Emulsion.

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Masquerader

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON, Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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ments restlessly, and now as he watch-

ed him a flicker of excitement crossed

his face. "God, Loder," he said again,

"'twas a relief to see you! I dreamed

I was in hell-a horrible hell, worse

than the one they preach about." He

voice shook pitiably.

silent and inert.

laughed to reassure himself, but his

Loder, who had come to fight, stood

"It was horrible-beastly," Chilcote

stone, but there was something worse.

It was a great ironic scheme of pun-

ishment by which every man was

chained to his own vice-by which the

thing he had gone to pieces over, in-

shivered nervously and his voice rose.

had had intellect, education, opportu-

nity, and Chilcote had deliberately cast

them aside. Fortifying himself in the

knowledge, he turned from the window

"Look here," he began, "you wrote

Chilcote glanced up quickly, His

mouth was drawn and there was a new

anxiety in his eyes. "Loder!" he ex-

claimed quickly. "Loder, come here!

Reluctantly Loder obeyed. Stepping

The other put up his hand and caught

his arm. His fingers trembled and jerk-

ed. "I say, Loder," he said suddenly,

"I-I've had such a beastly night-my

With a quick, involuntary disgust

Loder drew back. "Don't you think

we might shove that aside?" he asked.

But Chilcote's gaze had wandered

from his face and strayed to the dress-

ing table; there it moved feverishly

"Loder," he exclaimed, "do you see

-can you see if there's a tube of tab-

loids on the mantelshelf or on the

dressing table?" He lifted himself

nervously on his elbow, and his eyes

wandered uneasily about the room. "I

-I had a beastly night; my nerves are

horribly jarred, and I thought-I

With his increasing consciousness his

nervous collapse became more marked.

At the first moment of waking the re-

lief of an unexpected presence had sur-

mounted everything else, but now, as

one by one his faculties stirred his

wretched condition became patent.

With a new sense of perturbation

But again Chilcote caught his arm,

plucking at the coat sleeve. "Where is

it?" he said. "Where is the tube of

tabloids-the sedative? I'm-I'm oblig-

ed to take something when my nerves

vous tremor he forgot that Loder was

the sharer of his secret. Even in his

extremity his fear of detection clung

to him limply-the lies that had be-

come second nature slipped from him

without effort. Then suddenly a fresh

panic seized him, his fingers tightened

spasmodically, his eyes ceased to rove

about the room and settled on his

companion's face. "Can you see it,

Loder?" he cried. "I can't; the light's

in my eyes. Can you see it? Can you

see the tube?" He lifted himself

higher, an agony of apprehension in

Loder pushed him back upon the

pillow. He was striving hard to keep

his own mind cool, to steer his own

course straight through the chaos that

confronted him. "Chilcote," he began

once more, "you sent for me last night,

and I came the first thing this morn-

ing to tell you"- But there he stopped

With an excitement that lent him

strength, Chilcote pushed aside his

hands. "God," he said suddenly, "sup-

pose 'twas lost-suppose 'twas gone!"

The imaginary possibility gripped him.

He sat up, his face livid, drops of

perspiration showing on his forehead,

the property of the second of the second

his face.

Loder made his next attack.

"Chilcote," he began sternly.

from one object to another.

think"- He stopped.

closer to the side of the bed, he bent

for me last night." His voice was hard.

and moved slowly back to the bed.

He had come to fight.

nerves, you know"-

Come nearer!"

hand was limply grasping the pillow. while the other hung out over the side of the bed. His face, pale, almost earthy in hue, might have been a mask save for the slight convulsive spasms that crossed it from time to time and corresponded with the faint, shivering starts that passed at intervals over his whole body. To complete his repellent appearance, a lock of hair had fallen loose and lay black and damp across his forehead.

Loder stood for a space shocked and spellbound by the sight. Even in the ghastly disarray the likeness-the extraordinary, sinister likeness that had become the pivot upon which he himself revolved-struck him like a blow. The man who lay there was himself, bound to him by some subtle, inexplicable tie of similarity. As the idea touched him he turned aside and stepped quickly to the dressing table. There, with unnecessary energy, he flung back the curtains and threw the window wide. Then again he turned toward the bed. He had one dominant impulse, to waken Chilcote, to be free of the repulsive, inert presence that chilled him with so personal a horror. Leaning over the bed, he caught the shoulder nearest to him and shook it. It was not the moment for niceties,

and his gesture was rough. At his first touch Chilcote made no response-his brain, dulled by indulgence in his vice, had become a laggard in conveying sensations-but at last, as the pressure on his shoulder increased, his nervous system seemed suddenly to jar into consciousness. A long shudder shook him; he half lifted himself and then dropped back upon

"Oh!" he exclaimed in a frembling breath. "Oh!" The sound seemed drawn from him by compulsion. Its uncanny tone chilled Loder anew. "Wake up, man!" he said suddenly.

