

The Captain of the Janizaries

By JAMES M. LUDLOW

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flashing of steel and the roar of culverin. Only once before, when as a mere child he was conquered by the terrors of the janizaries' discipline, had he suffered so intensely. Yet the battle was an undecided one. He staggered under the bill from the landing to the barracks with the cry of conflict ringing through his soul. "What shall I do?" On the one side were the habit of loyalty, his oath of devotion to the padishah, all his earthly ambition which blazed with splendors just before him—for he was the favorite of both the sultan and the soldiers—and all that the education of his riper years had led him to hope for in another world. On the other side were this new passion of love which he could no longer laugh down and the appeal of a helpless fellow creature for rescue from what he knew was injustice, cruelty and degradation—the first personal appeal a human being had ever made to him, and he the only human being to whom she could appeal. To heed this cry of Morsinia he knew would be treason to his outward and sworn loyalty. To refuse to heed it he felt would be treason to his manhood. What could he do? Neither force was preponderating.

The battle wavered. What did he do? What most people do in such circumstances—he temporized. Said, "I will do nothing today." Like a genuine Turk, he grunted to himself, "Bacaloum!" "We shall see!" But all the time his gentler feelings were gaining strength. On their side was the advantage of a definite picture—a lovely face; of an immediate and tangible project—the rescue of an individual. The danger of the enterprise weighed nothing with him, or, at least, it was counterbalanced by the inspiring anticipation of an adventure, an exploit, the very hazard rather fascinating than repelling. Yet he had not decided.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAPTAIN BALLABAN was summoned by the sultan. "Well, comrade," said Mahomet, familiarly throwing his arm about his friend, much to the disgust of the cafee aga, the master of ceremonies, through whom alone it was the custom of the sultans to be approached. "Well, comrade, I gave a necklace worth a thousand liras to a girl who pleased me in the harem."

"Happy girl to have pleased your majesty. That was better than the necklace," replied Ballaban. "Think you so? Let me look you through and through. Think you there is nothing better in this world than to please the padishah? Ah, it is worth a kingdom to hear that from a man like you, Ballaban. Women say it, but they can do nothing for me. They dissipate my thoughts with their pleasuring me. They make me weak. I have a mind to abolish the whole harem. But to have a man, a strong man, a man with a head to plot for empire and to marshal armies, a man with an arm like thine, to make me love to me! Ah, that is glorious, comrade. But let me make no mistake about it. You love me? Do you really think no gold, no honors, could give you so much pleasure as pleasing me? Swear it, and by the throne of Allah I will swear that you shall share my empire. But to business!" dropping his voice and in the instant becoming apparently forgetful of his enthusiasm for his friend. "We make a campaign against Belgrade. I must go in person. Yet Scanderbeg holds out in Albania. It is useless meeting him in his stronghold. You cannot fight a lion by crawling into his den. He must be trapped. Work out a plan."

"I have one which may be fruitful," instantly replied Captain Ballaban. "Ah, so quick?" "No, of long hatching, sire. I made it in my first campaign in Albania with your loyal father. The young voivode Amesa is nephew to Scanderbeg. He is restless under the authority of the great general; has committed some crime which if known would bring him to ruin; is popular with the people of the north."

"Capital!" said Mahomet eagerly. "I see it all. Work it out! Work it out! He may have anything if only Scanderbeg can be put out of the way and the country be under our suzerainty. Work it out! And the suzerain revenues shall all be yours, for, by the bones of Othman, there is not a province too great for you if only you can settle affairs among the Arnaouts."

"And now a gift! I will send you the very queen of the harem."

"But," interposed Ballaban, "I am a janizary, and it is not permitted a janizary to marry."

"A fig for what is permitted! When the padishah gives, he grants permission to enjoy his gifts. Besides, you need not marry. You can own her. Sell her if you don't like her. But you must take her."

"This, then, is Morsinia! To have her, to save her without breach of loyalty! This was too much. With strangely fluttering heart he acquiesced, and his thanks were drawn from the bottom of his soul.

The next day he sought Kala and sent by her to Morsinia a gem inclosed in a pretty casket, with which was a note reading:

"It shall be so. Patience for a few days, and our hearts shall be made glad."

