

The Captain of the Janizaries

By JAMES M. LUDLOW

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minged with all that could please a woman's eye, though she were the reigning beauty of a court instead of one brought up as a peasant in a distant province and largely ignorant of the arts of the toilet.

"Will my lady rest?" said the attendant in softest Greek.

Morsinia was familiar with this language, which was used more or less everywhere in Serbia and Albania, but she had never heard it spoken with such sweetness.

She began to fear that she had been mistaken for some great lady whose wardrobe was expected to be brought in massive chests and whose personal ornaments would rival the toilet treasures of the queen of Sheba. There entered opportunely several tire women laden with silks and linens, laces and shawls, every portion of female attire in every variety of color and shape.

The guest was about to question her attendants when one gave her a note, hastily written by Constantine and simply saying:

"Be surprised at nothing," Phranza had expressed to Constantine the deep interest of the emperor in the career of Scanderbeg and his plans for Morsinia.

"Scanderbeg," said he, "is the one hero of our degenerate age, the only arm not beaten nerveless by the blows of the Turk. I have asked nothing concerning yourself, my young man, nor need I know more than that such a chieftain is interested in you and your charge. Your great captain informs me (reading from a letter) that any service we may render you here will be counted as service to Albania, and that any favor we may bestow upon the lady will be as if shown to his own child. Is she of any kin to him?"

"I may not speak of that," replied the youth, "except to tell that her blood is noble and that General Castriot has made her safety his care. An Albanian means out to know that this is the will of our loving and wise chieftain to defend Morsinia with his life."

"It is enough," exclaimed Phranza. "If our distance from Albania and our own pressing difficulties and dangers do not allow us to send aid to your hero, we can show him our respect and gratitude by treating her, whom he would have as his child, as if she were our own. And now for yourself—well, you shall have what, if I mistake you not, your discreet mind and lusty muscles most crave—an opportunity to win your spurs," as the western knights would say. Events are thickening into a crash, the outcome of which no one can foresee, except that the Moslem or the Christian shall hold all from the

with their galleys. A gondola steathed in silver floated upon the waters of the Golden Horn like a white swan and was moored at the foot of the palace garden—the gift of the doge. Another, its counterpart, was in the harbor of Venice—the possession of the daughter of the doge, but waiting to join its companion if the imperial heart could be persuaded to accept with it the person of its princely owner. Better than the ideal marriage of Venice with the sea—the ceremony of which was annually observed—would be the marriage of the two seas, the Adriatic and the Aegean, and the reunion of their families of confuent waters under the double banner of St. Mark and Byzantium. But the Grand Duke Lucas Notaris, who was also grand admiral of the empire, declared openly that he would sooner hold alliance with the Turk than with a power representing that schismatic Latin church. The hereditary nobles protested against such a menace to social order as, in their estimate, a recognition of a republic like Venice would be. But it was believed that more potent in its influence over the emperor than these outcries was the whisper of Phranza that the silver gondola of Venice was fairer than its possessor and that queenly beauty awaited elsewhere the imperial embrace.

No habitue of the court knew less of this gossip than Morsinia herself, nor did she suspect any unusual attention paid her by the emperor to be other than an expression of regard for Castriot, whose ward she was known to be; or if when they were alone his manner betrayed a fondness she attributed it to his natural kindness of disposition or to that desire for recreation which persons in middle life, burdened with cares, find in the society of the young and beautiful, for no purpose of modesty could hide from Morsinia the knowledge which her mirror revealed. She had, too, the highest respect for the piety of the emperor, the deepest sympathy with him in his distress for the evils which were swarming about his realm and a true admiration for the courage of heart with which he bore up against them. It was therefore with a commingling of religious, patriotic and personal interest that she gave herself up to his entertainment whenever he sought her society. That she might understand him the better and be able to converse with him she learned from Phranza much of the history of recent movements both without and within the empire. So expert had she become in these matters that the chamberlain playfully called her his prime minister.

CHAPTER XXII.
ONE evening the lower Bosphorus and the Golden Horn were alive with barges and skiffs, which cut the glowing water with their spray plumed prows and flashing blades. The emperor, attended by one of his favorite pages, appeared upon the rocky slope which is now known as Seraglio point. A number of boats containing the ladies and gentlemen of the court drew near to the shore. It was the custom of his majesty to accept the brief hospitality of one and another of these parties and for the others to keep company with him, so that the evening sail was not unlike a saloon reception upon the water. The dais of Phranza's boat was on the evening to which we refer occupied by Morsinia alone, and as the rowers raised the oars in salute of his majesty he waved his hand playfully to the others, saying:

"The chamberlain is so occupied to-day that he has no time to attend to his own household. I will take his place, with the permission of the dove of Albania."

