THURSD



weight, she could drive the almost imponderable caique swifter than any of

A young Egyptian woman was her only competitor for the honor of leading the fleet on the day of the regatta. To add to the interest of the training, Mahomet ordered that the two should race for the honor of being high admiral of the harem fleet and one evening announced that the competitive trial should take place the next afternoon. The course was fixed for a half mile just inside of the seraglio point, where the waters of the harbor are still, unvexed by the rapid current which pours along the channel of the Bosporus. The flag boat was to be anchored almost at the meeting of the inner and outer waters.

That night Morsinia wrote a note containing these words:

About dusk just below Seven Towers MORSINIA. watch for boat.

Kala Hanoum was commissioned early the following morning to deliver a pretty little sash, wrought with stars and crescents, to Captain Ballaban. Morsinia was careful to show Kala the saff and dilate upon the peculiabeauty of the work until the woman's curiosity should be fully satisfied, thus making sure that she would not be tempted to inspect it for herself. She then wrapped the note carefully within the scarf and tied it strongly with a silken cord.

Old Kala had a busy day before her. with a dozen other commissions to discharge. But fortune favored her in the early discovery of the well known shape of the captain in ordinary citizen's dress. She thrust the little roll into his hand and said:

"A part of your purchase yesterday sire, which you have forgotten."

The contrast between Morsinia and the Egyptian as they presented themselves for the contest afforded a capital study in racial physique. The latter was rather under size, with scarcely more of womanly development than a boy. Her face was almost copper colored: her hair jet and short. The former was tall, with femininity stamped upon the contour of bust and limb; her face pale, even beneath the mass of her light locks.

The boats, or caiques, were of thinnest wood that could be held together by the weblike cross bracing and seemed scarcely to break the surface of the water when the odalisks stepped into them. Morsinia had brought a cloak of a common sort, saying to the eunuch. whose attention it attracted, that yesterday she was quite chilled after rowing and today had taken this with her by way of precaution. She might have found something more beautiful had she thought in time, but it would be dark when they returned. Besides, it would be a capital brace for her feet, the crossbar arranged for that purpose being rather too far away from the seat. So saying she tossed it into the bottom of the calque before the officious eunuch could provide a better substi-

The padishah's bugle sounded the call. It rang over the waters, evoking echoes from the triple shore of Stamboul, Galata and Scutari, which died away in the distant billows of Marmora. As it was to be the last evening before the pageant of the grand reception, the time was occupied in making final arrangements for the order in which the boats should meve, so that it was growing dark when the padishah reminded the chief marshal that they must have the race for the admiral's badge. Katub, a fat and indolent eunuch, was ordered to moor his caique for the stake boat as far out toward the swift current as safety would permit.

The two competitors darted to the side of Mahomet's barge. From a long staff, just high enough above the water to be reached by the hand, hung a tiny streamer of silk, the broad field of which was dotted with pearls. This was to be the possession of the fair rower who, rounding the stake boat first, could return and seize it.

and boats mept close company. The Egyptian was expending her strength, but her companion, with longer and fewer strokes, was appar ently reserving hers. They neared the stake. The Egyptian, having the inside, began to round it, but the Albanian kept on, now with rapid and strong strokes. The spectators were amazed at her tactics.

"She is making too wide a sweep." said the sultan.

"She does not seem inclined to turn at all," observed the kislar aga.

"She will strike the current if she turn not soon," rejoined Mahomet excitedly. The prow of her caique turned off

sped the caique, heading full down the current, which, catching it like some friendly sprite from beneath, bore it quickly out of sight around the seraglio point, and on-on into a thick mist. which was rolling up as if sent of heaven to meet it, from the broad expanse of the sea.

"An escape!" cried the sultan. "After

her, every one of you black devils!" The eunuchs wasted several precious moments in getting the command

muscles were too flaccid, their spines too limp and their wind not full enough to overhaul the flying skiff of the Al-

"To shore! To horse!" cried the raging monarch.

