, and now I find the star was pawned in Moreton

own name. What a thousand pities "I never thought of that," Bell you yielded to sudden temptation."

"I'll take my oath as I found it under the terrace- I-I was rambling along the cliffs one day and found it. And I didn't know it was yours. If I had known it was yours I'd never have gone and done no such a thing."

Chris shook her head sadly. "And just as you were getting on so nicely," she said. (To be Continued.)

"Shadbolt," said Dinguss, "can you lend me a fiver this morning?' "No." "Just as I expected." "Then why did you ask me?" "Because." said Dinguss, vindictively, "I wanted the satisfaction of disproving that lying old proverb that it is the unexpected that hap-

Goodheart-"I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a raffle for a poor man of neighborhood." Joakley-"None for me, thank you! wouldn't know what to do with poor man if I won him."

He-I can rever think of the right thing to say at the right time! She -Why don't you try saying the marvellous man! And he had no right thing sometimes even if you get it in the wrong place?

A man always has a lot more income ahead when he is trying horrow than the man he wants lend to him.

Mrs. P .- "An pI suppose if we have another war you'll stay at home like a coward?" Mr. P.-"My dear, no one could call me a coward Professor (lecturing upon the rhin-

oceros)-"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous an-

Ethel-"Who was that man you just loved to?" Penclore-"That

YOUNG

BEIN' SICK.

When I am really sick abed It isn't ever any fun. I feel all achy in my head An' hate to take my medisun. Th' sheets get stickyish an' hot, But I am not allowed to kick 'Fm off, er read, er talk a lot When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about To come an' pat me on the face An' say, "Poor child, you'll soon be out."

An' tiptoe all around th' place. They go when I pretend to be Asleep-I do it for a trick; I don't like folks to pity me When I am sick.

My mother's diff'runt-I don't care If she sits by me once or twice An' says "Poor boy,' an smoothes

my hair, She ain't just tryin' to be nice. They bring warm squashy things to

For meals, an' make me cat 'em I'm mis'ruble as I can be When I am sick.

TEDDY'S FIRTS FOCKETS.

"You are too little," said mama. "Please, mama!" Teddy pleaded. "Pockets go with pants. All the ently celebrated her eightieth birthbig boys have them."

ily. "Clara, you don't mean to let lish lady one Easter. The shell is that baby have pockets? He will made of ivory, its lining is of white have them full of rubi ish and in a satin, and the yolk is a golden case dreadful condition all the time. He's containing a large ruby set in dia-

But mama put the pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went round with his hands in those little snug- ly, yet the Cambon family can boast geries, feeling very proud and grownkinds of apologies. Exit the police. It was with a feeling of unutterable up, and trying to whistle; and by M. Paul Cambon represents France and by he began to put things into them.

"If I had the darning cotton would mend the stockings," said grandma, "but it isn't in the bas-

"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket. 'I found it behind the door,

string." pencil, did you?" asked Sister Suc. is extremely quick; and types some "I lost it yesterday, and I can't find of her own letters in quite a proit anywhere."

Resides, in that case, he would know informed that they may come here "Here it is," said Teddy. "I at once that I wanted to get to the and arrest you at any moment. I found it down in the pansy bed. I bottom of his connection with Regin- fear there is no escape for you-you meant to give it to you, but I for-

"It must have fallen off the winwindow."

That afternoon Sister Mary asked if arybody had seen a button, for she had lost one off her blue dress; Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was duced as they were wanted.

"I take it all back, Ted," said under any pretence whatever. Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockyou?"

"No," Teddy replied, soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me. It's taffy "

Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said. "I told you so!"

THE MYSTERIOUS PLAYER. "Molly," mama called, softly,

"don't dear! Baby's just beginning people." to get sleepy."

diminished.

"Moly, stop playing at once!" Mama's voice had the ring of command in it, but the patter of notes still continued. She did not dare to move, for baby's eyes were narrowing drowsily to little blue slits, and and her costume is that of a nurse they must not fly open again. When at last the noise stopped, they were shut, and baby had landed on Noddle's Island after a long trip on a 'choppy" sea.

Molly tiptoed into the room. "Molly," mama said, gravely, "didn't you hear me tell you to stop drummi g on the piano?"

"Why, I never, mama!" whispered Molly, surprised. "I haven't been in the music-room a tall!"

"Then it must have been Faith, but it didn't sound like her. really plays little tunes." "Faithie's out in the hammock

mama." "Why!" mama said. "And the the boys are gone. Who could-Hark!"

Still, there is always a crumpled Penelope-"He manufactures sooth- up and down the keyboard. Molly's

It was a queer little tuneless i'g. with rests and "andantes" and "fortissimes" pfaying tag through it, and A fats and B shares stepping on each other's heels.

