

Maulikeck, the Lion-Tamer.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS, Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Masset," "On a False Charge," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.

"Mutterelli, I want to ask you a question."

It was the second day of my renewed life and I felt much stronger, and had been watching Mutterelli with a feeling of amusement as he pattered around, doing this and that for his own comfort and mine.

"Ask it, signor," he replied. "There is no law in the grotto to compel me to answer it if I don't want to."

"No," I said. "But there is no reason why you should not tell me this, if you know. Have you any idea who really killed Pacho Maligni?"

Everything dropped from Mutterelli's hands, and he stared at me, seemingly overcome with surprise.

"Who killed—who—what killed Maligni? What is that, signor? Oh, yes, I forgot. No, signor, I do not know who killed Maligni. You did not kill him?"

"No," I replied. "I swear it. I did not even see him struck. I was outside of the villa making my way to the gate with Nita Barloti, when I heard him cry out and heard the alarm given. I saw him when I was on the balcony, but he got up from his chair and left the room. The next time I saw him, he was lying dead. I am as much in the dark about it as any one."

Mutterelli whistled. "This is news to me, signor. I thought, of course, you killed Maligni. But if you did not, then who the deuce did?"

"I don't know. That is what I want to know."

"You shall know, signor," said Mutterelli, and his jaw snapped. "Nearly a month has been wasted in this, perhaps, I could have run the murderer down and set you free. But I will do it yet, signor. Do not fear. I will know who the murderer of Maligni is in less than sixteen days more."

"Find him," I said, "and the twenty-five thousand lire that I promised you shall be doubled."

"Ah! Thank you, signor. Mutterelli is faithful, but he is poor. Therefore he is grateful. I must see Brother Michael to-day. If I can find him."

The last sentence seemed to be an afterthought. My own opinion was that if the wily Mutterelli wanted to see Brother Michael he would not need to go far—a mirror would show him the Jesuit's face.

That afternoon Mutterelli went away and did not return until long into the night. When he did come in, he breathed heavily, and seemed like a man who had been drinking much wine.

I lay there in silence watching him, as in the dim light of the candle he moved about preparing to go to bed.

In a far corner of the grotto, upon some boards laid lengthwise, some furs like those on which I lay had been placed. Upon this rude couch Mutterelli stretched himself, and was soon snoring away as if he was resting on the softest bed in his probably comfortable home in Genoa. And as I thought of it I laughed softly to myself. It was probably a strange place for Mutterelli to be sleeping. Yet more than that, the thought came to me that it was a strange couch for a monk. And laughing again at Mutterelli's clumsy attempts to deceive me, I fell asleep.

The days passed slowly after this, yet I minded rapidly, and my returning strength brought renewed ambition and stronger determination to carry to a successful issue the purposes that had brought me to Sardinia. But I could get nothing out of Mutterelli. I plied him with questions about the monk and about the prefetto and about Nita Barloti, but all I got, day after day, were reiterated cautions about leaving the grotto and vague and misty sentences about great plans being laid for my benefit by Mutterelli and "Brother Michael."

Nita Barloti was still at the country residence of the prefetto, and Mutterelli informed me that it was rumored that she would soon become the bride of Count di Fordino. I could not see how or wherein the count was any improvement over Pacho Maligni, but Mutterelli partially reassured me by saying that the count would not be allowed to wed her, for when he and Brother Michael had got my affairs straightened out, they would attend to the case of the Count di Fordino and his proposed marriage.

All this was pacifying and almost satisfying in the early days of my convalescence, but there came a day when I was no longer weak, and when the blood, full of life, rushing through my body, gave me vigor and a desire to go outside again into the world and see for myself what was going on, and do for myself what I had become convinced no one else would be able to do for me.

It was on one of these days, when Mutterelli was away, that the spirit of unrest seized me, and I grew impatient and nervous at my enforced idleness.