A quarter of an hour later horsemen were clattering down the stony street along the water front of Marmora, pausing now and then to stare out into the sea mist, dashing on, stopping and staring, and on again. The foremost to reach the Castle of the Seven Towers left orders to scour the shore and to set patrol to prevent any one landing. Some were ordered to dart across to the islands. Within an hour from the escape every inch of shore and the great water course opposite the city was under complete surveillance.

Just before this was accomplished a man arrived at the water's edge close to the south side of the great wall of which the Castle of Seven Towers was the northern flank. He held two horses, saddled and bagged, as if for a distant journey. A second man appeared a moment later, who came up from clump of bushes a little way below.

"In good time, Marcus," said the newcomer, who stooped close to the water and listened, putting his hand to his ear so as to exclude all sounds except such as should come from the sea above.

"Listen! An oar stroke! Yes. Keep everything tight, Marcus!"

Darting into the copse, in a momen the man was gliding in a caique with a noiseless stroke out in the direction of the oar splash of the approaching boat. Nearer and nearer it came. The night and the mist prevented its being seen. The man moved close to its line. It was a light caique, he knew from the almost noiseless ripple of the water as the sharp prow cut it. The man gave a slight whistle, when the stroke of the invisible boat ceased and the ripple at its prow died away. "Morsinia!"

"Aye, thank heaven!" came the re-

"Speak not now, but follow!" An he led the way cautiously toward the little beach where the horses were heard stamping. They were several rods off, piloting themselves by the

"Hark!" said the man, stopping th boats. Hoofs were heard approaching.

"She might have put across to the

Princess island," said one. "Nonsense!" was the reply. "She would only imprison herself by that More likely she has gone clean across to Chalcedon. But I hold that she has played fox and turned on her trail Ten liras to one that she is by this time in Galata with some of the Genoese giaours. If so, she will try to escape in a galley, but that can be prevented, for the padishah will overhaul



"After her, every one of you!" every craft that saus out until ne Bids her. But hoot, man! What have we here? Two horses! A woman's baggage! She has an accomplice! An elopement! The horses are tied. The runaway couple haven't arrived yet. Dismount, men! We will lie in wait along the shore here. Yes, let their two horses stand there to draw them to the spot by their stamping. Send ours out of hearing. Now, every man to his place! Silence!"

"Back! Back! We are pursued on land," said the man in the boat to Morsinia, and both boats pushed noiselessly out again from the shore.

"I had prepared for this, Morsinia You must come into my boat. We will row below for a mile, where we can arrange it at the shore."

Quietly they shot down in the lessening current until they turned into a little cove made by a projecting rock. As lightly as a fawn the girl leaped to the beach. Her companion was by her side in an instant. She drew back and gave no return to his warm embrace. but said heartily:

"Thank heaven and you, Michael!" "Michael!" exclaimed the man. "Indeed I do not wonder that you think me a spirit and call me by the name of my dead brother. But this shall assure you that I am Constantine and in the flesh!" cried he as he pressed a THE WHEEL

Morsinia was dazed. She tried to

ther could speak. "Is it real?" said she at length, raising her head and feeling his face with her hand, "But how"-

Voices were heard shouting over the

The excitement of her discovery that her lover was still living and her be-

wilderment at his appearance instead of Michael were too much for Morsinia. Constantine carried the exhausted girl into his boat, which was larger than hers. Towing her little caique out some distance, he tipped it bottom upward and let it drift away.

"That will stop the hounds," muttered he. "They will think you have been

With tremendous but scarcely audible strokes he plowed away westward It was not until far from all noise of the pursuers that he paused.

Imminent as was the danger still, the curiosity of both at the strangeness of the providence which had prought them back to each other as from the dead was such that they must talk, and the freshness of the newly kindled love stole many a moment for endearing embrace. Indeed an hour passed, and the night might have flown while they loitered were it not that the rising wind brought a distant sound which awakened them to the remembrance that they were still

Constantine at length insisted that his companion should lie upon the bottom of the boat and take needed rest. "If I had now my cloak," said she.

