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THE-

By FRED M. WHITE Author of "Tregar hen's Wife," "The Robe of Lucifer,' Etc.

CHAPTER L

David Steel dropped his eyes from the mirror and shuddered as a man who sees his own soul bared for the first time. And yet the mirror was in itself a thing of artistic beauty-engraved Florentine glass in a frame of deep old Flemish oak. The novelist had purchased it in Bruges, and now it stood as a joy and a thing of beauty against the full red wall over the fireplace. And Steel had glanced at himself therein and seen murder in his

He dropped into a chair with a groan for his own helplessness. Men have done that kind of thing before when the cartridges are all gone and the

bayonets are twisted and broken and the brown waves of the foe come snarling over the breastworks. And then they die doggedly with the stones in their hands, and cursing the tardy supports that brought this black shame upon them.

But Steel's was ruin of another kind. The man was a fighter to his fingertips. He had dogged determination and splendid physical courage; he had gradually thrust his way into the front rank of living novelists, though the taste of poverty was still bitter in his mouth. And how good success was now

that it had come! People envied him. Well, that was pring. all in the sweets of the victory. They before his Oriental dishes and the choice pictures on the panelled walls. The whole thing was still a constant pleasure to Steel's artistic mind. The red shades, and the high artistic fittings soothed him and pleased him, and played upon his tender imagination. And behind there was a study, filled with books and engravings, and ed with the choicest blossoms. Steel the trentest ferms about him, and he could reach his left hand for his telechone and sail fiest Street to his ear it was all unique, delightful, th

irnam of an artistic soul realized three years before David Steel had worked in an attic at a hare deal table, pay for everything. Usually there was

But not to-night, Heaven help him, not to-night! Little grinning demons were dancing on the oak cornices. there mere mocking lights gleaming from Cellini tankards that Steel had given far too much money for. It had not seemed to matter just at the time. If all this artistic beauty had emptied Steel's purse there was a golden stream coming. What mattered it that the local tradesmen were getting a little restless? The great expense of the novelist's life was past. In two years he would be rich. And the pathos of the thing was not lessened by the fact that it was true. In two years' time Steel would be well off. He was terribly short of ready money, but he had just finished a serial story for which he was to be paid £500 within two months of the delivery of the copy: two novels of his were respectively in their fourth and fifth editions. But these novels of his he had more or less given away, and he ground his teeth as he thought of it. Still, everything spelt prosperity. If he lived, David

Steel was bound to become a rich man. And yet he was ruined. Within twenty-four hours everything would pass out of his hands. To all practical purposes it had done so already. And all for the want of £1,000! Steel had earned twice that amount during the past twelve months, and the fruits of his labor were as balm to his soul about him. Within the next twelve months he could pay the debt three times over. He would cheerfully have taken the bill and doubled the amount for six months' delay.

And all this because he had become sympathetic, until he had discovered | vantage to one another." that Steel had debts elsewhere, and then-

Well, he had signed judgment, and to-morrow he could levy execution.

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regiment, reconed rearrally from that.

Within a week his oak and silver would

have to be sold and the passion flower

would wither on the walls. Steel had not told anybody yet; the strong man had grappled with his trouble alone. Had he been a man of business he might have found some way out of the difficulty. Even his mother didn't know. She was asleep upstairs, perhaps dreaming of her son's greatness. What would the dear old mater say when she knew? Well, she had been a good mother to him, and it had been a labor of love to furnish the house for her as for himself. Per-

haps there would be a few tears in those gentle eyes, but no more. David lighted a cigarette and paced restlessly round the dining-room. Never had he appreciated its quiet beauty more than he did now. There were flowers, blood-red flowers, on the table under the graceful electric stand that steel had designed himself. He snapped off the light as if the sight pained him, and strode into his study. For a time he stood moodily gazing at his flowers and ferns. How every leaf there was pregnant with association. There was the Moorish clock droning the midnight hour. When Steel had brought that clock-