"Your majesty needs rest," said Morsinia, making place for him at her side on the dais, which filled the stern of the barge, and over which hung a silken awning. "Your face, sire, betokens too much thought today."

Throwing himself down, he replied lastly: "I would that our boat were seized by some sea sprite and borne swift as the lightning to where the sun yonder is making his rest, beyond the Hellespont, beyond the pillars of Hercules, beyond the world! But you shall be my sprite for the hour. Your conversation, so different from that of the court, your charming air about accent, and thoughts as natural as your mountain flowers, always lead me away from myself."

"I thank heaven, sire, if Jesu gives to me that holy ministry," replied she, blushing deeply and diverting the conversation. "But why are you so sad when everything is so beautiful about us? Is it right to carry always the burden of empire upon your heart?"

"Alas," replied he, "I must carry the burden as I can, for the time may not be far distant when I shall have no empire to burden me! Events are untoward. While Sultan Amurath lives, our treaty will prevent any attack upon the city, but if another should direct the Moslem affairs our walls yonder would soon shake with the assault of the enemy of Christendom. Nothing but the union of the Christian powers can save us."

"And you have the union with Rome?" suggested Morsinia.

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(Continued from page 3.)

"By gum," he grinned. "You're right. That would surprise anybody who tried to pick it up and run away with it."

"Rather," agreed Philip. "I am glad to say it is not going very far—only to a laboratory for analysis."

He saw his belongings wheeled away on a barrow before he paid the cabman liberally. He only gave the porter sixpence. The man believed that Philip was a clerk in charge of the minerals; he was grateful for even so small a sum.

On leaving the station, with the receipt for his luggage in his pocket, Philip saw the four-wheeler turning into the Strand, on its way back to Fenchurch Street. He smiled. The tie between East and West was severed. No matter what else might happen to it, his meteor had left John-John's Mews forever.

It was necessary to change his skin once before the metamorphosis he contemplated was complete. He was acquainted with a large outfitting emporium in Ludgate Hill which exactly suited his requirements, so he rode thither on a bus.

Passing Somerset House, he recalled the Jew's remark about getting his letter stamped. He did not know what stamping meant in a legal sense, but he guessed that it applied the affixing of a seal of some sort. There was no need to hurry over it, he thought.

At eleven o'clock Isaacstein would either keep his word about the five thousand pounds or endeavor to wriggle out of the compact. In either event, Philip had already determined to consult Mr. Abingdon.

He had in his pocket about thirty-eight pounds. Half an hour later he was wearing a new tweed suit, new hat and new boots; he had acquired a stock of linen and underclothing, an umbrella and an overcoat. Some of these articles, together with his discarded clothes, were packed in two leather portmanteaux, on which his initials would be painted by noon, when he would call for them.

He paid twenty-six pounds for the lot, and the man who waited on him tried in vain to tempt him to buy more. Philip knew exactly what he wanted. He adhered to his program. He possessed sufficient genuine luggage and clothing to be presentable anywhere. He had enough money to maintain himself for weeks if necessary. For the rest, another couple of hours would place it beyond doubt whether he was a millionaire or not; for, if Isaacstein failed him, London was big enough and wealthy enough to quickly decide that point.

He entered the Hatton Garden office as the clocks struck the hour. Some boys of his age might have experienced a malicious delight when the youthful Israelite on guard bounced up with a smirk and a ready: "Yessir. Vat iss it, sir?"

Not so Philip. He simply asked for Mr. Isaacstein, but he certainly could not help smiling at the expression of utter amazement when his identity dawned on his hearer.

"The Yessir, vil you please valk in" was very faint, though; the office boy ushered him upstairs as one in a dream, for he had been warned to expect Philip, a Philip in rags, not a smart, young gentleman like a bank clerk.

Isaacstein on this occasion looked and acted the sound man of business he really was.

He awaited Philip in his private office. He seemed to be pleased by the change affected in the boy's outward appearance. There was less of brusqueness, less outrage of his feelings, in discussing big sums of money with a person properly attired than with a tramp.

"Good-morning," he said, pleasantly. "You are punctual, I am glad to see. Have you been to Somerset House?"

"No," said Philip. "Why not? If you are going to control a big capital, you must learn business habits or you will lose it, no matter how large it may be."

"Would Somerset House compel you to pay me, Mr. Isaacstein?"

"Not exactly, but the stamping of important documents is a means toward that end, I assure you."

"I will see to it, but I wanted primarily to be certain of one of two things: First, will you pay me the five thousand pounds as promised? Second, will you give me a fresh purchase note for my diamonds which will not indicate so definitely that I am the boy concerning whom there has been so much needless publicity during the last few days?"