The padishah the following day bade Ballaban repair to a house in the city and be in readiness to receive the gift of heaven and of his own imperial grace. On reaching the place an elderly woman—the Koulavous, an inevitable attendant upon marriages—conducted him to the baramlik of the house. The bride or slave, as he pleased to take her, rose from the divan to meet him. Though her thick veil completely enveloped her person, it could not conceal her superb form and marvelous grace. His hand trembled with the agitation of his delight as he exercised the authority of a husband or master and reverently raised the veil.

He stood as one paralyzed in amazement. She was not Morsinia. It was Elissa!

He dropped the veil. Strange spirits seemed to breathe themselves in succession through his frame. First came the demon of disappointment, checking his blood, stilling him. Not that any other mortal knew of his shattered hopes, but it was enough that he knew them. And with the consciousness of defeat a horrible chagrin bit and tore his heart as if it had been some dragon with teeth and claws.

Then came the demon of rage, wild rage, wanting to howl out his fury. He might have smitten the veiled form had not the latter, overcome by her beauty and the scorn of him she supposed to have been a lover, already fallen fainting at his feet.

Then rose in Ballaban's breast the demon of vengeance against the sultan. Had Mahomet been present he surely had felt the steel of the outraged man. Only the habit of self-control and quiet review of his own passions prevented his seeking the padishah and taking instant vengeance in his blood.

Then there came into him a great demon of impiety and breathed a curse against Allah himself through his lips. But finally a new spirit hissed into his ears. It was Nemesis. He felt that



She was not Morsinia.

this was the moment when a just retribution had returned upon himself, for he well knew the face that lay weeping beneath the heap of bejeweled lace and silk. It was that of the Doda who he had flung into the arms of the Albanian voivode Amesa when he was awaiting the embrace of some more princely maiden. And now the sarcasm of fate had thrown her into his arms.

"Allah, thou wast even with me this time," he confessed back of his clinch ed teeth.

"But doubtless," he thought, "it was through the information I gave to the aga that this girl has been stolen away from Amesa."

"Would that heaven hid me of her so easily!" he muttered. "Yet that is easy, thanks to our Moslem law, which says, 'Thou mayest either retain thy wife with humanity or dismiss her with kindness.' Yet I cannot dismiss her with kindness. She cannot go back to the royal harem. If I dismiss her I harm her, and Allah's curse will be fatal if I wrong this creature again, to say nothing of the padishah's if I throw away his gift. I must keep her. Well! Bacaloum! Bacaloum! It is not so bad a thing after all to have a woman like that for one's slave, for a wife without one's heart is but a slave. Well!" He raised the veil again from the now sitting woman.

The mutually stupid gaze carried them both through several years which had passed since they had parted at Amesa's castle.

Elissa was easily induced to tell her story. Assuming that it might be already known to her new lord, she gave

it correctly, and therefore it differed substantially from that she had told to Morsinia. She had been but a few days in Amesa's home when he discovered that she was not the person he had presumed her to be. In an outburst of rage he would have taken her life, but was led by an old priest to adopt a more merciful method of ridding himself of her. To have returned her to her village would have filled the country with the scandal and made Amesa the laughingstock of all. She was therefore sent within the Turkish lines with the certainty of finding her way to some far distant country. Her beauty saved her from a common fate, and she was sent as a gift to the young padishah by an old general, into whose hands she had fallen.

Ballaban assured the woman of his protection and also that the time would come when he would compensate her for any grief she had endured through his fault. In the meantime she was retained in the luxurious comfort of her new abode.

CHAPTER XXXIII. **C**APTAIN BALLABAN was almost constantly engaged at the new seraglio. It was being constructed not only with an eye to its imposing appearance from without and its beauty within, such as befitted both its splendid site between the waters and the splendor of the monarch whose palace it was to be, but also with a view to its easy defense in case of assault. Upon the young officer devolved the duty of scrutinizing every line and layer that went into the various structures.

He was especially interested in the side entrances and communications between the various departments of the seraglio. He gave orders for a change to be made in the line of a partition wall, and also for a gateway in the walls dividing the court from the haremlik. Just why these changes were made perhaps the architects themselves could not have told. Nor were they interested enough to inquire, supposing that they were made at the royal will. Ballaban was disposed to indulge a little his own fancy. If there was to be a broad entrance for public display and then a narrow passage for the sultan only, why not have a way through which he could imagine a fair odalisck fleeing from insult and torture into the arms of—himself!