"Wake up! It's I-Loder." Again the other shuddered; then he turned quickly and nervously. "Loder?" he said doubtfully. "Loder?" Then his face changed. "Good God," he exclaimed, "what a relief!"

The words were so intense, so spontaneous and unexpected that Loder took a step back.

Chilcote laughed discordantly and lifted a shaky hand to protect his eyes from the light.

"It's-it's all right, Loder! It's all right! It's only that I-that I had a beastly dream. But, for heaven's sake, shut that window!" He shivered involuntarily and pushed the lock of damp hair from his forehead with a

weak touch of his old irritability. In silence Loder moved back to the window and shut it. He was affected more than he would own even to himself by the obvious change in Chilcote. He had seen him moody, restless, nervously excited, but never before had he seen him entirely demoralized. With a dull feeling of impotence and disgust he stood by the closed window, looking unseeingly at the roofs of the opposite

But Chilcote had followed his move-TRAGIC SUICIDE.

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At the sight Loder set his lips. "The tube is on the mantelshelf," he said

in a cold, abrupt voice. A groan of relief fell from Chilcote, and the muscles of his face relaxed. For a moment he lay back with closed eyes, then the desire that tortured him stirred afresh. He lifted his eyelids and looked at his companion. "Hand it to me," he said quickly. "Give it to Give it to me, Loder, quick as you can! There's a glass on the table and some whisky and water. The tabloids dissolve, you know"- In his new excitement he held out his hand.

But Loder stayed motionless. He had come to fight, to demand, to plead, if need be, for the one hour for which he had lived-the hour that was to satisfy all labor, all endeavor, all ambition. With dogged persistence he made one more essay.

"Chilcote, you wrote last night to recall me"- Once again he paused, checked by a new interruption. Sitting up again, Chilcote struck out suddenly with his left hand in a rush of

his old irritability. "D-n you!" he cried suddenly. "What are you talking about? Look at me! Get me the stuff. I tell you it's imperative." In his excitement his breath failed, and he coughed. At the effort his whole frame was shaken. Loder walked to the dressing table,

then back to the bed. A deep agitation was at work in his mind. Again Chilcote's lips parted. "Loder," he said faintly-"Loder, I must-I must have it. It's imperative." Once more he attempted to lift himself, but the effort was futile. Again Loder turned away.

"Loder"-With a flerce gesture the other turn-



He dropped the five tabloids one after another into the glass.

ed on him. "Good heavens, man!" he began. Then unaccountably his voice changed. The suggestion that had been hovering in his mind took sudden and definite shape. "All right!" he said in a lower voice. "All right!

Stay as you are." He crossed to where the empty tumbler stood and hastily mixed the whiskey and water, then crossing to the mantelpiece where lay the small glass tube containing the tightly packed tabloids he paused and glanced once more toward the bed. "How many?"

he said laconically. Chilcote lifted his head. His face was pitiably drawn, but the feverish brightness in his eyes had increased. "Five," he said sharply. "Five. Do you hear,

"Five?" Involuntarily Loder lowered the hand that held the tube. From previous confidences of Chilcote's he knew the amount of morphia contained in each tabloid and realized that five tabloids, if not an absolutely dangerous was at least an excessive dose, even for one accustomed to the drug. For

moment his resolution failed. Then the dominant note of his nature-the unconscious, fundamental egotism which his character was based-asserted itself beyond denial. It might be reprehensible, it might even be criminal to accede to such a request made by a man in such a condition of body and mind; yet the laws of the universe demanded self assertion-prompted every human mind to desire, to grasp and to hold. With a perception swifter than any he had experienced he realized the certain respite to be gained by yielding to his impulse. He looked at Chilcote with his haggard, anxious expression, his eager, restless eyes, and a vision of himself followed sharp upon his glance. A vision of the untiring labor of the past ten days, of the slowly kindling ambition, of the supremacy all but gained. Then, as the picture completed itself, he lifted his hand with an abrupt movement and dropped the five tabloids one after another into the

CHAPTER XXV. AVING taken a definite step in any direction, it was not in Loder's nature to wish it retraced. His face was set, but set with determination, when he closed Chilcote, his pitiable condition, his sordid environments, were things that required a firm will to drive into the background of the imagination, but a whole inferno of such visions would not have daunted Loder on that morning as, unobserved by any eyes, he left the little courtyard with its grass, its trees, its pavement-all so distastefully familiar-and passed down the Strand toward life and action.