It was of no avail for Isaacstein to bandy words with Philip. A boy of fifteen who casually introduced such a word as "primarily" into a sentence, and gave a shrewd thrust about "needless publicity" to the person responsible for it, was not to be browbeaten even in business affairs.

The Jew whipped out a check book. "Am I to make out a check for five thousand pounds to 'Philip'?" he asked.

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"The Pall Mall Hotel." Isaacstein with difficulty choked back a comment. The Pall Mall Hotel was the most expensive establishment in London. He tossed the check and another document across the table.

"There you are," he said. "Come with me to my bank. You will excuse the hurry. I have a lot to do before I leave for Amsterdam to-night."

Philip saw that the acknowledgment of his diamonds appeared to be in proper form.

"There is no need at this moment to explain to the bank manager that I am the hero of the police court affair?" he asked.

"None whatever. I am lending you the money, and will be paying you a good deal more very soon. That will be sufficient. He may draw his own conclusions, of course."

Philip was now looking at the check.

"Why do you put 'account payee' between these two strokes?" he said. The Jew explained, and even found time to show him how to cross and indorse such important slips of paper.

Then they walked to the bank, a few doors away.

The elderly manager was obviously surprised by the size of the check and the youth of the "payee."

"Oh, this is nothing—a mere flea bite," said Isaacstein. "In a few days he will have ten times the amount to his credit."

"Well, Mr. Anson," said the manager, pleasantly, "I hope you will take care of your money."

"I want you to do that," smiled Philip, who was slightly non-pleased by the prefix to his name, heard by him for the first time.

"Oh, if you leave it with me it will be quite safe."

"I cannot leave all, but certainly I will not spend five thousand pounds in a week. I mean to buy some property, though, and—can I have a hundred now?"

"By all means."

Philip wrote his first check and received twenty crisp five-pound notes. Isaacstein stood by, smiling grimly. He had not yet got over the facial side of this extraordinary occurrence, and he was wondering what the bank manager would have said could he but see Philip as he, Isaacstein, saw him no later than the previous day.

"By the way," said Philip, whose heart was beating a little now, "suppose I wish to give a reference to anybody, will you two gentlemen answer for me?"

"The bank will always say whether or not your check will be honored to a stated amount. In other respects Mr. Isaacstein, who brought you here, will serve your purpose admirably—none better in the city of London," replied the banker.

Isaacstein placed both feet together and his head sank between his shoulders. He again reminded Philip of a top. The boy fancied that in a second or two he would begin to spin and purr. The bank manager's statement flattered the little man. It was the sort of thing he understood. Philip privately resolved to make this human top wobble when alone with him in the street again.

"One more question, and I have ended," he said. "Where is the best place to store some valuables?"

"It all depends on their nature. What are they? Plate, jewels, paper?" The Jew's ears were alert now, and the boy smiled faintly.

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off to Ludgate Hill, smiling graciously at Isaacstein as he whirled away. The Jew swayed gently through the crowd until he reached the office when he dropped limply into his chair. Then he shouted for his confidential clerk.

"Samuel," he murmured, "take charge, please. I'm going home. I want to rest before I start for Harwich. And Samuel!"

"Yes, sir."

"While I am away you might order another scales. In future we will sell diamonds by the pound like potatoes."

CHAPTER XI.
In Clover.

After picking up his belongings at the outfitter's, two smart Gladstone bags with "P.A." nicely painted on them, Philip stopped his cab at Somerset House. He experienced no difficulty in reaching the proper department for stamping documents, and thus giving them legal significance.

An official glanced at Isaacstein's contract note, and then looked at Philip, evidently regarding him as a relative or youthful secretary of the Philip Anson, Esq., Pall Mall Hotel, whose name figured on the paper.

"I suppose you only want this to be indicated?" he said.

"Yes," agreed Philip, who had not the remotest idea what he meant.

"Sixpence," was the curt rejoinder. Philip thought he would be called on to pay many pounds—some amount in the nature of a percentage of the sum named in the agreement. He produced the coin demanded, and made no comment. With stamp or without, he knew that Isaacstein would go straight in this preliminary undertaking. A single glimpse of the monster diamond in his pocket had made that quite certain.

For the rest, he was rapidly making out a plan which should secure his interests effectually. He hoped, before the day was out, to have set on foot arrangements which would free him from all anxiety.

From Somerset House he drove to the Pall Mall Hotel. A gigantic hall porter, looking like a youthful major-general in undress uniform, received him with much ceremony and ushered him to the office, where an urbane clerk instantly classed him as the want courier of an American family.

"I want a sitting room and bedroom suite," said Philip.

"One bedroom?" was the surprised query.

"Yes."

"How many of you are there, then?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

The clerk fumbled with the register. Precocious juveniles were not unknown to him, but a boy of Philip's type had not hitherto arisen over his horizon.

