THE WEEK! Y ERFE DRESS

By JAMES M. LUDLOW

had fainted. He thought he must have been unconscious for awhile. when he opened his eyes the soldier near him was in the same attitude of dragging a nun by her wrists as when he last saw him. Time had stood still with his pulses. The building was well emptied when

the sultan entered.

He at once advanced to the altar and proclaimed:

"God is God; there is but one God. and Mahomet is the apostle of God! But whom have we here, Captain Ballaban?"

"Your majesty, I am guarding a beautiful captive whom I would not have fall into the hands of the com mon soldiers; I take it, of high estate," replied the janizary, knowing that such an introduction to the royal attention alone could save her from the fate which awaited the unhappy maidens, most of whom were liable to be sold to brutal masters and transported to distant provinces.

The sultan gazed upon the partly conscious woman and commanded:

"Let her be veiled! Seek out a goodly house. Find the eunuch Tamlich." Ballaban shuddered at this command and was about to reply when his judgment suggested that he was impotent to dispute the royal will except by endangering the life or the welfare of his captive.

The safest place for her was, after all, with the maidens who were known to be the choice of the sultan and thus beyond insult by any except the imperial debauchee.

Mahomet II. gave orders for the immediate transformation of the Christian temple of St. Sophia into a mosque. In a few hours desolation reigned in those "courts of the Lord's house," which when first completed drew from the imperial founder the remark, "Oh, Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

From St. Sophia the sultan passed to the palace of the Greek Caesars.

"Truly, truly!" said he. "The spider's web is the royal curtain; the owl sounds the watch cry on the towers of Afrasiab," quoting from the Persian poet Firdusi as he gazed about the deserted halls. He issued his mandate which should summon architects and decorators not only from his dominions, but from Christian nations, to adorn the splendid headland with the palatial motley of walls and kiosks which were to constitute his new

seraglio. The considerateness of Ballaban led him to select the house of Phranza as the place to which Morsinia was taken. The noble site and substantial structure of the mansion of the late chamberlain commended it to the sultan for the temporary haremlik, and the familiar rooms alleviated, like the faces of mute friends, the wildness of the grief of their only familiar cap-

Constantine after his escape from the sultan's tent, where he had been taken for the demented Ballaban, was unable to enter Constantinople before it fell. His heart was torn with agonizing solicitude for the fate of Morsinia. He knew too well the determination of the dauntless girl in the event of her falling into the hands of the Turks. Filling his dreams at night and rising before him as a terrible apparition by day was that loved form a suicide empurpled with its own gore. Yet love and duty led him to seek her, or at least to seek the certainty of her fate. He therefore disguised himself as a Moslem and mingled with the throng of soldiers and adventurers who entered the city under its new possessors. He wandered for hours about the familiar streets that perchance he might come upon some memorial of her. The secrets of the royal harem he could not explore, even if suspicion led his thought thither. The proximity of the residence of Phranza was guarded by the immediate servants of the sultan, so that he was deprived of even the fond misery of visiting the scenes so associated with his former joy.

In passing through one of the narrowest and foulest streets, the only ones that had been left undisturbed by the vandalism of the conquerors, he came upon an old woman, hideous in face and decrepit, whom he remembered as a beggar at the gate of Phranza. From her he learned many stories of the last hours of the siege.

According to her story, she had gone among the first to St. Sophia. When the Moslems entered they tied her by a silken girdle to the person of the grand chamberlain and, amid the jeers of the soldiers, marched them together to the hippodrome. She remembered the sultan as he rode on his horse-how he the silver heads of the bronze serpents and cried, "So I smite the heads of the kingdom!" Just as he did so he turned and saw her in her rags tied to the courtly robed lord and in an angry voice commanded that the princely man be loosed from contact with the by hag. Phranza was taken awar --- accord cared to take ner away. She was trampled by the crowd, but lived. And nobody thought of turning her out of her hovel home. She was as safe as is a rat when the robbers bave

killed the nobier inmates of a house. The woman said that she had heard that the daughter of Phranza was sent away somewhere to an island home. But the Albanian princess-yes, she knew her well, for no hand used to drop so bountifully the alms she asked or said so kindly, "Jesu pity you, my good woman!" as did that beautiful lady. The beggar declared that she stood near her by the altar in St. Sophia. "She looked so saintly there! There was a real aureole about her head as she prayed, so she was a saint indeed. Then she raised her dagger!" But the wretched watcher could watch

no longer, though she heard her cry so wild that she would never cease to hear it. The beggar ceased her story. All her words had cut through her listener's

heart as if they had been daggers. "It is well!" he said. "I will go to Alwill worship her memory, and, under Castriot, I will seek my revenge."