In the meantime old Kala Hanoum was amazed at the number of articles of Morsinia's handiwork she was able to induce the young captain to purchase. Indeed he never refused. And quite frequently she was the bearer of gifts, generally confections, sometimes little rolls of silk suitable for embroidery, with colored threads or beads, accompanied by the name of some fellow officer of the janizaries, from whom apparently an order for work was given, the captain acting as an agent in a sort of copartnership with Kala.

Of course this was only secret mail service between Ballaban and the odalisck. If Kala suspected it, her commissions were so largely re-arranged that she silenced the thought of anything but legitimate business.

Ballaban devised plans for her escape which Morsinia found it impracticable to execute from her side of the harem wall, and her shrewd suggestions were pronounced equally unsafe by the strategist without. Ballaban and caught glimpses of Morsinia while cowering among the trees at the upper end of the Golden Horn, by the Sweet Waters, where the ladies of the harem were taken by the eunuchs on almost weekly excursions. He had proposed to have in readiness two horses, that if she should break from the attendants, they might flee together. But before this could be accomplished the excursions were discontinued, as the attention of all was turned to a new pleasure.

The grand haremlik was at length completed, and a day was set for the reception of the grand harem from Adrianople—which contained nearly a thousand of the most beautiful women in the world—into this new paradise. The kislar aga had arranged a pageant of especial magnificence, which could be witnessed by the people at a distance. Two score barges, elegantly decorated, rowed by eunuchs, their decks covered with divans, were to receive the odaliscks from Adrianople at the extreme inner point of the seraglio waterfront on the Golden Horn. At the same time the sultan in his calique and the women of the temporary haremlik, each propelling a light skiff decorated with flags and streamers, were to move from the extreme outer point of the seraglio grounds until the two fleets should meet, when, amid salvos of artillery from the shores, the odaliscks with the sultan were to turn about and bid their sisters to the water gate of the haremlik. Orders were given for bidding the people to appear upon the water or upon the shores within distance to see distinctly the faces of the ladies of the harem.

Every evening at sundown a patrol of eunuchs made a cordon of boats a few hundred yards from the shore. Within which, screened by distance, the eyes of common men, the odaliscks went into training for the great regatta. The padishah, sitting in his barge, encouraged their rivalry by gifts for dexterity in managing the little boats, for picturesqueness of dress and for grace of movement, as with bared arms and streaming tresses they propelled the caliques.

Morsinia found herself one of the most dexterous in handling the oars. The free life of her childhood on the Balkans and among the peasants of upper Albania had developed muscle into this new exercise soon brought into unusual efficiency. She observed that the attendant eunuchs were deficient in this kind of strength and had no doubt that with her own left

hand she could have done as well as any of them.

One day, as she was rowing, she observed a small boat, with a single man, approaching her. She was about to bid him to get on, when she perceived that it was a boat of the sultan's. She was about to bid him to get on, when she perceived that it was a boat of the sultan's.

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THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

(Continued from page 3.)

than minutes, the Aphrodite was throbbing southward. Mrs. Harton, whose eagerness to inspect her stateroom had gone, was hailed pleasantly by Irene.

"Now, because I asked you to wait, you shall have first choice. Let us see our dens."

But Baron von Kerber came running back along the deck, all smiles and welcoming words, and it was evident that some reason other than physical unfitness had kept him out of sight until the yacht's voyage was actually commenced. Dick heard him explaining coolly that he had met with a slight accident on arriving at Marseilles overnight. Some difficulty in dressing, he said, combined with the phenomenal punctuality of the train de luxe, accounted for his tardy appearance, but the ladies would find that the steward had everything in readiness, and Mr. Fenshawe was too experienced a voyager not to make himself at home instantly. Rattling on thus agreeably, he led the way aft.