Mutterelli, with his usual regard for my comfort, had procured in some way a supply of good cigars, and I sat on my bed, with my back against the perpendicular wall of marble, smoking one of these.

Slipping from my couch, I leaned unsteadily around the grotto, grumbling inwardly at the unpleasant delay in my plans, and thinking hard, trying to help myself out of my present difficulty.

I was surprised, when approaching the entrance in my aimless ramble, to see letters carved in the rock away to the right of the arch. Stepping to this spot, I read the words easily, so deeply and evenly were they cut into the marble:

"HENRY THORLANE, I Will Avenge."

The same words and in the same form as I had found them in the cell in the Torre dell' Elefante.

Henry Thorlane then, was no doubt the former occupant of the cave. But now a puzzling question arose: When could he have carved these letters in the grotto? Previous to his arrest he would, for all I knew, taking Mutterelli's story into the matter, have no cause for vengeance. And Mutterelli had said that he was in the monastery, from which there could be no escape. Yet there was his name and his motto—his war-cry—carved in letters that would last for centuries, in the marble rock before me. One of two things was certain. Mutterelli did not know all the story before Thorlane's arrest, or he did not know what had happened afterward.

It was possible that Thorlane had escaped, made his home in the grotto, and had been captured again. Or—and as I thought this, my heart stood still a second—what if Mutterelli was right and Thorlane had been put in the monastery and had gained the confidence of the superior and had joined the order unknown to the prefetto or anybody outside the Jesuit circle inside the monastery walls! And if so, then, perhaps, Mutterelli was Mutterelli and no one else, and the monk who had rescued me was Henry Thorlane.

Still pondering upon this, I began to look still farther for evidence of Henry Thorlane's occupancy. I found no more letters, but I did find a trap-door. My fingers came in contact with an iron ring. I knew it must have been placed there for a purpose. I pulled it. It did not move, and I lighted a candle, for the ring was in a dark portion of the grotto, and closely examined the place. I found that the ring was fastened to a wooden cover, which was held in place by two large pieces of rock which were laid upon it. These I rolled away, and the trap-door came up easily. The opening thus made led into a small, cellar-like hole, and lying on the floor was a wooden box or chest kind of trunk. I managed to get this out, and opened it. It contained clothing of various kinds, masks, beards, wigs, in fact, everything that was needed for a complete disguise. And as I examined this most fortunate find I chuckled aloud.

I would be free! And Nita Barloti should at last know who she was, and be placed in possession of her own.

Circumstances seemed to favor me. Mutterelli came to the grotto late in the afternoon of the day on which I found the trunk of clothing, and remained to supper.

After supper we smoked in silence. Mutterelli finished his cigarette and seemed to be preparing to leave.

"You are going away, Mutterelli?" I said.

"Yes, signor. I shall not be back to-night."

I did not want him back, and when at last he had taken his departure I again opened the trap door and took out the trunk. I pulled out the entire contents and spread them over the floor of the grotto, that I might more successfully choose the most complete disguise.

Having made my selection, I proceeded to put on first a pair of heavy shoes. I doffed my prison suit and enfolded myself in the most skillfully devised waist or vest that could have been made. It was a stuffed affair, and, fitting close to my figure, made me look at least forty pounds heavier than I really was. I pulled a pair of long, much-worn black trousers onto my legs, and over the stuffed vest I put a long black coat. I found a black beard, with a long, black, curling mustache, that easily fitted my face, and could be securely fastened on by moistening with my breath some gummed strips on the under side.

My eyebrows were brown, but I found plenty of cosmetics and dyeing materials, and soon made my eyebrows match the beard in color.

Having thoroughly convinced myself that I was under a complete disguise, I set out from the grotto, first making up some unimportant things into a pack, and slinging it over my shoulder on a stick.

I passed a few people, none of whom paid any attention to the weary old Jew plodding along on his way to Cagliari.