CHAPTER XXX.

ORSINIA'S fears and her horror at the anticipated life in the harem were not confirmed by its actual scenes. Except for the constant surveillance of the Nubian eunuchs and female attendants there was no restriction upon her liberty. She passed through the familiar corridors and rested upon the divan in what had been her own chamber in better days. Other female captives became her companions, but among them were none of those belonging to Constantinople. Suburban villages were represented, but most of the odalisks were Circassian beauties whose conduct did not indicate that they felt any

shame in their condition. To Morsinia's diversion one was introduced into the barem who spoke her own Albanian tongue. This newcomer was of undoubted beauty, so far as that quality could be the product of merely physical elements. It was of the kind that might bind a god on earth, but could never help a soul to

This woman's vanity did not long keep back the story of her life. She told of her conquest of the village swains who fought for the possession of her charms, of the devotion of an Albanian prince who took her dowerless in preference to the ladies of great family and fortune and would have bestowed upon her the heirship of his estates, of how she was stolen away from the great castle by a company of Turkish officers, who afterward fought among themselves for the privilege of presenting her to the mother of the sultan, for it was about the time of the Ramedan feast, when the sultan's mother made an annual gift to her son of the most beautiful woman she could secure. The vain captive declared that the jealousy of the oda-

lisks at Adrianople had led the kislar aga to send her here to Constantinople. "And who was the Albanian noble-

man whose bride you had become?" asked Morsinia. "Oh, one who is to be king of Albania one day, the voivode Amesa." "Ah," said Morsinia, "this is news from my country! When was it de-

termined that Amesa should be king?" "Oh, every one speaks of it at the castle as if it were well understood. And when he becomes king then he will claim me again from Mahomet, though he must ransom me with half his kingdom. Yes, I am to be a queen, and indeed I may be one already, for perhaps Lord Amesa is now on the throne. And that is the reason I wear the cord of gold in my hair, for one day my royal lover will put the crown

The bedizened beauty rose and paced to and fro through the great salon. The pride which gave the majestic toss to her head, however it would have marred that ethereal form which the inner eye of the moralist or the Christian always sees and which is



The young sultan stood as a spectator of the scene.

miled Character, only gave an agortional charm to her, as the delicate yet stately comb of the peacock adds to the fascination of that bird. As the other woman gazed at this pation of the siege, this person was

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self assumed queen of the hafem the green fire of jealousy flashed alike from black eyes and blue. The straight, thin noses of the Greeks for the moment forgot their classic models and dilated as if in rivalry, while the straight mouth of the daughter of the Nile writhed in indescribable curves, indicative of commingled wrath, hatred, pique and scorn.

At this moment the purple hangings which separated the salon from the open court were held aside by the silver staff of the eunuch in charge, and the young sultan stood as a spectator of the scene.

"Ah, Tamlich," cried he, addressing the black eunuch, "you were right in saying that the great haremlik at Adrianople, with its thousand goddesses, could not rival this temporary one for the fairness of the birds you have caged in it."

The women made a salutation with the right hand just sweeping the floor and then pressed consecutively to the heart, the lips and the forehead, a movement denoting reverence and at the same time giving field for the display of the utmost grace of motion.

The padishah passed among these his slaves with the license which betokened his absolute ownership, stroking their hair and toying with their persons according to his amiable or insolent caprice. Morsinia, however, was spared this familiarity. The sultan himself colored slightly as he addressed bania. Among those who loved her I interpreter. His questions were regathered on the south side of the river watched their advance. her new home. With Elissa, the queenly Albanian, he was at once on terms of intimacy. As the sultan withdrew the eunuch

Tamlich remarked to him: "My surmise of your excellency judgment was verified. Said I not that the two Arnaouts were the fairest? And did I not behold your majesty gaze

longest upon them?" "I commend your taste, Tamlich," replied Mahomet. "But those two are as unlike as a ruby and a pearl."