"I have provided for that," replied Constantine. "Yours would be recognized. I have one belonging to the common women, which will be better.' In addition, the foresight of Constantine had laid in warm wraps and a store of provisions. These were packed in bundles that they might be carried conveniently on horses, in the hand or in the boat, as necessity should "I cannot rest," said Morsinia, "when

there is so much to say and hear." "But you must lie down. I will tell you my story; then you can tell me

"But can we not stop?" "No. It will not be safe to do so

"I have learned to trust your guidance as well as your love," said she and reclined in the stern of the boat. The moon rose near to midnight. The fog illumined by it made them clearly visible to each other, while it shut out the possibility of their being seen by

any from a distance. "It is the blessing of Jesu upon us, said Morsinia. "The same as when he stood upon the little lake in Galilee, like a form of light, and said, 'Be not

afraid." Constantine gave his story in hasty sentences and detached portions, breaking it by pauses in which he listened for pursuers or gave his whole strength to the oars or more frequently did nothing but gaze at his companion, more than once reaching out his hand to touch her and see if she were not an apparition.

He told of his escape from the Turks, his arrest as a lunatic and the scene before the sultan, his return to Constantinople after its capture and apparent evidence he there had from the old beggar of Morsinia's death, with also related how he had gone to Al- vou have heard, Miss Fenshawe." bania. The report of Morsinia's death had caused the greatest grief to Kabilovitsch and thrown General Castriot into such a rage that he found easement for it in a special raid upon the Turkish camp, which raid was rememsered and was still spoken of by the soldiers as the "Call of the Maiden." After that Sultan Mahomet sent a special embassage and proposal of peace to Albania. In the royal letter he stated:

"She whom the emperor of the Greeks was unable to keep for Scanderbeg is now in the custody of the royal harem safe and inviolate, to be delivered into Scanderbeg's hand as a pledge of a treaty by which Scanderbeg shall agree to cease from further depredations and invasion of Macedonia and to submit to hold his kingdom in fief to the Ottoman throne."

The letter ended with a boastful reference to the sultan's conquest of Constantinople. Caramania and other countries and the threat of invading Albania with a host so great as to cover all its territory with the shadow of the

Castriot's reply, when known, filled the Dibrians and Epirots with greatest enthusiasm. It closed with the words:

"What if you have subjugated Greece and put into servitude them of Asia? These are no examples for the free hearts of Albania!"

The news contained in Mahomet missive led Castriot to allow Constantine to go to Constantinople that he might discover if possible whether Morsinia was really living and was the person referred to by the sultan. On reaching the city Constantine had sought out the monk Gennadius, with whom he had been often thrown before and during the siege. From him he Mr. Royson," she went on. "You may from her in Italian territory. You "I need not rush my fences. Let Fen- collapse was painful. learned nothing of Morsinia except the feel bound by your arrangement with must know that I have the strongest shawe read his letter and, above all "You-you, too, know Alfieri?" s old story of her self sacrifice by the the Baron, and I have no fault to find grounds for this statement, or I would else, let me seek counsel from his gasped, looking at him in a very control of the elter which story had be side of the altar, which story had become so adorned with many additions in passing from mouth to mouth that the "fair saint of Albania" was likely to be enrolled upon the calendar of the holy martyrs. Constantine had just left the little gate of the monk's lodging when Morsinia's message was put into his hand by a little old woman. "But how did you know of my arriv-

al in Constantinople?" Constantine ask-

(Contined from page 3,) decipherable writing, which, though genuine enough, may be nothing bet

ter than a madman's dream."

things?" asked Dick. His pledged word to von Kerber interposed an awkward barrier against that complete confidence which he would gladly have given to one who had so curiously amplified his own doubts.

and bids me remember that I am not yet twenty. He says that there are stranger things buried beneath the dust of Egypt than all the learned societies have succeeded in revealing. He is quite content that the cruise of the Aphrodite should be a wild-goose chase so long as the evidence of the papyrus is proved to be false. And that is my chief stumbling-block. Perhaps you do not realize that, to an antiquarian, the search yields as keen pleasure as the find. The cost of this expedition is a matter of no consequence to my grandfather, and I repeat that, under other conditions, I should regard it as a most enjoyable and memorable excursion. But these wo people have made me nervous, and that was why I was determined they should not get rid of you at Suez, be cause I felt that I could trust you with my doubts and fears, and look to you for help should an emergency arise. Otherwise, Mr. Fenshawe and would be at their mercy."