In the midst of his explanation, he saw that Dick was accompanying the party, and told him rather abruptly, that his services were no longer required. In no amiable mood, therefore, the second officer went to the upper deck, where the skipper was growling his views to Tagg about the mysterious incident of the telegram. It was a moment of tension, and something might have been said that would tend to place Royson and the captain to arm's length if the Aphrodite had not taken it into her head to emulate Miss Fenshawe's action by coming to Dick's assistance. The little vessel remembered that which Stump paid small heed to and asserted herself.

Notwithstanding her half-deck saloon, with the tiny chart-house perched thereon, and the narrow bridge that gave her a steam-like aspect, she was rigged as a topsail schooner, her sharp lines and consequent extra length affording full play to her fore and aft sails. Her first owner had designed her with set purpose. It was his hobby to remain in out-of-the-way parts of the world for years at a time, visiting savage lands where coal was not procurable, and he trusted more to sails than to engine power. But Stump and his chief officer, and nearly every sailor on board, being accustomed to steam, despised wind-jammers, and pinned their faith to the engines.

With a favorable wind such as was blowing at the moment, or to steady the yacht in a cross sea, the captain would have set a foresail and jib to help the propeller was good seamanship, but to bank the engine-room fires and depend only on sails was the last thing he would think of. Hence, the Aphrodite straightway taught him a sharp lesson. While Stump was ruminating on the exact form of some scathing remark for Royson's benefit, a sudden stoppage of the screw, and an ominously easy roll over the crest of the next sea, showed that the engines were idle.

Stump hurled a lurid question down the speaking-tube. The engineer's equally emphatic reply told him that there was a breakdown, cause not stated. Now, the outer roadstead of Marseilles harbor is one of the most awkward places in the Mediterranean for a disabled vessel. Though the Gulf of Lyons is almost tideless, it has strong and treacherous currents. The configuration of the rocky coast, guarded as it is by small islands and sunken reefs, does not allow much seaway until a lighthouse, some miles distant from the mainland, is passed. Stump, of course, would have made the ship's sails before she drifted into peril. But he was purple with wrath, and the necessary commands were not familiar to his tongue.

Therefore, he hesitated, though he was far from remaining silent, and Royson, never at a loss when rapidity of thought and action was demanded, took the lead. He woke up the crew with a string of orders, rushed from foremast to mainmast and back to the bows again to see that the men hauled the right ropes and set the sails the right way, and he had the Aphrodite bowling along under canvas in less than two minutes after the stopping of the screw. Not until every sheet was drawing and the yacht running free did it occur to him that he had dared to assume unto himself the captain's prerogative.

Rather red-faced and breathless, not only from his own exertions but by reason of the disconcerting notion which possessed him, he raced up the short companion-ladder leading from the fore deck to the bridge. Stump seemed to be awaiting him with a halter.

"I hope I did right, sir, in jumping in like that," gasped Dick. "I thought it best to get steering way on the yacht without delay, and—"

"Wot's yer name now?" roared Stump, glowering at him in a manner which led Dick to believe he had committed an unpardonable offence.

"Still the same name, sir—Royson."

"I thought 'p'raps it might ha' bin Smith, as you're such a lightnin' change artist. Just bung it to the engine-room, will you, an' find out wot that son of a gun below there is

a-doing of?"

"I will go if you like, sir, but I know nothing about engines."

"Take charge here, then. Keep her steady as she goes. You've a clear course half a mile to westward of that light."

Stump disappeared, and Royson found himself entrusted with full charge of the vessel ere she had full ten minutes at sea. His gruff commander could have paid him no greater compliment.

In the engineer, a man from West Hartlepool, the captain met one who spoke the vernacular.

"It's no good a-dammin' me because there's a flaw in a connectin' rod," he protested, when Stump's strenuous questioning allowed him to explain matters. "I can't see inside a piece of crimson steel any more'n you can."

"None of your lip, my lad, or I'll find flaws all over you, P. D. Q. Can you fix this mess at sea or will we put back?"

The engineer quailed under Stump's bovine eye.

"It would be better to put back, sir. I may be able to manage, but it's doubtful."

Stump went aft to consult von Kerber. So speedily had the yacht's misbehavior been dealt with that no member of the saloon party was aware of it, though any sailor among them would have recognized instantly that the vessel was traveling under canvas. The sail was traveling under canvas. The sail was traveling under canvas.