It was about eleven o'clock when I arrived at a point near the villa of the prefetto, and I stood a moment as if resting. Several persons passed me, none of whom looked at me the second time. But a map passed me at whom I looked again and again.

He was a small man, an Italian, and wore mustaches, waxed and curled to points. I recognized him at once. It was Dambo, the man whom I had seen in Madison Square Garden set fire to the rope of Barloti's trapeze. What devilment might he be up to now, and what, perhaps, did he know about Maligni's death?

I resolved to follow him, and, picking up my pack, I plodded along behind him.

He led me along the road, and then he climbed a wall. By this means he could skirt the villa grounds on the side, passing through the adjoining property. I could not follow him, and

stood in the road looking after him, studying in my mind what to do next.

As I stood there I saw a monk approaching. I recognized him as Bro. Michael at once.

When he drew near to me he seemed to start and show evidences of surprise. I stepped quickly to him.

"Brother Michael," I said, "do you know me?"

"I know you, son," was the reply, and then I noticed that the soft voice had none of Mutterelli's Italian accent. "Why are you here in spite of Mutterelli's warning? Do you not know that your life is in danger?"

"I know it, Brother Michael," I said, "but look at the retreating figure skulking along the fence of the prefetto's grounds. Can you see him well?"

"I see him, son." "His name is Dambo. I saw that man make a deliberate attempt to kill Nita Barloti in New York. He probably knows more about the murder of Maligni than he would care to tell. No doubt he will kill the girl now if he has an opportunity."

Brother Michael seemed lost in thought for a moment. "He is a dangerous man, son," he said finally. "Come, let us meet this Dambo and learn from him something of his purpose here."

I followed the monk, and together we went around the prefetto's grounds to meet Dambo in the rear. When he saw us coming he stood a moment as if irresolute, and the monk motioned for him to approach.

"My son," said the monk, who was now firmly fixed in my mind as Henry Thorlane, "your movements around the villa of the prefetto have been watched with suspicion. Danger lurks in the air when skulking men are seen in shaded places. Is it not so?"

Dambo bowed his head as if abashed by the implied accusation of the monk.

"It is so, father," he replied. "But no danger lurks where Dambo goes. I come to warn the prefetto, father."

"To warn the prefetto, son?" said the monk. "This is a strange place, indeed, to find one who seeks to warn the prefetto. You must explain better than this your strange actions, son."

"I know whom I would meet, father," replied the wily scoundrel. "I have seen you of late walking around the prefetto's grounds outside the wall. I know you were friendly to the prefetto, and that I might trust you. I came to meet you, father, and through you convey my warning to the prefetto."

"Ah, son, your zeal is to be commended," said the monk. "But tell me, son, what is your message to the prefetto?"

"It is this, father. The villa of the prefetto is to be attacked at midnight—this very night, father—by the Count di Fordino and his hired assassins and bandits, for the purpose of securing the Signorina Barloti and to carry her away for his own evil purposes. It is this that I came to tell the prefetto, father."

The monk seemed to be communing with himself for a moment. Then he said: "But how is it, son, that the Count di Fordino seeks thus to desecrate the house of the prefetto and to win his bride by force, when it has been long understood that the hand of the signorina would be given him in marriage by his friend the prefetto?"

"Ah, father, it is a case of money. It seems that the prefetto has befriended the count greatly in the past, and now he demands from the count the payment of a large sum of money for the signorina before he will allow her to become the bride of Fordino. And the count, while he consents to this while talking to the prefetto, plots to take the signorina by force and not pay the prefetto any money."

(To be continued.)

Early Birds. An English nobleman in ill health was out one morning early, wearily taking a constitutional. Walking along his game preserves, he turned a sharp corner and came face to face with an Irishman who had the reputation of being an inveterate poacher.

Putting his hands and what they held behind him, he preserved a perfectly virtuous aspect, while the gentleman hailed him cordially with, "Good morning, Pat."

"Good mornin, yer haner. An' phwat brings yer haner out so airy this mornin'?" "I'm just walking around, Pat, to see if I can get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?"