"You can count on me to the end," said Royson earnestly, "but I would ask you not to forget that the officers and crew are all Englishmen, and, from what I have seen of them, they would never lend themselves to any undertaking which meant actual treachery to their employers.

"That of course, is excellent so far as it goes," was the tart response, but I am also aware that our enterprising Baron has very adroitly bound all of you to secrecy, and exacted promise of faithfulness to his interests. The result is that not even you, Mr. Royson, told me anything about the attack made on him at Marseilles" This counter-shock was unexpected and Royson glanced at her with some

degree of embarrassment. "He pursuaded us that if the incident came to your knowledge it might alarm you needlessly," he broke in,

" and that sounded quite reasonable." "Exactly. You are beginning to appreciate the pitfalls which awaited me when I tried to convince my grandfather that he should not credit every statement made to him. Baron von Kerber is the most plausible of men. He never tells a downright untruth. Indeed, he speaks the absolute truth, but only a part of it. Fortunately, my you work it?" maid heard of your prowess in routing the Baron's assailants. You at once became a hero among the sailors, which, by the way, was only fit and proper if you are destined to fill the role played by your distinguished an- a hint of doubt in the exclamation.

A quiet little smile chased the shadwonderful night in the canal.

the station to the ship at a late hour, in the sun. Let us go to the hotel but it was unavoidable. To travel ties of chemical light. Her eyes to be near, with disastrous results to fort." the Marseillais. Does your bond per-What did really happen?"

"There was rather a one-sided fight, Forbes. They bore different dates. faith in him? Well, he would best Stump knew how terribly the me because Tagg and I took them by sur- The first stated that Sir Henry Roy- serve her by opening Mr. Fenshawe's sight of the staring Italian had affect prise, but when the Baron escaped un- son was seriously ill, and had given eyes to the character of his associates, ed Mrs. Haxton. It came to Royso injured, or nearly so."

"Did they rob him, then?"

your ears."

in Dick's voice. She did not realize once."

to a distaste for hearing his exploits substantiated, it is an assured thing

earnestly."

Mrs. Haxton were awaiting them at you to arrive at a right decision if Captain Stump that she agreed with Marseilles! Oh, why was I not told the door of the post-office, but the perthe door of the post-office, but the per- I tell you that I have traced you with him-a scrutiny of the chattering mob But you will find him, at the Government the Hon John in the street was sonal allusion to himself, which Miss the help of Lieutenant the Hon. John in the street was more to her taste

Fenshawe had dropped, in parenthesis as it were, into her concluding sentence, demanding a question.

Will you enlighten me on the teresting point of my identity, then?" he asked rapidly.

"Oh yes. I take it that your Por Said letter was opened and read. Mrs Haxton is skilled at jumping to conclusions, I fancy. She said she recog-"Have you told Mr. Fenshawe these nized your signature at Marseilleswhen the telegram arrived, you know -but, if that were so, it is strange ner after leaving Port Said. I also can add two and two occasionally, and I have not the slightest doubt that "Yes, everything, but he only laughs something in your letter gave her the necessary clue. Was she mistaken?" "In what?"

the belief that you are the nephew of a baronet, and his heir?" He laughed pleasantly. After years of indifference, his birthright was pursuing him with a certain zest.

"You could not have chosen a better example of those half-truths you complain of," said he. "I admit that my uncle is Sir Henry Royson, but his heir he vowed I should not be when last we met. Yet the letter you speak of was from his solicitor, and it held out a vague suggestion of possibilities which, to put it mildly, would make Mrs. Haxton a remarkably good guesser.'