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his past ingratitude. I received your letter, wherein you stated that you were shipping on some vessel under the name of King, but I had little difficulty in tracing you to Mr. Fenshawe's yacht, and I do not feel justified in recognizing your unnecessary alias. Again, I advise you to return. I am sure that your employer, a most estimable man, will not place any difficulties in your way. If you leave the Aphrodite at Port Said or Ismalia, and send me a cablegram, I will remit by cable funds sufficient for your needs."

Dick had deemed this disturbing problem dead and done with. He had not hesitated at Marseilles, nor was he less decided now. He held out the letter to von Kerber frankly, "I'm thinking how close a scrutiny had been given to his face while he was learning its contents."

"Read it," he said, "and you will see for yourself that I am in no way responsible."

Von Kerber seemed to be taken aback by this display of confidence.

"No, no," he said loftily. "I do not wist it. I have your word. That is sufficient."

"May I send an answer?"

"Yes, from Suez."

And the incident might have ended there had it not been brought into sharp prominence that evening. Mr. Tagg took the first watch, from 8 o'clock to midnight. Under ordinary conditions, Royson, who was free until four in the morning, would have gone to his cabin and slept soundly. But, like many another who passes through the great canal for the first time, he could not resist the fascination of the ship's noiseless, almost stealthy, passage through the desert.

After supper, while enjoying a pipe before turning in, he went forward and stood behind the powerful electric lamp fitted in the bows to illumine the narrow water-lane which joins East and West. The broad shaft of light lent a solemn beauty to the bleak waters on either hand. In front, the canal's silvery riband shimmered in magic life. Its near-ripples formed a glittering corsage for the ship's tapered stern, and merged into a witches' way of darkness beyond. The red signal of a distant gare, or station, or the white gleam of an approaching vessel's masthead light, shone from the void like low-pitched stars. Overhead the sky was of the deepest blue, its stupendous arch studded with stars of extraordinary radiance, while low on the west could be seen the paler sheen of departing day. At times his wondering eyes fell on some Arab encampment on the neighboring bank where shrouded figures sat round a fire, and ghostly camels in the background raised ungainly heads and gazed at the mysterious sight of the moving ship.

The marvellous scene was at once intimate and remote. Its distinguished features had the sense of nearness and actuality of some piece of splendid stagecraft, yet he seemed to be peering not at the rigid outlines of time, but rather into the vague, almost terrifying, depths of eternity. And it was a bewildering fact that this glimpse into the portals of the desert was no new thing to him. Though never before had his mortal eyes rested on the far-sung vista, he absorbed its soothing glamour with all the zest of one who came back to a familiar horizon after long sojourn in pent streets and tree-shrouded valleys.

Time and again he strove to shake off this eerie feeling, but it was not to be repelled. He fought against its dominance, and denounced its folly, yet his heart whispered that he was not mistaken, that the majestic silence conveyed some thrilling message which he could not understand. How long he stood there, and how utterly he had yielded to the strange prepossession of his dream, he scarce realized until he heard a soft voice close behind him.

"Is that you, Mr. Royson?" it said, and he was called back from the unknown to find Miss Fenshawe standing near.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I was—so, taken up with this—to me—most entrancing experience."

"That you did not hear my fairy footsteps," she broke in, with a quiet laugh. "Do not apologize for that. I am wearing list slippers, so my ghostlike approach is easily accounted for. And I am really very greatly relieved at having found you at all. I was afraid you had left the ship without my knowledge."

"But how could that be possible, Miss Fenshawe?" he asked, startled out of his reverie by her peculiar phrase.

"Please don't speak so loudly," she said, dropping her voice almost to a whisper. "I have been looking for you during the past half hour. I came here twice, but you were so wrapped up in shadow that I failed to see you, and I was becoming quite anxious, because one of the men said you were not in your cabin."

Dick caught a hurried note in her utterance, a strained desire to avoid the semblance of that anxiety which she had just admitted. It puzzled him quite as much as the curious sense of familiarity with his surroundings, a sense which the girl's unexpected appearance had by no means dispelled. And he was oddly conscious of a breaking away of the social barrier of whose existence she, at least, must have been convinced. The

more whispering together in this lonely part of the ship might account for it, to some extent, so he brooded himself for the effort to control her self-control.