As he walked his steps increased in speed and vigor. Now, for the first time, he fully appreciated the great mental strain that he had undergone in the past ten days-the unnatural tension; the suppressed but perpetual sense of impending recall; the consehis whole shattered system trembling and even existence had been carried on. ged itself out.

And as he hurried forward the natural

reaction to this state of things came upon him in a flood of security and confidence-a strong realization of the temporary respite and freedom for which no price would have seemed too high. The moment for which he had unconsciously lived ever since Chilcote's first memorable proposition was within reach at last, safeguarded by his own

The walk from Clifford's inn Grosvenor square was long enough to dispel any excitement that his interview had aroused, and long before the well known house came into view he felt sufficiently braced mentally and physically to seek Eve in the morning room, where he instinctively felt she would still be waiting for him. Thus he encountered and overpassed

the obstacle that had so nearly threatened ruin, and, with the singleness of purpose that always distinguished him, he was able, once having passed it, to dismiss it altogether from his mind. From the moment of his return to Chilcote's house no misgiving as to his own action, no shadow of doubt, rose to trouble his mind. His feelings on the matter were quite simple. He had inordinately desired a certain opportunity. One factor had arisen to debar that opportunity, and he, claiming the right of strength, had set the barrier aside. In the simplicity of the reasoning lay its power to convince, and were a tonic needed to brace him for his task he was provided with one in the masterful sense of a difficulty set at naught. For the man who has fought and conquered one obstacle feels strong to

It was on this day, at the reassembling of parliament, that Fraide's great blow was to be struck. In the ten days since the affair of the caravans had been reported from Persia public feeling had run high, and it was upon the pivot of this incident that Loder's attack was to turn, for, as Lakeley was fond of remarking, "In the scales of public opinion one dead Englishman has more weight than the whole eastern question." It had been arranged that, following the customary procedure, Loder was to rise after questions at the morning sitting and ask leave to move the adjournment of the house on a definite matter of urgent public importance, upon which-leave having been granted by the rising of forty members in his support-the way was to ne open for his definite attack at the evening sitting. And it was with a mind attuned to this plan of action that he retired to the study immediately he had breakfasted and settled to a final revision of his speech before an early party conference should compel him to leave the house. But here again circumstances were destined to change his programme. Scarcely had he sorted his notes and drawn his chair to Chilcote's desk than Renwick entered the room with the same air of important haste that he had shown on a

previous occasion. "A letter from Mr. Fraide, sir. But there's no answer," he said, with un-

Loder walted till he had left the room; then he tore the letter open. He

My Dear Chilcote - Lakeley is the recipient of special and very vital news from Meshed-unofficial, but none the less alarming. Acts of Russian aggression toward British traders are reported to be rapidly increasing, and it is stated that the authority of the consulate is treated with contempt. Pending a possible confirmation of this, I would suggest that you keep an open mind on the subject of tonight's speech. By adopting an anticipatory - even an unprepared - attitude you may find your hand materially strengthened. I shall put my opinions before you more explicitly when we meet. Yours faithfully, HERBERT FRAIDE.

The letter, worded with Fraide's usu al restraint, made a strong impression on its recipient. The thought that his speech might not only express spinions already tacitly held, but voice a situation of intense and national importance, struck him with full force. For many minutes after he had grasped the meaning of Fraide's message he sat neglectful of his notes, his elbows resting on the desk, his face between his hands, stirred by the suggestion that here might lie a greater opportu-

nity than any he had anticipated. Still moved by this new suggestion, he attended the party conclave that Fraide had convened and afterward lunched with and accompanied his leader to the house. They spoke very little as they drove to Westminster, for each was engrossed by his own thoughts. Only once did Fraide allude to the incident that was paramount in both their minds. Then, turning to Loder with a smile of encouragement, he laid his fingers for an instant on

"Chilcote," he had said, "when the time comes, remember you have all my confidence."