A silence fell upon them as they neared the others. Irene disdained to wrong." use any subterfuge, and Royson was far too perplexed to branch off into a r.ew conversation meant for the general ear. Mrs Haxton and the Austrian broke off their talk They were about to enter the post-office when Mr. Fenshawe came out.

"Here you are," he cried. of letters and newspapers. Take them, Irene, and sort them out. The Baron and I must hurry to the Governor's house. We can read our correspondence at the hotel."

Von Kerber had evidently profited by his stroll with Mrs. Haxton. He raised no objection, but went off at once with the older man. Irene managed to open the bulky, string-tied curious guardedness was apparent in in my time," said Stump. "I wouldn't package entrusted to her. She gave Mrs. Haxton several letters, and added generalities; the private detective to Royson's already bewildered state merely asked for the corroboration of by handing him three, two being di- a single detail in the statement which, rected to him in his right name and doubtless, awaited Mr. Fenshawe's the third bearing the superscription perusal among the letters now piled "Richard King, Esq."

He knew that Miss Fenshawe had shawe's chair.

and that you and Mr. Tagg happened and look through our budget in com- home by the next steamer from Aden lated in an alarming way, and lin

mit you to carry the story further? glanced at his unexpected mail. The tial stages. And what of his vow not | Owing to the Babel of tongues two letters for "Royson" were from to desert the girl who had placed her the street, neither Irene nor Capital was to be brought to his bedside. "I Mrs. Haxton was the leading spirit in man must be Alfieri, that the word "I meant that he sustained a have reason to believe," wrote the lot of which the millionaire was had recognized him, and that a couple of slight cuts, and therein you lawyer, "that your uncle has sustain- the "dupe," according to the lawyer. feared him with a mortal dread. have another valid reason for his an- ed some shock, perhaps arising from But Royson had found adversity He sprang upright and went to be xiety that the affair should not reach the sudden receipt of intelligence a hard task-master. He had learnt hitherto withheld from him, and I early that a man who takes a leap in ing nor lowering his voice sufficient Though her own manner was imper- would fail in my duty if I did not the dark should at lest jump from to attract attention.

She attributed his sudden gruffness the charges brought against him be von Kerber. "At any rate, you now understand will be watched, with a view towards many opposing interests helped to effect. She was on the very brink my motive for speaking so plainly, the armed prevention of any landing entangle him in a mesh of difficulties. hysteria, and the suddenness of the on that score, but I am quite certain, not dare place my opinion in writing grand-daughter. Then, by happy agony of terror. since I have learnt who you are, that If you think it will serve any useful chance, I may hit on the right line." "I am sorry if I have added to you that you will not lend yourself to any dis- purpose, I authorize you to show this When a young man does not want alarm. I did not mean to do that creditable plan which may be in the letter to Mr. Fenshawe, only stipulate to deprive himself of the company of Alfieri is unknown to me, but I hear minds of the remarkable pair who ing that I am giving him a friendly a nice young woman, he may be de his name at Marseilles, when he at are now looking at us, and wondering, warning (which will soon be verified pended upon to argue himself into a tacked the Baron." no doubt, what we are discussing so by events) and that my name must state of mind which does not demand not be used in any investigation he such a sacrifice. Royson saw that won Kerber and may choose to make. It may help At that instant Irene rose and told "An attack!" she whispered.

who saw an advertisement I inserted at the last court ball. in the Times, and gave me the date his letters, and would have joined of a carriage accident in the Buck- them had he not noticed that Mr. ingham Palace Road, in which you Harton was bending forward in seem to have displayed the courage chair and examining the mixed and resource that might be looked for of correspondence on the table resource that his line is the was no grave significance in the ed that the carriage was Mr. Fen- tion, because a number of magazine shawe's, and one of my clerks, after and newspapers were mixed with visiting Mr. Fenshawe's house, was heap, and these accosted by a man who was able to common prove that he had accurate knowledge he is writing Mr. Fenshawe fully by on the principle that if opportunity this mail, so, in any event, I feel con- makes the thief Mrs. Haxton's rep fident of your early departure from utation should remain unsullied Massowah, believing, as I do, that day if it lay in his power. He his Mr. Fenshawe will not continue to cigar, wheeled his chair slightly, and lend his name to an undertaking of sat facing her, at a distance of ten bad repute." The third letter addressed to "King"