"I came here to have a good look at the desert by night," he said. "You may be sure, Miss Fenshawe, that I had little notion of your searching for me. It was by the merest accident that I was able to strew myself out of sight in this particular locality."

She laughed softly again, and her manner became perceptibly less constrained.

"A big man and a small ship—is that it?" she asked. "Tell me, Mr. Royson, why did the officer of the Guards call you 'King Dick' on the morning of the carriage accident?"

Had the girl racked her brain for a day to form a question intended to perplex Royson she could have hit on one of more perplexing effect. He was astounded not because she had heard Paton's exclamation, but by reason of the flood of light which her recollection of it at that moment had poured on his most amazing thought.

"It's a most amazing thing that you should ask me that, Miss Fenshawe," he cried.

"Sh-s-s-h. I have always imagined you to be a man who would smile in the midst of earthquakes, yet here you are quite dazzled by a harmless bit of feminine curiosity. Don't you wish me to know how you came by that nickname? I suppose it is one?"

"There is no other in whom I would confide so willingly," he said. "Promise you will not laugh at me if I tell you more than you bargain for."

"What? Is there humor in the story?"

"Let us see. I am hardly a fair judge. At present I am more than mystified. It is easy enough to explain why I was called 'King Dick' at school. That is a mere preface to my romance. One of the cherished traditions of my family is that we are lineal descendants of King Richard the First of England."

"Good gracious!"

"The statement lends itself to disbelief, I admit."

"Why do you think me disbelieving?"

"Pray forgive me, Miss Fenshawe. I am in doubting mood myself to-night. At any rate the lineage of the Roysons has not been disputed during many centuries. Our name is part of our proof, and there has been a Richard Royson associated with Westmoreland ever since Count de Lion returned from Palestine. That is the kind of family as a boy will brag about. Joined to a certain proficiency in games, it supplies a ready-made nickname. But the wonderful and wholly inexplicable thing is that while I was standing here, watching our head-light dancing over the desert, the fantastic idea has evaded my very soul that I share with my kingly ancestor his love of this land, his ambition to accomplish great deeds in its secret places, his content and scorn of all opposing influences. Do you remember how he defied a rain of blood which scared his courtiers? One of his friends has placed on record the opinion that if an angel from heaven bade Richard abandon his work he would have answered with a curse. Well, I am poorer, and of slight consequence in the world to-day, but as least it has been vouchsafed me to understand what there are those who would thwart his strong man and a king can feel when will. At present I am powerless, as little able to give effect to my energies as Richard himself when pent in an Austrian prison, but I do ask that some Blondell shall free me, no matter what the ransom, and that Fate shall set me a task worthy of the man who fought and dreamed and planned empires out there eight centuries ago."

Royson threw back his head and stretched his right hand toward the desert where lay Jaffa and Jerusalem. He was carried away by the magic of the hour. He had brushed aside the cobwebs of society, and spoke to Irene as a gallant and fearless youth might address the maid at whose feet he hoped to lay the trophies gained in winning his knighthood. And she, as might be expected, responded to the passionate chord which sounded the challenge to fortune. She, too, forgot convention, for which Heaven be praised!

"You have my prayers for your success," she whispered. "What is more, I believe in you, and that is why I am here now, for I have come to ask you, for my sake and the sake of one whom I love, not to leave this ship until I bid you."

At any other moment such a request must have had a sinister sound! Coming then, it seemed to be a direct answer to Dick's excited appeal to the unseen power that govern men's lives. He turned and looked into her eyes. She was so near to him that he could see the wondrous light shining in her limpid depths. He felt the fragrance of her presence, the glow of her tender beauty, and she did not shrink from him when he placed a protecting hand on her shoulder.

"You need no promise from me, Miss Fenshawe," he said, with a rebored utterance that was wholly unaccountable to him. "Twice already I have refused to leave you, though I have been summoned to England to resume an inheritance wrongfully withheld. We are stubborn, we Bl-

Council resumed visibility of making East and West Visitation.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. B. Mr. Boate, that the Office committee visibility of appointing an auditor of Carried.

Moved by Mr. G. Mr. Boate, that the committee consider the grant to the Carried.

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