"But as fair as either, are they not? The chief bath attendant declares that the blue eyed one has the most perfect form she ever saw and that it is a form which will improve with years. Morsinia will be more fit for paradise, while Elissa may lose the grace of the maiden as a matron. But the cherry is ripe for the plucking now."

"I like the ruby better than the pearl," said the sultan. "I cannot quite fathom the deep eye of the latter. She thinks too much. I would not have women think. They are to make us

stop thinking. The problems of state are sufficiently perplexing. I want no human problem in my arms."

"But one who thinks may have some skill in affording amusement. Have I | tween the eyes. not heard thee say, sire, 'Blessed is the That requires thinking."

"Right, Tamlich! Can she sing?" cythera, and such songs that, though they know not a word of them-for the songs are in her own Arnaout tongue-the odalisks all fall to weep-

"I like not such singing," said Mahomet. "To make people think with her thoughtful eyes is bad enough in a woman. But who is the woman? think I saw her face in St. Sophia the day of our entry."

Phranza, the chamberlain, who possessed this very house," replied the eunuch. "And I think, from its goodly size and decoration, he must have used the treasury of the empire freely."

"To Phranza! Why, I have a daughter of his in the nursery at Adrianople. His wife I have given to the master of the horse. His son I have this day sent to hell for his insolence. But she is an Arnaout, therefore not of kin to Phranza. Search out her story, Tamlich, for a member of the family of Phranza and not of his blood may be of some political consequence. I will keep her. But get her story, Tamlich, get her

"I have it already, sire," replied the eunuch. 'She is a ward of Scanderbeg. the Arnaout traitor, sent to Constantinople to escape the danger of capture by thine all conquering arms. But the bird fled from the fowler into the

Tamlich? One at least whose life is of great value to him and was to the Greek empire. I will inform Scanderbeg that she is in my possession. By the dread of what may happen to her I shall the easier force that ravening brute to make terms, for I am tired of battering my sword against his rocks, trying to prick his skin. Keep her close, Tamlich; keep her close!"

CHAPTER XXXI. ORSINIA was sitting by the latticed window in the house of Phranza. It overlooked the wall surrounding the garden, which on that side was a narrow inclosure. This had been her favorite resort in brighter days. From it she could see what passed in the broad highway beyond, while the close latticed woodwork prevented her being seen by those without. While musing there she was strangely attracted by an officer who frequently passed. His shape and stature reminded her strongly of Constantine. As he turned his staid Britain into the far lands. The face toward the mansion the features | lilt and swing of soldiers on the march seemed identical with those of her fos- have a glamour all the more pronouncter brother. Recovering from the stroke | ed because it is evanescent. That man of surprise this apparition gave her, Morsinia rubbed her eyes to make sure resist it. Certainly ,the broad-shoulshe was not dreaming and looked again. He was in conversation with another. It could not be Constantine, for, aside from the general belief in Constantine's death before the termi-

(To be continued.)

The Wheel o' Fortune

BY LOUIS TRACEY.

Author of Wings of The Morning, The King of Diamonds, The Great Mogul, Karl Grier.

This Story is Controlled Exclusively by The Free Press. •

CHAPTER I.

Wherein Fortune Turns Her Wheel. ers, he knew enough to act as his own ing gang. Three hundred men had hind the Guards. Meanwhile, and were marching to join other con-

ment for their miseries.

his own case with a crude vigor. The transit between Chelsea Barracks and society in that virile line must have ace. That argued earnestness, an exfelt as he, Dick Royson, had begun to cellent thing, even in the Household feel during the past fortnight, and the Brigade.

centre of the busy crossing, and cast "Perhaps a child of Scanderbeg-eh, or traffic. Another section of the everready London crowd lined up on the curb. Nursemaids bound for the park, wheeled their perambulators into straclear view and blocking the edge of the pavement. Drivers of omnibuses, without waiting for the lifted hand of authority, halted in Lower Grosvenor Gardens and Victoria-st. Cabs going to the station, presumably carrying fares to whom it meant lost trains, spurted to cross a road which would soon be barred. And small boys gathered from all quarters in amazing profusion. In a word, the Coldstream Guards were coming from Chelses Barracks to do duty at St. James, coming, too in the approved manner of the Guards, with lively drumming and the clash of cymbals, while brass and reeds sang some jaunty melody of th