was, from a Mr. William Fielding, Confidential Inquiry Agent," who revealed himself as Mr. Forbes' informant. He wrote in similar strain to the solicitor, and added: "I have diected the envelope to you in the name under which you shipped on board the Aphrodite, though I am aware that a telegram sent to you at Marseilles in your proper name reached you. If you will kindly seek a private interview with Mr. Fenshawe, and tell him how a man named Alfieri, with others, attacked Baron von Kerber at Marseilles and robbed and wounded him without any subsequent protest on his part, you will help in undoing a great

Royson was sitting in the balcony verandah on the first floor of the Hotel Grande del Universo when his astonished eyes skimmed rapidly through these letters. Scarce crediting his senses, he read them again, "Lots word by word, striving to extract from their cryptic sentences that hidden meaning which lay beneath. spoken as the solicitor was, he had evidently left unsaid the major por- I happened to see him coming along tion of the strange story within his the street, and as soon as he saw us ken. The new correspondent, too, he stood stock-still. He has been might or might not be the man whom Dick had seen in Hyde Park and at Charing Cross Station. But the same each missive. The lawyer dealt in be a bit surprised if he was some on a table by the side of Miss Fen- thin'. By the cut of his jib I'd me

noticed the alias, and took it as a At the thought, Dick turned and kindly act that she passed no remark looked at Irene. She was smiling at counts an' a markee among the coal on it. He was equally well aware that some quip or bit of lively news in a heavers." Mrs. Haxton was alive to the fact closely-written sheet. Near her, Mrs. that there were letters for him. Stump, Haxton was engaged more deeply. who made his appearance at the mo- The letter clasped in her long slender singular behavior was under discus ment added a whiff of awkwardness fingers was as obviously a business sion. They had no difficulty in fin when he saw the envelopes in Dick's document as Irene's was the crossed ing him, it was impossible that the and interlined product of a feminine themselves could be seen with "Hello!" he growled, "you've bin pen overflowing with gossip. Stump degree of clearness. The railing pretty spry. Letters, eh? How did was leaning on the rails of the ver- the deep shade of the veranda shield anda, contemptuously heedless of the ed them effectually. The Italian, "I am not able to tell you," was efforts of half a dozen vendors of car- man of middle height, with a fine the frank answer. "Evidently some pets, ostrich feathers, fruits, sweets, molded face and soldierly aspect one in London discovered the yacht's and Abyssian curios, who had gather- man whose bearing went far to pro route long before I knew it myself." ed in the street beneath and were en- that Stump's general estimate of "That's funny," said Stump, with deavofing vociferously to secure his great nation was apt to be wrong, w patronage for their wares. So Dick certainly very much taken up with the "It is probably a simple enough had leisure to think out a line of ac- appearance of the two figures leaning matter if it were cleared up," said tion, and he saw no reason to dispute over the balcony. But Royson has ows from her face, and Dick flushed Irene off-handedly. "The Aphrodite's the soundness of the advise given to scarce time to note his main character as he recalled the wild words of that ports of call are quite open to the him by Mr. Forbes. If the owner of istics when he heard Mrs. Harton knowledge of any person who takes the Aphrodite were unknowingly lend- utter a queer gasping sob. It seems "Tagg must have been talking," he the trouble to inquire at Mr. Fen- ing himself to an illegal quest, it was to him that she had only just succeed all of which the reader is familiar. He managed to say. "Please tell me what shawe's residence. Mr. Royson will the duty of an honest man to warn ed in smothering a scream. find, no doubt, that his friends follow- him. The agreement with von Kerber cheeks suddenly became ashen gray "Nothing beyond the fact that our ed that course when he failed to let stood in the way perhaps. In that and her tightly compressed lips we Austrian friend was set upon by some them know whither the vessel was case, it must be terminated. Such a bloodless. All her beauty fled, as the bighway robbers while driving from bound. But it is too hot to stand here resolve was rather bitter to the taste, tints of a rose die under certain van