"Ting, ting, ting. Pring, pring, pring, pring. Ting, ting, ting, ting." But Steel heard nothing. Everything seemed as silent as the grave. It was only by a kind of inner consciousness that he knew the hour to be midnight. Midnight meant the coming of the last day. After sunrise some greasy lounger pregnant of cheap tobacco would come in and assume that he represented the sheriff, bills would be hung like banners on the outward walls, and

"Pring, pring, rring. Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, Pring, pring,

Bells, somewhere. Like the bells in praised his blue china, they lingered the valley where the old vicarage used to stand. Steel vaguely wondered who now lived in the house where he was born. He was staring in the most abconscious of the shrill impatience of the little voice. He saw the quick pulsation of the striker and he came back

Jefferies of the Weekly Messenger of course, Jefferies was fond of a late grimly, if Jefferies would lend the Hung himself down in a deep jounge-chair and placed the receiver to his ear. By the deed, hearse ciang of the wires, a long-distance mes-

London! Are you there?" London responded that it was clear, soft voice spoke at length. that you Mr. Steel? Are you guite alone? Under the circumstances

you are not busy to-night 3% Steel started. He had never heard the voice before. It was clear and soft and commanding, and yet there was just a suspicion of mocking irony in

"I'm not very busy to-night," Steel replied. "Who is speaking to me?" "That for the present we need not go into," said the mocking voice. "As certain old-fashioned contemporaries of yours would say, 'We meet as strangers!' Stranger yet, you are quite

"I am guite alone, Indeed, I am the only one up in the house." "Good. I have told the exchange people not to ring off till I have finished with you. One advantage of telephoning at this hour is that one is tolerably free from interruption. So your mother is asleep? Have you told her what is likely to happen to you be- hands?" fore many hours have elapsed?"

Steel made no reply for a moment. He was restless and ill at ease to-night, and it seemed just possible that his imagination was playing him strange tricks. But, no. The Moorish clock in its frame of celebrities droned the quarter after twelve; the scent of the Dijon roses floated in from the conser-

"I have told nobody as yet," Steel said, hoarsely. "Who in the name of Heaven are you?' "That in good time. But I did not think you were a coward."

"No man has ever told me so-face "Good again, I recognize the fighting ring in your voice. If you lack certain phases of moral courage, you are a getting short, and I have my risks as surety for an absconding brother. Steel | man of pluck and resource. Now, some well as others. Go at once to Old had put his pride in his pocket and in- | body who is very dear to me is at pres- Steine. Stand on the path close under terviewed his creditor, a little, polite, ent in Brighton, not very far from your the shadow of the statue of George mild-eyed financier, who meant to own house. She is in dire need of as- IV. and wait there. Somebody will say have his money to the uttermost far- sistance. You also are in dire need of 'Come,' and you will follow. Good thing. At first he had been suave and assistance. We can be of mutual ad-night."

"What do you mean by that?" Steel tinkle of his own bell told him that

"Let me put the matter on a business cigar-case on the writing-table, slipped footing. I want you to help my friend, his cigarette-case into his pocket, satis-Within a few hours the bottom would | and in return I will help you. Bear in fied himself that he had his latch-key fall out of the universe so far as Steel | mind that I am asking you to do and put on a dark overcoat. Overhead was concerned. Within a few hours | nothing wrong. If you will promise me the dear old mater was sleeping peace every butcher and baker and candle to go to a certain address in Brighton fully. He closed the front door carefully stick-maker would come abusively for 1 to-night and see my friend, I promise behind him and strode resolutely into | nim a queer reening mat a murder had his bill. Steel, who could have faced a I that before you sleep, the sum of the darkness

£1,000 in Bank or Engrand notes snan

be in your possession. No reply came from Steel. He could only hang gasping to the telephone.