"A sitting room and a bedroom en suite?" he repeated.

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ed his name. He was then given a receipt for the payment on account, and then asked to be shown to his rooms himself—a smart page, who listened to the foregoing with deep interest—asked timidly whether the guest would go by the stairs or use the elevator.

"I will walk," said Philip, who liked to ascertain his bearings.

The partial nature of the apartments took him by surprise when he reached them. Although far from being the most expensive suite in the hotel, the surroundings were of a nature vastly removed from anything hitherto known to him.

Even the charming house he inhabited as a child in Dieppe contained no such luxury. His portmanteaux followed quickly, and a valet entered. Philip's quick ear caught the accent of a Frenchman, and the boy spoke to the man in the language of his country, pure and unadorned by the barbarisms of John Bull.

They were chatting about the weather, which, by the way, ever since the nineteenth of March had been extraordinarily fine, when there was a knock at the door and the manager entered.

Even the suave and diplomatic Monsieur Foret could not conceal the astonishment that leaped to his eyes when he saw the occupant of Suite F.

"I think you will find these rooms very comfortable," he said, for lack of aught better. A commissionaire was already on his way to the bank to ask if the check was all right.

"Are you the manager?" asked Philip, who was washing his hands.

"Yes."

"I am glad you called. One of your clerks seemed to be taken aback because a youngster like me engaged an expensive suite. I suppose the proceeding is unusual, but there is a reason why it should create excitement. It need not be commented on for instance?"

"No, no. Of course not."

"Thank you very much. I have a special reason for wishing to live at this hotel. Indeed, I have given the address for certain important documents. Will you kindly arrange that I may be treated like any ordinary person?"

"I hope the clerk was not rude to you?"

"Not in the least. I am only anxious to prevent special notice being taken of me. You see, if others get to know I am living here alone, I will be pointed out as a curiosity, and that will not be pleasant."

The request was eminently reasonable. The manager assured him that strict orders would be given on the point instantly, though he was quite certain, in his own mind, that inquiry would soon be made for the remarkable youth, perhaps by the police.

"You can leave us," said Philip to the valet in French.

(To be continued.)

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P. J. BREEN, Call at Simpson House, Lindsay, write Lindsay P. O.



An attendant gave her a note.

Euxine to the Adriatic. This double empire cannot long exist. Scanderbeg's arms alone are keeping the sultan from trying again the strength of our walls. A disaster there, an assault here! You serve the one cause whether here or there.

CHAPTER XXII.
ONE evening the lower Bosphorus and the Golden Horn were alive with barges and skiffs, which cut the glowing water with their spray plumed prows and flashing blades. The emperor, attended by one of his favorite pages, appeared upon the rocky slope which is now known as Seraglio point. A number of boats containing the ladies and gentlemen of the court drew near to the shore. It was the custom of his majesty to accept the brief hospitality of one and another of these parties and for the others to keep company with him, so that the evening sail was not unlike a saloon reception upon the water. The dais of Phranza's boat was on the evening to which we refer occupied by Morsinia alone, and as the rowers raised the oars in salute of his majesty he waved his hand playfully to the others, saying:



He leaped upon Constantine's boat.

Because of their past lives: 'Beware lest thou carry compunctions for the past after thou hast repented and prayed. That is to doubt God's grace.' But I am a child, sire, and should not speak thus to the emperor."

"A child?" said his majesty, gazing upon her superb form and strong womanly features. "Well, a child can see as far into the sky as the most learned and venerable, and your faith, my child, rests me more than all the earth-drawn assurances of my counselors. Where have you learned so to trust? I would willingly spend my days in the convent of Athos or Montserrat to learn it. But I fear me the holy monks have it not of so strong and serene a sort as yours."

"I have learned it, sire, as my heart has read it from my own life. My years are scarcely more numerous than my rescues have been, when to human sight there was no escape from death or what I dreaded worse than death. I have learned to hold a hand that I see not, and it has never failed. Nor will it fail the anointed of the Lord, for such thou art. But see, yonder comes my brother Constantine! I know him from his rowing. They who learn the oars on mountain lakes never get the stroke they have who learn it at the sea."

The emperor, turning in the direction indicated, frowned and said angrily: "Your brother has forgotten the regulations and is in danger of discipline for rowing within the lines allowed only to the court."

The boat came nearer not steadily, but turning to right and left, stopping and starting as if directed by something at a distance which the rower was watching.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10th, 1903. NO. The people all classes... Mrs. D. town city failure having mood of at Sprague ward. The moment walking man boy was paid seen on the sun bridge bound to Mr. B. wards, looking and at the t he saw a heap moment. The were et also s... USED A... Mr. citizen escape he wa for ho tured day a side lo bars of a sto towel. At... boy a we he the r his h... Mr. par...