The passing of a regimental band has whisked many a youngster out of must indeed be careworn who would dered young giant who had been anomentarily troubled by the white-red ghost of poverty was not so minded. He could easily see over the heads of the people standing on the edge of the pavement, so he did not press to the heads and keep step. And the torrent The lady was talking herself into ceived by a pompous, flibby little front among the rabble, but stood

apart, with his back against a shop window. Thus, he was free to move to right or left as he chose. That was At ten o'clock on a morning in Oc- a slight thing in itself, an unconscious tober-a dazzling, sunlit morning af- trick of aloofness-perhaps an inherit ter hours of wind-lashed rain-a young ed trait of occupying his own terriman hurried out of Victoria Station tory, so to speak. But it is thes and dodged the traffic and mud-pools slight things that reveal character. on his way towards Victoria-st. Sud- They oft-times influence human lives, denly he was brought to a stand by an too; and no man ever extricated himunusual spectacle. A procession of self more promptly from the humdrum the "unemployed" was sauntering out of moneyless existence in London than of Vauxhall Bridge road into the more did Richard Royson that day by placimportant street. Being men of leis- ing the width of the sidewalk between ure, the processionists moved slowly. himself and the unbroken row of spec-The more alert pedestrian who had tators. Of course, he knew nothing just emerged from the station did not of that at the moment. His objective grumble at the delay-he even turned | was an appointment at eleven o'clock it to advantage by rolling and lighting in the neighborhood of Charing Cross, her a few words in Greek, of which a cigarette. The ragged regiment filed and, now that he was given the excuse language, in common with several oth- past, a soiled, frayed, hopeless-look- he meant to march along the Mall be-Above the tall bearskins and glitter-

whence some thousands of them would energetic drumsticks. The big drum be shepherded by policemen up North- gave forth its clamor with windowumberland avenue, across Trafalgar shaking insistence; it seemed to be the Square, and so, by way of Lower Re- summons of power that all else should gent-st. and Piccadilly, to Hyde Park, stand aside. On they came, these where they would hoarsely cheer every spruce Guards, each man a marching demagogue who blamed the Govern- machine, trained to strut and pose exactly as his fellows. There was stand on the pavement and watch mic movement. And they all had the them. Like him, it would drop a few grand manner-from the elegant capcoins into the collecting boxes rattled tain in command down to the smallest under its nose, and grin at the absurd drummer-boy. Although the sun was figure cut by a very fat man who wad- shining brightly now, the earlier rain dled notably among his leaner breth- and hint of winter in the air had ren, for hunger and substance are not clothed all ranks in dark grey greatoften found so strangely allied. But, coats and brown leggings. Hence, to having salved its conscience by giv- the untrained glance, they were singuby laughing, London took thought, vates and bandsmen might have been vice carried by this Vauxhall contin- of toy soldiers. There were exceptions, gent. "Curse your charity—we want of course, just as the fat man achievthreateningly out of a wide strip of ed. The crimson sashes of the officers, red cotton. It was Socialism in a tab- the drum-major, with his twirling loid. Many a looker-on, whose lot was staff, the white apron of the big drumnigh as desperate as that of the de- mer, drew the eye. A slim subaltern, monstrators, felt that it struck him be- carrying the regimental colors, held pride of place in the picture. The rich as helpless, he was standing in the It had some such effect on Royson. hues of the silk lent a barbaric splenone who can invent a new recreation? Rather abruptly he turned away, and dor to his sober trappings. And he holding the flag and a drawn sword reached the less crowded Buckingham took himself seriously. A good-look- in his right. Yet a school nickname Palace road. His face was darkened ing lad, with smooth contours not yet bridged five years so rapidly that the "Aye, your majesty, to the Greek by a frown, though his blue eyes had hardened to the military type, his man who had just been reviling Fate a glint of humor in them. The le- face had in it a set gravity which pro- smiled at the picturesque officer of gend on the banner had annoyed him. claimed that he would bear that flag the Guards in the old, tolerant way, Its blatant message had penetrated the whithersoever his country's needs dearmor of youth, high spirits, and manded. And it was good to see him abounding good health. It expressed so intent on the mere charge of it in