the speaker resumed:my friend does not come to you. That must remain my secret, our secret. We are trusting you because we know you to be a gentleman, but we have enemies who are ever on the watch. All you have to do is to go to a certain place and give a certain woman information. You are thinking that this is a strange mystery. Never was anything stranger dreamt of in your philosophy. Are you

small, clear voice until it was almost

"Everything. I am trying to save you from ruin. Fortune has played you into my hands. I am perfectly aware that if you were not on the verge of social extinction you would refuse my request. It is in your hands to decide. You know that Beckstein, your creditor, is absorulely mercuess. He will get his money back and more besides. This is his idea of business. To-morrow you will be an outcast-for the time, at any rate. Your local creditors will be insolent to you; people will pity you or blame you, as their disposition lies. On the other hand, you have but to say the word and you are saved. You can go and see the Brighton representatives of Beckstein's lawyers, and pay them in paper of the Bank of England." "If I was assured of your bona-fides,"

umph, came over the wires. "I have anticipated that question Have you Greenwich time about you?" Steel responded that he had. It was five-and-twenty minutes past twelve. He had quite ceased to wonder at any questions put to him now. It was all

A queer little laugh, a laugh of tri

Steer murmured.

so like one of his brilliant little extravanganzas. "You can hang up your receiver for five minutes," the voice said. "Precisely at half-past twelve you go and look on your front doorstep. Then come back and tell me what you have found. You need not fear that I shall go

Steel hung up the receiver, feeling that he needed a little rest. His cigarette was actually scorching his left thumb and forefinger, but he was heedless of the fact. He flickered up the dining-room lights again and rapidly made himself a sparklet soda, which he added to a small whisky. He looked almost lovingly at the gleaming Cellini tankard, at the pools of light on the fair damask. Was it possible that he was not going to lose all this, after

The Moorish clock in the study droned the half-hour. David gulped down his whisky and crept shakily to the front door with a feeling on him that he was doing some thing stealthily. The bolts and chain rattled under his trembling fingers. Out. side, the whole world seemed to sleeping. Under the wide canopy of stars some black object picked out with shining points lay on the white marble breadth of the top step. A gun

metal cigar-case set in tiny diamonds The novelist fastened the front door and staggered to the study. A pretty artistic thing such as David had full ntended to purchase for himself. H had seen one exactly like it in a lewe ler's window in North Street. He ha bointed it but to his mother. Why, I about it! David had had the case his hands and had rejuctantly declined

pars, saft, grackling papers; the case was crammed with them. They were white and clean, and twenty-five land notes for £16 each £256! David fought the dreamy feeling of

and took down the telephone receiver "Are you there?" he whispered, as if fearful of listeners. "I-I have found

"Containing the notes. So far good. Yes, you are right, it is the same cigar-case you admired so much in Lockhart's the other day. Well, have given you an instance of bona-fides. But £250 is of no use to you at present. Beckstein's people would not accept it on account-they can make far more money by 'selling you up,' as the poetic phrase goes. It is in your hands to procure the other £750 before you sleep. You can take it as a gift, or, if you are too proud for that, you may regard it as a loan. In which case you can bestow the money on such charities as commend themselves to you. Now, are you going to place yourself entirely in my

Steel hesitated no longer. Under the circumstances few men would, as he had a definite assurance that there was nothing dishonorable to be done. A little courage, a little danger, perhaps, and he could hold up his head before the world; he could return to his desk to-morrow with the passion flowers over his head and the scent groves sweet to his nostrils. And the mater could dream happily, for there would be no sadness or sorrow in the morn-

"I will do exactly what you tell me,"

"Spoken like a man," the voice cried. "Nobody will know you have left the nouse-you can be home in an hour. You will not be missed. Come, time is

Steel would have said more, but the the stranger had rung off. He laid his CHAPTER IL

David walked swiftly along, his mind not have spoken at that moment for in a perfect whirl. Now that once he had started he was eager to see the adventure through. It was strange, but Many a strange and weird plot came stranger things had happened. More and went in that versatile brain, but than one correspondent with queer per- smiled to himself. "Modern, solid, ex- burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or never one more wild than this. Ap- sonal experiences had taught him that. parently no reply was expected, for Nor was Steel in the least afraid. He "I am asking you to do no wrong. humiliation, but physical courage he solid and respectable, of the middle You may naturally desire to know why had in a high degree. And was he not class. What brings them playing at going to save his home and his good mystery like this?"