would be a tame ending to an adven- not visible previously now puckets When opportunity served, Dick ture that promised so well in its ini- the corners of her mouth. urgent instructions that his nephew for Dick had no manner of doubt that with a flash of inspiration that

ious enough, Irene was manifestly urge you to cast aside all other con- firm ground, and when he asked him- Shall I call Miss Fenshawe?' surprised at the annoyance apparent siderations and return to England at self what was the definate charge he | She lifted an appealing hand, at would prefer against von Kerber his trembling essayed to drop her w that he was wroth because of the The second letter was even more ex- logic was brought to an abrupt halt. Her languid insolence had vanishe check imposed by the promise exacted plicit. "The person from whom I In plain English, he depended on a with her good looks. For the moment in London. If he told her of the theft received information of your where few words in the solicitor's letter, and she was a broken and despairing " of the papyrus, and explained the abouts," said Mr. Forbes, "has called these, in their turn, were probably in- man. few details he possessed with regard to on me to-day, and the facts he has spired by the one-sided statements of von Kerber's declared enemy, he laid before me demand your earnest the Austrian's avowed enemy, Alfieri, anguish in her voice would have would only add fuel to the distrust consideration. He is assured that the This consideration brought him back aroused sympathy in a nature far let already planted in her heart. That treasure-hunting expedition you have to the starting-point in his review of impressionable than Royson's. would achieve no tangible good, while joined is a compound of piracy and a puzzling situation. Fielding, who you could help me, and all of us, no casuistry would wipe away the rascality, in which Mr. Fenshawe is a ever he might be, had done the right and find Baron von Kerber, and to stain on his own honor. So here was dupe, having been misled by a man thing in placing his case before Mr. him-tell him- I sent you with he, burning with desire to assure her who has incurred the gravest suspi- Fenshawe by letter. It would serve message that there is one here who of his devotion, forced into silent pact cion of felony. The Italian Govern- to clear the ground, and give scope he must not meet. Oh, what shall with the very conspiracy she was de ment is taking steps to procure this for the interference of one who really say to make him understand?" person's arrest, and, whether or not had no cause of commplaint against "May I tell him that Alfieri is

that the movements of the Aphrodite ing at the queer manner in which when he witnessed their tremendous

8. Paton, of the Coldstream Guards, than a description of the frocks worn knowing of the existence of one doon I am told that ment of exceeding importance, acted twelve feet. The open railing of veranda was half as iar away on right and on Mrs. Haxton's Through the narrow rails they ; could see the opposite pavement, with its discolored throng of natives and the gloomy interiors of several small shops, while the white walls and close latticed windows of the upper stories seemed to be bleachingly visible in the slanting rays of a fierce afternoon sun.

Mrs. Haxton, apparently giving no heed to Royson, glanced listlessly the wrappers and postmarks. The task seemed to prove interesting. Soon she selected a periodical, and was about to open it when a remark from Irene caught her ear.

"That Italian standing in front of the grain-dealer's place seems to rooted to the ground with astonish. ment at seeing strangers in the hotel." said the girl, turning her smiling face towards her companion.

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Edmon

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"Them Dagos is impident pups at times, miss," replied Stump, his red eyes no doubt meeting the man's stare with a fixity that might have discor certed most gapers. "Does he know you, do you think?

gazing up here for the past two or three minutes." "I've booted a rare lot of I-talians

loafer I'd helped across a ship's gang. way at Genoa or Naules.' "But, captain," laughed Irene, "th man appears to be of a superior class." "Bless yer heart, miss, that's no him as a fiddler, an' I remembe once, at Brindisi, I pointed out to

Naturally enough, Mrs. Haxton at Dick looked for the person who

"What is it?" he asked neither "

Massowah?" "Anyhow," reflected Royson, smil- Dick almost regretted the word

The pity he could not with seemed to give her new strength. (To be continued.)

Sunday after of our young resentation of tage of the may river and spen over the glassy as far as Fenel some ones visit geon Point, bu

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