Then it stopped short. Mama held out her hand to Molly, and they stole to the music-room door together. No one there. Peter Purr lay curled on the sofa in a doze, not looking at all as if he had just seen a ghost. So the queer little myssery stayed undiscovered until, a day or two after, Molly suddenly stepped right into the middle of it. She was hurrying through the hall when she heard the piano "going" again in the funny way. "O, my!" she thought. "There 'tis

playing on itself again-why-ce!" For she had stopped at the door, and there was Peter Purr playing a tune all to himself! Peter Purr! Who ever would have thought? Molly stood and watched him do it. He leaped from the piano-stool to the keyboard, and whisked lightly back and forth, in great delight at his own music. His soft, padded toes struck the notes gently and made funny trills and quavers. Over and over again the tune played under his feet, and then it came to a sudden end. Peter Purr leaped down to the floor, and before Molly could unscrew the little round "O!" of astonishment her lips made, he was fast asleep on the sofa.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

"I want pockets in my new pants" Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

Dr. Amelia Wilkes Lines, who recday, is the oldest practising woman "Well," mama replied, "I suppose doctor in the world. She has prac-

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Em- egg which he received from an Eng-

of \$10,000. Brothers are seldom found in the ranks of Ambassadors simultaneousof having won this distinction. While at the Court of St. James, his brother acts in a similar capacity at Washington.

Prince Charles of Denmark is an expert typist, while Princess Christian is also a clever manipulator of the "keys." The latter's machine has German characters as well as grandma. I didn't know it was darn English, and she types most of cotton; I thought it was just Prince Christian's Gorman correspondence for him. Another Royal "You didn't happen to find my typist is the Princess of Wales, who fessional style.

"Yes," said Teddy. "It was in The Sultan of Turkey, who is just the wastebasket. I picked it out and sixty-two, is passionately fond of put it in my pocket. I didn't know music-not of "military bands to idea that would ocurr to a nove- "Oh, lor," Merritt gasped. "You it was yours, Susie," he said, as he drive away the stillness of the night," but of the pianoforte and Pretty soon mama could not find the violin, of both of which he is a "Indeed I do. You see, once I al- her thimble. "I had it this morn- capital judge. Musicians visiting lowed matters to go out of my hands | i g," she said, "and all at once I | Constantinople with good introduc-"And he would mistrust me and I was powerless. The case now rests missed it. I am sorry, for it was tions are easily admitted to play before the Sultan, who pays them on a lavish scale. The Sultan also takes a great interest in natural history. Like all Turks, he is found of animals.

Cabriele d'Annunzio, the famous dow-sill," said mama. "I remember Italian poet and novelist, has a craze for idols. In his villa at Settingnano, near Florence, he has a large room full of these "divinities," mostly Indian, Chinese, and Japanese. He pays any fair sum for a good specimen of his favorite gods. using at noon and misleid; Johnny He is so much against anyone being needed a piece of string in a hurry; admitted into his sanctuary when he and grandpa could not find a little is away that, before leaving the vilnail. All these things Teddy pro- la, he always gives strict orders to his servants not to allow anybody in

Queen Alexandra some time ago ets certainly are the most useful wrote a few of her likes and dislikes ores in the family. You don't hap- in an album reserved for the purpen to have a box of chocolates, do pose, her favorite Eing being Richard Coeur de Lion; her Queen, Dagmar of Denmark; her hero, Marlborough; her poet, Shakespeare; painter, Rubens; her writer, Dickens; her color, sky-blue; her flower, the forget-me-not; her favorite name, Edward; her favorito dish, Yorkshiro pudding; her favorite spot, England; and her ambition, "Never to interfere with the business of other

Little Prince Humbert's new nurse The sharp little patter of trills is now a conspicuous personage in and scales on the piano kept on, un- contemporary history. The wife of a gamekeeper in the Royal service, sho is twenty-three, and has a magnificent figure, superb black hair, and beautiful teeth. Around her raven tresses she wears an aureole of ribbon adorned with gold hairpins, in the well-to-do middle-class of Rome. This fortunate young woman is paid \$120 a month for two years, and is likely to have a pension of \$500 a year for the rest of her life.

Lord Howard do Walden is about to start on a big-game hunting expedition in East Africa, where he has bought extensive lands near the Victoria Nyanza for the purpose of breeding zebras. This young peer is one of the wealthiest men in England, but is little known in society, es his tastes all lie in the direction of sport and a country life. His dovotion to his mother, Lady Ludlow, is one of the most delightful traits in his character, and when she was The patter of notes again, runging married last year she had the somewhat unusual experience of being given away by her own son.