> have abandoned the adventure now. His spirits rose as he walked along, land notes for £10 each. a great weight had fallen from his shoulders. He smiled as he thought of his mother peacefully sleeping at home. knew? But, then, nobody was to know. That nad been expressly settled in the

Save for an occasional policeman the streets were deserted. It was a little cold and raw for the time of year, and a fog like a pink blanket was creeping in from the sea. Down in the Steine

the Dig arc-nguts greamed here alithere like nebulous blue globes; it was hardly possible to see across the road. In the half-shadow behind Steel the statue of the First Gentleman in Europe glowed gigantic, ghost-like in

It was marvellously still there, so still that David could hear the tinkle of the pebbles on the beach. He stood back by the gate of the gardens watchthe pavement, quaint patterns of fantastic designs thrown up in high relief by the arc-light above. From the dark foggy throat of St. James's Street came the tinkle of a cycle bell. On still a night the noise seemed bizarre and out of place. Then the cycle loomed in sight; the rider, muffled and humped over the front wheel, might have been a man or a woman. As the cyclist flashed by something white and gleaming dropped into the road, and the single word "Come" seemed to cut like a knife through the fog. That was all: the rider had looked neither to the right nor to the left, but the word was distinctly uttered. At the same instant an arm dropped and a long finger pointed to the gleaming white square in the road. It was like an instantaneous photograph-a flash, and the figure had vanished in the fog.

tered. "Evidently my shadowy friend has dropped a book of rules in the road for me. The plot thickens." It was only a plain white card that lay in the road. A few lines were typed on the back of it. The words might

have been curt, but they were to the

"This grows interesting," Steel mut-

"Go along the sea front and turn into Brunswick Square. Walk along the right side of the square until you reach No. 219. You will read the number over the fanlight. Open the door and it will yield to you; there is no occasion to knock. The first door inside the hall leads to the dining-room. Walk into there and wait. Drop this card down the gutter just opposite you."

David read the directions once twice carefully. He made a mental note of 219. After that he dropped the card down the drain-trap hearest at hand cycle bell trilling as if in approval mind to observe every rule of game. Besides, he might be

the the solid result before his eye Ha was ready to see the thing throug varia Street, along Western Boad. hear the purring tinkle of the cy hell hefere him. But not once did catch sight of the shadowy rider.

All the same his heart was beating little faster as he turned into Bruns wick Square. All the houses were pitchy darkness, as they naturally would be at one o'clock in the morning so it was only with great difficulty that Steel could make out a number here and there. As he walked slowly and hesitatingly along the cycle bell drum med impatiently ahead of him. "A hint to me," David muttered

Stupid that I should have forgotten the fanlight. Also it is logical to sup pose that I am going to find lights a No. 219. All right, my friend; no need to swear at me with that bell of yours.' He quickened his pace again and

finally stopped before one of the big houses where lights were gleaming from the hall and dining-room windows. They were electric lights by their great power, and, save for the hall and dining-room, the rest of the house lay in utter darkness. The cycle bell let off an approving staccato from behind the blankety fog as Steel pulled

There was nothing abnormal about the house, nothing that struck the adventurer's eye beyond the extraordinary vividness of the crimson blind. The two side-windows of the big bay were evidently shuttered, but the large centre gleamed like a flood of scarlet overlaid with a sliken sheen. Far across the pavement the ruby track struck into the heart of the fog.

"Vivid note," Steel murmured. "I shall remember that impression." He was destined never to forget it, but it was only one note in the gamut of adventure now. With a firm step he walked up the markle flight and turned the handle. It felt dirty and rusty to the touch. Evidently the servants were neglectful, or they were employed by people who had small regard for

outward appearances. The door opened noiselessly, and Steel closed it behind him. A Moorish lantern cast a brilliant flood of light upon a crimson carpet, a chair, and an empty oak umbrella-stand. Beyond this there was no atom of furniture in the hall. It was impossible to see beyond the dining-room door, for a heavy red velvet curtain was drawn across. David's first impression was the amazing stillness of the place. It gave been committed there, and that everybody had fled, leaving the corpse behind. As David coughed away the lump

in his throat the cough sounded strangely hollow. He passed into the dining-room and looked eagerly about him. The room was handsomely furnished, if a little conventional—a big mahogany table in the centre, rows of mahogany chairs upholstered in morocco, fine modern prints, most of them artist's proofs on

by a pair of vases, stood on the mantelshelf. There were a large number of blue vases on the sideboard. The red distemper had faded to a pale pink in

pensive, but decidedly inartistic. Ginger jars fourteen guineas a pair, worth | kindred symptoms? was horribly frightened of disgrace or about as many pence. Moneyed people,