"Och be jabbers. O'm jest a-walkin' around to see if OI can't git a breakfast fer me oppetite!"

Long-Lived and Prolific Family. It is not easy to find a family which has five generations, but there is such a family at Ensvil, near Liege. The two oldest members are aged respectively eighty-seven and eighty-six years. They had fourteen children. Nicholas, the eldest of these, married at Liege and still lives there. His oldest daughter, Jeanne, married in her turn and had a daughter, who is also married and the mother of three children. The family's name is Vielvoye-Lognard, and its home is in the Rue de Verriers. Sixty-five members are living to-day and a paternal uncle of Mme. Vielvoye-Lognard died recently at the age of 107 years.

Lost Letters in London. One hundred thousand letters are posted in the wrong boxes in London every day.

Russia's Mercantile Marine. The Russian mercantile marine has 745 steamers and 3,293 sailing vessels.

Illinois News Items

State Happenings Succinctly Told by Our Special Correspondents

ILLINOIS FARMERS' INSTITUTE

Executive Committee Seeks Seed Corn for Prize Contests Next Fall.

The executive committee of the Illinois State Farmers' Institute has held a meeting in Springfield and outlined the program for the next meeting of the institute, which is to be held in Bloomington during February next. Secretary Hostetter has been authorized to negotiate with raisers of seed corn for a quantity to be given to farmer boys and girls with which to grow corn for their prize contest next fall. This experiment in the way of improving the quality of seed corn and the methods of corn growing was very successful in Sangamon and other counties the past year, and will be tried again.

CHRISTENS TALL SMOKESTACK

Marselles Telephone Girl Displays Remarkable Daring.

Miss Ada Tryon, the handsome young woman who ascended to the top of the new smokestack of Boyce's paper factory at Marselles and christened this lofty column of industry, is



MISS ADA TRYON.

a telephone girl quite well known and popular in that section. On her return to earth Miss Tryon was presented with a gold watch and a bunch of roses by Mr. Boyce and was made an honorary member of the American Federation of Labor. The new smokestack is 162 feet high.

Second Crops Thrive.

W. H. Dillon, residing in a suburb of Virginia, has ripe strawberries on his vines, and many families are enjoying the second crop of new potatoes, lettuce and other vegetables. A pumpkin raised by Lafayette Angier measures five feet six inches in length, six feet in circumference and weighs an even 100 pounds.

Bequeaths \$5 to Husband.

The will of the late Mrs. Lottie M. Ramseyer of Taylorville has been filed for probate in the county court. She bequeaths \$5 to her husband, Christian Ramseyer, and gives the residue of her property to her sister, Mrs. Sophia Umbenhowar of Owaneco. Joseph Umbenhowar is named as executor of the will.

Wants to Be Postmistress.

Mrs. Millie Jackson of Salem has announced her candidacy for re-election to the position of postmistress of the Illinois house of representatives, a position which she has held during the last two sessions. Mrs. Jackson is the widow of the late Capt. James S. Jackson.

Kills His Cousin.

Florence Allen of Greenville, a girl about 16 years of age, was shot by her cousin, Curtis Allen. Allen was examining a 28-caliber revolver, which was accidentally discharged, with the result above noted. The girls died as the result of her injuries.

Bonus for Coal Mine.

The town of Pocahontas has raised a bonus of \$2,000 to secure a coal mine, and it is expected that work will be commenced in a few weeks. Several years ago a vein of coal over six feet in depth was found on a farm near the railroad depot.

Christian County Teachers.

The annual meeting of the teachers of Christian county will be held the Friday and Saturday following Christmas. County Supt. O. T. Bright of Cook county will be present and deliver an address, which he will illustrate with stereopticon views.

Physical Directors Unite.

The physical directors of Jacksonville have formed a permanent organization. D. M. Doran of the school for the blind is president and Miss Margaret Johnson of the woman's college secretary and treasurer.