Looking back upon that day, Loder often wondered at the calmness with which he hore the uncertainty. To sit apparently unmoved and wait without emotion for news that might change the whole tenor of one's action would have tried the stoicism of the most experienced; to the novice it was well nigh unendurable. And it was under these conditions and fighting against these odds that he sat through the long afternoon in Chilcote's place, obeying the dictates of his chief. But if the the outer door of his own rooms and day was fraught with difficulties for passed quietly down the stairs and out him it was fraught with duliness and into the silent court. The thought of disappointment for others, for the undercurrent of interest that had stirred at the Easter adjournment and risen with added force on this first day of surely threatened with extinction as hour after hour passed bringing no suggestion of the battle that had on every side been tacitly expected. Slowly and unmistakably speculation and dissatisfaction crept into the atmosphere of the house as moment sucmade no sign. Was Fraide shirking the attack or was he playing a waiting game? Again and again the question arose, filling the air with a passing flicker of interest, but each time it sprang up only to die down again as quently high pressure at which work the ordinary business of the day drag-

Gradually, as the afternoon wore on, daylight began to fade. Loder, sitting rigidly in Chilcote's place, watched with suppressed inquiry the faces of the men who entered through the constantly swinging doors, but not one face, so eagerly scanned, carried the message for which he waited. Monotonously and mechanically the time passed. The government, adopting a neutral attitude, carefully skirted all dangerous subjects, while the opposition, acting under Fraide's suggestion, assisted rather than hindered the programme of postponement. For the moment the eagerly anticipated reassembling threatened dismal failure, and it was with a universal movement of weariness and relief that at last the house rose to dine.

But there are no possibilities so elastic as those of politics. At half past 7 the house rose in a spirit of boredom and disappointment, and at 8 o'clock the lobbies, the dining room, the entire space of the vast building, was stirred into activity by the arrival of a single telegraphic message.

The new development for which Fraide had waited came indeed, but it came with a force he had little anticipated. With a thrill of awe and consternation men heard and repeated the astounding news that, while personally exercising his authority on behalf of British traders, Sir William Brice-Field, consul general at Meshed, had been fired at by a Russian officer and instantly killed. The interval immediately following

the receipt of this news was too confused for detailed remembrance. Two ideas made themselves slowly felt-a deep horror that such an event could obtrude itself upon our high civilization and a strong personal dismay that so honored, distinguished and esteemed a representative as Sir William Brice-Field could have been allowed to meet death in so terrible a manner. It was in the consciousness of this

feeling, the consciousness that in his own person he might voice not only the feelings of his party, but those of the whole country, that Loder rose an hour later to make his long delayed He stood silent for a moment, as he

had done on an earlier occasion, but this time his motive was different. Roused beyond any feeling of self consclousness, he waited as by right for the full attention of the house; then quietly, but with self possessed firmness, he moved the motion for adjourn-

Like a match to a train of powder the words set fiame to the excitement that had smoldered for weeks, and in an atmosphere of stirring activity, a scene of such tense and vital concentration as the house has rarely witnessed, he found inspiration for his great achievement.

To give Loder's speech in mere words would be little short of futile. The gift of oratory is too illusive, too much a matter of eye and voice and individuality, to allow of cold reproduction. To those who heard him speak on that night of April 18 the speech will require no recalling, and to those who did not hear him there would be no substitute in bare reproduction.

In the moment of action it mattered nothing to him that his previous preparations were to a great extent rendered useless by this news that had come with such paralyzing effect. In the sweeping consciousness of his own ability he found added joy in the freedom it opened up. He ceased to contive, bound by traditional conventionalities. In that great moment he knew himself sufficiently a man to exercise whatever individuality instinct prompted. He forgot the didactic methods by which he had proposed to show knowledge of his subject, both as a past and a future factor in European politics. With his own strong appreciation of present things he saw and grasped the vast present interest lying beneath his

For fifty minutes he held the interest of the house, speaking insistently, fearlessly, commandingly on the immediate need of action. He unhesitatingly pointed out that the news which had just reached England was not so much an appalling fact as a sinister warning to those in whose keeping lay the safety of the country's interests. Lastly, with a fine touch of eloquence, he paid tribute to the steadfast fidelity of such men as Sir William Brice-Field, who, whatever political complications arise at home, pursue their duty unswervingly on the outposts of the empire.

At his last words there was silencethe silence that marks a genuine effect (To be continued.)

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