> ceedingly distasteful. It was mon- the contrast between the two types of strous that he should rate himself on banner-bearers he had gazed at in the a par with those slouching wastrels. short space of five minutes-he was The mere notion of it brought its own especially tickled by the fact that the confutation. Twenty-four years of age, Guards, also, were under police prowell educated, a gentleman by birth | tection-when he became aware that and breeding, an athlete who stood six | the features of the color-lieutenant feet two inches high in his stockings, were familiar to him. A man in unithe gulf was wide, indeed, between form, with forehead and chin partly him and the charity-cursers who had hidden by warlike gear, cannot be retaken his money. Yet .- the words | cognized easily, if there be any initial doubt as to his identity. To deter-Evidently, he was fated to be a mine the matter, Royson, instead of sight-seer that morning the strains of following in the rear as he had inmartial music banished the spec- tended, stepped out briskly and tre called into being by the red cot- placed himself somewhat ahead of ton banner. A policeman, more cheer- the officer. He was near the drums ful and more spry than his comrades before he could make sure that he was who marshalled the procession shuffl- actually within a few yards of a foring towards Westminster, strode to the mer classmate. The knowledge brought a rush of blood to his face. an alert eye on the converging lines Though glad enough to see unexpectedly one who had been a school friend, it was not in human nature that the marked difference between their present social positions should obviously addressing the lady in the getic positions, thus commanding a not be bitter to him. Here was victoria. The too accurate cadence of the road in the panoply of the the man who has what is called "a Guards, while "Dick,' his superior perfect command" of English.

during six long years at Rugby, was hurrying along the pavement, per- the answer. The voice was clear,

was again ruffled, and he might have and as a consequence, polite. said nasty things about Fate had not that erratic dame suddenly thought fit to alter his fortunes. As the street | demanded the man. narrowed between lofty buildings, so did the blaring thunder of music in- rug over my feet, and thus hindered crease. The mob closed in on the sol- me." diers' heels; the whole roadway was packed with moving men. A somber flood of humanity-topped by the drumsticks, the flag, the glistening Baron von Kerber. The affair was an bayonets and the bearskins-it seem- accident, and you naturally thought a ingly engulfed all these in its path. would follow your example. I did able. As he set out once more for The sparkle of the band, intensified try, twice, to spring clear, but I lost his rendezvous, he heard the band by the quick, measured tramp of the by the quick, measured tramp of the my balance each time. We have no paying the old Guard back to quartsoldiers, aroused a furtive enthusiasm. cause to blame one another. My view ers. The soldiers came down the Mall Old men, bearded and bent, men is that Sprang men another. My view ers. The soldiers came down the lane, Old men, bearded and bent, men is that Sprong was caught napping. but he followed the side of the lane, whom one would never suspect of have whom one would never suspect of having borne arms, straightened themmight borne arms, straightened theming borne arms, straightened themmight have done, we really ought to resched the office for which he was selves, stood to attention, and saluted thank this gentleman, who prevented brund at ten minutes past eleven. He the swaying flag. Callow youths, any firther developments in some tai applied for secretary and at

ment in its onward swirl. If Royson not expected the Baron to shine had not utilized that clear space low- an emergency. Her calmness seemed er down the street, it would have ie- to irritate him, though he was most manded the exercise of sheer force to anxious to put himself right with he