Sues Railway Company.

City Attorney George W. Smith of Salem has instituted seven suits against the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern railroad company for violation of the speed ordinance. In case of conviction the fine may be on each count from \$25 to \$150.

Church Nears Completion.

The work of completing the Methodist church in New Baden will soon be commenced. The contract has been awarded to Edwin Fink of Carlyle. The edifice will cost about \$5,000.

COUNTY INSTITUTE OFFICERS

Randolph Farmers Select Men to Lead in Work the Coming Year.

The Randolph county farmers' institute, in session at Sparta, adjourned after electing the following officers: George W. Orison, Sparta, president; J. B. Bratney, Preston, vice president; N. R. Leasly, Houston, secretary; Wm. M. Beattie, Sparta, treasurer; John Breckinridge, of Blair, Ed. I. Thompson of Evansville, W. C. Patton of Sparta, executive committee. The Domestic Science association, the women's auxiliary to the institute, elected Mrs. Wm. A. McIntyre president, Mrs. N. R. Leasly, vice president, Mrs. Nellie Moreland secretary, Mrs. W. C. Patton assistant secretary and Mrs. R. J. Craig treasurer.

Railroad Assessment.

The aggregate assessment of the rolling stock of the railroads in the state for this year, as practically agreed upon by the railroad committee of the state board of equalization, will be about \$11,000,000, as against \$15,000,000 last year. It is evident to the committee that it has been placing too high a valuation upon this class of property, which deteriorates rapidly from year to year. The committee proposes, however, to add this reduction of \$4,000,000 to the assessment of main track. As the distribution of assessments of rolling stock and main track is the same, the plan proposed will make no reduction or change of taxes.

Masonic Trustee.

Mr. P. W. Barclay of Cairo has been appointed a member of the board of trustees of the Illinois Masonic home to be built near Sullivan. Some time ago a fine farm of 264 acres in Moultrie county was bequeathed to the grand lodge of Illinois, with the proviso that it be used as a site for a home for Masons' widows and orphans. The gift was accepted, and the grand lodge has appropriated \$25,000 for the building. Ample provision has also been made for the future maintenance of the home.

Raze Old Church for New.

After having served as a house of worship for forty-two years, the African Methodist Episcopal church at the corner of Moultrie avenue and Twenty-first street, Mattoon, has been torn down to make way for a new edifice. The church was built in 1860, there being a membership of seventy-five persons, most of whom had been slaves.

Verdict for Miners.

At Springfield two verdicts have been rendered against the Riverton coal company in favor of John E. Shepherd, \$5,000, and Charles Shepherd, \$8,000. The father and son were employed in the mine of the defendant company and were badly injured by an explosion of coal dust in January last. The case occupied four days of the court's time.

To Construct Reservoir.

T. N. Orr of the construction department of the Illinois Central railroad has been in the vicinity of Edwardsville taking the preliminary steps to construct a big reservoir at Marine, on the line of the road to supply water for the engines and other purposes. The reservoir will have a capacity of 40,000,000 gallons.

Wants Apple Growers.

An effort is being made by the business men's association to secure for Springfield the 1903 convention of the National apple growers' association. By the time of the convention for next year the armory and arsenal building will be completed and will be well adapted to the needs of the association.

Progressive Women.

The woman's dairy association of Sangamon county has been formed among the women of the farmers' institute, with the object in view of improving the quality of the butter product in the county and of making it a paying department of the farm work.

Missionary Secretary Quits.

Rev. J. H. Wilson, who resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church in Mattoon to accept the secretaryship of the Illinois Home Missionary society, has resigned the latter position on account of failing health.

Refrain From Spitting.

An ordinance has been introduced in the Alton city council imposing a penalty of \$10 on any person expectorating on the sidewalks and in public places. Dr. W. R. Smith, health officer, is the father of the ordinance.

Looks After Old Folks.