The room was most brilliantly light-David had not the least doubt on 'ed both from overhead and from the the latter score. Of course he would walls. On the shining desert of the do nothing wrong, neither would he dining-table lay a small, flat parcel adkeep the money. This re preferred to dressed to David Steel, Esq., The novelregard as a loan-a loan to be paid off ist tore off the cover and disclosed a before long. At any rate, money or no heap of crackling white papers bemoney, he would have been sorry to neath. Rapidly he fluttered the crisp sheets over-seventy-five Bank of Eng-

price paid for Steel's presence. All he had to do now was to place the money "You have taken me at a disadvan- What would his mother think if she in his pocket and walk out of the house. A few steps and he would be free withnobody to say him nay. It was a temp- of proper strength, from the roots of the tation, but Steel fought it down. He slipped the precious notes into pocket and buttoned his coat tightly over them. He had no fear for the coming day now.

"And yet," he murmured, "what of the price I shall have to pay for this?" Well, it was worth a ransom. And. so long as there was nothing dishonorable attached to it, Steel was prepared to redeem his pledge. He knew perfectly well from bitter experience that the poor man pays usurious rates for fortune's favors. And he was not without a strange sense of gratitude. If-Click, click, click. Three electric switches were snapped off almost ing the play of the leaf silhouettes on | simultaneously outside, and the diningroom was plunged into pitchy darl

> ness. Steel instantly caught up a chair. He was no coward, but he was a novelist with a novelist's imagination. As he stood there the sweetest, most musical laugh in the world broke on his ear. He caught the swish of silken drapery and the subtle scent that suggested the fragrance of a woman's hair. It was vague, undefined, yet

"Pray be seated, Mr. Steel," the silvery voice said. "Believe me, had there been any other way, I would not have | Open the Year Round. given you all this trouble. You found the parcel addressed to you? It is an earnest of good faith. Is not that a cor-

David murmured that it was. But what did the speaker mean? She asked the question like a student of the English language, yet her accent and phrasing were perfect. The laughed again noiselessly, and once more Steel caught the subtle, entrancing perfume. "I make no further apology for drag-

ging you here at this time," the sweet voice said. "We knew that you were in the habit of sitting up alone late at night, hence the telephone message. You will perhaps wonder how we came to know so much of your private affairs. Rest assured that we learnt nothing in Brighton. Presently you may gather why I am so deeply interested in you: I have been for the past fortnight. You see, we were not quite certain that you would come to our assistance unless we could find some means of coercing you. Then we go to one of the smartest inquiry agents in world and say: 'Tell us all about Mr. David Steel without delay, Money is no object.' In less than a week we know all about Beckstein. We leave matters till the last moment. If you only knew how revolting it all was!"

dam," Steel said, drily, trouble, and we found a war to get you fortnight age last Monday you posted to Mr. Vanstone, editor of the Picca: dily Masazine, the synonsis of the first ial for the journal in question. apan that story with a young and beau-

"Yes," Steel said, faintly. "It is just as you suggest. But how-Never mind that, because I am not going to tell you. In common parlance -is not that the word?-that woman is in a frightful fix. There is nothing strained about your heroine's situation, because I have heard of people being in a similar plight before. Mr. Steel, I want you to tell me truthfully and candidly, can you see the way clear to save your heroine? Oh, I don't mean by the long arm of coincidence or other favorite ruses known to your craft. I mean by common sense, logical methods, by brilliant ruses, by fachiavelian means. Tell me, do you

The question came eagerly, almost ploringly, from the darkness. David ould hear the quick gasps of his questioner, could catch the rustle of the silken corsage as she breathed. "Yes," he said, "I can see a brilliant

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