as Royson was concerned, they were to the coachman, who was examining on the opposite side of the road, with the traces. Then he was able to turn their heads towards him. But he and look at the lady. He saw that happened to be looking that way, oe- she was young and pretty, but the cause his old-time companion, the heavy furs she wore half concealed Hon. John Paton Seymour, wa sin the her face, and the fact that his own direct line of sight, and his unusual garments were frayed, while his stature enabled him to see that both hands and overcoat were plastered horses reared simultaneously. They took the coachman by surprise, and their downward plunge dragged him headlong from the box. Instantly there was a panic among the mob. It melted away from the clatter of frenzied hoofs as though a live shell had burst in the locality. Two stac- she said, and he became aware that cato syllables from the officer in she had wonderful brown eyes command stopped the music and think-you saved my life. Indeed brought the Guards to a halt. The horses dashed madly forward, barely an address that I will give you. Mr. missing the colors and its escort. ready-witted sergeant grabbed at the loose reins flapping in the air, but they eluded him with a snake-like Fenshawe," broke in the Baron, whose twist. The next wild leap brought fluent English had a slight hap, Here the carriage pole against a lamp post, is my card, he went on rapidly, look. and both were broken. Then one of ing at Royson with calm assurance the animals stumbled, half turned, tingents on the Thames Embankment. ing bayonets he caught the flourish of backed, and locked the front wheels. seven o'clock, and I will make it A lady, the sole occupant, was dis- worth your while." carding some heavy wraps which im- A glance at Royson's lothes told peded her movements, evidently him enough ,as he thought, to apprise meaning to spring into the road, but | the value of the assistance given, And she was given no time. The near he had no idea that his fair companhind wheel was already off the ion had really been in such grave danground. In another second the car- ger. He believed that the shattering riage must be overturned, had not of the pole against the lamp stand-London, like Richard Royson, would sense of omnipotence in their rhyth- Royson, brought by chance to the ard had stopped the bolting horses. right place, seized the off whel and and that the tall young man now surthe back of the hood, and bodily lifted veying him with a measuring eve had the rear part of the victoria into mo- merely succeeded in catching the mentary safety. It was a fine display reins. of physical strength and quick judgment. He literaly threw the vehicle | who had alighted, and was desintily a distance of several feet ,but that gathering her skirts out of the mud. was not all. He saw his opportunity, caught the reins, and took such a pull help you, madam," he said. He ing, and gratified its sarcastic humor larly alike. Officers, sergeants, pri- at the terrified horses that a policeman and a soldier were able to get perhaps, when it read the strange de- cast in the same molds, after the style hold of their heads. The coachman, the arm. who had fallen clear, now ran up. With him came a gentleman in a work," said the white letters, staring ed distinction among the unemploy- fur coat. Royson was about to turn and find out what had become of the

lady, when some one said quietly: "Well saved, King Dick!" It was the Hon. John Seymour who spoke. Rigid as a statue, and almost middle of the road, with his left hand the way in which the hero of the eleven or fifteen permits his worshippers to applaud.

But this mutual recognition went "unemployed" genius who railed at the Guard-room at St. James's Pal- no further. The Guards must on to St. James's. Some incomprehensible growls set them in motion again, the drum banged with new zest, and the "She belonged to the household of knewledge that this was so was ex- Royson was amusing himself with street gradually emptied, leaving only brains and pluck, yes?" a few curious gapers to surround the damaged victoria and the trembling an implied question lent a sabtle horses. The fresh outburst of music brought renewed prancing, but the pair were now in hand, for Royson held the reins, and the mud-bedaubed coachman was ready to twist their ger. But Royson was too humiliated heads off in his wrath.

was gasping to the policeman. "Never his muddied fingers, and looked toknew 'em be'ave like this afore. Quiet as sheep, they are, as a rule. "Too fat," explained the unemotion-

al constable. Give 'em more work She too, had heard what he said, and an' less corn. Wet's your name an' was ready to classify him with the address? There's this 'ere lamp-post common herd. And, indeed, he had to pay for. Cavalry charges in Buck ingham Palace Road cost a bit."

listening to the somewhat lively con- step he took, each syllable he utterversation taking place behind him. "Are you injured in any way?

cried the gentleman in the fur coat "Jack" marching down the middle in his words bespoke the foreigner, "Not in the least, thank you," was

haps nearing the brink of that gulf musical, wellberd and decidedly chillalready reached by the Vauxhall pro- ing The two concluding words really meant "no thanks to you." The lady So Dick Royson's placid temper was, however, quite self-possessed, "But why in the world did you no

jump out when I shouted to you?" "Because you threw your half of the

"Did I? Ach, Gott! Do you think

deserted you, then?" "No, no. I did not mean that. hooligans, round-shouldered slouchers wonderful way not quite known to me in which "a thorough knowit tre at the best, made shift to lift their yet."

caught the human flotsam of the pave- less caustic mood. Perhaps she had

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reach the van of the dense gathering "My object in jumping out so quick. of nondescripts now following the ly was to run to the horses' heads" he said. Unfortunately, I tripped Nevertheless, a clearance was made, and nearly fell. But why sit there and spedily with the startling sud- We must take a hansom. Or perhaps denness of a summer whirlwind. A you would prefer to go by train?"

pair of horses, attached to an open "Oh, a cab, by all means." carriage, were drawn up in a by-street The horses were now standing until the Guards had passed. So far quietly that Royson handed the reine with mud off the wheels, did not help to dissipate a certain embarrassment that gripped him, for he was a she man where women were concerned She, too, faltered a little, and the reason was made plain by her words

"I do not know how to thank you." am sure you did. Will you-call-at Fenshawe will be most anxious toto-acknowledge your services."