Mrs. Lola Rickard of Decatur will not be a candidate for re-election as state secretary of the Odd Fellows' Rebekah state assembly. Mrs. Rickard has been state secretary for the past nine years and is now matron of the old folks' home at Mattoon, Ill.

Coal Option.

E. E. Tate has given an option on his large farm near Centralia to a syndicate of Chicago coal men, and the work of boring for coal will begin at once.

SOLDIERS MEET AT CAPITAL

Union Veterans' Union and War Veterans' Corps Assemble at Springfield.

The annual encampment of the Union Veterans' union and the War Veterans' Corps, was held in Springfield with delegates present from all parts of the state. Gen. J. W. Morgan of Moline superintended the grand parade and presided at the secret executive session. At a meeting campfire, representatives of all of the state house was filled with members of the organization and visitors. Ringing addresses were delivered by Adj. Gen. Orendorf and Congressman Ben Caldwell. Gov. Yates was to have been the orator of the occasion, but his illness prevented his appearance.

CITY PAYS SMALL SALARIES

Hoopston's Mayor Draws \$5 and Aldermen \$5 Cents Annually.

Jacob S. McFarren, mayor of Hoopston, is perhaps the only mayor in the world who enjoys the distinction of presiding over the destinies of a city of 5,000 people which pays its mayor a salary of 50 cents a year. Mayor McFarren was the originator



MAYOR MCFARREN.

of this princely salary system, establishing this precedent when he was first elected to the office in 1877. There are four aldermen who draw on the city treasury for 25 cents each per annum. The city has never had a school, has many miles of paved streets, eight churches, five schools, electric lights and a \$100,000 waterworks plant. Mayor McFarren is an Illinoiser by birth, who moved to Hoopston in 1872. He is the head of the First National Bank, and one of the wealthiest men in that part of the state. He has bought and presented to the city a \$4,000 piece of property for a park.

Has Wreck Railcar.

M. W. Farnbrough of Olmstead has reported to the Cairo authorities that he has in his possession a watch which he recently found in the wreck of the steamer City of Pittsburg. The watch is of 14-karat gold, Elgin make. The case is numbered 41153 and bears the inscription, "From father and mother, June 13, 1883; 21st birthday." Mr. Farnbrough also found a ring in the wreck bearing the name "Tom."

Adds to Coal Lands.

A deed transferring a tract of 312 acres of land from Rev. Marion Teague of Duquoin to the Weaver coal and coke company has been recorded at Pinckneyville. The consideration named is \$15,750. The land lies north of Duquoin and west of the Perry county mines. The Weaver company now owns more than 1,700 acres of land in one body west of Duquoin.

Dispense With Uniforms.

The Alton day police will hereafter go without regulation uniforms while on duty. It has been found by the chief of police that an officer without a uniform is much more efficient in catching violators of the law in the daytime and all the officers now appear in citizens' clothes with their emblems of official authority concealed.

Odd Fellows' Dedication.

Colfax was the Mecca of Odd Fellows of central Illinois, the handsome new building of the order being dedicated. There was a parade in the morning by the visiting orders and in the afternoon and evening addresses by Rev. H. H. Peters of Washington, Ill.; Grand Secretary George Sikes of Springfield and State's Attorney E. L. Fleming of Bloomington.

Makes Money on Farms.

The Abel Brooks farm of 473 acres in McLean county, near Stanford, has been purchased by Jasper Shubick. The price paid was \$35,000, or \$125 per acre. Mr. Brooks bought the farm last June at \$104 per acre. He took in the deal a farm of 300 acres near Coveal at \$125 an acre and cleared up \$3,468 in the transaction.

Waking Up.

A certificate of incorporation has been issued by the secretary of state to the Business Men's Association of Springfield, formed to advance the business interests of the city and of the individual members of the organization.

Is Killed by Horse.

John Klock, residing near Pinckneyville, was killed by a horse while out on a walk. He will probably never be seen again.