"Oh, pray leave that to me, Miss "Come and see me this evening

Royson lifted his hat to the lady "I am glad to have been able to

would have gone without another word had not Von Kerber touched him on

"You have taken my card," said the man imperiously.

Some mischievous impulse, born of the turbulent emotions quelled by the flurry of the cariage accident, conquered Royson's better instincas. Although the Baron was tall, ne towered above him. And he hardly realized the harshness, the vexed contempt, of his muttered reply:

"I don't like your charity, I want

At once he was conscious of his mistake. He had sunk voluntarily to the level of the Vauxhall paraders. He had even stolen their thunder. A twinge of self-denunciation drove the anger from his frowning eyes. And the Baron again thought that he read his man correctly.

"Even so," he said, in a low tone, "take my card. I can find you werk, of the right sort, for one who has

The continental trick of ending vith meaning to his utterance, and he helped it with covert glance and sour smile. Thus might Caesar Borgia ask some minion if he could use a dagby his blunder to pay heed to hidden "Don't know what took 'em," he meanings. He grasped the card in wards Miss Fenshawe, who was patting one of the horses. Her aristocratic aloofness was doubly calling. deserved it. He was wholly rmazed by his own churlish outburst. Not An appreciative audience grinned at yet did he realize that Fate had taken the official humor. But Royson was his affairs in hand, and that each ed in that memorable hour, we're part and parcel of the new order of events in his life.

Quite crestfallen, he hurried at ay. He found himself inside the gates of the park before he took note of the direction. Then he went to the edge of the lake, wetted his handkarchef. and rubed off the worst of the and stains. While engaged in this task he calmed down sufficiently to laugh, not with any degree of mirth, 1: 18 true, but with grain of comfort at the

recollection of Seymour's eurogy. "King Dick!" he growled. "Times have changed since last I heard that name. By gad, five years had we ked wonders."

And, indeed, so can five seconds, when wonders are working, but the crass ignorance of humanity oft prevents the operation being seep. Be that as it may, Royson discovered that it was nearly eleven o'clock before he had cleaned his so of cacthes sufficiently to render hims at proceed French" was essential, and he was re-

(To be continued.)

URSDAY, JANU

RECOUNT MAKES THAN

recount in Monday bef place Monday ber ity of one for Mr. Reeve Wilson, Th held one hallot mark stroke for Wilson sh One ballot mark es for Hawkins sho This made a change Hawkins. Then Wil showing that there the count for Hawki

Mr Hopkins object lots at No. 3 polling having the initials of ficer ,two being for for Wilson. It was was only 109 people to the polling book. ballots in the box. jected that 110 votes lowed when there w ers, and consequent ballots must be thro perly in the box. His Honor refused

contention, holding it him on the recount only count the ballo contest to upset the any other irreguarit the recount could h aside the election We understand that Mr. Wilson will take as he does not want

ship to the cost of a will contest the matt next election His Honor, owing ties. refused to allow Messrs. McLaughlin for Peter Hawkins Messrs. Hopkins &

H. Wilson The following is th given by His Honor "Upon the recount election of the Reeve of Ops. in the Coun

SOCALIST LECTUR DRESS IN THE ENCE The Council Char well filled last Mond

Charles Lestor, of Hu land, lecture on Socia of ladies were amon and this fact may be that present day prob ing a matter of study the people in general An Analy Mr. Lestor did not nations of the pr

prophecies of the system that is held provement. He touch these things in an inc his address was larg sisted on calling itpresent conditions, pointed by the unvar lution and progress s experience in all line by all the history of t The World C

"Socialists." he sa lieve that as it was it shall be now and for world is constantly cl and his economic changed from age to not yet had a fall; been one long, conti continued the speak on rising in the scale sal co-operative co The Evolution

The speaker traced man from communi from savagery to bar barism to feudalism, ism to capitalism. said, "all the forces working and pointin on a higher plane." Originally, the sp were cannibals. Wi the homely art of a on, however, man duce more than he savage races then for ter to allow their car work than to eat th previously done. T

economic chan Just such factors. The Importa A man has to live fore which all other way, and anything t ay of man's life wi earth. This fac conomic change , and the dan an's life would c speaker believed

cause that

slavery. Economic

only important facto

Producing

this capitalist

When buying mention The Free Press.